

## *Epilogue – Volvo Driving Soccer Mom*

“*That ain’t my soul,/That ain’t your goal/That love you stole/It ain’t my soul!*” Kevin sang into the microphone at the front of the Viper Room to an invite-only crowd that was gathered for the first Truth Knife show in years, gathered to rock in the New Year’s together. It certainly wasn’t how Kevin had imagined their comeback, but when Alice Karteaux says she’s holding a New Year’s Eve party and wants you to provide the live music, your odds of saying no are practically nil.

The room was filled with five hundred or so people who were all invited – no tickets were sold – and as such, many of them weren’t as familiar with Kevin’s work as he would’ve liked, but they were still an eager audience, mostly being polite and welcoming. Security only had to give one drunken asshole the boot for trying repeatedly to get on stage. Not a bad night at all.

Kerry was working her magic on the drums, and Kevin had gotten a handful of people to play as stand-ins for bass, rhythm guitar and occasionally keyboards, people familiar enough with the Truth Knife catalog to be able to pick it up and keep in line with what Kev and Kerry were laying down. They’d gotten on stage at around 9 pm and wrapped up their set around 11:20, spending just a handful of minutes in the green room, getting cleaned up before coming and joining the rest of the party, where they were welcomed like conquering heroes.

Fatima was now visibly pregnant enough that they were telling people about it, and the doctor had told them it would be a son just a few days ago, but they weren’t telling anyone about *that* just yet, because it felt nice to have it to themselves for a little bit longer.

His entire gang of partners was at the party, and they were all more than a little juiced up, with the exceptions of Fatima and Miriam, who were both dry as a bone, as the latter was on duty and the former was with child. “You did great, boss,” Miriam told him with a laugh, while Ruby and Fatima were out on the dance floor.

“Shame most of them couldn’t tell the new stuff from the classics,” Ashley said to him, as she hugged him tightly. “But they seemed to love it all the same nonetheless, so that’s all that matters.”

“I saw Alice up on a table at one point, and nobody told her to get down,” Megan giggled, a bright orange bracelet on her wrist indicating she was under 21 and couldn’t get alcohol.

“It’s *her* party, Megan,” Kevin said with a laugh. “I think she’s entitled to do what she wants.”

“She really is quite an extraordinary woman,” Elizabeth said. “I’m a little sad that she wasn’t interested in the idea of joining our family.”

“She made it very clear that she’s a one-man kind of woman,” Natalie said. “She agrees that Kevin’s a great guy, but she doesn’t want to have to compete with anyone for his affection. She’s already competing all the time in Hollywood that she wants her relationship to come naturally and without too much conflict.” Everyone sort of turned to look at her and she smiled back at them. “What? I talked to her over at the bar for a while. She’s got a few drinks in her, so she’s *super* chatty right now. And she’s been talking you up to all her friends.”

“You didn’t tell her we’re full up?” Kevin asked, cocking his head to one side.

“Well, you’re only technically full up for partners for Morgana’s gift,” Elizabeth said with a grin. “You want to have a bit of fun on the side, everybody’s signed off on it, as long as you’re being smart.”

“And let’s not forget Merlin’s addendum is bound to show up sooner or later,” Ashley said. “That crafty old wizard’s certainly not going to let you get away without some kind of mischief. Jade’s got a +1 tattoo on her, so I imagine he’s going to get you another few at the very least.”

“Not to mention whatever sorts of side game nonsense the two baked into it, just to make my life more ‘entertaining’ for them to watch,” Kevin sighed, wiping lingering sweat from his forehead. “I know they’re not doing it to be mean, but sometimes it feels like they forget I’m an actual person.”

Jade, who was just *barely* old enough to be drinking, seemed to be pacing herself well. She was out

in the middle of the dance floor before she suddenly stopped and started walking straight over towards Kevin, her eyes fixated on him.

“You okay, Jade?” Natalie asked.

That was the point where Kevin noticed Jade’s eyes weren’t their normal shade but were instead politely glowing a light golden. And when she spoke, her voice had a much different tone and cadence to it, even if it was still delivered with Jade’s voice. “Ah, Kevin my dear boy,” Jade’s voice said with Merlin’s words. “I wondered how long it would take before this would trigger. As per our conversation earlier, I have... softened up my graft onto my beloved’s gift, and as such, this will give you a bit of warning about what’s going on, and how the game itself is played.”

