

Six Mothers

This story is the third in the "Jan" series. I'd suggest that you read those before reading this one; you don't **have** to, but with this story being part of a series, it will make a LOT more sense if you do.

The whole thing started when I'd been pulling Responsible Adult duty for my best friend, Paul, by watching out for his 3 kids while he was out of town on business. I'd accidentally seen his daughter, Jan, masturbating. After reassuring her that what she'd been doing was perfectly normal, I'd gone on to get her started on sex education (with Paul's consent), since that was something of a non-subject at the parochial school she and her two younger brothers went to. From there, I'd gone on to deflower Jan - at her request, and with Paul's permission! - but only **after** I'd done the same thing for Jan's best friend, Kelly. Much to my surprise, the younger-than-I-was Kelly and I hit it off - and were soon living together.

Not long after Kelly and I became an 'item', Kelly and Jan got together and organized a small party - during which I was called on to separate several girls from their virginity - at *their* request. After all the girls had graduated college and started on their careers, I was tapped by a client (I'm an engineer specializing in Instrumentation and Control systems) to scout out factory sites for them - in the Philippines. Kelly had accompanied me, and we'd made a new friend, Marlyn, who had come to the U.S. with her niece for a period of training before going back to serve as the factory's Public Affairs rep.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Kelly and I were lounging around the house when my home automation system, Mabel (Machine Access By English Language) let us know that the mailman had come.

Since Kelly was laying on top of me as the two of us necked, she was the one that got up and went to see what we'd gotten. When she came back into the living room where I was, I could see that she had an airmail envelope in her hand. Since we only knew one person that would be sending us airmail - our friend Marlyn, in the Philippines - I asked "So what does Marlyn have to say?"

Kelly was still reading, but told me "She says that everything's going well - she thinks the idiots that were fussing about the factory have finally given up. After her and Ted opened the clinic up to anybody that needed it, that pretty much put an end to it."

I sat up, and Kelly came over to sit on my lap - not even giving me a dirty look when I made a noise of complaint that I thought she was too heavy. She knew, all too well, that I loved her, and that I was happy to have her on my lap any time. In a few moments,

she'd settled down, and I was able to read Marlyn's letter over her shoulder. Marlyn went on to write to us that Marilyn, her biological niece and our 'adopted' niece, was doing extremely well in school - that the school was going to make arrangements for her to start taking some 'advanced' courses to help get her started and ready for college. Marilyn had had her 13th birthday after they left, and was already scheduled to start high school the following academic year.

Marlyn also let us know that she'd been out on quite a few dates with Ted, the factory manager, and that the two of them got along very well. Not just professionally, but personally, too. He was rapidly learning to fit into Filipino society, and was learning Tagalog fairly well; those two facts did much to alleviate any lingering resentment there might have been about a 'Kano' (Amerikano) running what a vocal few thought should have been a local factory. In the year since they'd started production, she'd had exactly ONE person quit - and that because his father had died, and he felt obliged to move back to the distant town where he'd grown up so he could take care of his mother. Marlyn had offered to pay to bring his mother there and find someone to help take care of her; the man had been tempted, but finally decided not to accept.

When we'd finished the letter, Kelly set it on the table at the end of the couch we were on before standing up and gesturing that she wanted me to lay down. I did, and she quickly moved to lay on top of me, facing me. After a bit, she started playing with the few hairs I had on my chest - the one, sure thing she did that let me know she had something on her mind. I just continued to lay there, holding her, knowing that she'd say something to me when she was ready.

Some time later, she finally looked into my face, and asked "Dan, you remember the promise you made to me when we got married?"

I grinned, and answered "You mean about not chasing after women? I haven't, I swear!"

She laughed - I didn't have to chase women; Jan and four of their best friends continued to come to spend time with us, in and out of bed - before saying "No, you big dummy, I mean the other one."

"You mean about you having our baby?" I asked, knowing full well that was what she'd meant in the first place. Before she'd agreed to marry me, she'd told me that she wanted to have a baby - specifically, MY baby.

Looking at me closely, she said "Yes, that's the one. Did you really mean it?"

I looked her in the eyes and answered "Kelly, I meant that more than anything I've ever said. Why?"

Visibly relieved, she lowered her head and said "I've been thinking about it, and neither one of us is getting any younger. We made enough money from that job with Marlyn

that we don't have to worry if one or the other of us can't work for a while - or ever again, for that matter."

I put my hand under her chin and tilted her head up so she could see me as I asked "Are you trying to tell me that you think this is the time, then? That you want us to go to the doctor, so you can have a baby?"

Slightly nervous, she nodded, and I simply told her "Then that's what we'll do, then. I know how important this is to you, Kelly - and it's important to me, *because* it means so much to you."

I could see the relief on Kelly's face when she said "Really? You don't want to wait, or anything?"

I lifted my head to kiss the tip of her nose and answered "Yes, really. I thought about saying something before, but I didn't want to rush you; so I've just been waiting for you to let me know when YOU were ready. You're ready now. That's all that matters to me. Monday, I'll call the doctor and see what has to be done, and make any appointments that are necessary."

Kelly's eyes filled, and I gently wiped away a tear that escaped before she told me "Oh, I love you so much!", the depth and sincerity of her words reminding me - as if I needed it! - of why I loved her as much as I did.

We lay there like that for a long time, perfectly content to just BE with each other - touching, but not feeling any need to talk or anything else.

Later, when we went to bed, I felt Kelly snuggle up to my side before starting to trace her fingers across my chest. Talking to my left microphone (nipple), she said "Are you really going to be okay with me being pregnant? I mean, you're not just agreeing to this because you think you *have* to, are you?"

I gave her a small hug and answered "Yes, I'm really okay with it - I know how much it means to you, so it's important to ME, too. And no, I'm not agreeing to it just because I think I have to - if anyone is going to have my kids, I want it to be YOU - the person I love most in the world."

Kelly looked up at me, and saw that I was entirely serious - and that I DID love her, more than anything or anyone else. She smiled at me in a way that let me know the feeling was mutual.

The following Monday, I called the doctor's office where I'd had the snip-snip done; to my surprise, I got a call back from the doctor, and after a little consultation with Kelly, made the necessary appointment.

It was just over a month later when Kelly and I were in one of the doctor's exam rooms. As we waited, Kelly told me "I can't believe that you went to a **woman** doctor for a vasectomy!"

I grinned and answered "It was toward the tail-end of my marriage; my ex-wife and I were having so many problems that this was the closest I'd been to having sex in weeks." - and got a smile in return.

I hadn't talked to Kelly a lot about what life had been like with my first wife; not from being unwilling to talk about it, but simply because it was such a painful experience, and I didn't want to be one of those guys that's always bitching about how rotten an ex-wife was. Kelly still had some idea of what life between us had been like, though - and knew that I'd gotten the vasectomy because my first wife had told me that she wanted a baby so she'd 'have something to play with' - something that had sent chills down my spine.

Kelly still knew, however, that it hadn't been a happy marriage; and steadfastly refrained from asking me the million and a half questions I figured she probably had.

We'd waited only a few minutes when the doctor, Francine Cole, came in and sat down to talk with us. Her first question was to me, asking "So, Dan, this is the woman that you're going to let have your baby?"

I laughed, and answered "I have to - she made me promise she could before she'd agree to marry me."

