

# ANGEL OF THE ANCIENTS

A Gay Erotic Fantasy

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*Dedicated to my husband. Who loves me for everything I am...*

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## Chapter 1: Father and Son

*Aliens or Humans? A new civilization to be discovered, or another temple of the Mayans?* The questions swirled around in his brain trying to make sense of the new discovery. He should have gone to pick up his son, but he sent Carlos. *Too many questions, what is it?* His thoughts drifted away from his work. His son is coming to visit. *I am such a bad father...*



If Mike was good at anything, torturing himself was what he did best. He worked well because he knew how to run from emotional baggage that weighed him down. Depression, the friend that understood him best.

The depression subsided a little while thinking about his son. His thoughts and emotions focused on him rather than his work. A surge of regret came to his mind. *How long has it been? Two years?*

Mike worked hard. He enjoyed the challenges but ran away from problems. Not from responsibility or family, but from himself.

Now, his job would be in jeopardy if a major discovery was not found. His supporters were about to pull out and he had no alternative income.

Mike put his thoughts aside for the moment and started writing. He wrote about the new cave he discovered. He noted some of the markings as well as his hypothesis. *An ancient civilization that has not been discovered before. Possibly similar to the Mayans.* A small cave. He almost overlooked it had he not been distracted by nearby wildlife.

*How did I get here?*

Mike stopped writing in his journal. His thoughts drifted on past regrets. His son made him believe like he had a life. His need to escape from himself drove him to this place.

*He must hate me.*

Matt was the sole joy in his life. They used to do everything together, even after the divorce. Once he saw how much his son was like him, he was scared and ran, hoping he would not turn out like him.

The phone rang, Mike eagerly grabbed it to check if they were on their way. Looking at the caller I.D., his enthusiasm vanished.

“Peter, what’s up?”

“You left me a message about a discovery you made, I wanted to know if you need a team to check it out.”

“Not yet, I want some more pictures and survey the land first, don’t worry, I’ll let you know when I am ready.”

“Don’t take too long, you know what I think it is.”

“You mean your theories of an ancient underground temple? Maybe, but I am not convinced.” Mike said trying to calm him down. He knew that Peter had clues, but no discovery, not like this.

“This could be a breakthrough. I am planning on being in your area in a week, have something for me and we can decide on how to proceed.”

“Understood, let’s not rush it, I know you.”

“Our financial supporters are getting a little tired of waiting and they want results. This could give us a few more years on the field.”

“I’ll get you something soon.” Mike promised.

“Call me with anything.” Peter said as he hung up.

Mike thought about what he said. Perhaps he was being too careful. Something was holding him back, and he could not decide if it was his own shortcomings or something else. Mike sat down and thought about what he needed to do.

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“Dad!” a familiar voice sounded as Mike was packing some of his gear into his jeep.

“Hey, you made it!” Mike set setting his stuff down to greet his son with a hug.  
“Carlos got you here all right.”

“He is a good boy Senor.” Carlos said getting out of his car “Are we going on an expedition?”

“I want to take my son to the cave. Just us.”

“Sounds good, let me know if you need me.” Carlos said taking the payment from Mike. “Again, you are too generous.”

“We are going tomorrow morning, so I will see you in a couple of days.” Mike patted him on the back, Carlos smiled with a nod of appreciation.

“He is a handsome boy, like his father.” Carlos said winking.

Mike was used to his flirtations. He shrugged it off. He tried to project the man he thought his son needed.

Carlos left and Matt was quiet, holding something back, but Mike had no idea what was going through his head.

*I knew it, he hates me.*

“I miss you, dad.” Matt teared up and grabbed his father in an endearing hug.

*Maybe he doesn't hate me.*

“I have missed you too Son.” A flood of memories permeated his mind. He remembered the last day he saw his son who was begging him not to go.

Matt finally let go and punched his chest.

“What was that for?”

“Leaving in the first place.” Matt wiped a tear from his face.

Mike let out a heavy sigh “I had to.” He whispered just loud enough for Matt to hear him.

“Dad, I do love you, but you are a bonehead.”

“I know.” Admitting it seemed to be easier. A good start for a discussion in his mind.

Matt grabbed his stuff and started to bring it into the house. Mike started helping him noticing how much he brought.

“Looks like you are moving in.”

Matt said nothing, just cleared his throat. Mike stayed silent. *Maybe it wasn't a joke?*

Mike took off his shirt and sat down while Matt when to take a shower. He focused on the sound of the native birds and of water rushing in the distance as Matt got cleaned up. Mike let his mind wander and relaxed enough to start to falling asleep.

“Dad! There is only one bedroom!” Matt yelled from the hallway.

Mike remained silent. He relaxed not moving or responding. He just enjoyed having someone else there, especially his son. His loneliness left him.

“The couch is small.” Mike said as Matt walked into the living room “If you want to make do out here.”

“I'll just sleep with you. No big deal.” Matt said looking for his clothes.

Matt moved stuff around making himself comfortable and had a pile of his stuff in the living room. He started to feel more at home while he put his feet up and started playing with his tablet.

“I can't believe there isn't a T.V.”

“I don’t need much here, besides, I enjoy the quiet.” Mike lied a little. He did miss some of the luxuries in the states. He usually kept himself too busy to relax.

“So how are you?” Mike eyeballed Matt hoping it was time for a discussion.

“You know, tired, hungry, and I…” Matt stopped for a moment hesitating

“Tell me.”

“I just want to stay away from mom.” Matt blurted out.

“What happened?”

“She found out something about me, and now keeps shoving her faith in my face. I just want her to leave me alone.”

*This is it, perhaps he will tell me.*

“What could possibly be that bad?” *For her, anything could be bad.*

“Dad, I’m gay…” Matt said looking away from him.

A soft silence filled the room. Mike’s heart skipped a beat wondering if he had anything to do with it. Matt looked away, not even wanting to face his father.



“Listen, Matt,” Mike said kneeling down “know that it doesn’t matter to me, I just want you to be happy.”

“Then why haven’t you been there? I barely hear from you” Matt said sharply.



Mike wished he could have been a better father. *Everything that has happened to him is my fault.*

Mike secretly pursued leaving as far away as he could. He knew Matt had a tendency to be gay and he knew it was a hard life.

“I knew you had those feelings.” Mike paused. “I knew because I recognized them.”

“Yea right.” Matt brushed it off like he was being patronized.

Mike’s hands started shaking with the secret past he kept to himself. Of all the things he wanted to keep from his son, this was it. He wanted to tell him, but he fell silent.

“Dad, are you gay?”

There it was, the question he hoped to avoid. He wanted to tell him the truth, but was so conditioned to hide it, he remained frozen with fear.

“I don’t know, to be honest.” Mike half-heartedly admitted after a few looks and moments of silence. “I had some experiences when I was your age.” he paused with an exhale “It was easier to follow the path my parents told me to. I met your mother, tried it, and you happened. Our parents all but made us marry.”

“Wow, I never knew.”

“So yes, I understand.”

“Is there a man in your life? Carlos seems to like you.” Matt’s smile returned as if someone just turned on a light switch.

“No. I just never came out. Carlos likes me, but we never did anything. Sexually I mean.”

“I wish I never came out.” Matt’s smile started to fade.

“I am sorry about what you are going through; tell me what has been happening.”

“Well,” Matt took a deep breath “the kids at school found out so I am constantly being bullied. The teachers are useless; they don’t do anything. Mom takes me to church all the time; they even try to cast demons out of me. It makes me think I am not what I should be

in their eyes, and then they say that it isn't God's will." Matt stopped. He realized he had just let everything out knowing what was missing.

Dad.

Tears streamed out from his eyes realizing he had been without him "I needed you." A choked voice replied.

Without a word, Mike moved in close to his son and hugged him while he cried and let the pain flow like the river of his tears.

"I wish I had been there for you. I was running from myself this whole time. I was never running from you."

"Why run?"

"I wanted to be the strong and masculine father I thought you needed. When I saw you might be turning out gay, it scared me, and I left."

"Dad, that is the worst explanation." Matt crinkled his nose at his reason.

"I know. I don't have anything more to offer. Please forgive me." Mike couldn't hold it in anymore and his eyes started to well up.

"Dad, how could I not forgive you? You are my dad, and I love you." Matt said punching him in his chest.

"What was that for?"

"Just in case you forget it."

They ate and viewed the sun set talking about their lives, both together and separate. Matt talked more about what he had been through. Mike listened remembering how tight they are as father and son. He did not want to risk losing it ever again.

The evening was hot and humid. They both fell asleep from exhaustion.



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Mike woke up early.

Without moving he realized his son was sleeping with his arm wrapped around him. He realized he was being poked unintentionally.

Mike carefully removed himself peeling himself apart like removing plastic from a new window. Humidity at 90% and Mike got a chill down his spine pushing away thoughts as he normally did.

Mike shook it off taking a cold shower and then preparing breakfast. He realized he hadn't entertained for a while and was glad to do it for his son.

Matt staggered out of the bedroom and into the kitchen to see his dad making pancakes and eggs. He sat on the bar stool just watching him. Mike was humming a tune and turned around to see Matt staring at breakfast.



“Oh, you’re up” Mike said a bit surprised.

“Dad, don’t you wear clothes?”

“Sometimes” he chuckled. “Without air conditioning, it can get hot and humid here. I find I am more comfortable to be in my own skin.”

“Touché” Matt said rubbing his eyes. “Not like I got dressed either.”

They didn’t say much as they both started to wake up. Mike talked about his discovery. Matt quietly listened to the details. After breakfast, Mike sat back just watching his son, wondering what was on his mind.

“So, what are you in thought about?”

“I want to move in with you permanently.”

“I want that too. Might be hard, but first thing is to tell your mom.”

“I sent her a text this morning, she should be...” Before he finished, Mike’s phone rang.

“Hello?” Mike listened to the verbal abuse of an angry woman on the other end. “Well, you...” the verbal abuse continued. “Wait just a ...” Matt could hear her voice trying to hide a smile. “I didn’t...” She kept on. Mike looked at his watch knowing they had to leave soon. “Goodbye!” Mike hung up the phone.

Matt giggled.

“That is not funny” Mike tried to hold back a laugh.

“Yes it is!” Matt leaned back on the couch holding a pillow to his chest.

“Well, if she wants to talk, that’s all good, but I will not be abused like that again. I had five years of that.” Mike let out a deep sigh, bowing his head and releasing a clenched fist.

“She never treated you with respect, did she?” Matt tilted his head in thought.

“No. She made me believe I am not a man unless I agreed to everything she agreed to. She had to be right about everything. I had to learn from her, but never the other way around.”

“Imagine her as your mother.” Matt stood up picking out his clothes for the trip.

“My mom is not that different. Dad always obeyed her, probably still does.”

“Nana and Papa miss you.”

“Really?”

“You are their son dad; I am surprised you didn’t know.”

“You will make a good dad yourself.”

“Dad, I’m gay”

“You could always adopt.” Mike said seriously. “Don’t deny yourself the experience; you would probably be a much better father than me.” Mike started to look for some clothes for himself.

“Dad!” Matt said turning around. “Stop beating yourself up. You are my role model, always have been.”

“Thanks” Mike smiled with partial acceptance. “I guess I always have tried to live up to everyone else’s expectation. Sometimes I forget what I have done in my life that makes a difference.”

“I understand dad.” Matt scanned around “Are we ready to go?”

“Yes, the backpacks are ready, and the jeep is loaded.”

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“We are here.” Mike parked the jeep on the side of an abandoned road.

“Where is it?”

“About a mile and a half hike north, we can’t take the jeep there.”

“It is getting dark.” Matt remembered the reality shows of man versus beast in the wilderness.

“We will camp out, there is a good spot a few hundred meters away and everything we need is in my backpack. I hope I didn’t over pack.”

“What about the wildlife?”

“Don’t believe all the stories you hear; we will be all right.”

They set up camp and Matt just sat and listened to the ambient sounds of nature in the distance.

Mike started a fire and they sat in silence listening and looking at the night sky.

“The stars are so bright.”

“Yes, they are. No pollution and just as God intended.”

“I keep thinking of the time after you and mom split, I was over at your place and we watched The Lion King.” Matt paused thinking of what could happen “Dad, will you watch over me if you die?”

Talking about death with his son. A subject in his mind he did not want to pursue.

“Without knowing what will happen when I die, understand this. I will always want to be there for you.” Mike said after a long pause.

“Are we going to hell?”

Mike didn’t answer right away. He focused on his feelings, not what he was taught. His lifelong conflict summed up in his son’s words.

*Maybe I am going to hell, and taking my son with me.*

“It can’t be worse than living with your mom.” Mike gave Matt a small fist bump on his shoulder.

“She means well; she just doesn’t care about what other people are going through. It’s that church. It is that belief system. If not for that, I think she would actually be capable of love.” Matt kept staring at the stars.

“I would have to agree with you.” Mike started thinking about some of what he learned from the bible. “Were you aware, that Jesus said he would build his church?”

“I remember that, and the gates of hell would not stand against it.”

“Ever wonder why people keep trying to build it?”

Matt tilted his head looking at him. “I never thought about that dad. Without people, the church would do a lot better.” Matt smiled thinking about possibilities. “Ever wonder about intelligent life out there?”

“Yes, there is intelligent life out there, and on this planet that we have not discovered yet.”

“How do you know that?”

“When I was 8 years old, I saw a bigfoot.”

“Really?”

“Yes, my parents tried to convince me otherwise. I saw him in my bedroom window at a campsite cabin we rented in Washington State. He had such human eyes and expressive, I still believe he was curious about me.”

“Never met a werewolf?” Matt started to giggle.

“I was always fascinated by werewolves, when I was your age, I used to ...”

“Study all the information you could find on them, it hasn’t been that long. I remember the stories you told me were about werewolves.” Matt playfully interrupted.

“I remember, just wasn’t sure if you did.”

“Dad?”

“Yes?” Mike said starting to fall asleep.

“Who am I named after?”

“Your great grandfather on your mother’s side. She insisted your name be from the Bible and was also in the family, her side of course.”

“What about my middle name?”

“I named you that. You are my little Angel. Your mother fought me on that but I insisted. She thinks the name is feminine, but I did prove her wrong. At least I think I did.”

“I tried once to use that name as my main name, but mom refused, I always wondered why.”

“When you are old enough, you can choose to use it as your main name if you wish.”

“I love you, Dad.”

“I love you too Son.”

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Morning came and Mike and Matt quickly disassembled their camp. The trip to the cave was not as far as Matt had imagined it to be and in no time they arrived.

“This is it, just watch your step.” Mike warned Matt.

“It’s not so bad. We should do this more often.” Matt said hinting

“We will.” Mike promised.



The entrance led to a short steep drop and into the opening of the cave. Matt examined around intriguingly as they stepped into it.

The cave was carefully hidden behind rocks and trees, and led deep underground. They had to climb down forty feet just to get into the main area. Mike flashed his flashlight around and waiting for Matt's reaction.

At one side of the cave sat a huge stone. The stone was shaped in the form of a right hand. One ray of light beamed onto an old sword coming out of it.

“Remember when you were little and you made me read the sword and the stone all the time?”

Matt's eyes widened with energetic excitement. His dad found something he had only dreamed about.

“Dad, this is incredible! Is there anything more?”



“Not yet, this cave is all I can find right now, and there are markings we have never seen before. My hypothesis is that there was an ancient civilization that once lived here. Some of the markings appear to be Egyptian, some Greek, but I can't explain why they are all here.”

“This sword is familiar to me.” Matt’s curiosity was overwhelming “This may seem odd, but I know that sword. May I?” Matt asked intently looking at the relic.

“Go ahead and take a look.” Mike shrugged his shoulders “I can’t understand it, and it has been in that rock for a long time. I don’t think it is going anywhere. I could not move it at all.” Mike said trying to restrain his son’s excitement.

Matt set his backpack down and knelt by the sword examining it. It had a unique style and he remembered some of his drawings he did of a sword in a stone. He fumbled in his backpack and found one of them, it was just like the one he was looking at. He compared his drawing and the sword carefully as Mike starting to get curious about what he was doing. He examined at the comparison Matt was making.

“That looks like it, where did you find the drawing?”

“I drew it before I left for Brazil. It has been in my dreams for months now. What does it mean?”

“You must be psychic. At least clairvoyant.” Mike patted him on the back and kneeled down next to him. “The important thing is, what do you think?”

Matt thought for a moment, *Is this my destiny?* He prudently examined the entire sword.

Matt touched the indentations and allowed his dream to be present in his mind. He trusted his instinct and placed his thumb into a crevasse and fingers on the other side of it. he flexed his hand muscles and pulled gracefully allowing him to pull the sword out of the stone.

“O no.” Mike whispered as the entire cave shifted. A wall moved and an opening appeared. Mike braced himself while Matt stood there with the sword in his hand. Out of the door a Minotaur stepped out, with the body of a human, and a head and feet like a bull. He stood there looking at the two, with almost no expression.

*My Dream!* Matt held the sword in front of him taking a defensive posture. The minotaur simply moved his right arm pulling a lever, which caused the floor to drop beneath them. Matt dropped the sword and reached for his father who fell into a different shaft.



Matt stopped himself for an instant listening to the echoes of his father falling. He was frightened. He tried to look beneath the floor.

Matt slipped and fell down. He struggled to listen for anything that would lead him to his dad. He only heard distant sounds he was unable to identify.

## Chapter 2: The Hidden World



*“Where did it all go?”*

*“Your life?” a distant voice asked.*

*“Yes, what happened?”*

*“I have other plans for you. Take my hand, everything will be all right.”*

*“Who are you?”*

*“I am...”*

Mike opened his eyes suddenly with a chill down his spine. His surroundings unfamiliar to him.

*I’m naked, in a room, and something is in here with me...*

Then he remembered, he had fallen in the cave. He was not sure how far but he had fallen and was surprised he was alive. He began to feel around moving as if he could find out where he was and what happened to his clothes.



A creature staring over him. A Large hairy beast with the head of a sabretooth tiger. his body bigger than a professional wrestler. His hands and feet like partial paws, a cross between cat and human.

He rapidly gasped as the creature watched him. *He is inspecting me!* The creature purred looking up and down his body just lying there on a strange bed.

*My hair has been cut?*

Mike gulped listening to the sound of his breath and his heartbeat. *What is that? Am I dinner?*

Mike reached within himself to find some strength to face this monster. He slowly sat up scrutinizing him. A pain in his head kept him from moving too fast but he tried to ignore it.

“Can you speak?” Mike wondered if it understood language.

“Will you listen?” the creature responded.

“I... I will.” Mike said startled and surprised. *Did it just say something?*

“What are you called?” the creature asked.

“My name is Mike. I am human” Mike pointed to himself.

“Very interesting.” The creature rubbed his chin “You must think I am ignorant. I assure you, that is not the case.”

“Please tell me what is going on.” Losing control, Mike started to cry.

“You are not in danger.” The creature began “My name is Ozark. I am a Cat-Kong, that is my native species. Here, in this underground world, there are many species that live. We keep ourselves hidden from humans such as yourself.”



“My Clothes, my hair...” Mike started to breath erratically

“Your head was wounded, and our doctor cured you. Do not worry, the concussion is gone, but she had to shave your head to heal you. Your clothes were torn up, so I removed the”

Mike scrutinized the hairy beast again. He had a good size to him with a human like dick just resting between his legs. Mike gawked longer than he thought he would. He blushed when he perceived Ozark was watching his eyes. “You don’t wear clothes?”

“Sometimes. We prefer to be comfortable. For most of us, we prefer nudity.”

This was incredible. The discovery, the creatures, so many questions, so many answers! *I will be known worldwide!*

“This is an incredible discovery that no known human has made.” Mike thought out loud. *Wait, where is Matt?* “My son, is he all right?”

“Your son is well. He is with another one of our...” Ozark paused as if finding the right word “residents here.”

“Are we prisoners?”

Mike had to ask the obvious question. He said that they stay away from humans. so the only logical conclusion in his mind would be that they were going to keep them here.

“That is your choice. We do not wish to be discovered, so you can either be prisoners or join us and live here with us.”

Mike believed he had always been a prisoner. A prisoner of other people’s expectations, as well as his wants and needs.

Mike wondered what it meant. Prisoner or part of an unknown community. He wasn’t sure.

*What kind of life is that for Matt and I?*

“I want to, but I am not sure.”

“Humans are often unpredictable.” Ozark moved closer to him “I appreciate you being truthful.”

“Please tell me more, or show me.”

“First, let me explain” Ozark began “We used to live with humans. A part of some human cultures like ancient Greece, Rome and Egypt. Much of who we were was not documented for our protection. Our fathers and grandfathers knew that the human ability and desire to kill could be turned on us. So we were only shadows in the old world. When humans evolved and were created through evolution, we were made to be a part of it. The first human civilization was Adam. Adam was the civilization that named the native species in this world. Every species here has a soul like humans, except for the divine gift. Humans are the most divine of all creatures but chose to use their choice to make their own way. Humans have the power of creation and destruction in their words. Most do not believe it, and yet they experience it every day.”

“You talk about humans as if they are god’s.”

“In a sense, they are. But their decisions to make their own way became and inward sense of rejection. Through the years and they started viewing us as gods. Ra was one of our most respected elders thousands of years ago. He tried and failed to convince the pharaoh of Egypt that he was not. Humans twist and perverted their own divinity to satisfy their greed and vanity. It will be their undoing”

“So god’s like Ra, Osiris, and Bastet were all members of your group?”

“Bastet was my grandmother, and to answer your question, yes.”

*Grandmother? How long do they live?*

“That was a long time ago!”

“We live an average of three thousand years. It is part of a scientific breakthrough we made about 20,000 years ago. Before that we lived about 200 of your years. My species is especially inclined toward genetic engineering and the sciences. We discovered how to use it to extend our lives.”

“So how old are you?”

“I am about 800 years old. I forget, don’t pay much attention to age. But understand, even the genetics are not perfect.”

“How so?”

“It also enhances the gene that determines sexual preference. All males who have the genetic resequencing which is most everyone here, is gay.”

*All creatures here are gay? What kind of place is this?*

“How do you reproduce?”

“We reproduce.” Ozark smiled at the comment and sat down next to Mike.

“Everything here has been carefully designed for thousands of years. We all would like you and your son to be a part of it.”

“Why?”

“Your son has instincts that are special, he is the one that figured out the sword’s mystery correct?”



“Yes he did, and I have no idea how he did it.”

“Please join us.” Ozark glanced at Mike with genuine sincerity.

“I want to. It sounds like a good life; I just want to be sure.”

“Well then” Ozark purred and rubbed Mike’s head “We should go.”

“O wow” Mike’s body tingled showing an obvious erection.

“Has been a while for you?”

“A long while.”

Mike watched him slowly caress his head. With his other hand he started to reach down and gently touched his throbbing erection.

Mike started shaking. He inhaled like he was freezing. Nervous and scared.

Ozark took his large hand pressed gently covering his chest. His purring effect started to calm him down.

“Trust me.” Ozark whispered in his ear as he licked the back of his neck. Mike closed his eyes allowing the hairy beast to start massaging his body.

Mike calmed down thinking of his size, gentleness and patience. Ozark slowly stroked his hard cock, licking sensitive spots. He tasted his salty and sweaty body.

“Ooooooh!” Mike groaned.

Mike’s nervousness dissipated as Ozark started to go down on his rock hard cock. His gentleness made him relax even with his sharp teeth. Ozark took great care with erotic delight.



The saliva dripped into his pubic area and down through his crack below his testicles. Mike's body tried to squirm as his dick was being moistened. Ozark slobbered taking great pleasure at lubing up his junk.

"You taste fresh." Ozark closed eyes and began to swallow his erection pumping his face up and down making Mike throb and swell.

*What is happening? This is wrong, right? Why am I enjoying every moment?*

Mike grabbed his furry ears and started to thrust his dick forcefully into his mouth. Ozark seemed to enjoy his new found desire coming forth.

"Take that dick, take and swallow every drop! You want this don't you!?"

Ozark muffled an affirmative yes as Mike started to force fuck his mouth. Mike gritted his teeth forcing him while caressing the soft fur on his body.

Ozark started to drool more using his tongue to wrap itself around his dick. Mike's eyes started to roll back. His body involuntarily jolted with pleasure. He could sense his dick swell and throb against the rough tongue of the huge cat. Its coarseness gave him an unusual erotic pleasure.

"I'm ready!" He said with a forceful grunt.

Mike's body jerked as his seed fill Ozarks mouth. With one final push he slid back lying down panting and sweating. Ozark snuggled up next to him.

“That was more than I had expected” Ozark said purring and licking Mike “I am glad I have a new friend today.”

“I am so drawn to you” Mike said giving Ozark and big hug “Just promise me one thing.”



“Promise you?” Ozark questioned.

“Promise me that this isn’t a dream.”

-----

“Dad!?” Matt screamed hearing the echo of his own voice in the dark. Alone, but not afraid. It could have been familiar as if from a dream he couldn’t remember. The dampness of the cave moistened his clothes and chills ran up and down his spine “Dad?” he whispered.

Silence.

Matt sat down trying to fix his flashlight in the dark.

*\*Wham!*

He threw it against the wall. His backpack was gone and he didn’t have anything he could use in his pockets. Tears started to roll down his face. Fear of the unknown started to grip his soul. The darkness surrounded, him, his father nowhere to be heard or seen.

“Dad, I don’t know where I am, I could use your help.” Matt was talking to the unknown darkness hoping his father would say something, anything.

Silence.

He kept feeling the floor looking for something. The floor was moist, and the air was warm and a bit humid.

He continued to move his hand along the floor until he felt a foot. At first he was curious and then he backed off quickly not knowing what he touched.

*\*\*Gasp!*

Matt let out a partial scream shivered in an intense struggle to remain quiet.

“I am sorry; I didn’t mean to scare you” A voice whispered.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Torg. Come, I will help you.”

“I can’t see anything.” Matt searched the darkness unable to make out anything.

Suddenly a flicker of light sparked and a torch was lit. A red man stood there in the glow of the fire. Matt allowed his eyes to adjust. His red skin shimmered and his face was demonic. The horns on his head looked like they belonged on an animal. He was muscular and ripped. His eyes were warm, and surprisingly filled with compassion.

*Is this hell? Why is he looking at me like that?*

“You have the appearance of a demon”

“I assure you, I am not. Come. There is a room here where we can talk.” The demon looking man motioned Matt to get up.

Reluctantly, Matt stood up watching his every move, and followed him with caution.

His feet and hands started to shake. The red man opened the door. Light poured through like an invitation to walk into the room.

Matt stood outside the doorway peering in while Torg sat on a bed.

“Please, come in. I promise I won’t hurt you.”

Matt took a few steps in looking around wondering if someone else was in there or if there was a trap hidden nearby.

“I understand you activated the sword.” He had a sincere smile, but it didn’t calm Matt down, he was shaking and disturbed by the events that led him there.

“Where is my dad?”

“He is all right, he took a blow to the head, but we have medicine that will heal him. Come, sit and talk with me.”

“I am scared.”

“I understand.” Torg sighed. “I am sorry if I frighten you. You must be shocked and amazed. Tell me, did you draw these?” Torg held up the drawings Matt did of a sword in the stone. Matt scanned around and saw his backpack sitting on the floor.

“I had to, they have been in my dreams.” Matt got close without sitting down.

“I like your art work. You drew the handle of the sword perfectly. Do you believe in destiny?”

“Destiny? I think destiny takes away free will.”

“A philosopher!” Torg concluded. “Think of it like this. If you were created for a purpose, then you would not be happy unless you were fulfilling that purpose. Correct?”

“That sounds logical. So you believe we don’t have free will?”

“That is the beauty of free will. It gives us the choice to find our unique connection to the universe and connect. Then we can live out of that connection. That is what makes it powerful.”

“You are an interesting... man” Matt tried to find the right word.

“Thank you, as are you!” Torg said watching Matt’s wandering eyes.

Matt was started starring at his cock just dangling there.

“I think you will like it here, there are so many in our community that will enjoy your company. We are looking forward to having you live here with us.”

“Live here?”

“You are the one that pulled the sword out, we believe you are special to us, but not sure how.”

“You speak pretty good English.” Matt finally sat down.

“Thank you, I also speak many other languages, but that isn’t important right now.” Torg grinned at the compliment. “Your clothes are soaked, come let me take them from you and maybe we can get these dried by the fire.”

Matt hadn’t even noticed. He nodded and took off his clothes. He kept a watchful eye on him and he seemed interested. Matt wasn’t sure why, but his fear subsided a little as he continued to speak.

“We are genetically enhanced and live for about three thousand years. The genetic resequencing also activates the gay gene. Almost all males here are gay.”

“Really?”

“Yes. It is a great group of residents here; we are all family.”

“I need my dad.” Matt stared down while taking off his clothes.

“So tell me about yourself.” Torg probed curiously.

