

# Elusive Comfort

## *Hurt & Comfort - X*

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**MultiMapper**

## Elusive Comfort

### *[Chapter 1: Slivers and Shards]*

"Bobby, please talk to me. Tell me what happened." Warren asked helplessly.

"He killed himself." Bobby said into Warren's shoulder through his tears.

Warren held Bobby firmly and waited for more.

"I don't know what I did wrong. I tried to be a friend. I... I wasn't enough." Bobby said in despair.

"Shhh. I know. This isn't something you could have prevented. I know how much you cared for Peter, but this was his choice, not yours. It's not your fault." Warren soothed. "I should have seen some kind of sign... something to let me know he was thinking of it. I should have been able to stop it." Bobby said in grief.

"Bobby." Warren said firmly and pulled out of the hug to look in his eyes.

Bobby looked hesitantly at Warren.

"It isn't your fault. You loved Peter as a friend. He knew that. You can either lose yourself in grief or choose to use this to see that it doesn't happen again." Warren said carefully.

Bobby stared at Warren in question.

"How many kids do you think have thought about doing the same thing?" Warren said in nearly a whisper.

Bobby thought about the conversation earlier and finally said, "I think most of us have thought about it."

"Use Peter's death as an inspiration to help them. Make sure no other kids give into the dark thoughts. Peter gave you the chance to know what it feels like to lose a friend. Let other people know. If they aren't concerned about their own lives, lead them to think of the people around them." Warren said with tears starting to form in his own eyes.

Bobby nodded.

"Who cares about you the most Bobby?" Warren asked in a whisper.

"Robert, Ronny, John... you." Bobby said in a diminishing voice.

"Then you need to let us help you. Bobby, you're hurting, but everyone who cares for you is hurting too. Hurting for Peter and hurting for you. Share this. Let us help you and you'll be helping us. " Warren said steadily.

Bobby got a look of dawning realization and suddenly said, "Robert."

"What?" Warren asked curiously.

"I've been pushing him away all day. He's been trying to help me and I wouldn't let him." Bobby said with a look of horror.

"Shhh. It's not too late. Tell him you need him and let him help you now." Warren said quietly.

Bobby nodded and hurried to the kitchen door.

Before opening the door, he stopped and said over his shoulder, "Thanks Warren, thanks for letting me know how to deal with this."

"Anytime Bobby, and I mean that. If you EVER need me, I'm always available to you." Warren said as he scrubbed a sleeve across his eyes to dry them.

Bobby hurried out the door to find Robert.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So what are you doing here Wesley?" Xander asked with a smile of welcome.

"I met Mr. Worthington on the plane and he invited me to Thanksgiving dinner." Wesley said hesitantly.

"That's great! Come on and get some food. You've got to try the sweet potatoes, they're wonderful." Xander said as he led Wesley to the serving line.

"Xander, you don't get to hog Wesley all to yourself. Share." Dawn said in a mock stern tone.

Wesley looked at Dawn with surprise.

"We'll sit at the head table and there'll be plenty of room for everyone to join us." Xander said firmly.

"Alright then." Dawn said seriously and picked up a plate

Wesley reached for some Jell-O when Xander stopped him.

"You don't want that Wes, that's Borg food. There's some other Jell-O over here." Xander said quickly.

"Borg food?" Wesley asked curiously.

"Yeah, for the non-humans. It won't hurt you, but it tastes really bland." Xander said as he scooped a double portion of sweet potatoes onto his plate.

"It hadn't occurred to me that their nutritional requirements might be different..." Wesley trailed off in thought.

"Not as much nutrition as taste. They don't *need* to eat at all, but they enjoy it sometimes. But our food is too strongly flavored for them to tolerate, so it has to be diluted quite a bit." Xander said absently.

"Quite interesting." Wesley said as he stepped away from the serving line and waited for Xander to lead him to a table.

"You'll get used to it." Xander said, then pointed to the big table at the front of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Robert." Bobby said shyly as he walked up behind him.

Robert turned and looked at Bobby with concern.

"I need you." Bobby whispered and opened his arms.

Robert got a smile of relief and fell into Bobby's hug.

The two stood silently in the dining room holding each other, not knowing or caring if anyone was watching.

\* \* \* \* \*

Warren walked out of the kitchen and gave a gentle smile as he saw Bobby and Robert hugging.

He turned at movement and saw Clark, Trey, John and Scott walk in from the hallway.

Warren walked to Scott with purpose and quietly said, "I've got some business to discuss with you."

"Important?" Scott asked with immediate concern.

"Time sensitive..." Warren trailed off and looked around.

"Do we need to speak privately?" Scott asked, now fully in his professional persona.

"No, I think we could discuss it here. I'll just need a few minutes of your time." Warren said in thought.

"Let's grab some food and then we'll talk." Scott said and walked to the serving line.

"Good idea. It looks wonderful." Warren said as he glanced over the serving line.

"It is, Mom made some kind of sauerkraut salad that you have to try. It's incredible." Scott said as he led the way.

"Mom?" Warren asked curiously, knowing that Scott had NEVER spoken of his parents before.

"Yeah, I've been adopted into Clark's family. Long story." Scott said happily as he selected small portions of various food items.

"That's great Scott. I'll look forward to hearing it sometime." Warren said warmly.

"Maybe after we've discussed our business." Scott said and walked away from the food.

Warren nodded and followed Scott.

\* \* \* \* \*

Logan walked into the dining room and saw Orroro sitting at the head table with a group of people, but from the distant look on her face, she was sitting alone.

"Mind if I join you?" Matt asked carefully.

A gentle smile fell over Orroro's face as she answered, "Please, I would enjoy the company."

Logan took the seat beside Orroro and tried to think of what to say next.

"Matt, I must tell you something, but I am not sure how to begin." Orroro said carefully.

"Just say it Stormy, ya know I can handle just about anything." Matt said warmly.

"I have noticed your romantic interest in me." Orroro said quietly.

"Yeah, and the ocean is a little damp." Matt said ironically.

Orroro gave a pained smile and continued, "I have interest in Hank. I do not wish to harm you, but I feel it would cause most harm to mislead you into thinking I might return your interest."

Logan sat silently, thinking over Orroro's words.

"I hope this does not effect your relationship with Hank, I know you have become friends." Orroro continued in a pained voice.

"Naw, I knew he was hot for you... he told me. I never had a chance, did I?" Logan asked as he looked deeply into her eyes.

"No. I have been admiring Hank since his arrival. I enjoy your company but feel no romantic interest toward you... I'm sorry." Storm said as her eyes began to glisten with tears.

"Don't worry Stormy. It hurts. But if I had to lose out to someone, at least it was the dust mop. You'll never find a better guy... 'cept me, of course." Logan finished with a grin.

"Of course." Orroro said with a chuckle of relief.

"Just make me one promise." Logan asked quietly.

"Anything, my friend." Storm said intensely.

"If it don't work out with blue boy, think about it." Logan said with a sad, hopeful look.

"Yes, I promise." Storm said in a whisper.

"Then that's the last that I'm goin ta say bout it. If you and Hank ever need me for anything, I'll be there for ya. I'll do whatever I can to help you two." Logan said with assurance.

"Thank you Matt, that's... thank you." Orroro said with a joyful smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

A taxi pulled up in front of the mansion.

"Someone's here." Janine called out.

"Who is it?" Alan said curiously.

Alan and William walked to the front door as Janine opened it to go outside.

"It's Professor Xavier!" Janine said happily as she ran out to the car.

"William, go tell Scott that the Professor is here." Alan said as he hurried out the door.

William turned and walked quickly to the dining room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I need to hire some of your students to help me at the Wagner Institute." Warren said as they settled into their chairs.

"For what?" Scott asked curiously.

"We have five high-school aged students who will be ready to begin classes on Monday. I need some students their age to help them integrate into the mainstream. I thought I could hire a few of your students to attend classes and... basically ease the way." Warren said between bites of food.

"Okay, I guess that's a good idea. I mean, I can see how it would be scary for a high school aged kid to show up at a college. Some people their own age to relate to would be a big help." Scott said in thought.

"I thought you might have an idea of who is in need of the money... or maybe a change of scenery." Warren said in an almost leading tone.

"You're thinking of Bobby, aren't you?" Scott asked as he met Warren's eyes.

"Yes. I don't know what reminder's of Peter he's going to have to face around here, but maybe something new to distract him would... keep him from being overwhelmed by it all. He seems to be overloaded by his own emotions and at a loss for how to deal with them all." Warren said with concern.

"A very astute observation Warren. Until recently, Bobby was very closed off emotionally. He basically wore a friendly mask around everyone, but didn't let anyone get to know him. Peter was the first person to see behind that mask..." Scott trailed off in sadness.

"I see. I didn't know that part." Warren said darkly.

A moment of silence fell between the two.

"Uncle Scott, the Professor's back!" William said as he hurried into the room.

Scott and Warren stood simultaneously and followed William into the hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Professor! How are you doing?" Scott asked with a happy smile as he rushed to the Taxi.

"Very well Scott. I was able to convince Eric to shorten our vacation so I could celebrate Thanksgiving with you all." Charles said happily as he got himself settled into his wheelchair.

"You look good Professor. Did you get enough rest?" Warren asked, noticing that Charles had a tan.

"Yes, exquisite rest." Charles said and cast a loving look at Eric.



"That's great. Almost everyone is in the dining room. I'll get your luggage and meet you there." Scott said with a smile.

"I need to speak to you in my office first." Charles said with a serious look.

"Um. Okay... William, would you get some people to help you with the Professor's luggage?" Scott asked with a feeling of concern filling him.

"We can get it." Alan said and looked at William to see if he agreed.

William nodded and began to pick up suitcases.

Eric pushed Charles' wheelchair up the ramp and into the mansion.

They were followed immediately by Scott and Warren.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mystique sent word that Peter committed suicide." The professor said as soon as the door closed.

"Yes." Scott said darkly.

"How is everyone handling it?" Charles asked in his no nonsense tone.

"As well as they can. Alan, Logan and I have been seeing to the kids who were closest to Peter. It's tough, but I think they're doing as well as can be expected." Scott said seriously, then took a seat before the Professor's desk.

Charles got a vacant look, then said, "I see. Well done."

"Charles?" Eric asked from the Professor's side.

The Professor looked up at Eric and his determined expression gave way to a gentle smile.

"Right." The Professor said, then he turned to face Scott and Warren and continued, "I'd like to have a meeting with both of you, Orroro, Hank, Logan, Alan and Xander as soon as you can gather them. We're going to be making some changes."

"I'll get them now." Scott said and got up.

"While you're doing that, I would like to hear about the preparations for the new college." The Professor said, directing the statement to Warren.

Scott left the room as Warren said, "We're ready to open the college on Monday. We already have five new students ready to enroll as soon as the changeover becomes official."

"How do you think the current students are going to react to the mutant invasion?" Charles asked without a spark of humor.

"I'm a little worried about that. I was talking to Scott about hiring a few of your students to attend the Wagner Institute to ease their way." Warren said in his business tone.

"Good thinking. Who did you have in mind?" The Professor asked in thought.

"We haven't gone that far. Bobby is the only one we've discussed... because he probably needs a change of scenery after Peter's death." Warren said with a note of sadness.

"I see. Yes, I agree that he should be given the option." Charles said absently.

The door opened and all the individuals named earlier walked into the room.

"Everyone, take a seat." Charles said forcefully.

Everyone took a seat and waited with apprehension.

"My insistence on doing everything myself has adversely affected my health, so some changes need to be made. I am going to delegate my responsibilities to you all if you are willing to take on the additional burden." Charles said assertively.

"Professor, we have always been willing." Orroro said in a quiet but self assured voice.

Charles smiled at the statement and continued, "Scott will be in charge of the academic needs of the younger students, through high school."

Scott nodded.

"Orroro will be in charge of the student accommodations, meal preparation schedules... basically the non-academic aspects of the student's needs." Charles said as he looked at her.

"Of course Professor." Orroro said with a gentle smile.

"Alan will be in charge of administration." The Professor said and looked at Alan.

"Yes Professor." Alan said quietly.

"Hank will be in charge of our college level students, including the student teachers." The Professor said firmly.

Hank nodded.

"Logan will be in charge of the X-men. Training, equipment and the like. Scott and Orroro will still be team leaders as before, but Logan will be in charge of the day-to-day needs of the team." The Professor said, looking at Logan to see if he had any objection.

"I'm not him." Logan said with an unreadable look.

"Pardon?" The Professor asked in confusion.

"I'm not the Logan you know. I'm the other one." Logan said with a look that might be interpreted as impatience.

"I see." The Professor said in a tone of voice that said he really didn't.

"Matt is the Logan from my world. The Logan from this world left with Jean." Alan said quietly.

"Yes... well then..." The Professor said, at a loss for what to do next.

"Professor? I think Matt would be excellent in the position." Scott said and smiled at his friend.

Charles looked at Scott curiously, knowing that Scott and Logan never got along.

"I agree." Alan said next.

"He's got my vote." Xander said with a shrug.

"Very well, Matt, would you like to take the position?" The Professor asked, sounding less sure than before.

"Yeah, I just wanted you to know what you'd be getting." Matt said in a low voice.

Charles nodded, then looked to Xander.

"Xander, if you'd be willing, I'd like for you to be liaison with the Wagner Institute. You'd be responsible for recruiting alpha and omega level mutants to this facility and keeping both facilities abreast of events that might be of concern." The Professor said with renewed assuredness.

"Excuse me Professor, but he can't." Warren said quickly, before Xander could agree.

"Why not?" Xander asked curiously.

"One of the reasons I came here was to talk to you about Wainright Enterprises. The board of directors are beginning to make some questionable decisions and you may need to step in and take control of the company before it gets out of hand." Warren said in full business mode.

"But... I mean... I don't know anything about running a company. It's just a cover story." Xander said helplessly.

"The Professor was very thorough about your cover story. I've hired an investigator to find out all that he can about you... just to see if there was any indication that you weren't who the Professor claims you are." Warren said professionally.

"And?" Xander asked cautiously.

"And, he confirmed that you *are* Alexander Wainright, the adopted child of Robert and Felicity Wainright and the one and only heir to the Wainright estate, including a controlling interest in Wainright Enterprises. As a side note, I was surprised to find out that we were college roommates at the Xavier Institute where we both attained our Masters degrees in Business Administration." Warren ended with a smile.

"It would explain why you know each other, in case someone should ask." Professor Xavier said with a smile.

"Okay... But I... I don't know what to do." Xander said helplessly.

"That's one of the reasons that I'm here. The board of directors of your company have made a few decisions contrary to mutant interests that you should be aware of." Warren said with concern.

"Like?" Xander asked hesitantly.

"I don't know any specifics. I was lucky to find out as much as I did. All I can tell you is that it's a government defense contract and is codenamed 'Sentinel'."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm sorry Robert. I'm sorry I didn't let you help me when I was hurting... I love you." Bobby whispered.

"I understand Bobby. My own emotions sometimes overwhelm me. Thank you for letting me help you now." Robert said into Bobby's chest.

"Are you guys okay?" Clark asked with concern.

"Fine Clark. How are you?" Bobby asked as he loosened his grip on Robert.

"Me? Oh, let's see..." Clark said with a contented smile and held up his hand to display his ring.

"What's that?" Bobby asked curiously.

"My promise ring from Trey and John." Clark said with joy.

"What's that?" Bobby asked in confusion.

Robert looked at Clark and received a nod to proceed.

"The ring is a symbol of commitment among Clark, Trey and John to show that they are promised to each other. This symbol means that they are not available for intimacy with anyone else and will one day make a formal commitment to become life partners." Robert said reverently.

"Thanks Robert. It's still hard for me to put it into words." Clark said quietly.

"You mean you three? Are together?" Bobby asked with wide eyes.

"Yes. I love them." Clark said with peace.

Bobby recognized the look and moved from surprise to acceptance.

"I need to congratulate John. This is great." Bobby said as he pulled Clark into a one armed hug, still holding Robert with the other.

"Thanks Bobby. John's over there." Clark said as he motioned to the table where John was sitting next to Trey.

"Come on." Bobby said quietly and guided Robert and Clark, still gently holding both of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Any suggestions for a liaison between the Xavier Institute and the Wagner Institute?" Professor Xavier asked the group.

"What about Alex?" Scott asked quickly.

"I believe Alex will be quite busy between his teaching duties and his college studies. The liaison position is likely to be time consuming, though not necessarily difficult." The Professor said in thought.

"Perhaps Tara might be able to do it. I could resume the duties she has taken up in MedLab. Then she should have free time." Hank said in thought.

"I'm afraid not Hank. Though I believe she would be excellent in the liaison position, both you and she would likely be overburdened by the addition of the responsibility." Professor Xavier said with apology.

"Um. Professor? What kind of experience would the liaison have to have... I mean, does it have to be someone with an academic background?" Alan asked hesitantly.

"No, the position has more of a human interest than an academic focus." Charles said with a curious look at Alan.

"How about Lee?" Alan asked the group.

"I'm afraid I don't know him." The Professor said with confusion.

"He's Andrew's father. He doesn't have a job right now and he's really a good person. I think it would be perfect for him." Alan said with enthusiasm.

"Scott, what do you think?" The Professor asked as he shifted his focus.

"Honestly, I don't know him that well. He seems nice enough, but I haven't had an opportunity to sit down and talk with him." Scott said seriously.

"I have." Xander said in thought.

Everyone turned to Xander, waiting for him to continue.

"He'd be great. That guy's been through hell, and coming from me, that's saying a lot." Xander said with a small smirk, then continued, "He's been clean and sober for five years. He's been trying to find a place to fit in, but his mutation keeps him moving from place to place. I think with a little training, he'd be perfect for the job."

"What is his mutation?" The Professor asked seriously.

"He can create portals like Andrew, but he hasn't learned to target them... And he doesn't age." Alan said in a preoccupied voice.

"Doesn't age?" The Professor prompted.

"He looks like he's about sixteen... like Andrew." Alan said seriously.

"I see... actually, that could work to our benefit." Professor Xavier said in thought.

"How so?" Scott asked curiously.

"He could observe situations first hand that one of us might not be able to. Students sometimes behave differently when an adult is present." The Professor said with a nod.

"Sometimes?" Xander asked with an incredulous look.

"Usually." Scott said with a smile.

"Usually." The Professor conceded.

"We can ask him, but it will have to be his choice. I wouldn't want him to feel pressured to pretend to be a teenager... he needs to know it's a choice, not a job requirement." Alan said firmly.

Charles looked at Alan curiously.

"Xander was right, he's been through hell. I just want him to understand that we want *him* for the job, not his mutant ability." Alan said, begging for understanding with his eyes.

"Agreed." Charles said, without expression.



## *[Chapter 2: New Beginnings and Remembered Endings]*

"Alan, would you invite Lee to join us? I'd like to meet him and offer him the position as soon as possible so he'll be ready for Monday." The Professor asked professionally.

"I think he's at the boathouse. I'll call him from the outer office." Alan said quickly.

Charles nodded, then asked, "Scott, have you implemented any of the plans we discussed before I left?"

"No Professor. We had several new students and... it slipped my mind." Scott said shyly.

"Quite alright. Do you still believe it is a good idea?" Charles asked casually.

"Yes." Scott said immediately.

"Then I will ask Trey Summers to see to Cerebro's maintenance. Matt, if you agree, you can invite Icheb Summers to see to the maintenance of the Blackbird and put Alex in charge of the junior X-men's training." The Professor said seriously.

"When you say 'invite' do you mean 'hire'?" Matt asked cautiously.

"Yes, as a part-time job. Not to be scheduled over twenty hours a week." Charles said in full administrator mode.

"I'll need to talk to them. I don't know either of 'em. But if I think they're up to it, yeah." Matt said seriously.

"Warren was wanting to hire some of our students to go to the Wagner Institute... to ease the way for the first class of mutants to be enrolled." Charles said to the group.

"Who should we send?" Orroro asked with concern.

"The only one we've discussed is Bobby." Warren said in thought.

"John." Scott said immediately.

Everyone looked to Scott curiously.

"Money is a big issue in his case. I don't know how much you'll be paying him, but anything would help." Scott said with concern.

"The dollar amount hasn't been set up yet. But if he's in need, I'll see to it that he's taken care of." Warren said with assurance.

Scott smiled weakly and nodded.

"Who else?" Charles asked the group as Alan walked back into the room.

"What did I miss?" Alan asked in a whisper to Scott, but everyone heard.

"We were discussing which students should be hired to go to the Wagner Institute to ease the way for their first mutant students." Charles said quickly to catch Alan up.

"So who have we got?" Alan asked casually.

"Bobby and John." Scott answered.

"Then you'll need Clark and Ronny at least." Alan said with confidence.

"Why?" Charles asked curiously.

"Because they'll need support. They'll be among college age students and will need to have someone to depend on." Alan said with certainty.

"Actually that fits in with the financial need too. Clark and Ronny could both use the money." Scott said in thought.

"What about Robert?" Matt asked hesitantly.

"He's closer to Ronny's age. He's close to Bobby. Yes I think he'd do well." Alan said with a nod.

"Is that enough?" Charles asked, directing his question to Warren.

"Yes, more than enough at the moment. We only have five new students waiting to enroll, but I'm hoping for more when the news becomes generally known. We're holding off on the official announcement till Monday." Warren said seriously.

"Very well, then we'll talk with them at the conclusion of this meeting." Professor Xavier said in thought.

"Charles, we will be having Thanksgiving dinner at the conclusion of this meeting... delegate." Eric said firmly.

Professor Xavier turned to look over his shoulder at Magneto with an impatient glare, but when he saw the honest concern in Eric's eyes, he just said, "Would you mind Scott and Warren?"

"I'd be glad to Professor but I had one question first. How did Mystique know about Peter?" Scott asked curiously.

"It seems one of your X-men has become enamored of one of my associates and needed consolation after Colossus' death." Eric said in a cool voice.

Several people looked curiously at each other, trying to make sense of the vague statement.

"Kitty." Orroro said quietly, to stop their speculation.

"Are there any other situations we need to discuss before we adjourn?" Professor Xavier asked the group.

"Nothing big. I've enrolled a few new students, hired a few new teachers and reorganized the curriculum a little since you've been gone." Scott said timidly.

"I haven't been gone a week." Professor Xavier said with a helpless and disbelieving expression.

"If you'll adjourn the meeting, I'll introduce you to the new people. They'll probably be in the dining room at some point during our meal." Scott said quietly.

"Excuse me?" A voice said from the office door.

"Come in Lee, this is Professor Xavier." Alan said happily.

Lee walked in hesitantly and extended his hand to the Professor.

"Nice to meet you Lee." Professor Xavier said carefully as he shook Lee's hand.

"Alan said you wanted to talk with me?" Lee said with a note of fear in his voice.

"Yes, if no one objects, we'll adjourn to the dining room and I'll talk to you over dinner." Professor Xavier said hopefully.

Lee looked around and could see that no one was going to object to that.

Alan moved to one side of Lee as Xander walked to the other and walked with him out of the room.

"You didn't need to be a telepath to know that he's scared half to death, what do you suppose that's all about?" Eric asked casually as he moved Professor Xavier's chair from behind the desk.

"He thinks I'm going to ask him to leave." Charles said in thought.

"Why would he think that?" Scott asked in confusion.

"I can't be sure without scanning him. But his fear was projecting so strongly, I couldn't help but pick it up." Charles said as Eric pushed him out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scott walked into the dining room and noticed Bobby, Robert, Clark, John and Trey sitting at a table.

"You ready to talk to them Warren?" Scott asked and tilted his head in the direction of the boys.

"No time like the present." Warren said and diverted from his original course.

"Hey guys, what's going on?" Scott asked the table as he approached.

"We were just telling Bobby about our promise ceremony." John said with a peaceful smile.

Warren looked at John with question.

"It was to let our families know that we're going steady." Clark said with a look of complete joy.

"Was everyone okay with it?" Warren asked with immediate concern.

"Yeah, they were all great. Even my dad was okay with it, and I never would have guessed that." John said in an impressed voice.

"Good, I'm glad to hear it." Warren said, still not looking at ease.

"I think Dad left with Remy a while ago, I need to find him." John said with uncharacteristic concern.

"I think they're out at the rocks smoking." Scott said in a mock whisper, like he was telling a secret.

John got a surprised look, then smiled.

"Guys, we need to talk to you... and Ronny." Scott said and looked around the room.

"Ronny and Chris are engaged in a killing simulation." Trey said simply.

Scott and Warren looked at each other with wide eyes.

"They're playing 'Resident Evil' on the PlayStation in the common room." John said with laughter in his voice.

Trey shot a look of question at John.

John responded by reaching under the table and taking a firm hold of Trey's hand to express his affection.

Trey's curious expression melted into a content smile.

"Would someone go get him? We need to ask all of you a question." Scott asked hopefully.

"We'll do it." Bobby said, and led Robert from the room.

"What's up with those two?" Warren asked as he watched Bobby leave.

"They're a couple." Clark said without concern as one of his hands also disappeared under the table.

"Guys, I just wanted to thank you for not being too obvious, especially with the parents around. I really appreciate the effort." Scott said warmly.

"We do not wish to cause you hardship, Uncle Scott. We will attempt to refrain from displays of affection within the public areas of the mansion." Trey said simply.

"Found 'em." Bobby said and returned to the table leading Robert, Ronny and Chris.

Warren and Scott settled into chairs as the boys did the same.

Scott looked around and said, "Warren has a job offer for some of you."

John and Ronny immediately perked up at that statement.

"I'd like to hire some students to attend the Wagner Institute to help the new students settle in." Warren said as he looked around the group.

"What would we have to do?" John asked immediately.

"I'm concerned that the new students will feel out of place and adrift if they arrive without a peer group where they can fit in." Warren said in thought.

"So you're hiring us to be their friends?" Ronny asked in confusion.

"Not exactly. You would attend classes with them and be... like an example." Warren said carefully.

Ronny fought to conceal a laugh.

"What's wrong?" Bobby asked in confusion.

"Me? An example?" Ronny asked through a chuckle.

Scott remembered Ronny as he was when he arrived and smiled as he said, "You'd be a fine example Ronny. You've made a complete turn around since I've known you and I'd be proud to tell anyone that you're the kind of person that goes to our school."

Ronny sobered at the words and looked at Scott in wonder.

"Who you thinking of hiring?" John asked, breaking the silence.

"We thought we'd offer the job to John, Clark, Bobby, Ronny and Robert." Warren said seriously.

"What about Trey?" Clark asked immediately.

"The Professor was going to offer him a job working on Cerebro." Scott said with a look of apology.

"Then I won't do it." Clark said firmly.

"What?" Scott asked in surprise.

"I won't leave Trey." Clark said in a definite voice.

"Clark, think about this, it's a job. Money." John said with a pleading tone.

"I know, and I want to take it too, but not without Trey. When we move, the only time I'll be able to see him is at school. I won't give up that time with him." Clark said in return.

John sat silently with a look of turmoil on his face.

"Excuse me, before you refuse the offer, allow me to talk with the Professor. Perhaps there is an alternative." Trey said with a look of love directed at Clark and John.

"Good idea, you go talk to him and we'll wait." Scott said with a tone of relief.

Trey nodded, then hurried to the Professor's table.

"What about the rest of you?" Scott asked, looking at Bobby, Ronny and Robert.

Bobby looked at Robert and received a nod.

"We're in." Bobby said as he took Robert's hand and held it firmly.

"Me too." Ronny said in thought.

Trey walked to the table and said, "The Professor said that I may perform maintenance on Cerebro on Saturdays and will be available to accompany you."

"Great!" Clark said with a glorious smile and stood. He pulled Trey into a hug and immediately felt John join the hug from behind him.

"Well, it looks like you have your students Warren." Scott said warmly.

Warren looked at the group of boys and said, "I couldn't have hoped for anyone better for the job."

"So when do we start?" Ronny asked curiously.

"All the students who've applied are going to arrive Sunday to fill out their paperwork and have their entrance interviews." Warren said before taking a bite of his food.

"We'll be ready." John said from his hug.

"You guys might want to tone it down with the new students... at least, at first." Warren said hesitantly.

Clark, John and Trey broke their hug and took their seats again.

"Yeah, we'll behave." John said seriously.

"I'm not saying you have to lie or anything, just remember that outside this school, people tend to be less accepting of what they don't understand." Warren said quickly.

"It's okay Mr. Worthington, we're going to save that stuff for when we're alone. Just sometimes when we're all excited, it slips out." Clark said with a blush.

Warren nodded with a smile.

"What are we going to do about their power training?" Scott asked suddenly.

"We'll work something out. Maybe before or after classes." Warren said in thought.

"Before. If these guys turn out to be okay, we'll probably want to do stuff after classes with them." Ronny said seriously.

"What do you say Scott? Can you manage that?" Warren asked with a peaceful smile.

"I think we can." Scott said with a look of pride at the group of boys.

"I want to go too." Chris said in a small voice.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible Chris." Scott said with apology.



"Why not?" Chris asked with a timid look.

"Your gifts are extremely dangerous and you don't have full control yet. I'm concerned that being around non-mutants, especially now, might cause a circumstance where your powers might manifest. It's just too dangerous." Scott said with regret.

"For how long?" Chris asked with worry.

"I don't think it will be too long. If you commit yourself to your training, I think you'll probably be able to attend whichever school you want next semester." Scott said softly.

Chris nodded.

"Don't worry buddy, we're going to be here for power training every morning and we'll probably be hanging around this place after school every day." Ronny said with assurance as he put a hand on Chris' shoulder.

Chris nodded again.

"Perhaps you could spend time with William. I know he enjoys your company." Robert suggested quietly.

Chris looked at Robert with surprise, then nodded with a happy smile.

"Yeah, he'll probably be feeling left behind too. I'll do that." Chris said with cheer.

"If only all life's problems could be resolved so easily." Scott said wistfully to Warren.

"Most of them can be, with friends." Warren said in peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

After getting food, the Professor, Eric, Orroro, Alan and Lee sat in a row on one side of the table.

"I'm glad to see you again Mr. Wyndom-Price. How are you doing?" The Professor asked pleasantly.

"Honestly, I'm a little overwhelmed. I'm greeted with such enthusiasm and affection here that I hardly know how to react." Wesley said, then glanced at Xander, Dawn and Tara.

Remy and Rick walked to the table and casually sat down in the seats beside Xander.

"Missed you love." Xander whispered to Remy.

"Remy miss you too." Remy said back.

"I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met." Professor Xavier said to Rick.

"I'm sorry Professor. Rick, this is Professor Charles Xavier, Professor, this is Rick Allerdyce, John's father." Alan said pleasantly.

Charles sat in stunned shock to see this man, this monster, sitting at his table.

"A pleasure." Charles forced out, skillfully hiding his contempt for the man who'd hurt John for so many years.

//Scott? I am beyond surprised to find this man in my home. Please explain.// The Professor sent with no small amount of anger under the words.

"A pleasure for me too... this place is beautiful." Rick stammered.

//He's in therapy to deal with his anger and he's really trying to fix things with John.// Scott sent with a plea for understanding under his words.

"Thank you. I hope you enjoy your visit." Charles said pleasantly as he sent to Scott, //If he causes John one moment of grief while he's here, he'll be leaving with a migraine that he'll never forget.//

Scott smiled at the Professor and sent a simple wave of assurance through their link.

"Lee, I was discussing a job opening with the senior staff and Alan suggested you for the position." Professor Xavier said, turning his attention fully to Lee.

Lee froze like a deer in headlights before saying, "What?"

Professor Xavier smiled warmly, he was taking an instant liking to the man.

"I'm going to need someone to coordinate activities between the Xavier Institute and the Wagner Institute. Alan suggested that you might be well suited for the position." The Professor said a little more quietly, in deference to Lee's obvious terror.

"Why me?" Lee asked with wide eyes.

"I was just told by Alan, Scott and Xander that you would, most likely, do well in the job. Though I don't know you personally, I have learned to trust their judgment, especially in regards to people." The Professor said smoothly.

Lee looked off into the distance for a few seconds, then asked, "What would I be doing?"

"Several things. Mainly staying abreast of current events as they relate to mutant issues, relaying information between the two facilities, and identifying mutants who need assistance with their abilities." The Professor said, now in a more businesslike tone.

"Like what kind of assistance?" Lee asked hesitantly.

"Like Scott for instance. His optic blasts effectively made him blind. He couldn't open his eyes without destroying whatever he was looking at. All he needed were the special glasses to contain his power and now he is fully sighted." Professor Xavier said in thought.

"I'm sorry, but I'm still not sure I get it." Lee said quietly.

"Let's say that one of the new students has an ability... telepathy, for instance. If you recognize that the student is becoming distracted, having headaches from too many voices, is violating people's privacy, things of that nature, you could recommend that he or she receive training in telepathic control and shielding." The Professor said seriously.

"It sounds like a lot of responsibility." Lee said with worry.

"You won't be alone in this. The teachers, administrators, and even some of the students at both facilities will be able to pass along their observations to you, and you will be able to ask their advice. Your job will essentially be

to help both schools by requesting assistance from one when the other needs it." The Professor said with difficulty.

"So if the new school was short a teacher, I would come to you and tell you?" Lee asked hesitantly.

"Well, you would get approval from Dr. Hoffman or Mr. Wagner first, but then, yes." The Professor said simply.

"And it was suggested that you could pass as a student if that's something you feel would be helpful." Alan said quietly.

"So you want me to do this because I look young?" Lee asked hesitantly.

"Not at all. That would be your choice and is in no way a requirement of your job. If you choose to take the position, how you represent yourself is entirely up to you." The Professor said with assurance.