The doctor turned to Kelly and said "I knew both of them - Dan and his wife Elizabeth. Or, as I referred to her, Beelzebub. Knowing Dan, he probably hasn't said much about her, but I can assure you that it is a very good thing that she never had children with him."

Kelly looked at me, then back to the doctor, and said "No, he doesn't talk about her much. But from the little he HAS said, I expect you're probably right."

Dr. Cole then started to explain to us what was going to happen that day. First, they had retrieved one of the semen samples I'd left before the vasectomy, and they were thawing it out while she was talking to us. Then they'd 'clean' the semen to eliminate any dead or inactive sperm cells. Finally, she would put the semen in a syringe with a long, thin tube instead of a needle that would be 'threaded' through Kelly's cervix, and then 'inject' the semen directly into Kelly's uterus, maximizing the chances of one of them coming in contact with the egg that Kelly was about to release from one of her ovaries: the appointment had been set for just before the midpoint of Kelly's menstrual cycle, when she would most likely be releasing an ovum to be fertilized.

Neither of us had any questions for her, so Doctor Cole told Kelly to remove the slacks she was wearing, and any undergarments, and get up on the table. Kelly didn't hesitate in the slightest to do just as the doctor told her. As soon as she was positioned and had

her feet in the stirrups, the doctor draped a 'modesty sheet' across her hips and pelvis, then let her lab people know she was ready. It wasn't but a minute later that someone knocked on the door; when the doctor answered it, someone handed her a small tray without coming inside.

When she turned back, Dr. Cole told Kelly "I know that that's a pretty embarrassing position to be in; that's why I keep the number of people coming in and out of the room to a minimum."

Kelly gave her a wry smile and answered "And I appreciate it!" - and getting an answering smile from the doctor.

I was assigned to sit next to Kelly, facing her head, where I could hold her hand as the doctor took care of things. I had Kelly's hand in mine and we were looking at each other when I saw her squint slightly. I asked "Are you okay?" and she told me "It didn't hurt or anything - it was just uncomfortable there, for a second."

Behind me, I heard the doctor tell her "That sometimes happens. I didn't tell you about it because if it's going to happen, warning the woman ahead of time only seems to make it worse."

Kelly lifted her head long enough to tell her "No, really - it didn't hurt. And now that I think about it, I can't even say that it was uncomfortable; I guess it was more that it was something so different than what I've felt before, is all."

I could hear the doctor moving the modesty sheet before she stood up and said "Well, it's done, anyway. Everything went as smooth and easy as it could have."

I turned around to look at her, and she told us "Dan, you've got really good swimmers - I had a look at them under the microscope just before I came in here. As long as Kelly ovulates in the next day or two, as I fully expect she will, then you're all set." She hesitated a moment, then said "Normally, I tell couples to go home and have sex, just to make sure the bond is there between them. But seeing how you two are with each other, I don't have to worry about that. Besides, I somehow think that you two don't have to be told to make love, anyway!" - the last part with a grin.

Setting the syringe on the tray, she then picked up the entire collection of things that had been brought in. She turned to us and said "You can get dressed, and leave whenever you're ready, Kelly. If you want to lay there for a few minutes, though, it will help the semen get a little closer to your Fallopian tubes and get things going." before leaving and closing the door behind her.

Kelly and I looked at each other, and I could see the joy in her face at the idea that she was finally getting the chance to have a child with me. I didn't even have to ask - we just waited there a full ten minutes before Kelly said she was ready to get up and leave. On

the way out, we made an appointment for the next month, figuring that either Kelly would 'catch' and we'd need to confirm that fact, or to have another try.

From the doctor's office, we went directly home - my (our) secretary had been told that we probably wouldn't be back to the office that day, and knew that if we didn't show up, she was to close the office when she was ready to go home.

Back at home, we'd barely gotten the door closed behind us before Kelly was plastered against my front, pulling my head down for a kiss as she rubbed her breasts against me.

When she turned loose of me, I looked at her with one eyebrow raised; she blushed and told me "Just knowing that I'm getting pregnant with YOUR baby makes me **so** horny!"

I laughed and told her "I guess we'll just have to do something about that, won't we?"

Kelly laughed back before saying "I was hoping you'd say that..." before stepping back and beginning to undress - slowly, teasing me as she did it, as she started walking back toward our bedroom.

I followed her - both toward the bedroom, and in undressing. Between the two of us, we left a clear trail of clothing from the front door toward the bedroom.

When we got inside the bedroom, Kelly turned and wrapped her arms around me as she pressed her naked body against mine. I could feel the hard tips of her breasts pressing into my chest as her pubic fleece brushed against my leg. Between us, my semi-erect penis was pressing against her belly with the head of it just brushing the upper fringe of her thatch.

Feeling her smooth, firm body rubbing against mine, it didn't take long before I could feel myself beginning to respond to the stimulus she was providing. She could feel it, too, because she only redoubled her efforts.

About the time that it started to get distinctly uncomfortable having my erect penis bent down where it was wedged between us, Kelly stepped back again and looked down to where it was waving in the air. She clapped her hands together and announced "Oh, *goodie!* That's **just** what I need!"

Taking me in her hand, she led us over to the bed before turning around and sitting on it. I started to move next to her, but she just put a hand on my hip and held me in position. As I looked down at her, she leaned forward and took nearly half my length into her mouth.

I felt her tongue begin snaking its way around my manhood as she slowly took more and more of my penis into her mouth.

Much to my amazement, she didn't stop where she usually did; in fact, she didn't stop until her nose was pressed against my belly and her lips were touching my pubic hair: she was, for the first time ever, actually deep-throating me. I could feel the muscles in her throat clenching around the head of my penis, and the sensation of it was incredible - particularly when it was accompanied by the suction she was applying to the rest of me.

After a few seconds, she pulled her head back a bit, and I could hear as she drew a deep breath through her nose before taking me all the way in again.

It didn't take but a dozen such efforts by Kelly before I thought I'd blow my load; I duly informed Kelly of that fact, and only got a big grin from around my penis as she kept going. I knew that she really wanted me to cum in her mouth when she reached up to begin dragging her fingernails along my scrotum, and the insides of my thighs. That was pretty much all it took: not more than a minute later, and I felt my balls pull up as I got ready to unload what I was sure was going to be every drop of cum I had in my body. Kelly felt my balls tighten, and pulled her head back far enough so that only the end third of my penis was in her mouth - just in time to receive the first of several jets of semen that fired out the end of my dick as though they were being launched from a fire hose. I could only stand there gasping at the intensity of it as I continued to empty myself into Kelly's mouth, feeling her tongue swirling around the head of my penis, stimulating me more than I thought I **could** be.

Finally, it got to the point where I didn't have anything left to give - my penis was twitching as though I was still coming, but nothing was coming out.

With a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile on her face, Kelly let me fall from her lips - which she licked - before looking up to tell me "I've wanted to do that for a long time, but never had the nerve to try it - until now. Letting me have your baby has made me SO happy, I knew that I could actually *do* it this time. It was kind of weird, feeling you all the way in my throat, but it was pretty sexy, too. I don't think I need to ask if you enjoyed it!" - that last followed by her pointedly licking her lips again before swallowing.