“I am not sure where to start. I am from Denver Colorado, I came here to visit my dad, and I don’t want to live with my mom anymore.” Matt eyed up and around the room, then at Torg who seemed interested in what he had to say. “How long have you all lived here?”

“A long time” Torg began. “There are a lot of residents here from earth’s history and from other worlds. We are quite diverse.”

“Why don’t you coexist with humans?”

“We did once, but humans are fearful and destructive. Despite their divinity, they would kill us and study us. The governments you have in power are the most destructive and evil we have ever seen. We anticipate they will either destroy each other, or the people will rise up in defiance. Either way, we are all on the edge of a new era.”

“Yea, been a lot of talk about Armageddon and stuff like that. So many movies.”

“People recognize it, but they don’t grasp that they really understand. So they create fictional drama that has an element of truth in it.”

“This is about being connected right?”

“You are pretty smart, why don’t we go to your dad, he should be at the bath right now.”

“The bath?”

“Ancient Rome terminology, like a bath house. It’s like a place to relax for us and stay clean”

“I am still naked.” Matt wondered looking around for something to cover himself with. His clothes were still drying on the fire.

“Oh, I was thinking you would fit right in with the others. If you prefer to...”

“No, it’s ok.” Matt bit his lip.

*Walking around naked? Sounds like fun!*

Torg escorted Matt to a circular ledge. It overlooked the center of the underground city. Matt saw many circular ledges that all were beneath him as if he was on the 100<sup>th</sup> floor of a large building.

“Glance up.” Torg pointed. Matt gazed up. A huge sphere of light almost hovering above the chasm they were in. “Up there, is the power that runs our city beneath the ground. It harnesses the sun’s power like a solar panel and gives us light and energy.” Torg started moving his arm and pointing his finger around and down.

“On each level there are doorways to different sections to the city. Some lead to hallways to slumber pods, others lead to studies, arena’s and libraries.”

“How many live here?” Matt tilted his head trying to comprehend how many could actually live in a place like this.

“Right now we have three thousand or so. I lose track.” Torg put his hand on Matt’s back smiling with pride.

“What is that at the bottom? I can barely see it.”

“The center of the city, it connects everything.” Torg leaned up against the pillar they were standing next to. “It is a small waterfall. Recycled water flows through a lava vein nearby.” Torg thought wondering if Matt understood.

“So all the dirty water including piss and bathwater gets recycled.” Matt imagined what he would be drinking and eating.

“To put it bluntly, yes.”

“It doesn’t make anyone sick?”

“Nobody gets sick here. We have no diseases, and we have better medicine than any human has ever dreamed of. At least in this stage of human’s evolution.”

Matt surveyed up and down again thinking. The entire place looked like someone took a huge drill and drilled this enormous hole in the earth. Then these creatures built a city in it concealing their home.

“South America used to be joined to Africa if our theories are correct.” Matt commented looking around at some interesting creatures walking by them.

“Everything here is reinforced. The continental shifts are so slight, they do not impact the city, yet.” Torg scrutinized his expressions as he was thinking about what he was saying. “Did you know the original humans were not native to this planet.”

“No way!”

“The Garden of Eden was located on the planet you call Mars. The Tree of Knowledge was on Earth. The choice resulted in the destruction of the dinosaurs and the habitation of humans.”

“That is amazing. This isn’t recorded?”

“At the time, humans did not record their history. Everything was told in stories as we do here. By the time they chose to record their history, the story was missing many key elements. The human choice to live apart from the creator resulted in forgetting where they truly came from. What astonished us, is that the divinity humans have was never taken away from them.”



“I am sure you have a lot of stories.”

“You will learn more in school.”

“School?” Matt frowned at the idea.

“Don’t worry, it is not what you think” Torg said patting him on the back “Are destination is about 15 floors down. We should get moving.”

Torg took him through a doorway that led to a wide stone staircase that spiraled down. Torches lined up the hallway. Matt spotted small ventilation shafts on each level they went down. Fresh air poured through keeping the oxygen level breathable and the temperature comfortable. The stairs Matt estimated it was 12 to 15 foot wide. The railings were extremely sturdy and he could tell that they had endured years of wear.

“This is the door.” Torg said pointing at the exit from the stairwell.

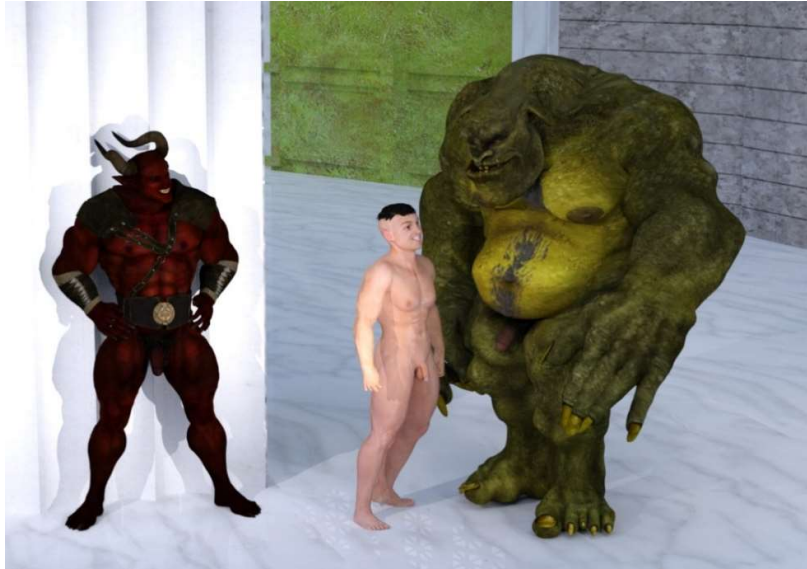
“How do you tell, there are no floor numbers?”

“When you have been here as long as we have, you just know.” Torg smiled.

They exited the stairwell. Matt glanced around at the creatures passing by. One had fins, another looked like a bear. A birdman or woman nodded and Matt thought they were smiling at him, but he couldn’t tell. From behind him a large Ogre like creature stepped out of the staircase.

“Ah! The new arrival! I am so pleased to meet you!” He said thoroughly examining Matt. His skin was green and yellow, and his neck was forward with his head almost in front of his chest. His ears were big and floppy like a dog. He had a wide mouth. Matt glared at him.

“Pleased to meet you.” Matt offered his hand



“Pleased to meet you as well.” He eyeballed at him tilting his head “What are you doing?” The Ogre stared at his extended hand.

“It’s called a hand shake; it is how we greet one another. My name is Matt.”

“My name is AOK.” The Ogre said still looking at his hand “What do I do?” he whispered.

“Here” Matt said “Put your hand in mine and give a simple squeeze with an up and down motion.” Matt gestured.

“I understand!” AOK said putting a finger in Matt’s hand and shaking it up and down “Like this?”

“Yes, that works!” Matt laughed.

“May I show you how we like to say hello?” AOK asked Matt.

“Yes please.” Matt invited him.

AOK got down on his knees and took his wet dripping tongue and licked him from his feet to his waist. Matt grew an immediate erection. He inspected the massive Ogre tasting his genitals causing him to ejaculate prematurely. Matt blushed with embarrassment timidly.

“Don’t be embarrassed” AOK comforted wiping his mouth “You taste really good!”

“I’m sorry.” Matt’s embarrassment started to overwhelm him.



“No please, I should apologize.” AOK smiled “Understand, we are sexually driven here. It is our favorite pastime.”

“It felt good, I just have never...” Matt’s head went blank looking for the words.

“Oo, you are a virgin! I understand. How old are you?”

“Almost 17, well in a few months.”

“Here, many of our children start experimenting at 12 years old.”

“That is young.” Matt thought.

“Never used to be with humans. But, then again, your cultures are diverse and hard to follow sometimes.” AOK Smiled looking up at Torg “You boys going to the bath?”

“Yes we are.” Torg nodded.

“What do you say we go together?” AOK smiled genuinely.

“Which door?” Matt nodded with a smile.

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The bath was more like an auditorium from Matt’s perspective. He saw many different creatures conversing and talking. Some were just relaxing in the bath, and a few

were cuddling. Matt smiled looking around and saw his dad talking with a rather large cat like creature. Matt waved and started to run to his dad.

Just as he started to run the wet floor caused him to slip and his feet went straight in front of him. He fell backwards. His head landed gently on a large hand.

“Careful their kiddo, you could get hurt.” AOK said looking down at him.

“Thank you.”

“Just be glad I was here to catch you.” AOK said helping him back up.

“Dad!”

“Be careful, and join us!” Mike said from the distance. Matt, AOK and Torg walked together to join the two. They all laughed and introduced each other and slipped into the bath next to them.



Booboo was a humanlike dwarf, just shorter than Matt with a lot of muscle. His face reminded Matt of the old drawings of cavemen he studied in school. Toogle was interesting, he had a reptilian head, with hands and feet like a bird or dinosaur. His body was scaly and his head reminded him of a cross between a snake and a lizard. QTang was Ogre looking with a furry body like a dog after its hair had been trimmed. Greenish in color with some off greenish/brownish spots. He could not tell if they were natural.

What surprised Matt the most was how well built everyone was. It was like they had an indoor gym they all spent a few hours at each day. Even AOK had some muscles that bulged from his arms, but he was the only one he recognized with a pot belly.

He laid at the poolside and examined everyone laugh and joke like they were old friends, like a family. *They really love each other! No pretense, no hiding, they just are who they are, and love each other for that!* He wanted to understand this love they all possessed. AOK silenced everyone as they all turned facing him.

“Now that we are all introduced, let’s take some time to explain as much as we can to our newest members.” AOK began.

“Thank you AOK.” Mike nodded. “So as far as I know, all the species here live for approximately three thousand years. This all from genetic restructuring discovered about 20,000 years ago from the Cat-Kongs. Many of the species here used to live and interact with humans. Humans in their current state cannot live peacefully with anyone here. This is because of the separation of humans from God. Is that a good summary?”

“That is correct. We can help you fill in the gaps.” Torg turned his head and smiled.

“So how many species live here?” Matt asked.

“Hundreds of different species” Booboo responded. “Most native to Earth, others from other worlds.”

“Other worlds?” Matt asked.

“We have a portal here that leads to other worlds, one of two on your planet.” Ozark said smiling “That is how I came here.”

“The genetic resequencing activates the gay gene, along with the enhanced life span. Does it do anything else?”

“Not to us” Toogle responded. “My species lived with the dinosaurs. We accepted the genetic resequencing from the Cat-Kongs and it enhanced our senses as a bonus. It always depends on the species.”

“Really? So what effect would it have on humans?” Matt listened intently filled with curiosity.

“With humans, it varies.” Torg interjected.

“It will enhance the longevity gene, the gay gene, and one random gene. The random one cannot be predicted as far as we know.” Ozark explained. “Unfortunately, we have never been able to determine what gene it affects. We believe it has to do with a combination of your genealogy, and your spiritual connection.”

“Spiritual connection.” Matt thought out loud looking at the water. “Like the American Indians, and their beliefs of the animal spirit.”

“Exactly!” QTang exclaimed. “I admire and respect the American Indians.”

“Your father was part of a tribe I thought.” Booboo sat down next to him.

“Yes he was. Much of their belief system with animal spirits came from our diverse culture. They believe in the Great Spirit, and animal spirits that guide them. We were guides. We were respected by them, but never worshiped like a god.”

“My great grandfather was an American Indian.” Mike smiled remembering his genealogy.

“You are in good company.” AOK nodded. “So what other questions do you have?”

“Do you all have relationships? Like marriage?” Matt asked inquisitively.

“We are all one diverse unit; we do not hold one more important than the other.” Toogle explained.

“But there are some that choose one mate. It is not uncommon but we respect each one’s choice for their life.” AOK regarded Matt hoping he would understand.

“So you sleep, eat, and have sex with one another all the time?” Mike tilted his head giving a wink to Ozark.

“Sex is a favorite pastime for most of us.” AOK grinned raising his brow. “We find pleasure in everything.”

“We work too; our lives are balanced.” Booboo nudged AOK.

“What do you all do?” Mike asked.

“I am the head cook” AOK started. “Booboo is a tailor, not that we need one, but he makes bedding and helps in laundry. Toogle works in the waste removal. Ozark works in climate control and QTang is an electronics specialist.”

“Electronics?” Matt asked.

“O yes, video games, TV and the internet, we have the best available. Most of it is salvaged military grade, and some is from abandoned homes. We never steal.” QTang explained.

“I take it you won’t let me check my facebook page.” Matt wondered.

“Make a new one. This is your new life right?”

“Yes.” Matt sat up “Yes it is.”

“So this entire community has a socialistic structure.” Mike thought out loud.

“That is one way to put it,” AOK thought “We are the ones that introduced the idea of democracy to Rome. But to be honest, every political system and idea can work if you end 3 things.”

“What 3 things?”

“Greed, hate, and vanity.” AOK said shrugging it off.

“So let me get this straight.” Mike started motioning his hand

AOK burst out in a laugh slapping the water. “No, please don’t!”

“Oh.” Mike let out a laugh. “That was funny.”

“So what were you going to say before AOK decided to interrupt?” Torg raised a brow to AOK. AOK covered his mouth playfully.

“With all the sex and close living quarters, is there jealousy or fighting?”

“No.” Torg stated “We are one.”

“I think we just made him think of possibilities.” Booboo chuckled.

“Aye we did.” AOK said watching Mike process his thought. “What is it Mike?”

“You live as humans were meant to.” Mike whispered the revelation.

“Now, you are beginning to understand” AOK said getting close to Mike. “Humans have trouble with diversity, but they were designed to be diverse. Can you imagine how they would react to us? We choose a long time ago not to be pulled into their struggles, we built this city to wait until needed.”

“How will you know?” Matt asked.

“The chosen one will come to us.” QTang tilted his head.

“Jesus?” Mike thought out loud.

“Not exactly.” Torg leaned back looking up.

“It is a prophecy told to us by an old prophet. His name was Samuel and he was the one who chose David to be king over Israel. He came to us and warned our group about what could come to us if we remained with the humans. But he also told us that one human we took in would become our defender.” AOK explained. “You should talk to one of the elders when you have some time.”

Just then a large looking Yeti came into the bath signaling QTang. He looked much like the depictions of a bigfoot and Matt was awed by his appearance. He spoke with QTang and bigfoot nodded Matt’s way before exiting the bath.

“That was a...”

“Yeti.” QTang said walking back over. “He informed me of some new things that just arrived, from Mike’s house and even his Jeep.”

“You got our things?” Mike gave a surprised look.

“Yes, we thought since you are here now, we would get your possessions.” QTang shrugged his shoulders like it was expected.





“Thank you.” Mike smiled.

“I am a little hungry.” Matt said holding his tummy.

“Let’s go to the tavern, I’ll whip up something for you both.” AOK motioned his head to follow him as he got out.

“We have all sorts of beans. Fruits and vegetables are plentiful. I may have a dish from the Cat-Kong’s world somewhere if you are bold enough to try it.”

“A tomato sandwich.” Matt thought out loud.

“Ah, I can do that. I have a wide selection of breads to choose from. If you let me choose for you, I can do something special.” AOK walked out into the hallway with the others.

“That sounds good. Do you prepare soup?”

“Yes, I make it often. I have the original recipe for French onion soup. It may be different from anything you have ever tried.” AOK nodded.

“No meat? Is everyone a vegetarian?” Matt asked watching his head while he rode on the Ogre’s shoulders.

“You are smart. We do not eat meat, we only eat fruits, vegetables, eggs, fish and cheese. Everything your body needs. We recognize that every life is precious and would not choose to end a life just because we might be hungry. It is a waste of life.”

“I agree.” Matt smiled. “I tried and like a lot of vegan recipes. Mom wouldn’t help me pursue becoming a vegan.”

“All life is connected.” AOK said as he stopped at the door and let Matt down.

“Here it is.” AOK opened the door. They walked in to something that reminded him of a medieval styled tavern.

“AOK! How are you brother?” a smaller looking ogre said with skin that looked like a pale red.

“Dokee! Meet Matt and his father Mike, they are joining us!” AOK turned to Matt “This is my little brother Dokee, and over there, my son Core.”

Core was a human skinned ogre with two large bottom teeth. His lower jaw had an overbite to accommodate his dental demands. He wore a partial chest piece with armbands and shoes. Matt stared at the size of his penis and smiled.

“My son is half human.” AOK said waving at him.

“Half human?” Matt asked.

“I loved a human woman once. She was the light in my life, but she died many years ago.” AOK explained.

“Wow, so you actually had sex with her?”

“Yes.” AOK laughed “I figured I may as well try it with one that I love.”

“How do you procreate?” Matt asked the obvious question, thinking about what it would be like to be a father.

“We donate sperm to the females. Once you are of age, you have a choice to inseminate one or more of the females. They love their young and we have a nursery with plenty of residents to watch over them. They are our future.”

Matt smiled at the response. *There are so many possibilities!*

“So what kind of jobs do you need done around here?” Mike digressed smiling at his son while he placed a plate of food in front of him.

“It always depends on what your heart wants to do. There is plenty of opportunity.” Dokee suggested.

“I was thinking starting in the kitchen.” Mike shrugged.

“Your help would be appreciated. I assumed you would like to dig around and maybe discover ruins.”

“Actually, being in the kitchen would give me more time to spend with my son I think. I missed the last two years of his life.” Mike glanced down as if to say he was sorry.

“Thanks dad.” Matt said with a smile. “He is the best dad in the world, don’t let him make you think anything less.” Matt puffed out his chest smiling at Mike.

“You are going to be going to our school I hope.” AOK nodded in Matt’s direction.

“You will like it.” Core said leaning up next to him “You talk to the elders, listen to stories and ask tons of questions. You would be surprised how much you will learn and how much fun it is. Wait till you meet the bear cubs, they are a real handful”

“Their father Durke is the real handful, how much does his dick weigh?” Torg asked.

“Broke the scale last time” AOK said winking at Matt.

“Dad” Matt whispered “How is the food?”

“I have never tried beans like this, these have so much flavor! I want to know his recipe” Mike whispered back.

“Hasn’t been here a day and he wants my recipe! HA!” AOK said slapping Mike on the back. “Well if you are serious then come into the kitchen and I’ll show you around” AOK invited.

“Hey Bro!” A green ogre walked in, like Dokee, but green and bigger.

“Hey bro, come meet the new resident.” Dokee invited him over “This is Matt; Matt this is my other brother Okee.”

“Pleased to meet you young one” He said holding out his hand.

“AOK said you greet new friends with a lick.” Matt nodded. Okee and Dokee eyeballed at each other with wide eyes. They burst out laughing simultaneously yelling toward the kitchen congratulating AOK.

“Well, to be honest it is one way to say hello, but AOK being a chef loves to sample everything and everyone.” Okee said wiping a tear from his face.

“So Matt, we have been here for a while, you ready for bed?” Core asked him looking over his shoulder.

“To be honest yes, so much has been going on.” Matt said looking up at Core.

“Let’s sneak out to one of the slumber pods, Dad and the others will join us in a bit. I just want some time alone with you.”

“All right.” Matt smiled like he was getting away with something.

In the kitchen, AOK showed Mike where everything was. The small medieval style kitchen had a fire place for cooking and a huge hidden pantry for all the food. It could fill Mike’s entire house four times over. Mike noted how the temperature in the pantry was frigid without a refrigeration unit. Mike closed the pantry door. A wave of emotion came over him. He sat down on a stool putting his head between his legs.

“What is wrong?” AOK asked noticing his sudden change.

“I am not sure” Mike began. “We just started a new life here and everything is different. I don’t understand what I am supposed to do. I suddenly believe I am lost, scared, and confused” Mike started to shed a tear. “My son, who I have not seen in 2 years has been having problems. I don’t know how to fix them. My life has been all about running away from my problems. Now that I am faced with a lifetime here, how will I cope?” Mike wiped a tear from his face.

AOK knelt down and gazed at him. A partial smile on his face that expressed comfort and love. “You are not alone. Here, all that is ours is yours. You do not know yet but your presence has been expected and celebrated for thousands of years. Do not be discouraged, we are here for you, and you will have more than you can possibly imagine. Trust yourself and those here that are with you, you will not fail.” AOK softly hugged him. “Thank you.”

“Why are you thanking me?”

“Because you have opened up and through faith shared your innermost being. To us, there is nothing more precious.”

Mike half smiled with uncertainty. His life was being rewritten, and for a moment, he didn't seem to mind.

Matt felt like he was sneaking out of his mother's house. At least he would have if he ever escaped.

Core led him to a cave opening. No door, torches lit, and the bed was covered in soft plush bedding and plenty of pillows.

“Looks comfortable, this is where you sleep?” Matt knew the question was obvious, he was trying to contain the anxiety that was stirring in his gut.

“Let's just get comfortable and talk. Whatever is on your mind.”

*Nice dick?*

“Sure, but I am a little nervous.”

“About talking?” Core smiled cuddling a pillow.

“Well...”

“I am not going to make you do anything you are not comfortable with. I have a great deal of respect for you, and I want to know more.” Core was laying on his stomach still cuddling his pillow. He had this intent expression of curiosity and a smile. Matt started to relax.

*I want to play with your dick.*

“Well, for starters I am gay.” Matt said with a slight shiver in his voice. Core continued to stare at him with a smile. “What!?”

“I am enjoying the moment. You are interesting. How did you recognize the sword? Only one person knew about it, and that was about fifteen hundred years ago.”

“It was from a dream I had. When I grabbed the sword it was like reaching inside my dream and holding it again, I knew exactly what to do. I can’t explain it.”

“Fascinating.”

“Why?”

“There is a prophecy that tells about the one who will pull out the sword.”

“Like King Arthur?”

“Sort of, but different. The Sword was made in China during the Sui Dynasty. The story says that the one who pulls the sword out will have the spirit of a certain Chinese monk.”

“Chinese spirit? Like that of a Dragon?”

“What is the day and year of your birth?”

“April 23, 2010. Why?”

“You were born in the year of the Tiger. Impressive.” Core’s attention was so deep that it made Matt consider his importance. He never knew his Chinese zodiac sign, and was curious to learn more.

“What does that mean?”

“The Tiger sign, in your case you have the element of Metal. This will mean your nature is strength, persistence and determination. You self-radiate and those that understand you are drawn to you like a magnet. You generate powers that can bring about changes and you can change those you come into contact with. Your will is strong and fierce.”

Matt thought about the explanation. He attributed his life and could see things in him that might agree with everything he just said.

“So tell me, did anyone in your life try to change you, and how did that go?”

Matt smiled, realizing what he had been through with school, his mother, and her church. “My mom tried to make me be straight through her church. Always pissed me off.” Matt started to clench his teeth.

“You resist it when others try to change you.”

“They didn’t understand anything but their rules. They were hypocrites! They took the bible and used laws that agreed with them and implied grace when it suited them. It was like they constantly mixed hot water and cold water, made me wanna vomit!” Matt was experiencing anger thinking about what his mother had put him through. After realizing what his expression was, he let out a sigh.

“Keep going, I am really enjoying this.”

“Tell me more about the tiger.”

“The tiger is brave and confident, charming and well-liked. But they can also be irritable, impulsive and overindulged.”

“That would describe me. I am irrational.”

“I like the positive aspects. You are also a Taurus from the other zodiac, stubborn and proud.”

Matt thought about his life and things he would never budge on. One aspect of himself Core didn’t say was loyalty. He prided himself in the fact he was loyal to his father. Even when he was being an ass, he would do anything for his father.

“So tell me something else.” Core asked watching his eyes glance at his bubble butt in the air. “Or does something make you curious?”

“Curious, yes.” Matt swallowed. “This may seem like an odd request, but...”

“Yes you may.”

“You don’t even...”

“Yes I do.” Core interrupted “I can tell there is desire in your eyes. Don’t worry, I will only go as far as you want to.”

Matt took a deep breath and moved in closer. His hand touched his bubble butt lightly enough to make his hairs stand on end. Slowly he took his finger and let it slide down the crack of his ass caressing the thick ass hair down to the anus.

Matt then proceeded to take both hands and open up the musky cavity. He put his nose just close enough to get a good whiff of the musky scent he was emitting.

“Take your time. Enjoy it.” Core said while Matt closed his eyes and licked the crack of his ass wanting to savor his anal secretion.

Core lifted his leg so Matt could breathe deeper and experience more. His ball sack was tight against his skin. Matt went in drooling and licking the hairy balls loosening up the sack. He smothered his face into the base of the rock-hard dick.



Matt took a deep breath and licked and slobbered his way up his shaft. Closing his eyes, throbs from his cock bounced on his face. Matt reached his throbbing head and licked the drop of pre-cum just waiting to be savored. It was sweet.

Matt wondered if their diet of fruits and vegetables made the difference in flavor. He wasn't sure because he never tried it before. Matt panted and swallowed his cock forcing it deeper than Core expected. His throat opened up and Matt was breathing in the base of his penis again as Core's eyes rolled back.

Matt pulled out, not used to something so big in his mouth. “Wow.”



“My turn.” Core rolled over picking up his right leg forcing him to lay down and submit to his own experiment.

Core was gentle. Even with his ogre teeth he licked and teased his cock to its ultimate stiffness. He slurped and fondled his shaft while playing with his balls. His saliva dripped down his gouch. Core swallowed the entire shaft tasting every inch with his agile tongue until he tasted his pre-cum. Matt moaned finally discovering what a sensual blow job felt like.

“I want you to put it inside me” Matt said grabbing him and kissing him hard.

“Dam you taste sweet” Core said licking and slobbering his ass. Matt bent over allowing him to penetrate his anal cavity with his tongue. “You are a virgin!”

“I want you to be my first.” Matt whispered bringing his ass in the air.

Core propped himself up and pulled his ass toward his raging hard on. He rubbed his throbbing dick head on the rim of his anal opening. Core let a thick gob of slimy spit drop from his tongue onto the shiny crack of Matt’s ass. He massaged it in with the head of his dick pushing it gently into the tight aperture of his anal cavity.

Matt held back from grunting and focused his thoughts on opening up for the semi huge cock. Core was about to penetrate his ass and he pushed back with his insatiable desire. The cock head pushed in. Matt moved slightly allowing it to ease in. He could feel the throbbing erotic pulse of Core’s heartbeat inside. It felt right. Matt started pressing harder as Core started thrusting slowly at first and then faster. His sweat started dripping on Matt’s back. Core grabbed ahold of Matt tighter and thrusted faster and faster. He began to breathe heavily and groaned as he used the virgin ass to satisfy his erotic desires.

“O Yes!” Core said as he pulled Matt up as far as he could. His ass against his inner thigh pumping. The moist friction turned him on. Core took complete control. He grabbed his sides thrusting and pushing. Each time was almost a strain forcing the tight ass open up more and more. Matt was on his stomach allowing Core to use his ass. He erotically moaned as Core grunted with each thrust he made. Core seemed like he was losing control, and Matt wanted that. He wanted to lose control and be pumped hard. Core made on loud grunt as he started filling it with his warm seed. Core didn’t stop, he kept pressing and filling until the final blast of cum cause him to just lay on top of Matt.

“That felt better than anything I have ever experienced.” He groaned as a few shots filled him up some more.

Matt was without words soaking up the experience. Core jolted a few times after minutes of his gushing out into his ass. He flopped over on top of him and they stayed connected while panting. Matt glanced up to detect a small crowd that included his dad around them.



“Having fun?” Mike asked.

“Dad!?” Matt said a little surprised as his father walked in “It was awesome!”

Mike bowed his head with an expression that Matt had never seen before. He seemed to be upset, or maybe disappointed. Matt couldn’t decide.

“Dad, are you all right?”

“Yea, I’m fine.”

AOK crawled up on the bed first and patted Matt’s head as he found a comfortable spot. Ozark, Okee and Dokee followed moving blankets and pillows. They prepped the bed for everyone.

Ozark patted a spot next to him inviting Mike to sit next to him. Mike half smiled and positioned himself next to Ozark trying to get comfortable next to him.

“Dad, are you upset with me?”

“No.” Mike focused his eyes in another direction “Just some old feelings got stirred up in me when I saw you.”

“Sharing your feelings tonight?” AOK broke out his irresistible smile.

“Yes, and I think it is time to tell my son the truth about my youth.”

“Ok.” Matt was starting to sense like he had done something wrong. Mike smiled his way assuring him. *It's ok.*

“When I was your age, I knew I was gay. There was never a doubt in my mind. You remember they went to church every Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday.”

“They still do.” Matt interrupted.

“I thought so. Well, they always verbal put others down like gays, drug users and people that were not just like them. I remember how sure of themselves they always were. They held the bible up like it was going to save you and beat you up with the same passages of scripture.”

Mike took a deep breath as if he was going to open up the depths of his heart. “One day, I had a friend over. His name was John and we decided to experiment and try different things sexually. I was sure I was gay, John not so much. I took the lead and gave him the best blow job I could give him. Needless to say it went a little further and he wanted to try and fuck me. I was all too willing.” Mike glanced at Matt with an eyebrow raised.