"Can I think about it?" Lee asked hopefully.

"Of course, take all the time you need... Mr. Wells?" The Professor asked uncertainly.

"Yes. And thank you Professor." Lee said happily.

### ***[Chapter 3: Arrival]***

The cold huddled figure walked up the long drive and finally saw the mansion in the distance.

[What the fuck?] He thought to himself, but continued to walk.

Turning around was not an option, there was nothing but cold and isolation behind him anyway. And an eight mile walk.

The guy on the phone had said to come here... maybe they wouldn't treat him too bad.

A sudden gust of wind nearly knocked him off his feet, but he turned his body against the wind and kept moving.

That's the secret, the cold won't get you if you keep moving, gotta keep moving.

Finally he reached the door and it opened before he could knock.

"Hello?" the little girl said curiously.

"Hi." The boy said hesitantly.

"Come inside. It's cold." The girl said and grabbed his hand.

[She touched me. No one's touched me since... I can't remember.] Slash thought as he was led into the room that looked like a museum.

"Are you hungry? We're having Thanksgiving dinner." The little girl asked with excitement as she led the way.

Slash was overcome by the question. Hungry? He couldn't remember being anything other than hungry for months.

"Yeah." He said in nearly a whisper.

She led him into a huge room filled with dozens of people.

His first reaction was to turn and run. If he weren't so shocked by his surroundings and being pulled by the little girl, he might have. He felt ashamed. The coat he wore was worn out and second hand before he got it. He knew what he looked like, and didn't feel that he belonged here.

These were probably some rich family celebrating their prosperity by eating till they were sick.

"The food's over here. Come on." The little girl said while still pulling his hand.

He couldn't help but follow as he was trying to see if anyone was watching him.

Suddenly he realized that she'd released his hand and he was standing before a serving line of about a hundred different kinds of food.

[Am I dreaming? Did I fall asleep on the bus and now I'm dreaming of food?] He thought in a daze as he carefully picked up a fine china plate and walked to the first pan of food.

"Hey, I don't think we've met." A voice said from behind him that nearly made him drop the plate.

Slash turned around and saw a pleasant looking guy, about his own age.

"Hey." He said hesitantly, then went back to dishing up food.

"I'm Clark." The boy said, sounding a little more hesitant.

"Slash."

"Okay Slash, do you have anyone to sit with?" Clark asked, sounding friendly again.

"No." Slash said in a gruff whisper.

"You probably don't want that. The food on that table is... special." Clark said with difficulty.

Slash turned to look at Clark in question, maybe a little hurt.

"I mean, some of the people here can't eat regular food. It's for them." Clark said hurriedly, not wanting Slash to get the wrong idea... whatever it was.

Slash nodded and moved on down the line.

"That sweet potato stuff is really good, and my mom made the sauerkraut salad." Clark said, pointing out the dishes.

Slash took a small portion of each.

The plate was starting to mound over and Clark noticed.

"You can come back as many times as you want. They said they're going to keep the food out till nine tonight." Clark said softly.

Slash nodded and turned to look around the room.

"Over here, I'll introduce you to the guys." Clark said and led the way without hesitation.

Slash was feeling overwhelmed, but followed and took the seat that was offered to him.

"Guys, this is Slash. Slash, this is John, Trey, Chris, Ronny, Bobby and Robert." Clark said as he pointed to each one.

"Hi." Slash said quickly before taking a big bite of sweet potatoes.

"I can take your coat for you if you'd like." Clark offered helpfully.

Slash froze and thought about that.

If he took off his coat, they'd see, they'd know.

But if he didn't, they might ask questions and figure out he didn't belong here.

"Kay." Slash said and took off his coat.

He tried not to look at their reactions to his appearance as he removed his coat, hat and gloves.

"Be right back." Clark said and took his coat out of the room.

Slash took another bite of food, then tried to casually look around to see if they were staring at him.

To his surprise, Robert, Chris and Bobby were talking with each other while Trey and John were watching Clark walk out of the room.

Slash took another bite of food and nearly choked when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Hi, I don't think we've met." The man said in a friendly voice.

Slash turned around in his chair and saw the man towering over him.

"This is Slash." John said from the other side of the table.

"Nice to meet you Slash. How did you come to be here?" The man asked curiously.

"I talked to this German guy on the phone and he said if I got into town before Sunday, I was supposed to come here." Slash said in a hurried and frightened voice.

"Oh, you must have been talking to Kurt. So are you going to be going to the Wagner school?" the man asked as he took a seat.

"Yeah. Or at least I'm gonna try." Slash said timidly.

Clark sat back down in the seat the other side from the guy who was talking.

"Guys, would you take Slash up to the room across from Bobby's when he's ready? He'll be staying with us a few days." the man said to the group.

"We'll take care of him Mr. Summers." Ronny said firmly.

"Scott. I'm only Mr. Summers in class." Scott said with a genuine smile.

"Okay Scott. We'll help Slash find his way around." Ronny said in a softer voice.

"Thanks, I have to get back to the head table. And Slash, I'll let Warren know you're here." Scott said as he stood.

"Who was that?" Slash asked the group.

"He's kind of the second in charge around here." Ronny said simply.

"And a teacher." Bobby added.

"And my brother." Clark said happily.



"And my Uncle." Trey said with a smile.

"Wow. He sounds really important." Slash said in a thoughtful voice and realized that, somehow, he'd managed to finish off his plate of food.

"Yeah, I guess so. He's really cool though. He took some of us camping last weekend. He's a lot of fun." Bobby said with a smile.

"Cool." Slash said and stood with his empty plate.

"Hey Slash, if you want, we can show you your room, then you can come back for more if you're still hungry." Clark offered quickly.

Slash stopped and thought about it and finally nodded.

"I will take care of your plate." Robert said and took the plate from Slash's hand.

"Mind if we come?" John asked.

Clark looked at Slash and waited.

Slash gave a bewildered shake of his head.

The group of four walked out of the dining room and down the hall.

"It's up this way... oh yeah, and your coat is in that closet over there." Clark said as they walked toward the stairs.

"Thanks." Slash said in an absent voice.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Who is that?" The Professor asked when Scott returned from talking to the pale boy. No, more than pale, his skin was completely white. The white skin was even more apparent given his deep raven black hair and eyebrows. He was sitting and talking with John and Ronny.

"His name is Slash, he's one of the students for the Wagner Institute. He just got into town... I think." Scott said as he sat down.

"You think?" Professor Xavier questioned.

"He was so nervous, I didn't want to interrogate him any more than necessary. Don't worry, the guys are going to take care of him." Scott said with confidence.

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but since when do you let anyone take care of anything without your direct supervision?" The Professor asked curiously.

"Since I spent some time with the guys and realized that they are all capable, responsible young men. If I try to do everything myself, I only cause more strain on me and take away another chance for them to contribute." Scott said simply.

"A lesson I have yet to learn, apparently." Professor Xavier said seriously.

"You're getting there Charles." Eric said with a smile.

Charles smiled back, then watched as Slash, Clark, Trey and John left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hank? Are you in here?" Orroro asked with concern.

"Yes Ro, I'm back here." Hank said from a small room.

"How are you?" Orroro asked, knowing that he was feeling some responsibility for Peter's death.

"Not too well. The incident with Peter has made me question my relationship with the students." Hank said and looked up from his work.

"How so?" Orroro said with interest as she casually leaned against his desk.

"I was taught in residence to maintain a certain detachment from my patients. Not to become involved in their personal lives beyond what is necessary for diagnostic purposes. They said that personal feelings could cloud objectivity." Hank said as he looked deeply into her eyes.

"I have to say that I disagree with that philosophy." Orroro said smoothly.

"I'm beginning to as well. I feel that if I had taken more of an interest in Peter's life, his emotional well being, I would have had some inkling that this was coming."

"Hank, you can't take responsibility for everyone else's actions and choices. Only your own. Come on, you need a break. Come walk with me." Orroro said hopefully.

"Yes, I suppose I do need a break, and a walk in the night air would be refreshing." Hank said with a smile.

"And as I recall, you still owe me a roaring fire and a cup of hot cocoa." Orroro said as she led him from the room.

"That I do." Hank said gently as he took hold of Orroro's hand.

Neither noticed the machine he had been monitoring was still running as they left.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This place is awesome." Slash said in wonder.

"Yeah, it's really nice." Clark said and stopped in the hall.

"Just so you know, this is our room, Johns and mine... at least for a few more days. So if you need anything, you just come on over... but you'll probably want to knock first." Clark finished in a timid voice.

"We'll be locking the door from now on. Ronny's probably been permanently scarred from what he saw this morning." John said with a chuckle.

Slash looked from one to the other with question.

"Ronny kind of walked in on us while we were..." Clark trailed off helplessly.

"...Fucking." John finished with a chuckle at Clark's tone of voice.

"You two... were... each other?" Slash asked in wonder.

"Three actually." Clark said and pulled Trey into a casual hug.

"Three." Slash said without expression.

"Oh, I didn't ask if that was a problem. Does our being gay bother you?" John asked with concern.

"Um, no. Not at all. It's just that I wasn't expecting... I know a couple gay guys and they're all flamboyant and really... I don't know how to say it without sounding insulting." Slash ended weakly.

"I get it. We're just three guys in love. We don't march in parades, dress in drag, wear bondage gear or any of that stuff. But I figure that since we're having sex, they can't throw us out of the club." John said in a teasing voice.

"Anyway, that's Bobby and Ronny's room. If we're not here or... occupied, Bobby or Ronny should be able to help you." Clark said and started walking to the next door.

"Are they a couple too?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"No, they're brothers. Bobby's boyfriend is Robert, Trey's brother. Ronny isn't with anyone." Clark said as he opened the door.

"Here's your room." Clark said with a smile.

"It's fucking huge." Slash said with wide eyes.

"Yeah, that's about what I said." Clark said with a distant look.

"Except the 'fucking' part, you couldn't even say 'damn' without blushing." John said with a smile.

"I'm getting better." Clark said, then got a devious smile as he turned to John and said, "Let me prove it."

Clark put a hand on each of John's shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes.

"Fucking." He whispered with sultry intensity.

"Don't get the motor running if your not going to take it out for a drive." John said in warning.

"Oh, I'm gonna drive it..."

"Excuse me?" Trey said and glanced at Slash.

"Sorry, we get carried away. Do you have any luggage or anything you need hauled?" Clark asked as he released John.

"Um, no. Got everything here." Slash said and held up his backpack.

"I guess that's the grand tour, you ready to go back to the dining room?" Clark asked with a friendly smile.

"Just a second." John said and walked into the bathroom.

"Actually, I really need a cigarette after that meal." Slash said with intensity.

"Well, there's no smoking in the mansion. But I think the 'unofficial' designated smoking area is the rocks down the hill from the South door. We can show you where." Clark said helpfully.

"No shampoo or soap." John said as he walked back into the room.

"I guess he could borrow ours." Clark said in thought.

"Or Peter's." John said hesitantly.

"Yeah. I guess he won't be needing it." Clark said darkly.

"What's up?" Slash asked curiously at the change in mood.

"A friend of ours, he killed himself... yesterday." John said and looked away.

"Ouch. I know how that is. I've lost a few. Sorry guys." Slash said with sympathy.

Clark nodded as John walked out into the hallway.

"So are you guys all mutants too?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"John is. Trey and I are... something else." Clark said with a helpless look at Trey.

"I'm guessing that's code for 'don't go there'." Slash said without offense.

"It's more like code for 'you probably wouldn't believe me and I don't want you to think I'm nuts'." Clark said honestly.

"Fair enough. Maybe later." Slash said without concern.

"Yeah, I promise." Clark said with a smile.

John walked back into the room carrying soap and shampoo and walked into the bathroom.

"So is your whole mutation being black and white?" Clark asked casually.

"Well, I put the black there. I'm totally white. My hair is almost transparent if I don't color it and my eyebrows and eyelashes, they blend in with my skin color." Slash said uncomfortably.

"Isn't that like, an albino or something?" John asked as he walked out of the bathroom.

"Not really. I'm more white than that, albinos usually have *some* color, it's just very, very pale. I'm totally white, even my eyes. The pupil is black so... honestly, most people get creeped out by them." Slash said honestly.

"I think they're cool. Do you have any mutant abilities?" Clark asked as he absently put an arm loosely around Trey's waist.

"Yeah, let me show you." Slash said and picked up a maroon vase with dried flowers.

"This is my big bad mutant power." Slash said in a self mocking voice and firmly held the vase in his hand.

Slowly, all the color seemed to drain out of the vase and the flowers.

Within a minute, they were both solid black.

"So you can drain color?" Trey asked, seemingly impressed.

"Yeah, that's it. The God's themselves should tremble at my power." Slash said and sat the vase back on the dresser.

"It is one more power than I have." Trey said honestly.

"Except that you could probably kick all our asses if you wanted to." John said frankly.

At Slash's inquiring gaze, Clark clarified, "He's been trained to fight. He's really good."

"Is that how you got that metal thing on your face?" Slash asked.

"Come on, let's go out the South door so you can smoke. We'll talk along the way." John said and headed for the door.

"The metal you see is part of a much larger structure. I have many machines in my body." Trey said simply.

"And this one's my favorite." John said and gave a whisper of a touch to the skin around Trey's occipital implant.

John smiled as Trey gave an involuntary shudder.

Clark couldn't help but join in.

"This one's mine." Clark said and moved his hand under the back of Trey's shirt to give the same feathery touch to the skin surrounding Trey's spinal clamp.

"Guys, you're doing it again." Slash said with a smile as they descended the stairs.

Both John and Clark withdrew their hands and looked apologetic.

"I can't help it, they're so cute." John said helplessly.

"I can see that. To tell you the truth, I've never been around anyone who's as open as you three. I mean, straight couples too. It's really cool that you can be yourselves." Slash said as they walked to the coat closet.

"Well, we're best friends before we're anything else. When the three of us first started talking, we agreed that we'll always tell each other the truth. That kind of opened the honesty floodgates and we've been this way ever since." Clark said as he pulled on his coat.

"This way." John said and led the way down the hallway.

"So if you all aren't mutants, why are you here?" Slash asked curiously, glancing around the hallway.

"Well, I have an ability, a lot like a mutant ability, so I came here to learn how to control it." Clark said frankly.

"That's that stuff I wouldn't believe, huh?" Slash asked curiously.

"Yeah. that stuff." Clark said with a smile.

"My fathers are both mutants and teach here." Trey said into the silence.

"Fathers?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"Yes." Trey confirmed.

"I'm sorry, but... fathers?" Slash asked again.

"Trey's adopted." Clark said as he realized Slash's difficulty.

"Correct, only two of my brothers are the biological children of my fathers, the remainder were adopted." Trey said without emotion.

"Not getting any clearer guys." Slash said as he pushed open the door at the end of the hall.

"I know. Let's try again, story of Trey, take two." John said as he put an arm casually around Trey's waist.

"My fathers adopted my siblings and I, there are six of us. Sunday, my brothers Thomas and Chakotay were born." Trey said with a tone of accomplishment for keeping it brief and understandable.

"I think you're missing the part that I'm confused about. How can two men produce a child?" Slash asked slowly, trying to make Trey understand.

"Oh, of course, my dad had an artificial womb implanted in his abdomen. The doctor took the DNA of one of my parents and put it in a donor egg. The DNA of my other parent was introduced in sperm... then the egg split." Trey said, then stopped.

"Hi guys." Lee said, sitting on a rock and smoking.

"Grandfather, this activity is unhealthy." Trey said in a chastising voice.



"I know Trey. But I probably won't be smoking again for a very long time. I only smoke when I get extremely nervous or upset." Lee said, then closed his eyes as he took a deep drag off his cigarette.

"Of course you are of sufficient age to make such decisions, but I am concerned." Trey said quietly.

"I know Trey, and that means a lot to me." Lee said with a smile.

Slash lit his cigarette, then after enjoying a deep drag, asked, "Grandfather?"

"Let me handle this one Trey?" Clark asked hopefully.

Trey nodded with a smile as John pulled him into a hug.

"Andrew is Trey's father, Lee is Andrew's father. Neither one of them age." Clark said, then looked at Trey with question.

Trey nodded happily, then smiled as John began to kiss his neck.

"Actually, maybe you guys could help me with something. I've been offered a job. Kind of like a go-between for the two schools. Alan said I could pass as a student, I guess so I could see things another adult wouldn't be able to. What do you guys think about that?" Lee asked seriously.

"It would be lying." Trey said immediately.

Everyone was silent for a minute, deciding how they felt about that.

"Yeah, but it could help." John said in thought.

"How so?" Trey asked curiously.

"Lee could watch out for the new guys without being obvious. There are a lot of temptations out there, drinking, drugs, stuff like that. If he was around, he might be able to, I dunno, help them to see reason, or warn them about consequences or something." John said seriously.

"But we can do that as well... without lying." Trey interjected.

"Yeah, but not the same way." John said distantly.

"I do not understand." Trey said, looking lost.

"Lee, please don't get mad at me, but didn't you have a problem with drugs?" John asked timidly.

"Yeah, a big problem. How did you know?" Lee asked quietly.

"I overheard some stuff. Nothing bad. Andrew was saying how proud he was that you're clean now. I was just thinking that if you've been through all that and... bottomed out. You've got a way different point of view than any of us. You can talk about consequences from personal experience instead of third hand accounts." John said with difficulty.

"He's got a point." Slash said distantly.

"I'm sorry, I don't think we've met." Lee said, looking at Slash.

"This is Slash, he's going to be going to the Wagner school." Trey said in introduction.

"Nice to meet you." Lee said quietly and extended a hand.

Slash leaned forward to shake hands, then rested back on the rocks.

"What they're saying, it makes sense. I think I'd be more likely to listen to you than someone who looks adult... I've kind of got used to not listening to them." Slash said with a little smile.

Lee nodded.

"And since you've been through it... It just brings it home. I mean, makes it real. You wouldn't be talking about a friend of a friend." Slash finished with a shrug.

"Trey, what do you think?" Lee asked in thought.

"I confess that they make valid points, but I still have reservations about lying." Trey said seriously.

Lee nodded again.

"Must you decide this today? Perhaps you could proceed and make the decision on a case by case basis." Trey suggested.

"I guess I could. I usually make things up as I go along, why should this be any different?" Lee asked with a smile.

"Are we all finished? I'm getting cold." Clark said as he hugged himself for warmth.

"Yeah, I'm ready for some dessert." Slash said as he crushed out his cigarette in a can hidden between the rocks.

"Me too." Lee said and followed the group.

#### ***[Chapter 4: What Needs To Be Done]***

"Do you have some time to talk?" Warren asked Xander quietly.

"If you don't mind coming to the boathouse. I'm going to watch the kids for a while so Andrew can enjoy some family time." Xander said as he settled back in his chair.

"That would be fine. I just want to discuss some business about the school and talk to you about your company." Warren said seriously.

"Remy, do you want to come too? I'd really like it if you'd be involved in the business with me." Xander said warmly.

"Oui, mon cour." Remy said quietly.

Xander got a warm smile and stood.

"If you'll all excuse me, Warren and I have some business to discuss and some babies to watch after." Xander said and waited for Warren and Remy to join him.

"Call me if you need me to do some baby watching." Alan said gently.

"That's okay, I'll send Andrew your way as soon as I get to the boathouse." Xander said with a smile.

"Have a good evening." Wesley said quietly.

"You too Wes, it was good to see you." Xander said and started walking toward the door.

Just as the three men were about to reach the door, Clark, Trey, John, Lee and Slash walked into the room.

"Slash, I'm glad I caught you." Warren said warmly.

Slash looked at the large, handsome, winged man with question.

"I'm Warren Worthington the third, this is Alexander Wainwright and Remy LeBeau. We're providing the funding for the Wagner Institute and I wanted to welcome you personally." Warren said warmly and extended a hand to shake.

Slash shook Warren's hand, then Xander's.

"Xander and I have some business to discuss just now, but I hope we can get together and have a talk before I have to leave." Warren said pleasantly.

Slash nodded silently.

"Take good care of him guys." Warren said as he led the way out of the dining room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Worthington? Like the washing machine?" Slash asked in a quiet voice.

Clark chuckled and said, "One and the same."

"And who was the other guy?" Slash asked as the group moved to the serving line.

"If you watch television, listen to music, or use the phone, you've probably used some of his products. Wainwright Enterprises is one of the biggest electronics firms in the world." Clark said as he put a piece of pie on his plate.

"That guy with the eye patch is rich?" Slash asked with surprise.

"He's beyond rich." John said and cut a piece of cake.

"Who was the other guy? Remy?" Slash asked as he grabbed some red Jell-O.

"That is Uncle Xander's life partner. He shares in the making of Uncle Xander's decisions and has access to all Uncle Xander's accounts." Trey said as he took a plate of orange Jell-O from the 'special' table.

"Clark said that food is for people who can't eat regular food." Slash said in warning.

"Correct. I am one such person." Trey said and walked with the group back to their table.

Slash turned to Clark and asked, "That 'wouldn't believe it' stuff?"

Clark just gave a nod and started to eat.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I'm here to watch the kids for a while. Alan's in the dining room." Xander said happily.

"Thanks Xan, how are things at the mansion?" Andrew asked as he peacefully watched the children sleeping.

"Fine. The first Wagner student arrived. Trey and the guys are taking care of him." Xander said as he looked at his daughter with love.

"I can't wait to meet him. Hi Warren, how are things?" Andrew asked quietly.

"Good. I just need to discuss some things with Xander and Remy while we've got the time." Warren said in nearly a whisper.

"I'll leave you to it then. Call if you need anything." Andrew said quietly.

Xander and Remy both nodded as Andrew ported out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is wonderful. Everything I'd hoped it would be." Orroro said as she snuggled against Hank's side.

"I couldn't dare to believe we'd ever be here. You're so beautiful... I am unworthy." Hank said as he held her carefully.

"Nonsense. You are a genius with the strength of a dozen men. I can't imagine what else you could strive to accomplish in one lifetime." Orroro said as she stared into the fire.

"To appear human." Hank said longingly.

"To what purpose?" Orroro asked seriously and pulled away to look into Hank's eyes.

"I... I don't know. I never really thought about why. I'm respected among my peers for my writing. Everyone in the mansion has accepted me as I am. And now you're here... you're right. Changing my appearance wouldn't improve my life one bit. I suppose that change is frightening and I wanted to return to what was familiar and comfortable." Hank said in thought.

Orroro rested her head against Hank's chest and said, "It might be more productive to move forward and become comfortable with who you are than trying to become who you were."

Hank thought about the words for a long minute before saying, "And you call me a genius..."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Excuse my interruption gentlemen." The Professor said as he approached the table.

"Good evening Professor. Please join us." Trey said in genuine invitation.

"Thank you, I just wanted to meet the new people and welcome John back." Professor Xavier said gently.

"Thank you Professor... I'm sorry... about before." John said shyly.

"Scott assures me you had your reasons, that's all I need to know. Welcome back." Professor Xavier said warmly.

John nodded in silence.

"And you must be Clark." Professor Xavier said hesitantly.

"Yes sir." Clark said shyly, then felt both John and Trey's hands take his under the table.

"I have to confess that no one's told me more than your name. Perhaps we could have a talk sometime soon to get to know each other." Professor Xavier said hopefully.

"I'm free now. What would you like to know?" Clark said with new found confidence.

"First of all, I'm interested to know about your mutation." Professor Xavier asked, as he tried to sort through the emotions coming from Clark, John and Trey.

"I'm not a mutant." Clark began, then looked at Slash with a smile and continued, "I'm a non-human."

Professor Xavier nodded in surprise as Slash asked, "What does that mean?"

"I wasn't born on Earth and my parents weren't human." Clark said hesitantly, looking carefully for Slash's reaction.

Slash thought about the statement and finally gave a hesitant, "Okay..."

"I can't prove it and I guess it doesn't really matter, at least to anyone but me." Clark finished with a shrug.

"So what brings you to Xavier's?" The Professor asked curiously.

"I didn't know it till last week but I have an ability, optic blasts. I blew up a brick wall in front of a bunch of people and had to get out of there. We heard about the Wagner school and came here. Alex has been helping me learn my ability." Clark said, feeling that he was babbling.

"How is your training coming?" The Professor asked with interest.

"Pretty good I guess. Alex says I've got good control." Clark said and squeezed John and Trey's hands for comfort.

"Has everyone been treating you well?" The Professor asked curiously, still not able to untangle the intertwined emotions of the three.

Clark laughed and said, "Well, considering that I'm going steady with John and Trey, I'd have to say 'Yes'. They've been treating me extremely well."

Professor Xavier's eyes went wide in surprise as Clark, Trey and John lifted their joined hands onto the table.

"You make friends quickly." The Professor said in astonishment.

"He is easy to like." Trey said in a loving voice.

"Yes, well. How about you Slash? How did you come to be here?" The Professor asked, obviously desperate to change the subject.

"Yesterday I was in the library surfing the Net, looking for 'mutant' news, and I found the Wagner Site. I called them and they said to come here." Slash said simply.

"Is your appearance the extent of your mutation?" The Professor asked curiously.

"No..." Slash said and looked around for something to demonstrate.



Trey handed his napkin to Slash with a gentle smile.

"Thanks Trey." Slash said and held up the white napkin.

The white color faded to gray and finally to black.

"Extraordinary." The Professor said in wonder.

"Not really. It's not really of any use." Slash said as he sat the napkin on the table.

"Perhaps not, but it doesn't fall into any existing classification of mutant ability that I'm aware of. Dr. McCoy is more knowledgeable on the subject, I could be mistaken." The Professor said in thought.

Slash stared in question at the Professor's excitement.

"Please excuse my enthusiasm. I just find your ability very interesting. Would you mind visiting Dr. McCoy tomorrow? I'm sure he'd like to see as well." The Professor asked hopefully.

"Doctor? I'm not too good with doctors." Slash said warily.

"He'll just ask you to demonstrate your ability and may ask for a blood sample. I promise that he won't treat you like a lab experiment." The Professor said as a vow.

"Okay." Slash said quietly.

"I need to go see him tomorrow too. We can go together." John said with a smile.

"Um, yeah." Slash said with surprise.

"Oh yeah, I'd forgotten about that. I guess you'd better enjoy your settled stomach while you can." Clark said weakly.

"Yeah, maybe it won't be too bad." John said hopefully.

"What's wrong?" Slash asked with concern.

"I got something, I forget what he called it but it's like a worm in my guts." John said uneasily.

"An intestinal parasite." Clark said quietly.

"The treatment will make me feel queasy and weak for a few days." John said with a sour look.

"That's why we waited till after Thanksgiving to treat it." Clark added.

"I'm sure you'll be fine. Dr. McCoy is an excellent physician." The Professor said assuringly.

"Yeah. I'm not worried, I'm just not looking forward to it." John said simply.

"Understandable." The Professor said then looked around the table to focus on Lee.

"And how did you come to be here?" The Professor asked curiously.

"Andrew hunted me down and brought me here. Since I didn't really have anything or anyone back there, I accepted his offer to stay." Lee said simply.

"Grandfather is a great help with my brothers and Marguerite." Trey said proudly.

The Professor looked at Lee in question, silently asking him for clarification.

"I was the one who took care of Andrew when he was born. I'm the only one at the boathouse who has any kind of baby experience, so I'm teaching everyone how to take care of the babies." Lee said with a gentle smile. He hadn't realized his own unique contribution to the family until now.

"They are fortunate to have you here. I haven't had the opportunity to see the babies yet... are they okay?" The Professor asked in concern.

"They're perfectly happy and healthy. Them being born with their mutant abilities active makes it a little bit challenging, but I think every child poses their own unique challenge." Lee said with a fond smile.

"Their abilities are active?" Charles asked with surprise.

"Yes, Chakotay has a variation of Dad's optic blasts and Thomas has a variation of Father's portal ability." Trey said proudly.

"I look forward to seeing them. They sound extraordinary." The Professor said happily.

"They have exceeded expectations." Trey said with a smile.

"All babies do Trey." Lee said warmly.

"Charles, are you discussing business?" Eric asked accusingly as he approached.

"No Eric, just getting to know the new students. Everyone, this is Eric. Eric, this is Clark, Trey, John, Lee and Slash." Charles said pleasantly.

"Nice to meet you all. If you don't mind too much, I'm going to steal Charles away from you." Eric asked in an almost playful tone.

"No problem, nice to meet you." Lee said with a smile.

"Nice to meet all of you. Good evening." Eric said and pushed Charles wheelchair out of the room.

"He seemed nice enough." Clark said absently.

"I kind of got a 'mad scientist' vibe off of him when he was talking about my ability." Slash said as he settled back into his chair.

"Wait till you meet Dr. McCoy. You'll expect Igor to come running out of the back room any minute." John said with a chuckle.

Slash got a look of worry.

"Dr. McCoy is a good person and very knowledgeable. He just becomes... extremely focused." Trey said in thought.

"That's Borg for 'obsessed'." Clark said with a smirk.

"Borg?" Slash asked curiously.

"Yeah, um, Trey? Do you want to explain it?" Clark asked hopefully.

"You are the one who introduced the subject. I am interested to hear your description." Trey said with a look of mischief.

"Oh, that's no pressure." Clark said with a roll of his eyes, then turned to Slash.

"Once upon a time..." Clark began and was interrupted by Lee and John's laughter.

"You want me to tell it, I'll do it my way." Clark said sternly.

Both suppressed their laughter and nodded for him to continue.

"Once upon a time, on a planet far far away, there was a boy living a normal boy's life." Clark stopped and looked around to see that the laughter had stopped and everyone was honestly paying attention.

"One day there was an attack and the boy was taken by strangers. They restrained the boy and put machines into him... he couldn't talk, or scream or cry."

Trey took up the narrative, "He felt himself shattering, his memories falling away as he lost his identity. There was a voice, one voice that controlled every thought..."

Robert broke in, "Resistance is futile..."

Clark looked up to see that Robert, Bobby, Andrew and Alan had joined them.

"...And it was." Trey finished in a hollow voice.

"We were part of everything, endless knowledge, perfection through order..." Robert said distantly.

"...Yet we were nothing." Trey said in a lost tone.

Silence fell over the table.

"They became separated from the collective and became individuals again. But they still carry the Borg with them, not just the machines, but the memories. Whatever else they choose to become, a part will always be Borg." Andrew said from behind Clark.

"Which is as it should be. You cannot learn by forgetting." Trey said quietly.

Andrew smiled at Trey's statement as he and Alan walked around the table to hug Trey.

Silence fell again until John leaned over to Slash.

"I bet you won't be asking *that* question again." John whispered with a smile.

A chuckle spread around the table as whatever spell had fallen over it was broken.

"Slash, this is my father, Andrew and my Dad, Alan. This is Slash." Trey said as he stood between his fathers being held by both.

"Nice to meet you." Alan said warmly.

"Yeah, you too." Slash said in a distant voice.

"I'm going for more food now. It was nice meeting you. Maybe the guys will bring you to the boathouse to visit sometime?" Andrew asked hopefully.

"How about for family time tomorrow?" Clark asked casually.

"Good idea. We'll see you then." Andrew said before leading Alan to the serving line.

"Family time?" Slash questioned.

"Yeah, every night they take some time to spend with the family. And family includes all their friends. It's a lot of fun." Lee said pleasantly.

"What will we do?" Slash asked curiously.

"Sit around and talk. Maybe watch some cartoons or a movie. The whole group of us just sit around and kick back. You just have to see it for yourself, I can't really describe it." John said in thought.

"Yeah, but it's great. I'd be so homesick right now if it wasn't for family time... it just makes this place 'home' to me." Clark said gently.

"Me too." Lee whispered.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dis soun like you need more information." Remy said in a considering voice.

"It would be nice, but I've done all that I can. The sentinel project was listed as 'homeland security' until the President signed the 'mutant rights'

bill into law. Then the funding was shifted through about sixteen different sub-contractors but ultimately traces back to the department of defense. The group of scientists and engineers that your company has employed suggests that the project has a mutant focus of some kind. Put all that together and I believe we have reason to be concerned." Warren finished seriously.

"Can Warren watch le infants. Remy need to talk to Xander." Remy said in a low voice.

"Go ahead, I could watch them all day." Warren said with a tender smile.

Xander and Remy walked to the door as Xander asked, "There is, like, zero chance that I'm going to like what you're about to say, right?"

"Oui, zero chance."

\* \* \* \* \*

"John, I'm going to leave now." Rick said quietly.

"Thanks for coming Dad, I'm glad you were here." John said as he looked his father in the eyes.

"Maybe you and your boyfriends could come to the mall with me next week?" Rick asked hopefully.

John was about to agree, but thought for a moment, then shook his head.

"Dad, don't try so hard. I know you'd rather have your teeth pulled than spend time at the mall. Let's pick something we'd both like to do... how about you come over and watch wrestling with us on Thursday? We can just kick back and enjoy it." John asked with a tentative smile.

"Yeah, I'd like that." Rick said softly.

John pulled his father into a hug and quietly said, "I mean it Dad, I'm glad you came. Thanks."

"Thanks for giving me a chance." Rick said as he continued to hold tight to his son.

Finally the hug broke apart.

"Thursday." Rick said before he turned to leave.

"See ya then." John said as he watched him go.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You know Remy be a teif." Remy said with distraction.

"He can't hear us. Please be *my* Remy. At least for a few minutes." Xander asked desperately.

"Oui, you know dat I'm a teif. I got some tricks, know some people, can get tings done my own way..." Remy trailed off.

"You want to go." Xander said in a hollow voice.

"Non. I want to help you. But dis be de bes way I can help."

"Why?" Xander asked helplessly.

