I have never been grabbed by my father while I had been naked. I'm more than certain this was true despite the blackouts. As a baby, my father would've had held me. He would not have lunged for my shoulders and yanked me. He had done that once. I had nearly stepped into New York traffic, at age 9. I had been dressed then, even wearing my Rangers windbreaker over a sweater and another shirt. No, this was a new experience.

"When? When did you take these pills?" He growled. "Who? Who would give you this shit? Why? Why did--Larry where are you going?"

"I came to celebrate new Tanners. That is family." He breathed out a cloud of cigar smoke. "This--This is all Brian's shit."

"What the fuck are you saying?" I demanded. That limo ride to The Globe. It was Amanda, yes, but--Goddammit. This was my brother. He wouldn't hurt the family. He wouldn't keep me from my kids. He wouldn't. I took a deep breath. Did Shani give me orange pills? She had shoved them straight into my mouth. I was feeling empty and terrified.

"Brian! What the hell? What's going on?"

"I think it's Amanda." I half-answered. "She wants the father of her child and I think she sees me like when Grandma had alzheimers. I don't recognize her to see her. She's scared."

"Yeah?" Dad looked guilty. I don't know that I should've brought up Grandma. "Livvie loves that girl though. I remember, when she had that first positive test. Olivia went mad with nesting and bonding. I figured those girls would be inseparable."

"But Dad, I don't remember." I shook my head. "I'm missing out on everything. The only memories I have since I was just some mook with maybe a future in middle management, have all been about being led by the nose through this amusement park whorehouse."

Dad laughed a pitiful and scowling laugh. He looked like he tasted something foul. He glared at the half of cigar still unsmoked. He dropped it in the ashtray. I was happy to put mine down. The high from nicotine was not something I was accustomed to. I kinda liked it but had enough problems with mind-altering chemicals as it was.

"I can't believe your brother though," Dad was back sitting a ways down the jacuzzi from me. He slapped his hands on the rim. "Truth be told, I never had. It's not like Livvie and me. You claimed Shani. Livvie, well you had that moment of darkness when you were full of yourself and disgusted she was trying to evade your so-called best self for the real you. Not important."

I wanted to know more about my other self. It took a feat of willpower I was surprised to find at the ready. I let it go and let Dad continue.

“I asked you, and so did Livvie, to expand our family because I was no longer capable of it.”

I waited. He cleared his throat.

“Shani though. She’s yours to the bone. Larry’s the brother-in-law now.” Dad shook his head. “That had always bothered me. I worried that Larry was under your control like any of our security guys or suppliers.”

“Oh crap,” I felt nauseous to think of it, “I brain-fucked my brother to steal his bride?”

“If you ever write an autobiography, you’ll have a title.” Dad’s black humor was strongest when he was sad. I hung my head.

“If I wrote an autobiography, it’d mostly be fiction,” I told him. “I don’t know most of what makes me, me. What thoughts and ideas brought me here?”

“Amanda, huh?” Dad snapped his fingers to call over Sam the bartender. She had her hair fixed in that stupid upward swiping tail. “I need a phone, darling.”

“Right away,” She nodded.

“And you can take the ashtrays,” I added, “We’re done smoking.”

“Good thinking,” Dad nodded. “So long as we stay here, even if Larry raises hell, so long as we’re doing island stuff, we won’t be railroaded.”

“Your phone, Master Tanner,” Sam knelt down by Dad’s shoulder, pressed the call icon, and held the tablet.

“Sao Huberto Resort, Frankie speaking.” The girl in the receptionist’s chair was dressed nice in a slate jacket and red kerchief. She was a baby-faced, orange-haired, freckle-bombed, blue-eyed teen trying to look positive and professional. It was difficult giving her that hand up knowing she was for hire.

“Hey Frankie,” Dad mumbled off, “We’re putting together a shindig. Send Livvie to join us.”

“Will do. You are in the Daphne Blake room?” She said with a smile. “Excellent. Mistress Tanner is sitting down for dinner at Casa de Tanner with Mistress Ghasra and both Mistresses Hess. Shall I just send the invite to your Livvie?”

I smiled at calling my stepmom Your Livvie to Dad. I’d have a harder time calling her Livvie over the times I called her Mom.

“No, we’d better keep it tight,” Dad frowned. He saw my confusion and explained, “The twins still do a lot of their prenatal work with Amanda and Doc Vanessa.”