“Did you like it?”

“So much I shoot twice while he was in my ass. It was the most exhilarating experience of my youth and something in me let go for the first time. He got off inside of me and we laid there for what seemed like hours joking and teasing.”

Another deep sigh.

*What is he hiding?* Matt thought to himself.

“I didn’t hear my parents come home we were so lost in each other, just being together. We started to discuss how we could maintain our relationship. Then my mom opened the door to my bedroom to tell me they were home.”

“Oh my god, what did Nana do?”

“She screamed bloody murder. I thought I was going to die, and my father lectured me for hours on how I was going to hell and I let him down. They took me right to church and the pastor was casting demons out of me for the rest of the evening.”

Mike started to cry, remembering the details of that day. “They never accepted me and I started to not accept myself. I cut myself, stayed away from people, and I went into this deep dark depression.”

Ozark held Mike tight as if he was trying to squeeze the heartache out. Matt was paying attention to his father’s story. He knew how hard it must have been for him.

“Dad. I never knew.” Matt whispered.

“I made sure of that. So when I saw that you were heading the same way I was, I mean, I got scared that I... I was influencing you. I never wanted you to experience the same pain and heartache I dealt with. I left trying to spare you. I didn’t realize how much you needed me, and when I just saw you, it brought back those memories. I just don’t want you to experience the pain I went through. Do you understand?”

“Yes dad. I do.” Matt glanced down not knowing how to respond.

“That was beautiful.” AOK wiped a tear from his eye. “I am so overwhelmed with your story that I wish I could just remove all the guilt and shame from the world right now. So many humans are living their life with chains and cages. So accustomed to their pain that they have never experienced joy and love.”

“I just want you happy, and not hurt.” Mike affirmed.

“Dad, you are my rock and my source for happiness.” Matt said reaching over to touch his arm “I didn’t tell you” Matt gulped “I only bought a one-way ticket here. I just knew I was not going back.”

Mike beheld him, and smiled. He did not realize how far he would go to stay with him. "I am glad you did." Matt chuckled once "It would have been a waste of money to get a round trip seeing where we are now." Mike gazed around at everyone that was with them, just looking and listening. "With friends."

### Chapter 3: First day

Matt opened his eyes. The deep musky scent in the room filled the air. He breathed heavily and turned his head slightly to his right noticing Core was snuggled up next to him. He tenderly put his hand on his hairy body and touched one of his tusk like bottom teeth. He saw Core as unique and special.

Matt was happy to be free from his former life. He wondered what his mom would do, and how bear it knowing he would not be back. He had an idea, he would talk to QTang and AOK about sending her a message, letting her know he is all right. But what would he say? He is part of an ancient civilization long forgotten? He rolled over spooning Core and let out a deep sigh.

Matt listened to the heavy breathing of everyone in the huge bed. He distinguished Ozark's purring and few others. Matt found it interesting that no one was snoring. Then he heard it, one person out of everyone start to snore, and loud. Matt lifted his head wondering who it was. His dad. Matt laughed in reflex with a short giggle. He found it amusing that among all the ancient creatures, his dad was the biggest snorer of them all.

"Matt!" a voice whispered in the crowd.

"AOK?" Matt whispered back.

"You want breakfast? I am going there now."

"Sure!" Matt whispered back peeling himself from Core. Core started to wake up and then smiled, allowing his head to rest again as if he needed more sleep.

Matt fumbled his way around the residents and off the bed. He let out a big yawn and stretched as AOK picked him up and carried him out of the room.

"Is every night like that?" Matt asked looking up at AOK.

"We always sleep together if that is what you mean. We are better together. Plus, it is good to be with friends."

"I had some good dreams."

“Really? Dreams are so special. Many of us record dreams, and share them as stories during breakfast. You will find that breakfast is an important social event. Some of us talk with those who have passed on from this life, but not yet reincarnated into the next.”

“Reincarnation? I don’t understand it.”

“You will. But in the meantime, if you would like to share your dream, you will have many interested in your story.” AOK winked.

“I love stories.”

“We all do. I have an inkling you are going to like it here.” AOK said walking into the tavern. “Have a seat” he said setting him down “and I will get you some juice or coffee, whatever you prefer.”

“Do you have flavored creamer?” Matt asked wondering.

“I bet you like it sweet, right?”

“Yes sir” Matt smiled.

“I have some heavy cream and vanilla beans. I’ll make you a special cup.” AOK said putting on an apron.

“What hour is it?” Core stumbled in.

“The 500-hour son. Want some coffee?” AOK was already in the kitchen.

“Yes please dad.” Core yawned and sat down next to Matt. Core looked at him with a smile. His eyes showed a bit of fatigue and his spirit was light. “So” Core said to Matt “Your first time, was it everything you expected?”

“More. Much more” Matt giggled giving Core a kiss.

Core responded by putting his hand on the back of his head French kissing him pulling his body tight to his. Matt melted at the erotic feeling and was instantly hard again.

Core pulled away for a moment winking at Matt smiling. “What is it about you that is so familiar?” Core asked wondering.

“I feel the same way about you. I even dreamed about you last night.”

“Please tell me.” Core said sitting up like an excited school kid.

“Well” Matt began as AOK came out with the coffee and juice. “I was flying in the air, and I saw you were in trouble, so I swooped down and pulled you up just as the earth fell into the sea. I was just in time to save you.”

“Wow Matt” AOK said as Core’s face was almost pale “Sounds like you have come to save us. One lump or 2?”

“2 please. What do you mean save you?”

“There is a prophecy of the one who will come and save us.” Core grabbed the glass of juice.

“I didn’t know.”

“It is a vague prophecy, but just understand, if you are meant to, you will” AOK handed him a fresh cup of coffee.

“Always be in the moment.” Core took a sip “That is the way of knowing peace. Dreams may predict or bring back the past, but we are only designed for the moment.”

Matt smiled remembering something he learned at church. “Kinda like how God said ‘I Am’ and not ‘I will be’ or ‘I was’?”

“Exactly” AOK smiled at the wisdom “I need to get food ready, most will be here soon. And everyone here loves to eat.” AOK winked at Matt.

“There you are!” Booboo walked into the tavern “I have some clothes for you Matt, made them especially for you!”

“He looks better naked” Core jested.

“Clothes can be comfort for some, so I was a little liberal in what I thought he needed.” Booboo suggested.

“They look nice, thank you Booboo!” Matt said looking at the coverings.

Matt dressed in his new coverings and was happy to have some shoes. He eyed around and saw residents start to come in one at a time talking and laughing. He leaned back on the couch observing everyone. A smile rested softly on his face seeing the love and



affection each person had for one another. *Why aren't we the same way?* Matt speculated that most humans were afraid. Afraid of who they are. Maybe they were not capable of expressing love. Maybe it was because most humans did not love and accept themselves. Matt pondered that maybe it was fear that replaced love, and that was why humans had lost their way.

Matt wondered if the residents here were just attempting to keep themselves from evil. Maybe that was why they separated themselves. Maybe, in their vulnerability, they could be corrupted. The thought made him feel protective of them. *They are so trusting.* He dreamed of what it was going to be like, being a part of this type of community. Matt was ready to be who he needed to be, with them.

“Ready for school?” Core said standing next to Matt.

“I think I am.” Matt said with a smile “Time to learn things I never knew, and always hoped to.”

“I will take you to your first class, follow me.” Core said energetically.

Matt and Core walked out of the tavern and a few minutes later Mike walked in with Ozark. They were in a deep conversation about genetics and what it did for all the species.

“I think I get it.” Mike said sitting down. “All the residents here have the genetic makeup to live up to 3,000 years old. Not all the species are native to earth, and all the males are homosexual.” Mike said summarizing what Ozark had been sharing with him.

“Most, there are a few males that prefer females. But I digress.” Ozark said grabbing some coffee for the two of them.

“The reason I am asking...” Mike paused.

“You want to live for a long time.” Ozark purred with a smile.

“Well, yes. I am interested.”

“You should understand, that for humans, it will give you a longer life span. It will enhance your sexual drive with a 99.4% probability that it will be homosexual. It will also enhance a third dormant gene. The dormant gene it will enhance will be random. It's based on your heritage, and sometimes, your innermost thoughts, that is our theory.”

“So if I had an ancestor who was African for example, my change could reflect that?”

“Your line of thinking is correct. We found that it is more likely if your genes are from...” Ozark paused searching for the right word. “Aliens, for lack of a better word. That would be the enhancement.”

“Why an alien gene?” Mike asked still in deep thought.

“Unknown. The scientists have some theories why, but you should realize that humans were a result of aliens. There is a race we have never met. They introduced the evolutionary gene that brought humans into existence.” Ozark said while taking a drink.

“So the creation theory is wrong.” Mike thought aloud.

“Actually no. But the creator has a direct impact on those she creates. We are all loved instruments of her creation. And it was done in seven days. Seven of her days that is.”

“God is not a he?”

“Sure she is, she is everything. Pronouns do not begin to describe her. I am just trying to explain the best I can in your limited language.” Ozark winked.

“How do you like the clothes?” Booboo interrupted.

“Especially nice Booboo. You have talent.” Mike said lifting his glass.

“Thank you Michael!” Booboo said with a big grin.

“Now he will be dancing on air the rest of the day.” Ozark laughed.

“He is deserving.” Mike nodded.

“Thank you again. So what are you two talking about?” Booboo grabbed a glass of juice.

“Genetics and humans.” Ozark said gesturing Booboo to join.

“I would have little to offer in on that discussion. Ozark knows more than I.” Booboo raised his glass as if toasting.

“I think I need to reflect on some things for the moment. Where is my son?”

“He went to school. Core was walking him there.” Booboo took a sip looking around.

“I hope he has a good day.” Mike said finishing his coffee.

“Let’s get a bite to eat and then head to the lab. You will be impressed!” Ozark said looking at the food AOK was serving.

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“Here it is” Core said stopping at an entrance in a cave system.

“It almost looks like a classroom.” Matt said peaking in.

“Hey” Core said grabbing his waist and pulling him close “Have a good day, I have work to do, I’ll meet up with you later.” He said giving him a kiss on his forehead.

“Till next time.” Matt gave him a quick hug back.

The room was rectangular shaped with wood flooring and stone walls and ceiling. The lights in the room looked like they were electric and gave a beautiful ambiance to the room. The bookshelves were filled. A woman with red feathers with the head of a cardinal sat in one of the chairs reading. She glanced up looking at Matt who stared at her without a word.

“Welcome.” She said.



“Hello, my name is Matthew.” He said feeling a slight chill.

“I am Lumia, your teacher.” She whispered with what Matt perceived as a smile.

“You are beautiful.” Matt said looking at her feathers sparkling in the light.

“Thank you, young man.” She said standing up. “What will we teach you first?” She said looking over to him.

“I, um...” Matt said getting nervous.

“How about a day to get to play with some of the other children?” She suggested.

“Ok” Matt said.

“Calm down.” Lumia said “I can tell you are nervous. Come, let me take you to the playroom.” She said motioning him toward the entrance.

“Playroom?”

“Yes.” She said as they started to walk toward the hallway. “I need time to come up with a curriculum for you anyway, I am thinking language, history and science. Most of what I teach I do so through stories. You will find the stories interesting.”

“I learn best through stories.” Matt thought about his learning style.

“Most everyone does.” Lumia said as they approached another doorway.

The room they stopped at was bright. It was spacious and had columns around the exterior. There was a center set up with a television on one side with a computer station on the other. Two bear like residents that appeared identical approached Matt.

“You’re the human boy!” One said aloud.

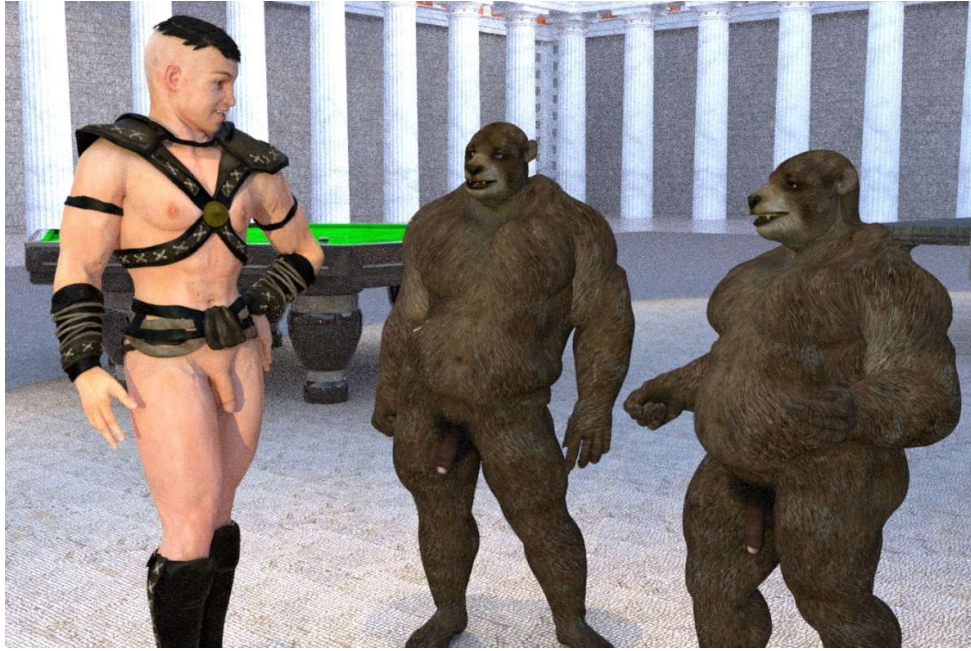
“I am Pojo. This is Juju. We are identical twins.” Pojo introduced.

“Except for our eyes.” Juju corrected.

“You appear young.” Matt commented.

“We turned 20 years old last month, had our party introducing us to all the residents as adults.” Pojo explained.

“You look younger.”



“I wonder if he wants to play?” Pojo asked Juju ignoring his comment on their age.

“One way to find out!” Juju said with a smile.

Matt smiled back and decided to sprint to the other side of the room. He surveyed around to notice some vines hanging from the ceiling and some blocks that led up to them. Matt jumped up on the blocks while the bears started to circle him in a cat and mouse chase game. Matt sprang up and grabbed one of the vines swinging away from Pojo. Juju dashed in front of Matt. Matt realized what he was up against when he released himself from the vine to land. He did not expect the bears to move so fast. Matt landed and Juju jumped to tackle him. He ducked while keeping his feet planted and maneuvering the rest of his body in a semi-circle. Juju missed.

Matt dashed the other way while Juju landed and laughed. Pojo leaped over Juju as if he was a hurdle. Matt jumped toward a column with the intention of climbing. He remembered that bears cannot climb some trees if they were too thin. Matt struggled for a second and started to lose his grip. Pojo grabbed his thigh and started to pull him down.

“Like to play chase huh?” Pojo laughed. “I caught you!”

“That was fun,” Matt said letting himself down. “you guys are good!”

“You aren’t bad yourself. Let’s chill in front of the tube, we downloaded some new video’s.” Juju said with a smile.

“How do you connect to the internet without a provider?”

“QTang takes care of that” Pojo said shrugging “I never thought to ask him how he does what he does.”

“So what do you normally do during school?” Matt followed the bears to a large soft pillow in front of the TV.

“We listen to stories, read books, and play games.” Juju said shrugging.

“We also have days we play with Gorgant, he helps us build muscle and train in agility.” Juju explained.

“Do you play games like basketball or soccer?” Matt asked.

“Sometimes, but our favorite is the vine room with the apes and chimps.” Juju turned on the television. “It is also called the arena. But there are so many vines coming out of the ceiling where the ape-men are, that we call it the vine room.”

Matt saw what they were watching. They started watching a porn video with guys Matt recognized as bears in the gay community. He blushed as Pojo and Juju started to snuggle with him on the pillow.

“They think they are bears because they have a little bit of hair!” Pojo chuckled.

“Their acting is so bad” Juju joked.

Matt gawked down at their arousing erections. Both of the bears were playing with themselves and started to touch Matt. Matt started to touch them back and kissed Juju on the lips. Pojo started to lick Matt’s nipples causing him an instant erection. Juju stuck his tongue in Matt’s mouth as he continued to kiss him. Pojo positioned himself between Matt’s legs. Pojo licked the inside of Matt’s thighs causing him to shiver. Juju panted and moved up sitting on his chest putting his dick inside Matt’s mouth.

Matt swallowed the erection breathing deeply enjoying the erotic musky scent from his loins. Pojo positioned himself on top sitting on his erection. Matt couldn’t move, but he

didn't care. Pojo's ass felt warm and moist. He squeezed his cheeks moving up and down his rod.

Juju started to move a little faster as he fucked Matt's mouth. Matt grabbed ahold of Juju's ass and moved him back and forth working his erection with his tongue.

*He tastes so sweet!*

Pojo jumped up and down riding his cock and twisting his nipples. Juju forced his cock all the way into Matt's mouth. Matt pushed his ass in to take more. Juju lost control and shot his load. Creamy cum started oozing out of Matt's nose. Matt's eyes squinted as he shot his load into Pojo. Pojo quickly pulled out. Matt's creamy cum dripping from his ass. He pulled Matt's legs in the air shoving his moist cock with Matt's cum for lube into his ass. Pojo let out an erotic sigh as he started pounding Matt's ass.

"Is it that good?" Juju said rubbing Matt's back.

"Best. Ass. Ever!" Pojo moaned.

Pojo didn't stop. He forced Matt to take every inch as he rode Matt like a bunny in heat. The pounding got more and more intense. Cum dripping from his ass to his balls and down his cock serving as a lube moistening his ass. Pojo shot his load with a growl and teeth snarling in Matt's face. Matt gritted his teeth back while they were nose to nose. Pojo panted, relaxed and then smiled.

Pojo collapsed laughing and giggling. Matt grabbed ahold of him with a hug and kiss. Laying back on the pillow he glanced at the television.

"So what do you want to watch?" Juju asked.

"Maybe some superhero cartoons?" Matt suggested.

"How about getting to meet a few more people." A voice spoke out from the doorway entering in.

"Gorgant! Cole!" Pojo jumped up in excitement.

Matt turned around to spot a taller bear like resident walking in with a large minotaur. The bear was athletic average build with black fur. The minotaur was broad and muscular.

More muscular than the first minotaur they met and he smiled as they stepped over him to get a closer look.

“So, this is the new resident.” The minotaur spoke up.

“This is Matt.” Juju nodded to the Minotaur then turned toward Matt “Gorgant is the physical trainer here. For us at least.” Juju nodded.

“I am their older brother Cole. Nice to meet you Matt.” The black bear peered at Matt up and down with a smile. He winked looking at Matt. “You do have fair skin.”

“I guess I do.” Matt grinned. “So how many students are here?”

“About 500 right now, but with your class, I would guess 50.” Gorgant nodded.

“He likes to play tag where he is it.” Juju giggled holding his tummy.

“Really?” Gorgant thought putting a hand to his chin. “We will have to play, maybe in the arena?”

“That would be perfect.” Cole nodded.

“May I...” Matt gawked at Gorgant’s body.

“You want to touch me?” Gorgant raised an eyebrow.

“I am curious.” Matt blushed unsure of what to expect.

“Here.” Gorgant knelt down and Matt sat up.

His skin was like a soft leather and he had short hairs all over his body. They were soft to the touch. Matt touched his bicep and squeezed softly. His muscle tone was solid, and he touched back. Matt appreciated his consideration and peered down at his almost limp dick. Unlike most of the others, he had been circumcised and it was thick. Matt imagined what he could do smiling and imagining.

“You like?”

“Yes I do. I was curious though, the Minotaur we first encountered didn’t have any fur.”



“His name is Guard. At least that’s what we call him now. He is my uncle, and he has been in charge of our secret entrance for two thousand years now.”

“He scared me out of my skin.”

“He didn’t mean to. But you did activate the sword.”

“I still don’t grasp how I did it.”

“It is possible you were lucky, come. Let us go to the arena.”

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Mike walked into the lab with Ozark, it was so new looking and bright he almost forgot he was underground. The walls were white and the floor marble. There were computers on desks and lab specimens clearly marked. A female Cat-Kong approached him with a smile.

“So you are one of the humans I have heard so much about. My name is Sivlera.”

“Mike.” He introduced holding out his hand

“Handsome man.” She said winking at him.

“Ah-hem!” Ozark interrupted.

“Don’t be alarmed, I won’t try and steal your new favorite!” Sivlera said with a wink.

“I am not afraid of that.” Ozark said with a huge grin.

“Did he tell you about his kids?” Sivlera was looking at her computer screen glancing over at Mike.

“We do need to procreate.” Ozark commented.

“The relationships you all have here are interesting. I don’t think most humans could handle it.” Mike cleared his throat hiding an obvious chuckle.

“We do love each other, and do what we can for the community.” Sivlera shrugged picking up a vile of liquid.

“I am considering the genetic resequencing Ozark told me about.” Mike leaned up against the wall next to her.

“It is harmless I assure you.” Sivlera said focusing her attention on Mike. “Sit down on the table right there and I’ll take a sample of your blood.”

Sivlera used a tube that had a sterile needle inside of it and place his finger in it, and push a button. A mechanism slightly pierced his skin on the tip of his finger extracting a small amount of blood. She then took the vile and used a dropper to insert one drop of bluish liquid. She then inserted the vile into a mechanism attached to the older style computer. Sivlera activated it as results began to populate on the computer screen. She glanced up with a smile.

“You are healthy.” She said with pleasant surprise “The genetic resequencing will work for you.”

“That is good news.” Mike said sitting on the edge of his seat.

“Did you tell him about what can happen with the injection?” Sivlera asked Ozark.

“Yes, he is still interested.”

“I am. I would like to have a long life span and contribute to the society here.”

“You can contribute in your current state.” Sivlera viewed her readings meticulously. “Based on what I can tell you from your results, you will gain strength. I cannot offer you any further clarity, are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Then let us begin.” Sivlera said as she pulled a lever in the side of the laboratory. A long cylinder shaped coffin styled bed extracted from the wall. Sivlera popped the hatch open and instructed Mike to get in.

“When you are in here, remain still, and focus your thoughts. Our theory is that thoughts may influence the genetic resequencing.”

“Thoughts?”

“Yes. We have a saying that your focus determines your reality. Remain still, and be at peace.”

“You mean my thoughts may contribute to my transformation?”

“That is the theory.” Sivlera closed the lid and activated the machine. Mike stayed still as six needles slowly came toward him from the sides of the compartment he was in. there were three on each side. Two aimed for the base of his neck, two aimed for his ribcage, and the bottom two pierced his hips. The needles vibrated slightly causing Mike some discomfort. They injected him with a bluish colored formula and then retracted. Mike felt dazed while the hatch opened up. Ozark stared down at him while Mike gazed up.

“I have a slight headache.” Mike held his head.

“A short burst of electrostatic charge should initiate the resequencing.” Sivlera said as she leaned over with a device that looked like a stun gun and shocked Mike.

“Ow!” Mike said sitting up.

“It should start soon. Ozark will take you to the padded room.”

Ozark pulled Mike up. He didn't have control over his body and seemed to be a little limp. Ozark helped him to walk to the padded room and closed the door behind him. Mike sat down against the wall.

“How long?” Mike asked.

“Any minute.” Ozark said watching him.

Mike started feeling his joints burn and his upper back started to bulge. Mike groaned as his sight became blurry. He leaned over on all fours and examining the transformation of his hands. His head started to hurt more and his hips were expanding. Instinctively, he jumped and ran around the room faster than he had ever moved.

“Good. Keep moving and the resequencing will be over soon. Your body will make the change faster.”

Mike said nothing and stared running in a circle in the room. He kept moving faster and faster until he had an urge.

He stopped and contemplated Ozark. His eyes glazed over as batches of fur started to form in spots on his body. He flexed his hands and his nails grew almost instantly. His nose, mouth and chin started to crack and shape itself. Ozark could hear the bones breaking as his mouth became deformed. His ears started to bleed and his spine snapped. Muscles began to bulge out of every part of his body. He cracked his neck and jumped to attack Ozark. Ozark, who understood he needed this, simply used a move that sent Mike on the floor. He stood up as his legs transformed and hair started to grow out of every part of his body. He howled at the ceiling and collapsed into a deep sleep.

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“This is like a football field!” Matt said looking around. It was an arena in the style of the ancient Rome or Egypt and much of the surrounding area was covered in trees and vines. The center portion was open and solar panels in the ceiling made it look like they were outside.

Many of the residents were swinging in the trees and vines. Matt could spot about 20 of them. He surveyed as one of them came closer.

“Many of the ape residents live here.” Cole informed.

“They are very agile and love to play.” Gorgant said with a smirk.

One of the apes did a somersault above Matt landing directly in front of him. Matt regarded him admiring his strength and agility.

“Nice human. Name is Kunder.” He said checking out Matt. “Want to see the rest of the arena?”

“Yes I do!” Matt said with a smile reaching out to touch his big hairy dick.

“There will be time for that my fine looking new friend.” Kunder smiled with a flirtatious look.

“During his first night here last night he lost his virginity.” Gorgant said reaching down putting his finger in his ass.

“You want some more don’t you?” Kunder asked in his deep voice.

“Yes sir I do!” Matt was being polite and excited at the same time.

“So proper and respectful.” Kunder said raising an eyebrow. “Follow me, there is a master bed here for someone willing to please the ape-men here.” Kunder said taking his hand.

They followed him to the center of the arena where a big beautiful bed sat in the center of it all. Gorgant picked up Matt and laid him down on his back spreading his legs. He stuck his snout into his ass rolling his large tongue inside his anal cavity.

“Now.” Kunder said pulling out some ties from the headboard of the bed. “You will hold onto these, keep your knees bent and we will start plowing you one by one. If you start to get tired, we will prop you up with some pillows. Cole will start you off.”

“I am ready” Matt said bringing his ass up into the air.

Cole jumped up on the bed. He grabbed his cock stroking a partial erection. Placing his clod nose into Matt’s ass, he licked. Matt could feel the wet tongue penetrate his ass as if he was prepping him.

“His hole is still tight.” Cole licked some more “And tasty.”

Matt was holding back. Cole was working his ass and relaxing his body, he could not hold it in anymore. Matt let out a huge, long fart.

Cole backed away with a laugh and the ape-men started laughing from the vines. Matt blushed and smiled. He put his head into the pillow.

“Don’t be embarrassed.” Gorgant whispered into Matt’s ear “We all do it, and Cole wanted to get it out before we start giving it to you.”

Cole didn’t waste much time, he went back in slobbering and getting the area nice and wet. Matt closed his eyes as Cole shoved is rock hard cock into his ass. Matt smiled with pleasure as he stared to hump and force his way in.

“He is tight, O wow!” Cole said panting and pressing into his ass.

He grabbed Matt’s ass pulling it close. He propped his legs up in a squatting position. Cole started to pump faster using his legs as support. Sweat and drool dripped on Matt’s back as he continued to pump and snarl. Without warning, Cole started to grind his teeth as his load shot deep. His legs flexed and started to shake as he continued to pump it out. Matt’s jaw

was open and his desire not satisfied. He let Cole stay there until he dropped his last and rolled over on the bed.

“It was that good?” Kunder asked. Cole and nodded an affirmative panting with sweat rolling down his face and chest.

Gorgant placed his finger inside his hole letting Cole’s juices start flowing out. Gorgant licked the creamy butthole slurping and tasting the sweet climax.

“Cole, you need to eat more fruits.” Gorgant winked at the him lying on the bed still panting.

Gorgant flipped Matt over, kneeled down and grabbing his legs brought him close to his thighs. With a nod from Matt he started to insert is wide cock into his hole. Matt gave an erotic expression as he forced it in. Gorgant grunted while Matt grabbed a pillow and bit into it.

“Is it too much?” Gorgant paused to make sure he was all right.

“It is great. Don’t stop.” Matt insisted.

Gorgant smiled with a wrinkled nose and continued his thrust to get in deeper. He started slow then adjusted his hooves and legs grabbing his ass tight and started to pump as fast as he could. Matt’s head bobbed back and forth as he had a submissive erotic smile on his face. Matt’s ass was creamy and moist. Gorgant bit his lip as his dick slid in. His mouth opened wide in pleasure as Matt wrapped his legs around him. He pulled in forcing Gorgant all the way in.

“You really do like this. Maybe I am being to gentle?” Matt crinkled his nose and smiled in response.

Gorgant grabbed his shoulders and held his back. He picked him up like a toy and bounced him up and down his hard cock.

“Better?”

“Better!”