“Merlin being upfront about something?” Elizabeth murmured as her eyes narrowed. “I’m more suspicious now than I would be if he’d said nothing.”

“My beloved made it quite clear to me if you don’t have a fair chance, then it’s not really a ‘gift,’ so much as it is an ‘inconvenience,’ and while I would love to spend the next several decades bickering that minor distinction with her, she’s threatened to withhold sexual favors from me until I relent, and, well, even I have my limits,” Jade’s message from Merlin continued.

“Ah, there’s the catch,” Natalie giggled.

“As such, you’re going to be able to add an additional 6 more members to your family, but, in accordance with my beloved’s wishes, you’re going to have a chance to ‘try before you buy,’ much like you’ve had with the option of her partners. You don’t have to marry any of them – don’t be silly, I wouldn’t want to interfere with your incredible marriage, or to offend your wife – but they will be play partners, much like all the others that Morgana has gifted into your life. And, in accordance with your career, their occurrences shall all be musically dictated. On holidays, when a song describing a particular type of woman is playing in your vicinity, just when the midnight hour is struck, that sort of woman will come to you, present herself, and you will *need* to engage with her, at least the once. After that, if you find she’s not to your liking, you can send her on her merry way, and no one will be hurt, neither you nor her. If she *is* to your liking, well, simply say the phrase ‘Accipio hoc donum’ and you will have one more notch in your belt. You’ll even see a golden glowing tattoo on her skin to go along with the one left on Jade. Once you’ve hit +7, my graft onto Morgana’s gift shall be complete. But I think you’ll find this holiday modification slows the pace down some and allows room to breathe. One thing I did regret about my initial graft was that it simply felt too rushed, too hurried. I suppose in my need to compete with Morgana’s magic, I was too hasty in my initial read. That has always been one of her strengths over me – her ability to think, plot and plan. It is something I am working on to better myself and maybe this will be a good start. Regardless, you’re going to have your first option appear within the next couple of hours. The synchronicity’s already been engaged, the players are already making their way to the stage and soon your delight shall be upon you. Have fun, Kevin Bishop, and know that I’ll be watching, so break a leg!”

With that, Jade shook her head, the golden flecks cast off like dust from her eyes, before she turned to look at Elizabeth. “What the fuck? How did I get over here? I was on the dance floor just a minute ago, and now I’m here?”

“Don’t worry, Jade,” Kevin said to her. “Merlin just hijacked your mind for a bit to send a message about how his addition to Morgana’s gift would work.”

Jade scowled a little. “That ain’t cool. Can I kick the shit out of him if I ever meet him?”

“As much as I would love to let you do that, Jade, I don’t think it’d be a fair fight, what with him being a wizard with several thousand years under his belt,” Kevin said, placing a hand on Jade’s shoulder as she leaned in for a pouty hug.

“I still wanna try.”

“I know you do, baby, but I gotta protect you,” he said, kissing her forehead. “Besides, things are about to get crazy around here and I need you to help be on lookout.”

“Lookout for what?”

“TEN! NINE!” People in the audience were already starting to shout during the countdown, and that was cluttering up the room so basically all conversation would have to wait until it was done, but in the background, just in the breaths in-between the countdown, he could hear whatever song the DJ was playing. It was something familiar, but all Kevin could hear with the clatter was some chorus going, ‘Na na! Na na! Na na! Na na!’ and that wasn’t enough for him to recognize the song.

Not yet anyway.

“THREE! TWO! ONE! HAPPY NEW YEAR!”

The room exploded into cheers, and Fatima rushed over to him, pressing her lips against his, celebrating the New Year together, welcoming in 2019 together. When they broke from the kiss, Kevin turned to Elizabeth, leaned to whisper in her ear so she could hear him, and said, ‘Go find out what song the DJ was just playing, will you?’

Elizabeth mouthed back the words ‘on it,’ to him and then was off and on her way over towards the DJ booth, just barely missing Alice, who was wandering over, with her friend and regular director Emily Rouchard in tow, as well as a small, diminutive blonde woman who was mostly hidden between the other two.

“Kevin!” Alice laughed, clearly drunk off her tits, her nose a bright red in the way that Kevin didn’t think people could actually *get* that drunk. “My favororite compuposer! You were fuckin’ awesome, dude! Up there onna stage all—” She began to make random noises while making air guitar gestures with her hands, as she leaned her head back and started to headbang until Emily reached over to steady her from falling over. “WhoOOooaaaAAhhh...” Alice started laughing hysterically. “I am *much* more intomsic...intoxnic... much more *drunk* than I thought I wuz... oshit. I’mgonnapuke...”