Standing there on shaky legs, I could only look at her for a few seconds before saying "Oh, yes, I enjoyed it - a whole lot more than I thought I could." I didn't say anything about the rest of what she'd said - Kelly and I knew each other well enough by then that I **knew** she hadn't done it out of anything like gratitude, or as any kind of 'reward'. Rather, she'd done it because she was happy, and wanted ME to be as happy as she was - and chosen that way of accomplishing her goal. On another day, she might have made a cheesecake for us (my favorite dessert), or bought me some little gadget or 'toy' that I'd mentioned. Other times, I'd done similar things for her: breakfast in bed, giving her a single flower simply because I loved her, and so on.

Grinning at me, Kelly finally guided me to sit on the bed, then on to lie on my back so she could curl up next to my side. With her head on my shoulder and one leg thrown across mine, she let her arm rest on my belly.

I put my arm around her, and gave her a small hug before kissing the top of her head and telling her "Kelly, I love you - a lot more than I could ever tell you. I know you want a baby with me, and I'm GLAD you do. I've wanted kids, too - but always been afraid of being able to raise them properly. But now that I have you, I know that's not a problem: if we love our child even **half** as much as we love each other, he - or she - will be just *fine*."

Kelly looked up at me and smiled before asking "You don't care if it's a boy or a girl?"

"Not even a little bit. What's important to me is that it's OUR child. As long as all the parts are there, and they work, then the rest of it isn't worth worrying about."

Kelly gave me another smile before laying her head on my shoulder again. After a bit, I heard her ask "And what about me? Are you still going to love me even when I get fat and everything?"

I hugged her again and answered "Kelly, you're not going to get 'fat'. You're going to have OUR BABY growing inside you. But to answer your question, yes - I'll still love you, even when you get swollen up like a blimp, start having all those hormones and things sloshing around making you cry one minute and screaming mad the next. I'll love you when you can't see your feet, but you know they're there because you can feel how swollen they are. I'll love you when you're old and gray, even. Kelly, I will love you **always**."

When I finished, I could feel something warm hit my chest; it took me a second to realize that she was crying. I didn't understand why until she told me "Oh, Dan! You're so sweet - sometimes I love you so much it almost hurts! And I have to wonder what I did that brought you into my life; I'd try to bottle it, and GIVE it away so that other people could find out what it's like to be as happy and loved as I am!"

I kissed her on top of the head again, and the two of us lay like that until we both eventually fell asleep.

It was a couple of weeks later, and I was in the kitchen getting breakfast ready when Kelly came in and told me "It worked."

Being a little distracted, I asked "What worked?", not really paying attention.

"The visit to the doctor. It worked - I'm pregnant."

I damn near dropped the kettle I was holding, but managed to set it down before I turned to look at her. I could see a trace of fear in her eyes, now that she was faced with the fact of it, and worried what I'd do and say. I walked over to her and took her in my arms and hugged her before saying "I'm glad, Kelly. You're going to have OUR baby."

That was all she needed, and I felt her wrap her arms around me and start crying into my chest in a combination of relief and happiness.

When I finally let her go, she stepped back and told me "My period should have started a few days ago, and I've been using one of those early pregnancy tests every morning; the last couple of mornings, its shown 'positive'."

I cupped her face in my hands, and told her "Good. From now on, the ONLY thing we worry about is making sure that you're okay. When we see the doctor next week, we find out from her what you can and can't do, and when. She's a urologist, though, so we'll have to get you an obstetrician - and you WILL do what the doctor says, right? I don't think either one of us wants to take **any** chances with OUR baby."

Looking into my eyes, she nodded. I could see on her face that she was delighted that it had happened so soon - and, I think, a little worried about what the future might hold.

Taking her by the hand, I guided her over to a seat at the dining table and told her "Now, you just sit there, and I'll take care of breakfast. Remember, you're eating for two, now!"

She started to protest, but I cut her off by simply kissing her and letting her know just how much she meant to me. When our lips parted, I could see that I'd gotten my point across from the delighted smile on her face.

Doctor Cole was pleased to be able to confirm Kelly's pregnancy the following week. She got in touch with Kelly's regular gynecologist, and the two of them came up with a couple of obstetricians they thought Kelly would like. Doctor Cole told Kelly about both of them, and when Kelly had chosen one, made an appointment for her.

When we were done, I saw Doctor Cole whisper something to Kelly, and saw Kelly's shocked expression; but figuring if it was anything I needed to know, one or the other would tell me, I didn't say anything about it.

When we got home that night, Kelly started calling the others - Paul and the boys, Jan, Sandra, Robyn, Susan, and Candice - to try and get things set up for a small celebration. The next day, we also invited my secretary and her husband over, as well.

When the day came for the celebration - we'd opted for a cookout in the back yard - everyone had a great time. Candice had been able to fly in and stay with Susan for a couple of days on her way to do a story for the newspaper she worked for, so we had everyone there that could make it. We'd already sent a letter off to Marlyn, letting her know the good news.

Everyone was sitting around the table in the back yard when Kelly stood up and announced "I've got some special news that we wanted to share with all of you."

Having everyone's attention, she went on to tell them "The special news is that I'm pregnant. I'm six weeks along."

My secretary, Sarah, and her husband Al, along with Paul and the boys, all thought it was great - it was Jan and the others that had expressions of bafflement on their faces. The girls all knew that I'd had a vasectomy, so they were trying to resolve two apparently incompatible facts: either I had gotten Kelly pregnant despite the vasectomy; or Kelly had gotten pregnant by someone else, despite her dedication to me. It was Kelly that solved the conundrum for them by saying "We used a sample Dan left before his operation."

With the mystery cleared up, all five of them were even more enthusiastic about congratulating us than the others had been. Paul and Al both gave me a hard time about it taking so long (little did they know!) and what I was in for (dirty diapers, baby vomit, and the like), while Sarah was in a huddle with the girls explaining to them what to expect during Kelly's pregnancy.

Later, after everyone had left, Kelly told me that Sarah had talked to her about some of the things that she could expect to go through as the pregnancy progressed. She went on to say "I know that I haven't wanted to make love with you very much, Dan, and you've been a dear about it. Sarah told me that *that's* part of it, too - at least, in the first few months. After that, she said that I'd likely feel more 'amorous' for a few months before I didn't feel like it again."

I smiled and told her "It's okay, dear. I don't imagine I'd be feeling too frisky, either, going through what you have these last few weeks!"

Kelly came over and hugged me before saying "Well, I just want you to know that I've taken care of it. Just because I don't feel up to it, it doesn't mean that YOU should have to suffer. Jan or one of the others is going to come over every couple of nights and stay with us, so you'll have someone to make love with, if you want to. In fact, Candice will be over here in a couple of hours."

Kelly and I had always welcomed the any of the girls that had come over, whether it was just to visit, or for a little fun and frolicking; that she'd made arrangements for them to come over for the explicit purpose of being available to me for sex almost literally floored me: I could only stand there for several seconds before I told her "Kelly, that *really* wasn't necessary. I love you, and the rest of them come over often enough that even if WE didn't make love, I'd be able to wait. You didn't have to make any kind of special arrangements for them to come over here just to take care of me that way." - the last bit with a note of displeasure in my voice.

Kelly answered "I don't doubt that you could - but I didn't see any reason why you should **have** to, is all." From the tone of her voice, I knew that Kelly was a bit upset at my response.

"And that's my point, Kelly - it's not a case of 'having' to. You know full well that I'm not one of those guys that lives with his crotch. I love you, more than anything else, and it is **not** a problem for me not to make love with you, for *any* reason" I answered, calmly.