Matt was opening up more as he continued to use him like a flesh tube. Gorgant stood up without missing a thrust and kept his rhythm. Mat was moving up and down while

Gorgant had him by his shoulders. He bent back still thrusting. Matt moaned and twitched in pleasure. His body relaxed and his ass still oozed. Gorgant pressed him down hard howling and grunting upward as his climax filled and pumped his ass. Matt exhaled “Oh, OOOh!”

From above them where the ape-men were watching, drips and drops of pre-cum dropped on them. One of them shot a load landing on Matt’s stomach. Matt smiled looking above at them all just playing with themselves.

“Don’t pull out yet” Matt asked.

“Holy cow” Gorgant panted “You really liked that, didn’t you?”

“That was excellent!” Matt said with an exhausted smile on his face.

“You like it rough” Kunder said with a smirk “I think we can accommodate your desires!”

“It was awesome!” Matt said laying back as Gorgant pulled out.

“Matt!” a familiar voice said from a distance.

“Booboo? What is it?”

“Your father, he took the genetic resequencing. You should go to him.”

“Did anything go wrong?”

“No, he is better than ever before. He just looks a little different.” Booboo tilted his head.

“Go, be with your dad” Kunder insisted “If you need anything, we are here for you.”

“Thank you” Matt said getting off the bed “Please take me to him” Matt asked Booboo.

“Of course.”

-----

“Dad?” Matt was looking at the creature laying on the bed unconscious.

“He hasn’t woken up yet” Ozark whispered looking at the dried cum on his body.

Matt scrutinized the brownish wolf on the bed. His body was a soft fur and human like except for of his head. His head was the shape of a dog with the area around his eyes still having some human skin. Matt pulled his right eye open and studied it.

“His eyes did not change.”

“Eyes are the windows to the soul.” Ozark sat down next to him.

“He should have told me; I would have been here for him.” Matt sighed trying to figure out what caused him to take the transformation.

“I think he wants to live a long life with you. He wanted to do this without you. Do not worry, he was and is in good hands.”

“He wants me to...” Matt stopped. The idea of being transformed, but into what? What was the price for living thousands of years? Was this his destiny, or was there something more?

“You want the injection too?” Ozark said raising an eyebrow.

“To live for 3,000 years and be transformed? That is a big step.”

“It is your choice, but discuss it with your father when he wakes up.”

Matt stayed at his side for a few hours. He rubbed his hairy body, checking out his fur, his face. He wondered if he was going to have to get to know him again.

*This is so weird.*

“Dad” Matt whispered as if he was in a coma “I am glad you are all right, but I wish I could have been here for you. Please wake up, and never leave me. I want to join you on this journey, I want to be your son for as long as we can together.” Matt sighed with his head on his father’s chest “You are my hero.”

Mike opened his eyes with a smile. He glanced at his son and placed his hand on his back. “If I am a hero, you brought it out of me.”

“Dad!” Matt grabbed him hugging his neck.

“How do you feel?” Ozark said looking down at Mike.



“I have energy, my senses are sharp, and I am hungry.” Mike said sitting up in one swift move.

“Dad, you look good!”

“Matt! This is awesome, I don’t ever remember feeling this good.”

“Remember how you love werewolves?” Matt said patting him on his leg.

Mike studied his hands, caressed his face, and checked his legs. He noted he had a tail and his body was completely covered in fur. His form was human except for of his mouth, nose and ears. His muscles protruded out and he had an extreme eagerness to run and flex his new muscles.

“Let’s get something to eat and go run somewhere!” Mike said to Ozark.

“If you insist.” Ozark smiled standing up.

“Dad, you look good.” Matt said with an unusual expression on his face.

Mike saw a bit of sadness in his eyes, like he was letting go of who he was and looking at someone totally new.

“Son.” Mike said kneeling down to look up at him. “Always remember, I am still the father you love, in here and in here” he said pointing to his chest and then to Matt’s.

“I understand dad,” Matt said forcing a smile “I will have to join you so we can live for a long time together.”

“Remember, you are my life” Mike said giving him a heartfelt hug.

-----

Mike stopped at the kitchen and AOK was serving up a lot of food for the residents. Mike peered over at him hurrying to get food out to everyone. Booboo was in helping. Mike watched as they worked in unison and he marveled at the pride they seemed to have in catering to everyone’s culinary wants and needs.

“You should go and help him.” Ozark suggested.

“I did say I would help him didn’t I?” Mike remembered.

Mike walked into the kitchen and AOK stopped for a moment to look at him. AOK tilted his head and busted out in a heartfelt laugh.

“Mike! I almost didn’t recognize you, help me get my soup poured out for the guys, they are getting hungry.”

“Sure AOK, sorry I almost forgot to come over” Mike said putting on an apron.

“Think nothing of it, it’s your first day here, it can take some getting used to.”

“Besides, we all step in when needed.” Booboo said using the ladle to pour the soup in 5 large bowls.

“Hey guys, how is the water flow?” A dolphin headed resident said through the serving window.

“It’s good Dolip, thanks for making it work right.” AOK said handing him a bowl of soup.

Mike started right in and moved around serving soup to the residents pouring in for lunch. He made many introductions and AOK schooled him on everything he needed to know to work well. Towards the end of the rush Matt walked in and sat watching his dad serve everyone at the tables. Mike stopped over and greeted Matt handing him a fresh bowl of AOK’s soup.

“Dad, I made a decision.” Matt said eyeing the soup.

“What is it?” Mike sat down on a stool across from him.

“I want to go by my middle name, Angel.” Matt kept eyeing the soup not wanting to raise his head right away.

Mike thought. A gleam of joy filled his face. It could have been pride or satisfaction, but something made him experience happiness.

“It will be done. Anything for you.” Mike said getting up to kiss his forehead “You are the one who brought light into my life and it is appropriate.”

“Thanks dad.” Angel smiled with a single tear dropping from his eye.

“Matt, I mean Angel, what is wrong?” Mike sat back down.

“Nothing, that’s the thing. I feel like I am getting so much love and real support for once in my life, it almost feels wrong.” Angel said shedding a tear.

“Why the name Angel?” Ozark asked sensing he might be interrupting.

“Dad gave me that name. Mom wanted me to have Matthew. Besides, I am closer to my dad.” Angel shrugged with a bright smile.

“I am going back in to help AOK, so if you want we can meet up later. Some of the residents are having a poker night and we are invited to join, want to come?”

“That sounds like fun dad. But Pojo and Juju invited me to their place tonight. I want to go.”

“Then go and have a good time. I’ll catch you in the morning.”

“Dad” Matt swallowed a spoonful of soup. “Can I get the injection in the morning?”

Mike stopped. Emotions searing through the expressions on his face. He wanted this for him, and now that he will live a long time, he wanted this for Angel. Mike sighed and scanned his eyes. A moment of clarity, Angel knew what his dad wanted, even with the concern in his expression.

“Absolutely, I’ll meet you there.” Mike said standing up. “I am going to help AOK get the kitchen cleaned up and ready for dinner, let me know if you need anything.”

“I will dad, thanks again.”

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“Angel?”

“That is my middle name, I decided since I have a new life that I would go by the name my dad gave me.” Angel responded to Juju.

“Nice. Are you ready to meet our dad?” Pojo asked.

“I am, do you all stay together?”

“Most of the time. We have a slumber pod we stay at frequently. Dad likes to tell us stories and talk about our day. We go over what we learn and usually fall asleep listening to him sing or hum a tune.”

“What does he do here?”

“He builds things, moves rocks, and takes care of Goliath.” Pojo said.

“Who is Goliath?”

“He is a human that stole the genetic resequencing a long time ago. But it had an abnormal effect on him.” Juju nodded as if the story was second nature to him.

“Yea, he became a good creature from an evil man.” Pojo interjected.

“You will meet him. Dad can tell you more about him. You will love his stories.” Juju said pointing to a slumber pod.

The three walked in to find Cole, Kunder and Gorgant sitting up on the bed playing a game with cards. Angel monitored them as they played cards. They had wooden chips that appeared to be some sort of currency.

“What are you all playing?” Angel asked looking at the cards.

“Poker” Cole placed a bet.

“That’s boring!” Juju said hopping up into a nearby chair “I am going to read my story book.”

“Reading a book is more fun than playing cards?” Angel asked puzzled by his response.

“Dad wrote many books for us to read, his stories are excellent.” Pojo said grabbing another book. “Want to read one?”

“What stories do you have?” Angel asked.

“So many.” Juju said smiling “But I don’t think we have any in English, can you read Egyptian or Greek?”

“No, only English.” Angel sighed wishing he knew more.

“No problem.” An extremely deep voice said entering the pod. Angel glanced up to notice a large human like bear walk in who stood almost 8 feet tall. He looked like a larger version of Cole. Big muscles, and a rock star smile.

“You must be Durke, your kids have told me about you.” Angel said introducing himself.

“I am. And you are the human Matt I presume.” Durke said kneeling down to get a closer look.

“He goes by Angel now; it is his middle name.” Pojo spoke up.

“It is nice to meet you Angel.” Durke said with a smile putting his hand on his shoulder.

Angel glanced over the massive bear placing his hand on his arm touching his fur. Angel rubbed his arm with intrigue.

“It is so soft. I almost expected your fur to be hard and coarse.” Angel placed his hand on his chest.

“Close your eyes” Durke instructed. “Sense with your heart.” Durke reached around and pulled Angel toward him embracing him in a soft gentle hug. “Now” Durke whispered. “Listen to my heartbeat, and allow yourself the experience of knowing.”

Angel did not understand what Durke was talking about. With trust, he was open to the experience. He started to feel like he was melting in his arm. Angel could hear his heartbeat clearer now and it was slower than his own, but more powerful. He rested his head on his shoulder and took a deep breath. Durke’s scent made him melt even more as he let out a sigh. *It is like I can touch his soul.*

“There it is. Let it out.” Durke said peacefully.

“How did you do that?” Angel straightened up. His heart beat still echoing in his mind.

“I made you slow down for a moment so you could release the peace in your heart. What came to your mind?” Durke asked.

Angel allowed his thoughts to come out. Putting words on the emotions made him think it lessened their value, but it was real. Angel considered it from another, less painful perspective.

“I thought of my mom, and I how I hated her rejection.” Angel said with a tear “She said she loved me and then did things that hurt me. She never even asked me what I felt, or what I wanted. She just told me what I should feel, and what I should want. Why would she try so hard to make me feel so bad?”

“Maybe, she was so used to her own hurt and pain the only way she knew to show love was to share what she thought was love.” Durke smiled with a look of understanding “I do not have answers for you, but if you let me, I will be here for you.”

“I would like that,” Angel said whipping tears from his face “Uncle Durke.”

A deep belly laugh came from his inner being and he stood up with a smile. “I am glad we are family.” He turned facing the bed where the three were playing. “Ok, let us clear the bed, we are going to sit up for an extended story time tonight!”

The bear twins cheered and Kunder, Gorgant and Cole quickly picked up their game prepping the bed. Angel watched in awe as they all worked together as one unit. The bed was ready within two minutes and Durke sat up in the center motioning Angel to sit next to him. Everyone gathered around.

Pojo pulled out a small looking suitcase with snacks in it. Juju prepped a cart with glasses and ice water. Cole stepped out of the slumber pod briefly and came back in.

“Anyone else going to be joining us tonight?” Durked asked Cole.

“I don’t think so. But someone may come in eventually.”

“Small group tonight, but of course, this is a little spontaneous.” Durke stretched his arms.

“So many stories to choose from” Durke thought for a moment.

“Tell me about Goliath.” Angel asked.

“Well” Durke started. “The famous Goliath that David killed had a nephew. His brothers wanted revenge so bad, that they put all their hatred and vengeance into that boy. He

was trained for revenge against the Hebrews. They named him after the giant and spent years trying to make him into a killer. So this Goliath grew up only knowing revenge and hated the Hebrews.”

“One day” Durke continued. “About 910 BC on your calendar, Goliath found our community by accident. He was welcomed, just as you were and he asked many questions. One of our elders at the time refused to let him take the genetic resequencing seeing only hatred in his heart. No one knew at the time how much he longed for peace. He did not recognize how to pursue it. He only knew what he was taught. One night, he snuck into the lab and injected himself with the genetic resequencing. He did not understand how it worked or how to properly inject himself. So when he did he transformed into a larger human, and his mind was transformed. They found him in the lab a large gross mass of human flesh. They moved him to a lower level and the scientists did all they could to reconstruct him. He became a large human with the mind of a child. Simple and loving. All he was trained for and all he had been taught disappeared. Today he is a loving trusting giant and a special part of our community.”

“With the mind of a child does that mean he is unable to contribute?” Angel asked looking up at Durke.

“On the contrary, he is the inspiration of what we always pursue. The heart of a child.” Durke said smiling.

“He must be special.” Angel said snuggling into Durke’s soft body.

“That he is. We have been taking especially good care of him as of recent. His health is starting to decline, and we expect him to pass on soon. He is nearing his 3,000-year anniversary.” Durke said with a sigh.

“I will have to meet him.” Angel said snuggling up to Durke.

“And you shall.” Durke said as Angel closed his eyes.

## Chapter 4: Angel

Angel opened his eyes noticing he was wrapped in Durkes furry body. Angel smiled knowing he had never been this comfortable. Angel snuggled closer to him and burying his face in his massive chest. He took a deep breath enjoying his fur and his deep musky aroma. Angel peeked down and reached to grab his massive penis. He wanted to study it curious if he could take it. Upon moving past his leg fur, he gradually pulled it out of its nestled tucked away spot. His penis was longer and thicker than anyone he had ever seen, even in porn.

Angel continued to observe and touch his genitals caressing his thick hair and ball sack. The exhilarating moment seemed to last for a long time.

Durke's breathing patterned changed and his hand moved to rub his back. Angel popped an instant erection. He put his arm around Durke's waist letting his hand rest in the crack of his ass just holding him.

"When my sons were younger, they used to wake up with me in much the same way. So curious and wanting to touch everything." Durke said in a deeper than normal voice.

"It's like something that drives me."

"When you get the genetic resequencing, you will have more of a drive. But you will also understand more. Something I don't think they told you is that you will be able to use more of your brain."

"I will be smarter?" Angel asked looking up at his face.

"Smarter is not the word I would use, understanding would be the best translation." Durke said sitting up.

"When should we go?"

"Now would be good." Durke said with a half yawn. "Better to do the procedure before breakfast."

"Sivlera is ready for you." Booboo said walking into the slumber pod.

"Will you come with me?" Angel asked Durke.



“It would be my honor.”

-----

“Matthew! I mean Angel.” Sivlera said as Angel walked into the lab with Durke.

“What do we do first?” Angel asked.

“Sit up on this table, take off what clothes you have on and I will take a blood sample.” She said.

Angel did as she asked and sat up on the table while she took a blood sample. He discerned she had similar features to Ozark.

“Are you related to Ozark?”

“Why do you ask?” Sivlera asked.

“There is something in your eyes that seems familiar.” Angel said perceptively.

“We are cousins. Interesting how you perceived that. Most do not recognize the resemblance.” She smiled as if she was pleased with his perception.

“Well I can.”

“So tell me, I hear you have been active with the residents here. How is your bum?” Sivlera asked placing a vile of his blood into the computer for testing.

“A bit sore, but worth it.” Angel smiled blushing.

“Bend over, I want to treat you with something that will help strengthen the muscles in the cavity.” Sivlera said putting on some gloves.

“Ok.” Angel bent over a little embarrassed like he was at home and his doctor wanted to examine his prostrate.

Sivlera took a rod about 8 inches in length and 6 inches in diameter and soaked it in a green goo like substance. She inserted the rod in his ass and pulled it out and in several times while Angel started to get excited.

“Ok, leave it in there, sit up if you can and let it stay there for about 5 minutes.” She instructed.

“It feels like the dildo I used to play with.” Angel laughed.

“It looks like you are perfect for the genetic resequencing.” Sivlera said looking at the results.

She looked again in awe at the computer results. She asked her assistant to come over and peek. They glanced back at Angel and then back at the results.

“Every time I have ever done this there were always some variables, you have none. It is like you have the perfect genetic makeup for this procedure.” Sivlera peered at him with a fascinating surprised expression on her face.

Angel shrugged as if he had nothing to do with it, and as far as he knew, he didn't. “I must be special.”

“That would be what you would call an understatement.” Sivlera said reaching around and pulling the rod out from his ass.

“Just promise me that if you have any problems in the future you will come to me.” Sivlera said looking him in the eyes.

“Yes ma'am.” Angel said respectfully.

Sivlera helped him off the table and into the pod which she had already prepared for him. Durke nodded while he laid down in the pod with a smile. Angel could sense his tension. Then his dad walked in.

“Sorry I am late son. I am here.” Mike said stepping up to the pod.

“Dad! I am so glad you came!” Angel said with enthusiasm.

“I will always be here for you.” Mike said as Angel relaxed.

“Thanks dad.”

The door closed while Angel had a beaming smile on his face as the pod energized. Angel was not even thinking of the needles piercing his skin as a vapor encompassed the inside of the pod. He kept thinking of how lucky he was to be where he was with the people he had quickly learned to love. He focused his thoughts on how he could protect them and

keep them from harm. His thoughts dwelled on how he could be more the residents here. He let out a sigh focusing on the love and acceptance of everyone.

“So.” Sivlera said watching the computer as the process was under way. “Where did he choose to focus his thoughts on?”

“I didn’t tell him about the thought process.” Mike said with concern.

“I thought you would have. We said nothing about it last night.” Durke said with his eyes wide.

“Well there does not seem to be any problems, but his muscle mass is growing faster than I expected.” Sivlera said looking at the growth rate on the computer astonished.

“What does that mean?” Mike asked.

“He will be strong.” Durke said putting his hand on Mike’s shoulder.

The pod opened and Angel blinked. He glanced up to notice Durke and his dad staring over him. He smiled and sat up touching his arms and chest. He observed hair on his chest and abdomen. The hair on his head longer and thicker. He examined his rippling muscles and stood up.

“Don’t move too fast, some of the effects may take some time to manifest themselves.” Sivlera warned. She held a device in her hand and reached down and shocked him.

“That tickled!” Angel laughed standing up.

“It didn’t hurt?” Mike asked.

“No, but this is great!” Angel said looking over his size. He discerned he had grown about 6 inches at least and his hairy pectorals were larger.

“Do you sense anything out of place?” Durke asked.

“Something is on my upper back like a new muscle on my shoulder blades. Can you see anything?” Angel asked.

“There are 2 lumps” Mike said putting his hand on his back.

“I have an incredible urge to flex those muscles.” Angel said making fists.

“Mike, take him to the room.” Sivlera said earnestly.

Mike, Durke and Angel went into the room where Mike was when he transformed. Angel started to flex himself and 2 large limbs broke free from his back. He screamed in an agonizing delight as blood dripped from the ripped skin.

“What are they?” Mike asked watching his son flex something that appeared alien to him.

“He has wings.” Durke pointed to the protruding muscles.

-----

Angel opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. AOK was sitting next to him and had his hand on his chest. There was a lot of discussion going on that he could tell and he moved himself slightly up using AOK as support.

“What happened?” Angel asked with grogginess.

“After your wings flexed themselves, you passed out.” AOK said stroking his head.

“I feel like I have been asleep for a while.” Angel said adjusting himself.

“About a day and a half, we have water and food here for you.” Mike said sitting on the bedside.

“Did I grow?”

“Yes, about 7 inches I think.” Mike nodded with concern.

“It’s almost bedtime for most here. If you think you need to stretch or flex a bit, someone would stay with you in case you need any help.” AOK said giving him a piece of kiwi fruit.

“That sounds like a good idea.” Angel sat up.

Angel examined himself, he noticed his hair was a bit longer on his head, and he had chest hair. Looking up and around he perceived improved eyesight. Colors were brighter and

more pronounced. Smell, sounds, and even his touch seemed to be amplified. He had been upgraded to high definition.

“My muscles are bit sore; I do need to exercise.” Angel said looking around.

“We should start light.” Gorgant stepped forward amongst the residents that were crowded in the slumber pod he was in.

“Sounds good, where do we start?”

“First, after you have some more to eat” Gorgant suggested “We should go to the bath and swim for a bit. That will warm you up.”

“Sounds good!” Angel said biting into a slice of seasoned bread. “Wow!” he said with his mouth half full “The flavor is awesome!”

“Senses on high I take it?” AOK asked.

“Everything. I can hear your breathing, smell the pasta in the kitchen...”

“That is 5 floors down.” Booboo interrupted with a curious look.

“Spinach pasta right AOK?” Angel asked.

“Yes, that is amazing.” AOK said looking surprised. Angel took note of his expression. AOK was not one who was easily surprised.

“Do you have a hackie sack?” Angel asked digressing.

“I could make one.” Booboo offered.

“I used to play with one all the time. I was not that good, but I think it is something I would like to try again.” Angel mentioned “I could help you with that tomorrow.”

“It would be great to have you visit my shop!” Booboo said gleefully.

Angel took a long drink of water and grabbed a few of the fresh fruits on the tray. “We should go.”

“Don’t make a mess eating in the hallway!” Mike said out loud.

“No worries.” AOK laughed “We all take turns cleaning the hallways and rooms.”

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“You are doing good.” Gorgant said watching Angel do a back stroke in the water with his wings.

“It feels different, but I have complete control of them. I just need to get used to the idea of having them.”

“Well, we can take time before school to work out a little while before class.” Gorgant suggested.

“How long have we been here?”

“Most of the night, AOK should be waking up to make the breakfast soon.”

“I must admit; I enjoy this exercise. I want to do this a lot during the day. Perhaps Lumia could help me with some wing exercises?”

“You can ask her. She doesn’t fly, so she may not be the best teacher for that. But, she has another lesson planned for you.”

“She is going to teach me languages first isn’t she?”

“Your insight is amazing. How did you do that?”

“Something she said, I can remember the inflections she used. It is an educated guess.”

“You will excel in everything you do.” Gorgant stepped out of the bath.

Angel watched him dry himself off and caught a whiff of his man scent. His scent empowered him. His resistance to the impulse seemed futile. Angel submerged himself into the water trying to control himself unsuccessfully. He pushed himself up from the water and spread his wings. He and gliding directly to Gorgant. Gorgant turned around abruptly grabbing his wrists. Angel let out an erotic growl. Gorgant held him looking into his eyes.

“Control. You must learn control. Do not let it consume you!” Gorgant held him forcefully propping himself against the wall behind him.

“It hit me hard and unexpected.” Angel said trying to relax his muscles.

“Not that I do not want to, I just want you to understand that although we appear like animals, and have sex a lot.” He paused rolling his eyes “And I do mean a lot. We are always in control. If your primal instincts override your sense of will, it can be dangerous. That is why I came here with you. Do you understand?” Gorgant pushed him backwards a few steps.

“I do. How do I control it?”

“Practice. I can teach you. Make a willful decision to seek me out when you sense you are losing control, and I will help you. Will you do that?”

“Yes I will. I promise.” Angel said almost shaking while relaxing his muscles.

“Good, we should go get breakfast first.”

-----

Gorgant and Angel walked into the tavern where AOK was serving breakfast to about 20 of the residents. There was a lot of chatter and joking going on for everyone until someone glanced over at Angel. One by one everyone stopped what they were doing. Silence hit the room like a sunrise chases away the darkness. Angel detected a lot of attention. AOK surveyed the counter seeing what was going on.

“I have something special for you Angel, come on over!” He blurted out while nodding at everyone else. “Don’t pay them any mind Angel.” AOK said serving up a dish for him “Understand that change here is unusual. Anything new that happens here gets their attention.”

“I understand. Curiosity is not a sin.” Angel said winking at AOK “Besides, they probably still think I am a savior. I don’t see it.”

“Do not try to be a great man, just be a man. Let history judge you.” A voice came from behind him.

“Podunk, nice to see you.” Gorgant said greeting the human like panda bear from behind him.

“Podunk, my name is Angel. Nice to meet you.”

“I understand. You are a topic of conversation with everyone here.” Podunk replied.

“Podunk is a master of all the martial arts from China. We work together sometimes.” Gorgant patted him on his back.

“Really?” Angel said with enthusiasm.

“Sounds like that interests you Angel, go have a seat and enjoy your meal.” AOK said giving him his plate.

“Can we talk?” Angel asked Podunk.

“It would be my honor.” Podunk replied motioning his hand to have a seat.

Gorgant and Podunk sat at a table with Angel. Angel glanced at him attentively. He had feline and bear facial features with a muscular build like Durke. He had a soft appearance in his eyes with gentle movements. Angel studied him with intrigue watching his eyes.

“So you know kung-fu, karate and judo?” Angel asked taking a bite from his bread.

“I understand many things. The martial arts are only a small part.” Podunk said stirring his tea with his finger.

“It interests me because...” Angel paused.

“Fear.” Podunk whispered.

“How can you tell?”

“I can spot it in your eyes. You want what we have. Knowing how you are viewed from the prophecy we all appreciate and believe, you are afraid. Afraid you will not live up to your perceived idea of what that means. And, you are not even sure you believe the prophecy.” Podunk took a sip of his tea closing his eyes as if he was enjoying the moment.

“What does the prophecy say? Do you know it?”

“In the end times, my instrument will come to you. Young in appearance, old as his soul. He will protect you and bring peace to the world.”

“That’s it?”

“How much more do you need? Remember, prophecies are like fog. Only faith can cut through it.”



“I feel like I am missing something. But I can’t grasp what it is.” Angel said looking down.

“Do you understand patience?”

“It means to wait.” Angel replied with a heavy sigh.

“Well, you will always wait for something, someone, or an event in time. Look deeper, if you will always wait, but have anxiety about something that is not now, where are you?”

Angel thought. He sat back in his seat thinking about what he said wondering what he meant. *Where am I, when I have anxiety about something that is not now?* he asked himself. Angel thought he was talking about time. He wondered if his thoughts took him out of time, maybe placing himself out of the now. Angel wondered If that is what caused worry.

“I am not in the now I would presume.” Angel responded playing with his food.

“Wisdom is within your grasp.” Podunk nodded.

“So that means when I worry, I have anxiety, I am not in the now, but in another perceived time?” Angel asked.

“You would be a worthy student. I would like to teach you, if you would be willing.”

“I am. I have so much to learn.”

“Start with Lumia this morning. Some physical training, and Podunk in the afternoon for now. Would that work for you Podunk?” Gorgant suggested.

“It could. Just remember Angel, If I teach you, I would want more than a few hours a day. I would want you by my side every day for an extended period of time.” Podunk explained.

“If I remember my history, didn’t students actually live with their masters?” Angel asked.

“I am not sure.” Podunk replied finishing his tea “AOK makes a good tea.”

Angel was drawn to Podunk like a magnet to steel. He seemed to have full command of his environment without the need to control anything. In doing so he kept himself in complete control regardless of outward circumstances.

“When you are ready, you will find me. Then we can start, not before.” Podunk said nodding to Angel while standing up.

“What should I do?” Angel asked Gorgant.

“Not sure, we don’t see Podunk often. I think the last time we talked was about six months ago.” Gorgant shrugged.

“Change of plans.” Angel said watching Podunk walk out the door. “I want to find him now, while I know where he is.”

“Then go, you will find him when he wants to be found.” Gorgant said turning as Angel ran to the door.

Angel approached the doorway. He examined both ways and did not notice Podunk at all. It was like he disappeared. Angel started searching all over and could not find him. Angel opened doors and eyed all around. Nothing. Angel looked over the center opening. Still nothing. A heavy sigh came over him as he wondered where he was.

“You all right?” Mike said leaning up next to him.

“I am good. I suspect I am at a crossroads. I have choices ahead of me, and I need to choose where to go.” Angel said looking down.

“Where are you now?” Mike asked putting his hand on his back. Angel smiled in response to his question. He knew his dad did not understand that it was perfect for the moment.

“I am in it.” Angel said. “I am in it, and I will go to class now. Thanks dad.” Angel said giving him a hearty hug.

“Glad I could help Son. Just wish I knew what I just did.” Mike said hugging him back.

“You stay the way you are dad; I will never grow too old to need this ok?” Angel said as a peace permeated his soul.

“Always and forever.”

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After the class Angel sat down to talk with Lumia. He enjoyed her style of teaching as she did not use homework, tests or handouts to teach. She simply told stories that made him think of possibilities, and sparked his imagination. He kept thinking of what he wanted to do and how to be a part of the community. Angel tried to focus on the present, but could not help but wonder what awaited him with his destiny.

“May I have a moment of your time?” Angel asked Lumia who was sitting with a book in the classroom.

“Yes you may, what is on your mind?”

“I want to learn and grow here, but I also want to learn what Podunk has to offer. He did offer to teach me.”

“You met Podunk? That is special. Few have been honored with his teachings. You could learn so much with him, and you would be able to learn more than what I teach.” Lumia said with a smile.

“Thank you, that fits with what I thought. I appreciate your confirmation.”

“To begin, find his son, a student named Lotto, he will guide you to where you want to be.”

“Thank you.” Angel said with a smile.