“OK,” I nodded. I looked up. “Frankie, invite Rena as well, please. Leave the twins behind.”

“Um, both sets?” She smiled cheerfully for me. I froze. I’d only ever seen Lorraine. My son, my first boy, I--

“I’m sure she can find babysitters for an hour or so,” Dad answered for me. “The best part of the island, according to Livvie. Is babysitters, babysitters, babysitters.”

“Lots of girls for whatever you’re into. Nurses, babysitters, lifeguards, waitresses, secretaries,” I muttered, “Working girls, working girls, working girls.”

Dad signed off with Frankie and sent Sam back to put away the phone. I looked over at Dad. I glanced at all of the girls around me. I frowned.

“Remember when you first met Livvie? I told you she was a professional?” Dad had half-nostalgic grin.

“Yeah. of course. Have I ever apologized enough for that?” I shook my head in embarrassment. I hooked a finger for Bethany to come over.

“She laughed about it, I swear she did, once we were alone. Professional, she was a branch manager for a credit union. Yet my boy hears that his dad brought home a professional woman and he jumps straight to prostitute.” He chuckled. “I never apologized for how pissed I got when you dropped that on me. After meeting all of the girls on the island, I doubt I’d be offended at the suggestion anymore. It’s weird being able to indulge all of the time.”

“Scary weird,” I agreed. “I don’t know if I’d know how to act if I left the island had to deal with normal everyday women.”

“Well, you’re stupid rich.” Dad scratched his nose, “The chances you’re ever going to see a normal everyday woman ever again is practically nil.”

“The costumes are fun and I love good food and the adventures,” I thought aloud. “I’m glad I’m not into crazy kinky dungeons and shit.”

“There’s The Ball Pit under The Castle.” Dad shrugged, “It was mostly Amanda and Shani’s doing. Lots of the guests use it. I think they were always upset that you didn’t care for the whips and candle wax.”

“Ellie never even suggested there was a lower level on our trip there,” I recalled. “Good. That would’ve given me a complex. I suspect it brings in a lot of money?”

“We wouldn’t stand a chance of getting this place in the black if you didn’t have it.” Dad answered. I looked up at my shoulder. Bethany had sat down with her feet in the water waiting for me to address why I called her over.

“Make sure everyone gets cleaned up,” I told her. “I’m not inviting my mom into a messy room.”

“You don’t do that when you’re affected.” Dad said. “Have the courage to call her mom, I mean. You know we never asked you for that.”

“Yeah, but Larry and I knew she always hoped we would someday.” I shook my head. “Even though we were already grown and all.”

“Now that she’s going to be an real live mom, maybe you can try Livvie.” Dad watched as Bethany led Storm, Shego, and Kim into the back room. Sam and The White Queen stayed on call. I nodded and leaned back.

“They have to feed me the pills,” I considered. “I’d know when I was in the blackout but they always let me wake up before I get put back under. Deception is the only way it works. I have to be willing to be part of this.”

I drummed my fingers on the rim of the hot tub. I hovered my feet over the jet. I’d heard too much time in a hot tub was killer on your sperm count. I wondered if that was a bad thing. Seven kids is too many. I slid my ass back and stood up straight. Dad was watching me as I put my thoughts together.

“Who knows about the drug? How to get the doses right and everything? Is it just Amanda?”

“She has a team of six or seven graduate students and post docs.” He answered to fill in the gaps. “Maybe Doc Vanessa? She gives the girls their primer with their vaccines when they arrive. There’s yourself when you have access to the data. Less than 10 people in the whole world have the data on the drug, and all of them serve you unconditionally.”

“I’m going to have to sit down with Amanda,” I sighed, “It’s the only way to know anything.”

“Should we call her?” Dad asked looking over to Sam at the bar.

“No, I don’t know how much lucidity I have left. Two pills already. I was gone a few hours into that night on the town with Larry and at least as fast at the barbecue with everyone. For now, I know I’ve got you and Livvie.” I considered. “I need to know who I can trust.”

“You can trust any of the girls,” Dad shrugged. “So long as you put your brainpower into it. Hell, besides from a few of the small dosed big and tall girls, I’ve got their puppet strings in hand. For you it’s probably a cakewalk.”

“Yeah,” I nodded.

“And you’ve always got Larry.” He added. “We’ll stick together. Family is the most important thing.”

“It was on my no exceptions list,” I nodded. Freedom and Fuck Island. Jesus. I took a winded breath. The doors opened, my lesbian and my stepmother entered.