"Xander, when you told me your story, you said you help Buffy 'cause it be de right ting to do. You don wan to go an risk your life, but you do what need to be done. Dis be de right ting to do, an no one else can do it." Remy said seriously.

Xander closed his eye and took in a deep shuddering breath before nodding.

"Remy be gone a few days, maybe a week." Remy said softly.

"Please be safe." Xander whispered.

"Bein safe don get de job done, cher. But I don take no chance dat don need takin." Remy said as he begged for understanding with his eyes.

"When will you go?" Xander asked weakly.

"Now. Sooner I start, de sooner I be done." Remy said seriously.

Xander was about to protest, but caught the words before they could escape and just nodded.

Remy got a proud and happy smile and moved in for a kiss.

Xander held Remy in a crushing grip, wanting with every fiber of his being to keep hold and not let him go.

But in the end, both men reluctantly let go of each other and Remy hurried upstairs.

Xander stared at the empty stairway for a minute before walking back to Andrew's room to check on Warren and the babies.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Looks serious." Slash said, indicating John.

"Yeah. I have the feeling that there's a big long story, but I only know the short-short version." Clark said seriously.

Slash seemed to be surprised so Clark tried to explain.

"We're friends and lovers. John knows that I'm here to listen if he ever needs to talk, but he also knows that he's free to have his own life and privacy."

"Okay, that's cool." Slash said as he watched John approach.

"Filling him in?" John asked speculatively.

"Not really, I was sending up a 'don't go there' flare." Clark said with a smile.

John chuckled and said, "Good call."

"Since I do not sleep, I am unsure... Is it nearing bedtime?" Trey asked quietly.

"It's eight o'clock." Slash said dubiously.

Trey looked longingly at Clark, who finally caught the meaning.

John's eyebrows went up in surprise, then he stretched and yawned dramatically.

"Real subtle." Slash said with a laugh.

"It's been a long day..." Clark said as he quickly gathered his dishes.



"Early to bed, early to rise..." John said as he did the same.

"Have a good evening Slash, it has been a pleasure to meet you." Trey said as Clark grabbed the dishes from his hands.

"Have a good 'sleep' guys." Slash said with a smile.

He received no answer as the three nearly ran out of the room.

## *[Chapter 5: Change of Venue]*

"Hey Slash, it's still early. If you would like, you could come to the boat house for a while." Lee said into the silence.

"What's that?" Slash asked curiously.

"It's where a lot of us live." Lee said as he stood from the table.

"Yeah, I guess so." Slash said hesitantly.

"Let's get our coats, then we'll take the short cut." Lee said as he led the way.

Slash followed, not knowing what he was agreeing to.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The gathering seems to be breaking up." Wesley observed.

"Yeah. It had to happen sometime." Dawn said as she watched her family and friends fondly.

"What have you been up to Wesley?" Tara asked shyly.

"I have been pursuing some personal projects, mostly ones instigated by the watcher's journals you allowed me to read." Wesley said, turning his full attention to Tara.

"Find anything interesting?" Dawn asked curiously.

"Perhaps. I have traveled to the location of Sunnydale in this dimension and found the remnants of the hellmouth. There wasn't much to go on, but I believe a powerful shaman performed a binding on it more than a century ago." Wesley said seriously.

"Wow, that's incredible." Dawn said in wonder.

"Yes, although that is not the point of divergence between this reality and yours, it is a notable difference." Wesley said in thought.

"Yeah, I've wondered about that. As near as I can tell, the divergence point is somewhere near the sixteen hundreds." Dawn said and turned to face Wesley more fully.

"Perhaps. Without access to more of your world's history, I have little to go on to isolate the divergence." Wesley said distantly.

"Maybe you should talk to Angel, he's the oldest person I know of, maybe he's noticed something." Dawn said quickly.

"Yes, that sounds like a good idea. Do you happen to know where he is?" Wesley asked hopefully.

"No, but Chris is right over there with William, he should know." Dawn said, pointing.

"Shall we ladies?" Wesley asked as he stood.

"We shall." Dawn said with a giggle as she stood and put an arm around Tara.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Andrew, could you port us over to the boat house. I want to show Slash around." Lee asked hopefully.

"Sure Dad. We'll probably be home before very much longer." Andrew said peacefully and opened the vortex.

"Come on Slash." Lee said, then walked into the swirling mist.

"How safe is this?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"Here." Andrew said and the mist cleared to show the living room of the boat house with Lee standing and waiting.

"Thanks." Slash said and walked hesitantly through.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do you think they noticed that we slipped out?" Alex asked as he held Spike tightly.

"If they did, they'll know we're together." Spike said as his hand drifted down to grip Alex's butt.

"Yeah." Alex said in a sigh.

"Mate, I've got something to say." Spike said in a voice of worry.

Alex immediately tensed and pulled back to look into Spike's eyes.

"If the phrases 'like a brother' or 'just friends' are about to come out of your mouth I may have to hurt you." Alex said seriously.

Spike smiled and said in a tender voice, "Nothing like that, I promise."

Alex nodded and rested his head against Spike's shoulder.

"We're both blokes." Spike began.

"I noticed." Alex said with a smile.

"I don't know how much you know about how men make love." Spike continued.

"I think I know what goes where." Alex said as he snuggled closer.

"There's more to it than that. It's the 'more' that I want to talk to you about." Spike said seriously.

"I don't understand." Alex said softly.

"When we make love, I want you to understand what's happening... inside." Spike said with difficulty.

"The prostate?" Alex asked with confusion.

"No mate. I'm not talking physically. On an emotional level men have needs, the need to dominate or submit, the need to be strong or vulnerable..." Spike trailed off in thought.

"Are you saying you want to tie me up?" Alex asked as he pulled back to look into Spike's eyes again.

"No. I mean, we may try that sometime, but that's not what I'm talking about. With a woman, a man is expected to be the strong one, in charge, the aggressor." Spike said as he watched Alex's reaction.

"But with two men, one has to take the submissive role..." Alex said softly.

"Maybe, and that works for some. But not for me." Spike said in a considering tone.

"I still don't understand." Alex said in confusion.

"When we make love, at least at first, I'll probably be dominant. But I don't want you to think that I want you to be submissive. It's just the only way I know to show you what I want." Spike said in frustration.

"What do you want?" Alex asked curiously.

"I want to be able to make love to you, to make you feel as loved and cherished as you are. I want to bring you pleasure and happiness by making you feel safe in my arms." Spike said with a loving smile.

"I have no problem with that." Alex said with a dreamy twinkle in his eyes.

"But I want you to be able to do that to me too. I want to be loved. I want to give up control and feel safe because you're the strong one. That's the part I'm worried about." Spike said seriously.

"You think I'm going to be the submissive one." Alex said, sounding a little hurt.

"I'm worried that you'll think that's what I want you to be. If I'm the one who initiates sex, directs our actions, sets the mood and all that, I'm afraid you'll take the opposing role as the one who follows along." Spike said, trying to make Alex understand.

"I think I'm getting it. Since you have experience, you'll be showing me how to make love. But you're afraid I'll go along with whatever you say and expect you to always be the one in charge." Alex said in thought.

"Right, you've got it." Spike said with a smile.

"And what you want is for me to take charge sometimes. To be... equal." Alex said in peace.

"Right mate. That's what I want. It ain't too hard to find a bloke to bend over for you. But finding a mate, that can be a bit of a challenge." Spike said seriously.

"I've got it Spike. And thank you for telling me. Now I know what you want." Alex said with a smile.

"And once you've had a little experience, I want to know what you want." Spike said honestly.

"I can tell you now." Alex said with a mischievous smile.

Spike raised an eyebrow in question.

"Sex. I love you, and all the romance and stuff is great. But if you aren't ready to make love to me yet, can we at least have sex? I need to get off really bad and I don't want to do it without you." Alex begged.

Spike nodded and walked to the door. He turned the lock and walked back to face Alex.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dawn approached the table where William, Chris and Ronny were talking.

"Excuse me Chris. Wesley was wanting to talk to your father, do you know where he is?" Dawn asked hopefully.

"He's at Julia's. They wanted some private time." Chris said with a shy smile.

"Oh... um, when are you expecting him back?" Dawn asked with a slight blush.

"In the morning. I told him that I'd be fine by myself. He didn't want to but I told him that all the other kids are here without their parents so he finally said 'okay'." Chris said proudly.

"That's great Chris. I guess we'll talk to him then. Your usual room is still there if you want it Wesley." Dawn said quietly.

"Yes, thank you Miss Summers. That would be quite acceptable." Wesley said with a kind smile.

"Thanks Chris, enjoy your night." Dawn said happily as she led Wesley and Tara away.

"We will." Chris said with a smile as he looked at Ronny and William.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Would you like to see the babies?" Lee asked quietly.

"Sure." Slash said as he looked around the cozy little home.

Lee gently knocked, then opened a door.

Slash followed Lee into a bedroom.

"Hey Slash, how you doing?" Mr. Wainwright asked pleasantly.

"Fine." Slash said, then followed Xander's gaze to two cribs.

"Hey Lee, would you mind watching the babies for a few minutes? I'd really like to talk with Warren and we can't talk in a normal voice with the babies sleeping." Xander asked hopefully.

"Go ahead. I've got it." Lee said as he looked fondly at the babies.

"Thanks Lee." Xander said quickly as he and Warren left the room.

"Who's babies?" Slash asked in a whisper.

"The smallest one is Marguerite. She's Xander and Remy's daughter." Lee said as he settled into one of the rocking chairs by the cribs.

Slash automatically settled into the other rocker.

"Okay, I'm still not getting how two guys are having these babies." Slash said seriously.

"Marguerite is kind of adopted." Lee said with a smile.

"Every time someone explains something around here, there seems to be a hitch. How is she 'kind of' adopted?" Slash asked, his voice rising slightly.

A little mewling cry came from Marguerite and both men silenced.

"Shhh. Okay, hold on a second and I'll tell you." Lee said hurriedly and left the room.

Slash watched the babies carefully, not knowing if he should do something.

Just a few seconds later, Lee walked back into the room.

"What was that all about?" Slash asked curiously.

"I wash my hands before I handle the babies, especially Marguerite. We need to be careful about germs until they're just a little older." Lee said seriously.

Lee picked up Marguerite and moved to the rocker.

"Where's the bathroom?" Slash asked quietly.

"Next door on the right." Lee said with a smile

Slash went and quickly washed his hands.

When he returned to the room, he sat in a rocking chair and said, "If you want, I can hold her."

Lee immediately placed Marguerite into Slash's arms.

"I'm going to get her bottle ready, she's due for a feeding anyway. If she gets fussy while I'm gone, just rub her back." Lee said and walked to the door.

"Where will you be?" Slash asked with a slight note of terror in his voice.

"In the kitchen, next door on the left. I'll only be gone for three minutes. If the boys start crying, just let them. I'll be right back." Lee said calmly as he left the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So what do you want to do on your first night without parental supervision?" William asked curiously.

"I was thinking that if you guys wanted, you could stay in my room tonight, like a sleep-over." Chris asked hopefully.

"I got no problem with that." Ronny said and looked at William.

"Robert said that when he went camping that he was able to sleep and dream. I believe I would enjoy a 'sleep over'." William said seriously.

"Great. Then let's figure out what we're going to do." Chris said with excitement.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the bedroom door closed, Robert stopped just inside the door.

"Bobby?" Robert said hesitantly.



Bobby looked carefully at Robert's worried expression.

"What's wrong?" Bobby asked with concern.

"I love you so much, and I want to express my love to you..." Robert trailed off.

"I know, and I promised to wait." Bobby said softly.

"I do not wish to wait. I understand that we are not ready for all the aspects of adult sexuality. But I am ready to experience... Bobby, I need physical release and I wish for my first time to be with you." Robert said seriously.

"Oh Robert, that's, that's the most wonderful gift. But... I can't." Bobby said with regret.

Robert looked crestfallen and Bobby got a speculative look.

"Come on. I've got an idea." Bobby said as he opened the door again.

"What?" Robert asked in surprise.

"Let's find your fathers. I think I've got a way." Bobby said as he led the way down the hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ro, I needed to ask you something, but it may be none of my business..." Hank trailed off with worry.

"If that is the case, I will tell you so. Please just ask Hank." Orroro said softly.

"It's just... Matt... He has feelings... I wanted to... how do you feel?" Hank asked sporadically.

"For a college professor with three PhDs, your sentence structure leaves something to be desired. However, I believe I understand what you are asking. I cannot say if it is any of your business or not, but I am willing to share my feelings with you so it's a moot point." Orroro said, then noticed the look of fear and anticipation in Hank's eyes.

"Logan is a good man. I have more than a passing interest in him. I find him physically appealing and his actions with John and the others have shown me his heart. I have sensed that you feel threatened by his feelings toward me, but I assure you, there is no need to be. I have already told Matt that I do not wish to pursue a relationship with him." Orroro said in a serious voice.

"You chose me?" Hank asked in disbelief.

Orroro smiled at the look of wonder on Hank's face.

"Yes Hank, I chose you. Now kiss me before I change my mind." Orroro said teasingly.

Hank was only too happy to comply.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lee walked into the bedroom carrying a bottle as Slash rubbed Marguerite's back.

"Here, just turn her a little and hold the bottle for her." Lee said as he helped Slash move Marguerite into position.

Slash finally got the position right and watched as Marguerite began to feed off the small bottle.

"I was going to tell you how she was 'sort of' adopted." Lee said as he settled back in a rocking chair.

"She's related to one of them." Slash said in thought.

"Right... sort of." Lee said with a teasing smile.

Slash got a look of frustration on his face.

"Some mutant haters captured Remy and cut out his eyes because they didn't look normal." Lee said quietly.

Slash got a look of surprise and glanced back to Marguerite to see how she was doing.

"He was put on a list and was given a live organ transplant. The donor of the eyes was Marguerite's mother, Margaret." Lee said softly.

Slash's eyes got big as he thought about that.

"Remy and Xander found out that Margaret and her husband were killed in a car crash and Marguerite was left an orphan. Monday the judge made it official, she's now legally Xander and Remy's daughter." Lee said as he looked lovingly at the little girl.

"So she's related to Remy's eyes?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"You met Remy earlier didn't you?" Lee asked with a chuckle.

"Yeah, just for a second." Slash said in thought.

"Look at her eyes." Lee said and inclined his head toward Marguerite.

"They're beautiful... and just like Remy's." Slash said in wonder.

"Yeah. No one is ever going to be able to deny that she's his daughter." Lee said, then turned at the sound of a fussy baby.

"I'll be right back. I think Chakotay is waking up." Lee said as he stood.

"We'll be fine." Slash said, gazing into Marguerite's eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Andrew?" Bobby asked as he hurried into the common room where Andrew and Alan were snuggled on the couch.

"Is something wrong?" Andrew asked with immediate concern.

"No. I just need to talk to you two for a minute." Bobby said quickly.

Andrew watched as Bobby looked around the room. There were five other people, but none of them were paying attention.

"Private huh?" Andrew asked, following Bobby's gaze.

"Yeah." Bobby said nervously.

The room felt like it tilted suddenly and Bobby grabbed the arm of the couch reflexively.

"Okay, no one can hear us now. What's up guys?" Andrew asked as he cuddled his husband.

"We need your advice about sex." Bobby said seriously.

"I advise no." Alan said firmly.

"Wait love, I think Bobby's about to explain." Andrew said as he watched Bobby's impatient expression.

"Yeah, I am. Robert needs sex. He's a guy. If he doesn't take care of it... it's got to go somewhere. I just wanted to know if you wanted me to help him out... Or let him figure it out the hard way or do you want him to go the shame and wet dreams route?" Bobby asked in a flustered voice.

Andrew and Alan shared a long look before Alan said, "I did Icheb and Trey's talk, this one is yours."

"Thanks love." Andrew said with a weak smile and looked at Robert's timid expression.

"Come here little man, tell me what's up with you." Andrew said quietly.

"I can't find the words." Robert said helplessly.

"Just try, if you can't find the right words, use wrong words that are close to the same feeling." Andrew said, hoping that made sense.

Robert nodded and thought. Finally he said, "I feel a need... It is coiled with tension in my abdomen. I wish to grind... to push... to thrust..."

"Oh yeah, I know that one. Okay guys, here's the deal. Bobby's right, you need to know how to deal with these urges and the healthiest way will be for Bobby to take care of you... and vice versa I suppose." Andrew said and glanced to find Alan in agreement.

"Guys, do what you need to do, just don't go too far." Andrew said seriously.

"Andrew? Could you please spell it out? Our definitions of 'too far' might be a little different." Bobby asked timidly.

"Yeah, um, how about hands only for now?" Andrew asked hopefully.

Bobby was about to agree when Robert said, "May we enjoy water sports?"

"What?" Andrew asked at the non sequitor wondering why Robert was asking about water skiing now.

"You want to play in piss?" Alan asked in disbelief.

Andrew looked suddenly at Alan, then at Robert in shock.

"I want to know if that is permitted." Robert said simply.

"Um, no, I don't think so... not for a little while." Andrew said with worry.

"Then may we enjoy bondage and discipline?" Robert asked without a trace of emotion.

At any other time, that question with that expression would be completely hilarious. However in the here and now it was horrifying to Andrew and Alan.

"No, that should be on the 'later' list too." Andrew said with wide eyes.

"Much later." Alan said with worry.

"Analingus?" Robert asked seriously.

"What's that?" Andrew asked helplessly as he looked at his sweet, innocent son.

"Rimming." Alan whispered.

"Um, no. Later." Andrew said, then hurriedly continued, "How about you two just use your hands for now and ask about the rest later?"

"Father, I would also like to perform oral sex with Bobby. Would you please permit that?" Robert asked with a pleading look.

Andrew thought about it and fell into the pleading eyes of his not-quite-so-innocent son.

"Okay, but leave the pissing and rimming and bondage alone for a while, agreed?" Andrew asked hopefully.

Robert looked inquiringly at Bobby and waited for Bobby's nod before saying, "Agreed."

Andrew phased them back to normal and watched silently as Robert and Bobby left the room.

"Our little boy is growing up." Alan said as he started to chuckle.

"Growing up to be kinkier than either of his fathers." Andrew said in disbelief and concern.

"Andy, think about this. They asked. They came to us and asked our advice and permission. They won't do any of that stuff without asking... as long as we don't freak on them and make them think they can't come to us... I think they'll be fine." Alan said with assurance.

"I hope so... he wants to do stuff that I haven't even tried." Andrew said in wonder.

"I haven't either, but... I'm open to new things." Alan said seductively into Andrew's ear.

Andrew felt the warm breath and a tingle started firing it's way up his inner thighs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bobby and Robert hurried into the dining room where they found Chris, William and Ronny talking.

"Guys, I need your help." Bobby said quickly.

"What's up bro?" Ronny asked with concern.

"Robert and I need... some private time. Do you have any ideas where we could go?" Bobby asked with desperation.

"What's wrong with your room?" Ronny asked slowly.

"Nothing except, um, Robert will probably be spending the night." Bobby said with a blush.

"You're going to have sex." Chris said with a smile.

"Yes." Robert said simply.

"Oh, well, I'm planning to spend the night at Chris' room since his father is at Julia's so that's no problem." Ronny said with a knowing smile directed at his brother.

"Great... I mean, if you're sure. I don't want to chase you out of our room." Bobby stammered.

"We were just talking about the stuff we're going to do. You two go and have fun." Ronny said with a chuckle.

"Thanks. I mean really, thanks." Bobby said as he took Robert's hand.

"Just remember this when I want some privacy sometime." Ronny said firmly.

Bobby thought about that, then said, "Yeah, just say the word and you got it. I promise."

Ronny nodded and watched Bobby and Robert hurry out of the room.

## *[Chapter 6: Spoken Secrets and Unknown Truths]*

Lee walked in to find Slash holding Marguerite and gently rocking.

"If you want, I can burp her while you feed Chakotay." Lee said as he walked to the cribs.

"Yeah, that sounds good." Slash said peacefully.

"Hand me Marguerite, then I'll hand you Chakotay." Lee said and held out his arms.

Slash reluctantly handed Marguerite to Lee.

A moment later, Slash received a much larger baby in his arms, then a bottle.

Lee picked up Marguerite and a towel, then sat in the chair to burp her.

Chakotay got a disgusted look on his face and began to cry.

"What the hell is that?" Slash asked as he saw the red glow shining out of the baby's mouth.

"His mutant ability. It's not powerful enough to hurt you yet." Lee said as he started rocking.

Slash held the bottle up and gently put it into Chakotay's mouth.

"Slash, I'd like you to meet my grandson, Chakotay." Lee said proudly.

"Wait, your son Andrew's son, right?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"That's right. And Thomas, his twin is in the crib over there." Lee said happily.

"God, it's hard to believe that you're a grandfather... but you're good at it." Slash finished quickly.

"Thanks. I went for a lot of years without any family at all. Now I have Andrew, Alan, all their kids, Spike, Scott, Alex, Dawn... I never could have imagined loving so many people." Lee said, overflowing with joy.



"I can only imagine." Slash said sadly as he shifted Chakotay for a more comfortable grip.

"Why is that?" Lee asked quietly, looking at Slash with concern.

"Look at me. Who could love a freak like me?" Slash asked with pain.

"That little guy in your arms." Lee said with a smile at his grandson.

"He'll hate me when he's old enough to know better." Slash said sadly.

"Tell me what happened to you." Lee said with imploring eyes.

"Not much. I was a normal kid, I had two parents... one male, one female..." Slash added with a smile.

Lee laughed and nodded for him to continue.

"We moved around a lot, so I didn't have a lot of friends. Then a few months ago I started getting pale, I mean really pale." Slash said with pain.

Lee stood to lay Marguerite in a crib as he picked up Thomas, then nodded for Slash to continue.

"My folks took me to a doctor and he said I was a mutant." Slash said as a crystal clear teardrop traveled down his white cheek.

"What did they do?" Lee asked with concern as he sat again.

"They called me a fucking freak, a mistake of nature, they said I wasn't their son anymore and threw me out in the street. I figured that their son, the person I was, died that day and Slash was born." Slash said as the tears began to flow.

"How did you survive?" Lee asked in a whisper.

"I found this house that was standing empty and I stayed there. I'd stay in during the day and come out at night to beg people for money. That got me food and on a good day, a pack of smokes." Slash said as he noticed that Chakotay was done with his bottle.

"At least you didn't have to live under the bridges. That was the worst for me." Lee said as he laid Thomas in Slash's right arm and picked up Chakotay from Slash's left.

"I did that a few days. The house was better. Quieter and warmer." Slash said with a distant look.

"It's good if you can find one. Usually I had to deal with wherever I woke up." Lee said darkly.

"You win man. Your low is a hell of a lot lower than my low." Slash said with a shake of his head.

"No Slash, it isn't." Lee said seriously.

Slash looked at Lee curiously.

"As low as I got, I knew that my parents loved me. I never lost that. Sometimes that was all that kept me human, knowing that somewhere, someone loved me." Lee said quietly.

"If you're trying to make me feel better, you're missing the mark by quite a bit." Slash said with weak, forced humor.

"No. I'm not trying to make you feel better. I'm actually building up to ask you something." Lee said hesitantly.

"What's that?" Slash asked suspiciously.

"I don't know how to ask, there's no way of saying it that doesn't sound really pathetic." Lee said with a creased brow.

Slash smiled despite himself.

"All the people you met are my family, but none of them are really my friends." Lee said in thought.

Slash turned to look into Lee's eyes and found them full of pain.

"I'm the father, the grandfather or some other relation like that but... I'm so alone." Lee trailed off.

"I know that feeling." Slash admitted.

"If you'd be willing, I'd like to be that for you. A friend." Lee said seriously.

Slash thought about that for a minute before saying, "It doesn't work that way. Friendship happens, you can't just 'decide' to be friends."

"Why not?" Lee asked honestly.

"I don't know. I never really had any close friends, I'm not sure how it works." Slash admitted with frustration.

"I'd be willing to try if you would." Lee said with hope in his eyes.

"What would I have to do?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"It's pretty simple. We talk to each other when one of us needs to. We go and do stuff together sometimes and hang out. That's about it." Lee said seriously.

"So, if I tell you something, you'll never tell anyone else?" Slash asked carefully.

"Yeah, if you don't want me to. And same goes for you. I'll tell you stuff and you won't tell anyone." Lee said firmly.

"Yeah, that sounds cool." Slash said as he nodded.

"And one more thing, the most important part." Lee said and looked deeply into Slash's eyes.

"What?" Slash asked, surprised at the new level of seriousness.

"It's forever." Lee said without blinking.

"What!?" Slash asked with surprise.

"What we share. What we tell. It's between us forever. Even if you piss me off one day and decide never to talk to me again, I'll keep any secret you tell me forever. There is nothing you can ever do that will make me go back on my word." Lee said firmly.

"Wait, so you're saying that if I tell you that I murdered my parents and buried their bodies in the back yard, that you'd never tell anyone." Slash asked dubiously.

"That's what I'm saying. But if I told you that I murdered twenty-seven people and framed an innocent man for the murders, then you couldn't say anything either." Lee said seriously.

Slash nodded.

"Did you?" Lee asked quietly.

Slash looked up with a raised eyebrow.

"Murder your parents." Lee prompted.

"No. Did you?" Slash asked, looking deeply into Lee's eyes.

"No." Lee said with a shy smile.

Lee stood and put Chakotay back into his crib, then took Thomas from Slash.

"So did you have something you needed to get off your chest?" Slash asked as he watched Lee burping Thomas.

"Yeah, but first I need to know that you won't freak out on me and go screaming my secrets to the whole family." Lee said seriously.

"I don't know what I can do but promise." Slash said seriously.

"A truth for a truth. If we each hold one of the other's secrets, then we both have something to lose if one of us breaks the promise." Lee said firmly.

Slash thought about that and finally nodded.

"Do you have one?" Lee asked as he gently placed Thomas back in the crib beside Chakotay.

"Yeah." Slash said in a whisper.

"I poisoned eleven people, three of them died." Lee said in an emotionless voice.

"How?" Slash asked as he rested back in his rocking chair.

"That was back when I was heavy into drugs. I was dealing. I cut it wrong. Really messed it up. Honestly, I don't know what I did. But the shit I sold was lethal. Three people died because of me." Lee said in a toneless voice.

"Are you sorry?" Slash asked, glancing at Lee.

"Now? Yeah. Back then? I didn't accept responsibility for anything. Somehow I thought that because I was wasted, it wasn't my fault." Lee said regretfully.

"Did you get in trouble?" Slash asked in a small voice.

"No. No one ever found out it was me. I never told anyone before." Lee said as he watched his grandchildren sleeping.

"I'm a hermaphrodite." Slash said weakly.

Lee nodded.

"The doctors said that I had enough testosterone to look like a guy, but I'd probably never grow much of a beard or get big muscles. And there's a chance that I'll grow breasts, but that hasn't happened... yet." Slash said quietly.

"How did you keep it a secret?" Lee asked as he kept his gaze on the babies.

"It doesn't show unless you get between my legs... I've never let anyone down there." Slash said in a shaking voice.

"So you didn't date." Lee said without inflection.

"No. I couldn't take the chance." Slash said in a whisper.

Lee nodded again.

"You know it doesn't bother me, right?" Lee asked and turned to look at Slash.

"I figured it wouldn't. And I'm okay with yours too." Slash said as he met Lee's eyes.

"Thanks Slash. That's what I was hoping. You're the only person in the world who knows this about me. Now you know that no matter what, you can come and talk to me and I'll listen without judging you." Lee said simply.

"I promise that I'll never tell. Not even if you piss me off." Slash said seriously.

"Same here." Lee said quietly.

As Matt walked into his room, he noticed that something was different... off.

"How's it goin bub?" Sounded from the darkness.

With a quick 'snick' of claws extending, Matt was ready for battle.

The lights came on and Matt was facing himself, leaning casually against the bathroom door frame.

"Thought I'd come for a visit to see how I'm doin." Logan said with an irritating smirk.

"One eye said you were gone." Matt said as he let his claws recede.

"Yeah, like I said, a visit." Logan said, maintaining his gaze.

"You come to take your life back?" Matt asked suspiciously.

"Naw, you're doin a better job with it than I ever did. Sit down, I brought beer." Logan said and walked to the table.

Matt cautiously walked and sat across from Logan.

Logan pulled two beers from under the table and handed one to Matt.

A long minute of silence fell over the room as both took a drink and waited.

"I brought somethin for ya." Logan said and set a folded piece of paper on the table.

"What is it?" Matt asked suspiciously, not making a move to pick up the paper.

"A land deed. An old one." Logan said, then took another drink.

"Why are you giving me land?" Matt asked slowly.

"It's already yours... or mine. Whatever, it's deeded to Jonathan Matthew Logan." Logan said gruffly.

"So?" Matt asked, not letting his guard down for an instant.

"So. Yer doin a good job takin in the kid and treatin Scott decent. Me an Jean thought we should do something for ya. That's all." Logan said and finished the beer.

"And?" Matt said, waiting for the punch line.

"And you deeded the land to yourself from your real name to the one your using." Logan said, then finished his beer in a long drink.

"What?" Matt said and grabbed the paper.

"You heard. That piece of paper can trace back to who you really are." Logan said with a hint of a smile.

Matt read the paper carefully, but couldn't find any other name on it.

"It ain't that easy. Never is for some reason. You need to get a lawyer to research the deed to find the name, but then you'll have your answers." Logan said and stood.

Matt looked up from the paper and asked, "That's it? You're just going to stop in to give me this and leave?"

"Yeah, that's it. We can't stay in one place too long. It'll draw the bad guys to ya, a lot badder than you can deal with." Logan said, then walked to the door.

"Thanks for this... and for letting me have your life." Matt said in nearly a mumble.

"Like I said, you're doin a good job. I ain't here ta give ya divine inspiration or nuthin. Just wanted ta give ya the one thing I never could get for myself, my name. Oh yeah, here's a key to a safety deposit box in Ottawa. That way you won't run short on money." Logan said as he tossed a key to Matt.

"Thanks again." Matt said as he caught the key easily.

"Yeah. Keep up the good work." Logan said and gave a brief smile before disappearing in a burst of light.

"You too." Matt said to the ceiling.

## ***[Chapter 7: Hesitation and Acceptance]***

As the door shut Bobby turned to Robert and asked, "What was all that with your parents? Are you really wanting to do all that stuff?"

Robert smiled as he pulled Bobby into a hug and said, "Jimmy told us about the art of negotiation. Sometimes in order to get what you truly want you have to ask for more than you want."

Bobby closed his eyes at the wonderful feeling of Robert's hug and said, "So you brought up the water sports and stuff so they'd agree to oral sex?"

"Yes. I did some research on the Internet to understand the various activities involved in sexuality. I came across many extreme examples of intimacy and chose three of them in hopes that my fathers would allow me to do what I really wanted." Robert said as he pulled back enough to look Bobby in the eyes.

"And what do you really want?" Bobby asked cautiously.

"To express my love for you in a physical manner." Robert said softly and began to nuzzle Bobby's neck.

"Robert. Hold on." Bobby said hesitantly.

Reluctantly, Robert pulled back to look into Bobby's eyes.

"I love you Robert, and I want to express my love to you too but I'm having a problem." Bobby said with regret in his voice.

"Is it my age?" Robert asked with a slight tremble in his voice.

"No Robert, since we have your fathers' permission I'm really okay with that." Bobby said honestly.

"Then what is it?" Robert asked, looking somewhat relieved.

"It's Pete. I feel like I'm being disrespectful to his memory or... I don't know how to say it exactly. It just feels wrong for us to do stuff so soon after his death." Bobby said with a distraught look.

"I believe I understand. You are in a period of mourning and to engage in a pleasurable activity seems inappropriate." Robert said in thought.



"Exactly. I'm sorry Robby. I really do love you and I want to be with you but I don't..." Bobby trailed off as he heard something.

Robert turned toward the wall and both heard another sound, like something being dropped or thrown in the next room.

"That's Pete's room." Bobby said as he hurried to the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you want to do this?" Alex asked with shallow breaths.

"To tell you the truth mate, I'm not ready." Spike said with apology in his eyes.

"But I thought..." Alex drifted off with hurt.

"I love you, and I want us to both be ready, in our hearts, the first time we make love. If you need to get off, I can do that. But it'll have to be like a couple blokes, not like lovers, not yet." Spike said sadly.

"Can you tell me why?" Alex asked with desperation.

"Cause if we jump into this we can mess it up. Mess it up so bad it can't be fixed. I love you enough to wait till the time is right." Spike said quietly.

"How will we know when it's time?" Alex asked as he looked into Spike's eyes.

"We'll know luv. We've got some baggage to deal with, both of us. I've got me a past I have to sort through and deal with before I can come to you completely. And I think you've got the same." Spike finished softly.

"Me? I've never been with anyone." Alex said in confusion.

"I know. But you seem to be so desperate to be loved, to be held. Is it me you want or an end to the loneliness?" Spike asked with worry.

Alex froze at the words.

"Alex, I love you. I love you enough to wait till you know what you really want. And when we're both ready we'll make love. Is this enough for now?" Spike asked hesitantly.

"You said you'd help me get off, right?" Alex asked seriously.

"I could do with a good wank myself. I'd never leave you having to do without." Spike said softly.

"Then I can wait for the rest, how do you want to do it?" Alex asked unsurely.

Spike thought for a second, and then got a devilish grin.

"I think I should worry now." Alex said playfully.

"You have any playing cards laying about?" Spike asked, ignoring Alex's statement.

"Um, yeah, here." Alex said, bewildered by Spike's request as he pulled a deck of cards from the bedside stand.