Before Kevin could even say hello to her, Alice sprinted off, each step less stable or balanced than the previous one, Emily cackling so hard she nearly doubled over with laughter. “Oh my god, that was fucking hilarious,” Emily said with a grin, trying to stand back up, clearly a bit into her cups herself, though nowhere nearly as badly. “I knew she’d drunk more than she should’ve, but I’ve never seen Alice run off to puke before, even at the crazy ass wrap party we had! You did put on a great show, though, Kev. I hope the new album blows people out of the fucking water and if you want to, you can go back on tour again.”

Kevin laughed, rolling his eyes. “I have zero desire to go back on tour again, Emily, so maybe a couple of shows at the Hollywood Bowl, maybe a stint at Madison Square Garden for a week or so, but there’s no way you’re getting me to play the Broke Shack in B.F. Kansas ever again.”

“Yeah, I get that,” Emily said. “Oh hey, I promised our accountant I’d introduce you to her. She drove in from the O.C. for this. Her oldest son’s only 13, but apparently, he’s a big fan, and while she didn’t want to let him into this den of depravity, she promised she’d get him an autograph to make up for it. Kevin Bishop, I’d like you to meet Maryanne Fijakowski.”

Out from behind her stepped a tiny little blonde woman who had to be approaching forty, her dyed hair up in a professional bun atop of her head. She couldn’t be more than 5’ tall, with a deep red button up blouse on and a black leather skirt that came down to her knees, modest and daring at the same time, with thick chunky black glasses over her face. If anything, she seemed somewhere between an uptight librarian and a PTA mother, with just a hint of sexual rebellion streaking through.

Which was what helped Kevin make the connection.

“Hi, I’m Maryanne,” she said, extending her hand with a warm smile.

‘But you weren’t always, were you?’ Kevin thought to himself. ‘Holy shit, I can’t believe you’re you, and you’re *here*.’ Which, of course, clued him into the song he’d heard earlier, and suddenly, Merlin’s game became completely clear to him.

It was one he could certainly respect.

“Kevin Bishop,” he said, shaking her hand in return. In that moment, he could see her eyes spot the look in his, as if recognizing that he’d recognized her, and her grip on his hand tightened just a little bit, as if trying to pressure him into keeping quiet, which of course he was going to do. “Nice to meet you.

So, your oldest is a fan of mine?"

"Ah, yes," she said nervously, holding onto his hand for a little longer than he'd expected. He wondered if she'd seen the look on his face a lot, the one that says, 'Goddamn, I think I've seen you *fuck* before.' "Max, the older of my two boys. He just turned 13 so I didn't feel right letting him come to this kind of place, but he's a big fan of your band."

"I'm not even sure how he'd have *heard* of us," Kevin said with a laugh as she finally let go of his hand. She reached into a large purse she had with her, pulling out a CD copy of the Truth Souls album sleeve with a black Sharpie resting on top of it.

"One of his teachers apparently got him into it, but he said he's also been hearing some of those older songs on the radio," she said, nervously glancing back and forth before looking at him once more. "Apparently since your movie scores have been doing so well, people are rediscovering your old band, and you're getting a second-wave audience."

Kevin chuckled softly, as he took the Sharpie and uncapped it, signing his name onto the CD booklet's face. "Yeah, well, you know what they say – everything in the past comes around again," he said, but flinched a tiny amount as the words came out of his mouth, realizing how they could be misinterpreted. "Say, my drummer Kerry's around here somewhere. Maybe we should go find her and get her to sign as well."

"That would be great," Maryanne said to him, as Elizabeth approached him.

"The song was—" Elizabeth said, as he raised a hand to stop her.

"I figured it out," he said to her, giving her a little wink. "I got this. I'll be back in a bit."

He and Maryanne started to walk away from the group, Maryanne sliding her arm around his, as he noticed she didn't have a wedding ring on her left-hand ring finger. "You know, don't you?"

"I mean, to a certain slice of a certain generation, you're pretty recognizable," he said to her. "I'm surprised nobody here spotted you yet."