"Dammit, Dan! That's what **I'm** trying to tell *you*! I KNOW it's not a 'problem' for you - and I don't WANT it to become one! THAT's why I asked Jan and the others if they minded coming over! As much as I like to make love with you - at least, when I'm not pregnant with YOUR baby! - I know that you like to make love with ME, too; and I just don't see any reason that you shouldn't be able to make love with someone, even if it's not ME!" Kelly was getting visibly agitated, if not outright angry.

"Kelly, what is our love and relationship all about, then, if you feel like you have to ask our friends and lovers to come into our home and 'take care' of me, even though I didn't do or say *anything* to indicate I was unhappy about that part of our marriage?" I was starting to get a little testy, myself, by that time.

Kelly was clearly enraged when she replied "Well, I guess it's certainly not about *appreciating* it when one of us tries to do something for the other one!" before she roughly brushed her way around me and headed for our bedroom. A moment later, I heard the door slam, leaving me wondering what the hell had just happened. Kelly and I had had disagreements before, but had *always* been able to resolve them calmly and amicably. Unless I missed my guess, we'd just had our first 'fight', and I didn't like it - not even a little bit.

Still, I wasn't about to follow her into the bedroom and try to find out what the hell was going on - not so much from pride, but from a reluctance to take the chance of further aggravating the situation. Instead, I turned and headed for the den, where I turned the TV on before sitting down and not watching it as I thought about what had just happened between the two of us.

I was still sitting there when Mabel let me know that someone was at the door; the video camera showed that it was Candice. I quickly got up and went to let her in; when she came in and looked around for Kelly, I explained to her about the confrontation between us, and what had happened. She looked at me in surprise, and said "An argument? You and Kelly actually *argued*? I can't believe it!", then a moment later, added "Still, I guess it's not all THAT much more of a surprise at having her ask us to come over and sleep with you. I know how much she loves you, and I **never** thought I'd hear her ASK us to come over just to make sure you were getting enough sex!"

"Then I guess you can figure out how surprised I was when she told me about it", I replied, with a wry grin.

Candice looked at me and gave me a small smile before saying "I'd better go in there and find out what's going on - this isn't like her **at all!**"

I nodded, and Candice headed down the hallway toward the bedroom; I heard her knock, a brief discussion, then the door open and close as she went in to talk to Kelly. With nothing else to do, I went back to sit down and not watch the TV.

It was maybe a half hour later when I heard the bedroom door open; then I saw Kelly and Candice coming into the den. Candice looked calm, but Kelly was a wreck: I could see that she'd been crying (something that hurt me deeply, just to see). I stood up and went over to take her in my arms, and when I did, she wrapped her arms around me as she started crying again. A little baffled, I looked over at Candice, who just indicated that Kelly would take care of it.

After she'd calmed down again, Kelly stepped back and told me "We have to talk, Dan. Well, actually, *I* have to talk. If you're not too mad at me, I want to sit next to you on the couch."

"Kelly, I will NEVER be mad at you. I'd be delighted to have you next to me on the couch" I answered, before leading the way. Once seated, Kelly snuggled into my side and pulled my arm around her before tucking her head into my shoulder. I listened carefully as she told me "Dan, I'm really, *really* sorry. I asked Candice and the others to come over here to make love with you, and I not only didn't have to do that, I **shouldn't** have done it. And when you tried to tell me that you love me whether we make love or not, I got mad at you and said things to hurt you. I'm sorry, and I hope you can forgive me."

I answered "Kelly, there's nothing to be sorry about. If - IF, mind you! - you made a mistake, you made it because you love me. I can't be upset with you about that. I didn't understand it, and I probably didn't express myself properly, and we started misunderstanding each other. So I'm probably as responsible as you are."

Kelly looked up at me and said "You're a dear, trying to take the blame like that - but you don't have to. Tell him, Candice."

I looked over at her, and Candice told me "When I got in there, she already knew that you hadn't done anything wrong. She was crying because she couldn't figure out why SHE started it by asking all of us to come over here. I couldn't figure it out, either - so we finally called her obstetrician. We didn't tell her **exactly** what the problem was, but she told us that it was almost certainly because of all the hormones and everything changing around because of Kelly's pregnancy. She said that it was pretty common for women to do things that they ordinarily wouldn't. She also told us that this probably isn't going to be the only way she reacts; almost anything can cause her to have almost any kind of inappropriate reaction - it depends on what hormone and chemicals are in her system at the time. She did say that the **worst** of it should be over in a few more weeks - but that it would probably continue all the way through the pregnancy, just not as bad."

Understanding what had happened, I put my hand under Kelly's chin and tilted her head up so I could look into her eyes and tell her "So it wasn't anything you had ANY control over. So there's no reason for me to be upset or angry with you, and no reason for you to feel bad - you didn't have any more control over it than you do your heart beating. Now, BOTH of us know that things like this are going to happen, and we can try to be ready for them. I think it'll be harder on you than me because at least I don't have all those hormones and things sloshing around, and YOU *do*."

Kelly looked into my face, and started crying before she put her arms around me and gave me a fierce hug. When she released me, I told her "If our baby is this much trouble NOW, can you imagine what we're in for when he or she is actually *born*?" - and after a second, got a big smile from Kelly as she shook her head and answered "If he - or she - comes out anything like you, we'll be FINE." before pulling my head down to give me a kiss.

Across from us, Candice sighed and said "I know how much you love me, Dan - and when I see how you are with Kelly, it just makes me realize how much more you love HER."

Kelly turned to look at her and said "Sometimes, I forget how much he loves me. Then he goes and says something like that, and I remember how lucky I am all over again." A few moments later, she added "I'm sorry if I hurt you or made you embarrassed by asking you to come over here like that. If you don't want to stay here, for *whatever* reason, please don't think that you HAVE to. And I'm going to tell the others the same thing."

Candice laughed and said "Do you really think that I would have passed on a chance to stay with the two of you? As much as I love both of you? Of **course** I'm going to stay! And I'll be MORE than happy to make love with Dan, if he wants - and you, too, Kelly, because I **want** to!"

Kelly pulled my arm from around her, and went over to Candice, where she leaned over and kissed our friend and lover. It took only a few moments before each had a hand on one of the other's breasts as they engaged in what was obviously a deep and mutually loving kiss. When they finally came up for air, Kelly turned to look at me and say "Dan, I think we should show her just how much we've missed her since the last time she was here."

I smiled and said "I think you're right" before getting up and giving Candice a kiss of my own. When our lips parted, Kelly took one of Candice's hands and I took the other, and together we walked with her back to our bedroom.

Inside, two of us took turns undressing the third until all of us were naked. Holding hands, we walked over to the bed and laid down, with Kelly and I bracketing Candice.

As I always did after not seeing her for a while, I couldn't help but marvel at Candice's beauty.

She had changed the style of her platinum blonde hair; she was wearing it in a French braid. Her beautiful gray eyes were still enough to break any man's heart; her lips were full, pink, and moist. She had a pair of half-grapefruit sized breasts capped with dark pink nipples that were roughly the size of half-dollars; each peaked with nipples the diameter of a large Crayon and perhaps half an inch long when erect - as they were then. Lower down, she had a smooth, flat belly that flowed into a pair of trim, strong legs. Between, her pubic area was the same color as the hair on her head, longish and wispy.