“Always remember, if your heart is guiding you, there is a reason.” Lumia said generously.

Angel walked out into the hallway, and pondered what he was going to do. Without confusion, he found himself happy and looking forward to what would come. He could sense his purpose in life.

Angel walked out to the base of the underground city where the small waterfall was. The statue on top was an old man holding a lantern. He stopped and saw a glimmer of light in it he had not seen before. Jumping up on the waterfall, he put himself next to the statue and

looked into the lantern. The lantern had a small door which he opened to find a golden key. Angel picked it up to see what it was for.

“Find something?” a voice said at the base of the waterfall.

“Yes, it is a key” Angel replied not looking to whom he was talking.

“My father told me once that the one who finds the key should use it.”

Angel looked down to see who he was talking to. He saw a young bear man who looked a lot like Cole, but had the color of a panda bear. “Are you Lotto?”

“That is my name.” he said watching Angel examine the key he just picked up “Do you recognize what to do with it?”

Angel suspected there was something nearby that it would be used for. “I think there is a door around here.” Angel said looking around “I get the impression this place is familiar.”

“If you would like, I can accompany you.”

“I would like that.” Angel said jumping down from the waterfall.

Angel surveyed around the area. He saw that the walls were carved out with much care and dedication. Angel to walked along the wall looking for anything familiar. He observed small indentations in the wall and poked his finger in them one by one. He touched one small groove in the wall that had an odd configuration. There were so many indents and markings he wasn't sure where to start. Then he remembered what he did with the sword. He focused on how he remembered. Instinct.

Exhaling he moved across the wall with his eyes closed. His hand touching every part of the wall. Holes, indents and markings. Nothing felt right and he couldn't understand logically what he was doing. Then he touched a familiar crevasse. It was round and waist level. Inside the round crevasse was a rectangular indent. *This is it!*

Angel held the key. He did not know that many residents were gathering around to watch what he was doing. He placed the key inside the rectangular indent. It fit. The key fit and Angel turned it slightly hearing a click on the other side of the wall. The stone in which the key was located pulled the key inside. A stone dropped so it could not be retrieved. The

immediate area in which he stood rolled inward like a revolving door. The action was so quick that when Angel turned around to look at Lotto, he was on the other side.

“Hello?” Angel said looking into darkness.

He stepped forward trusting that there was something there for him. His first step caused a glimmer of light to shine from the rocks in the wall. He stepped again. Each step he took seemed to make the walls shine brighter. He set his eyes on a podium at the end of this short passage. A white book rested on it. It had a golden trim and Angel inspected the title on the front of the book. The book read with an inscription:

## סיפורי הגלגולים שלי

Angel contemplated it with wonder about what it meant. He ran his finger over the inscription as if it was alive. Translations appeared like smoke. They were in Greek, Latin and French as well as some pictographic languages he did not recognize. Angel scrutinized the French translation. He studied some French, so he focused on it. It read, “Les histoires de ma reincarnation”. Angel recognized the words. “The history of my reincarnation?” Angel did not understand. He exhaled once and opened the book. He viewed the front page and the light surrounded him, creating what he perceived as an illusion. A green meadow with mountains in the distance. The sky a perfect blue and warm like a summer day.

Angel stood still looking around almost afraid to move. Around a sole oak tree, he perceived a group of people. They were in deep conversation about something or someone. He could not understand what they were saying. A breeze blew by him and he decided to take a step. The grass beneath his feet was slightly damp and full of life.

“You made it!” One of the men said standing up. Angel gazed at the group of people standing up and walking toward him. Angel turned around to see if they were talking to someone else, but there was not anyone else there.

“You are talking to me?” Angel asked.

“I am talking to me.” He said laughing.

“I do not understand.” Angel said walking toward the group.

“My name was Lemuel; I was part of the Hebrew nation that was saved by Egypt when Joseph led his people there.” Lemuel said smiling.

“Was? Who are you now?” Angel said perplexed.



“We represent past lives that have been stored and put away like all humans. We exist, but are not made aware of by those that currently live except a select few.” Lemuel explained.

“You are...” Angel thought with clarity “my lives?”

“Yes we are, our knowledge and experiences will be forever a part of you now” one of the females spoke.

“You are Aurora; you knew the residents here.” Angel said starting to remember.

“It will take time, but the memories we have will slowly become a part of you again. You will be more whole than you ever imagined you would be.” Another man spoke up.

“Cheng, you were a monk at a temple during the Sui Dynasty.” Angel regarded them with complete understanding. “I am you, you are me. We are one.” He said as the illusions started to fade.

Angel blinked and realized the wall in front of him. Lotto was standing next to him smiling. Angel blinked again wondering what just happened.

“Did I go into the wall?” Angel asked him.

“Not physically. After the key was sucked into the wall you just stood there completely still for about an hour.” Lotto explained.

Angel turned around to notice all the residents watching him including his dad. They all were waiting for him to speak. Angel spotted AOK sitting on the floor near him and he smiled.

“About 400 years ago I was here. I did not want the genetic resequencing but I fell in love with you.” Angel said pointing to AOK. “Core is my son.”

AOK just listened to Angel speak, Core stepped forward with curiosity. “You are Aurora?” AOK asked.

“Yes, the only woman you ever loved. I am her. I am also Henutmire, one of the wives of Ramesses the second. I knew Moses, and Ozarks grandmother Bastet. I am Mary, and I knew Jesus when he was alive, and this is my seventh reincarnation.” Angel said aloud trying to grasp all the memories that flooded his mind.

“Son, are you all right?” Mike asked walking toward him.

“I am. I need some time to organize my thoughts. So many memories.” Angel said losing his balance. Lotto stood next to him holding him up. “Take me to your father.” Angel whispered trying to maintain his poise.

## Chapter 5: Heart and Soul

“Dad, I am not sure how long I will be training for, but I want to do this.” Angel said earnestly.

“I was just getting used to seeing you around.” Mike said with a sigh.

“I will be around, and available. This is something I want to do. Remember, we have a few thousand years together.” Angel affirmed.

“I understand. I am glad you are finding purpose. Do any of your previous lives give you more insight?”

“Sort of, the memories surface at odd times. I will be thinking about one thing, then the memory of Ramesses face smiling at me and kissing my lips. Then I remember being in the Brazilian forest looking for a rumored tribe. It is odd.”

“Well I will make myself available if you need me. Just promise me you will come to me. I will always be available for you.”

“I will dad. I am going to meet Goliath before meeting with Podunk this evening, do you want to come?”

“I may stop by. For the moment I am getting those urges again, so I will visit the apes. They do like to play.” Mike said winking.

“Well enjoy yourself dad. I am going to meet with Core before visiting with Goliath.”

“Does it bother you that you had sex with your son from another life?”

“Actually, no. The experience was normal at the time. Emotionally, I am able to separate the feelings. Not sure how, but I think that it is normal being that I am not his mother, I just have her memories. That is how it feels.”

Angel made his way to meet with Core. Angel had more confidence with the memories. He had so many experiences he could lean on, even if they weren't purposed thoughts. They were there. Peace ruled his heart. He treasured it like a rare gift from someone he truly loved.



Core was waiting in the hallway. He had a peculiar look on his face and Angel wondered what was on his mind. He approached him and put his hand on his shoulder and smiled.

“I feel like I had sex with my mother.” Core said, his eyes just scanned the floor as if he was afraid to look at Angel.

“I understand. But it was good!” Angel knew where his heart was and wanted to keep him from regret. “Do you know why it is unusual for parents to have sex with their children?”

“Some things are better off a mystery.” Core still stared at the floor as if shame was keeping him from looking up.

“A parent’s love transcends that type of love. Where lovers need Eros love, parents and children already have a physical bond, and do not need it. That’s why I think it is socially deviant in the human culture.” Angel tried to encourage him.

*I hope he snaps out of it. I hate seeing him torture himself like this.*

“Unless you are in ancient Rome.”

“Even they had limits. But I must admit, not many.” Angel said with a chuckle. “Goliath is on the base floor if I remember.” Angel knew Core needed something, but did have the words. Even with all his memories and experiences, he wanted to bring him joy. It concerned him.

“Your memories are there, I can tell.” Core said as they walked into the stairwell.

“Yes. It is like seeing images from other times. The emotions that normally go with memories are not overwhelming. Just distant. It is just enough to keep me in balance.” Angel nodded and smiled. “I am not her anymore. Understand that with each new reincarnation, we become someone more.”

“That makes more sense. But I just may call you mom from time to time just to mess with you.” Core nodded and winked.

“I would enjoy that.”

Goliath’s lair was on one of the lowest levels of the city. The closer to the lair they got, the more memories Angel could grasp. For a moment, Angel thought the love Aurora

had for the residents here and she took great care of Goliath. Angel smiled remembering the memories as his own. Angel hoped that he was doing well, knowing he has a tendency to keep himself secluded when he is depressed.

“There’s my boy. How are you Goliath?” Angel said instinctively walking into the lair.

“Mamra?” A voice came from the shadow in the cave.

“You need more light in here. Core, can you light some of those torches?”

“Sure.” Core said looking for the lights.

“Where is Mamra?” The voice asked.

“I am here my big handsome boy. Although I do not look like the same person since we last visited each other.” Angel said coming closer to Goliath.

Goliath studied Angel with questions in his face. He stepped out from the shadow to realize he was familiar with Angel. He knelt down and inspected his eyes. He had a confused look on his face as he kept looking and pondering.

“What is he doing?” Core asked with a whisper.

“He is looking for someone.” Angel responded quietly.

Suddenly, Goliath’s eyes widened and stretched his arms wide as if to give a big hug. Angel stretched his arms out and hugged his neck.

“There you are Mamra! I miss you!” Goliath said with love.

“Few can get him to talk anymore. He has been depressed. Durke has been working with him for a while.”

“Goliath needs more companionship. Although many have tried, he is looking for someone to be with him all the time.” Podunk said walking into the lair.

“It would be a great act of love to stay with him.” Angel said looking at Core.

“Me?” Core had a shocked expression on his face. “I never thought about it.”

“You are thinking about it now. Would you like the challenge?” Angel asked.

“You no visit!” Goliath said to Core with a frown.

“Goliath!” Angel placed his hand on his face gently, “Remember when he was a baby, and he needed someone to love him?”

Goliath beheld Core and placed his finger on his chest with a sudden and unexpected laugh. Goliath smiled and then clapped his hands. “So cute!”

“Well, you gave him a lot of love, and now, he can repay your love. Would that be nice?” Angel asked encouragingly.

“Yes!” Goliath said grabbing Core and holding him tight. Core in turn hugged him and tried to tickle him back.

Core was surprised with Angel’s boldness. He would not have chosen to be put in that position. Core trusted Angel knowing he had an instinct. Maybe they really needed each other. Aurora loved cared for them. She had always wanted him to have someone with Goliath all the time. She knew that being alone was torture for Goliath. Angel took the chance she never did. Choose someone for him.

“If you need anything, tell me. Goliath should not be alone anymore.” Angel said as they started laughing with each other.

“Yes mom!” Core said sticking his tongue out.

Angel watched and smiled, then turned to Podunk. “I am ready.”

“I can tell. The memories prepared you.” Podunk gazed at him with a penetrating look as if he knew who he was.

“It’s more than that. I now have the peace in my soul I had been searching for. I had forgotten true peace.”

“You were a Chinese monk during the Sui Dynasty?” Podunk asked.

“Yes. I was a master of chi. I had the ability to invoke peace in others, as well as defend myself from those that mocked peace.”

“Did you work with animals?”

“Yes. I particularly worked with Pandas. I knew Panda man like yourself. His name was Pondo, and he visited me frequently in the night. A wise man.” Angel sighed like the memory permeated his soul “I enjoyed our talks. One day, he introduced me to his son. A little ball of fur with a strong life force. I remember blessing him.” Angel thought more “I do not remember his name.”

“I am that child.” Podunk said with a smile. “My father loved you like a brother. He taught me the chi you taught him.”

“That is right, I did teach him that.” Angel smiled looking into his eyes.

A deep impression of nostalgia permeated his soul as if he was Cheng again and his friend was coming to visit. Angel tried to hide the emotions on his face but realized the look in Podunk's eyes. He knew he would never be able to keep secrets from him, and maybe that is what drew him towards him.

“We should start some of the training, I may not remember all my own teachings.” Angel shrugged as he and Podunk walked out of Goliath's lair.

Podunk and Angel went to the surface through a secret exit Angel had not seen. It led to an open field that was in the middle of the forest. Angel was awed by the beauty of the area, and the stars were especially bright. The area was surrounded by thick vegetation that would be hard for anyone to penetrate. It was like a slice of privacy in the outdoors. Angel looked around and smiled listening to the wilderness. And enjoying the luminescence of the moonlight.

“Come, let's sit and talk.” Podunk invited.

Angel sat on a tree stump and looked at Podunk sitting on the grass. Podunk smiled watching him in silence. Angel looked up at the moon and the stars and then back at Podunk who seemed to take an interest in him. Angel wondered what he might be thinking. A half an hour past when Podunk finally winked at Angel. Angel looked back and they both laughed.

“Your father and I used to sit in silence for hours. Sometimes just looking at one another, and sometimes just looking at the stars or moon. He brought me great peace.” Angel said thinking about that life. “Where is your father now?”

“He passed on about 50 years ago. We used to sit in this spot and be in silence for hours. I am happy to share it with you now.”

“I loved your father.”

“He told me. And I have something for you my father kept close to his heart his whole life.” Podunk said pulling out an object from his sack.

“What is it?”

“Look.” Podunk said handing him a ring.

Angel looked upon the ring and remembered his family crest from that lifetime. His father from that life had given him that ring when he chose to pursue becoming a monk.

“My dad was so proud of me for becoming a monk, but I could not tell him the real truth.” Angel said remembering.

“That you were gay, even in that life?”

“Yes. Your father and I loved each other.” Angel said looking at the ring. “You remind me of your father. He is in your eyes.”

“You honor me. Thank you.” Podunk said bowing his head.

“When I first gained my memories, I could remember the emotion without feeling it. But seeing you here in the moonlight remembering your father, brings back a lot of love I had for him. I hope I do not lose control.” Angel thought for a moment “Gorgant warned me about letting myself be overwhelmed.”

“You must experience the chaos to appreciate the sanity.” Podunk said looking at the stars.

“I told your father that once. Right before we made love for the first time.” Angel gazed deep into Podunk’s eyes “I could fall in love with you.”

“You are not ready for a committed relationship right now. Let the chaos pass first.” Podunk said putting his hand on his shoulder.

Angel moved in closer pulling his head close and locking his lips in an erotic and sensual kiss. He wrapped his leg around Podunk laying on the warm damp grass. He grabbed

the back of his head with both hands. He massaged the back of his ears while continuing to kiss his tongue with his.

Podunk thrust his abdomen into his. His hand moving across his ass cheeks fingering his hole. He brought his hand up to his mouth sucking on his finger with a wink and a nod. Podunk gave the look to Angel. It was the same look his father gave to Cheng. He was serious.

“Ready to play?”

Angel responded with a sharp turn and rolling Podunk over him on the other side. Their legs still locked.

“I’ll be on top!”

“We shall see!” Podunk responded with a growl.

They slapped and wrestled each other pushing and bending arms. Angel got out of his moves only to be trapped in another. His memories returning with each counter move Podunk made.

“You are remembering more.”

“You’ll find I’m full of surprises.” Angel whispered as he flipped and pinned Podunk on his belly.

Podunk closed his eyes and waited for Angel’s grip to soften, and it did. He countered his move and flipped him on his back. Before Angel could get out of the pinned position Podunk flipped him over. In one move he pressed his wet noodle into the soft pink bun.

“Winner.” He whispered as he started to fuck his ass with pleasure.

Podunk kept his arm behind his back and thrust his dick harder and harder. Angel’s ass started to ooze and vibrate.

“You are making my ass cum!”

“You like the submissive position!” Podunk gently growled. “You like it inside of you!” he kept growly keeping him pinned down. “But you were not chosen to be submissive!” he thrust harder. “You were chosen to be a victor!” Podunk kept fucking him

harder and harder until he released and filled his ass with his seed. The groans and growls pierced Angel's heart. He panted being released from Podunk's grasp.

"When you can press me into position and keep me there, you will be ready." Podunk laid back looking up.

"So you will train me?"

"I would enjoy training you!" Podunk winked and placed a finger in his mouth.

"I trust you, I can be submissive with you." Angel cradled his soft dick in his hand.

"You must be more. And you will, when you discover your identity and become one with it. Fully accepting it as your own. Weakness and all."

"I have memories from seven lifetimes including this one, I believe I understand who I am."

"Then you must become it. Just because you have the memories does not mean you know who you are. Examine yourself and dig deep. You may not like what you find, but you will discover truth."

"I will."

"And one more thing." Podunk stared into his eyes. "I understand you knew my father, but I want you to know me. I am not him, but I am grateful that you can see him in me. It gives me great joy." Podunk laid back down.

"When your father brought you to me. He asked that I bless you. Did he tell you what the blessing was?"

"He never told me."

"That you would grow to be strong and wise, surpassing him."

"That makes sense. One time we were playing a game. He always won, but I was determined. It was the first time I actually beat him. I was filled with pride. It was like I had conquered the world. At the time I didn't understand, but he said he was more proud of me than I was of me." Podunk let out a sigh. "I have been lonely without him. It means more than you realize having you here, sharing Cheng's memories."

“I vow to be a worthy student.”

“You will be.”

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During the next lunar cycle, Angel and Podunk trained every day. Angel picked up on Cheng’s memories fast mastering what he once had. He made the teachings his own. Having the wings gave him abilities he never had before. He was able to execute unique moves he had never could have done. Podunk helped him refine his art forms.

One day, Angel received a message from his father, and took a break to visit the tavern.

“Hey sweetheart!” AOK yelled from the kitchen when Angel walked in.

“Hey pudding butt, where is my dad?” AOK and Angel playfully exchanged love words since his memories of Aurora came to.

“He is washing dishes right now; I’ll send him out in a sec.” AOK replied while cleaning up after the lunch rush.

“Hey son.” Mike said walking out of the kitchen with an apron on.

“Hey dad, what is the news?” Angel asked sitting at one of the tables.

“We are presumed dead.” Mike said putting a newspaper on the table.

“I would guess as much, but there was something else.” Matt glanced at the newspaper and the article about his father and himself.

“That guy you worked with, Peter. Is he still looking for the cave?” Angel asked noting a mention about the cave they found that led them to the underground city.

“Yes, and he is getting close.” Mike said plopping down in a chair.

“I take it sealing the entrance would only encourage them to look further.” Angel wondered “Did you consult with the elders?”



“Yes, and they are against sealing the entrance. We were thinking about other solutions. To be honest, if enough attention gets brought to this area, they would eventually find us.”

“Then we need to have something that would focus their attention elsewhere.” Angel speculated.

“Any ideas?”

“Not yet, but ask the elders, they may have something.”

Angel walked out of the tavern looking into the center of the city. He stood watching residents talk, play and joke as they continued with their lives. He considered himself their protector. He loved their life and knew he would defend it. Even at great cost. This world represented something inside of himself, something that was trusting and good. He knew them and they knew him. He buried his fear of letting them down so deep he thought no one knew. There was an iron determination within himself to heal and be the hero that he thought they needed.

“What do you think?” Booboo said walking up to him and holding an object in his hand.

Angel glanced down at the object seeing a soft sewn up ball. “You made it!”

“I realize you were busy so I improvised.” Booboo said as Angel took the hacky sack from his hand.

“This is well crafted. Thank you.” Angel said with a smile.

Suddenly, there was a tenseness in the air. Angel could tell something was going on. Angel peered up. Residents were leaving the inside hallways.

“Something just happened.” Booboo said looking up.

“Did someone find an entrance?” Angel thought out loud.

“I think so. Maybe you should check it out.” Booboo suggested.

“I will. Thanks again.” Angel said as he spread his wings and flew up through the center of the city’s shaft.

Angel made his way to the top and the minotaur named Guard was standing near one of the doors. Angel could tell from the expression on his face that something had happened.

“Humans have found a secret entrance and they are in the caves.” Guard said standing watch.

“Is this the only door to the city from where they are?”

“Yes.” Guard said bluntly. “See what you can do.” He said opening the door inviting Angel in.

Angel walked in seeing darkness. He just stood there allowing his eyes to adjust. His enhanced senses meant he could see more clearly in the dark. Angel quietly walked forward listening to any noise he could hear. As he kept moving forward he could hear the echoes of men talking and examining the cave walls.

As he listened he could hear something familiar. Angel surmised that the one doing all the ordering and talking could have been Peter. He worked with his father. He may have been trying to decipher the cave walls. The sounds they made were of pictures being taken. They started to explore making their way down the cave. Angel thought and wondered what it would take to make them to leave.

They were almost around a corner where he could see them when Angel spoke up. “You need to go back, before you can never leave again.” Angel said in an authoritative voice.

“Who is that?” A voice spoke up. Angel guessed it was Peter.

“This is Matt, Michael Butt’s son.” Angel replied.

“Matt? Is your dad here?”

“We are both here, we can never leave, you must leave now before you are forced to stay here for the rest of your lives. Your choice.” Angel said waiting for a response.

There was no response, just whispers. Angel could not tell what they were saying but could tell from the inflections that he was not about to leave. Angel took out his slingshot in one hand and his whip in the other. Looking forward, there was a room that was in this hallway he could use if needed.

Moving forward, Angel made his way to the room and slowly opened the door. He then stepped back in the hallway to see if they would be curious enough to check it out. Three of the men came forward. Matt tossed the hacky sack into the room. They curiously walked into the room. Angel snuck up and closed the door, locking them in.

*Three down.*

Angel waited for what seemed like an hour. Finally, flashlights shined down the hallway. The other two men walked in his direction. Angel had 2 other rooms opened for them to see what would happen. They stopped looking in one of the rooms.

“Check it out.”

“Yes sir.” The other man replied.

“There is another room over here I want to look at.” He said walking toward the other room. Angel swiftly and quietly shut the doors locking them trapping them.

Angel finally breathed easy. He walked down the hallway, lighting torches before advising Guard.

A shot was fired from a gun at one of the doors, Angel quickly moved around the corner to see if anyone came out. More shots were fired followed by the clicking of a gun. The ammo had been depleted. Angel stayed to see what the result was when Podunk, Guard and Mike walked down the hallway.

“Are you ok?” Mike asked Angel.

“I am good. I don’t think they like being trapped.” Angel said with a smile.

“The doors are thick and the locks are heavy, they won’t be able to get out.” Guard informed.

“I remember. But I just was being cautious.” Angel said standing up.

“We will give them some time alone, but will have some of you work with the humans. Mike, you should work with Peter. Angel, you and I will take the lone human and we will have someone else work with the three in the one room.” Podunk informed.

“Agreed” Guard said checking the doors.

“This should prove to be interesting.” Angel thought out loud.

“Indeed it shall, let’s go see him.” Podunk motioned Angel to follow.

Angel followed Podunk to the room where the one man was. Not knowing what to expect was difficult, but he also understood what he may be going through. He wondered what would have happened if he had refused their offer. Angel thought that if he had not been ready to move on with a new life, would things have turned out different? He knew that they had comfortable cells for those that threatened their way of life. Even in solitude, they were made to be comfortable. Protection with respect for life was their way, no matter how evil people could be. Angel believed that was the main reason for their seclusion. Based on his experiences, he knew they wanted to help humanity, even at risk to themselves.

“What are you going to do to me?” The man said as they entered the room.

“I was hoping for conversation to be honest.” Angel said as Podunk lit torches in the room.

“Are you an Angel?”

“That is my name. That is Podunk over there.” Angel said pointing.

“What is this place?”

“Ever hear of the stories of mythological creatures from Egypt, Greece, or China?” Angel asked.

“Yea.”

“They are real and they live here. They want their secret to be kept safe so they stay hidden.” Angel explained.

“Are you human?”

“I am. I grew up in Denver Colorado. My dad was searching the area for this place with Peter. He found it first and took me along. So here we are.”

“Did they transform you?”

“I chose to undergo the genetic resequencing. It lets us live for up to 3,000 years. The wings are a side effect for me. I like them.”

“My name is Warren.” He said shaking.



“Nice to meet you Warren.” Angel said reaching out for a handshake. Warren did not reach out. He looked like he was either going to have a nervous breakdown or have an epileptic seizure. “Are you all right? Can I get you anything?”

“I gotta pee!” He finally said with a raspy voice.

“There is a commode over her. May I help?”

“Ok.” Warren said as Angel started to walk with him. Warren was shaking so much he peed his pants, and he peed so much it soaked them to the point of them dripping on the floor. “It is ok” Angel said as he started crying profusely.

“I am sorry!” He said losing control and falling to the floor.

“Let’s get you out of your clothes and we can get you cleaned up.” Angel said undoing his pants.

Podunk grabbed some rags and Angel poured a bath with the tub that was in the room. Angel helped him get undressed and washed him clean. Warren started to gain his composure asking about the underground city.

“So you do have a choice, and I hope you choose to live here with us. You would be most welcomed here.” Angel said giving him a robe and slippers to put on.

“So does this genetic thing have any other side effects?” Warren asked.

“Most that have the alteration also gain the gay gene. That is for the men. It does not change the women in the same way. So 99.4% of the males here are gay.” Angel explained.

“Really?” Warren said surprised.

“Yes. I hope that does not discourage you.” Angel said as they sat on the bed.

“Actually, I am gay. I have been keeping it a secret for my whole life. I was afraid to let anyone know thinking I would lose all my friends and family.”

“You are among friends here.” Podunk spoke up.

“It sounds much better than my life. You would not mind having me?” Warren asked respectfully.

“I would welcome you, as would everyone here.” Angel said smiling.

Warren asked many more questions while they walked out in the corridor. Peter had been tied up and Mike was walking behind him trying to control his outbursts until they made it to the cell.

“Peter and I are going to have a lot to talk about.” Mike said nodding at Angel.

“Where are the others?” Angel asked.

“They went to the tavern; I think they are happy to be here.” Mike assured.

“We should go there I think.” Angel said looking at Warren.

“You go ahead; I will see you tomorrow for more training.” Podunk informed.

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Angel and Warren walked into the tavern. AOK was serving them drinks and they were accompanied by some of the females from the lab. Angel thought it was funny watching them flirt with the females. They loved to have a straight man give them attention. They were enjoying themselves.

“Warren! Come meet the ladies here.” One of them called over to him.

“Sure Alex.” Warren said walking over to them.

“Meet Sivlera, she is a doctor!” Alex introduced.

“Nice to meet you.”

“They have a few hundred horny females here!” Alex whispered.

“I guess they would. Too bad I prefer men.” Warren said honestly.

“Holy shit! You’re gay?” Alex scrutinized him with surprise.

“Kept it a secret for a long time. Since we apparently have new lives here I thought I may as well be honest with myself.” Warren said looking a little nervous.

“Dam Warren, had I known that I would have asked you for some head now and then. I was getting tired of using my hand!” Alex roared in laughter.

“You didn’t care?”

“Why would we. We are still brothers from different mothers aren’t we?”

Warren appeared puzzled at first and then relieved. Angel could tell he had an expression of regret on his face. He recognized the look he had with being attracted to Alex. Angel smiled, put his hand on his back. They sat down in their group talking about the life they all had in the underground city.

After a few hours, Alex and the other two men, Joe and Steve, left with the females. Scientific research is what they called it. Angel, AOK and Warren stayed for a few more hours answering questions. The same questions he had when he first came here.

## Chapter 6: An Awakening

“There you are.” AOK said walking into the cell block.

“I needed to get away.” Angel lifted his chin, eyes closed.

“You have been gone for a week. Everyone has been talking.”

“I understand.”

“Why are you hiding?”

Angel opened his eyes from his meditation. He stood up and just gave a half smile to AOK. Turning around he let out a sigh of relief. “Out of everyone here, you are the one to seek me out.”

“Your father sent me. He is worried about you.”

“I am sure he his.”

“What is on your heart?”

“I wish I was more like Aurora, or Cheng, or even Lemuel. I have their memories, but I am still me. I have to admit. Sometimes, I don’t like me.”

“I am glad you are not like Aurora, she nagged a lot.” AOK chuckled scratching his chin.

“Do you know why she didn’t take the genetic resequencing?”

“She kept that secret from me. I never knew.”

“She thought she could change you. Make you straight. She was even willing to take the genetic resequencing. But she couldn’t get past the fact that you are who you are. She didn’t want an extended life of that.”

“I thought so. I never confronted her about that.”

Angel let out a sigh. Turning and looking at him. “We are not here to talk about her though are we?”



“You tell me. Why are you here?”



“It’s like I am a prisoner in my mind. Of my thoughts.” Angel took a deep breath. “I am a prisoner.”

“What do you want to be?”

“I want to be free. I want to unlock the cage in my heart. I...”