"Different hair color, glasses, smaller tits and over a dozen years of age on my face makes for pretty good camouflage," she said, in a sort of hushed whisper. "Besides, I live in Orange County, where everyone is far too uptight to say anything, even if they do recognize me. Most of the time, though, it's more of, 'Is that? No, couldn't be. What would she be doing here?' and the thought is dismissed as quickly as it appeared. This place has the memory of a goldfish anyway, and I haven't been part of conversations in over a decade."

"You were *quite* the talked about figure when you were, though, weren't you?"

Maryanne Fijakowski was, to Kev's mind, *much* better known as Stacy Blue. When it came to the legend of Stacy Blue, it was hard to determine facts from fiction. The story was that she'd gotten into porn on her eighteenth birthday, although rumors claimed she'd started earlier than that, although *if* that was true (which Kevin highly doubted it was) all those films had been destroyed, a la Traci Lords. Supposedly she'd done a few months in prison in her early 20s for possession of cocaine, but once she'd gotten out, she'd cleaned up her act and gotten off drugs. From then on, she'd gone mostly on the straight and narrow. She'd starred in hundreds of adult features and done a stint as a stripper on the circuit, to supplement her income.

She'd been incredibly well-known for several years, on DVD and VHS covers across the country. He was pretty sure she'd done spreads in Penthouse and Hustler. There wasn't an adult specialty store across the country that didn't feature her face prominently. There was even a Fleshlight modeled after her vagina. It sold quite well, not that Kevin had bought one.

Then, as the case seemed to be with a lot of porn stars, she just disappeared. No announcement of retirement, no talk of doing other things, no farewell movie – one day she was working, the next she was gone, leaving behind a career in porn that spanned about eight years, from '97 to '05.

"I used to be a real wild child," she admitted, as Kevin led her over towards the bar where Kerry was drinking with her girlfriend, whispering into his ear so he could hear her over the loud din of the crowd. "What do I have to do to keep you quiet about it?"

“Nothing,” Kevin said.

“Nothing? Nothing costs nothing these days,” Maryanne said to him. “You aren’t even going to ask me to blow you in the green room or something?”

“You have every right to keep your old life in the past, if that’s where you want it,” Kevin said. “Hey Kerry! I need to get an autograph from you. This lady’s son is a fan of the band, wants to get an autograph from us old timers.”

“Sure thing,” Kerry said. “What’s his name?”

“Max,” Maryanne said.

“To Max, Love Kerry’,” his drummer signed before looking up at the woman. Kevin was amused to see absolutely no recognition on Kerry’s face, even though he’d seen Kerry watching a video with Stacy *starring in it* at their rehearsal space one day while waiting for the rest of the band to show up a few years back. Maybe the suburban camouflage was just too good, or maybe enough time had passed that Kerry just couldn’t make the connection. And so, Kerry continued without a clue in the world as to who was really standing in front of her. “Too young to come see us live?”

“I figure 13’s just a little too young for his first concert.”

“I was seeing the Cure live for the first time at around that age,” Kevin said, as Kerry handed him the sleeve and the Sharpie back. He turned and handed it to Maryanne. “If you want to let him come to a future show of ours, lemme know, and I can have you two put on the guest list. I wouldn’t want him going alone at that age, but it’s a good place to start exploring live music.”

“Sure, that might be fun,” Maryanne said, glancing around the room. “Is there someplace quieter we could talk about it?”

“Yeah, there’s a couple of side rooms. Alice has the whole club booked, so I’m sure we can find one that isn’t crowded to talk in.”

The two of them maneuvered through the crowd, and no matter which way Kevin looked, there were only looks of unrecognition when it came to Maryanne, although a number of people wanted him to stop, sign autographs or take selfies, and so it took them nearly four minutes to get out of the main area and into one of the back rooms at the Viper Room, a small little lounge that looked like it normally didn’t have more than four or five people in it.

“Look, I promise not to—” Kevin started before Maryanne pressed him up against the wall, practically pinning him there, her lips mashing fiercely at his, her tongue barging its way into his mouth like a drunken Karen on full tirade mode. Her hands were grabbing at his wrists, pulling his hands up and over his head, much like she almost wanted total control of him for a moment.

“You ever fuck a porn star, Kevin?” she panted hungrily in his face when the kiss broke. “I never got to fuck a rock star. It was maybe the one cliché I never got to live out. Wanna cross something off our lists together?”

“How wild are you talking about in your past?” Kevin heard himself ask.