As Candice and I began to kiss, Kelly started kissing Candice's body - starting with her breasts, and slowly working her way lower and lower. As Kelly got closer to Candice's mons, our lover opened her thighs, spreading them to make room for Kelly. When Kelly's head finally dipped between Candice's thighs, I heard Candice release a moan of pleasure and arousal.

While I was kissing Candice, I was also playing with her breasts - softly caressing them, gently pulling on her nipples, and so on. While I was busy with Candice's upper half, Kelly was busy with her lower half: I could hear the soft, liquid sounds as Kelly licked and sucked on Candice's labia and clitoris.

After a while, Candice pulled her lips away from mine to tell me "Dan! I want to do you - please!"

It took me only a second to realize that she wanted to use her mouth on me; I quickly moved to straddle her chest so that she could lift her head slightly and take me into her mouth. It wasn't but a minute before she had me fully erect, her eyes reflecting her pleasure and desire as I felt her playing with her breasts behind me. As time went by, I could tell that Kelly's actions were having an effect on her; I could also tell that Candice was deliberately avoiding bringing me to climax. I understood why when she suddenly pulled her head back, releasing me with a soft 'pop', as she cried out from the climax that Kelly had brought her to.

As she continued to gasp and moan, Candice's orgasm slowly tapered off, leaving her flushed and panting. A couple more minutes, and she'd recovered enough to tell us "Kelly! I want to do you, too! And Dan, would you make love with me, too?"

Kelly and I were both more than willing to comply with her wishes; it was but a few seconds before we'd rearranged ourselves accordingly: Candice was on her hands and knees, her face buried between Kelly's thighs as I positioned myself behind her. Looking down, I admired the way her thin labia were separated, the area between glistening with her oils; at the top of her cleft, I could see her pea-sized clitoris peeking out from under its hood.

I took hold of myself, and slid the head of my erection between her vaginal lips - moving it up and down several times to wet it with her lubrication before I positioned it at her entrance. Pressing myself forward slightly, I felt her tight opening begin to open to me as she relaxed herself to let me in. A little more pressure, and I was through: accompanied by a gasp of surprise and pleasure, I felt myself slide into Candice's hot, tight sheath a couple of inches. I pulled back a little to make sure I stayed wetted with her oils, then eased myself further into her - stopping only when I felt the friction was too great. I stopped, backed out a bit again, and finished filling her with my manhood, followed by her groan of arousal and satisfaction.

Leaning over a bit, I could see that Candice was industriously applying herself to licking and sucking on Kelly's labia and clitoris; the aroma of Kelly's excitement was thick in the air.

I was brought back to the task at hand by Candice wriggling her hips to let me know she wanted me to start moving in her. Ever the good host, I did as she bid, and began slowly pistoning in and out of her tight, wet channel. In only a couple of minutes, I was moving in her in a steady rhythm that I could tell pleased her: her moans of pleasure and arousal steadily increased in frequency and volume with each penetration of my manhood.

A little longer, and I could hear Kelly release a soft cry as she was overtaken by an orgasm; Candice continued to stimulate her for a bit, obviously making Kelly's climax both more powerful, and longer. Still, Candice finally raised her head, turning to look at me before saying "Oh, Dan, that feels so good! I've missed you so much!"

I leaned forward a bit so the two of us could kiss before I reached under her to cup her breasts in my hands. I continued to slide in and out of her, feeling the rocking of her body dragging her nipples across my palms, making them longer and harder. Without the 'distraction' of pleasing Kelly, Candice was free to focus on what I was doing to her, and what she was feeling. It was only a few more minutes, and I felt her begin to tighten around me even more as she got close to her release. A few more thrusts, and it happened for her - with a loud cry, she threw her head back as I felt her vagina begin to clench around me in time with the spasms I could see coursing through her body.

As Kelly had said, it **had** been a while since the two of us had made love; the feeling of Candice's hot, wet sheath claspng at me as she orgasmed was more than enough to push me into my own climax. After a couple of long, slow strokes, I pressed myself as deeply into her as I could go before feeling the first wad of cum erupt from my penis.

Candice cried out again, in apparent response to the feeling of my jism flooding her insides; and her vagina began clenching around me again, even harder than before. I responded by gently pinching and pulling her erect nipples, doing my part to return the kindness she'd shown Kelly.

Finally, though, it was too much for her: Kelly barely had time to roll out of the way before Candice all but collapsed on the bed. The only thing that kept her from falling flat was the fact that I had my hands on her hips, and was able to hold her steady while Kelly got clear; then Kelly moved to help me get her prone on the bed. Along the way, my softening penis pulled free, releasing a small flood of cum and Candice's oils to begin running down the inside of her thigh. As I held Candice, Kelly went into the bathroom, returning a few moments later with a damp washcloth, which she used to clean us up - first Candice, then me.

After she'd put the washcloth in the laundry hamper, Kelly came back and laid down on the other side of Candice from me so that two of us could hold her. Both of us knew that Candice almost always had very powerful orgasms - powerful enough that she was usually in a dazed state for several minutes afterward. All of us thought it amusing that we had to be careful NOT to give her orgasms that would leave her virtually catatonic for minutes on end.

It wasn't but a couple of minutes before Candice started to show signs of life again; when she did, Kelly took over holding and comforting her while I went to get snacks and drinks for all of us. By the time I got back, she was sitting up - still a trifle dazed, but apparently recovering quickly.

I distributed ham sandwiches and sodas all around before getting back into bed with them. A minute or so later, drawn by the smell of the food, Cat showed up - and proceeded to take up residence on Candice's lap, purring furiously as Candice used one hand to rub Cat's ears while holding her sandwich with the other.

When we'd finished nourishing and rehydrating ourselves, we continued to stay on the bed, talking casually about all that had happened since the last time we'd been together. Finally, we felt ready to get up and take a group shower before heading for bed - to sleep.

The next few weeks went by relatively quietly. Jan or one of the others DID come over every few days, spending the night with us. Sometimes, all of us made love; sometimes it was just me and whoever was staying with us - Kelly would go to the other bedroom, at her insistence, so as not to 'inhibit' us. It was during one of those nights that I found out that the girls were coming over not so much to make love, but to simply BE there for us: to play peacemaker if Kelly had one of her 'fits' (she did have some), or to try and settle her down if one of her mood swings took her too far (as also happened several times). Through it all, though, we all loved her and supported her as best we could - and bitched, infrequently, only amongst ourselves.

After her body chemistry pretty much settled down, Kelly's libido came back - with a vengeance. When that happened, I was *glad* the other girls were coming over - it gave me a chance to rest!

The big excitement came when I went with Kelly for an ultrasound toward the end of her 3rd month.

Kelly was on the exam table and I was sitting next to her so both of us could watch the screen of the ultrasound machine. Kelly was looking at the screen closely, and finally asked "Uh, am I not looking at this right, or are there TWO heads on that screen?"

The sonogram tech, John, took a closer look and said "No, you're looking at it right. You're going to have twins, Misses Marshall."

The two of us could only sit there, stunned - twins?

Kelly turned to look at me, and I looked at her - both of us trying to get our minds around the idea that she was going to have not *one* baby, but **two**.

Finally, I asked the tech "Okay, I'll play - why didn't anybody know it was two babies in there, not just one?"

Kelly's obstetrician, Dr. Williams, explained "Until a couple weeks ago, these two were pretty small, and we can only see so much from out here. Unless you spent more than ten minutes looking, it wouldn't be unusual for just the one fetus to show up. Now that they're big enough, there isn't any way for one of them to 'hide' behind the other, so they both show up. John has a good angle on them right now, so if you want, I can tell you what sex they are - if you want to know."