Spike scooted away from Alex on the bed and left a space between them.

"What are you up to?" Alex asked warily.

"Strip poker, jokers wild, two draws. Pairs of things, socks and the like count as one item. Jewelry don't count." Spike said as he shuffled the cards.

"What happens when we get naked?" Alex asked with a smile.

"Then whoever is naked and loses the next hand has to do what the winner says... to himself. We'll see how this game goes and maybe next time we'll do each other." Spike said as his eyes glittered with mischief.

"Enough talking, deal." Alex said forcefully.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Andrew, Alan, can I have a few minutes of your time?" A familiar voice asked.

"Jean?" Andrew said as he ran to greet her.

"Hi guys." Jean said as she accepted a hug from first Andrew, then Alan.

"How are you doing?" Andrew asked as he led Jean to have a seat in the common room.

"I can honestly say that every day is a new adventure." Jean said with a big smile.

"Have you had any Thanksgiving dinner? There's still plenty of food left." Andrew said quickly.

"Sorry guys, I don't have time. I really need to ask you a tremendous favor." Jean said with a serious look.

"Go ahead Jean, you know you can ask us anything." Alan said firmly.

"Thanks... I need to explain a few things before I get to the favor." Jean said and looked to see that both men were listening.

Andrew nodded and Jean continued, "When the virus changed my body and increased my mutant abilities and the power of the Phoenix I had the potential to cause destruction on a scale that you can't comprehend. An uncontrolled outburst of my power could disrupt time and space to the point that the damage to the multiverse could never be undone."

Andrew and Alan didn't fully understand what she was saying, but could tell that she was leading to something more.

"My increasing power attracted the attention of a species called the 'Q'. They are multidimensional creatures that exist outside the time/space continuum. They had the choice to either kill me or make me one of them. For whatever reason, they chose to make me 'Q'." Jean said in thought.

"Now to the favor. My mentor in the Q continuum got the idea that he wanted to have a child. He approached Captain Janeway with... less than successful results. Eventually he found another member of the continuum to mate with him and they produced a child, a son." Jean said and her look changed from thoughtful to sad.

"Q has grown quickly and honestly isn't a bad child but..." Jean trailed off and looked away as tears began to form in her eyes.

"What is it?" Andrew asked with concern.

"When my mentor decided he wanted a child, it was a whim, a passing fancy. Now he's faced with the reality of having a child, even when it's not fun and not what he wants. Their fights have been escalating until my

mentor finally did something that did irreparable damage to their relationship." Jean said darkly.

"Did he hurt the boy?" Alan asked with concern.

"What about the mother?" Andrew asked at the same time.

"The mother had the child as an indulgence for the father. She had no interest in being a mother and still doesn't. And he didn't hurt the boy physically, in his true form he is nearly indestructible." Jean said as her tears began to fall.

"What did he do?" Alan asked in a whisper.

"Q had a friend. His first and only friend. During their last fight, my mentor attacked Q's friend in a fit of rage. Q's friend was 'unmade'. My mentor sent a surge of energy into the past and prevented the conception of Q's friend... he never existed. Only Q, his father, Logan and I even remember that he ever was. To the rest of his timeline, no such person was ever born. The Q are extremely powerful and capable of almost anything with just a thought, but when someone is 'unmade' there is no way to undo it." Jean said quietly.

"I think I have an idea of what favor you're going to ask, but please, go ahead." Andrew said in an emotionally drained voice.

"My mentor wanted to destroy Q, calling him a mistake and too dangerous to be allowed to exist. Logan and I convinced him to allow us to take Q someplace where he would be out of his father's way. This Earth in this dimension belongs unofficially to Logan and I. No other members of the Q come here and no one will interfere. Q has had his powers negated and has been given human form. What I'm asking is if you'll take him in and raise him as one of your children." Jean asked in a pleading voice.

"Jean, we have eight kids and one on the way..." Andrew began.

"Yes." Alan said firmly.

Andrew looked at Alan with surprise.

"Andy, Jean knows about our kids. She feels that this is the best place for him or she wouldn't ask. How could we sleep at night knowing that we said no to a child in need?" Alan asked with a plea for understanding in his eyes.

Andrew held Alan's gaze for a moment, and then looked at Jean.

"Alan's right. Of course we'll take him in." Andrew said softly.

"I'll introduce you, and then I'll leave. I can't stay too long." Jean said quickly.

"Jean, please don't leave until I've had a chance to talk to him. I know you think you're doing what's best for him, but if this isn't what he wants, it won't work." Andrew said simply.

Jean stopped, then nodded.

There was a flash of light and a teenage boy, maybe fourteen appeared.

"Q, I'd like for you to meet Andrew and Alan, these are the guys I was telling you about." Jean said with a gentle smile.

"Nice to meet you." The boy mumbled, not looking into anyone's eyes.

"Q, please come over here. I need to talk to you for a minute." Andrew said quietly.

The boy walked to stand in front of Andrew.

"Sit down with me, I just need to ask you a few questions." Andrew said and patted the cushion beside him.

Q hesitantly sat beside Andrew.

"Jean told me a little about you. But I just need to know that you're here because you want to be." Andrew said in as gentle a voice as he could manage.

"Yes, please sir, I promise I'll do anything you say, I'll be good! I promise! Please let me stay!" The boy said in panic.

Alan automatically pulled Q into a hug and whispered comforting words into his ear as Andrew said, "Q, as long as you're here because you want to be, then we'll be happy to have you."

Jean walked to Andrew and Alan with a look of relief.

"I don't know how we'll explain him being here. I mean, from what you said, he doesn't 'officially' exist on this world." Andrew said with concern.

"Not a problem. There's a folder of birth certificates and social security cards on the Professor's desk that Scott forgot to distribute yesterday when it arrived. All Q's paperwork is in there and he has a complete history of existence in the official files, as do the rest of your family." Jean said with a happy smile.

"Thanks Jean." Alan said as he lifted his head from beside Q's ear.

"I didn't do much. Mr. Howlett did most of it; I just did the things he couldn't. All your family's official records are settled, you'll never have to worry about that." Jean said in peace.

"Um, what is Q's name in the paperwork?" Andrew asked as he looked at the boy who was soaking in the love and comfort from Alan.

"Quaid Summers." Jean said with a giggle.

"Is that alright with you Q?" Andrew asked as he tried to hold Q's gaze.

"Yes sir. I'm not Q anymore since they put me here. I'm human now. I *should* have a human name." Q said in barely more than a mumble.

"Guys, I really have to go now. Logan and I will check in with you as often as we can." Jean said warmly.

"Jean?" Andrew said quickly.

"Yes?" Jean responded.

"Thanks." Andrew said, then turned a loving look toward Q.

Jean nodded and vanished in a flash of light.

"Andy, let's take Q home." Alan said as he held tightly to the young boy.

Andrew smiled and gestured to the portal forming in front of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bobby entered the room and froze in place.

It looked as though the place had been ransacked. Books were thrown from the shelves and were scattered around the room.

"Who would do this?" Robert asked as he walked to stand beside Bobby.

"No one." Bobby said in confusion.

Robert looked at Bobby curiously.

"No one could have gotten out of this room without passing us in the hall." Bobby said as he looked around.

"Give me a moment." Robert said and began to press some buttons on his personal data node and his ocular implant.

He slowly looked around the room and finally said, "There is no indication that another person has been in this room in the past two hours. I am capable of seeing thermal variations and any warm-blooded being would have left residual thermal traces in the room."

Bobby smiled and said, "I didn't think of that. I can sense heat too. You're right. No one's been in here. But that doesn't explain what happened to the room."

"Look at this." Robert said as he pointed to a sketchbook opened at their feet.

"It's one of Pete's drawings. I've seen him working on them a few times, but he never felt comfortable showing them to me." Bobby said as he looked at the beautiful picture of Ms. Munroe.

"He was quite talented." Robert said quietly.

"He had so much to live for." Bobby said as he knelt down to look at the book.

"Robby, look at this." Bobby said as he stared at the next page in the sketchbook.

"It is us." Robert said in wonder.

"He captured our love." Bobby said in a whisper as he looked at the picture of him and Robert hugging.

Bobby turned the page, and then quickly turned it back before Robert could see.

"What is it?" Robert asked with concern.

"Um, I guess Peter wasn't just talented, but also had a dirty mind." Bobby said with a chuckle.

"I do not understand." Robert said hesitantly.

"Look." Bobby said as he turned the page.

Robert stared in wonder at the picture of the two of them, Bobby and Robert, completely nude and engaged in passionate sex.

"I didn't know he thought about stuff like this." Bobby said as a blush crept up his face.

"Bobby." Robert said with a serious tone in his voice.

Bobby stood quickly at the sound and looked into Robert's eyes.

"Peter loved you and wanted you to be happy. The picture was an expression of his desire for you to be happy. If we make love, we will not be disrespecting his memory, we will be granting his wish." Robert said seriously.

"I think you're right. Let's go take care of that now, we'll come back later and tidy up." Bobby said warmly.

"I love you." Robert said as he held Bobby's gaze.

"I love you too Robby. Let's go to bed." Bobby said and put an arm around Robert to guide him out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the three emerged from the portal Q asked, "What was that?"

Andrew looked at Q and followed his eyes to the vanishing portal.

"It's a portal, that's my mutant ability." Andrew said in a fatherly tone.

"You're a mutant?" Q asked with wide eyes.



"Yes, Alan and I are both mutants. That doesn't bother you does it?" Andrew asked with a note of concern.

"No, I mean, no sir. I just, I never met any mutants before. The last time I visited a material dimension there weren't any mutants at all." Q said with excitement.

All three turned as Lee and Slash walked out of the bedroom.

"Hi Dad, I'd like you to meet your new grandson." Andrew said with an impish grin.

Lee looked at his son in surprise, then noticed the frightened look on the boy's face.

"What's your name little fella?" Lee asked as he walked closer to Q.

"Q... I mean Quaid." Q said in a trembling voice.

"Are you my grandson?" Lee asked as he squatted to look into Quaid's eyes.

Quaid looked up to Andrew with question.

"Since Jean named you Summers, I'm assuming that you are going to be my son. If you're my son and he's my father, that makes him your grandfather and you his grandson." Andrew said gently.

Quaid had a look of confusion on his face as he looked from Andrew to Lee. When he met Lee's eyes he nodded hesitantly.

"Good. You can't have too many grandkids." Lee said with a smile and held open his arms.

"How you doing Slash?" Andrew asked as Lee pulled Quaid into a hug.

"Um, okay. Where'd you get the kid?" Slash asked curiously.

"He needed a family, and we appear to have one empty couch." Andrew said with a shrug.

"Sir?" Quaid said as he pulled out of his hug with Lee.

"You can call me Father if you like." Andrew said gently.

"Father. Q said that she fixed all the new rooms you were building. She knew you'd need a place for me to sleep." Quaid said quickly.

Andrew and Alan looked at each other, then walked to the door that separated the existing house from the new wing.

Lee took hold of Quaid's hand and began to walk, taking hold of Slash's shoulder along the way.

"Who's with the babies?" Andrew thought to ask.

"Xander and Warren are watching them." Lee said immediately.

"Okay, let's go." Andrew said happily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Full house, kings high" Alex said proudly.

"Bugger! I thought I had you with two pairs." Spike said as he dropped his cards.

"What's it going to be?" Alex asked with delight.

"Socks. If you want to see the good stuff, you're going to have to earn it." Spike said with playful gruffness as he pulled his socks off.

"My deal." Alex said happily as he gathered the cards to shuffle.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Wow, it's really all done." Alan said as they walked into the first room.

"It's beautiful. I didn't think the rooms would be this big." Andrew said as he looked at the comfortable, fully furnished room.

"Look at that." Andrew said in astonishment.

"What is it?" Alan asked curiously.

"It's Spike's duster. It was destroyed in Sunnydale when he closed the hellmouth." Andrew said as he carefully glided his fingers over the leather.

"And this is Alex's uniform." Alan said from the open closet door.

"Let's check out the other rooms." Lee said with excitement.

## *[Chapter 8: The Lair of the Fairy Princess]*

"Who's the fairy princess?" Slash asked as they looked around the next room.

"Marguerite. I don't know why but I just think of her when I walk in here." Alan said as he looked at the delicate fabrics and beautiful fairy dolls that all blended to create an almost unreal atmosphere.

"She won't be able to stay in here for a while, but when she does... I can't imagine her not loving it." Lee said as he followed the others to the next room.

"Dad, I think this room is yours." Andrew said from inside the next room.

Lee walked in and the first thing that caught his eyes was the shade of blue that the curtains and carpet were.

Slash looked around and asked, "What is it?"

"I met a woman, a wonderful woman who I might actually have a chance with. The color scheme reminds me of her... she's blue." Lee finished quietly.

"FATHER! COME LOOK!" Quaid's voice called from the next room.

The others hurried out to see whatever the boy had stumbled across.

"Subtle." Alan said blankly.

"Um, yeah. Do you think he figured out who's it is?" Andrew chuckled.

The wall opposite the door had the letter 'Q' sunken in and filled with shelving from floor to ceiling. In the center of the Q was a plasma flat screen TV.

"It's mine? I mean, my very own room? All mine?" Quaid asked with excitement verging on hyperventilation.

"Well, I guess it's this or the fairy room." Lee said with a smile.

Quaid got a questioning look, and then smiled as he realized that Lee was teasing.

"She left him plenty of clothes." Alan said from the closet.

"Um, Andy?" Lee said with a note of concern.

"Yeah dad?" Andrew responded and walked to Lee's side.

"Look." Lee said and pointed into the bedside stands drawer.

Laying there was a bottle of lube and a supply of condoms.

"I hope she's just preparing for any eventuality." Andrew said, then turned to look at Quaid again.

"I love it. It's perfect." Quaid said in absolute joy.

"You'll have to thank your Aunt Jean the next time you see her." Andrew said with a smile.

Quaid got a look of confusion and asked, "Who?"

"Oh, um, the Q that brought you here." Alan said in thought.

"Oh yeah. I'll tell her." Quaid said quickly, then started looking in every nook and cranny to discover all his new treasures.

"I doubt that any of the other rooms will top this one." Lee said with a smile.

The group, minus Quaid walked on to explore the next room.

"This is one of the kid's room, but I don't know which." Lee said as he looked at the regeneration alcove set into one wall.

"It's Trey's." Andrew said with certainty.

"How can you tell?" Lee asked curiously.

"Because his spare Borg components are on display." Andrew said, pointing at an artistic display of equipment on the wall behind Plexiglas.

"Why does Trey have a bed? He doesn't sleep." Lee asked as he looked around.

"Sleeping isn't the only thing a bed is used for." Alan said and waggled his eyebrows.

Lee blushed and nodded.

"Who's room is this?" Quaid asked as he ran into the room.

"This is your brother Trey's room." Andrew said simply.

"He's Borg? I have a brother who's Borg?" Quaid asked with excitement.

"Yes, you have five Borg brothers and one Borg sister, you also have two mutant brothers." Alan said with a smile.

"My best friend ever is... was Borg." Quaid finished and the smile fell off his face.

Andrew and Alan immediately sandwiched Quaid between them in a hug.

"I think we need to take Quaid to meet his brothers and sister, the rest of this can wait." Andrew said seriously.

"Just a second." Slash said and moved to Quaid.

"Quaid, I'm Slash. I just got here today, same as you. If you get scared or need to talk to someone just let me know, okay?" Slash said gently.

"Yeah, you look really cool. I wish I looked like you." Quaid said as he cautiously reached out to touch Slash's cheek.

"You look just right the way you are Quaid. Don't change a thing." Slash said with a smile.

"Quaid, are you ready to meet your brothers and sister?" Andrew asked from the doorway.

Reluctantly, Quaid turned his attention from Slash and nodded to Andrew.

"Follow me." Andrew said and walked through the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I think you got me." Alex said in defeat as he laid down his pair of queens.

"Bloody hell!" Spike said as he slammed down his pair of jacks.

"You thought you were going to beat me with that?" Alex asked in confusion.

"With the disappointed look you were wearing I thought you had nothing." Spike said as he pulled off his T-shirt.

"Looks like you'll be putting on a show for me." Alex said with a teasing smile.

Spike picked up the cards and began to shuffle.

"It ain't over yet mate, it ain't over till the last card gets played." Spike said seriously.

\* \* \* \* \*

The group emerged in the common room of the mansion.

"Do you know where they are?" Lee asked curiously.

"I think the younger kids are with Theresa and Rachel. I'm not sure about the older kids." Andrew said in thought.

"Found one." Lee said from the divider that separated the game room from the common room.

Alan and Andrew led Quaid around the divider to meet his first new sibling.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Three of a kind." Alex said proudly as he laid out his three nines.

"And all I've got is this pair of fives." Spike said sadly as he laid the fives of spades and clubs down before him.

Alex nearly bounced with anticipation.

"And this other pair of fives." Spike continued with a glorious smile as he laid out the red fives.

Alex looked at the cards in astonishment before saying, "But you drew three cards on the last draw, how lucky can one guy be?"

"I must have lead a virtuous life." Spike said with a rakish grin.

"Yeah, right." Alex said with a roll of his eyes and removed his socks.

"I think I feel a winning streak coming on." Spike said with a happy smile.

"You won one hand, that's not called a streak, it's called a fluke." Alex responded in a teasing voice.

"Just deal." Spike said intensely.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Itchy!?" Quaid nearly exploded with excitement and threw himself into Icheb's lap.

"Itchy! I missed you. Are you okay?" Quaid asked in a rush as he hugged Icheb tightly.

"Quaid." Andrew said, trying to get his attention without sounding harsh. Icheb was sitting stiffly, trying to understand what was happening to him.

"Quaid." Andrew said more loudly.

Quaid turned his tear filled eyes to look at Andrew.

It broke Andrew's heart to say the words but he had to get the message across.

"Quaid, I don't think he's the same person you remember." Andrew said softly.

Quaid quickly turned to look into Icheb's eyes.

"Itchy?" Quaid asked as he looked for any kind of response.

Icheb looked to his father in question.

Quaid broke down into uncontrolled sobbing as he clutched to the image of his best and only friend.

"Quaid, can you tell me about your friend? Why he was your friend?" Andrew asked as he sat beside Icheb and Quaid.

"He... he liked me. He... he said I was funny and we... we had fun." Quaid said through hitching breaths.

"He said all those things about you, what about him? What was he like?" Andrew pressed.



"Itchy was always more serious. When I wanted to do something, he'd usually say no, but I'd talk him into it and he'd have fun anyway... one time we took a shuttle craft and... okay, maybe that's not the best example..." Quaid trailed off.

"Icheb Summers, I'd like you to meet your new brother Quaid Summers." Alan said from their other side.

"My brother?" Both boys said simultaneously.

"That's right. And Quaid already has a room at the boat house." Lee said with a smile.

"Icheb, Quaid knew an Icheb in an alternate dimension and that Icheb was his best friend. You know I've always said I wouldn't tell you who to be friends with, and I still won't. But would you please try to get to know Quaid and maybe one day you can be his friend?" Andrew asked hopefully.

Icheb looked from his father's hopeful eyes to Quaid's and said, "I will be better than his friend, I will be his brother."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Show 'em." Spike said in anticipation.

Alex slowly laid out his hand one card at a time.

"Bloody Hell! A full house again?" Spike said in wonder.

"I've never been this lucky before. You must be my good luck charm." Alex said with delight.

"Right, well, um, here it goes." Spike said and stood beside the bed.

Spike slowly undid each button of his jeans and began to pull them down.

"You're not wearing underwear?" Alex asked with surprise.

"I didn't know we'd be playing strip poker tonight, did I?" Spike asked as he stepped out of his black jeans.

"Um, no. I guess not." Alex said as his gaze was fixed on Spike's erect cock.

"Take a good look, luv. This is what you do to me." Spike said, then turned slowly around.

Alex was in awe of Spike's smooth, hairless ass. It even had the cutest dimples.

"You gonna shuffle or sit and look at me all night?" Spike asked, trying to sound gruff, but having the effect spoiled by his smile.

"Um, yeah. I guess one more should do it." Alex said as he fumbled to gather the cards without looking at them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Andrew, Alan, I'm glad I caught you." Scott said as he entered the common room.

"Scott, come here. There's someone I'd like for you to meet." Andrew said with a smile.

"Quaid, I'd like you to meet your Uncle Scott. Scott, this is our newest son, Quaid Summers." Alan said as he indicated the boy holding Icheb in a death grip.

"Nice to meet you." Scott said unsurely.

"You're my uncle?" Quaid asked hesitantly.

"Uncle Scott is *our* uncle." Icheb said with a tender smile toward Quaid.

"So since we're brothers, your family is my family?" Quaid asked in confirmation.

"That is correct. Andrew and Alan are *our* fathers, Scott, Alex and Spike are *our* uncles and Dawn is *our* aunt." Icheb said slowly.

"Thanks Itchy, being your brother is the best thing ever." Quaid said in delight as he pulled Icheb into another hug.

"If you call me Itchy, what do I call you?" Icheb asked curiously.

"You, I mean *he* always called me Q, but I'd like it if you had a special name for me. A name that only you get to call me." Quaid said seriously.

"May I call you Quay?" Icheb asked hopefully.

Quaid nodded enthusiastically.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Three aces." Alex said with joy.

"You must really want me to put on a show for you... But not this time mate. Four threes, show me some skin." Spike said with a chuckle.

Alex grudgingly pulled off his T-shirt and smiled at Spike's appreciative look.

Spike reached down and gave his cock a single stroke, then picked up the cards to shuffle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scott turned his attention to Alan and Andrew, leaving the boys to their own conversation.

"This came yesterday and I forgot to give it to you, I got sidetracked." Scott said and thought about Peter.

"No problem, let's see what you've got." Andrew said as he took the large manila envelope from Scott.

"Go ahead, it's from Ken." Scott said and stood aside to watch Andrew pull out the contents.

Andrew opened the large envelope to find several smaller envelopes inside.

"This one has your name love." Andrew said as he handed an envelope to Alan.

After examining the contents, Alan said, "It's a birth certificate, social security card, even my teaching credentials."

"It looks like he made a mistake." Andrew said as he looked at the papers from one of the other envelopes.

"What's that?" Scott asked as he moved to read over Andrew's shoulder.

"We agreed on the ages of the children when Ken was here but he got them wrong." Andrew said with concern.

"Oh yeah, Ken told me about that. He said that since he got to know the children, he thought you might have underestimated their ages. He said it was an honest parental thing to do. No parent wants to admit that their children are growing up." Scott said with a smile.

"So Icheb's going to be seventeen?" Alan asked while looking over Andrew's other shoulder at the paperwork.

"Yes, and Trey's going to be sixteen." Andrew said, peeking into the next envelope.

"The twins are going to be fifteen and Jimmy's going to be twelve. Ken agreed with you about Janine's age." Scott finished.

"Okay, that shouldn't be too hard to remember." Andrew said in thought.

"Here's Quaid's paperwork. He's going to be fourteen on January seventh." Andrew said in surprise.

"I guess Jean figured out our birthday system." Alan said with a smile.

"Jean was here?" Scott asked with surprise.

"Yeah, she's the one who brought Quaid. She said she couldn't stay, but that she or Logan would check in as often as they could." Andrew said seriously.

"Next time you see her, tell her I said 'hi'." Scott said with a gentle smile.

"I will, I promise." Andrew said carefully.

"What's that?" Alan asked, pointing to the next envelope.

"That's Thomas and Chakotay's birth certificates." Andrew said and pulled one out of the envelope.

"Who does it list as mother?" Alan asked curiously.

"You." Andrew said in surprise.

"What?" Alan asked disbelievingly.

"It says right here Mother: Alan Sunshine Summers, Father: LeeAndrew Malachi Summers." Andrew said then looked at Scott in question.

"Don't look at me. Ken's the one who did it." Scott said with a shrug.

"I'm not going to fight it." Alan said with raised eyebrows.

"Yeah, I guess I'm so used to lying in the official records that it's a shock to tell the truth." Andrew said frankly.

"I know what you mean. What else did he send you?" Scott asked curiously.

"A big envelope for Xander and Remy, and here's one for Dawn. And here's one for Dad... and Slash?" Andrew looked at the envelope suspiciously.

"Ken couldn't have known that Slash was coming here." Scott said with a concerned look on his face.

"I think Jean did that, the same way she took care of Quaid's paperwork." Alan said speculatively.

"That makes sense. Where are they?" Andrew asked, looking around.

"I bet they're eating again. Slash looks like he could use a few extra meals." Alan said with concern.

"I think you're right." Andrew said with a pensive expression.

"One thing about Lee's paperwork, Ken said that since Lee Donald Wells is in prison, he created a parallel identity for your father and named him Lee Ronald Wells. It takes care of the problem in the unlikely event that someone recognizes him." Scott said seriously.

"I'm glad he thought of that. Dad gets to start out with a clean slate." Andrew said with a small smile.

"William has two envelopes." Alan said as he picked up two nearly identical envelopes.

"One is William Burroughs and the other is William Summers." Andrew said as he looked at them more closely.

"Spike." Scott said in realization.

"Oh, I forgot about Spike." Alan said as he took Spike's envelope.

"Don't let Alex hear you say that, he'll kick your ass." Andrew said seriously.

"Alex is a little protective of Spike, isn't he?" Scott asked with a fond smile.

"Just wait until you're in the line of fire of his protectiveness. I thought he was going to blast me." Andrew said with a chuckle.

"Look at this, Spike has two college degrees." Alan said as he peeked into Spike's envelope.

"Love, that's Spike's business. I've always suspected that he was more educated than he let on, but it's his choice to share that with us." Andrew said softly.

"Right Andy." Alan said and closed the envelope.

"I'm glad Alex found someone. Spike too." Scott said with a wistful sound in his voice.

"Feeling alone?" Andrew asked with concern.

"Yeah, a little." Scott admitted quietly.

"You want me to let you off the hook?" Andrew asked hesitantly.

"How do you mean?" Scott asked curiously.

"Well, I made you promise not to date anyone for a year. I'm willing to forget about that if you are." Andrew said slowly.

"Why?" Scott asked in thought.

"I asked you not to date so you could get to know yourself and develop your own self-image." Andrew said with difficulty.

"A self-image that didn't include anyone else." Scott said with a smile.

"Yeah." Andrew said, then continued, "You've done that. You've accomplished everything I had hoped that you would. You've made friends, developed interests that are your own. You've stopped trying to impress everyone and relaxed a lot."

Scott thought about the words and finally said, "Yeah, I guess I have."

"So don't worry about the promise. If you find someone, I'll be happy for you." Andrew said with caring in his voice.

"Thanks Andy, thanks both of you. Thanks for helping me out. I hate to imagine what my life would be like if I hadn't met you." Scott said seriously.

"That goes for us too Scott. You're still my best friend ever and that's never going to change." Andrew said with a dopey smile that threatened tears.

"And you're my brother, all you have to do is look at Icheb and Quaid to see what that means." Alan said with a smile.

All three turned their attention to Icheb and Quaid talking a mile a minute to each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dad, Slash, we have a surprise for you." Andrew said happily as he walked into the dining room accompanied by Alan, Scott, Icheb and Quaid.

"You're last surprise was a new grandson. I'm afraid to ask." Lee said with a smile.

"Here." Alan said, holding out an envelope to Lee and another to Slash.

"What is it?" Lee asked cautiously.

"Scott got his lawyer to prepare new ID for you." Andrew said with a smile.

Lee carefully opened the envelope and pulled out a New York driver's license.

"It should be everything you'll need to prove your identity to anyone who would ask." Scott said seriously.

"Is anyone else hungry? I'm going to get some more food before it's put away." Alan said to the group.

"Are you hungry Quay?" Icheb asked quietly.

"I don't know. I haven't eaten since last time I was in corporeal form." Quaid said uncertainly.

"Then you're probably long overdue. Come and get some food." Alan said as he led the boys away.

Scott looked at the boys, then the table and finally came to a decision. "Hold on guys." He said and followed Alan and the boys to the serving line.

"What did you get Slash?" Lee asked with interest.

Slash carefully opened the envelope and pulled out a letter.

Slash read the letter carefully, then looked back into the envelope.

"What is it?" Lee asked again.

"Someone named Jean said that she provided a new identity for me if I want it. She said I could leave my old name and old life completely behind me and start off with a clean slate." Slash said in a disbelieving voice.

"What are you going to do?" Lee asked quietly.

Slash looked at the new Driver's License in his hand and thought for a second before saying, "I'm going to do it. Josiah Andrew Haley-Keith wasn't wanted by his parents and doesn't exist anymore. I can finally let him go. I'll start at the new school as Josiah LeeAndrew Wells."

Andrew and Lee looked at each other with surprise.

"What?" Slash asked in concern.

Lee looked at Andrew and received a nod before saying, "Nothing. I mean, nothing bad. But before you decide to take that step, you should know that my last name is also Wells."

"Really?" Slash asked with wide eyes.

Andrew and Lee both nodded.

After a moment for that to sink in, Andrew pulled out his wallet and handed Slash his ID.

"Your name is LeeAndrew?" Slash asked in surprise.

"Yeah, I just go by Andrew. And before I married Alan my last name was Wells." Andrew said shyly.



"Why would she do that? I mean, give me your names?" Slash asked in confusion.

Before Andrew could answer he saw Icheb and Quaid sit their plates on the table side by side. The two boys were oblivious to everyone around them as they chattered, only briefly stopping to take bites of their respective foods.

"To make you brothers." Andrew said in realization.

"What?" Lee and Slash asked in unison.

"Dad, you and Slash have become close friends, right?" Andrew asked seriously.

"Yeah." Lee answered simply.

"And Slash, from what you just said, you don't have any family who you'd want to be associated with, right?" Andrew said in thought.

"Yeah." Slash said in a whisper.

"Our family is built on acceptance and choice. The majority of my family are here because they choose to be, not by a circumstance of their birth. The reality of our family is we are related because we say we are. Dad is my real dad, and Thomas and Chakotay are my real, birth children, but Icheb is just as much my child because he chose me as his father and I chose him as my son. I think that Jean gave you that identity to give you a family, and I think your place in my family is as my father's brother." Andrew finished quietly.

"Slash?" Lee asked to get his attention.

Slash turned to look into Lee's eyes.

"It's your choice to make, but I think having you for a brother would be perfect. Besides, when you get a break from school for the holidays, you could come here and spend time with *our* family instead of being at the school alone." Lee said hopefully.

"Are you guys sure you want me?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"Absolutely." Andrew said seriously.

"Completely." Alan said from beside Andrew with a plate of food.

"What do you say? Will you be my brother?" Lee asked hopefully.

"Yeah. Brothers." Slash said with a smile.

"Great!" Andrew said with excitement.

"What is it father?" Icheb asked at the sound.

"Do you remember when Alan and I adopted you and your brothers and sister?" Andrew began.

Icheb nodded.

"Slash has just been adopted into our family." Andrew said happily.

"Is he going to be our brother?" Quaid asked hesitantly.

"No Quaid, he's going to be your great-uncle, Uncle Slash." Andrew said with a smile.

Slash got up from his seat and walked to Quaid and Icheb.

"No, that doesn't sound right. People outside our family can call me Slash. You guys can call me Uncle Josiah or Uncle Joe if you want." Slash said as he knelt between their chairs.

"So you got a new brother just like me!" Quaid said in delight.

"That's right. And I got a bunch of really cool nephews and a niece." Slash said with a happy smile.

"You've got to stay with us at the boat house tonight." Lee said firmly.

"That's right, the first night as part of our family you have to spend at home." Andrew said seriously.

Slash hesitated and looked at his new nephews.

"Please Uncle Joe, us new guys need to be together on our first night." Quaid asked with pleading in his voice.

"Okay, but just for you." Slash said with a smile.

"When you're ready to go, get your stuff and we'll head back to the house." Andrew said as he sneaked a chunk of sweet potato off Alan's plate.

"It looks like my nephews are about done, do you guys want to come with me?" Slash asked.

Quaid and Icheb quickly stood to follow Slash.

Alan, Andrew and Lee watched as the three walked away.

"He'll be a great addition to the family." Andrew said as he watched them leave.

"Quaid or Slash?" Lee asked curiously.

After a moment of thought Andrew said, "Both. I was thinking of Slash. It's funny, I already think of Quaid as our son... how did that happen?"

"The same way it happened with Icheb, Trey, William, Robert, Jimmy and Janine." Alan said with a chuckle.

"Do you realize that in less than nine months we're going to have *TEN* kids?" Andrew said with a pained look.

"Regrets?" Alan asked with a smile, already knowing the answer.

"Absolutely none." Andrew said in peace.

## **[Chapter 9: Portents of Doom]**

"Hey one-eye, you got a minute?" Matt asked as he entered the dining room.

"Sure Matt, do you need some privacy for this?" Scott asked, looking at the others at the table.

"Naw, nuthin like that. Tha other Logan just showed up and gave me sumthin and I need ta talk to your lawyer." Matt said as he took a seat beside Scott.

"Jean just left something for us too." Alan said with a grin.

"I got a land deed, what'd you get?" Matt asked suspiciously.

"Go ahead and tell Scott what's up and we'll tell you ours in a minute." Andrew said with a sneaky smile.

Matt gave Andrew a wary look before turning back to Scott and saying, "Look at this."

Scott looked over the document carefully and finally said, "What do you need to see a lawyer for? It's already in your name."

"Cause the other Logan said I deeded the land to myself when I took the name Logan." Matt said gruffly.

Scott stopped and thought for a minute.

"So do you know any lawyers?" Matt asked impatiently.