“Oh, I’m clean and fine, but back then? I got gangbanged by the defensive line of the football team on prom night,” she said with a giggle. “I was the center of a bukkake line for twenty men for one flick. And the leader of a reverse gangbang towards the end of my porn career, with fifteen girls all obeying my orders to make one guy cum so much he couldn’t stand up when we were done with him. But that was back when I was working in the industry. Now—”

“Now you’re a Volvo driving soccer mom,” Kevin laughed.

“Well, Audi, but yeah, close enough,” she said with a slight giggle. “But other than that, you’re right. Just like that Everclear song, I guess.”

“With blond, bland middle-class Republican lives?”

“To a point,” she said with a smirk. “I’m a never Trumper. That’s why I got a divorce from my husband. Taxes? Sure. Smaller government? You got it. But saying you can grab ’em by the pussy?” She shook her head with a sigh. “That’s too far. But Bill insisted it was either vote for the guy who didn’t have any respect for me as a human being or my rights, and so I told him to kick rocks and get

the fuck out of my house.”

“That’s the only reason?” Kevin asked with a suspicious grin.

“Well...” she admitted. “That and I caught him banging the neighbor’s wife. Knew that bitch Keegan couldn’t be trusted, but she came around poaching my man anyway. So I let her have him, and I took half his shit, kept the kids and kicked him out of the house. Keegan divorced her husband so she and Bill could get married but give it another five to ten years and he’ll be sniffing around for more new pussy instead of her old and dried up cooch. He didn’t even marry her. They’re just ‘exclusive,’ whatever the fuck that’s supposed to mean.”

“Am I just something you’re doing to get back at Bill?” Kevin asked her, as he felt her peeling up his long shirt, baring his heavily tattooed chest for her. “Or was there something more specific you wanted out of this?”

“Fuck him. He’s not worth a second thought. This is for me. I want a taste of my old wild life again,” she said, her eye contact intense, practically optically fucking me before she got down to the real thing. “I wanna feel like I used to, like anything’s possible, like no one will tell me no on anything... and I never got a chance to fuck a rock star, to truly get my kicks off with someone I know everyone in the room was eye banging before I got there.”

“Rock star might be a bit much.”

“Well, I’m not really a porn star anymore either, but we can both pretend a little,” she said, turning to face away from Kevin, rubbing her ass through the skirt against his crotch as she started to do a wiggle and shimmy downward, some of her old stripper moves clearly coming back to her. “Tell me you don’t think I’m hot.” She grabbed his hands and moved them to rest on her hips, more towards the front, so when she slid down again, they drifted up to her tits through the white top, and her nipples are as hard as bullets through the top. “Don’t tell me because I had my tits undone you’re suddenly gone off me...”

“Hell no,” Kevin said, his thumbs flicking those nipples to make her whimper and moan, her butt pressing harder against him when he did. “I never understood why you got those basketballs strapped to your chest anyway. You didn’t need them, and you went way too big. What you have now is natural, sexy, perfect.”

She purred back at him, nuzzling her face in his neck. “Good boy. Even if you don’t believe it, and for the record I think you do, you know the right things to tell a girl you’re trying to get to fuck you...” She unbuttoned her crimson blouse and Kevin could see a lacey scarlet bra clinging to her breasts, the indentations of her nipples like tiny flags. During her heyday, she’d gotten breast implants a few sizes too big for her frame, in an attempt to expand her demographic. “Don’t you move. It’s time for you to see what a fucking professional is capable of.”

Half a second later, she’d dropped to her knees and was running her hands up along the inside of Kevin’s thighs, making his cock throb and twitch even more eagerly, impatiently, as if she was enjoying prolonging his wait. But eventually, her hand brushed against his shaft through his jeans, and within mere seconds, she’d shucked his jeans and boxers down to his knees and immediately started going to town on his cock.

Her opening move was to lock eyes with him and slowly push her face further and further down onto his cock until her nose was pressed against his skin, the entirety of his shaft in her mouth or throat, her eyes looking up at him with a challenging, amused confidence, as if to say, ‘we can be here all day.’ After about twenty seconds or so, with her point proven, she started thrusting her face back and forth onto his shaft, from tip to base, each dive calculated and coordinated with a squeeze of his balls or a grab of his ass, and he had to admit, Maryanne had him wrapped around her finger, as he could tell when he was starting to rush towards an orgasm and she would intentionally back down, sliding her mouth off his shaft, letting him see the spit and precum all blending together to make a filthy mess as she laughed up at him playfully. “Best blowjob you’ve ever had?”