Kelly and I looked at each other again, and without words, reached a decision that Kelly relayed to them: "We want it to be a surprise. Just let us know if they're both okay."

"Oh, sure - they're both looking just fine. You're three months along?", John asked.

Kelly nodded, and Dr. Williams watched the screen closely as John moved the little wand thingy around before telling us "Oh, yeah - everything is going just FINE. Development looks normal, movement looks normal, everything checks out A-OK."; John told us "Here, let me print you out a couple of hardcopies..."

True to his word, he printed out no less than three different images for us to take. As we were getting ready to leave, he told us "I know that whole twin thing was a shock, but look at it this way - now you're getting two for the price of one!", with a grin. Both of us laughed, and thanked him.

When we got home, it wasn't thirty seconds before Kelly was on the phone, telling everyone what we'd discovered - and not long after that, showing all of them the printouts.

Twins!?

Knowing that it was *twins* inside Kelly, it wasn't quite as amazing to see how much her belly grew in the following months. It was still amazing, mind you, just not as amazing. One of the girls found a sweatshirt with the Goodyear logo printed too low on the front of it, and gave it to Kelly, who thought it was hysterical - and wore it almost everywhere; she often commented on feeling cold (and considering how much surface area she had radiating heat, I wasn't surprised!), and usually dressed in warm clothing.

We kept stocked up on various vitamins and supplements Doctor Williams had suggested, and Kelly took them faithfully. Some of the things she got cravings for amused and disgusted me, by turns, but she got them anyway. As her pregnancy continued, all of us did whatever we could to keep her as comfortable and happy as we could - from massaging her (fun), to rubbing lotion into her skin to alleviate the stretch marks (more fun!), to rubbing her swollen and aching feet, she never had reason to doubt that we all loved her and were giving her our full support. I, of course, was her coach for the birthing classes we attended.

The last time I made love to her during the pregnancy was late in her eighth month.

We had just gotten out of the shower - I helped because there were so many places she couldn't reach - and I was gently drying her off. As I was drying her legs, I leaned forward and kissed her swollen belly, saying "I want you kids to know that I love you - and your mom! - very, very much."

Kelly had quickly gotten used to having me talking to 'the kids' after the first time the doctor had told us they were developed enough to have ears, and were able to hear us. At first, she'd just thought it was entertaining, but it wasn't long before I started hearing HER talk to them, too.

Anyway, when I stood up after getting her dried off, I could see from the expression on her face that she was feeling sentimental. At first I thought it was just a surplus of some hormone or other, but she pulled me into an embrace (as best she could - her belly made for one HELL of an obstacle) and told me "Damn you, Dan - every time I start taking all this for granted, you go and do or say something to remind me how much it - and I! - means to you."

As we held each other, she pulled my head down for a kiss - one that began as tender and loving and soon moved into passionate and exciting. When we separated, she

looked into my eyes and told me "If you're not too turned off to do it with a fat chick, I want to make love with you, Dan."

We'd made love several times as her belly had grown, so she knew full well that I didn't have any problems with making love with her during her pregnancy; I just replied "I think I'd like that, Mrs. Marshall, mother of the Marshall clan" - something that made her smile.

She headed out of the bathroom, and I quickly dried myself off and moved to follow her. When we got to the bed, she told me "God, I'm already so hot, thinking about it. Just let me get you ready, okay?"

She reached out and put her hands on my hips, pulling me closer before she leaned over and took my penis into her mouth. Softly sucking on it, she cupped my scrotum in her hand as she rolled my balls around in it. As I started to harden, she slowly changed over from simply sucking on me to bobbing her head back and forth, letting her lips stroke my rapidly growing length as her tongue danced and caressed its way along my manhood. It was only a couple of minutes before I was fully erect, my penis shiny with her saliva. She finally let me slip from between her lips and said "I think I'm getting too big for anything else, so why don't you just lay down and let me be on top?"

I smiled and did as she asked; in a few moments she was straddling my hips, and I could see that her labia were fully extended and glistening with her arousal.

She took me in her hand, but was having difficulty holding me in place while reaching around her swollen belly. With a soft "Let me help" I replaced her hand with my own. She leaned forward slightly and raised up, letting me position the head of my erection between her labia; as she began to lower herself onto me, I held myself steady, helping her. To my great surprise, she was already wet enough inside that she was able to take me completely in a single slow movement.

Because of the added weight and girth of her pregnancy, she wasn't able to move on top of me the way she normally would have, but that didn't mean she wasn't able to move. Rather than lifting herself up, she began a rocking motion that moved my penis maybe an inch or a little more in her - but it was apparently enough for her needs. I reached up and put my hands on her breasts; they'd enlarged a bit, and gotten tender. I knew that anything more than simply holding them was uncomfortable for her, so I contented myself with simply cupping and supporting them as she continued to move on top of me.

I knew that the little bit of movement in her that her rocking was causing wasn't as much stimulation as she liked. But that it was *enough* became clear a few minutes later when I felt and watched as she experienced a small orgasm while she continued to move herself on me. A couple more minutes, and she climaxed again - but I could tell from the fine sheen of sweat on her, and the way she was moving, that the effort was affecting her.

I moved my hands to her hips and got her to stop her motion on me. When she looked down at me, I said "There's no need for you to wear yourself out. Just raise up a little, and I'll do it, now."

She nodded her understanding, and managed to kind of prop herself up a couple more inches over me. With the freedom to move under her, I began to do just that: move under her - arching myself into her for perhaps half my length, accompanied by her soft moans of pleasure and arousal.

I wasn't getting all **that** much stimulation, either, as little as I was moving in her, so it was several minutes before the sensations of her warm, wet vagina around began to move me toward my own release. Along the way, Kelly had several more orgasms, each a trifle stronger than the one before. Finally, I got to the point where I knew I was going to climax - even as I felt my balls pull up, Kelly started what was, for her, a 'normal' orgasm. The sensation of her vagina spasming around me was enough to put me over the edge, and with a final thrust into her, I began spewing her insides with my hot fluids. Her eyes flew open when she felt it, and she exclaimed "Oh, god, yes! I feel it!" before she tightened around me even more.

When the spurting of my penis had reduced to the last faint twitches, I started to lower myself back onto the bed. Kelly felt me moving, and let herself fall with me, keeping my semi-erect penis wrapped inside her. After we'd settled down, she leaned forward to put her hands on my chest, using her arms to prop herself up as she looked down at me with a blissful smile on her face as she told me "Thank you, Dan. That was *wonderful*."

I grinned up at her and answered "Felt pretty good to me, too!", making her laugh - and a moment later, I saw a twitch cross her face.

Seeing my look of curiosity, she told me "One of the kids just kicked me - in a kidney, I think."

A few moments later, she absently asked "I wonder what THEY think about us making love?"

I really hadn't considered it before, and it took me a few seconds before I was able to answer "I don't know that they're able to 'think' the way you mean it. But if they are" - I raised my voice a little - "They should know that this is one way that people that LOVE each other show it."

Kelly grinned at me, and added - in an equally loud voice - "And they should also know that their mom and dad love each other a **lot**.", grinning at me. I lifted my head, and somehow Kelly managed to lower hers enough that the two of us were able to kiss.