Scott snapped out of his thoughts and said, "Um, yeah, in fact I know a really good one. He mentioned that he'd be visiting his family today, but if you wanted we could fax this to him right now and he could call us when he gets it." Scott said seriously.

"Sounds good." Matt said in thought.

"Then, once we've faxed this, what would you think about going into town and looking for an open pool table somewhere?" Scott asked casually.

Matt looked at Scott with surprise.

"I remember you saying you'd like to go shoot some pool when you got out of isolation. Well, I'm in the mood for a game right now. It's been a long day and I need to unwind." Scott said hopefully.

After a searching look into Scott's face, Matt said, "You got it Cyke."

"Great! Let's go fax this now, then I have one other stop to make before we leave." Scott said happily.

"Q? What happened? You aren't Q anymore?" Quaid said with worry as he ran from Icheb to stand before Matt.

All the adults looked in confusion as Quaid began to inspect Matt carefully, apparently looking for damage.

"Did they hurt you? Did they make you like me?" Quaid asked as he took Matt's hand, presumably to see if it was solid.

Andrew was the first to understand what Quaid was thinking and said, "Quaid, this is Matt, he's the brother of the Q we know as Logan."

Quaid stopped his frantic touching of Matt and looked up into his eyes, and timidly said, "Um, sorry. I thought you were someone else."

"No harm done kid. What's your name?" Matt asked as a smile came over his face.

"Quaid... Quaid Summers." He said quietly.

Matt bent down a little to look into Quaid's eyes on his own level and said, "You were worried about my brother, weren't you?"

"Yeah. I thought they did the same to him as they done to me." Quaid mumbled.

"What'd they do?" Matt asked quietly.

"Made me human." Quaid responded timidly.

"It ain't so bad bein human. And you got good people lookin out for you. You'll be alright." Matt said with a smile.

"Thanks, you're nice like your brother." Quaid said as he pulled Matt into a hug.

"I bet he just loves hearing that." Matt said sarcastically.

"The last time I told him he chased me across three dimensions." Quaid said with a giggle.

"Are you ready to send that fax?" Scott asked with a tender smile.

"Yeah Cyke, right behind'ja." Matt said and stood, then said to Quaid before he left the room, "Welcome to the family."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you call it when they're all in a row?" Alex asked as he laid down his cards.

"It's called a straight luv. That's it... I'm yours to command." Spike said as he picked up the cards and placed the deck on the table beside the bed.

"Um, you said you'd do what I told you... but... I mean, I want to do stuff too." Alex said in frustration.

"I can see that." Spike said, looking at the straining cock trying to bore it's way out of Alex's jeans.

"Would you mind if we did each other? I mean, guys do it all the time. We don't have to kiss or anything if you don't want to." Alex said quickly.

"Luv. Don't think that I don't want to. I've got the proof throbbing right here that I do. I just don't want to go to fast and ruin this." Spike said with concern.

"How about this? I'll tell you what I want you to do, and if you think it's too much, Just say so." Alex asked hopefully.

"Sounds good... where do you want me?" Spike said with a grin.

"Lay down on the bed. I just want to hold you." Alex said in a breathy whisper.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Icheb, do you know where the other kids are?" Andrew asked as Icheb moved to stand beside Quaid.

"Trey is spending the night with Clark and John, Robert is spending the night with Bobby, William is spending the night with Chris and Ronny. Jimmy is visiting with Artie and Clarissa. Janine is visiting with Theresa and Rachel. Jimmy and Janine will be here in eight minutes and I will accompany them home." Icheb said as he put an arm around Quaid.

"We'll wait with you. I'd like to introduce Quaid to Janine and Jimmy." Alan said and took a seat.

"Would you like some more food?" Icheb asked Quaid quietly.

"I'd like some more Jell-O. I like the way it feels." Quaid said with excitement.

Icheb led Quaid back to the serving line yet again.

"Everything is going to be fine Andy. Without Icheb, I don't think we could handle them all, but he's the perfect big brother." Alan said as he watched Icheb and Quaid in the serving line.

"I know love. God, we're so lucky." Andrew said with love as he watched his children.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slash and Lee walked into the dining room as Quaid and Icheb were returning to the table.

"I wondered where you guys went. We turned around and you were gone." Lee said to the boys.

"Quaid became restless and wanted to return to Father and Dad." Icheb said seriously.

"I got my stuff, so I'm ready when you are." Slash said, holding up his backpack.

"Jimmy and Janine will be here in a few minutes, then we'll go. If you have any room left for a snack, now would be a good time to get it." Andrew said to Slash.

"Um, yeah. I guess." Slash said and walked to the serving line followed by Lee.

"You'd think they'd been brothers all their lives the way they get along." Alan said as he watched Slash and Lee.

"I think Slash is just what Dad needed. Dad's seemed sort of... apart. Like he's not one of us. Just hanging on the fringes of the family. I think Slash gives him someone to relate to that's... on his own level. He doesn't have to be the father or grandfather with Slash." Andrew said in speculation.

"And Slash has someone who wants him. I don't think he could accept someone trying to be his parent, not after the rejection he's suffered. But this way he's accepted as an equal and he still gets to have a family." Alan contributed.

"What are you guys talking about?" Slash asked as he sat back down at the table, followed by Lee.

"You." Andrew said with a grin.

"What about me?" Slash asked apprehensively.

"We were just discussing how perfect it is to have you as an Uncle." Alan said with a smile.

Slash gave a dubious look but finally accepted the statement and started to eat.

"Father! Dad!" Jimmy said with delight as he ran into the room, followed by Clarissa and Artie.

"Hey Squirt, what have you been up to?" Andrew asked as he accepted a hug from his son.

"Artie was telling me about his family. He has this big book that tells about all the people in his family for over four hundred years." Jimmy said with excitement.

"It has all kinds of stories about all those people. One of them was a real pirate!" Clarissa said happily.

"That sounds really interesting. Have you seen Janine lately?" Alan asked with a smile.



"She's right over there. She wanted to get some more Jell-O before we leave." Jimmy said, then noticed Quaid.

"Who's that?" Jimmy whispered to Andrew.

"Let's wait for Janine, then I'll tell you." Andrew whispered in reply.

Janine, Rachel and Theresa walked to the table, each carrying a plate of food... all desserts.

"Janine, Jimmy, I'd like for you to meet your new brother, Quaid Summers." Andrew said happily.

"Really?" Jimmy asked with surprise.

Janine studied Quaid for a moment before saying, "It's nice to meet you." Then started eating her Jell-O.

Andrew and Alan looked at each other curiously at Janine's cold reaction.

"Where are you from? Are you really my brother? I mean, like forever?" Jimmy asked quickly.

"Hold on Squirt, give him a chance to answer." Andrew said with a chuckle.

Quaid looked at Icheb with a helpless look of fear and indecision.

"Quaid is our brother forever. He was brought to us by Aunt Jean because she believed we needed just such a person to make our family complete." Icheb said carefully.

Alan and Andrew exchanged a look at the eloquent and thoughtful response.

"Wow." Jimmy said and ran to hug Quaid.

"If Icheb likes you, then I like you." Jimmy said from the hug.

"Thank you." Quaid said as he tentatively returned the hug.

"I think that's everyone who's going. Finish your food kids and we'll go home." Andrew said to the group.

"Ahem." Lee said to get Andrew's attention.

"Oh, sorry." Andrew said with a blush.

"Kids, I'd like for you to meet your new uncle. His name is Slash, but the members of the family can call him Uncle Joe." Lee said as he indicated Slash who looked like he wanted to crawl under the table.

Janine looked at Slash and got a big smile.

"I opened the door for you." Janine said with a smile as she moved to stand before Slash.

"Yeah, and you brought me in and showed me where the food was." Slash said as he pulled her into a gentle hug.

"I like you." Janine said as she rested her head on his abdomen and continued to hug him tightly.

Andrew looked at Alan and gave a shrug.

"Come on guys. Clear up your plates so we can go. It's getting late." Andrew said to the group.

Janine released the hug and hurried to gulp down her Jell-O.

Jimmy, Icheb and Quaid gathered all the empty plates and took them to the kitchen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex climbed on top of Spike, pressing their cocks together between them.

"Everything okay so far?" Alex asked as he nuzzled Spike's neck.

"Oh love, much of that and it'll be over too soon." Spike said, then gasped as Alex bit the skin that joined the neck to the shoulder.

"You'd make a good vampire mate. You've got the instincts for it." Spike said, then realized that his hands were wandering down Alex's back of their own accord.

Alex lifted his head and forcefully kissed Spike, silencing him for a moment.

Tongues dueled as Alex gave a tentative thrust into the sweat and pre-cum lubricated space between their two bodies.

When the kiss finally broke, Alex whispered, "Wil, I know you're worried about us going too far, too fast. But where we are now is where I want to stay for a while. I can finally touch you, I can show you I love you, I can feel your love for me. This is it. We're here."

"Yes love, we're here. And this is where I want to be." Spike said in peace as he felt Alex begin a rhythm of thrusting.

As Spike was about to say something more, Alex moved in for another deep kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Xander, how's it going?" Andrew asked as he entered his bedroom.

"Just fine, the babies have been up for a while now. I think they'll be ready for sleep before too much longer." Xander said from the rocking chair where he was holding Marguerite.

"I thought Warren was here." Andrew said as he carefully picked up Thomas.

"He left a few minutes ago... Andy, I'm worried." Xander said darkly.

"What's wrong Xan?" Andrew asked as he sat in the other rocker, holding his son.

"I've got to take control of my company. Warren has been telling me everything I need to know but... God Andy, this is scaring the hell out of me. I don't know what I'm supposed to do." Xander said quietly as he stroked Marguerite's belly.

"Have you told Warren this?" Andrew asked carefully.

"Yeah. He says that he'll go with me to help me out. The whole college roommate thing is going to make that work, but Wainwright Enterprises isn't going to take too kindly to the competition being invited to one of their board meetings." Xander said seriously.

"Xan, think about how what you're going to do will effect Remy and Marguerite. If this is something that will make their life better in the long

run, then do it for them. If you focus on that, it should get you through whatever you have to do." Andrew said with certainty.

Xander sat and stared off into space for a minute before saying, "Thanks Andy. I can do it now. How'd you figure that out so fast?"

"Because I do it every day. Anytime I'm not sure of the right thing to do, or having trouble doing something difficult, that's how I make myself keep going." Andrew said seriously.

"Who would have thought we'd end up like this back at Sunnyside High?" Xander asked as he watched his daughter sucking her fist.

"No one could have imagined it. Now come on, I have to introduce you to the newest members of the family." Andrew said as he got up from his rocker.

"More?" Xander asked helplessly.

"Just two... it's been a slow day." Andrew said with a chuckle.

Xander stood and waited for Andrew to pick up Chakotay.

"I still haven't figured out how you do that." Xander said as he watched Andrew get both babies cradled in his arms.

"What?" Andrew asked as he turned to look at Xander.

"Baby juggling." Xander said with a grin.

"It's just something you figure out when you have two at a time." Andrew said dismissively as he walked toward the door, then said, "But I still haven't figured out how to work a doorknob into my juggling act."

"I've got it." Xander said with a chuckle as he walked past Andrew to the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Xander and Andrew walked into the living room to see Alan, Slash, Lee, Icheb, Quaid, Jimmy and Janine sitting on the couches.

Alan stood as Andrew walked up and took Chakotay.

"How's daddy's little warrior doing today?" Alan said to the baby in baby talk.

Slash started laughing at the nickname.

"What's wrong with that? Chakotay is a warrior's name." Alan said defensively as he looked at Slash.

"Nothing wrong, it's just an unusual thing to call a baby." Slash said with a smile.

"I guess so, but when you've got nine kids, you've got to get creative with the nicknames." Alan said with a tender smile directed at Chakotay.

"Nine? Last I heard you had eight." Xander said as he settled into the couch.

"Xander, I'd like you to meet our son, Quaid Summers." Andrew said proudly as he put an arm around Quaid.

"Wow, that's like three in one week! That must be some kind of record." Xander said with surprise.

"No Xan, the record stands at six and we're not trying to break it." Alan said with a smile.

"Father, is this also my brother?" Quaid asked, looking at the baby in Andrew's arms.

"Yes son, this is your brother Thomas. Would you like to hold him?" Andrew asked carefully.

"Can I?" Quaid asked with wide eyes.

"Sure, just be sure to support his head... Icheb, will you help Quaid?" Andrew asked.

Icheb immediately helped shift Thomas to Quaid's arms and positioned Quaid to support Thomas' neck.

"What's Thomas' nickname?" Slash asked as he looked at the tender scene of Quaid holding his brother.

"That's daddy's little imp." Alan said with a smile.

"I can see it. That little guy has mischief to spare, doesn't he?" Slash asked with a chuckle.

"Yeah, he's a treasure." Andrew said warmly.

The sound of a door slamming drew everyone's attention.

Andrew looked around and saw that Janine was gone.

"Is that the smell of sibling rivalry in the air?" Lee asked the group.

"She used to be the baby. Now there are four new kids in the house in less than a week. I guess the reality is setting in." Xander observed.

"Uh oh. I guess we should have expected that... what should we do?" Andrew asked helplessly.

Silence fell over the room.

"I have an idea." Xander finally said into the silence.

"What's that?" Alan asked hopefully.

"Ask for help." Xander said with a grin.

"Ask who?" Andrew said in confusion.

"Aunt Vada. She's like a grandmother to all the kids and especially Janine. I can't think of anyone who'd be able to give better advice. I think we should call her tomorrow and ask her opinion." Xander said with a smile.

"If she's up to it, maybe you could take Marguerite and Janine to visit tomorrow." Alan said in thought.

"I'll see what she thinks when I call. It sounds like a good idea. Who wants to drive me down there?" Xander asked as he looked at Marguerite tenderly.

"Hold on Xan, I think I have an answer for you." Andrew said as he hurried back to the bedroom and picked up the large envelope that he carried for the better part of the evening.

"This is yours, I don't know if you've got a driver's license in there, but you might be able to drive yourself." Andrew said as he sat the envelope beside Xander.

"Could you look for me Andy, I don't want to disturb Marguerite." Xander asked hopefully.

"Yeah." Andrew said and opened the envelope to find three envelopes inside, he opened the envelope marked Xander and pulled out a driver's license.

"You're legal to drive." Andrew said as he held out the license for Xander's inspection.

"Maybe legal, but not comfortable. I'd rather not try it without depth perception. I've only driven my Uncle's car a few times and wasn't that good at it." Xander said seriously.

"Plan B." Andrew said as he pulled out Icheb's envelope.

"Do you think you'd be willing to teach Icheb to drive?" Andrew asked as he pulled a learner's permit out of Icheb's envelope.

"Um, yeah. I could do that." Xander said cautiously.

"What do you say son? Would you like to drive your Uncle Xander down to visit Aunt Vada tomorrow?" Andrew asked across the room.

"Yes... I would like to try." Icheb said nervously.

"Can I go too?" Quaid asked hopefully.

"We'll ask Aunt Vada what she thinks tomorrow. If she says it's better for Janine if you stay here, will you be alright with it?" Alan asked carefully.

"Yes Dad... can I call you Dad?" Quaid asked hesitantly.

"Yes son, I am your Dad." Alan said with a smile.

"If Aunt Vada says I should stay, then I'll stay with my other brothers." Quaid said, but glanced at Icheb with a look that showed he really didn't want to be away from his big brother.

"We still have a few new rooms to look through, we need to start thinking about sleeping arrangements for tonight." Andrew said as he looked around the group.

"New rooms?" Xander asked curiously.

"Yeah. The new wing is complete thanks to some divine intervention." Andrew said as he stood and held out his arms for Thomas.

"Huh?" Xander asked as he noticed everyone else was getting up.

"Q... Aunt Jean used her powers to finish the bedrooms." Quaid said as he stood and took Icheb's hand.

"Oh... Okay." Xander said as he hesitantly stood.

"Quaid, why don't you show Uncle Xander and Marguerite the fairy room?" Andrew asked as he led the way through the door.

Xander got a look of surprise as Quaid rushed past Andrew down the new hallway.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This is Spike and Alex's room." Andrew said as they passed the closed door.

"Come on, come look." Quaid said impatiently from the next doorway.

"It's beautiful." Jimmy said as he entered the room.

"It's Marguerite's room." Xander said as he walked in.

"That's what we thought. It just feels like her." Alan said, carrying Chakotay.

"Itchy, Jimmy, come look. I want you to see my room." Quaid said and rushed out the door.

Icheb and Jimmy hurried out to follow.

"Itchy?" Xander asked with a grin.

"He doesn't seem to mind." Andrew said as they walked down the hall.

Xander, Alan and Andrew walked into the room to see Quaid pointing out every feature of the room with excitement and joy.

"The next room is Trey's." Andrew said as he walked back into the hallway, leaving three of his sons to explore the new bedroom.

"We passed mine, it's right there." Lee said, pointing at his bedroom door.



"So who's is this?" Xander asked as he approached the door across the hall from Trey's.

"I don't know. We didn't make it this far." Andrew said and followed.

As the group walked in, the color scheme immediately barked out the owner of the room.

"Slash. Unless I'm mistaken, you've got your own room." Lee said with a smile.

The stark black and white room was accented by the occasional red fixture or ornament.

"Are you sure?" Slash asked as he looked in wonder at the room.

"Who else do you think it could belong to?" Andrew asked as he noticed the black and white checkered tiled pattern in the carpet.

"Here's a note." Xander said, pointing with his free hand toward a note on the pillow.

Slash picked up the note and read it silently. He looked up to see everyone was watching him.

"It just says, 'Slash, Welcome to the family. Jean'." Slash said with a smile.

"I guess it's official. This is your home." Andrew said as he enjoyed Slash's happiness.

"Dad, Dad, come look." Quaid called from the hallway.

One by one the adults filed out of Slash's room and to the next bedroom.

"Itchy's room is across from mine." Quaid said with joy.

As the adults looked in the room, they couldn't help but smile.

With two exceptions, the room was identical to Quaid's. The exceptions being a regeneration alcove set into one wall and a giant, floor to ceiling number 2 instead of a Q.

"Is all your stuff in here already?" Andrew asked as he walked into the room.

"Yes. Everything of mine is here." Icheb said in wonder.

"I can't wait to see who's next." Alan said and hurried to the next room.

When he opened the door he stood stunned.

"What is it love?" Andrew asked, then froze when he saw the room.

"It's perfect." Alan said and hesitantly walked into the room.

Slash walked in and asked, "Who's room is this?"

"Tell me what you see." Andrew asked as he also walked slowly into the room.

"One side is different kinds of clocks... sundials, hourglasses, all kinds... but they're all stopped." Slash said as he walked in to look more carefully.

"And the other side?" Alan prompted Slash to continue.

"Fires, flames, lasers, heat." Slash said as he interpreted the abstract mural of red, orange and yellow.

"This is the twin's room." Andrew said quietly.

"Thomas' ability effects time and Chakotay's produces heat." Alan said with a smile.

"As soon as they're old enough to sleep through the night, this will be their room." Andrew said with a smile.

"Who do you suppose is next?" Lee asked as he walked back into the hall.

"If I were to guess, I'd say Xander." Andrew said speculatively.

"Why do you say that?" Xander asked curiously.

"Because Thomas and Chakotay's room is across from Dad's, Icheb's is across from Quaid's, it makes sense that your room will be across from Marguerite's." Andrew said as he waited for Xander to open the door.

"Let's see how good your powers of deduction really are." Xander said and opened the door.

"Pretty good." Xander said as he walked in.

"Look, the crib and changing table are already in here." Andrew said with surprise.

"I guess this means you get to stay in here tonight." Lee said with a smile.

"Yeah, all of us are going to get to use our new rooms tonight." Slash said happily.

"Now great, all knowing Andrew. There's one room left, who's is it?" Xander asked with a smile.

"Um... I haven't got a clue. I don't think Jimmy, Robert or William want to be broken up. Janine has a room that she's happy with... let's go find out." Andrew said and walked to the next door.

"I don't understand." Alan said as he looked around the room.

"It's got a crib." Andrew said with concern.

"And the room is decorated in white, shades of blue and metallic colors." Lee said as he looked around.

"Anyone have any ideas?" Andrew asked as he looked at the group.

"Just one." Xander said as he looked around.

"Spill it Xan." Andrew said, feeling strange about the room.

"It's for someone who isn't here yet." Xander said as he looked at the group.

"What?" Alan and Andrew asked as they looked at each other.

"We've known who each room belongs to immediately. There is almost an aura in each room that screams out who's it is... I don't know the person who lives here. This feeling isn't familiar." Xander said, then turned to leave.

"I've got a bad feeling about this Andy." Alan said with apprehension.

"I know love. It's crawling up my spine." Andrew said with worry.

"Q, I mean Aunt Jean wouldn't let anything bad happen, would she?" Quaid asked, worried by his new parents' attitude.

"Quaid, things happen. Sometimes good things, and sometimes bad things. Aunt Jean can help us deal with bad things that happen, but I don't think she can stop them from happening." Andrew said as he walked out of the room.

"Why not?" Quaid asked, truly curious.

"Quaid, I love you just the way you are, right?" Andrew asked.

Quaid nodded hesitantly.

"What if I decided that I didn't want you to change. I wanted you to be just like this, forever. You'd never grow up, never fall in love or have your own family, you'd always be my little boy, exactly the way you are today. What would you think of that?" Andrew asked as the group walked back into the living room.

"It would be bad." Quaid said uncertainly.

"Why would it be bad? I love you just the way you are. Why shouldn't I want you to always be that way?" Andrew pressed.

"Cause I'm s'posed to grow and get big. Someday I'm going to be a father like you. If I stayed like this... I'd never... there'd be no reason to learn anything." Quaid said with difficulty.

"Right. That's why things change. Some changes are good, like getting a wonderful new son. And some changes aren't so good. But they're all part of growing. When bad things happen, you have to do your best to get through them and be strong, and sometimes when you get to the other side of a bad thing, something good is waiting for you." Andrew said, trying to explain so Quaid could understand.

"So my dad made Itchy go away and wanted to make me go away too, so that was a bad thing. But now I'm here where you love me and I have another Itchy and lots of people who love me, so that's a good thing. And if the bad thing didn't happen, the good thing wouldn't happen either." Quaid said in triumph.

"Yes son. You understand." Alan said with a smile.

"So anybody have a clue about what bad thing is about to happen?" Slash asked, breaking the moment.

"No, but I don't think we'll have to wait too long to find out." Andrew said darkly.

## **[Chapter 10: Subconscious Infiltration]**

There was a quiet knock on the door.

"Mr. Summers?" Chris asked apprehensively when he answered it.

"We're outside class Chris. You can call me Scott." He said with a smile.

Chris nodded shyly and withdrew into the room inviting Scott and Matt in.

"Your father asked me to check in on you. How are you doing?" Scott asked casually.

"I'm fine Mr. Um, Scott." Chris quickly corrected before continuing, "William and Ronny are going to spend the night here with me."

Scott gave a gentle nod and asked, "What kinds of plans do you three have for tonight?"

"Ronny wants to watch Godzilla movies, William's never seen any." Chris said happily.

"Hi Matt." Ronny said as he walked into the room.

"How ya doin kid?" Matt asked with a smile.

"I'm going to be staying here tonight, that's okay isn't it?" Ronny asked cautiously.

"Yeah." Matt said with assurance.

"Later William's going to show us how to play a new game." Chris said to Scott.

"Well you guys have fun. Do you have the office number downstairs?" Scott asked curiously.

"Yeah, right by the phone." Chris said and pointed to the pad sitting a few feet away.

"Okay, if you need anything, call me. I have the office number forwarded to my phone." Scott said seriously.

"You guys have fun." Scott said and turned for the door.

"Thank you, we will." Chris said as he watched Scott and Matt leave the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bobby held Robert close as he whispered, "That was the most wonderful thing I've ever felt."

"I have no words." Robert responded.

"It's a good thing your fathers told us we can't go any farther, much more would kill me." Bobby said as he snuggled even closer to Robert.

"I never imagined the fulfillment I would experience by tasting your seed, knowing that a part of you is inside me, now a part of me." Robert said in a dreamy tone.

"And now you are forever a part of me too Robby. No matter what happens, I'll always have a part of you inside me." Bobby said in a quieter voice.

"I love you Bobby." Robert said in a whisper.

"I love you too Robby." Bobby said as he drifted into sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Can I talk to you guys about something?" Chris asked seriously.

"Sure, anything." Ronny said and looked to see agreement on William's face.

"You've got to promise not to tease me about it. I don't know if I can even say it." Chris trailed off.

"Is it about sex?" Ronny asked carefully.

"No." Chris said with surprise.

"Good. I've had enough of that with Bobby and John. So what's up Chris?" Ronny asked casually.

"You guys are going to think I'm a monster." Chris said and turned away.

"Chris, this subject is obviously causing you distress. I will promise not to judge you for what you are going to say." William said in a flat tone.

Chris looked cautiously at William and nodded.

"Whatever it is, I probably done worse." Ronny said frankly.

"I doubt it." Chris mumbled to the floor.

"Just tell us. It's eating you up and we ain't gonna mess with you about it. We're not like that." Ronny said, a bit forcefully.

"I killed my parents." Chris said in a mumble.

"Angel and Julia?" Ronny asked in shock as he looked quickly around the room.

"No, my real parents. My mutant power blasted them and they fell apart." Chris said quickly.

"Oh. Um. You win. But just so you know, I came in a close second." Ronny said shyly.

Chris looked at Ronny curiously.

"I killed my dad... pretty much the same way you killed your parents, I guess. My mutant thing kind of squished him." Ronny said with an uncomfortable look.

"Oh." Chris said in a whisper.

"I am sorry, but I have no emotional revelation to share with you. Andrew and Alan are the only parents I have ever known." William said shyly.

Ronny looked at William's sullen expression and couldn't help but smile.

"That's okay, you don't have to kill your parents to hang around with us." Ronny finished with a chuckle.

Chris began to laugh.

Ronny and William both looked at him with matching curious expressions.

"Sorry. It's just... I thought... You wouldn't want to hang around with me... if I told you." Chris said in almost hysterical laughter.

"Amusing." William said in his best Borg tone.



That made Ronny break into laughter too.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bobby awoke to Robert's thrashing.

"Tavi!" Robert gasped in his sleep as he seemed to be struggling.

"Shhh. It's okay Robert, it's only a bad dream." Bobby soothed gently.

"No! TAVI!" Robert screamed in anguish as he sat upright still fighting his unseen attackers.

"NO! STOP! THEY'RE KILLING HIM!" Robert screamed and started hitting himself, seemingly trying to free himself from being restrained.

Bobby thought frantically, trying to decide what to do. Finally he called out mentally, //PROFESSOR! Robert's hurting himself and I can't wake him up! HE NEEDS HELP NOW!//

"It's okay Robby, I'm here. There's nothing to worry about now." Bobby said more loudly and with more panic in his voice.

"Tavi. They took Tavi! Stop them!" Robert screamed as tears started running down his cheeks.

"I'll try Robby, I promise." Bobby said as his own tears started to fall.

"NO! TAVI!" Robert screamed again and started fighting his unseen enemies with renewed vigor.

There was a knock on Bobby's door and he barely heard, "Unlock the door. It's Dr. McCoy."

Bobby ran to the door and released the lock as he heard Robert fall from the bed.

"He won't wake up. Help him. Please help him." Bobby said in hysteria.

Hank quickly surveyed the situation and said, "Call Andrew, Trey and John and have them meet me in MedLab immediately."

"You've got to help him. He can't wake up!" Bobby tried to explain.

"Bobby!" Hank barked as he picked Robert up.

Bobby looked at Hank with a blank expression.

"Do you want to help Robert?" Hank asked seriously.

"Yes. Please." Bobby whimpered.

"Put on some clothes. Call Andrew, Trey and John and tell them to come to MedLab." Hank said firmly and adjusted his grip on Robert who was struggling in his arms.

"Clothes, Andrew, Trey, John, MedLab." Bobby said semi-coherently.

"When you've done all that, you can come down and check on Robert. Now get to it." Hank said and carried his squirming and fighting patient out into the hall.

"Clothes, Andrew, Trey, John, MedLab." Bobby chanted as he pulled on some sweat pants.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hello?" Alan said groggily as he answered the phone.

"What!?" He asked and sat up in bed, startling Andrew awake.

"He's not here, try Clark and John's room." Alan said quickly.

"We'll be right there." Alan said and hung up the phone.

"What's wrong love?" Andrew asked with concern.

"Something's wrong with Robert. Bobby was too out of it to say much more than Hank needs you, Trey and John in MedLab immediately." Alan said as he grabbed his clothes from beside the bed.

"I'll grab my MedKit and port over." Andrew said and hit the floor running.

"I'm going to wake Icheb and let him know what's going on." Alan said as he pulled on his shirt.

"Why don't you ask Dad?" Andrew asked as he started pulling on his own clothes.

"He doesn't know the regeneration interrupt code." Alan said and waited for Andrew to finish getting dressed.

"You're right love, but could you wake Dad anyway? I'd like him to be there for Robert." Andrew asked hopefully.

"And for you?" Alan asked knowingly.

"Yeah, love you." Andrew said and moved in for a quick but earnest kiss.

"We'll be there soon." Alan said as he watched Andrew port directly to MedLab.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Eyleish bolegg kah tah, neveree." Alan said forcefully as he walked into Icheb's bedroom.

Icheb's eyes opened and he looked at his dad with concern.

"Something's wrong with Robert. He's in MedLab with your Father and Hank. Will you take care of the kids for us?" Alan asked desperately.

"Of course Dad. Do you know what is wrong with him?" Icheb asked as he stepped down from his alcove.

"No. But it's bad enough for Hank to call for your father and Trey in the middle of the night. I've got to go wake Lee, Andrew wants him there." Alan said quickly.

"William should also be present. He and Robert have a special bond which might be beneficial." Icheb said as he followed Alan into the hall.

"He's in Chris' room, can you call him?" Alan asked as he knocked on Lee's door.

"Right away." Icheb said as he hurried to the main part of the house.

"What's going on?" Slash asked sleepily from his doorway.

"Something happened to Robert. He's in the MedLab at the mansion." Alan said as Lee opened his door.

"Andrew needs you. One of the kids is hurt and he wants you to be there." Alan said quickly.

"Which one?" Lee asked as he rushed to grab his clothes.

"Robert. I'll tell you what little I know while I drive you over." Alan said quickly.

"Can I come too?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"If you can hurry." Alan said frantically.

Slash ran back into his room and came out less than a minute later, fully dressed.

"What happened to your hair?" Lee asked as they hurried down the hall.

"It's part of my body so it turns white again while I'm sleeping. I have to use my power on it to make it black again every morning when I wake up." Slash said, then pulled on his coat as they hurried out the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bobby?" Trey asked quietly as he opened the bedroom door.

"Trey, something's wrong with Robert, Dr. McCoy needs you and John in MedLab." Bobby said quickly.

"Why does he need John?" Trey asked in confusion.

"I don't know, he said he needed John, so he needs John. Get him and get down there now!" Bobby said and ran toward the elevator.

"What is it Trey?" Clark asked sleepily.

"Something is wrong with Robert. Would you wake John and accompany him to MedLab? I will go now." Trey said as he pulled on his clothes.

"We'll be down in just a minute." Clark said as he turned to shake John awake.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Huh?" Chris asked blearily as he answered the phone.

"Um, yeah. William it's for you." Chris said and pitched the phone to William who was laying on the couch.

"Hello?" William said cautiously.

"I was not able to achieve sleep, I will be there immediately." William said and got up.

"What is it William?" Chris asked sleepily.

"I must go to MedLab. Something has happened to Robert, Icheb did not know any details." William said quickly.

"Do you want us to go with you?" Chris asked as he slowly sat up in his sleeping bag.

"No. If there is any way you can be of assistance, I will call you." William said with certainty.

"Yeah. Sounds good." Chris said and laid back down.

William hurried out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Andrew, I need you to scan him and pull up his base readings. I don't know what's normal for him." Hank barked as soon as Andrew appeared.

"Right away." Andrew said as his Starfleet FieldMed training kicked in and took over.

"His blood pressure and heart rate are elevated, but not dangerously. His neural activity is all over the place." Andrew said as he looked at the readings.

"Any indication of a foreign substance or toxin in his system?" Hank asked quickly.

"No... I don't think so. His Borg physiology is so active that it's making it hard to tell with any degree of accuracy." Andrew said in frustration.

"I asked Bobby to call Trey. Hopefully he's on his way." Hank said as he watched his patient helplessly.

"Can I help?" The professor asked as he entered the room.

"I don't know, we haven't found a systemic cause for whatever this is. I suppose it could be psychological in nature." Hank said speculatively.

"Let me try." Professor Xavier said as he moved his chair to the head of the bed.

"It's Professor Xavier. I won't hurt you Robert, I'm here to help." Professor Xavier said in a soothing tone as he projected the same message into Robert's mind.

//TAVI! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP TAVI!!! Robert's mind screamed.

"Do you know anyone named 'Tavi' in Robert's past. He seems to be fixated on the idea that Tavi needs help." Professor Xavier said, trying to shield himself from Robert's mental screams of terror.

"No, I don't know anyone by that name." Andrew said in thought.

"Father, how can I help?" Trey asked as he entered the room.

"Get what you need to check out Robert's Borg components, something's wrong and we can't find out what's causing it." Andrew said and gestured to a portal that formed to reveal the display of Trey's Borg equipment.

Trey looked at the display with question for an instant before grabbing three items and running to Robert's side.

There was a long moment of silence that was only interrupted by Roberts grunts as he struggled.