“By a mile,” he breathlessly admitted, his hand stroking her face.

“Good,” she said, sliding off her knees, standing back up again, as she pulled the tie out of her blonde hair and let it ripple down like a waterfall around her shoulders, mostly golden blonde, except right at the roots, where the dark black was showing. She also hiked up her skirt and pushed her black panties down to her ankles, stepping out of them, exposing that the dark stockings went up to mid-thigh and stopped there, held up by a garter belt. He could see a bit of black bush above her pussy as well, although certainly immaculately maintained. “Cause I want you to fuck my brains out like you fucking mean it... Every guy’s fantasized about fucking a porn star, but you’re gonna do it... and I’m not gonna give you the beginner course... oh no...rock stars get the expert level challenge...”

Kevin wasn’t entirely sure he knew what that meant, but it was clear she was going to do all the coordination for him, as she moved to rub one leg up and along his side. Moments later, she leapt up and wrapped her legs around his waist.

“Pin me against the wall,” she whispered into his ear as quietly as she could, like she was trying to plant the idea in his head without running the moment or breaking the illusion.

He shifted and turned to slam her back against the wall with a gasp escaping her lips, and for half a second, he thought he’d gone too far or shoved her too hard, only to see a wild giggle escaping from her lips as she gave him an encouraging nod. “That what you want?” he said, trying to put as much bass into his voice as he could, uncomfortable as it felt. “For me to fuck you through this goddamn wall?”

“Fuck *YES*,” she moaned, reaching down to grab his cock, helping him get it lined up, because while this sort of thing might’ve been old hat for her, it was tricky positioning for him, who wasn’t used to thinking about camera angles or even what the appearance was like. But as he felt his cock press up inside of her cunt, he couldn’t believe this was a woman who’d taken cock for a living for nearly a decade, or that she’d given birth to two kids, as she was tight as a virgin around his shaft, his body almost giving him a surprise release at the intensity of the clamping around him. “Good, isn’t it? C’mon, you dirty fucker, that’s *your* pussy now, fucking own it, drill it, carve your fucking name into it, motherfucker... hammer me right through this fucking wall... make me let everyone in this fucking club know how good you’re fucking me...fuck me like I’m your good little porno slut...”

With all of his partners, Kevin had experienced all kinds of sex, but this was an entirely next level experience, her body in complete control of their tempo, despite his position in the driver’s seat, his body doing what it could to hold her pinned against the wall, but the tiny kicks of her heels set the tempo, and no matter how rough he thought he was being, she was pushing for more of it, howling and moaning, her lips mashing on and off against his, her head constantly nodding in encouragement.

“That’s it... c’mon... fuck me... fuck me good... fuck me hard... **HARDER**... fuck you feel fucking good in my tight little pussy... **FASTER**, rock star... beat up that cunt... plow my fucking guts open... fuck me like you fucking **MEAN IT**...”

The way she was goading him, he almost felt like she was trying to get him to grow more rough, and so when he took one of his hands and placed it on her throat, giving it just a small squeeze, she started nodding even more feverishly, licking her lips, her eyes widening and he could swear he could see a hint of pride in them, like she was ecstatic that she was still capable of bringing out this side of men over a dozen years after her retirement.

“Fuck yeah... fuck me fuck me fuck me... harder... deeper... shove it in there, you beautiful bastard... fuck my belly open...you gonna do it? I know you wanna do it, you fucker... and I wanna feel it... fuck I want it so fucking bad... I wanna feel you creampie me... God, it’s been so fucking long... do it, motherfucker... nut in that fucking hole and make it yours... fucking fill me... gimme that hot fucking cream... it’s fucking mine... I earned it... nut me... cum in me! Fuck fuck **FUCK I’M FUCKING CUMMING!**”

Kevin wondered which was louder, Maryanne’s screams or the sound of the blaring techno from the DJ, but he didn’t have long to think about it, as he felt her walls crashing in around him, a velvet sticky hug that refused to loosen its grip, until finally, he could do nothing other than give her what she asked for, as his body gave up the ghost, tensing up and then gushing forward an utter siege of cum, an entire

river erupting from him like a dam breaking and giving way to an unstoppable flood, as she giggled and cried when he did, tears of joy and ecstasy flowing down her cheeks.

It was at least a minute or so before either of them could say anything, both still panting for breath, his body mostly pinning hers against the wall by leaning into her, a constant rainfall of his cum and her juices leaking down onto the floor below them.