After a bit, we felt it as my penis shrank enough to pull free of Kelly's intimate embrace - and releasing the fluids that we'd produced. Kelly made a face, and I told her "Just look

at it this way: now we get to take another shower together!", and getting a wry grin in return.

As we washed up, I had my hands on her belly when I felt one of the twins kick. Surprised, I kept my hand there, and felt it again a moment later. Curiosity got the better of me, and I asked "Can you tell any difference between one of them kicking and moving around, and the other one?"

Indulgently, she told me "I **think** so. Sometimes, it seems like ONE of them is a little more 'enthusiastic' than the other one - but I don't KNOW that that's the case. I just know that they have a disturbing tendency to do something at the most *inconvenient* times. The other day, I was in the store, and they apparently decided to take turns kicking my bladder!", laughing. I laughed, too, and moved behind her so that I could hug her to my chest.

As it got closer and closer to Kelly's due date, we made arrangements with Jan and the others in case we weren't able to get home for a couple of days - making sure the mail and newspaper were put inside, that Cat had food & water, and so on. We really didn't have any idea of what to expect, despite Doctor Williams' explanations and assurances that everything going to be fine.

It was a couple of days past Kelly's expected due date, and I have to admit that both of us were getting a bit 'antsy' - we'd known that it could happen Any Time Now for the last couple of weeks. Kelly and I were watching TV from opposite ends of the couch (so she could lean back and rest her feet on my lap) when I looked over at her and saw that she looked a bit distracted. I asked what was wrong, and she just shook her head in reply. I'd gotten that response from her enough times before that I didn't think anything of it - until, an hour later, she told me "Dan? I think it's time."

"Time for what, dear?" I asked, still watching the TV.

I heard her laugh, and say "Time for the baby."

I looked over at her (!!), and she went on to tell me "I've been having pains the last couple of hours, but they're starting to come closer together, and getting worse. I think we'd better go."

THAT got me moving.

I quickly called Dr. Williams, then left messages for Jan (she wasn't home) and Paul (ditto). Then I got the bag that we'd packed for Kelly, and carried it as the two of us went out to my car. Once she was seated and buckled in, I tossed the bag in the back seat, and we were off.

We got to the hospital before Doctor Williams did (okay, I was speeding a little - so shoot me), and the staff there worked wonders in getting me calmed down. Kelly seemed to have hit her stride, now that it was all happening - other than grimacing every so often, she was as calm as the emergency room people were.

They had her checked in and on the way to the delivery room in short order, with me close on their heels.

I was changing into surgical scrubs when Dr. Williams stuck her head in and let me know she was there - and that she'd be with us as soon as she scrubbed and changed.

By the time I got into the delivery room, they'd gotten Kelly ready - she was on the table and visibly in distress. I quickly took my position at her head and took her hands in mine. Looking up at me, she smiled, grimaced, then smiled again before telling me "I'm glad it's twins - I don't think I'd want to go through this a *second* time if I didn't have to!" - something that the nurses and doctors laughed at.

A couple minutes later, Dr. Williams appeared and asked how everything was going. One of the nurses told her how far Kelly had dilated, and that Kelly's water had broken (apparently before I got there, thankfully). Dr. Williams nodded and told Kelly "Okay, you've been through the birthing classes. You know what to expect, so there shouldn't be any problems. If it helps any, I'm really just here to play 'catcher', and in case there are any problems - which there won't be, since everything has checked out just fine up to this point."

Kelly grimaced, then laughed and said "I'm glad ONE of us thinks this is going easy!" - getting a smile from the doctor that we could see around her mask.

Doctor Williams took her place at Kelly's feet, and indicated to me that I should start doing my coaching bit, which I did.

Over the course of the next hour, Kelly's contractions came more and more frequently, and steadily became stronger. As I'd been taught, I talked to her and helped her keep control of her breathing; and if the way she was gripping my hands was any indication, helping her keep from crying out at the pain that she was experiencing. Finally, though, I heard the doctor say "Okay, we've got a crown - another couple of pushes, Kelly, and you'll be halfway there!"

It couldn't have been a minute later before we heard the doctor say "Okay, folks - we've got a girl!" - followed by the joyous sound of our daughter's first cries.

The delivery room staff quickly got her cleaned up and wrapped in a blanket, then hurried her off to the side - a few moments later, I heard someone say "Nineteen inches and seven pounds seven. Heart and lungs both fine.", and knew that she'd just been measured, weighed, and provisionally pronounced healthy.

About that time, Doctor Williams announced "Number two crowning!", followed by "You're almost done, Kelly - just give me one more push!"

I could hear Kelly strain as she brought our second child into the world; even as she was falling back and gasping, I heard Doctor Williams tell everyone "Well, Mister Marshall, you've got a son!", followed a second later by a baby's cries.

Kelly looked up at me, and the joy and happiness - and even relief - were plain on her face as she told me "We did it!"

I kissed her and told her "Yes, we did - even if you did most of the work. I love you, Kelly Marshall."

That got her crying (in happiness), and I was soon displaced by the delivery room staff as they made sure everything was okay, and tended to the aftermath of twin deliveries. Off to the side, I heard the announcement "Twenty inches, eight pounds three. Heart and lungs good." Both of our children were healthy.

Doctor Williams went over to have a look at them, and came back to tell us "Kelly, Dan - both of them are fine. They've got all the right parts in the right places, they're breathing fine, and their hearts sound like a pair of Swiss watches. Everything went just like it's supposed to - all I had to do was catch!", the last part with a crinkling of her eyes that let us know she was smiling behind her mask.

Kelly and I both thanked her, profusely, before she told us "You don't have to thank me - **that**" - gesturing toward where both infants were letting everyone know that they were NOT amused - "is why I became a doctor. I'll check on you again in a little while, Kelly." The nurses were getting Kelly ready to move her to a room, and the doctor took that opportunity to leave.

I went out in the waiting room, and wasn't surprised to see Paul, Jan, and all the rest of the anxiously waiting for news. When they saw me, all of them stood up and rushed over to me, demanding to know how it had gone.

I had to wave at them to get them to quiet down so I could tell them "Kelly's fine. She had one of each - a girl and a boy - and they're doing great, too."

On hearing that, all the girls started crying and hugging me; I managed to get one hand free so Paul and I could shake as he told me "Congratulations, Dan", a big grin on his face. A few moments later, Sandra pulled back a little ways and demanded "So what are their *names*, Dan"

"Daniel Paul and Janet Kelly" I answered. It hadn't taken long at ALL for Kelly and I to come up with names. Paul and Jan both looked stunned for a few moments, then pleased - the rest clearly thought the names were entirely appropriate.

It was another hour before they would let us into Kelly's room - and even then, we were cautioned that she was pretty worn out. Entering her room, I could see that she WAS tired - but that she was happier than I'd ever seen her before as she held our children in her arms. Jan and the others immediately swarmed over to start exclaiming over how cute the babies were, and congratulating Kelly. Even Paul was moved enough to tell me "Dan, you're a lucky, lucky man to have a wife like that." - and nodded in reply when I told him "Don't I know it!"

Paul looked over at the babies and I heard him mutter "I don't think there IS such a thing as an 'ugly' baby!" before going over to congratulate Kelly and talk to her.

After a bit, Jan told Kelly and me "And just so you know, the rest of us have *already* worked things out so that one of us will be with you **all the time** for the next month. There's no reason on earth that you two should have to try and take care of two newborns all by yourselves."