"He is generating new hardware... but the configuration is not familiar." Trey said as he tried to localize his scans.

"Can you tell *why* he's generating new hardware?" Andrew asked quickly.

"I would need to access his personal data node to do so, which I cannot do in his agitated state." Trey said seriously.

"How is he?" Bobby asked, out of breath, as he ran into the MedLab.

"He's no worse." Hank said carefully, then asked, "Is John on his way?"

"Yeah, he'll be here in a minute." Bobby said as he walked to Robert's side.

"Can I be of assistance?" William asked quietly as he walked into the room.

"TAVI!" Robert gasped at the sound of William's voice.

"Come here. Talk to him, tell him you're alright." Professor Xavier said as he sensed a calming in Robert.

"I am here. I am well. Can you talk to me?" William asked carefully.

"Tavi genustivus menchia bleggatook mnemetemai, chenchu Ki. Gustavishtavi, midrah e polen." Robert said as tears of relief started pouring down his face.

"What did he say?" Hank asked as he watched Robert calm into a normal dream state.

"He expressed his relief that I am well. Then said he thought I had been abducted." William said in confusion.

"What language is that? The translator in the tricorder didn't recognize it." Andrew asked curiously.

"It is Androkonese from our home world. I have no memory of that world, but my language skills seem to have been unaffected by my assimilation." William said speculatively.

"So you're Tavi?" Bobby asked.

"Perhaps." William said uncertainly.

"William, can you access his personal data node and determine the purpose of the hardware he is generating. His power is diminishing to an unhealthy level." Trey said firmly.

William nodded and injected his tubules into the personal data node on Robert's chest.

"What can I do Dr. McCoy?" John asked as he and Clark hurried into the room.

"Take care of Bobby." Hank said quickly.

"Come on Bobby, let's get out of Hank's way. He'll tell us when Robert's all better." John said as he put an arm around Bobby.

"Let's sit down for a minute Bobby." Clark suggested from his other side.

"I've got it." Professor Xavier said in concentration.

"What is it?" Andrew asked immediately.

"It's a memory fragment... no, it's more... . It's trying to override his conscious mind." Professor Xavier said with difficulty.

"Can you get rid of it?" Andrew asked quietly.

"Yes, but the question I must ask is, should I?" Professor Xavier asked slowly, obviously dividing his attention between conversation and Robert's mind.

"If it's hurting him, you should get rid of it." Andrew said with certainty.

"I believe this is the core of his identity from before he was assimilated. Knowing that, do you still want it destroyed?" Professor Xavier asked calmly.

"Andy, I think we need to discuss this." Alan said from the doorway.

Andrew nodded and watched as Alan and Lee walked to stand by him.

"Bobby, come here. You're part of this too." Alan said with authority.

Bobby walked to stand with Alan, Andrew and Lee. Slash walked to the chairs to sit with Clark and John.

"Anyone have any opinion?" Alan asked as he looked around the group.

"What are our options Professor?" Andrew asked seriously.

"First option: It is possible to destroy the core with little to no risk of injury to the personality we know as Robert. Second: It is possible to compartmentalize the personalities which would be a short term solution. The risk to Robert is moderate to serious because it could very well have the long term effect of a permanent multiple personality disorder if the compartments are left in place too long. The third option is to attempt integration of the original core personality into Robert's existing personality, the risk is low to moderate since mnemo manipulation isn't my forte. I believe I can reattach enough mnemo triggers to allow the breach to seal without significant distress." Professor Xavier said as he focused even more deeply into Robert's mind.

"Alan, what do you think?" Andrew asked in thought.



"I don't know love. I think option two is too dangerous. We can either have Robert as he was and remove any chance of him recovering his lost identity from before or we can take the chance with memories." Alan said as he pondered his choice.

"William, you know Robert better than any of us, what do you think he would want?" Bobby asked as he looked helplessly at Robert's sleeping body.

"All of us, the former Borg, live with a void where our true selves used to be. If you ask Trey, Jimmy or Janine they would say the same thing. Any risk is acceptable to regain what was stolen from us." William said quietly, then in a voice of certainty he continued, "He would want the memories returned."

"How does that sound to you professor?" Andrew asked.

"I will begin the process immediately." Professor Xavier answered.

"Thanks Bobby. I was about to choose to destroy everything he was to protect who he is." Andrew said quietly.

"I know. After this is done, I don't even know if he'll still love me." Bobby said with pain.

Silence fell over the room until Trey made an abrupt announcement. "His power level has fallen below a safe level."

"Should we put him in his regeneration alcove?" Andrew asked, clutching at anything that might help.

"Yes. That should stop the hardware generation, at the same time it would recharge his systems." Trey said in thought.

"No." William said as he looked up from Robert's personal data node.

"William, he needs to recharge." Andrew tried to explain.

"No. You cannot reset his system, or interrupt the hardware generation. It would harm the baby."

## **[Chapter 11: You Gotta Be Kidding!]**

"You said what?" Andrew said in a gasp.

"I cannot determine why the hardware began generating, but the hardware has already completed two stages of development and the cellular mass is now of sufficient complexity to be considered an embryo." William said as he maintained his connection to his brother.

"If it's a choice between Robert and the baby, we're saving Robert. Anyone have a problem with that?" Andrew asked forcefully.

"No. I agree." Bobby said quietly, as a tear fell down his cheek.

"Trey, what are our options to help Robert?" Andrew asked forcefully.

"I do not have adequate information." Trey said as he looked at his parents with regret.

"Will you allow me to share my findings? Time is short" William said with urgency.

"Yes, of course." Trey said and faced his brother.

William withdrew his tubules from Robert's data node, then injected Trey's data node.

Everyone watched for the half minute it took Trey to assimilate the new information.

"I believe we can sustain Robert without injury to him or his child if we begin immediately." Trey said in thought.

"Do what you need to do son." Alan said in a low voice.

"William, reconnect to Robert and start a new directive pathway to allow supplemental energy and nano-probes to be introduced. When the new directive is in place, begin the transfer. Discontinue when you have reached minimum safe levels. At that time, return home to regenerate and another of us will begin the transfer." Trey said in a commanding voice.

"For how long?" Andrew asked carefully.

Trey looked at Andrew curiously as William reconnected with Robert and closed his eyes in concentration.

"Will you all have to keep feeding him power for the next nine months? I mean, if that's the only way to keep them both alive, we'll do it. But I can foresee some problems." Andrew said in explanation.

"No, the hardware generation should be complete within twelve hours. After that, Robert will need extended regeneration cycles to power his maturation pod, but otherwise will feel no ill effect." Trey said as he turned a studious gaze on William and Robert.

"Maturation pod?" Alan asked hesitantly.

"Can you start at the beginning for us? Tell us about his baby... who's is it? How did it get in there? Why did this happen?" Bobby asked weakly.

"Bobby asked some good questions, does anyone have any answers?" Lee asked the group as he put hand each on Andrew and Alan's shoulders.

"I may be able to answer the why, at least to some degree." Professor Xavier said from the head of the bed.

Everyone turned their attention toward Professor Xavier awaiting an explanation.

"His mind is in a state of flux, and quite alien... non-human, excuse me. I can't tell you much more than the alternate personality caused this to happen and is directing nearly all it's energies to coordinate the construction of the... device." Professor Xavier said in concentration.

"Professor, what is the status of his mind?" Hank asked with concern.

"I believe I can complete the necessary groundwork within an hour, that should be sufficient to allow him to regain consciousness. I can refine the pathways in follow-up sessions as needed." Professor Xavier said in thought.

"The baby is Robert and Bobby's." William said as he opened his eyes.

"How?" Bobby asked with confusion.

"An undifferentiated cell from Robert's primary stomach was harvested and the DNA was removed and replaced with some collected from Robert and

some collected from Bobby's semen in Robert's pre-stomach." William began but was interrupted.

"Um, just how many stomachs does he have?" Clark asked as he and John joined the group.

"Including the pre-stomach, three. The prestomach holds the food and releases small amounts into the primary stomach for initial digestion. When the primary stomach is sufficiently filled, it empties into the secondary stomach where the absorption of nutrients takes place." William answered.

"The baby?" Bobby asked, dragging them back to the point.

"Yes, the genetic material was introduced into the undifferentiated cell, then the cell was stimulated to replicate. Once the cell mass was viable, it was fixed into a maturation pod which will complete maturing the embryo in three to four weeks depending on the supply of necessary building materials for the baby." William said in thought.

"Father, we will need Icheb, Jimmy and Janine to supply power for Robert. I would like to monitor the activities until the hardware is fully developed and Robert is out of danger." Trey said seriously.

"That's fine. Alan love, would you go get the kids? Quaid too, I don't want him to feel left out just because he's not Borg." Andrew said in thought.

"Do you want me to stay with the babies?" Lee asked quietly.

"No dad, if you wouldn't mind, I'd really like for them to be here too. I feel like Robert needs ALL his family here with him now." Andrew said with a helpless look at his father.

Lee nodded, then turned to Slash, "Would you help me get the babies things together Slash? I can juggle babies with the best of them, but I can't handle diaper bags and strollers too."

"Sure, ready when you are." Slash said with a warm smile, glad to be able to contribute.

Andrew created a portal and watched as Alan, Lee and Slash walked through.

"Trey, we'll be right back, we're going to help with the babies." John said and led Clark through the portal.

"Something is wrong." William said in concern.

Trey turned his attention back to Robert and began to scan again.

"What is it?" Andrew asked with a fresh wave of panic at the tone of William's voice.

"Father?" Quaid said in a sleepy voice as he walked through the portal, dressed in Pokémon pajamas.

Andrew walked to Quaid and pulled him into a hug.

"Hey buddy. I'm sorry we had to wake you up but one of your brothers is sick and I thought you'd want to be here with the family." Andrew said quietly.

"What's wrong with him?" Quaid asked as he looked at the boy on the exam table.

"Robert's Borg parts are trying to build a new machine, but it's taking all his energy to build it. William is trying to give him energy." Andrew said, trying to put it in words that Quaid could understand.

"Robert is accepting William's nano-probes and energy, but is also continuing to deplete his own. At the current rate of usage, Robert will exhaust his own energy reserve in less than one hour... I can see no way to prevent it." Trey said with defeat in his voice.

"Can you slow down his usage?" Hank asked with concern.

"It would be possible to reduce the flow of nano-probes, but the pod requires more energy than William can transfer." Trey said quietly.

"Um, can't you do that Borg thing?" Quaid asked the group.

Everyone turned their attention to the boy and tried to understand his vague comment.

"You know, the thing that makes Borg's strong... be a collective." Quaid said with difficulty.

"Shhh, don't worry. We're going to figure something out." Andrew said quietly to Quaid.

"Father, I believe his suggestion may work." Trey said as he scanned Robert, then William.

"Really?" Andrew asked with surprise.

"How may I be of assistance?" Icheb asked as he walked through the door, carrying Chakotay in his arms.

Quaid immediately walked to Icheb's side and gave him an affectionate hug, careful not to disturb Chakotay.

"If you will give Chakotay to Quaid, I would like for you to connect to William's personal data node and begin to inject power into his system." Trey said quickly.

Icheb handed Chakotay to Quaid, being careful to see that he was supporting his head correctly, before going to William's side and injecting his tubules into William's personal data node.

"Dad said you needed us to help Robert." Jimmy said as he and Janine entered the room.

"Yes. Ask Trey what you need to do." Andrew said as he began to feel hope.

"Jimmy, connect to Icheb's data node, Janine, connect to Jimmy's, I will connect to yours." Trey said as he moved around the table to take his place in line.

The children took their places and within a minute formed a chain to provide power for Robert.

"How's he doing?" Andrew asked hopefully.

Trey moved his scanning device which was connected to his free hand, over Robert and announced, "His power levels are increasing and the increased nano-probes are constructing the hardware faster than anticipated."

Andrew let out a sigh of relief and bent down to hug Quaid and Chakotay.

"Is Robert going to be okay?" Quaid asked in a whisper.

"I think so kiddo. And if he is, it's because of you." Andrew said and kissed Quaid on the forehead.

Quaid got a smile of pride that nearly glowed.

"What did we miss?" John asked as he carried a diaper bag through the portal.

"A turning point, I hope." Andrew said with a smile.

"Where do you want this stuff?" Clark asked as he pushed a double stroller with a diaper bag into the room.

"Through that door, in the waiting room. If the babies get fussy, we'll take them in there." Andrew said as he stood, keeping an arm around Quaid.

"How's he doing love?" Alan asked as he walked into the room.

"Trey?" Andrew asked, hopeful of a favorable response.

"If nothing unforeseen occurs, we should be able to discontinue the transfer in forty-three minutes and he will have sufficient energy to proceed twenty hours without regeneration if needed." Trey said with a small smile.

"Great." Lee said in relief as he walked into the room carrying Thomas and followed by Slash.

"I'm finished working on his memories for the time being. He is sleeping normally. I would recommend that we wake him so we can be sure that the integrated personality is stable." Professor Xavier said as he rested back in his chair.

"We don't want him to be overwhelmed when he wakes up, he is likely to be disoriented. Those who aren't feeding him power should move away until he's come fully awake." Professor Xavier said as he moved his chair away from the table.

"Okay, ready when you are." Andrew said as he moved Quaid back to lean against the nearest wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bobby?" Robert asked as his eyes fluttered open.

"I'm right here." Bobby said as he moved to Robert's side.

"I love you." Robert whispered with a tender smile.

"I love you too, you scared me." Bobby said weakly.

"I remember things... I have two yesterdays, which one is real?" Robert asked in confusion.

"The yesterday that was Thanksgiving at the mansion is the one that just happened. I think the other one is real too, it just happened a long time ago." Bobby said carefully.

"Tavi?" Robert asked with a look of panic, that turned to relief when he saw William.

"Is that William's real name?" Bobby asked quietly.

"Yes, he is Gustavishtavi, I am Gustavishki... Tavi and Ki is easier to remember." Robert said with a small smile.

"What do you want me to call you?" Bobby asked in a fearful voice.

Robert picked up on the tone of fear and lifted a hand to caress Bobby's cheek as he said, "I'm your Robby, just like before. I love you so much Bobby, I can't even tell you how much."

"I'm so glad. I was afraid you wouldn't know me... or wouldn't love me." Bobby trailed off with a whisper as tears began to flow down his face.

"That could never happen Bobby, you're my one true love. Do you have any idea how special you are?" Robert asked and waited.

Bobby couldn't do anything but shake his head.

"I came across space, time and dimensions to find you. I reassembled my memories and fought my way back from the edge of oblivion so I could fully be with you. And using the technology the Borg gave me, I found a way to bear your child. You are that special and I'd do every bit of it again to be here with you now." Robert said in a peaceful haze of love.

Bobby was speechless, but he moved in to give Robert a kiss filled with his love and all the words he couldn't think clearly enough to say.



"Um, I guess he's okay." John said hesitantly.

"Yeah. I hope Trey's done soon. We really need to... um... get some more... sleep." Clark said with a blush.

John put an arm around Clark to hold him close.

"How are you doing son?" Andrew asked as he walked to the other side of the bed from Bobby.

"Pretty good Pop. How are you?" Robert asked joyfully.

"Pop?" Andrew questioned.

"Yeah, 'Father' sounds a little formal, if you don't like 'Pop' I won't use it." Robert said quickly.

"No, 'Pop' is fine, I just wasn't expecting it. You seem a little... different now." Andrew said hesitantly.

"Yeah. I have memories and stuff now. It's really kewl, it's kind of like I was watching everything through a gauzy curtain before and I can see clearly now." Robert said cheerfully.

"If he starts to sing it, I'm outta here." Lee said to Slash.

Robert heard the comment and let out a full honest laugh.

"Please hold still until the energy transfer is complete." William said sternly.

"Okay. Sorry Tavi. And thanks, thank you, all of you for feeding me power. I didn't expect it to take as much power as it did." Robert said shyly.

"Your well being was our only concern." Trey said from the end of the Borg chain.

"Thanks big brother. I don't know what you were like before you were Borg, but I can't imagine that you could be a better brother than you are now." Robert said with a grand smile.

"Robert, you have a new brother too. Would you like to meet him?" Alan asked carefully.

"Really? Is he here?" Robert asked hopefully.

Alan nodded with a smile.

"Where is he? Can I meet him now?" Robert asked with excitement.

A boy, only slightly younger than Robert walked hesitantly to the table to meet Robert.

"Hey, I'm Robert. What's your name?" Robert asked curiously.

"Quaid." he said in a mumble.

"Nice to meet you." Robert said, then looked around his bed, then said, "There's room up here by me. Would you like to sit up here and talk to me?"

Quaid nodded.

Alan helped Quaid up to sit on the edge of the elevated bed.

"So how old are you?" Robert asked as everyone watched.

"Um... Dad? How old am I?" Quaid asked timidly.

"He'll be fourteen on January seventh." Alan said with a warm smile.

"We're going to be the same age for three and a half months. That's awesome!" Robert said in delight.

"I've got my own room at the boat house." Quaid said, being drawn into Robert's enthusiasm.

"I can't wait to see it. Dr. McCoy? When will I be done here?" Robert asked as he twisted to see Hank.

"As near as your father and I can tell, your organic parts are perfectly healthy. You'll need to ask the Professor and Trey about your other parts." Hank said, amazed by the difference in the boy.

"Professor? What do you say? How are my mental parts?" Robert asked with a teasing smile.

"I believe one or two of your mental parts have yet to fall into place, but I don't foresee any lasting consequences from that. You may experience some disorientation or confusion when something triggers a memory, it

should pass after a few minutes, if it doesn't, let me know and we'll do a little detail work on your mnemo triggers." Professor Xavier said lightly.

"Thanks Professor, I'll let you know if it gets too weird for me." Robert said, then looked down the line of his siblings to Trey and raised an inquisitive eyebrow.

"Check the status of your maturation pod. It should be nearing completion and your energy reserves should soon be replenished." Trey said seriously.

Robert closed his eyes and concentrated on his internal Borg status.

"Yeppers, the robo womb is all done and my energy pool is good for about a day." Robert said happily.

"Then we will discontinue the transfer." Trey said and withdrew his tubules from Janine's data node.

Each of his siblings did the same and stood looking at Robert.

"Come here Tavi. I need a hug." Robert said as he sat up in the bed.

William walked cautiously to Robert and was engulfed in a firm hug.

"If I could only bring one thing from my former life with me, I would have chosen you. I love you Tavi." Robert said in a tearful voice into William's ear.

"Perhaps later you could tell me of our life before. I wish to know the person I used to be." William said in response.

Robert pulled back to look William in the eyes and said, "William, you are all the best parts of Tavi. You have his good heart, his gentle nature and his weird, dry humor."

William smiled at the statement.

"But, I'm still cuter than you." Robert said, breaking into a big smile.

"Not." William said in automatic response.

Robert laughed, then said, "Tomorrow we'll sit down and I'll tell you all about us... Jimmy?"

Jimmy looked up in surprise and walked to stand beside William.

"Tavi... William asked me to tell him about our past and I thought you should be there too." Robert said with a smile.

"For observation?" Jimmy asked curiously.

"No, because you're part of our past. Your family would come to visit about twice a year and while the adults were doing adult things, the three of us would run all over the palace grounds... I'll tell you all about it tomorrow." Robert said happily.

"What was my name?" Jimmy asked hopefully.

"Your little name... nickname was Fray. I don't remember your big name. We never used it. If I remember it later, I'll tell you." Robert said with a shrug.

Trey completed his scans and announced, "Your Borg components are functioning within normal parameters and your power usage is acceptable."

"Does that mean I'm done?" Robert asked the room.

Dr. McCoy looked at Andrew, Professor Xavier and Trey before saying, "Yes, you're free to go."

"Do you want to come back to the house and regenerate?" Andrew asked from the bedside.

"No Pop. I want to stay here. Bobby and I need to talk about some stuff..." Robert said, then leaned in to whisper, "He just found out he's going to be a daddy. I think he'll need me there when it sinks in."

Andrew chuckled and said, "I think you're right. Don't run yourself short on energy. Make sure you regenerate early tonight... I love you little man."

"Thanks Pop. I love you too." Robert said as he sat on the edge of the bed beside Quaid.

"When you were talking before... I kinda heard... did you say 'palace'?" Quaid asked quietly.

"I sure did Q-boy, I guess I'm a prince and so is Tavi." Robert said with a smile.

"Why... why did you call me that?" Quaid asked with worry.

"What? Q-boy?" Robert asked carefully.

Quaid nodded slowly.

"I didn't mean anything. I thought it sounded cool because your name is Quaid. If you don't like it I won't call you that." Robert said, worried that he'd offended Quaid.

"It's okay if you call me that, but only you, and only if I get to have a special name that only I can call you." Quaid said, thinking of his special bond with Itchy.

"Hmmm. That's kind of tough. I mean, you can only do so many things with Robert. 'R-boy' doesn't sound right. Rob and Robby are already being used... do you have any ideas?" Robert asked as he hopped off the bed, then waited for Quaid to do the same.

"Your other name is Ki?" Quaid asked carefully.

"Yeah. It doesn't sound as cool as Tavi." Robert said as he coaxed Quaid to jump off the table.

"Can I call you Ki?" Quaid asked hopefully.

"Sure Q-boy. That'll be great. Now I think you'd better get over to the portal. Dad and Pop look like they're ready to go." Robert said with a smile.

"You're not coming with us?" Quaid asked with disappointment.

"Sorry Q-boy. I've got a boyfriend who really needs me to be here tonight. I'll see you tomorrow, I want to see your new room." Robert said with a grand smile.

"Yeah. I'll see you tomorrow Ki." Quaid said and hurried through the portal, followed by Andrew and Alan.

Bobby finally made his way back to Robert's side.

"You okay Robby?" Bobby asked with concern.

"Yeah, but I'm a little tired. Baby making really wears a guy out." Robert said, draping an arm around Bobby's waist.

"I don't think the baby making part is what wore you out. I think it's the robo-womb making that did you in." Bobby said with a chuckle.

"Maybe." Robert said, then got a serious expression.

"What is it Robby?" Bobby asked at Robert's sudden change in mood.

"I'll tell you when we get back to your room." Robert said seriously.

"C'mon." Bobby said and led the way.

## **[Chapter 12: Before, After and In Between]**

"What is it Robby?" Bobby asked as soon as the door was closed.

"Do you want this baby?" Robert asked with a frightened voice.

Bobby looked into Robert's frightened eyes and said, "Yes. I absolutely want our baby. Honestly, I'm worried about a lot of things, but please don't think that my worrying means I don't want our baby. It means that I want to provide everything the baby needs and I'm worried I'll fail or won't be a good father... like mine." Bobby finished in a whisper.

"Thank you Bobby, I understand... and I think I know how we can take care of your worries about being a good father." Robert said seriously.

"How's that?" Bobby asked carefully.

"Who's the best father you've ever met... here's a hint, he's married to my Dad." Robert finished with a smile.

"Okay, so you think I should take 'daddy' lessons from Andrew?" Bobby asked carefully.

"I think we should take 'daddy' lessons from my parents. The life I've had with Andrew and Alan is the type of life I want for our child." Robert said seriously.

"I don't know if I can be like your fathers." Bobby said apprehensively.

"I don't think you can either, but neither can I. We can only be ourselves. But Dad and Pop can give us good advice on how to be good parents." Robert said, then looked into Bobby's eyes.

"Did you know that I love you?" Robert asked seriously.

"I think I remember you saying something about that earlier." Bobby said with a smile.

"Let's go back to bed." Robert said and started to undress.

"Good idea. I'm glad we don't have school tomorrow." Bobby said as he slipped out of his clothes.

Robert took his place cuddled against Bobby's side and his head resting on Bobby's shoulder.

"What would you think if I wasn't Borg anymore?" Robert asked carefully.

"What do you mean?" Bobby asked curiously.

"Pop said that the Doctor back on Voyager told him how to remove our Borg components. I don't know what's involved, but after the baby is born I was thinking about beginning the process." Robert said seriously.

"Robby, can you tell me why you want to stop being Borg?" Bobby asked in thought.

"This is why." Robert said as he drew his hand across Bobby's bare chest.

"So we can sleep together?" Bobby asked carefully.

"So we can share our lives. As long as I'm bound to the regeneration alcove I'm still a prisoner of the Borg. I want to be able to go to bed with you without worrying about my power reserves or electrolyte balance. I want to go to bed every night with you beside me and wake up every morning to the sight of your beautiful face." Robert said in a dreamy haze.

"Robby, I loved you the way you were yesterday, I love you the way you are today and I'm sure that whatever you decide, I'll love you the way you are tomorrow and forever." Bobby said and pulled Robert up to give him a kiss.

"Thank you Bobby. I'll love you forever too." Robert said peacefully.

"Now let's get some sleep. Sweet dreams." Bobby muttered.

Robert snuggled against Bobby's chest again and said, "I don't need to dream. You're here."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I can't believe this." Clark said as he walked with Trey and John down the hallway toward their room.

"Yeah, just think about it Trey, your Dad and your brother are both pregnant." John said with a delighted smile as they entered the bedroom.



"Robert has provided an example of how we might be able to have our own child one day." Trey said seriously as he began to take off his clothes.

Clark and John froze at the statement.

Trey noticed their stunned expressions and continued, "It is not necessary to discuss the matter at this time."

"Actually, if you guys don't mind, I'd like to talk about it now." John said in thought.

"Me too." Clark said seriously.

When both Clark and John looked at Trey, he nodded in agreement.

"I didn't really think about it being possible before, but I like the idea... I mean, someday." Clark said in thought.

"Yeah, exactly." John said with a nod.

"I concur." Trey said in a more Borg tone than usual.

"Is it possible, I mean, I don't know much about genetics. Can we all three be fathers?" Clark asked in thought.

Trey got a considering look, then said, "The programming of the nano-probes would be extensive, but I believe it is possible to engineer the genetics to be a combination of the three of us."

"That sounds a little creepy. I mean, genetic engineering... would we be messing with something that's best left alone?" John asked as he finished undressing and crawled into bed.

"I thought the same thing as soon as he said it." Clark said as he followed John.

"Although the phrase has negative connotations, there is no other way to describe what would need to be done to combine the genetics of three distinct species." Trey said as he scooted into the bed beside Clark.

"We don't need to worry about it now. That's years away." Clark said as he enjoyed the sensation of being snuggled from both sides.

"Yeah, years." John said in a sigh as he drifted into sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you like your bigger room?" Andrew asked as he walked with Janine into her room.

"It was adequate before, but this is acceptable." Janine said in a very Borg tone.

Alan walked in and looked around.

"It must be nice to have more space though. Now you'll have enough room to invite your friends over to play if you want to." Alan said seriously.

Janine gave Alan a speculative look, then gave an involuntary smile as she said, "The additional space has that benefit."

"It's time to regenerate Pumpkin." Andrew said gently.

Janine hopped into her alcove and waited for the 'goodnight ritual'.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are you ready to go back to sleep?" Andrew asked as he tucked Quaid into his bed.

"Yeah." Quaid said with a glorious smile.

"You really made us proud tonight." Alan said quietly.

"Thanks Dad. I'm glad Robert is going to be okay. I never felt anything like this before... being a brother." Quaid said seriously.

"Well, you've done a good job of it so far. Now get to sleep. Tomorrow will hold new adventures for all of us." Andrew said as he leaned down to give Quaid a kiss on the cheek.

As Andrew stepped away, Alan took his turn to give Quaid a kiss, then said, "I'm glad you're here Quaid. I hope you like it here."

Quaid looked seriously at Alan and said, "Q... Aunt Jean said that this would be a good place for me. I just thought she was putting me someplace out of my father's way. But I like it here, I never want to leave."

"We want you to stay too. Now go to sleep." Andrew said with a gentle smile from just inside the door.

"Goodnight." Alan whispered as he joined Andrew by the door.

"Goodnight, I love you both." Quaid said as he closed his eyes.

"We love you too Quaid." Alan said as he held Andrew by his side.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are you going to be able to get back to sleep?" Lee asked while getting the twins settled into their cribs.

"Maybe later. I'm completely awake now so I'll probably be up for a while." Slash said quietly.

"When Andrew and Alan are done making their rounds, I was thinking about having a midnight snack. Would you like to join me?" Lee asked hopefully.

Slash smiled and said, "You know. I've eaten more food since I've been here than I've probably had in the last month."

"Is that a yes?" Lee asked with a smile.

"Yeah, it's a yes." Slash said happily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How are you with everything that happened William?" Andrew asked carefully.

"Robert has recovered himself. I feel... jealous?" William asked more than said.

"That's understandable. I can only imagine how you feel, knowing that you had a life before that was taken away from you." Andrew said as he pulled William into a gentle hug.

"Do you think we'll get our memories back too?" Jimmy asked from his embrace with Alan.

"There's no way of knowing Squirt. I hope they come back, but if they don't you'll have a lot of new memories to enjoy." Alan said as he snuggled Jimmy tighter to his side.

"Thanks Dad." Jimmy whispered happily.

"Okay guys. It's time to regenerate. Remember that you gave Robert a lot of power tonight. Extend your regeneration cycles if you need to." Andrew said as he released William from his hug.

"Yes Father. Have a pleasant sleep." William said as he stepped into his alcove.

As was their nightly routine now, Alan, then Andrew stepped forward and kissed William on the cheek before he started his regeneration cycle.

Once William was regenerating, Alan turned to Jimmy and asked, "So are you going to write about your experiences today?"

"Yes, but after I've regenerated. I think I need the time to get my thoughts in order." Jimmy said seriously.

"I think I do too Squirt. I'll see you in the morning." Alan said as he followed Jimmy to his alcove.

Jimmy stood and waited for Alan and Andrew to kiss him goodnight.

"I love you Jimmy, you know that don't you?" Alan asked seriously.

Jimmy smiled and said, "Yes Dad. I love you too."

Alan nodded and said, "I just wanted to be sure that I told you. Sometimes I pay extra attention to William and Robert and I don't want you to feel left out."

"I understand. In all the time I have known you and Father, I have never felt less than fully loved." Jimmy said seriously.

"I'm glad." Alan said and gave Jimmy a kiss on the cheek, then stepped away.

Andrew stepped forward and looked Jimmy in the eyes for a moment before saying, "I just remembered the look Six of Seven had on his face when we were in the shuttlecraft... that seems like a lifetime ago."

Jimmy smiled at the memory and said, "Perhaps it is because empty days pass without notice. Days of joy and fulfillment pass slowly, each one being filled with memories."

"That's probably it." Andrew said with a smile and gave Jimmy a kiss on the cheek.

"I love you Squirt." Andrew said as he smiled.

"I love you too Father." Jimmy said, then initiated his regeneration.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When we were adding rooms, why couldn't we put all the kids rooms in a row? This is getting to be a real workout." Andrew said as they climbed the stairs.

"It keeps us healthy. There are people who pay good money to use a stair-stepper machine. We get the same workout every day for free." Alan said with a smile.

"Well, at least Icheb and Trey are on the ground floor now. No more attic trips." Andrew said as he walked with Alan to Icheb's new room.

"Don't give up on the attic yet love. The way we've been going, we could have all the rooms filled again in no time." Alan said with a smile.

Andrew stopped outside Icheb's door and said, "Considering all the happiness that we've gained from everyone living here, it's worth the price of climbing a few stairs."

\* \* \* \* \*

"How do you like your new room son?" Alan asked as he and Andrew walked into Icheb's room.

"Trey was very respectful of my privacy and did not feel a need for my own room, however having this room that I can call my own is very satisfying." Icheb said happily.

"That's good Icheb. I was worried that you might be feeling a lack of privacy with Trey. I'm glad it wasn't a problem." Alan said honestly.

"I believe the cohabitation was beneficial for us both. We have had the opportunity to discuss many things and I now feel that Trey is not only my brother, but also my friend." Icheb said seriously.

Andrew smiled and said, "That's great Icheb. I'm glad it worked out that way."

"Yes. Scott and I are brothers and friends like that. It's a wonderful feeling." Alan said happily.

"It's getting late. Have a good regeneration." Andrew said as he kissed Icheb on the cheek.

On impulse, Icheb pulled Andrew into a hug and said, "Thank you for being my father and my friend."

Andrew smiled and said, "Remember back on Voyager when I told you about living in the boathouse?"

Icheb smiled and said, "Yes. You said that you would invite me to live here with you... and you did."

"Regenerate now. Your energy has to be low." Andrew said with a smile.

Icheb nodded and stepped back into his alcove.

Alan stepped forward and gave Icheb a gentle kiss on the cheek.

"I love you Dad." Icheb said in a soft voice.

"I love you too son." Alan said in a matching tone.

Andrew and Alan watched as Icheb began his regeneration cycle.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How are the little ones?" Alan asked as he walked into his bedroom.

"Just fine. Both sleeping." Lee said with a tender smile directed at the babies.

"Thanks for all your help tonight Lee. Andy really needed you to be there." Alan said seriously.

"I'm glad Alan. After not being needed by anyone for years, it's a wonderful feeling." Lee said honestly.

"And thank you too Slash. Even if you hadn't been helping with the babies, your just being there was a big help to us." Alan said honestly.

"Alan, it sounds wrong when you call me Slash. That's for people outside the family." Slash said seriously.

"What would you like us to call you? Uncle Joe?" Alan asked curiously as Andrew walked into the bedroom.

"No. That's for the kids. How about Joey?" Slash asked hesitantly.

"I like that." Andrew said with a smile.

"Then it's settled." Slash said with a nod.

"Okay Joey, come on so these guys can get to bed." Lee said as he walked toward the door.

"Yeah. You guys have a good sleep." Slash said as he followed.

"You too. And thanks again." Alan said with a smile.