“Holy shit, I think you painted the bottoms of my lungs with that geyser, cowboy,” she giggled into his ear, nibbling at it. “Not that I’m complaining. It felt so fucking good getting stuffed like a Thanksgiving turkey... and don’t worry... I had my tubes tied after Brandon, my second kid... And I haven’t fucked anybody since Bill and I got divorced a couple of years ago. And I’m not looking for someone to be a father to my kids or whatever. But I wouldn’t mind if you wanted to make this a semi-regular thing... You could even come around and give Max a few lessons. He said you made him want to learn to play the guitar.”

“Accipio hoc donum,” Kevin muttered as quietly as he could beneath his breath.

“What was that?” she asked.

“Nothing, don’t worry about it. As for making this a recurring thing... I can get behind that, but there’s a few things we’ll need to talk about first,” he said, lowering Maryanne to the floor, seeing the tiny golden +2 tattoo already glowing on her ass. “I need to tell you a bit about a guy named Merlin and his on-again, off-again girlfriend Morgana...”

For the next couple hours, Kevin introduced Maryanne to everyone, and walked her through what her new life was going to be like, and to Kevin’s complete lack of surprise, Maryanne reacted not with fear at magic, but with excitement and eagerness.

Now that Kevin knew what sort of things would trigger Merlin’s graft, he knew what to be on the lookout for, and so he could be on guard to see them coming. There were only five more of those remaining and then, he figured, his life would settle down and fall into a more regular pattern for him to live by.

The only real loose thread that bothered him was how Ashley’s extra pendant had come with almost no real chaos or problems, more of a simple need for adaptation and the next morning, the pendant was simply there. In a couple years’ time, when Kevin and his entire family were basically in lockdown in the house during a worldwide pandemic, his curiosity would get to him one night, and he would wander into Elizabeth’s office in the wee hours of the morning, when no one else was awake, and examine the box the pendants had come in for the first time in his life. Before then, Elizabeth had handled the box, but since all the pendants had been taken from it, it had lain idle in her office, unremarkable and forgotten.

And under cover of darkness, alone and only half awake, Kevin opened the box and examined the empty tray that the pendants had rested upon... only to find that it lifted out of the box to reveal hidden depths. Beneath it, a second tray rested, with six untouched pendants and a single empty slot. There was also a note resting atop of them, written in Morgana’s handwriting, which read, “For a rainy day.”

But that story, dear readers, will have to remain for another time...

*fin (for now)*

*(Author’s note: Morgana’s Gift was originally, when I conceived it, going to be exactly 9 parts long – an intro, a chapter with a song title with a day of the week for each of the seven days, and an outro. It was also, however, the story that readers clamped onto the most, beyond the obvious QT-shaped space in the room. As such, I decided to expand it and play about a bit. I knew Morgana’s natural opposite would be Merlin, and as such, I set out to introduce my interpretation of one of the most well-known fictional characters in history, and I set out to make him familiar but different. Mostly, I wanted him to*

*be the kind of asshole friend that everyone can't help but have one of in their circle of friends. But once I introduced Merlin, I knew Morgana wouldn't leave things alone. And from there, the Modern Mythos universe was born. As should be obvious from the end of this story, I wanted the conclusion here to draw two things into sharp relief – one, the Modern Mythos universe and the QT universe are separate spaces, and never the two shall cross, because COVID will be the only pandemic MM-stories will see in 2020, and the other – that I respect the love and affection people have for Kevin and his family, and that this isn't goodbye to them, but 'see you later.' At some point down the road, I'll be back and tell Merlin's Graft, which will detail the other five play partners Merlin's going to give to Kevin, and what those other six pendants might be used for. But for now, we bring things to a close on the Bishops, and we'll be back again to see them sooner or later. Thanks again for everyone who's loved this story. It's been loads of fun to write, and the fact that everyone's been okay with all the swerves and twists is why I love my audience. I hope this feels like a good finale for now. I always knew there would be a second layer to the box, and that I'd reveal it at the end. One last peek behind the curtain – when I launched the Patreon in 2021, I decided I wanted to try and see if I could take all the writing cliches I hated and make them work for me. So I've been sneaking them in over the last few years – the unreliable narrator (CARP), the flashforward cold open (Neon Stonehenge) and here, the 'that's another story' finish. It's good to have you here. The next story is just around the corner.)*