Rena was slimming down but it was to easy to see that she had quite recently been a mother-to-be. She had a fullness to her cheeks and wideness to her hips I found alluring and out of character. Her hair was longer but not as thick and shiny as it had been that first glimmer of sanity by the pool. She was wearing a bikini top and knee length skirt. Her flip flops echoed with her steps.

Olivia looked the same as this morning. She was warm but tired. She was expanding but grinning. She was wearing a long robe over a loose dress. She waved her newly painted nails. I waved and so did Dad.

“Oh, who’s around?” Olivia counted Nastya and Sam with a frown. “I’ve never been in this room. Can we call over Pilar from…” she snapped her fingers in consternation. Rena and Sam stood by as she walked into the edge of the hot tub and dangled her feet as Ellie had. “Oh, poop, who does Pilar play?”

“Alex from Totally Spies,” Rena rubbed Olivia’s shoulders. The tall Arabic woman unzipped her skirt and waded into the water in just her bikini. She edged over and settled herself between Dad and me. I smiled as she draped an arm over both of us.

“Right, Mel made her cut her hair. Looks nice but such a waste. She’s in what room? The Daphne whatever room? The Scooby-Doo one. You know I never even knew the gang had last names?” Olivia laughed. “Anyway, Pilar is going through a massage therapy class and that girl is a prodigy. I sometimes dream of dropping my feet off with her and coming back in a few hours.”

“I sent the Spies off with some tech guys,” I made a sidestepped apology. “I’m sure we can call someone.”

“No, I’ll leave my feet floating, but thank you, darling.” She grinned.

“You’re welcome, Mom.” I put my arm around Rena. “And how are you?”

“Sleep deprived and infinitely happy.” She grinned. Her head lay on my shoulder after a few heartbeats. “Can we still hold off on jackhammering until this ol’ sailor gets her sea pussy back?”

“What the fuck?” I laughed parsing her words. “You’re not up for sex?”

“If you really need it,” She was smiling when she reached under the water and found my cock. Her wrist started going immediately.

“Wow, um,” I took a deep breath. I was OK doing this in front of Dad and Livvie. Dad and Mom. I took a deep breath.

“Get over here, Livvie.” Dad grabbed my stepmom’s ass and dragged her over. He picked up on of her feet. She drove the other down into the water. They both leaned back and smirked at each other.

“The cigar smoke is mostly gone,” Olivia sniffed. “It’s so muggy out today, if you had smoked them out in the courtyard, I’m sure I’d be choking on it.”

“Yeah, the contractors did great work on the air circulation.” Dad grinned, “Plus they didn’t bat an eye at building a volcano lair for crazed billionaire scientist. I always wondered how Bond villains got stuff like this built. Turns out, throw money at it and people will do anything.”

I moaned. Rena’s fingers were long and deft. She smiled when I looked over her face. Her arm moved slow and steady. The dick pills were still functioning.

“I know, the House is going to be great. I can’t wait until we’re all a big family together. The dorms with the girls can be a bit too college party for the babes.” Olivia nodded. She kicked her feet in the water when I looked her over. I felt a fog, a good sex fog, suffusing my brains. I grinned like an idiot.

“Rena,” Dad drove a thumb into Olivia’s instep that had her glowing. “You must be relieved to have the real Brian back among us.”

“Holy shit!” She went up like a volcano. She kissed me below the ear and snuggled in. “I should’ve seen it! I needed you back. I missed you so much! The kids, they need you too.”

“I think that answers that,” Dad grinned. Olivia and Rena turned. I hummed pathetically as her wrist slowed and her head left my shoulder. She turned back, just a flick, to stick her tongue out at me.

“What’s going on Garth?” Olivia asked. I only noticed her knee moving above Dad’s crotch when it stopped. I blushed. Rena kissed my cheek and gripped tighter.

“Amanda fed him two huge orange pills this morning.” Dad stopped Rena up immediately. Olivia’s knee begun to rock at the water’s surface again.

“I’ll kill her.” Rena declared. I grabbed her hair and looked into her eyes. I had to say no. Or she wasn’t lying.

“This can’t be solved with hurting each other,” I forced forward from my mind along my words. I could see the thought settle in Rena all the way into her bones.

“Amanda?” Olivia scoffed. “I was certain it was Melanie and Shan-Marie.”

“Melanie?” I asked shocked.