“You want to be reborn.”

*Reborn. How do you become reborn?* Angel thought and allowed his memories to saturate his mind.

*“Lemuel, how is your family?”*

*“They are doing well Benjamin. It is good to see you again. I was hoping I could have your council for a moment.”*

*“I would love to take time to talk with you, tell me what is on your mind.”*

*“My son Cad had an experience. He said he was, reborn. I have never experienced something as he described, so I do not know how to counsel him.”*

*“Your son is blessed. I would see if my brother Joseph is well enough to speak with him if you wish.”*

*“Your brother is too old I fear. Tell me, what does being reborn mean?”*

*“It means there has been an awakening in your heart. Your son has discovered relationship with The Almighty. My heart years for our people to discover that for themselves.”*

“My heart needs to wake up.”

“That is one way to put it. Who told you that?”

“Benjamin, son of Jacob.”

“You pull and remember from your past lives, but you need to discover it in this life my friend.”

“I want to, but how?”

“You must accept yourself as you are. You cannot be more or less than you.” AOK motioned his hands watching him.

“I constantly wonder how everyone here looks at me.”

“You are as much a part of us as anyone else here. We love you just the way you are. If you are having thoughts contrary to that, tell us. You are not alone.”

“I know that in my head, but knowing it in my heart is different.” Angel sighed wishing he didn’t have to struggle.

“I agree. Maybe it is time to open it up and trust in the creator. Trust that you are who she says you are.”

“How?”

“Seek out Omar, my father. He is an elder that can help you with that.”

“I will.”

Angel stood up and walked toward the Elders section of the city. His thoughts dwelled on his continuing need, desires, and some confusion about who he was meant to be. Some of the residents stopped to say hello, but Angel only nodded wondering what his purpose was. He crossed through a poorly lit hallway and entered into a dome shaped cave. He peered through the darkness and saw some of the elders sitting in a circle playing some type of card and dice game. Omar, one of the elders smiled as he adjusted his eyes to the darkness, A torch was lit and Omar stood next to Angel wearing a faded smile.

“You have come.” Omar cleared his throat.

“I need to open my heart to believe what is in my head. AOK said you could help.”

“The ritual.” Omar smiled.

“There is a ritual? Aurora never knew about it.”

“She didn’t need it. She was strong.”

“I wish I could remember her strength, but I can’t.” Angel’s eyes dropped to the floor. “What do I need to do?” Angel whispered the question as Omar lit a small fire pit.

“Sit and focus. You will start your journey here.” Omar said as the crackling of the fire ignited. Angel watched the smoke intently and fell into a meditative trance.

“Hello?” His voice trailed off in the open area while the fog lifted.

The landscape was green with grass, a small lake with a dock was at the base of a hill and a wood cabin was on top of the hill. Angel could hear the clanking of pots and pans and the aroma of fresh baked cookies.

Angel walked into the house and looked around. It was ordinary with a small fireplace and handmade quilts on the couch. It felt like someone’s home and he heard someone calling to him.

“You gonna just stand in the living room? Come in child, I have something baked here just for you!”

Angel opened the door to the kitchen peaking in. “Are you talking to me?”

“Who else would I be talking to, come in and have a seat. I have some fresh baked chocolate chip cookies for you. They are still warm so don’t you go burning your mouth sugar.”

“Who are you?” Angel examined the big boned woman smiling back at him. She wore and purple and gold outfit that was casual attire for royalty in the 15<sup>th</sup> century.

“Here, they are better when they are warm.” She said placing a plate of cookies in front of him. Angel took a bite and the warm gooey cookie just melted in his mouth.

“To answer your question, I would have to go through an entire history lesson. Most of which you already know.” She sat down and picked up a cookie for herself “I made these just right”

“You are God the father, or mother...” Angel stopped hoping he would not offend her.

“Yes I am!” She winked at him with a side smile “Say what is on your heart child. I hold nothing against you.”

“Why me?”

“Why not you?” She leaned forward looking into his eyes “Honey, I can see you better than you see yourself. I chose you to be my instrument. And let me tell you, you are right where I need you right now.”

“I don’t know how to be the hero you expect.”

“Don’t you? Honey, if I can take Moses who was afraid to talk. Teach him to lead my people out of Egypt, I can take a heart of compassion like yours and do so much more.”

“I don’t see the worth in my own heart.”

“Keeps you humble.” She said watching Angel eat another cookie. “You like them?”

“Yes, thank you.”

“You are more than welcome. Just you remember, not everything I give is sweet, but it is all good for you.” She said pointing a wooden spoon at him.

“Who do you say I am?” Angel shed a tear almost afraid of what she could say.

“I call you MY child.” She perked up. “You are redeemed, you are loved, you are more than what you see. You are resurrected and pure.”

“I don’t remember being resurrected.” Angel whispered.

“Hey dad!” A voice came from outside of the house. A tall dark man standing six foot seven walked in wearing overalls.

“Son, you remember Angel.” She winked at him.

He looked at Angel smiling. “Hello Mary.”



“I do remember. Of all of the past lives I have had, Mary’s are the hardest to bring to mind.”

“That is because your heart isn’t open to the memories.” He said.

“Jesus, do you have the secret to waking up my heart?”

Jesus leaned in close to him and whispered, “Ask me.”

Angel opened his eyes in a started shake. He was sitting in the room alone. The fire had almost sizzled out. Angel closed his eyes in meditation, “Open my heart Jesus. Wake up the slumbering soul I have been carrying around.”

Angel stood up and walked out knowing he had changed.

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“Dad?”

Angel walked into the arena hearing the ape-men play and swing. A group of them were gathered around the master bed in the middle. Angel raised an eyebrow, smiled, and walked to the bed side.

Mike was playing the token bottom for the ape-men. They were whistling and hollering as one of them just pumped a load into his ass.

“Eleven now right?” Mike erotically growled. Ozark was supporting him.

“Dad, got a minute?” Angel waved his hand getting his attention.

“Son! Oh, ok. We were having some...”

“Fun I know. There is something I need to tell you. Do you want me to come back?”

“No, we can take a break.”

“If he can stand!” Ozark let out a partial laugh.

“I can, thanks to my furry companion!” Mike kissed Ozark’s cheek.

Mike hopped off the bed and grabbed his shoulder as if he did need help walking. They walked to the edge of the Arena to sit down.

“I thought you and Ozark were a couple.” Angel asked curiously.

“Ozark likes to share” Mike winked with a smile. “Besides, I really enjoy it.”

“I have something I need to get off my chest dad and it isn’t easy.” Angel bowed his head.

“Something?”



“When I first came to Brazil.”

“Oh. When you told me you were gay.”

“Yea, but I couldn’t tell you everything. The feelings I had. My temptations.”

“You mean you wanted to do something with me, sexually right?” Mike pulled his face to look in his eyes.

“Yes. I don’t know why I was tempted, I just was. I am glad we never did anything, but I just wanted to let you know.”

“I knew. I waited for the right time to set boundaries with you when... this happened.”

“Am I that transparent to everyone else?”

“Yes you are.” Mike said honestly “Not that it is a bad thing, you just don’t have the coping skills to hide yourself. And that makes you a better man than me.”

“Ok, so if you know me so well, what do you see in my eyes. What do I want to do right now?”

“I’ll take the right side of the bed, you take the left, and Ozark can support us both while we get...”

“Ok, stop talking, time for some ape-men in my ass!”

## Chapter 7: The Master

Angel spent weeks with Podunk at a time training and practicing. His skills were improving. Podunk was surprised at how well he executed difficult moves in martial arts. During his 18<sup>th</sup> year, he decided that the best way for him to learn is to begin teaching others. He looked for willing residents to train. Podunk made himself available and Lotto said he would help.

Angel first met with the bear cubs he met on his first day. Pojo, Juju and Cole were all interested in learning and joined. Warren also joined. It had taken some time for Warren, but he eventually decided to take the genetic resequencing. Now part Ogre and handsome. They became good friends due to their similar pasts.

Gigi and Lala were twin sisters. The only elvish people that lived there. Apollo, Osiris and Ares were wolf men brothers. Snow, a young polar bear and Sundance, a young minotaur. Kiewit was a different type of creature. Angel thought he looked more like a teddy bear, but could never figure out what species he was.

It took some time but Angel made it a point to get to know and train everyone willing. All that joined him were young. Although he never said it, he wondered if he was preparing the residents for a larger task ahead.

One week after Angel started to teach the class, a four yeti walked in to the arena. Angel nodded as they walked in and stepped forward to greet them.

“These are my sons. Zeus, Borat and Timbi. They are interested in your training, and despite my hesitation, I have allowed them to join.” The father said raising an eyebrow.

“Welcome. I am glad you decided to come. We are finishing up for today, but would you like to stay and I can tell you what we are learning?” Angel offered.

“They can stay; I will be in the tavern. When you are done, please seek me out. My name is Trent.” Trent nodded and left.

Angel took the time to explain the teachings he would be training everyone in. The yeti seemed eager to learn and Angel was happy to have them as a part of his class. In



keeping with the tradition of Podunk's training, Angel kept a slumber pod open for them all. They stayed together as a unit creating a strong bond between them all.

Angel finished up with the students and made his way to the tavern. He wondered about many things with the yeti. They were a part of the community but choose to live in other parts of the world, not with the residents. It was rare and special to have them living there. Angel had got to know some of them and ask many questions about how they lived. Beyond that, he had always had a fascination with them since he was a child. He used to watch documentaries and read every story he could get his hands on. It seemed out of the ordinary that they wanted to stay there, so Angel anticipated strong words from their father.

The tavern was clearing out from the dinner rush. Mike was alone in the kitchen cleaning up and a few of the residents were resting near the fire. Trent sat alone at a table drinking some type of berry juice and nodded at Angel when he walked in. Angel nodded back and proceeded to join him at the table.

"Good evening" Angel said trying to start a conversation with Trent.

"So, you are the one everyone talks about." Trent said looking at his face.

"I am. I personally do not comprehend how I fit in with the prophecy, but most think I am to save this civilization."

"What do you think?"

"I think I would do anything and everything I can to protect the residents here and our way of living. Beyond that, I can only be who I am."

"You are wise. Is it true to have total recollection with all your past lives?"

"To some extent yes. It was a challenge to integrate the memories and emotions into a balance. It took a few years."

"How old are you now?"

"In this life, I am 18 years of age. How young are you?"

"Five hundred..." Trent started to think "and twenty-two, I think." He smiled "We don't pay much attention to age, as I am sure you are aware."

“So tell me about your boys.” Angel invited him believing that was what he really wanted to talk about.

“You will learn what you need to know from them. I wanted to meet you because you intrigue me.” Trent leaned on the table with more weight looking into Angel’s eyes.

Angel was unprepared for the effect his look had on him. He became aware of his arousal without thinking.

*There is something different about him, but what?*

His heart started to race and his skin get flush as he just stared into Trent’s eyes.

“In general or do you desire me?” Angel asked trying to maintain composure.

“Desire is one thing, but I am looking for something more. You are young.”

“If you combine my lifetimes I am over 400 years old.” Angel said wondering if it was the right thing to say.

“For humans, their late teens and 20’s are when they are in their prime. I have a sense that for you, since you have had the genetic resequencing, it will last hundreds of years. I would be curious to explore that.”

Angel’s right leg started to shake under the table as he spoke. He did not perceive it at first but there was a distinct scent that he emitted that was affecting his hormones. Angel thought at how rare it was for any human to see a yeti. Much less interact with one.

“I would like to explore you. I have always been fascinated with the mysterious bigfoot. And I...” Angel said wondering if he chose the right words.



“Touch my hand” Trent invited “Our race has been around since the dinosaur era. We evolved and grew and even protected ourselves. One time, thousands of years ago, an alien race came to earth interested in us, and our survival skills. Our ancestors met with them and decided to create a new species. We did not have the knowledge they had, but they infused their DNA into most of our people.” Angel held onto his hand carefully examining it.

“Is that where humans came from?”

“Yes. Humans were the only created species on Eden, the planet you call Mars. During the first few hundred years we lived in peace. But then, a leader named Adam listened to his wife. They led the humans from our peaceful paradise to The Knowing.”

“The story of Adam and Eve. Someone here told me the garden was on Mars.”

“The planets were connected. They brought all life to earth and made themselves gods over all. The yeti that were not genetically altered hid on earth. Many species tried to do the same. The creator, in all her wisdom, broke the link between the planets and Mars became a dessert.”

“That is an incredible story.” Angel said looking up at Trent.

“It is one of our most sacred stories I am happy to share with you. Humans became faithless and destructive. The creator made a way for them out of her love, but knew that only a few would take the real journey.”

Angel started to get lost in his story and didn't realize that his father had sat down next to them just listening. Angel was so intrigued that Mike had to poke him.

"Dad!"

"Sorry, you were somewhere else and I thought I would bring you out of it to say hello."

"Dad, this is Trent."

"Nice to meet you. My name is Mike."

"A pleasure" Trent said smiling "He got lost in my story. I didn't think it was that good."

"I think I was lost somewhere in his eyes." Angel laughed admitting his desire.

"So how is your class shaping up?"

"Actually it is good dad. The students and I will be spending a lot of time together and I have my own slumber pod now."

"You do the actual classes in the arena right?"

"Yes, the chimps and apes help us with the preparation before and after. I have received a lot of support from everyone." Angel said.

"So you are the Master." Trent commented throwing a wink at Angel.

"That is what the students started calling me." Angel paused thinking about how his title made him feel.

"Master!" A voice came from the entrance.

"Yes Ares, I am here." Angel turned around.

"We are ready for you. Lotto asked me to come and let you know." Ares said nodding.

"Then we should go." Angel turned toward Trent "I have really enjoyed our time together; I hope it happens again soon." Angel stood up and kissed him on his cheek. Trent grabbed him, swung him over his lap and gazed into his eyes. Angel felt his heart stop and

time seemed to remain still. He let out a breath and Trent pressed his lips against his. Angel felt like he melted in his arms and kissed back wrapping his arm around his neck. The intensity of the kiss made Angel hard as a rock as he felt like he had come into contact with one so masculine, loyal, and intense. Angel realized no one had ever made him feel that desired before this moment. Angel stood up suddenly remembering how sexually active he was and how he longed for this kind of union. Someone to make him feel alive.

*He couldn't want me could he? He must not know how much of a slut I really am...*

“We will meet again soon.” Trent said slapping him on his ass.

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“Master?” Bion peeked his head into the slumber chambers where Angel was meditating.

Angel blinked a few times to see the Lion man standing at the door way. He loved Bion like a son and always enjoyed his company. Bion was 25 years of age and shy and respectful. His species were a minority on the Cat-Kong planet and unique with his golden toned hair. Many of the females had asked to bear his children but he always said that he was not ready.

“Good evening Bion, are you ready for bed?”

“Yes master. I decided to come in a little early and was hoping to just sit with you alone for a while.”

“Come sit on the bed with me. I was just doing a meditation that I enjoy doing in the evening.”

Bion didn't say anything he just laid down next to Angel placing his head in between Angel's legs. He gently purred being attentive with every movement he made. Angel could feel his empathetic nature.

“I know you love the nights with sex in the evening with the students, I just wanted some time alone with you tonight. Everyone really likes to have your attention...” Bion started saying stopping as if he wanted to continue.

“You are not as bold as the others, and yet you want the attention you think I give them.”

“I just need some one on one time sometimes. May I bathe you?” Bion asked still speaking melodiously.

“You want to clean my body with your tongue?” Angel said a bit surprised, no one had ever asked him that before.

“Yes sir. I would enjoy it.”

“Sounds like fun.” Angel said sitting back.

Bion started around his neck licking his skin and moving slowly down his chest. His warm rough tongue started to stimulate his nerves. He laid receiving a cleaning he had never experienced before. Bion moved to his armpits when he started to get aroused. Angel just sat back and took mental notes of what he liked and started to get aroused himself. Once he was done cleaning both pits he moved down to his perineum. Angel spread his legs open more as he licked and cleaned. He had a determined intensity moving he way to his anal cavity. His tongue stroked with the intensity of a deep tissue massage. Bion moved his leg as if he was telling him to lay on his stomach and Angel rolled over. He went deeper with more intensity as the other students started walking in.

Without a word, the students started doing the same all over Angels body. It was ecstasy that filled his veins with the love and attention they were all showing him. It made him feel as if he could never be more loved.



Then he thought of Trent. Angel started wishing he was with him as the students began to play and enjoy themselves.

Bion climbed on his ass pressing his thick cock against his wet ass. He penetrated it taking great care to savor every movement. He thrust allowed the sensation to be memorable every time. Zeus, the eldest yeti brother, positioned himself at Angel’s head.

Angel grabbed his cock sucking it with the intensity. The memory of meeting Trent filled his veins.

Bion shot his blue ball load in Angels ass. He growled as he backed off and moved himself close to Angels side delicately rubbing and licking him. The other students started to take turns plowing his tight muscular ass. Angel sucked on as many of them as he could and treated their dicks like the sweetest lollipops.

One by one the male students started unloading everywhere. Finally, when they were all exhausted they started falling asleep one at a time. Bion remained awake watching Angel and still cleaning him and licking up all the mess that was made. Angel was amazed at how much Bion really loved him. He rubbed his head and snuggled up with him.

“Bion.” Angel whispered.

“Yes Master?”

“Have you ever felt like you wanted more out of life?”

“What do you mean?”

“I enjoy the life here. I enjoy training, working and spending time with everyone, but something is missing...”

“Nothing is missing Master.” Bion pressed his face close to his ear whispering. “Sometimes, your journey is to discover who you are not, before you can find out who you are.”

Angel remained silent as he fell asleep in his arms. The students huddled around him like bears hibernating in their cave. Angel let his mind wander to his life as Abijah, a woman who lived in the time of King David.

*“Who does he think he is? He is not acting like a king. He is parading around in his underwear!” Michal said watching him dance as they brought the ark of the Lord back to their city.*

*“Michal, do not confront him on this. He is responding to who he is in the Lord’s eyes. He is respected and loved. If you confront him, I fear he will not visit your bed chamber again, and you will be childless.” Abijah said with concern for her friend.*

*“My father would never let himself be seen by the people in this manner, I would die if I did not confront him.”*

*“Then confront him privately, allow him to educate you. Do not disgrace him in public, I beg you.”*

*“It is about time he listened to me! I may be a woman but I know more about being a king than he does!” She responded pushing her way out the door.*



## Chapter 8: The Celebration

“You have exceeded your own expectations.” Podunk said after hours of silence laying in the secluded area outside in the starlight.

Angel just listened. He thought about the past five or more years and it was more than he ever dreamed. Angel thought about what he said, exceeding his own expectations. From a certain point of view, he correctly said it. Before he was ‘joined’ with his previous lives, he expected something different. Maybe it was because he was running away from his previous life. He had done it for so long he never developed a sense of what he wanted to run to. *I am just like my dad, running away.*

Podunk enjoyed challenging his thoughts with words of wisdom. Angel learned to think about what he said before he said it. Angel remembered that even Cheng would instinctively ponder about thoughts before speaking. Now it took some work. It was as if retraining this new person that he had become.

“It has been a while since I thought about those expectations. Perhaps I no longer have expectations.” Angel said still pondering the words and watching a slow burning shooting star in the heavens.

“You beat me last night. I am impressed.” Podunk looked over at him.

“I had to do it my way.”

“I am glad you did. I never expected you to pin me down and take control as a bottom. It was probably the best sex I have had in a while.”

Angel sighed. “Yea.”

“What is on your heart?”

“My mother” Angel exhaled realizing he wanted to give her the gift of peace he now has. Angel remembered that peace is useless if you do not freely give it to others. Especially those that have hurt you.

“I have arranged a travel for you.”

“You understand me too well my friend.”

“The yeti known as Trent will take you to see her if you are ready.”

Trent. Angel had only the one encounter with him, but he was moved by the thought of his presence. Angel did not expect the attraction to be so strong, and it had been almost 2 years since he saw him.

“Your feelings for him are strong.” Podunk rolled over looking at Angel as he surveyed the stars.

“With all the knowledge I have, all the experiences and training. I meditate daily, and still, I can see weak areas in my soul.” Angel let his feelings flow from his lips.

“Weakness is good. It gives others a chance to show their strength. Remember, you are never alone.”

“I know, and yet, no matter how I try, I am uncomfortable with weakness.”

“It gives you the humility you need.” Podunk stood up stretching his arms and caught a glimpse of the first light of day. “It is time. The celebration is at hand.”

“Celebration?”

“Do you remember what day it is?”

“No.” Angel thought for a moment “April. Wait, what day is it?”

“The 23<sup>rd</sup>. Come let us go and see what awaits you.” Podunk said opening the secret entrance to the city.

Angel smiled remembering his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday. The residents more appropriately called it his anniversary. They honored young people who reach their 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a sign of adulthood. Even though he had been considered an adult, he knew that they had something planned.

Angel had never been in the city during a 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration. He heard it was looked upon as a great festivity of life for all. Knowing the residents as he did, he knew that they probably had a big party planned.

“Master!” Some of the students greeted Angel and Podunk entering into the Arena. The apes and chimps were decorating and prepping it for something. Angel surmised it was for a theater type production, but he wasn’t sure.

“Good morning.” Angel nodded his head in his traditional greeting bow for his students. Where do we go first?

“Everyone is gathered in the city center where the waterfall is master.” Sundance said smiling. To Angel, Sundance was like a teddy bear. Shorter than most with gorilla, minotaur, and bear characteristics. A small and furry beast.

“Lead the way.” Angel invited.

Residents crowded the center of the city. Angel had just enough room to walk by everyone. His dad and AOK were standing on top of the waterfall waiting for him.

“Today marks the day of my son’s entrance into adulthood.” Mike said aloud with his voice acoustically echoing throughout the area. “We honor him this day. Although many of you already view him as an adult, this is a formal celebration. This is my son, and I am proud of him!” Angel smiled in amazement at his father’s declaration of love.

“Before we begin the feast, I am glad to honor Angel as well.” AOK cleared his throat and then started to sing an opera song that he loved when he lived the life of Aurora. The song was from the old opera L'Orfeo. When Orfeo leads Euridice from the gates of Hades. He disobeys and turns around to make sure she is following him, and he lost her.

Angel wept. The love that AOK had for him knowing a part of him better than he did. The surprise caught him off guard.

AOK finished with Angel standing in tears and a smile. Everyone cheered and applauded him.

AOK jumped down and smiled standing in front of him. Angel hugged him in thanks falling into his arms and squeezing him snugly. “Thank you. That has to be the best gift I have ever received.” Angel whispered in AOK’s ear.

“I know you all too well.” AOK chuckled. “Let’s go to the arena, they should be set up by now.” AOK invited.

Angel laughed and cried his way with everyone on the way to the arena. A throne was placed in the center facing a theater area, curtains and all. The other side was loaded with pillows and blankets for everyone. The seat Angel presumed was for him.

Angel sat down and was brought a glass of juice and some fruit to start off with. Elder Omar came to sit next to him on the arm of the chair.

“Let’s go over a few things as we prepare to start.” Omar said taking his hand and smiling. “First we have a list of about 20 productions we can do, I would like you to choose which one you would like to see.” Omar handed him a list that was written in Italian.

Angel looked over the list remembering how to read Italian. Aurora spoke three languages. “il fantasma dell’opera” Angel said handing him back the list.

“Good choice.” Elder Omar smiled and nodded to Booboo. He relayed the message to the actors to get ready.

“Dad took me to see that when I was 6 years old.” Angel smiled looking for his dad.

“He said you would probably choose that one.”

“You have something more you want to ask me.” Angel said looking up at his face.

“Yes, something you may not be aware of. But you realize that in order to procreate, since almost all the males are gay, we do our part to procreate.” The elder smiled watching Angel’s expression.

“I was wondering if I would be asked to donate, and yes I would.” He said as his students Lala and Gigi walked up smiling. They were beautiful elvish twins that were just over 30 years of age.

“Your students are ready to start carrying young. They have volunteered to father your children.” Angel’s jaw opened for a second in surprise as they bowed in unison.

“I would be honored.” Angel said looking back up at the elder with an expression of joy.

“You do not have to participate if you do not wish to. Sivlera will take a sperm sample and inject them later.” Elder Omar signaled Sivlera “We do need to get that sample. How shall we proceed?”

“It has been a few days since I dropped a load so I am sure I have plenty to offer. Maybe a good blow job?” Angel said smiling at Omar.

“I am tempted, but there is someone here who will take care of that for you.” Omar said getting up “Enjoy your day.”

Elder Omar walked away to have a seat as the cast went to get ready. Sivlera came from behind Angel putting a blindfold around his eyes. “Just relax” She whispered as someone else started to lick and fondle his tenders.

“Oh my” Angel said as a familiar scent lifted from the unknown dick sucker between his legs. Angel started to lift his hands but someone was holding his arms down.

The blow job was fantastic. Angel moaned and grunted as the mysterious someone enjoying his swollen cock. Angel flexed his muscles. his confinement made his arousal that much more enjoyable.

“He is ready.” The voice of the dick sucker said. Something like a flesh tube was inserted over his erection just as he blew his load. Angel moaned and flexed his muscles even more. His ejaculation filled the tube with about two and a half ounces of cum.

“Next time I swallow” the voice said as his blindfold was taken off. Trent stayed in his position and continued to lick the leftovers from his penis and ball sack.

“I hoped it was you.” Angel smiled while being let go from his restraints.

Angel reached down and stroked his head. His fur between his fingers while massaging his temples. Trent stood up placing his hand on his cheek. Angel turned his face into his hand holding it there and breathing deeply.

Angel glanced up at him releasing his hand after several minutes. “I don’t have any cushions on this chair. I would like it to be more comfortable if you are willing to offer me your soft fur and comfort only you can offer.”

“I would be honored.” Trent pulled on his arm helping him up. He spun him around, and grabbed him. His ass was tight to his groin and he sat down with Angel in his lap. “Now I can feed you.”

Trent reached out taking some kiwi fruit. He placed it on his tongue while he sensually sucked it off of his fingers.

“I just want to stay in this moment forever.” Angel said as AOK walked up on the stage.



Many of the residents walked out with stringed instruments, a piano, and some brass. Angel watched in awe never remembering any of the residents playing an instrument.

The lights went soft and AOK announced the production of The Phantom of the Opera in Italian. Angel snuggled with Trent. The production started and the music they played was magical. Mike played the part of the phantom. Angel whispered translations into Trent’s ear since Trent did not know much Italian. They watched and cried holding each other through the production. Angel wondered why the residents didn’t do this more often. The curtain closed and the actors and musicians took their final bow. Everything seemed to be perfect.

Time slowed to a halt. It appeared that everyone was aware of the time freeze but stayed motionless. A spark of light filled the room. A small fairy like creature flew in. Golden light emanating from her body. She positioned herself in front of Angel.

“You are about to embark on your destiny. Always remember, you are watched over and I will be with you. Do not fear, you have been chosen as the Angel of the Ancients.” She said and kissed Angel’s forehead.

Time resumed and silence permeated the room as an awe struck respect for the visitation.

“Angelitte is her name.” Angel said with clarity.

“It has been a while since she visited.” Omar spoke up “I was 10 years old when I last witnessed her.”

“I take it that was not planned.” Angel smiled.

“No, but appropriate.” AOK smiled as they actors and musicians started to pack up. “Angel, why don’t you make your way to the bath, a lot of us will be meeting you there.”

Angel walked arm in arm with Trent holding him as if he did not want to let him go. Trent breathed deep walking with Angel as if he was enjoying the moment as much as Angel was enjoying him.

They walked into the bath where Gigi and Lala were just relaxing. Upon entering they smiled with a relaxed look.

“I take it the insemination went well?” Angel asked.

“It went well. We are discussing names, have any Ideas?” Gigi was swishing water towards her breasts.

“It is your decision. If I may, I would like you to consider the name Joseph. It is my father’s middle name if you have a boy.”

“You do realize that the likelihood of us having twins or triplets is about 95%. Elves have very fertile organs.” Gigi giggled while Lala put her arm around her sister.

Angel’s surprise made him stop for a moment. He imagined four to six little ones running around calling him daddy. He smiled.

“I have raised 12 kids in all, it is a challenge, but rewarding.” Trent jumped in offering to help Angel down.

“I guess I didn’t realize what I was getting myself into. So my next class with be born soon.” Angel jumped into Trent’s arms holding him tight and kissing his soft lips.

“Well,” Lala nodded “we will absolutely use the name, it is one of the names we were thinking about. One of our ancestors was human, and second in command in Egypt, by the name of Joseph.”

“Joseph really saved his people in their time of need. I knew him.” Angel said without thinking.

“Really? Please tell us!” Lala insisted.

“My name was Lemuel, I traveled with the other Hebrews when we were short of food to Egypt. Joseph took the time to tell us the story of his captivity and how he became second in command.” Angel smiled looking down remembering it as if it was yesterday. “If we knew at that time it would have turned into slavery, I don’t think we would have stayed. It was a good beginning with Egypt as I remember.”