"Any time." Lee said before leaving the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I just can't believe how much my life has changed." Slash said introspectively. as he took a seat in the kitchen.

"I know what you mean. Just a few days ago I was alone and didn't have any hope for the future." Lee said as he carefully looked through the contents of the refrigerator.

"It's the future that's kind of bothering me right now." Slash said in thought.

"How do you mean?" Lee asked with interest as he sat across from Slash.

"Well, I have a family that wants me now... I don't want to leave them to go to school." Slash said in distant thought.

"Then don't." Lee said simply.

Slash looked at Lee with question.

"No one wants you to leave. You could go to school here if you wanted." Lee said seriously.

Slash shook his head and said, "As much as I would like that, I really need to go to the Wagner School. It's just starting out... like me. I feel like it's the right thing to do. That doesn't stop me from wanting to stay." Slash finished with a shrug.

"Okay, I guess I can understand that. Besides, I'm going to be working at the Wagner School so I'll be seeing you all the time." Lee said encouragingly.

Slash gave a hesitant nod of acceptance.

"And you'll be able to come home every weekend." Lee said with a peaceful smile.

"Home." Slash repeated with awe.

Lee understood the expression and said, "That's right my brother, home."



### **[Chapter 13: Of Family]**

"Good morning Love." Alan said with a gentle smile as he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Good morning." Andrew said peacefully.

"I love you." Alan whispered as he moved in for a gentle kiss.

"I love you too." Andrew said peacefully as he looked into his husband's eyes.

"What do you have planned today?" Alan asked as he snuggled into Andrew's side.

"No plans. After spending the majority of the day at the mansion yesterday, I think I'd like to spend today at home." Andrew said as he glanced to see that the babies were sleeping peacefully.

"That sounds good to me." Alan said in a dreamy voice.

"Have you been up long?" Andrew asked as he cuddled Alan close to his side.

"About half an hour. Everyone else is still asleep." Alan said in contentment.

"They'll probably be up anytime now. We'd better enjoy the peace and quiet while we can." Andrew said softly.

An almost imperceptible knock sounded on their bedroom door.

"And so it begins." Alan said with a fond smile.

"Come in." Andrew called, careful not to call too loudly and wake the babies.

Quaid timidly poked his head in the bedroom door and looked around, obviously unsure of his welcome.

"Come in Quaid, it's alright." Andrew said with assurance.

Quaid was still wearing his Pokémon pajamas. He rushed into the room, then stopped at the side of Andrew and Alan's bed.

"Did you need something?" Alan asked with a gentle smile.

"I got, um, kind of lonely. No one else is awake yet." Quaid said hesitantly.

"Well, if you want you can climb in here with us. There's plenty of room." Andrew said with a smile.

"Really? You wouldn't mind?" Quaid asked in disbelief.

"Sure. We were just sitting and talking. You're welcomed to join us." Alan said peacefully.

Quaid jumped up on the bed and quickly got under the covers.

"Love, would you hand me my sweats?" Andrew asked quietly.

Alan reached over the side of the bed and picked up the sweatpants where Andrew had left them the night before.

Andrew quickly pulled on the sweatpants as he remained under the covers.

Alan noticed Quaid's look of question and considered if he should try to explain or leave it be.

"Did you put on your pants because of me?" Quaid asked curiously.

"Yeah. I needed to anyway." Andrew said as he snuggled into Alan's side.

"Why?" Quaid asked cautiously.

"I just don't think it's right to be naked in bed with kids. That's all. If it were Icheb or Jimmy in here I would have done exactly the same thing." Andrew said seriously.

"Oh. Okay." Quaid said in thought.

"Come here." Andrew said and opened his arms for a hug.

Quaid happily moved into the waiting arms and enjoyed a long hug.

"So how do you like your new home?" Andrew asked as he shifted Quaid between him and Alan.

"I really like it here." Quaid said peacefully as Alan and Andrew shifted so Quaid could nestle between them.

"I'm glad. We like you being here. You really made us proud last night. Because of you, Robert and his baby are going to be fine." Andrew said in a soft, loving voice.

"Robert is really nice. I like him." Quaid said happily as he snuggled.

"Hopefully you'll get to be good friends. I hope you'll be happy here." Alan said gently.

"I'm already happier than I've ever been. Thanks for being my dads." Quaid said in peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slash woke slowly and looked around his room in wonder. His very own room.

He laid in the bed and thought about how completely his life had changed in a day.

He went from being a throw away mutant kid on the streets to being a member of a family.

Lee was now legally his brother. Andrew and Spike were his nephews.

Even though he knew that they weren't his blood relations, somehow that didn't matter.

His blood relatives didn't want him. They said he wasn't their son anymore. These people accepted him into their home and their family.

They didn't want anything from him, they just want to share their lives with him.

A sparkling ray of sunlight caught his attention as it glittered through the window.

Slash smiled and slowly got up from his bed.

He walked to the dresser and looked in the mirror.

For the first time in months he didn't avoid looking at his own image.

He looked at his white face and smiled.

None of his new family cared that he looked different. Quaid even wanted to look like him.

He opened the dresser, not knowing what to expect and found it filled with clothes.

Next he walked to the closet and found a variety of shirts and pants.

Slash picked out some clothes to wear and laid them out, then went to his bathroom to get ready for the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning." Bobby said in a whisper.

"Good morning." Robert said with a smile.

Bobby moved in to give Robert a gentle kiss.

"I love you so much." Robert said in a voice filled with awe.

"I love you just as much Robby." Bobby said as he gently moved a stray strand of hair off Robert's forehead.

"What do you want to do today?" Robert asked, coming more awake.

"The first thing I'd like to do is take you to the boathouse so you can get some regeneration." Bobby said seriously.

"I can continue until this evening with no ill effect." Robert said, allowing some of his Borg tone to creep into his voice.

"Just because you 'can' doesn't mean you 'should'. Please Robby, let me take care of you and our baby." Bobby asked as he let his hand slide down Robert's abdomen.

Robert smiled at the gesture and placed his own hand over Bobby's, right over the location of their child in the maturation pod.

"Is robo-womb working okay?" Bobby asked softly.

"All systems operating within normal parameters." Robert said in a fully Borg tone, then broke into a smile.

"That's good. You really scared me last night." Bobby said as he pulled Robert close to his chest.

"I'm sorry Bobby. I guess I didn't think everything through... but I didn't really have a conscious mind at the time... I was kind of floating in the subconscious." Robert said with difficulty.

"So are you Robert or Ki?" Bobby asked hesitantly.

Robert smiled and said, "I'm your Robby. Everything that was Robert is still here, some of Ki was just added. Please don't worry Bobby, I haven't lost anything of what I was before. I've only gained the core of the person I used to be."

"Okay, as long as my Robert is still in there, I guess it's okay." Bobby said in thought.

"I am right here. If it would cause you to be more comfortable, I could resume using my Borg mannerisms. It would be no inconvenience to me." Robert said in a very Borg tone.

"Um, no. Not unless you want to, I mean. I just want you to be yourself. You don't have to put on an act for me." Bobby said in thought.

"But I have two selves. At this point in time they are separate enough that I can choose which one I use. I'm sure that they will eventually integrate to the point where I will have only one self." Robert said distantly.

"Well, it sounds kind of selfish to say this, but I'd really like my Borg Robert back. Not all the time, but just at times like this. He's the one I fell in love with." Bobby said shyly.

"It gives me pleasure to know that you love me as I am. Please be assured that when the integration is complete, I will still be myself. Ki will just be one aspect of my personality." Robert said with a gentle smile.

"Thanks Robby. Ki is nice, but I don't really know him. It just feels wrong when we're like this to hear his voice coming out of your mouth." Bobby said with relief.

"We have the same voice." Robert said hesitantly.

"I mean the way he talks, it's different. He's nice and everything, it's just that I feel like I'm laying next to a stranger when I hear him talking." Bobby said with difficulty.

"I understand. But just so you know, Ki loves you too." Robert said softly.

"I think I'll probably love him once I get to know him, after all, he's another part of you." Bobby finished with a smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Alex luv, all your clothes are gone." Spike said from the closet.

Alex opened his eyes and looked around the room to find that other things were missing.

"It looks like most of my stuff is gone, not that I had that much to begin with." Alex said in confusion as he got out of the bed.

"If someone broke in here and stole everything while we were sleeping, they deserve to keep it. Anyone who can get past a sleeping vampire is a master thief." Spike said as he looked around for clues.

"Well, we still have our clothes from yesterday. Let's get dressed and see if anyone else is missing anything." Alex said as he pulled on his boxers.

"Hold on luv, I need to say a proper good morning before we do that." Spike said and pulled Alex into a hug.

After a long, lingering kiss, Alex finally said, "Good morning Wil."

"Good morning Alex luv." Spike said in contentment.

"We didn't go too far last night, did we?" Alex asked with concern.

"No mate, it was just perfect. I've loved a few times over the decades, but I can't remember feeling loved like that before." Spike said softly from their embrace.

"I do love you Wil. After last night I'm more sure of it than ever." Alex said as he rubbed Spike's back.

"I love you too Alex. I think a lot of what I was feeling was just to try and protect us in case our feelings weren't what we thought they were." Spike said in thought.

"And how do you feel now?" Alex asked with concern.

"I feel like I've finally come home." Spike said softly into Alex's ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning Robert. How are you feeling?" Clark asked with concern as he, Trey and John exited their room.

"I am well. The new personality is acting in harmony with me and the robotic womb is functioning within normal parameters." Robert said seriously.

"You sound like your old self." John observed cautiously.

"Yes. That part of me which is Ki has withdrawn to allow me to interact as I did before his inclusion into my conscious mind." Robert said in thought.

"Oh. Um... isn't that, like, having a split personality or something?" John asked with concern.

"Yes. By the literal definition, I do have a split personality. But the process of integration has already begun. I anticipate no difficulty incorporating Ki into my existing life." Robert said in an assured voice.

"Okay, but if you have any problems that we can help with, just let us know. You're our friend, so you don't have to go through this stuff alone." Clark said seriously.

"Thank you Clark. I am gratified to know that you will be available should I need support." Robert said, then gently smiled.

"Yeah, that goes for all of us. Whatever you need." John said seriously.

Trey simply nodded in agreement.

Robert happily nodded in acceptance of the statement.

"So what are you guys doing?" Bobby asked quietly.

"Well, we figured that we'd go down and get some breakfast, then head over to the boathouse so Trey can regenerate. John has to go see Dr. McCoy this morning, so we figured that Trey could regenerate while John is getting treated. Since Slash needs to see the doctor, we'll pick him up while we're over there." Clark said simply.

"That sounds like a good plan. Would you mind if we tag along? We were planning on going to the boathouse so Robert could do a little regenerating too." Bobby said casually.

"Sounds like a plan. Come on." Clark said with a smile and started walking toward the stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scott awoke and put on his sunglasses.

He looked around his room at the mansion and thought about the night before.

When he invited Matt out to shoot some pool, he had thought that if they spent some time together that maybe... one thing might lead to another.

It became obvious about ten minutes into their first game that nothing but pool playing was going to happen.

As soon as Scott had determined that nothing romantic was going to happen between them, he relaxed noticeably.

The rest of the evening he and Matt played pool in easy companionship and camaraderie.

Scott rested back on his pillow and smiled at the memory.

He and Matt were two very different people, and yet, that was part of what made their friendship interesting.

Matt has a dry, sarcastic... almost laconic sense of humor that Scott could appreciate.

For his own part, Scott felt as if he could really be himself with Matt. There was no need to hide anything or act a certain way.



Matt had made it clear that he considered them to be friends. All Scott had to do was accept what was being freely offered.

Reluctantly, Scott climbed out of bed and considered his tasks for the day.

A visit to the boathouse was first on his list. He had an important question to ask Alex and had been putting it off for days.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hank walked into the MedLab to begin his work for the day.

A sound caught his attention and he began to look around the room to find the source.

Finally after taking a circuitous route through the lab he found the sound coming from his spectral imaging scanner.

Suddenly he remembered that he had been trying to identify the components of Clark's blood by using the mass spectrometer function of the scanner.

As he looked at the device, he realized that it had run the entire spectrum of light waves, radio waves and radiation on the sample over and over again throughout the night.

With a sigh of resignation, Hank turned off the machine and pushed the button to re-pressurize the chamber so he could eject the sample.

After being repeatedly bombarded by nearly every particle known to mankind for the better part of twelve hours, the sample would be useless to him.

The indicator finally changed to show that the sample could be removed.

Hank was about to open the chamber when he realized that he needed to observe the proper safety precautions in this situation.

The amount of radiation that the sample tray absorbed would most certainly make it extremely hazardous.

Physical contact with something so violently irradiated would definitely burn human skin, possibly to the point of causing deep tissue damage.

After walking to the door and turning on the 'Radiation Hazard' alert light over the door to forewarn anyone who might choose to visit, Hank quickly donned his lead apron, gloves and face-shield.

Properly attired, he moved to the scanner again and using a pair of tongs, carefully reached for the small specimen tray.

As Hank removed the dish from the chamber, something unusual immediately caught his eye.

This wasn't the few drops of blood that he had put into the scanner the night before.

Cautiously, Hank carried the dish to the microscope so he could get an enlarged and detailed image of whatever was in the dish.

Once the dish was in place, he turned on his monitor and clicked open the application to view the microscope's input.

What he saw amazed him. It was a complex cellular mass.

As Hank carefully studied the mass and began to identify the differentiated cell groups, suddenly he froze in astonishment...

...It moved.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey, how are you guys doing this morning?" Scott asked in a cheerful voice as he walked into the kitchen.

"Um, I think we're all good. How are you?" John asked curiously, confused by Scott's cheerful mood.

"I've got a full day planned. I think that if I put my mind to it, I can clear out about a dozen things I've been putting off." Scott said as he walked to the collection of cereal containers and chose something that was a satisfying balance between sweet and healthy.

"Ouch, you have a waaaaay different way of having fun." John said with a puzzled shake of his head.

Scott chuckled and said, "Look at it this way. If I get all this stuff done today, I'll have the rest of the weekend to do whatever I want."

"Yeah, I guess so. But I think I'd still rather leave everything until Sunday night about six o'clock." John said honestly as he finished pouring his milk and handed the jug to Scott.

"Thanks. I'll tell you what John. If you'll try it my way one time, I'm willing to bet that you will enjoy your off time a lot more. When you get all your work cleared out early, then you can enjoy your free time without worrying about the things you still need to do." Scott said as he poured his milk and passed the jug to Clark who was standing on his other side.

"Well, since I'll be attending the Wagner school next week, I don't have anything hanging over me, so it's no problem." John said frankly.

"You don't have anything except the possibility of moving into a new house, getting everything ready to attend a new school and if I'm not mistaken, you'll be receiving treatment for an intestinal parasite while everything else is going on." Scott said seriously as he led the way into the dining room.

"I was looking forward to the weekend until I heard that." John said hesitantly.

Scott laughed and said, "Just roll with it John. We'll all be right there with you."

"Yeah. Okay, but, um... just in case you didn't know..." John began hesitantly.

Scott turned to face John and raised his eyebrows in inquiry.

"...You kinda suck at pep talks." John said with a pained look. Obviously not wanting to hurt Scott's feelings too badly.

Scott chuckled, more at John's expression than his statement.

"Yeah. I guess I do. Maybe you could help me with that sometime." Scott said with a gentle smile.

"You got a deal." John said with relief.

Scott looked at the other boys gathered around the table and casually said, "Trey, when we're done with breakfast I'll get you the design specifications for Cerebro. That way when you meet with the Professor tomorrow, you'll have a better idea about what the Professor is talking about."

"What form are the design specifications stored in?" Trey asked curiously.

"Well, they're in the computer. But I'll print them out for you. The only thing is, I'll have to ask you to return the printouts when you're done. That stuff is kind of classified and we can't take the chance of anyone else getting hold of it." Scott said in thought.

"If you would permit me, I can download the specifications directly into my personal data node. I am planning an unscheduled regeneration when I return to the boathouse and could process the information while I regenerate. It will have the same effect as many hours of studying printouts." Trey said seriously.

"That sounds good to me. Hmmm, studying in your sleep... I think I could get into that." Scott said in thought.

"Being Borg does have some advantages." Trey said with a gentle smile at Scott's statement.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I guess it's time to get up." Andrew said in resignation.

"I guess so." Alan said reluctantly.

"I like it here." Quaid said from his position snuggled between his fathers.

"So do we, but we need to fix breakfast and get the day started." Andrew said gently.

"Yeah. I think maybe that's what I'm feeling... hungry." Quaid said uncertainly.

"Well, that settles it then. Come on, how about I give you a ride to the kitchen while Alan gets the babies ready for their breakfast?" Andrew asked with a smile.

"A ride?" Quaid asked curiously as he watched Andrew get out of the bed.

"Yeah, come over here and climb on my back." Andrew said with a chuckle.

"Like this?" Quaid asked cautiously as he draped himself over Andrew's back.

"Yep. Now just hold on." Andrew said happily as he stood.

Quaid gave a giggle as he was lifted.

"Whoa. You're heavier than you look." Andrew said with effort.

"I can walk if I'm too heavy." Quaid said with concern.

"No way. I said I was going to give you a ride to the kitchen, and I'm going to do it. Anyway, now that I'm standing, it's not so bad." Andrew said with a smile.

"Okay." Quaid said happily.

"First thing, a kiss for Dad, then we're off to make breakfast." Andrew said cheerfully as he walked to Alan.

Quaid watched the tender kiss between his fathers with a close-up view.

A second later, Alan broke the kiss, and waited for Andrew to turn sideways so he could kiss Quaid.

"Good morning son." Alan said quietly, then gave Quaid a gentle kiss on the cheek.

"Okay, we'll see you in the kitchen." Andrew said happily.

"Will you start their bottles when you get in there?" Alan asked as he turned his attention to the babies.

"Sure thing, Alex's coffee, then the babies bottles." Andrew said firmly.

"Why does Alex rank above the babies?" Alan asked curiously.

"Just think about who has the more annoying cry." Andrew said in a teasing voice.

"I see your point." Alan said with a smile as he checked to see if Thomas needed to be changed.

## *[Chapter 14: Something Wicked, Something New]*

"Alex, I've got your coffee right here. How are you guys doing this morning?" Andrew asked pleasantly as he handed Alex his cup of coffee.

"Thanks." Alex said with a grateful smile as he accepted the cup.

"Best be checking things out around here mate. We've been robbed." Spike said simply as he walked to the coffee maker to fix himself a cup.

"Don't worry Spike. You weren't robbed, you've just got a new room in the new wing. All your things are in there." Alan said from the stove where he was beginning to make breakfast.

"How did you manage to get the things out of our room while we were sleeping?" Alex asked curiously.

"That's kind of a long story that's a little bit hard to believe. Why don't you just go with it for now and we'll tell you when you're finished with your coffee." Andrew said with a smile.

"Do you want to see your new room? I remember which one is yours. I could show it to you if you want." Quaid asked hopefully.

"Sure. It looks like we have a few minutes before breakfast is ready." Alex said with a smile at the boy.

"Would you wake up my dad and Slash and tell them that breakfast will be ready soon?" Andrew asked casually.

"Sure, but I didn't see Lee in the living room." Alex said cautiously.

"Quaid will show you where their rooms are, won't you son?" Andrew asked with a smile.

Quaid beamed at being called son and happily said, "Yeah. Come on and I'll show you."

Alan and Andrew both smiled warmly as Quaid led Spike and Alex out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come in." Warren said cautiously at the knock on the door.

"Good morning Warren." Kurt said as he entered the room.

"Good morning Kurt. How are you doing today?" Warren asked with a gentle smile as he sat up in bed.

"I am well. I thought I would come to see if you are prepared to go to breakfast." Kurt said carefully.

Warren considered for a moment, then said, "I suppose so. It's just been so nice to lounge around in bed that I hate to get up."

"Zen do not. Relax and I will bring breakfast for us so you may enjoy breakfast in bed." Kurt said simply.

"Oh no Kurt. You don't have to do that." Warren said with concern.

"I know zat I do not have to do zis. But I believe zat ve would boce enjoy doink somesink different. Please allow me to do zis." Kurt finished hopefully.

Warren was about to refuse, but the expression in Kurt's eyes finally won him over.

"Okay Kurt. But one of these days very soon, you'll have to let me pay you back." Warren said with a smile.

"Please do not let zis cause a sense of obligation between us. Just enjoy ze moment." Kurt said seriously.

"Agreed." Warren said quietly.

Kurt nodded, then walked quickly out of the room.

Warren sat looking at the bedroom door for a long moment, then slowly snuggled down in his bed, doing his best to enjoy the gift that Kurt was giving him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here, this is your room!" Quaid said with excitement.

Spike and Alex shared an amused look at the boy's enthusiasm before walking into the room.

"Oi! Look at all of this." Spike said in amazement as he looked around.

"That's my camera... but I left it in Hawaii." Alex said as he walked to the computer desk where his camera was sitting.

"This duster was destroyed back in SunnyHell." Spike said as he picked up the black leather duster and put it on.

"Q... I mean, Aunt Jean did all this. She made rooms for all of us... even me." Quaid said happily.

Both men turned their attention to the boy who was nearly bouncing in his jubilation.

"Let's go wake up Slash and Lee, we can check this room out later." Alex said in a gentle voice.

Spike nodded and turned with a swish of his duster to walk out of the room.

Alex smiled at the movement, appreciating how perfectly the duster seemed to accentuate Spike's individual style.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning Uncle Hank." Tara said cautiously as she walked into the biolab.

"I'm in here Tara." Hank said absently.

Tara walked into the small room to find her uncle completely engrossed in his work.

"I woke up early and thought that I could help you out this morning if you needed anything." Tara said as she looked curiously at the screen that had her uncle's undivided attention.

After a long silent moment, Hank absently said, "John Allerdyce will be coming by this morning to begin treatment for a parasitic infection. If you would like, you could gather the things we will need."



"Sure... but what are you looking at? The cellular structure isn't like anything I've ever seen before... or even heard of." Tara asked as she moved a little closer to look at the microscope's video display.

"This was originally a blood sample taken from Clark. I began a full-range spectral analysis last night to try and determine the makeup of his blood. But I inadvertently left the scanner running all night long and the sample was repeatedly bombarded with everything from all the ranges of light to x-rays and gamma rays." Hank said distantly.

"How is it still alive?" Tara asked curiously, then blinked when she saw the sample move.

"I don't know. The only theory that makes any sense to me is that the blood sample must have converted the various forms of radiation into energy and used them as nourishment to grow." Hank said grimly.

Tara thought about the statement for a moment, then looked more closely at the display.

"This was a blood sample?" Tara asked in a whisper.

"Last night it was. Now it is a cellular mass. It has differentiated cells and seems to be developing at an accelerated rate."

Tara took two steps back and said, "A clone."

Hank turned in his chair and looked at Tara with question.

"The growth and development of the blood sample is making a clone of Clark." She said as a look of horror filled her expression.

"No. I don't think..." Hank began to say, then looked at the cellular mass again.

He adjusted the magnification to zoom out a little and looked at the general configuration of the entire mass.

"If this just started growing last night, then we should know if it's going to develop into an embryo within 48 hours." Hank said in a low voice.

"Are you going to tell Clark?" Tara asked cautiously.

Hank considered for a moment, then shook his head as he said, "Not until we know for certain. The cellular mass may not develop into anything. It may simply be a growth pattern from the cells being overly fertilized by the radiation bombardment."

"What will you do if it is a clone?" Tara asked cautiously.

Hank closed his eyes to consider for a moment, then reluctantly said, "I will take the matter to Professor Xavier."

At Tara's look of question, he continued, "I have made some unfortunate judgments in the recent past, some of them having to do with ethical questions. I believe that it would be best to preclude making another such error by seeking the Professor's advice before taking any action."

Tara nodded her agreement, then quietly asked, "What are you going to do with the sample until then?"

Hank considered for a moment, then said, "If you'll check the inventory, I believe that you will find that we have an incubation tank in storage. If you'll take it to the Omega Chamber, I will convert the spectrometer so that it can be used to nourish the cellular mass."

"I'll get right to it." Tara said immediately.

"Hold on Tara." Hank said quickly.

Tara stopped and looked at her uncle with question.

"Before you do anything else, bring me the rest of Clark's blood sample. I want to be sure that it is completely destroyed." Hank said, then glanced at the microscope again.

Tara nodded, then quietly asked, "Uncle Hank? Are we doing the right thing?"

"I don't know if there is a 'right thing' in a circumstance such as this." Hank said darkly.

Tara gave a small, ironic smile, then left the room to complete her assigned tasks.

As Hank watched the monitor before him, he absently muttered, "I'm not sure if I'm hoping that you'll live or die."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hello?" Xander said blearily into his cell phone as he tried to come awake.

"Bon jour, mon cour." The low, husky voice said in reply.

"Remy?" Xander said with excitement as he bolted upright in his bed.

"Oui. How be Marguerite?" Remy asked quickly.

"She's fine, and just as beautiful as ever." Xander said as he looked at his sleeping daughter.

"Remy need for de Professor and Warren to be at de mansion tonight." Remy said quickly, and seemed to be distracted.

"What's wrong?" Xander asked with immediate panic.

"Remy be home tonight and tell you what he found. Give Marguerite a kiss from Remy. I love you." Remy finished in a whisper, then the call disconnected.

Xander's vision was blurred as an unformed tear welled in his eye.

He slowly leaned over the edge of the cradle and gave his daughter the gentlest of kisses, then said, "That's from your daddy."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a gentle knock on the front door.

As Andrew walked out of the kitchen to answer it, he saw the door open.

"Good Morning Andrew." Clark said with a happy smile.

"Well, good morning Clark..." Andrew said warmly, then watched as others followed him into the living room.

"It looks like you have the whole crew with you today. How is everyone feeling this morning?" Andrew asked curiously as he looked at Trey, Robert, Bobby, Clark and John with question.

"I think we're all fine. Robert and Trey are going to regenerate while Bobby and I take John and Slash over to the mansion so Dr. McCoy can look at them." Clark said as he looked over the group.

"Well, I asked Spike and Alex to wake Slash up a few minutes ago, so he's probably on his way." Andrew said, then made a motion for the group to follow him into the kitchen.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning. Is anyone hungry?" Alan asked as he checked on the babies to see that they were sleeping comfortably.

"Actually, we had breakfast before we came over here." Clark said apologetically.

"Well, I suppose you could get Trey and Robert settled in while Slash has his breakfast." Andrew said consideringly, then smiled as he looked at the doorway.

"We got everyone awake." Quaid said proudly.

"Except Slash." Alex said with a barely restrained smile.

"Oh yeah. I went in to wake up Uncle Joe and he was showering." Quaid finished with a giggle.

"And *someone* had to go into the bathroom to tell him that breakfast was almost ready." Alex said with a smirk.

"Uh huh... did you know that Uncle Joe screams like a girl?" Quaid asked with an innocent expression.

"Well thank you for passing on the message, Quaid. That was a big help." Andrew said as he squatted down so he could hug his newest son properly.

"Uncle Alex did most of it." Quaid reluctantly admitted.

"But I wouldn't have known which rooms to go to without your help." Alex said from the kitchen doorway with Spike at his side.

"You see? You were a lot of help. Now have a seat at the table. I bet you're hungry." Andrew said as he released Quaid from the hug.

"We'll stop by to get Slash when we've got these guys tucked in." Clark said with a grin as he led his group out of the kitchen.

"Do you think it's time for the bacon?" Alan asked as he looked at Spike, Alex and Quaid sitting at the table.

"Yep. You start that and I'll start the eggs. I'm sure by the time we're finished we'll have the whole squad here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Warren was surprised to see Kurt enter through the bedroom door.

Kurt must have noticed his curious expression, because as he was carrying the tray, he said, "Ze odor zat accompanies my teleport might make your breakfast less enjoyable."

"Thank you Kurt. That was very considerate of you. Did you bring enough for both of us?" Warren asked as he looked over the plate of food that Kurt was placing before him.

"I brought some extra toast for myself." Kurt said as he pulled a chair over beside the bed.

Warren smiled warmly at Kurt and said, "I don't know if you realize just how much this means to me. No one has done anything like this for me in... I can't actually remember the last time."

"With ze added responsibilities I vill be facing at ze new college, I do not know zat I vill be able to do such a sing again in ze future." Kurt said with concern.

"I think that if you establish your priorities early on, that you should be able to meet your professional obligations while maintaining a personal life." Warren said, then began to eat his breakfast.

Kurt considered the words for a moment, then said, "I haff had very little of vaht you vould call a personal life up to now. I haff been very isolated unt alone."

Warren swallowed, then took a sip of his coffee before saying, "Then maybe we can work that out while you're getting settled into your new role."

Kurt looked at Warren with question as he took a small bite of toast.

"You're just starting out a whole new life for yourself. Let's make sure we get it right." Warren said gently.

"Perhaps if vee can include activities such as zis, I vill be able to feel content in my new position." Kurt said slowly.

"I have to travel quite a bit with my job. But when I'm in the area, we'll be sure to make time to meet. I have the feeling that it will do us both a lot of good to spend the time together." Warren said honestly.

"And perhaps vee could invite Jimmy to join us on some of zose occasions." Kurt said, then looked at Warren with question.

"Yes. And I've decided to stay around here for the rest of the weekend. Let's see if we can come up with something that the three of us can do together." Warren said gently.

"I believe Jimmy vould enjoy zat as vell. He seems to enjoy our company." Kurt said with a smile.

Warren slowly chewed his food, then swallowed before saying, "I think with the size of his family, Jimmy may just appreciate receiving individual attention. I don't think his parents neglect him, or anything like that. But when he's with us, maybe he feels like his getting attention doesn't take away from his siblings."

"Or perhaps he enjoys our company." Kurt said frankly.

Warren looked at Kurt with surprise, then broke into a smile.

"Yeah. Now that you mention it. I think he does."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Father, Dad. My alcove seems to be... missing." Trey said from the kitchen doorway, obviously fighting to keep his 'Borg' persona in place to hide his worry.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Trey. I should have thought to mention that to you. Your alcove has been moved to your room in the new wing." Andrew said as he kept a close watch on his cooking.

"The new rooms have been completed?" Trey asked cautiously.

Andrew looked down at the eggs with frustration, then glanced over to the table and asked, "Quaid, would you mind showing Trey where his new room is?"

The look on Quaid's face was nothing less than pure joy.

He hopped up from his place at the table and ran to Trey's side.

"Come on. I'll show you where your room is." Quaid said as he was nearly vibrating with his enthusiasm.

Clark and John both looked at Andrew with warm smiles before following Trey and Quaid out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mornin Andy." Xander said casually as he walked into the kitchen with Marguerite in his arms.

"Good morning Xan. You're in a pretty good mood." Andrew said cautiously.

"Remy called. He'll be back tonight." Xander said with a big smile as he gently placed Marguerite into the crib with Thomas and Chakotay.

"That's not going to effect the plans for today is it?" Andrew asked cautiously.

"Nope." Xander said frankly, "Me. Icheb. Janine. Marguerite. Visit Aunt Vada... Consider it done."

"Thanks Xan." Andrew said with appreciation as he placed a cup of coffee in front of Xander.

Just then, Icheb walked into the room and Andrew casually asked, "Do you think you're ready for this son?"

"I am experiencing a sense of apprehension, but I will be able to function adequately." Icheb said carefully.

"Don't worry about it Andy. We'll be fine." Xander said with a fond sile directed at Icheb.

"Just call if you run into any trouble." Andrew said seriously, then turned his attention back to his cooking.

"Yes Dad." Xander said in an exaggerated tone and a roll of his eye.

Quaid walked back into the kitchen and immediately walked to Icheb for a hug.

"I wish I could go with you." Quaid said in a whine.

Before Icheb could respond, Andrew said, "As soon as Icheb has his driver's license, you two will be able to go and do things whenever you want."

Icheb nodded and said, "We will go and do many things. However, today is for Janine. At times it is necessary to put aside our own desires for the benefit of our family."

"Okay, Itchy. But can we do something when you get back?" Quaid asked hopefully.

"Perhaps you could compile a list of desirable activities while I am away." Icheb said thoughtfully.

Quaid giggled and said, "I think it's funny when you talk 'Borgy'."

Icheb smiled at the statement and pulled Quaid back into the hug.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How are things going this morning Joey?" Andrew asked with a smile at Slash's sleepy expression.

"I'm good. The shower felt great." Slash said, then a look of surprise came over his face when Andrew placed a full plate of food before him.

"Thanks!" Slash said in a bewildered tone.

"Enjoy." Andrew said with a tender smile, then thought to say, "Last night, your hair was white, now it's black again. What's up with that?"

"Oh. My mutant power causes my hair to turn white while I sleep. I have to color it each morning." Slash said between bites of food, and was a little surprised that he didn't feel uncomfortable discussing his mutant ability.



"Well, just so you know, I liked it the other way too. In case you ever considering leaving it white." Andrew said casually. "It reminds me of those dandelion fluffs."

"Oh, that's just the look every guy wants to have." Slash said with a chuckle.

Andrew shrugged and said, "I think you could pull it off."

Before Slash could respond, Clark and John walked into the kitchen.

"I'll be ready in just a minute." Slash hurried to say.

"Take your time." John said casually. "From the way Robert and Bobby were looking at each other, they'll probably be 'saying goodbye' for quite a while."

Clark nodded his wholehearted agreement.

Slash relaxed a little and took the time to really enjoy the breakfast that Andrew and Allen had made him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning Tara. How are you today?" Bobby asked quietly.