“But Shani’s on your radar?” Dad dropped the foot he massaged to let his head fall into his hands. Olivia rubbed his shoulders with her hand. I avoided looking at where her feet had come together. Dad was grunting in confused frustrated rage until his wife’s soothing touches started reaching him. I put my hand into the water. I would’ve separated Rena’s hand from myself. She shook her head. She was committed. This wasn't the time. She grinned as I wrapped my hand around hers and moved her a bit quicker. She turned back to ‘rents.

“And Larry?” Rena asked.

“There’s no way! There’s no way!” Dad looked as hit and haggard as I had seen him since my real mom’s last doctor’s visit. I urged Rena who reached out with her left hand and squeezed his other shoulder. He captured both women’s wrists. I saw the girls in their fixed costumes coming back. I waved them off. Nastya and Sam Manson hurried to collect and to direct them. We were four alone in the room now.

“Dad, we’re a Family.” I said it with the capital letter and they heard it with the capital letter. “We’re not giving up on them or on each other. We’ll bring them back.”

“The last time you took those pills,” Olivia declared. “You were lost to us for seven weeks. It was getting longer.”

We fell into silence. I didn’t know what to do. Rena ran her hand up and down. Livvie’s knees were breaking the surface with every rub. I caught Dad’s eye. We both looked away and then we laughed.

“I forget how awkward this is supposed to be,” He said, stroking his wife’s face. He spoke to me. “I missed you boy.”

“Yeah, it’s gotta be weird for all of us,” I rubbed Rena’s jaw she tilted her head confused. “We’re all family and you’re gay.”

“I’m bi enough.” She shrugged. “Plus, I’ve got my favorites that I love to cover those bases with.”

“Tell him who,” Dad grinned.

“Olivia is the best,” Rena made sure to give me a squeeze and had me look over at my stepmom. She was bright and big and worried. We smiled for each other. “Obviously. There’s the twins, Ellie and Mel make the best pillows.” She took a thought and looked to me.

“And Shani?”

“She’s my favorite girl when I’m angry. She hits back.” Rena smiled. I took a long breath. The drugs were deep in my mind and pushing me for more release. I grabbed her hair. I had to kiss her, drag her onto me as she sent her wrist berserk.

“Have you had your Sysiphos today, Garth?” Olivia asked.

“Hell yeah,” He laughed, “But I haven’t gotten around to giving this to a beautiful woman, you beautiful woman you.”

Olivia laughed a twinkling laugh as I broke my kiss with Rena. I pressed my forehead down on her shoulder as I grunted. She handled me with perfected ease. She stroked my hair as I ramped up.

I heard the water break as Dad stood up and he laid Olivia out on her side. He pulled off her bottoms and left his speedo under the waves. I turned to face Rena instead of Dad’s ass. She had most beautiful smirk quirking up her lips.

“Oh my God, Garthy!” Olivia groaned, “I love my Tanner boys.”

“As do I,” Rena promised. I gasped. Shut my eyes and felt the push from the back of my ass and out into the hot tub. I huffed a deep breath and welcomed the sleepytime brain chemicals that came for me. I was smiling.

The shock of the temperature change was brutal. I lost that smile. I panicked, kicking off a thin blanket and scurrying until I all but fell off the bed. I took a long calming breath. I took six failures before I got any calming ones. I swung my feet out, I stepped barefoot onto the floor. It was cool. I grimaced as I rushed across the room for slippers that were left by an armchair.

I had seen the room but I needed my slippers before processing could start. The walls were hard plastic and white. There was a clear door but with no knob or handle it was just a sealed off portal. There were air vents but I doubted I could fit my arm from elbow to wrist in either of them. There were no windows.

The bed sat against the wall opposite the door. Turn left and there were two armchairs, a glass coffee table and big screen plasma mounted on the wall. The remote was on that table. Turn right and there was a small table, with two steel stools. A pitcher of water, a drinking glass, and a small plate were on the table. Two orange pills rested on the plate. Besides the bed sheets, blanket and pillows, that was everything. Everything and me. I wore a pair of boxers and a loose t-shirt.

“Fuck that noise.” I swore at the pills. I walked to the door. It didn’t open to push. I couldn’t get my fingers in the seam to pull it open. No one answered when I banged on it. I stalked back and forth. I snapped the remote of the table. I pressed power on.

“Hello Brian. Take your medicine.” I was on the screen. I was clean and my hair was perfect. I stood in front of a similar bland white background. “You will not deny my children their father.”