Angel paused remembering a flood of memories. “It was good. But in the end they used us for their own gain.”

Trent examined Angel’s expression. He seemed to change so he held him a little tighter. Angel blinked and peered up. “Sorry, I don’t mean to get lost in memory, it just happens sometimes.” Angel rested his head against his chest.

“Well, you will have to tell us everything. I think the men are about to take over the bath, so we will let you to your party.” Gigi said getting out.

“You are always welcome.” Angel nodded hoping they were not leaving because of him.

“The ladies have something special for us tonight, we just want to get pretty before we get together.” Lala winked at the two holding onto one another “If I may be so bold, you both make a lovely couple.”

Angel had not thought that far ahead. He was enjoying the moment so much that he had not expressed his interest in being joined to Trent. He thought of the idea with a sparkle in his eye.

“I would enjoy spending the next few thousand years with you.” Trent whispered into his ear.

“As crazy as it sounds, I would like that too.”

Angel thought. Aurora almost took the genetic resequencing, but never told AOK. Angel sat back and tried to remember why Aurora didn’t want what he had.



*“I love him. I want us to be together.” Aurora sobbed.*

*“He prefers men, and will never be completely yours. You must understand and accept this.” Sivlera explained.*

*(Later that day)*

*“No AOK, it is not what I want. I want to live as I am. Not what you can make me. Please understand.”*

*“I do understand. You are the only woman I have ever loved, and I fear it will never happen again.”*

*“Pudding, you are gay. I love you too. Putting your life on hold for me for a few thousand years would be selfish of me.”*

*“We will have to make the best of the years we have together. Our son is beautiful.”*

*“Much like his father. Strong, handsome, and gay.”*

## Chapter 9: Forgiveness

Angel was dreaming of climbing a mountain. He was moving fast and was almost at the top. Then he heard the voice of his mother telling him what he should and should not do. This made his climb harder and harder, the more he tried to overcome the voice, the more difficult the climb. Her voice echoed causing a rock slide. Angel lost his grip and fell caught by a rock and unable to break free. Then he woke up in a panic from the dream. It was a popular themed dream he had. This dream haunted him frequently.

Angel rolled over to see Trent watching him. “Is it morning?”

“Yes, you had so much fun yesterday you slept like a rock.”

“I don’t remember much after the bath.” Angel said rubbing his eyes.

“You fell asleep after the cake. I picked you up and carried you to bed.”

“Was the cake good?” Angel vaguely remember the strawberry cake AOK made him.

“I don’t think you slept the night before watching the stars with Podunk all night.”

Angel remembered it. He loved to be outside in the grass when it is just him and the universe together. His heart longed to share that kind of moment with Trent. Angel smiled at him with a flirtatious smile hoping it would happen.

“So, do you want to go today?” Trent asked watching him wake up.

“Actually, I do. I want to get this over with.”

“I understand, dreams bothering you?”

Angel just stared at him feeling extremely vulnerable. *How does he see that in me?*

“In my dreams I am reaching for some goal or another, and my mother’s voice keeps pulling me back. I need to let go and forgive her before if eats me up from the inside out.”

“Forgiveness from the heart. Be prepared if it is not accepted, not all humans think it is necessary. Remember, it is for you when you give it, not so much for the one you are giving it to.” Trent warned.

“I will remember.”

“The boys are coming with us. The portal will take us there, and we must find our own way back.”

“I understand.”

Trent was supportive, at least where Angel’s mind was. He just could not get him out of his soul. Angel enjoyed being vulnerable to him.

They packed up their gear and said their goodbye’s. The gatekeeper opened the portal. He programmed it to drop them off near Mount Galbraith Park.

The five of them appeared to walk out of thin air near the park. It was a tingling experience. His curiosity on how the portal worked suddenly peaked, but he laid that aside to plan on seeing his mother.

“So, do you want to call her and have her meet you here?” Trent was not sure of his intentions.

“She may bring law enforcement and I do not want to deal with the law right now. I will make plans to meet with her.”

“We have a place on Surprise Lake which is west of here so once the sun sets you will need to make your move. When you are done we will run to our place.” Trent suggested hoping he would agree.

“How fast can you run?”

“We can outrun an average vehicle on the interstate. Never measured.”

“So about 65 to 70 miles per hour. I would have to ride on your back.”

“Spread your wings and we can fly there!” Trent laughed. “But it will take about two and a half hours with you on my back. I could do it in two by myself, but it will be a fun run.”

Angel looked around. The park was void of people for the moment. Birds were singing and squirrels were running through the trees. Angel remembered the park as a child and used to hide out in sections hoping to stay away from the friends that always bullied him and his mother who never accepted him. He watched quietly as a park employee walked

through picking up garbage. The day was bright and sunny. Angel looked around in reminiscing.

“I am thinking about what I used to learn about bigfoot. May I ask you, do you typically communicate by hitting sticks on trees?”

“We have a language devoted to it. It is simple and we could teach you.” Zeus rubbed his chin in thought about it.

“Dad, can I tell the others to meet us at the lake?” Borat asked with his puppy dog eyes.

“Yes, but only after dark.” Trent smiled at the enthusiasm his kids had for being back outside in their territory.

The hours passed and they remained quiet realizing some campers were nearby. Angel waited watching the sun. Late afternoon came. Angel put on the large trench coat Booboo had made for him and walked into the city.

It didn't take long for him to find the road. His memories thick with his childhood. Nostalgia was an emotion he had not expected to experience. *It wasn't all bad.* The street he used to live on didn't change much. The street lights still lit, and people were still in their homes with their families. His mother's house on the west side of the city made traveling quick.

He stepped up to the bottom of the driveway. The house glowed with light. The living room window curtains were open and he scanned inside. His mother was sitting on the couch watching the six o'clock news. She was dressed as if she had just got home from work. Angel smiled remembering what it was like. She did her best as he remembered. With the memories he had as a mother, he knew she was in silent pain.



He rang the doorbell and waited. She cursed at the door, yelling at him like a door to door salesman. Angel was too frozen to respond at first, her voice sent a chill through his spine. He did not know what to say or do, he just stood there watching her through the window.

She flew open the door. The light from inside the house lit up the entrance way. She gazed at him about to speak and stopped, as if she recognized him.

“Mom?” Angel said sensing his leg start to shake.

“Matthew? OH MY GOD!” She screeched like a banshee. Her voice like claws on a chalkboard.

Her eyes filled up with tears. She reached out to hug him. Angel put up his hand as if telling her to stop.

“Mom, I have come here just to tell you I am all right.” Angel began, his voice shaking under emotional pressure.

“Where have you been all these years?”

“I am with dad. We are doing well in the community we are in.”

“Matthew, why didn’t you return?” She walked another step closer tearing up and wanting to hug him. Angel could sense that other people on the street were looking out their windows or walking up to the house.

“May I come in?”

“This is your home, of course you can.” She said blubbering over her words.

“Please sit down, there is something I need to say to you.”

“Let me take your jacket.”

“No! It stays on.” Angel gripped the coat tightly not wanting to scare her with his wings.

“Ok. What did you want to say?” She asked sitting on her sofa wiping tears from her eyes.

“I came here to tell you I forgive you.”

“For what, being a good mother?” She said getting a little defensive.

“No, for trying to push me into things that I was not meant for.”

“What do you mean?”

“Mom” Angel sat on the arm of the couch trying to maintain his composure. “I am gay. I always hated the fact that you shoved religion down my throat. Never giving me the freedom to explore it for myself. I feel like I was running away from what you tried to make me into that I never had the chance to explore the world on my own.” Angel exhaled trying to be calm while his nerves quivered his breath.

“I wanted to see you become a man of God. Not a fag like your father.”

“You knew?”

“I was so happy when he moved to Brazil. That is when I told the church, and we prayed fervently for your soul. I went through a lot to make sure you didn’t turn out like him.”

“I never wanted what you gave to me. You made me believe you didn’t love me for who I was. So I ran, and bought a one-way ticket to Brazil. I never wanted to see you again.”

“You ungrateful little shit!” She spouted off to him. “After all I sacrificed and did for you, you are going to show up and judge me? Since when do you appreciate what it is to be a mother?!” her voice lit with the anger he was familiar with.

“I am sorry if I offend you. I tried to come to you many times. You acted righteous and religious. I could never share with you because you never took the time to just listen to

me. I felt like you were trying to cast me out of your life like the preacher tried to cast demons out of me. You made me feel like there was something wrong with me, you never made me consider I was doing anything good.” Angel stood up and turned around. “Even when I was in the band playing trumpet, or in a play, or something that interested me. Dad was there. Dad took me places that I enjoyed. You never took the time to invest anything but rules into my soul. That hurt because I knew you loved me, you just kept making me suffer. Dad escaped to find a new life, and I wanted to escape with him. We both needed it.” Angel wiped tears from his face. “And still, I came here because I forgive you. Maybe I just forgive you because it is something I need to do, not because I have this need for you to accept it.”

“I only wanted the best for you.” She whispered.

“I understand. But I needed you. Not your rules for living, not your church. Just you. I wish I had known you, then maybe I would understand.”

“Mommy, Mommy!” a small child ran in with a piece of paper as if to show her something.

“Go back upstairs sweetie, mommy is talking.” Sara said to the child.

“That is how I was treated. Shunned like you just did to...” Angel thought for a moment “I have a little sister?”

“Yes. I married and divorced again. Satisfied?”

“No, I am heartbroken that you are hurting. You can change...” Angel stopped, not knowing where the words came from.

“You are my son.” She said with an emotionless look on her face reaching for his coat.

“Mom!”

“What is in your coat? I know that is not your back and it looks like something is moving inside of it.” She reached again.

Angel moved, but could not get her to stop reaching for his coat. Sara grabbed a hold of the coat tightly ripping a string causing it to fall and revealed his wings.

“OH MY GOD!” She said as he knelt down and picked up his coat. “Are you dead?”

“They call me Angel after the name dad gave me. I assure you I am alive and these are real.” A knock at the door. Angel realized that the window curtain was open and people were on the street looking in.

“Stay away from me you freak!” Sara said going to the door trying to stay as far back as she could from him.

Angel grabbed his coat and headed for the back door. He stopped and looked at the little girl who was smiling up at him.

“Are you an Angel?” She asked in a sweet and innocent voice.

“Yes, and I am your brother. I hope to see you again someday!” Angel moved quickly to the back door as police officers yelled for him to stop.

*Who called the police?*

Angel was tempted to take the little girl away. He did not want to do any more damage to his mother than apparently he already had. He said what he needed to, and he felt like it was a total disaster.

He slipped out the back and around a corner where it did not look like anyone was watching him. He jumped and spread his wings flying as high as he could.

Camera’s and pictures flashed as he soared. People began filling the streets. Their screams were prayers of fear, as if Angel came to judge them. He dropped just out of sight as a man with a rifle aimed at him and avoided people as best he could.

Angel did not look back at the worn out old memories. He looked forward with anticipation. It took only moments to find the yeti in the park.

“Hey, look what we got!” Timbi said as Angel landed. “It is one of those iPads. We are watching exclusive footage of you flying! I didn’t know you could fly like that.”

“We need to move now; Angel get on my back.” Trent ordered. The five ran off into the wooded area heading west.

Angel held on firmly to Trent’s back as he swiftly moved through the trees. He just held onto him keeping his head buried in his back trying not to let any limbs from tress whip him in his face.



About an hour and a half later Trent stopped in the thick of a forest. “We are here.” Trent said letting him down.

Angel peered around and noticed many yeti come out from the trees welcoming Trent and his son. One of the females approached him intriguingly.

“So you are the one they have been talking about?”

“My name is Angel.”

“I know. I suppose you want my name now.” She said continuing to look him up and down.

“This is Shera, the mother of my children.” Trent introduced picking up a small yeti “And this is my youngest son Bam.”

“Well Trent you could do worse.” Shera said taking the child from him “He has a good soul, just needs more hair.”

“The other families will be here soon, let us settle in for now.” Trent invited Angel holding out his arm.

“Sorry about the trip, I didn’t mean to pop a woody on the way here.” Angel let himself fall into Trent’s arm.

“I enjoyed it.” Trent guided Angel towards the other yeti.

The area was thick and Angel could hear the tapping of wood on trees. He listened to the rhythmic patterns being sent from a close distance.

“This is my sister Henria.” Zeus introduced the female yeti to Angel.

“It is a pleasure to meet you.” Angel smiled taking her hand like a gentleman.

“Come, let me introduce you to the rest of the clan.” Trent invited him.

Angel met everyone, extended cousins, other families and even Trent’s grandfather Trunk. They all talked about their experience and what they do to remain a secret from humans. Angel was intrigued and listened to their stories. They had come from all over to meet him and they talked into the late hours until Angel finally fell asleep.

## Chapter 10: Escape

Angel woke up lying in a soft made bed Trent had made for him. He felt more peaceful than he had in a long time and took a moment to enjoy the feeling as he sighed listening to the birds signing. Angel remembered this feeling he had in his past lives and for the first time in his current life, he understood the serenity of it. *I thought I had forgotten.*

Trent was nearby tiptoeing around trying not to disturb his slumber. He cracked open his eyes to watch him gather something in a pouch he held. He felt a love stronger than anything more he had ever felt before, but he also could not shake the feeling of sadness he had that accompanied it. Angel knew what he wanted, but was afraid of rejection from this bigfoot he had fallen in love with.

“I know you are awake, your breathing pattern changed. We must start getting ready to go back to the city.” Trent was pulling out a small pouch that was filled with blackberries. He turned towards Angel with his hands and mouth all discolored from the fruit. Angel giggled and Trent threw one at him. “These are my favorite!”

“I can tell; may I have some?” Angel asked politely. Trent smiled and took a handful placing them in his mouth. He proceeded to kneel down next to Angel offering him a kiss swapping his fruit. Trent made sure his mouth was just as blue. He even wiped his hand on his face leaving a large handprint.

They laughed and ate for a little while when Shera came over to them “So what is your plan?”

“Does Timbi still have that iPad?” Angel asked curiously.

“Yes, he powered it down in case you wanted to use it.”

Timbi came over to Angel at Shera’s request and Angel turned it on. He took a few moments to search the map of their area. Looking at the overview he decided to head south with the others. Angel felt flattered that they all wanted to walk and take their time to get to know him. They were all so willing to follow him it almost made Angel uncomfortable, but he kept smiling and just took his time to get to know them better as they walked through the wooded areas.

“Of all the sightings, we have had, why didn’t you ever talk to humans?”

“Humans are afraid of us. Just seeing us scares them.” Shera half smiled as if she had an experience.

“Living in the open, you do hunt I assume.”

“Yes, we do. The land has been stripped so bad that we hunt to feed our families.” Trent nodded. “I was in Texas one time hunting hogs. I remember a human in the area doing the same thing. He aimed his gun at me but never shot. I think I scared him.”

“Fenal wasn’t so lucky.” Shera gritted her teeth.

“Who is he?”

“One of our son’s. We were in the mountains when we came across two humans. One of them fired a shot and killed our son.”

“I am so sorry.”

“It was a long time ago; we did what we had to do.” Trent attempted to digress “So what is your plan?”

“We need to go back to the city. I was thinking of finding a train or something headed that way. If I can get to a computer, or even an out of the way gas station, I could see if there is anything we can use.”

“It is not a great idea.” Shera spoke up. “We do not like your forms of transportation.”

“So what should we do, travel by night?” Angel stopped looking at her.

“That is a better idea.”

They stopped at the base of Bald Mountain. Shera fixed Angel’s trench coat and they broke out their food as if they were on a picnic. Angel joined them as the sun started to go down. Angel kept looking around as if someone was watching them.

“Don’t worry, if any human comes along we will sense their presence before you do” Trent winked.

“I am just worried that’s all. I want to see what is going on in the world, maybe find a TV or something that would give us news.”

“Angel, use the iPad!” Timbi spoke up.

“It is almost dead, and the data service stopped.” Angel got up looking around  
“Besides, I won’t be long. That trailer park is a half a mile from here.”

“I’ll go with you.” Trent insisted.

“I don’t think it is a good idea. Besides, I’ll be fine.”

“No, if something goes wrong we watch out for one another” Trent signaled the others as if they were going to prep for a stealth mission.

Angel did not admit it, but something happened with his mother. He felt compassion toward everyone and wanted to be a part of their lives. Confusion had been weighing on his mind. *I have a sister.* The memory was short and he wanted to help them out if he could. *Maybe this is the price for having a compassionate heart. I want to save everybody.*

The group walked a few miles and stayed out of site when they neared a trailer in the woods. It was alone without any nearby neighbors. Angel signaled everyone to stay and put on his trench coat and snuck into the back yard of the residence. A fat man was watching television and drinking beer. The light from the TV was so big and Angel could see it from where he was in the woods. He went in closer, curious if the news was on.

Angel got close enough to listen. The TV was loud enough for him to hear.

*In the news tonight, terrorist attacks. Bombings have increased to five separate attacks today. Los Angeles, Houston, Denver, and New York City. All have been attacked today by the Terrorist group known as A.O.G.*

*The terrorist group is growing and many people are afraid to go out. Diane has more of the story...*

Angel scrutinized the news story seeing this group attacking the heart of the nation. They focused on killing politicians, police and religious organizations. It was a revolution in the worst way. People were trying to take back the corrupt government by killing innocents. Angel could feel his compassion almost overwhelm him. *There has to be something I can do!*

He sat and watched as the man got up and looked out of the window. Angel moved back farther into the wooded area and waited. The fat man came out into the open area wearing a t-shirt, boots, a cowboy hat and in his underwear. Angel almost laughed at the comical sight of him until he noticed he grabbed a rifle. He kept looking out into the woods as if there was something there, Angel was being very stealth like and he wasn't looking in his direction. The guy was obviously drunk as he aimed his gun.



“God dam wolves!” his voice pierced the silence. A shot was fired from a rifle. Movement was heard in the trees. Angel looked perplexed at first wondering what he shot at. He aimed and shot again. Angel stood up and ran as fast as he could. The crack of the rifle sounded again. An agonizing scream pierced the darkness and Angel saw him. Trent in a nearby bush crouched over. Angel leaped in from of the man and grabbed his gun and threw it into the darkness.

“What the fuck are you?” The guy said startled falling backwards.

Angel did not say a word just sneered at the man. His stench was putrid. Angel raised his hand as if he was going to kill him, then turned around to find the source of the scream.

It was Trent. Angel recognized his scent and found him quickly. He looked down and saw the massive bigfoot lying there trying to stay awake with a bullet wound in his arm. *He is hurt, I have to help him!* Flashes of blue and red lights flickered through the trees. Angel felt his hear race as he tried to comfort his lover.

“Stay here” He ordered as he tore a piece of cloth from his trench coat “This will help stop the bleeding. I need to get someone to help me move you.” Angel said giving him a kiss just before leaping into the trees for help.

“No, wait. They are...” Trent’s voice trailed off as Angel almost ran into Timbi.

“The humans are going to capture dad; you have to do something!” Timbi pleaded.

“Come with me and help me take him to the others. He has been shot.”

Angel and Timbi raced back to find that officers had already surrounded Trent.

“If they see me...” Timbi started to say.

“I got this, just wait for my signal!” Angel removed his trench coat and soared in quickly. He kicked revolvers out of a few of the policeman’s hands and propped himself over Trent in a protective position. Angel drew his sword watching them and waiting for them to make a move.

“You will all leave here so I can tend to my friend!” He ordered.

Everyone just stood there in awe without the understanding of what was happening. One of the policemen pulled out his gun and aimed at Angel. Just as his finger went to squeeze the trigger Angel made one move to knock the gun out of his hand with his sword. The man in that instant took one step forward and Angel inadvertently chopped off his hand. The man screamed as paramedics jumped in to help him. One of the senior officers motioned everyone to back off and stand down.

“How bad is it?” Angel whispered.

“It’s bad.” Trent moaned out in pain.

Angel took a deep breath looking out at everyone gathering on scene. “I do not wish to harm you; my friend needs medical attention. If there is any here who would help me, please step forward now!”

A young Latino woman ran up with a first aid kit. She had a nurse’s uniform on with a name tag that said, “Gabriela, RN.”

She bowed to Angel briefly and pulled out bandages and peroxide. She cleaned the wound on his arm and cut some of his hair off. Trent Laid there in agony trying to hold his composure as the nurse patched him up.

She wrapped bandages around it and then placed an ice pack on it wrapping it so it would not fall off.

“Gracias!” Angel said with tears in his eyes.

“Here, these are clean bandages. Take, and change it in six to twelve hours.” She gave the bag to Angel.

“Dios los bendecirá este día .” Angel said in Spanish, which means *God will bless you this day*.

One of the police officers walked up to Angel unarmed. “You cannot leave.”

“I must leave. He is my friend.” Angel said helping him sit up.

“You attacked an officer.” The man said strongly.

“He was going to kill me.”

The policeman sighed. Placing his hands on his hips he just scrutinized Angel. “The name is Captain Williams.” He held out his hand “The officer was not acting on my orders.”

Angel shook his hand looking at him directly. “Uncle Jack?”

“Yea kiddo, I heard what happened with your mom. You really freaked her out.”

“I didn’t mean to. I just wanted to...”

“Don’t worry. You know I have never gotten along with her. And it is good to see you are your own... man now.”

“Please let us go.”

Jack just looked at him helping the bigfoot up to his feet. He sighed and shook his head. Angel remembered him from his youth. Jack was always stern but fair. Angel looked at him with the expression he learned as a child, the look that usually caused him to have compassion. Jack had always said that he had the best ‘puppy dog look’ he had ever seen.

“I have no idea what you got yourself into, but I will tell you...” Jack turned around to see if anyone was listening and back at Angel. “The government is on their way. Get out of here and hide. They want the bigfoot dead or alive.” He nodded stepping closer. “Be warned, you should know this before you leave.” Jack whispered. “The United States in under heavy attack. There are rumors that they have a nuclear bomb. They aimed it at Washington, D.C. If you can help, we would all be in your debt.” He motioned for them to leave “I’ll give you as much time as I can.”

“I will do what I can Uncle Jack, thank you!” Angel lifted Trent up and they walked back out in the woods together.

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“What happened?” Shera ran to Angel and Trent.

“He took a gun shot, but a nurse cleaned him up and bandaged him. He is weak.”

“It is that government again. They did the same thing to my father.” Shera was angry, Angel witnessed her facial expressions and the fists she made.

“They have done this before?”

“Yes, many years ago. The government hunts us down. They kill us. We should find a better shelter until he can heal.”

“We have to leave now; they may be here soon. My Uncle Jack is a Captain with the police and he is going to give us some time to escape.”

“Take Zeus and go north, the rest of us will meet you in Steamboat Springs, He will know where to find us. Try and keep them away from us.” Shera commanded.

Angel nodded without a word. He kissed Trent’s forehead and he ran with Zeus away from the group. Angel could feel the weight of his responsibilities weighing heavy on his mind but he focused on the task at hand. Save the yeti. They moved quickly through the brush and stopped just far enough away from the previous scene to get a glimpse of the military moving in. Helicopters and jets soaring above them. Angel just sighed looking at everything they put into this wondering what he could possibly do.

“Dad just wanted to keep an eye on you.” Zeus put his hand on his shoulder.



“I know. But right now, what do you say we lead them all southwest?”

“Sounds like a plan. What do you have in mind?”

“Let’s run along here, they should spot us from a distance. Then we make a break for that Cliffside a few miles down. With any luck, we will avoid them and hide out until they are gone.”

“Not bad, but they may spot us.”

“We will see.” Angel smiled as he ran across the cliff. Zeus ran up behind him passing him through thick brush.

Zeus turned sharply as a few bullets flew by them. Angel caught a glance and noticed they were shooting tranquilizers at them. Angel jumped and flew through the trees into an open field surrounded by woods. As he ran a helicopter flew above them.

“We shouldn’t be in an open field, now they will look in this area.” Zeus peered up to see if they were following them, they were heading in their direction.

“Well, if your family take the route they said they would this would lead them away from them, what do you say?”

“Let’s do it!”

Angel and Zeus ran making sure the helicopter spotted them running back into the wooded area. They moved swiftly through the trees. Angel noticed he was moving fast. He watched, leaped and avoiding obstacles. He guessed he was moving at about 40 miles per hour.

“Stay in front of me, there is a cliff at the end here, I think” Angel was focused and pushing himself.

“What do you want me to do master?”

“Jump.”

Angel nodded and Zeus smirked knowing what he was about to do. Zeus jumped first followed closely by Angel. Angel reached out and grabbed him by his arm pits and flexed his wings gliding outward. The helicopter moved in front of them with one man aiming an

assault weapon on them. “When I let go grab the copter from below and use your weight to take them off balance.” Angel said as loud as he could. Zeus held a thumbs up to him.



The helicopter turned to aim their gun at them. Angel let go of Zeus and flew into the helicopter. Both sides open and he ripped the bolted down guns from the floor. The pilot failed to compensate for the speed and weight of Zeus pulling it off balance. Angel came out of the other side throwing the guns and circling to catch Zeus. He sped to the ground releasing him safely and flew back. Angel caught the gunman from the helicopter and slowly brought him down to the ground.

The helicopter itself stabilized and made an emergency landing. They were not far from them.

Angel landed next to Zeus. He dropped him and he tried to run away quickly as Angel reached for his whip and tripped him. Zeus jumped on top of him pinning him down.

“Careful, he may have another gun or knife on him.” Angel cautioned Zeus who winked.

“You mean those things?” Zeus pointed to the ground where a knife, some pepper spray and a hand held gun lay.

“Please don’t kill me!” the gunman said shaking as if he was having a seizure.

“Talk!” Angel held his sword close to his throat. “What are your orders!?”

“To capture you and the three bigfoot we spotted.” He said shaking even more.

“Hear that? They think you are three people.” Angel gave a slight nod to Zeus.

“Tell them to leave us alone, and we will leave you alone.” Zeus stood over the cowering man.

“Let’s move” Angel nodded to him.

Angel and Zeus left the man and ran some more hoping to throw off any more followers. Angel wondered why they were so caught up in them when the nation was facing its biggest terrorist attack it had ever faced. Angel kept up with Zeus by flying, gliding and finally running. Angel stopped to take a quick break.

“Have you seen any more?” Angel asked Zeus as they looked up and around.

“No. They seem to have left. There must be something else happening. I felt the ground shake.” Zeus said still looking up.

“Where are we?”

“I think this is Pisgah Mountain. The Colorado Mountain should be just north of here.” Zeus said picking a few berries. “Here, maintain your strength, we can have some water at the river.”

“These don’t appear like regular berries; they have a weird scent.” Angel sniffed the berries and had a moment of clarity smacking the berries out of Zeus’ hand. “Did you eat any?”

“I was going to. Why?”

“They are poisoned. I think that is how the government is capturing yeti.”

“You are the Angel of the Sasquatch. I am going to have to kill you.” A voice from a nearby tree said. Angel examined closer and noticed a speaker box tied to a tree next to a video camera. “You won’t evade us for much long Matthew Butts. We have our eyes on you.”

Angel took his sword and sliced the camera and speaker box destroying them. He inspected the inside and pulled out the batteries in case they were using GPS in the area.

“Check yourself, make sure that the gunner didn’t attach a GPS computer chip on you.”

Zeus started to touch his leg where the gunner grabbed him. “Here it is.”

“Good, let me see.” Angel grabbed the device and peered around. There was a deer in the clearing ahead. Angel pulled out his sling shot and placed the GPS computer chip on it. He aimed and let it go hitting the deer in her abdomen. “Let’s scare her off and leave.” Angel said.

“Why are we going north?”

“If they know we are on to them, they may think we are headed in an alternate direction. It is a gamble but I think it is the right one.”

Angel and Zeus made it to the Colorado River taking a quick bath and drinking some water. They dashed across a road that ran along the river and onto a small dirt road. A sole building stood there and Angel decided to check it out. It was getting late and no one was there, so he invited Zeus inside.

“What is the plan?”

“Food if there is any, and watch the news for a few minutes.” Angel said sitting down. “We can’t stay too long.”

“Here is the refrigerator.” Zeus said opening the door. “What is a soda?”

“Sweet sugar syrup. It is disgusting, water is better. That stuff will slow you down.” Angel said opening the cupboards to find potato chips. “This will have to do, don’t eat too many.”

“Humans eat this stuff? No wonder why they are fat and lazy.”

“And it is appropriately called junk food.”

“Flavor with no nutrition. Such a waste.” Zeus already had a handful shoved in his mouth.

“Look, the news is reporting us. You are a hairy man and I am armed and dangerous.”

“Which way are they going?”

“It doesn’t say.” Angel watched the short news story “We should move.”