"I'm good. Come on back to the exam room. I have everything set up for both of you." Tara said as she gestured toward the door.

"This isn't anything like visiting the doctor my parents used. The first three hours were spent in his waiting room with two year old women's magazines." Slash said as he followed the group.

"Yeah. I never did like visiting doctors much, but this place isn't so bad." John said, a little bit nervously.

"It's going to be fine, John. You already know what's wrong and what's going to happen. That's really the worst part. Now you just have to get through the treatment." Bobby said encouragingly.

After a moment to think about the words, John quietly said, "Thanks Bobby. Not knowing really is the worst part. At least I don't have to deal with that."

"Well thanks guys." Slash said playfully, then continued, "Now I have to go in there thinking about that!"

"There's nothing wrong with you, Doof!" John said with a chuckle.

"Yeah. You're just here for a checkup." Bobby said with a grin.

"Okay. I guess you're right. I just haven't had the best luck with doctors." Slash said shyly.

The boys all looked at Slash with sympathy. None of them knew what type of experiences he had had, but all of them were sure that he was justified in his uneasiness around doctors.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did you start yet?" A voice asked from the doorway.

"No. We just got here." Clark said, as he looked at Lee uncertainly.

"I wanted to be here for Slash." Lee explained at Clark's puzzled look.

"That's kewl. Bobby and Clark are here for me." John said with a swell of happiness under his words.

"If you gentlemen are ready, I believe I would like to start with Mr. Allerdyce today." Dr. McCoy said to the group, then looked at John and asked, "Would you get on the table and remove your shirt?"

"Why?" John asked cautiously.

Hank wasn't used to his patients questioning his instructions and was brought up short of words.

"I mean, you already know what's wrong with me and what needs to be done. Right? Why do you need me to get up there without my shirt?" John asked as he looked Dr. McCoy in the eyes.

Hank finally got over his shock at being questioned and quietly said, "Yes. I do know what is causing your illness, but it would be irresponsible of me to administer treatment without first checking your current vital signs. If your blood pressure were elevated, for instance, then I might choose to delay your treatment for a day or two until you had it under control."

John thought about what Dr. McCoy was saying and finally nodded that he understood.

"I'm sorry Doctor. I didn't mean to sound like I didn't trust you." John said timidly.

Dr. McCoy smiled at John and said, "It's refreshing to be questioned. If you're ever uncertain or just want to understand what I'm doing, I would prefer that you ask."

John broke into a smile as he said, "You'd better watch out what you ask for Doc."

"If you'll hold still for a moment, I'll get these readings so I can proceed." Dr. McCoy said as he took his stethoscope and pressed it to John's chest.

After a moment of listening to John's heart, Dr. McCoy checked his blood pressure and did a quick check of his eyes, ears and throat.

"I thought you had scanning equipment that could do all of that." Clark said as he watched the 'old fashioned' examination.

Dr. McCoy turned to look at Clark and quietly said, "Yes. The scanning devices are useful for detecting specific ailments, but I find that the traditional examination is faster and more efficient for determining the overall wellness of the patient. A stethoscope and a well trained ear are still better tools than the most complex scanner... although Andrew's medical tricorder comes close."

Before Clark could respond, Hank continued, "Well John, everything seems to be just fine. You can put your shirt on and I'll get your medication."

"What's it going to do to me?" John asked nervously.

"The medication that I'm going to use will make your gastrointestinal tract an unwelcoming environment for the parasite that you've picked up. I doubt that you'll notice any significant effect from the medication today since it is relatively mild, but sometime tomorrow, you may start feeling nauseous. It is also possible that you may experience periods of weakness as the treatment continues." Hank said as he looked at John seriously.

"Sounds great." John muttered sarcastically.

"Given the side effects of this treatment, you should probably have someone with you for the next few days." Hank said as he looked John in the eyes.

"I'll stay with him." Clark said immediately, then asked, "Is there anything special that I need to watch out for?"

"It is possible that John's nausea may lead to vomiting or that he may suddenly become weak and need to be helped to sit down. If he has any symptoms beyond those, you should call me immediately." Hank said firmly.

"Got it." Clark said to Hank, then looked at John with sympathy.

"How long am I going to be feeling like shit?" John asked bluntly.

"If you can endure the treatment through Sunday, your unwanted passenger should be expelled. Then we can stop the treatment and you should return to normal relatively quickly. You should be back to yourself by Tuesday or Wednesday, I should think." Hank said quietly.

"Do it." John said, almost sounding angry.

Tara was standing by with a cup of pills and another cup filled with water.

Hank took a moment to look at the pills, verifying that they were the appropriate ones, then handed the first cup to John.

"Three days isn't so bad." Clark said with encouragement, then continued, "And you should be over it in time for school."

After finishing the cup of water, John looked at Clark and said, "Right. So I get to be sick and I don't even get time off from school because of it... lucky me."

"Stop by sometime tomorrow so I can check your vitals. Besides that, if you have any questions or concerns, please just come to me and ask." Hank said as he looked John in the eyes.

John chuckled and said, "Yeah. Count on it."

Hank turned his attention to Slash and said, "I'm ready for you now."

Slash hesitantly walked to the examination table, then stopped to look around the room.

"Would you guys mind if I saw the doctor alone?" Slash asked with difficulty, feeling that he was being rude to his new family.

"No prob, Slash. We'll just hang out in the hall until you're done." Bobby said immediately.

Clark and John nodded their agreement, none of them looking the least bit offended.

"Does that include me?" Lee asked cautiously.

"No Lee. You can stay." Slash said shyly.

"Well then, if that's all sorted, would you remove your shirt and get up on the table?" Hank asked professionally.

\* \* \* \* \*

About fifteen minutes later, Slash and Lee walked into the hallway side by side.

"How did it go?" Clark asked, concerned by the disturbed expression on Slash's face.

"Slash is fine. He's just had some bad experiences with doctors in the past." Lee said carefully.

"I don't want to lie." Slash muttered.

Lee couldn't tell if the statement was directed at him, so he looked at Slash with question to see exactly what he wanted to do.

After a moment lost in thought, Slash looked around the group and said, "Doctor McCoy said that because of... some stuff, my hormones are kind of out of whack. He's going to do some checking and tests and stuff to be sure, but it's possible that I'm going to have to have some kind of treatment for it."

Clark, Bobby and John looked at each other, none really knowing how a hormone imbalance would manifest or what the treatment would be like.

Lee noticed their confusion and said, "It's too early to even worry about that. From the way Hank described it, if he decides that Slash really does need some kind of treatment, it won't be anything to worry about. It'll be something as simple as taking a pill each morning."

"Oh. Well, that doesn't sound too bad." Clark said consideringly.

"For the rest of my life." Slash said darkly.

Silence fell over the group for a moment, until John said, "There are people all over the place that have to take medicine for their whole lives. As long as it does what it's supposed to, what's the problem?"

Slash looked hesitantly at John and said, "I just don't want to be dependent on a drug like that."

"Who does?" John asked frankly.

At Slash's look of surprise and question, John continued, "Sometimes you don't get a choice about things like this. You just have to deal with it."

Lee looked at Slash and reluctantly nodded his agreement with John's words.

After a moment to consider, Slash said, "I guess so. Thanks for being here for me... and for being honest."

Clark looked Slash in the eyes and said, "Those are two things you can always count on Slash... Always."

Slash broke into a smile as he nodded.

"I don't know about anyone else, but this is the only thing I had planned to do today." Bobby said as he looked around the group, effectively changing the subject.

"We're just kind of waiting on Trey to regenerate." Clark said, then looked at John with question.

"I don't have any plans." Lee said with a glance at Slash.

"Walk to the boathouse?" John suggested cautiously.

"Sounds good." Clark said with a smile.

"I'm in." Slash said, sounding much closer to his usual, carefree self.

Since everyone seemed to be in agreement, Bobby turned and led the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

//Scott, mobilize the X-Men for an urgent mission.//

//What's going on Professor?//

//One of the genetic researchers at the South African facility apparently decided to do some homework on a variant of the X-Genie Virus. Even though he was dispatched, his private lab still exists. It appears that while his lab assistants were packing his things, they unwittingly released the virus. Gather your team and get there as quickly as possible. Every minute of delay increases the possibility that we will be unable to contain the spread of the virus.//

//Will you call Dr. McCoy, Storm, Portal and Wolverine to the hanger bay and fill them in?// Scott asked seriously.

//I will summon them now. Please hurry Scott.//

\* \* \* \* \*

Andrew appeared beside Scott a moment later with a look of panic in his eyes.

"Portal, get with the professor to find out where we're going. You're our transportation." Scott said as he finished pulling on his boots.

"I'm on it." Andrew said as he hurried to his locker to start changing.

"What do you need me to do Cyke?" Matt asked as he rushed into the room.

"Wolverine, you'll be in charge of securing our perimeter. The virus has gotten loose again and there may only be this one chance to contain it. Let the professor know who you'll need to help you and he'll call them." Cyclops said firmly.

"Got it." Matt said as he skinned out of his clothes.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Cyclops walked out of the locker room, he saw Dr. McCoy rushing into the room at a hurried pace.

"Hank, your code name will be Beast. You'll be in charge of identifying and containing this thing. We need to make sure that there's no trace of it left for someone else to find. Let the professor know who'll you'll need to ensure that this damned virus is finally wiped out." Cyclops said firmly.

"Will I also be in charge of seeing that the technical data is destroyed?" Hank asked cautiously.

"Yes. Bring whoever you might need to deal with it." Cyclops said firmly, then noticed Storm walking out of the women's locker room.

"Storm, I'll need you to stick with me to assess the situation. Since we'll be in your home country, you might notice something significant that I would overlook." Cyclops said seriously.

A firm nod was Storm's only reply as she watched Tara rush into the room then into the women's locker room.

//Portal, Trey is requesting that you form a portal from his bedroom at the boathouse.// Professor X sent telepathically.

Andrew was surprised by the request but immediately cast his mind out and created a portal.

"How may I be of assistance?" Trey asked cautiously as he stepped out of the portal. He was wearing his large ocular implant and had a device that covered the majority of his left arm.

"Wait a moment for Tara to join us, then come to the MedLab with me and get into a containment suit." Hank said seriously.

"I'll open a portal to MedLab for you." Andrew said as he gestured to a portal forming beside them.

John and Bobby hurried into the room and looked at Scott with matching expressions of question.

"Who called for fire and ice?" Cyclops asked as he looked around the increasing gathering.



"I did. These guys can back me up." Wolverine said seriously.

"Iceman, Pyro. Suit up." Cyclops said as he gestured toward the men's locker room.

"Bobby! Wait!" A voice said from the door of the hanger bay.

"Robby? You can't go with me. You need to stay here and protect our baby." Bobby said as he stepped to Robert's side.

"Yes. I will. I just wanted to give you this before you go." Robert said as he presented Bobby with a small silvery piece of cloth.

Bobby unfolded the cloth, then looked at Robert with confusion at the pair of shorts in his hand that essentially looked like a silver speedo.

"If there is a need to manifest your full power, this material should be able to withstand the extreme cold." Robert said carefully.

"Thanks Robby." Bobby said with a smile and gave Robert a quick but firm kiss.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Clark asked hopefully from the doorway.

Cyclops was about to refuse when he realized why Clark was really there. Both John and Trey were being included on the mission and Clark didn't want them to go into danger without him.

"Sure Clark, you can be on the team. You'll need a code name, do you want to be called 'Heat Vision'?" Cyclops asked seriously.

"No, that's just going to be for my writing. How would you feel... I mean, would it be alright if I went ahead and used the name Superman?" Clark asked hesitantly.

"Superman it is. But I'm afraid I don't have any red and blue tights for you to wear." Cyclops said with a teasing smile.

"Good." Clark said with a chuckle, then asked, "What can I do to help?"

"When we get there, stick with me. If I see something that needs to be done, you'll be the one doing it." Cyclops said seriously, back to his full professional persona.

Hank, Trey and Tara stepped out of the medlab portal wearing bright yellow containment suits at the same time Bobby and John rushed back from the locker room.

"Portal, you're up." Cyclops said seriously.

Andrew nodded, then concentrated to form the distant portal.

Even though it didn't necessarily stretch his abilities to form the portal, it still took quite a bit of power and concentration.

"Wolverine." Cyclops said and motioned for him to go first.

Cautiously, Wolverine stepped through the portal, followed closely by Pyro and Iceman.

As Beast started walking toward the portal, Cyclops held up his hand and shook his head.

"Wait until we get the all clear. It won't help anyone if you step through the portal and get shot." Cyclops said seriously.

Beast nodded that he heard, since talking through the biosuit was somewhat bothersome.

"Perimeter secure." Wolverine said through the portal.

"Beast, Sprite and 3 of 7, check out the lab." Cyclops said and gestured toward the portal for them to go.

"Portal, Storm and Superman, you're with me." Cyclops said, then stepped through the swirling vortex.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Beast, do you think it will be safe for us to go into the house?" Cyclops asked into his communicator.

After a long moment of silence, Beast answered, "There is truly no way to know how infectious this strain of the virus is. The possibility of infection

existed the moment you stepped through the portal, I don't think going into the house will increase the risk."

"Thanks for the pep talk Beast. We're going to check out the house." Cyclops said, then motioned for Storm and Superman to walk with him.

"Where do you need me?" Portal asked seriously.

"Right here for now. You can function as both our lookout and escape route." Cyclops said as he turned to leave.

"Call if you need me." Portal said as he watched them walk away.

"Count on it." Cyclops said seriously, without turning back.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It looks so... normal." Clark said in surprise as he walked around the neat little living room.

"You expected it to be otherwise?" Orroro asked cautiously.

"Well, yeah. This is Africa... I guess I just... I don't know..." Clark said uncomfortably.

"You expected to see mud huts in the Serengeti?" Orroro asked frankly.

"Well, yeah. And starving babies with swelled out bellies." Clark said in an apologetic tone.

Orroro looked Clark in the eyes as she said, "The Serengeti does exist here and unfortunately, so does the reality of hunger. But there is so much more to Africa than that limited vision. I suppose it would be like looking at the United States as being New York and Los Angeles with a rural area in between where the Dukes of Hazard live."

Clark smiled at the statement, then turned as he heard a sound.

"What is it?" Orroro asked immediately.

"I thought I heard something." Clark said as he walked toward the room to investigate.

"Wait. Cyclops, come over here." Storm said seriously.

"Did you find something?" Cyclops asked as he walked from the other side of the room where he had been looking at the items on a desk.

"Superman believes he heard something from that room." Storm said as she pointed.

"I'll check it out, Superman, be ready to back me up." Cyclops said as he put his hand to the side of his visor and walked carefully into the next room.

Clark waited apprehensively for Scott to say or do something.

"Oh no." Cyclops said as he rushed out of the room.

"What's wrong?" Clark asked with concern.

Scott held up his hand, then hit his communicator and called out, "Beast, I need you over here in the house. There's a kid here and he's in pretty bad shape."

"I'm sorry to hear that. But I'm afraid that if he is infected, there is a larger concern." Hank said seriously.

Cyclops froze at the statement, then shook his head and said, "I understand that. But isn't there something you can do for this boy?"

"I am unable to leave what I am doing, but perhaps Portal may be of assistance to you." Hank said with regret.

"Right... and I'll see to the quarantine measures." Cyclops said reluctantly.

"Yes. The entire team." Hank said with resignation.

"Mama?" A small voice called out from the next room, then broke into a fit of coughing.

Clark started walking toward the door, but stopped at the feeling of a hand on his shoulder.

"You can't go in there. He's infected." Cyclops said with pain and regret.

"Listen Scott, I've never been sick. It's possible that I can't become sick. And if this is the virus that attacks the X-gene, it shouldn't effect me at all." Clark said seriously.

"The original strain of this virus mutated so that it effected non-mutants. Clark, I made a promise to your parents... to our parents, that I'd watch out for you." Scott said in an imploring tone.

"I understand that, but there's a sick kid in there that doesn't have anyone to watch out for him. Do whatever you need to do, but I'm going in there." Clark said, then started walking away.

After a moment to get over the shock of Clark standing up to him, Scott turned to Orroro and said, "Find out as much information about the boy as you can. I'm going to call Andrew."

"Scott, I believe that Clark is doing the right thing. It would be wrong for the child to have to suffer through his last moments alone." Orroro said softly.

Cyclops reluctantly nodded, then hit his communicator as he said, "Portal, I need you and your MedKit in the house."

"I'm on my way." Andrew said immediately.

"...One more thing..." Scott said reluctantly.

"What's that?" Andrew asked cautiously.

"Close the vortex. We can't go back."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you need?" Andrew asked as he hurried into the room.

"There's a small boy in there... I'm pretty sure he's got the virus." Scott said in a pained voice.

"I'll look at him, but I don't know what you expect me to do." Andrew said helplessly.

"Do what you can. Ease his suffering." Scott said quietly.

Andrew nodded and turned toward the door to find Clark with the boy held in his arms.

"Please help him." Clark said with tears running down his cheeks.

"Hold still." Andrew said as he started scanning the pale little boy.

"I'm sorry... I threw up." The boy said in a small trembling voice.

"Don't worry about it. We'll clean it up." Clark said past the lump in his throat, then leaned down to kiss the boy on the top of the head.

"Where's my mama?" the boy asked as he looked at the strangers in his home.

"I really don't know." Clark whispered as he held the boy a little tighter.

"Cyclops." Orroro called out from another doorway.

Scott walked to Orroro's side then looked into the room.

"She's dead." Orroro whispered.

Scott nodded, then fought to ask past the lump in his throat, "Did you find any information?"

"Not as yet. I just thought you should know." Orroro said quietly.

"I need to get him to the MedLab." Andrew said as he walked to Scott's side.

"We can't go back. We'll infect the mansion." Scott said with regret.

"I can take him to the containment room. I need to get him on an IV right away." Andrew said seriously.

"Hold on, I'll see what I can do." Scott said reluctantly, then cast his mind out to call to the Professor.

//Professor. The situation here is pretty bad. Andrew wants to take this boy back with us, but we'll risk infecting everyone in the mansion if we do.//  
Scott sent with regret.

//I am in the process of locking down the MedLab so your team may return. Make sure the area is sterilized before you leave.// Professor Xavier sent professionally.

//Thank you Professor. I'll take care of it.// Cyclops sent, feeling somewhat assured.

"Portal and Superman, when the Professor gives you the signal, take the child to the containment room and do whatever you can for him." Cyclops said seriously.

"Thank you." Clark said in a whisper.

Cyclops hit his communicator and said, "Storm, report to Wolverine. He may need your help making the sterilization look like an act of nature."

Orroro walked out of the bedroom carrying a manila folder.

"Here is all the information I could find about the boy. I will go now." Storm said as she handed the folder to Andrew.

Scott nodded and watched her go.

"Beast, how much time before your team is done?" Cyclops asked seriously.

"The computer information has been deleted and we are nearly finished neutralizing the samples, but the escaped virus will still need to be dealt with." Hank said with concern.

"We're going to sterilize the entire compound as soon as you're finished." Cyclops said decisively.

"Understood. We'll be leaving the lab in one minute." Hank said firmly.

Cyclops watched as Andrew created a portal. Clark carried the boy through the vortex, still holding him close to his chest.

"I need to go with him." Andrew said cautiously.

"I know. I'll call for a portal when we're finished."

"Wolverine, gather your team outside the lab. I'll meet you there in one minute." Cyclops said firmly.

"On our way." Wolverine said immediately.

After one last look around the home, Scott walked for the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We're going to take care of you. Everything is going to be fine." Clark said as he stroked the boy's sweat slicked brown hair.

The boy looked at Clark with question for a moment and it seemed like he was going to say something, but then he started coughing again.

"Can't you give him something for the cough?" Clark asked desperately.

"Yeah. But I need to get him on an IV first. I don't know how long he's been sick, but he's dangerously dehydrated." Andrew said as he pushed a needle into the boy's vein.

The boy winced at the sudden jab.

"It's okay. He's just trying to help you get better." Clark said in a pained whisper.

The boy nodded cautiously that he understood.

"What's your name?" Clark asked gently.

"Gar." The boy said, then broke into a fit of coughing.

"Let's try this." Andrew said quickly as he pressed a hypospray to Gar's neck.

A moment later Gar stopped coughing and looked at Andrew with wonder.

"Oh good. I wasn't sure that would work on a Human." Andrew said with relief.

Clark looked at Andrew with surprise at the statement.

"Hold still a second Gar and I'll get a blood sample. I won't be able to do much with it, but it might be able to tell Dr. McCoy something when he gets back." Andrew said as he pressed the hypospray to Gar's upper arm.

"Don't worry about the blood sample. It doesn't hurt a bit." Clark said to Gar with assurance.

"Okay." Gar said weakly, then quietly asked, "What's your name?"

"My name is Clark."

Gar giggled and said, "That's a funny name."

"I think Gar is a funny name too. Is it short for something else?" Clark asked with a gentle smile.



"Yeah. Garfield." Gar said with a crinkled nose, then asked, "Is Clark short for something?"

"Nope. Just Clark."

"What's that?" Gar asked as he pointed.

Clark turned and saw that a vortex had formed behind them.

"That's just a way that we can travel. It's called a portal." Clark said gently.

"Come on John, you need to sit down." Bobby said as he walked through the portal on one side of John.

"Perhaps if we were to find a private place, I could endeavor to relax John." Trey said through the speaker in his biosuit.

"Yeah, let's do that. I love the way you relax me. Hey Clark! Come on over here so you can relax me too!" John said with an elated giggle.

"Is he okay?" Clark asked with concern.

"Power rush. He had to create this really big, really hot fire to sterilize the entire compound and it kind of went to his head." Bobby said as he guided John to a chair.

"It was such a fucking rush!" John said through his chuckles.

Matt walked through the portal next with his arm around Orroro, supporting most of her weight.

"Is Storm okay?" Andrew asked with concern.

"She was concentrating the winds on the compound to make John's fire into a firestorm while keeping it from spreading out of control. It took a lot of concentration." Matt said as he helped Orroro into a chair.

"He's still alive?" Hank asked as he stepped through the portal, followed by Tara and Scott.

"Yes. I've been able to relieve the worst of his symptoms, but there's no way he's going to be able to fight off this virus." Andrew said frankly.

"Since he has lived this long, perhaps there is a reason to hope. I'll need a blood sample." Hank said firmly, his voice sounding 'tinny' through the speaker in his biosuit.

Andrew handed the blood sample to Hank without comment.

"Tara, bring the samples we collected. Trey, I will need the computer files detailing the specifications of each strain." Hank said as he rushed out of the biolab.

"What is that?" Gar asked as he stared at Hank getting out of his biosuit in the foyer of the containment room.

"Oh, that's Beast. He's our doctor, his name is really Hank." Clark said frankly.

Gar stared out the window for a moment, then whispered, "He's kinda pretty."

Clark smiled at the young boy's words, then said, "Yeah, I guess he is."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What's the verdict Hank?" Andrew asked hopefully through the containment room's speaker into the main lab.

"A moment." Hank said as he studied the computer files that Trey had retrieved.

"The boy is asleep right now, he's weak, but it looks like his body may be fighting it off." Andrew said hopefully.

"I believe this strain of the virus is an influenza variant. It's designed to kill the host more slowly than the main virus, thus providing more of an opportunity to spread the infection before the host dies. He will most likely appear to improve and become coherent before the final stage of the virus kills him." Hank said, then made an adjustment to the view on his computer screen.

Andrew shook his head and said, "Before I saw this, I just thought that bad things happened because people sometimes make self-serving choices. But knowing that someone created this, knowing full well the pain and

suffering it would cause... seeing this proves to me that evil truly does exist."

"Andrew, will you check to see if the boy's fever has broken?" Hank asked as he concentrated on the details of the different variant viruses before him.

"Yeah." Andrew said quickly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How's he doing?" Andrew asked as he walked to Clark's side.

"Not good. He's sweating and he seems to be in pain." Clark said quietly.

Andrew ran a quick scan, then put a hand on Clark's shoulder as he said, "We'll do whatever we can for him."

"I know. I just wish there was something more I could do." Clark said quietly.

Andrew nodded as he walked to the window so he could face Hank in the BioLab while talking to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"No, his fever hasn't broken." Andrew said quietly.

"Good." Hank said as he kept his focus on the computer screen before him.

"Good? Do you mean that there's something you can do to help him?" Andrew asked hopefully.

"No. Unfortunately it's too late for that." Hank said with apology.

"Then what's good?" Andrew asked cautiously.

"It's good that he hasn't progressed into stage 3. That's when the true horror of the virus will begin to manifest, right now it's simply behaving like the flu." Hank said reluctantly.

Andrew looked at Hank with question, but couldn't find the will to ask what horrors lay in store for the boy.

"Gather everyone. I know which strain of the virus we're dealing with now, so we can take the proper steps to deal with it." Hank said seriously.

Andrew walked around the containment room and gathered everyone to join him at the window.

When everyone was assembled, Hank said, "This variant of the virus can be countered with the anti-viral agents that we have developed. A simple inoculation should be able to prevent any members of the team from contracting the virus."

"What about Gar?" Clark asked with concern as he glanced back to the boy in the bed.

"I'm afraid that his condition has progressed beyond the point where the anti-virals can be of any benefit." Hank said gravely.

"Isn't there anything you can do for him?" Andrew asked desperately.

"Let's begin the inoculations." Hank said in a quieter voice, then with Tara at his side, walked to the foyer of the containment room to change back into his biosuit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Everyone, you will need to stay in the containment room for observation for just a while longer. Make yourselves comfortable while the anti-virus does its job." Hank said seriously through the biosuit's speaker.

"What about Gar? Isn't there anything you can do for him?" Clark asked desperately.

"I'm sorry Clark. The only possible thing that might be of help to him is the counter-virus that was created to enhance the X-gene. Leaving aside the ethical considerations of pursuing that option, I can say with near certainty that the boy wouldn't be able to survive the side effects of that added viral infection." Hank said seriously.

Andrew glanced at Hank with question at the analysis. Before he could think better of it, Andrew cautiously asked, "Isn't that the virus that you and Jean were infected with?"

"Yes." Beast said as he looked at Andrew darkly.

"And the beneficial virus, is it still alive and active in your body?" Andrew asked cautiously.

"Yes. But it is more or less dormant since my X-gene has undergone complete enhancement." Hank said carefully.

"Right, but that dormant version of the virus... wouldn't it be possible to create some sort of slow acting cure for Gar based on that? You know, rather than hitting him full-force with a concentrated dose of the active virus." Andrew asked speculatively.

Hank considered for a moment, then slowly nodded before saying, "There are a number of factors that might prevent this from working, but if we begin now, there is at least a possibility of doing something for the boy."

"Just tell me what I can do to help." Andrew said with determination.

"Can your scanning device detect the X-gene?" Hank asked seriously.

"Yes. I've made a preset test mode for that." Andrew said immediately.

"Good. If we're lucky, the child has the X-gene dormant in his body. And if that is the case, then we at least have a chance." Hank said, then moved quickly toward the containment room door.

"Tell me if there's anything I can do to help him." Clark said immediately from Andrew's side.

"Just stick with me for the moment and I'll let you know." Andrew said, then with tricorder in hand, walked back to Gar's bedside.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good news." Andrew said as he looked at the results on his tricorder.

"He's a mutant?" Clark asked hopefully.

"That's right. His X-gene is sitting there, just waiting to be activated." Andrew said with a relieved smile.

"So if Doctor McCoy can make the cure, he should be alright?" Clark asked as his excitement increased.

Andrew thought about the question, then started to slowly shake his head.

"What's wrong?" Clark asked with concern at Andrew's reaction.

"The cure... from a certain point of view it could be seen as being worse than the disease." Andrew said as he slowly met Clark's concerned gaze.

"Why? What will happen?" Clark asked desperately.

"I don't know. But before Dr. McCoy got the virus, he looked just like an average non-mutant person. It physically changed him into the beast that he is now." Andrew said with pain at saying the words.

"At least he'll be alive." Clark said in a small voice.

"As I understand it, when Jean Grey was infected with exactly the same virus as Hank, her mental and extra-sensory abilities grew beyond a point that anyone could understand. She had to leave Earth because she was too powerful to exist here." Andrew said quietly.

"So something like that could happen to Gar?" Clark asked in a whisper.

"Yes. Actually, anything could happen. I think it all depends on what kind of mutation he has in his dormant X-gene. And as far as I know, there isn't any way to predict what mutant ability, if any, he would have."

"What should we do?" Clark asked, obviously afraid of the answer.

"I don't have an answer for that, I'm just saying that we need to at least consider the consequences before we end up making matters a whole lot worse. Would it be worse for him to die a quick death or to suffer for decades in a severely mutated form?" Andrew asked slowly.

"Let me talk to Gar for a minute. I'll try to explain it to him and see what he says." Clark said quietly.

"I could do it if you want." Andrew said, seeing the pain in Clark's eyes.

"No. I promised him that I'd take care of him. I'll do it. And besides, if he says that he doesn't want the treatment, then it'll save Dr. McCoy a lot of time and trouble." Clark finished with a forced smile.

"Don't let Hank's attitude throw you off. I know him well enough to say that he would do ANYTHING to cure Gar." Andrew said seriously.

Clark nodded, then took the few steps to stand by Garfield's bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gar. I need you to wake up, just for a minute." Clark said as he gently shook the boy's shoulder.

"Clark?" Gar asked weakly.

"Yeah. It's me. I need to ask you something really serious." Clark said as he looked into the boy's eyes.

"Okay." Gar said in a whisper.

"You know the big blue furry doctor that you saw before?" Clark asked in a leading tone.

"Yeah. Beast." Gar said slowly.

"Right. What I need to know is how you'd feel if something like that happened to you." Clark asked seriously.

"Like what?" Gar asked in confusion.

"Like if you woke up and you were blue or furry or something else really different like that." Clark said with concern.

Gar looked into Clark's eyes for a moment, searching for his reason for asking the question.

Finally Gar said, "I guess if that happened, it'd be okay. As long as I could live where you and Beast are. That way I wouldn't be alone."

Clark smiled at the answer and said, "Thanks Gar. That's what I needed to know. Try to get some sleep so you can get better."

"Clark? Where's my mama?" Gar asked quickly.

"I don't know Gar. Let me see if I can find out and I'll tell you when you wake up." Clark said gently.

Gar reluctantly nodded, then closed his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Clark walked to the window of the containment room and said, "He said he wants to do it."

"Excuse me?" Hank asked with surprise.

"I talked to Gar and asked him how he would feel if he woke up and he was blue or had fur or anything like that. He said that as long as he had you and me around, he wouldn't mind." Clark said in a rush.

"Why would he want me?" Hank asked cautiously.

"He thinks you're pretty." Clark said with a chuckle.

Hank thought about the words for a moment, then nodded with resolve.

"I can't be sure if this will even work. The boy has the X gene, but since he hasn't reached puberty yet, it's dormant... I am certain that the virus will activate the X gene. Beyond that, your guess is as good as mine what will happen to him."

"So he's going to get his mutant powers a little early?" Clark asked cautiously.

Hank shook his head and said, "More than that. Whatever mutant ability he might have had before will be augmented somewhere between a hundred and a thousand times."

"But the other choice is to let him die?" Clark asked quietly.

Hank looked at Clark through the heavy glass and nodded.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Hank began to gather the things he would need, he noticed the time.

"Andrew, while I attend to administering treatment to the child, would you do something for me?" Hank asked hopefully.

"Sure. What can I do?" Andrew asked immediately.

"The anti-viral treatment should have worked by now. I've developed a blood test to detect the virus. If you'll gather blood samples from everyone, Tara can run the test and we can begin clearing people to leave the containment room." Hank said seriously.



"Sure, that sounds simple enough." Andrew said happily.

"Tara? I'm going to need you in the containment room." Hank called as he looked around.

"I'm right here." Tara said shyly as she stepped to Andrew's side.

Andrew jumped at the sound, then said in a chuckle, "Even wearing a bright yellow suit, she can still blend into the background."

Tara shyly smiled at Andrew's comment, then looked at her uncle with question.

"I need for you to help Andrew draw blood on everyone, then run the X-Virus test. If all the tests come back negative, we can clear people to leave the containment room." Hank said seriously.

Tara nodded, then looked to Andrew with question.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Clark, we're cleared to leave." John said with concern.

"I'm staying here with Gar." Clark said immediately, then reached down to smooth the boy's sweat soaked hair.

"Then we'll stay with you." John said, glancing at Trey and Bobby with question.

Clark thought for a moment as he gently petted Gar, then he quietly said, "No. I'd rather you go for now. It could be days before we even know if this is going to work."

"Then maybe we could come back later and stay with him so you could have a break?" John asked cautiously.

Clark looked at John with love and unshed tears in his eyes as he said, "That would be great."

"Call us immediately if you are in need of anything." Trey said seriously.

"I will. I promise." Clark said with a forced smile.

"And call us if there's any change in his condition." Bobby said in a whisper.

Clark nodded that he would, then looked down at Gar with concern as he seemed to be twitching in his sleep.

"Come on guys." Bobby said, and urged John and Trey to walk with him out of the containment room.

Clark had his full attention focused on Gar, feeling the tiniest jerking movements just under Gar's skin.

He bit his lip, wondering if this was a symptom of the virus, the counter-virus or a manifestation of the battle going on inside the frail boy.

As Clark was about to call Dr. McCoy to check Gar's condition, he noticed something unusual.

Clark closed his eyes, then looked at the boy again, wanting to be sure that it wasn't just some combination of the fluorescent lighting and his tired eyes.

But as he watched, there was no disputing what he was seeing.

Gar was turning green.

To Be Continued...