Kelly started to protest, and Jan just gave her the Goober look (as if saying "You are **such** a Goober!"), and told her "Forget it. It's already been decided. As much as we love you and Dan, do you think we're going to let you get away with being the only ones to take care of these two?"

Realizing the futility of arguing, Kelly just smiled in acceptance - then looked at me lovingly as I went over and sat next to her, getting my first good look at our daughter and son. I suddenly knew what the parent-child bond was all about when each of them grabbed the finger I held out to them; at that moment, I'd have gladly killed *anyone* that even suggested harming either one of them.

A while later, a nurse came in and shooed all of us out, telling us that the infants were going to the Nursery so that Kelly could get some rest. Out in the hall, Paul took one look at me and told me that HE would drive me home - and for me to give Jan my keys so that she could bring my car along.

It took me a second to realize just how tired and excited I felt at the same time - and quickly on the heels of that, that Paul was probably right about it being best if I didn't try to drive just then. I fished in my pocket and gave Jan my keys; she kept us company as far as the hospital parking lot before leaving to go to my car. The rest of us piled into Paul's minivan and headed for my place.

When we got there, Paul told me "I know it's late, and you've just had one HELL of a last few hours. I'll check back with you tomorrow morning, okay?"

I told him "That'd be fine, Paul. Thanks."

I got out of the van, followed by Robyn. I looked at her, and she just asked "You don't seriously think that we're going to leave you all by yourself tonight, do you?"

"I'll be fine, Robyn, really", I tried to tell her.

"Bullshit" she replied, surprising me, before she went on "Just look at yourself. You can barely stand up - but you're so damn keyed up you couldn't get to sleep if your life depended on it. So just shut up and open the door so we can get inside."

I looked over toward where the rest were, and saw that they fully expected me to do as I was told. So I did it.

An hour later, I was glad I had. Somehow, Robyn talked me into having a something to eat - followed by her giving me a massage. By the time she was done, I realized just how keyed up I'd been. I was in bed and getting ready to fall asleep when I felt her slip into bed with me - and I realized that as much as anything else, I needed the reassurance of someone I loved next to me that night.

The next morning, Robyn joined me for a happy, friendly shower before she got dressed and left to go to her job as a police officer - but only AFTER I'd given her a heartfelt kiss and my thanks. She just smiled, kissed me back, and left.

At the hospital, I saw that Kelly had gotten a decent night's sleep as well - when I went into the room she told me "You're looking a lot better than you did last night. Who stayed with you?"

"Robyn did. Paul drove me home, and Jan drove my car back."

"Well, your timing is impeccable. You're too late for breakfast - which was something disgusting, by the way - but in time to help feed YOUR kids." - the last with a smile.

I grinned and told her "Wrong answer! I don't have the right plumbing, remember"

She laughed, and told me "I said 'help', Dan. Yes, I have two breasts - but that doesn't mean I can feed both of them at the same time, so you get to hold one while I feed the other."

Hearing that, my heart almost stopped. What if I dropped him/her? What if I did something to hurt them?

Kelly must have seen the nervousness, because she took my hand and said "Dan, relax. There's nothing to be afraid of - you'll see.", her smile reassuring me.

Still, when the nurse wheeled in the little cart with the kids on it, I have to admit that my mouth felt a little dry. The nurse seemed to understand, and patiently and gently instructed me on how to hold my infant daughter as Kelly started breastfeeding our son. She continued to watch for a few moments before telling me "You're doing fine, Mister Marshall" and leaving the two (four!) of us alone.

When Daniel indicated he was done, Kelly and I traded; I was holding my son in my arms as I watched him fall asleep - and looking at him, knew a love and pride that I didn't know was inside me until then.

When Kelly and Janet were done, Kelly rang the nurse who came and put them in their respective little beds on the cart and took them back to the Nursery until it was time to feed them again. When she was gone, Kelly gave me a mischievous smile and asked "Okay, Dan, do you want a sample of what they just had?"

It took me a couple of seconds to realize that Kelly was offering to let me sample her breast milk - but considerably less time for me to decide that I wanted to. With a smile of my own, I went over as Kelly bared one of her breasts again. Fastening my lips around her nipple, I gently sucked and was soon rewarded with a little of her milk: thin and sweet. I swallowed it and pulled my lips away, amazed to see that a few more drops leaked out before the flow stopped. Kelly covered herself again, and told me "When I woke up this morning, I was leaking a little bit. I just had to find out what it tasted like, and I thought you might want to find out, too. Like it?"

I grinned, and answered "I could learn to - a lot, I think!"

Kelly laughed, and told me "Me, too - but I don't think it's *quite* worth the trouble to make sure we have a regular supply!" - making me laugh along with her.

That out of the way, I pulled a chair up next to her bed and the two of us talked about our future - hers and mine, and the kids' - until Doctor Williams came in to check on Kelly. When she was done, she told us "I'd like to keep Kelly here until tomorrow, just to make sure everything's all right. I don't see anything wrong with her, or the babies, but I just want to make *sure*, if that's all right with you."

Kelly and I both assured her it was, and she congratulated both of us again before leaving.

After lunch (for Kelly AND the twins), she shooed me off, telling me that I had to make arrangements to get her and the twins home the next day - and that I'd probably be seeing too much of them over the next few weeks, anyway. I laughed, and told her that I didn't think that was possible - but left after she let me know that I could come back that evening.

As I'd expected, Paul was more than willing to drive us home from the hospital the next day; Jan and the others had already organized things so they'd be there when we arrived. Kelly and I had already gotten all of the things we'd need for two infants - cribs, diapers, powder, oil, *everything* had been prepped for our new family.

When we got home the next day, we found that the babies' room had a banner: "Welcome Home Daniel Paul and Janet Kelly!" - something that got Kelly, then the others, crying.

The next few weeks went by in a blur.

Jan, Susan, Robyn, Sandra, and even Candice all got their chance to take care of the kids. NOTHING seemed to faze them, either: baby poop, wet diapers, vomit, *nothing*. I've got to admit, some of it kind of grossed ME out, but not them.

And more to the point, they didn't stop after just a couple of weeks. Somehow, somewhere, they got the wherewithal to keep at it, day after day, week after week; they gradually phased themselves out as the twins grew, so that by the time Daniel and Janet were sleeping regularly, the girls were stopping by only every so often, just to visit for a little while.

Even then, once a week or so, one or two of them would stop by and insist on watching after the kids - and insisting that Kelly and I go out and do something: a movie, dinner, *something* to get us out of the house. By that time, I and Kelly had realized that she and I, along with the others, had formed an extended family, and that any kids born to ANY of us were going to have the whole lot of us as parents. Young Daniel and Janet didn't know it yet, but each of them had six mothers, and one dad.

As the weeks, then months went by, Jan and the rest continued to be part of our lives. They were there when the twins started standing, then walking. They were there with sympathy as the kids went through the 'terrible twos'. Kelly was always "Mom" and I was always "Daddy", but Jan and the rest were known as MOMMA Jan, and MOMMA Robyn, and so on. The girls always took their child-rearing cues from Kelly and I - they were as firm and loving as Kelly and I were, no more and no less; if one of the twins misbehaved, they got the same type of punishment as Kelly and I would have dispensed. If one of them fell and skinned a knee, they got as much sympathy and love, too. More than anything else, Kelly's and my children started out in life knowing that they were *loved*.