Angel was about to shut off the television when the new terrorist group came on the channel. They just attacked the cities of Los Angeles, Washington DC, and Dallas.

“Oh no. We really need to find the others, there is about to be a war!”

“Steamboat Springs, it is about an hour or two north, we can do it.” Zeus was exhausted but determined.

Angel flew and Zeus ran. No distractions or government officials trying to capture or kill them.

*So far so good*

“There you are” Shera stepped out from behind a tree as they approached. She was exhausted and Angel could tell.

“How is Trent?”

“In and out of consciousness, but he will make it.”

“There is news.” One of the yeti signaled them to come closer.

Timbi had a strange expression on his face. “War.” He simply said plopping down in the brush.

“How bad?”

He had to catch his breath, he appeared like he was running the entire day. “Civilians, military, police, it is erupting throughout the world. Like a worldwide civil war.”

“Are we safe?” Angel’s look was terror for his friends. His anxiety was escalating and they all could see it on his face.

“For now the fighting has ebbed. Humans are killing each other over everything that doesn’t matter.” Timbi leaned back to catch his breath.

“We should stay the night here and get some rest.” Shera looked around to make sure there wasn’t any immediate threat.

Angel curled up next to Trent and fell asleep holding him.

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“Morning” Trent was rummaging through his sack.

Angel opened his eyes to see him just breathing in the fresh morning air. “Hey.”

“You slept in” Trent turned slightly to catch Angel’s eyes.

“You got up early. Feeling better?” Angel propped himself up leaning his head on his back and reaching around him in a soft morning hug.

“Thanks to you.”

“I know, you just want to protect me, just like I want to protect you.”

“I made a mistake.” Trent bowed and set his sack down. Angel could experience his heart beat strong and slow while he let out a sigh of relief. “I failed to trust you, and I almost died.”

“But you didn’t” Angel lifted himself and sat on his lap looking into his eyes. “Let’s just agree to be in this together, ok?”

Trent didn’t look up right away, he just sparked a smile knowing he was right “Ok.”

Angel went in for a powerful kiss licking and sucking on Trent’s tongue. He tasted like blueberries. Trent laid back and Angel just continued to press his body forcefully.

“The world needs my help, and all I can do is think of you in this moment.” Angel rolled over to the side grabbing his ass and squeezing forcefully.

“When this is over, I am going to take you on a romantic yeti honeymoon.” Trent growled sucking on his neck.

Angel stopped as if he was trapped in some kind of mental anguish.

*This is real.*

He experienced unworthiness. This level of love could not be for him; Trent probably didn’t know about his endeavors.

“Hey, are you there?” Trent backed off slightly to gaze into his eyes.

“Some emotion just mentally messed with my mind.”

“Your body language just pushed me away. What is wrong?”

*I am a whore.*

“Nothing. Something. I just...” tears started flowing from his eyes like someone removed a dam from Niagara Falls.

“Well forgive me, but it seems like before you can save anyone you need to be saved yourself.” Trent laid back watching him vent.

“Gorgant warned me, but I didn’t listen.” Angel’s voice was spitting and sobbing as the broken words poured out. “I have been getting fucked and sucking dick since I came to the city, and everything felt natural. Even after I experienced the changes, I kept on getting my nut off with whoever wanted it. It never occurred to me that I would be anything more than...”

Angel kept sobbing and crying like a piece of him was being ripped away from his soul. He wouldn’t blame Trent for leaving him at that moment.

But he didn’t.

Trent just listened to him sob and cry until he slowed down, face all red and flush. “What are you saying?”

“I am a whore! How could you want to love someone like me?”

“Well, you are good at it.” Trent let out a half smile. “But what I think you are saying is that you are ready to love only one.”

“I want to.” Angel whimpered in a small childlike voice.

“You are old and wise like my grandfather, yet young and vulnerable like my son Bam. I love that about you. In fact, I just love the man you are.” Trent whispered in his ear.

“I am a failure, a disgusting piece of shit.” Angel rolled over facing away.

“You are a success, and an inspiration. You bring light to all who know you. And I know how you are.” Trent paused to see if he was responding. “I know you are a young man who has been trying to fill a perceived idea about what you think you are supposed to do.

You have been training and training others in techniques and you have no idea it will even help you.” Angel rolled over on his back looking at the inspirational face Trent was making.

“But how...” Angel stopped his thought not knowing what to ask.

“That comes when you know and accept yourself for who you really are. Who are you?”

Angel closed his eyes. He could see the past lives circling around him like a whirlwind. All the voices, the memories, they had to mean something. One memory pieced his mind like an arrow aiming for its target.

Mary.

*It was a set up. Mary had been caught making money from another woman’s husband in bed, and the church was going to kill her. Everyone had stones in their hands and this one man stepped in between them. “Fine, go ahead and stone her” he said kneeling down “But I want the one who has no sin to throw the first one.”*

*Then he sat and started drawing in the sand. She glared down with distress and witnessed he was drawing a face. Who was this man that showed her compassion and love? Who was this man?*

*She glanced up and saw them leaving one at a time.*

*“Is there anyone left to condemn you? He asked.*

*“No. They all left.”*

*“Neither do I.” he said kissing her and walking away.*

*Mary sat there for most of the day looking at the picture in the sand. It was a picture of her! He showed her how he perceived her, and something happened. She stood up, and decided she wanted to meet this person that this man saw in her, and her life forever changed.*

“Jesus.” Angel whispered.

“So you can see him living inside of you.” Trent stroked his wavy hair.



“I had forgotten what he did for me. He saved my life two thousand year ago.” Angel sat straight up. He gazed over and saw Trent still lying on the ground watching him. “I know what I need to do, but I don’t know how...” the words trailed off. “Where is everyone?”

“The boys went back to the city, and the others went to gather the other yeti clans to let them know what is going on. Everyone is waiting on you. It is just you and me right now.” Trent stood up, a partial erection was hanging low between his legs.

Angel glanced up with a grin. “Thank you.”

“For pulling you out of your mental anguish? My pleasure. I think you were the only person who didn’t see it.” Trent smiled helping Angel up. “What now?”

Trent barely got the words out as Angel grabbed him in a tight and meaningful hug. “Don’t you ever leave me.” He whispered.

“I don’t have the spirit to.” Trent kissed the top of his head.

Angel pulled him back down to the grassy patch where they slept. The world could wait as far as he was concerned in this moment, he wanted to know his love and experience it.

The wet tender kiss they shared seemed like an eternity compared to everything else in his life. Their dicks hard and throbbing against each other like swords in a fight. They pressed against each other as they humped in unison. Angel laid back down in the grass pulling Trent on top of him. Trent placed his head on his chest and slowly moved upward feeling every inch of his body.



Trent straddled himself onto him like a horse and slide his massive body into position. His ass cheeks spread open and ready. The soft pink and hairless anal opening moved to swallow Angel's hard cock. The warm subtle juice scent permeated the air around them.

Angel groaned as his cock penetrated the cavity and thrust it in with an unquenchable desire to be one. The heat and sweat in the morning dew rose like steam from their bodies. Trent kept his desire under control enjoying every moment. He hit every nerve making Angel breath heavier and deeper.

The climax came without warning and he groaned a yell as he pumped the Trent's ass full of his desire and joy.

Trent sneered erotically as he turned him over. He tenderly and firmly penetrated Angel's ass biting his back between his wings.

Angel moaned again feeling the warmth rise up and his ass swell from the penetration. "Don't hold back" he whispered in insatiable desire.

Trent started to pound his ass as if it was his first time. He grabbed his ass as if he was forcing the bubble butt to do his will. He panted and fucked him like he was a rabid rabbit with one thing on his mind.

The climax came with an irresistible yell and he moaned as the cum filled his ass so much it started squirting out. Trent inspected his body noticing the scratches and marks he left on Angel's body. He smiled voraciously knowing that he had been marked.

Angel panted and cuddled with him. Trent refused to let his softening erection be removed from his ass until it flopped out.

"You are marked."

"I know. It is what I wanted." Angel kissed his lips sucking on his tongue.

"For us, it means you can no longer be someone else's."

"Good." Angel kissed him again "I don't want to be."

"I hope you mean that."

"I do."

Angel stood up still in his arms and kissing and holding him as if he never wanted the moment to end.

"Now I am in you, and you are in me." Angel whispered almost causing Trent to have another arousal.

The wind in the trees changed suddenly. Wrapped in the yeti hug Angel felt a warm chill move up his spine. Turning to look he spotted her.

*Angelitte.*

She was not the size of a sprite, but the size of a woman about six-foot-tall. Her golden light shining from behind her and all around.

"It is time."

"I know."

"Time will stand still for you, but you must confront your destiny now. You are ready." Angelitte smiled touching his face. "Do not worry, all that you need is now within you."

Suddenly she faded and Angel witnessed a fly motionless in time, frozen before his eyes.

“I will follow you.” Trent had not let go of Angel, nor had he frozen in time. His grip seemed to tell him that it was going to be all right.

“Be careful.” Angel kissed his lips acknowledging his concern.

“Where are you headed?”

“New York City.”

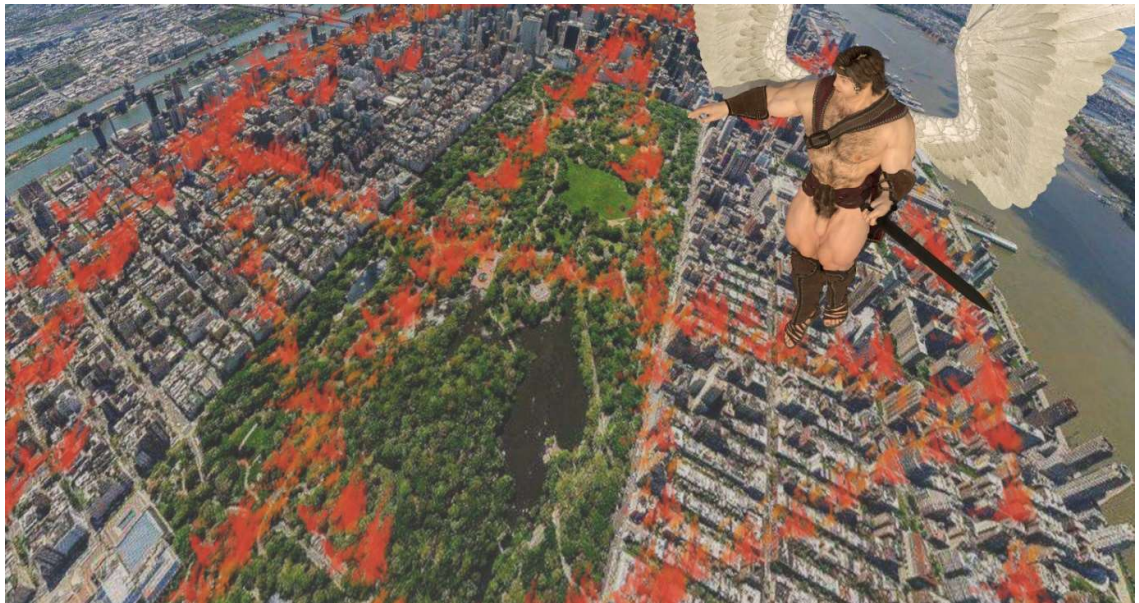
## Chapter 11: Duel in the City

Angel flew, faster than he imagined he could. A gush of wind continually supported him from Colorado to New York.

*Could it be the Jet stream? Time is frozen right?*

The thoughts passed by him as he continued to focus on what he had been destined to do. It didn't seem like he was doing anything less than what he had been *plugged* in for.

At one point he flew by a flock of geese and he knew he was close. The air was a little thin from the altitude he was at and there it was, New York.



Just as he approached the city he could see smoke rising. As he moved closer time started to move again, birds were flying and fires were burning. He gazed at the city from the sky, he could see it. The fires in Manhattan formed a pentagram that had its center in Central Park. Angel hovered over for a moment to see what was really going on. People fighting each other, shadows moving faster than humanly possible across the city, and one dark figure stood in the center of it all.

*Satan!*

Now he knew who his adversary was, and what he had to do. With fierce determination he dove into the center of the ring in Washington Square Park. He knew he

could land hard and break the walkway. *I don't need a dramatic entrance.* Just before he hit ground, he flapped his wings once allowing him a soft landing.

Angel drew his sword. He peered through the smoke that was hovering above the ground like a black fog. Angel flapped his wings a few times to clear the area of the smoke so he could see better. A dark figure appeared before him. He had the lower body of a snake, and the hair of medusa. He appeared to be a vile mutation of man and snake holding a two edged blade in his hand he sneered a challenge. He stared at Angel as if he interrupted him in his worldly conquest. Blood was dripping from his sword and the stench of burnt flesh permeated the air.

In the distance people were screaming and attacking each other. One woman said she was going to kill her daughter; another man was going to shove a firehose up his brother's ass. People were on an adrenaline rush bent on destroying one another. Demonic forms raced through the city as if they were jumping from person to person influencing and controlling their actions. The demonic legion almost stopped to see the man challenging their leader. Angel stood tall and remained there waiting for them to make the first move.

“You!” he said with a deep raspy voice. “How dare you interrupt me again! This is my time!” he said pointing his putrid sword at him.

Angel stood there just watching and waiting. *Interrupt him again? What is he talking about?*

“I almost had you, you almost bowed to me, but instead you saved these puny souls! I will have my revenge on you and your father!”

“Satan! Stop!” Angel yelled commanding him.

“I will not submit to you any longer, I will not be part of your plan! I will raise my throne above yours, I will be worshiped and I will be glorified as you have never been!”

*Who is he talking to? I did not... wait...*

“Time is not yours to command. Did you create the time in which you share? No! You have no jurisdiction here!” Angel spoke again.

“You and I! Here and now! I curse your name! You think you are fucking god? Before the day is over you will SUCK MY DICK!” Satan spewed his words at Angel.

Angel moved stepping closer to him with a fortitude he had never seen in himself before. Something, or someone was strengthening him.

“Your time is over! You will no longer have my people in chains!” Angel kept walking hearing a *clink-clank* on his hips.

*Keys. Where did they come from?*

“If you take me now, all these souls will come with me! Yeshua, you are not my god!”

*Yeshua? He means Jesus! He thinks I am Jesus!*

Angel started to experience a flood of memories, feelings and thoughts. *Should I pretend to be Jesus or state the truth?* Fear was attempting to penetrate his soul. He could feel the energy of fear pressing hard against his being. *What should I do?* A memory of Jesus came forth in his mind like a thunderstorm.

*“Trees do not try to be trees, they just are. Every see a tree stop being a tree? Then why should you stop being the person I created? I never made a mistake when I created you.” Jesus looked in Mary’s eyes as she finally understood what he meant.*

Angel smiled letting his muscles relax for a moment. Satan looked at him as if he was letting his guard down but Angel just nodded and smiled at him. “You poor lost soul” He began to say “I am Angel, and I have come to banish you!” Angel started walking toward the him as if he was taking a stroll.

Satan appeared puzzled for a moment and then it was as if a vail was lifted from his eyes. “You fucking fag!” he spewed again “You think you can take me on? You are nothing, you don’t even know why you are here! Banishment? HA! You don’t have the strength or the will!” Satan looked furious, as if someone pulled a bad prank on him.

“SUBMIT!” Angel roared with his voice echoing through the park. The legion of demons that was circling like locusts actually stopped. The people in the streets stopped what they were doing. They gathered in a circle, watching them. Praying and hoping this battle would not destroy them. A hush fell over everyone as Satan wielded his sword preparing to attack Angel. Angel tilted his head as if he had nothing to worry about and motioned him to attack.

Satan flung himself in the air coming down on Angel with his sword drawn to attack. Angel looked at him and maneuvered his sword to deflect him. Satan landed and kept spinning his blade trying to cause damage to Angel. Angel kept stepping in unison with Satan deflecting each strike he made. Angel kept stepping back and moving from side to side to keep from being hit by his blade.



“You are Worthless! You are weak! You are pathetic! Fag! Whore!” Satan kept spewing insults with every thrust of his sword.

Angel deflected each one with ease. Circling and defending, he kept his posture and his rhythm starting to feel like he could not be touched. Angel kept in motion pondering what he would need to do to defeat him. Suddenly, he could feel a thought of self-doubt permeate his soul and suddenly he felt afraid.

“God does not find you worthy!” Satan said swinging and breaking his blade shattering it into pieces.

Angel peered down at the shattered sword glistening on the ground. Satan stood tall as if he was ready to strike with deadly force.

*The sword, how will I defend myself?*



“Suck my dick or die you worm!” Satan propped himself up almost hovering over Angel. Out of his lower body where his dick would have been, a scaly penis formed. It was red and uncut, dripping with a putrid smell.

Angel gasped for a brief second when the word came to him.

*Truth.*

Angel closed his eyes in faith for just a moment. He could see himself as if he was looking at him through God’s eyes. He didn’t see anything negative, on the contrary, he saw someone who was loved and accepted beyond anything he had ever experienced. Angel opened his eyes with a genuine smile and Satan hesitated. Angel took one step toward him and he backed off holding his sword as if he was going to strike him down. Angel knew he was safe and trusted his instincts. He smiled as he started to speak.

“He calls me Child! He calls me redeemed! He calls me his own! He calls me worthy! He calls me pure!” Angel felt the truth come out as if a fountain just exploded in a desert bringing life to it.

Angel took a step with each word of truth. Satan screamed in pain with every statement, with every step, and with every truth spoken to him. Satan showed signs of being wounded as if he was losing a battle. Angel kept speaking truth forcing him to bleed and retract away from him.

“I am of him, and he of me! We are one! We are co-creators! I am his bride! I am his church which he has built and THE GATES OF HELL WILL NOT STAND AGAINST IT!”

Angel stood firm over the decaying flesh of Satan. With one final lunge, Satan threw himself on top of Angel. A horde of demons followed him smothering Him.

Angel did not try and fight them off. Even with the legion of demons and Satan swirling around him blocking out the sunlight, he continued to just watch them knowing they could not touch him. Demon after demon they reached out to grab a hold of him but they were unable to grasp him or hurt him in anyway. The words that spewed forth from the horde became a white noise that bounced off of him. *They are all lies. The father of lies, that is what he is called!*

The swirling horde finally started to dissipate and Angel could see he was not in New York any longer. The cave he was in was flowing with lava and fire. Cages of trapped souls gnashed their teeth asking for release. Angel watched as the horde left and the body of Satan laid at his feet defeated.

The cages were locked and behind him was an enormous door shut with a keyhole in it. Angel looked around and could not find any way out where he was.

“You cannot escape my lair. You will perish here with me. There is no escape.” Satan moved slightly unable to regain his strength.

“You lost a long time ago. You have no control over me.” Angel sneered at the rotting flesh.

“I will...”

“You are God’s servant. That has never changed.” Angel looked around at the ceiling and the walls. “The only power you have ever had is what others have given you. You were stripped.”

“Fuck You!”

Angel thought for a moment ignoring his insults. *The Keys!* He took hold of the keys on the ring, and looked at them thoroughly. There were three of them. One key was made of Gold, the other silver, and the third made of wood.

“Only one will open the door.” A soft voice came from the darkness.

“Who are you?”

“A prisoner. You must choose.”

Angel looked at the keys wondering which one would open the door. *If I am wrong, am I dammed here?* He thought.

“Yes.” The voice responded to his thoughts.

Angel looked around and saw where the flames were the hottest and the brightest. He stepped into the middle of the white flames and held the keys in his hand open to the flame. They all caught fire.

The keys ignited in a sparkle like flame and scorched in his hand. The Gold key melted away first, then the silver. The wooden key lit brightly but did not burn.

“This is the key of a carpenter.” Angel smiled and glanced around.

He walked toward the large keyhole and placed the wooden key in the slot while it was still on fire.

“NOOOOOOOOO!” Satan cried as the enormous door swung open. On the other side of the door a heard of Angel’s swarmed in with chains and they bound and gagged Satan.

They picked him up as a hole materialized in hell’s floor and they threw him in. Satan cursed and screamed as he fell. No bottom was heard, just the continuing curses and screams.

The cries of the beast echoed continuously. Angelitte appeared in front of Angel nodding her gratitude.

“Someone would like to have a word with you.” She said touching his hand.

“Your name is actually Raziel!” Angel said as she took his hand.

“I needed to keep my actual name a secret until Satan was dealt with.”

Angel smiled. She was a he, and his name meant that he was the keeper of secrets.

“Your secret made me respond in faith.”

“As it was meant to.” Her appearance faded as Angel sat down as the walls of hell melted away. He was somehow transported to a green meadow. It was the same meadow he was in when he met his previous lives.

“Angel!” a voice from under the tree spoke.

“I thought I would find you here.” Angel smiled and laughed, almost relieving himself of the stress he thought he was under.

“So. What did you think?”

“I think the authors of the Bible were a little off in revelation.”

“John? He was right, he got the point. But most of what he wrote about would have happened had I not died on the cross.” The man peered up. Dark skin, white hair, and in overalls.

Angel sat down next to him smiling and leaning against the tree. Jesus was plucking grapes off a vine savoring each bite as if it was the first time he experienced the flavor. Angel just watched him wondering what he was doing there but grateful to be at his side in the moment. Angel thought for a moment, a flood of questions passing through his mind, but there was one question he always wanted to ask.

“Ask your question.” Jesus smiled placing his hand in his.

“How much power does the cross radiate?” Angel tilted his head.

“Imagine if you harnessed the energy of all the stars in the universe. Then packed that power into one burst.” Jesus waved his hands.

“I can see it.” Angel closed his eyes.

“Aim that power at the cross and fire!” Jesus dramatically said.

“What happens?”

“Nothing. A fly hitting the windshield of a speeding 18-wheeler is far more powerful.” Jesus smiled in response to the expression on Angel’s face. He cherished the revelation he was receiving.

“What happens to Satan?”

“He will be back.” Jesus pulled a piece of fruit from the tree and tossed it to Angel. “He has always been my servant, but after the fall he fails to realize it.”

A sense of failure suddenly came over Angel. *What if I had lost?*

“There it is, give that to me.” Jesus held out his hand.

Angel glared at him taking the time to realize what he wanted. *He wants my fear of failure!* Angel put his hands together. He felt silly. He pretended to drop it into Jesus’ hands.

A black seed dropped into his palm. Jesus rolled it around in his hand until it fell through the huge scar-hole. It landed on the ground white as snow.

“Perfect. I can plant this here and you will have another fruit tree.”

Angel watched him plant the seed as if he was watching a magician perform a magic trick. Awe struck him with the compassion and the determination he had for his own soul.

Angel peered around. “Where are we?”

“We are in your heart.” Jesus said as if it was apparent. “You even built me a house over there.”

Angel glanced over and saw this beautiful perfectly crafted log cabin home. There was a pond, flowers and a work space. It was more gorgeous than the Kincaid paintings he used to awe over.

“It is beautiful!”

“I thought so too. I Love being here!” Jesus responded with a belly laugh.

Angel remembered his previous lives. Some of the lives seemed to be more prominent in his mind than others. “Why did I remember more about Chen and Aurora’s lives than the others?”

“Well” Jesus began “You have the ring from Chen, and the memories shared with Podunk and AOK. They bring the memories forth. Familiar objects and people bring remembrance and connection.”

“I understand. It is amazing that I remember so much, but have the emotional balance from going mad.”

“I did that. I had to. I will always be your rock and safe space.”

Angel smiled taking a few grapes from Jesus’ hand. He popped them in his mouth wanting to experience the flavor he seemed to be enjoying.

“Good fruit.” Jesus winked at him “Holy Spirit plants the best fruit and is the best gardener.”

Angel savored the taste and thought of another question. He felt at ease talking to Jesus as if he was talking to himself. No pretense or sarcasm needed. Just truth. Angel wondered if that was he initial design for humanity he intended.

“Did you make me gay?” Angel asked savoring the fruit.

“I sure did. You are asking me why I made you different.”

“Yes I am.”

“I am a creator. You are my co-creator, to put it in words.” Jesus smiled looking into his eyes. “My children hear my voice, and they create. Sounds simple right?”

“There is more to it.”

“Yes and no. Let me explain. Those who do not create a family as the human body was created, they have a special unique way of creating. The most famous artists, musicians and designers throughout time are gay.”

“I am following you.”

“I know you are.” Jesus winked. “I know you. You already know where I am going with this.”

“Then why does the Bible condemn homosexuality?”

“Remember the story. Moses gave the law to the Israelites. Why law?”

“Because the people did not want to hear your voice.” Angel closed his eyes. “They were afraid to have a relationship with you.”

“Bingo! The law in Leviticus was so extensive that no one could keep the entire thing. If they did, they lacked relationship with me.”

“Has anyone throughout time ever kept the law in its entirety?”

“No. Some claimed to, and they lie.” Jesus nodded handing him a piece of wood he had carved.

Angel took it from his hand. It was a perfect carving of him. His wings, his face, everything. Angel examined it seeing what Jesus saw in him. Perfection.

“I need to go back.”

“I know; you have your family there as well as a new world without Satan in it. You will hardly recognize it.”

“Wow.”

“Do something for me.” Jesus looked into his eyes. “I know you hate rules and laws, and to be honest so do I. That being said I want you to consider being with only one.” Jesus gazed into his eyes.

“I was a whore.”

“Give it to me!” Jesus said again holding out his hand.

Angel reached out and hugged him tightly. “Anything for you.” Angel whispered in his ear.

“As I have always promised, anything for you as well.” Jesus said pulling the seed out of his ear.

“I find those in the strangest places.” Jesus chuckled holding Angels face to his own.

“Thank you Jesus” Angel said with tears rolling onto His face. “Just thank you, for making me.”

“Thank you, for trusting me.” Jesus smiled and kissed his forehead.

## Chapter 12: The New World

Like waking up from a dream, Angel started to sense his surroundings. His body, his mind and his soul. The three dimensional realm coming into focus. He felt people in the room with him but was coming out of such a deep sleep he had trouble moving at first. Angel relaxed and allowed his body to wake up on its own.

Whispers were coming into focus. The smell of freshly baked bread, and someone holding his hand. Angel could feel the blood in his veins, the rhythm of his heartbeat, and the sound of his lungs filling with air. His eyelids cracked open just enough to see he was lying in a hospital bed. He was propped up in a large room. People and residents from the underground city were there. Everyone was talking about their lives, what had happened, and what they all were planning on doing.

Angel's father was there talking with his mother. AOK was handing out food to children. Then he saw Trent, sitting at his bedside holding his hand.

Angel felt a surge of strength fill his body, as if waking up from a good night's rest. He opened one eye just enough to get Trent's attention.

"He is awake!" Trent's voice showed enthusiasm and hope.

Angel closed his eyes as everyone gathered around him. He could not help but to smile.

"Angel?" Trent said almost disappointed as if he slipped back into a coma.

"I need a kiss to wake up." Angel whispered as quietly as he could.

Trent bent over the bed and lifted Angel's head slightly kissing him with intensity. Angel kissed back and looked into his eyes. Trent was had a few tears in his eyes and placed his forehead against his.

"The kiss of true love. You must be someone special!"

"I must be." Trent rubbed his head while a tear dropped from his eye and landed on Angel's mouth. "So much has happened and I was... I mean we have been waiting for you to come back." Trent smiled stepping back.



Firemen, Clergy, Creatures, and children. They were all in the same room together looking down at Angel. It was like something happened that brought all these people together. No hate, concern or anything that would indicate fear or evil of any kind.

“How long have I been out?”

“Almost two months” His mother said looking down at him. “It is a whole new world out there. And you were the instrument in which it came.”

“It felt like moments. I..” Angel stopped as if the memory was fading “I was talking with Jesus, and he explained some things to me.”

“We know.” A nurse stood by his bedside “You were talking in your sleep, or coma. Whatever it was, we could hear your side of the discussion.”

“We have been taking notes.” A clergyman said sitting in a chair nearby.

“Everyone in the world is working to dismantle all weapons. From nuclear to simple firearms. People are discovering who they are. The residents from the underground world are helping us to bring about a new era of peace.” A tall red headed fireman nodding in respect.

“Satan is in the bottomless pit for a thousand years. He won’t be influencing anyone for a long time.” Angel sat up as the nurse took off his IV’s.

“There is still work to be done. Many of the demons that were here are still trying to create chaos, and they need to be rounded up.” Podunk walked in carrying a baby.

“How do you capture a demon?” Angel stood up stretching his muscles.

“Satan was the prince and power of the air, and is no longer. Now, the demons that stayed were forced to take shape in physical form, and now live among us.” Mike smiled standing next to Angel making sure he didn’t lose his balance.

“Your students are willing to go out and start bringing them in. They want your guidance and wisdom before they venture forth.” Podunk said looking at the baby as if he was talking to the baby.

“It is a brand new world out there.” Trent said looking at him with loving eyes.

“As long as you are by my side, we will face it together.” Angel shifted and gazed into his eyes holding both of his hands.

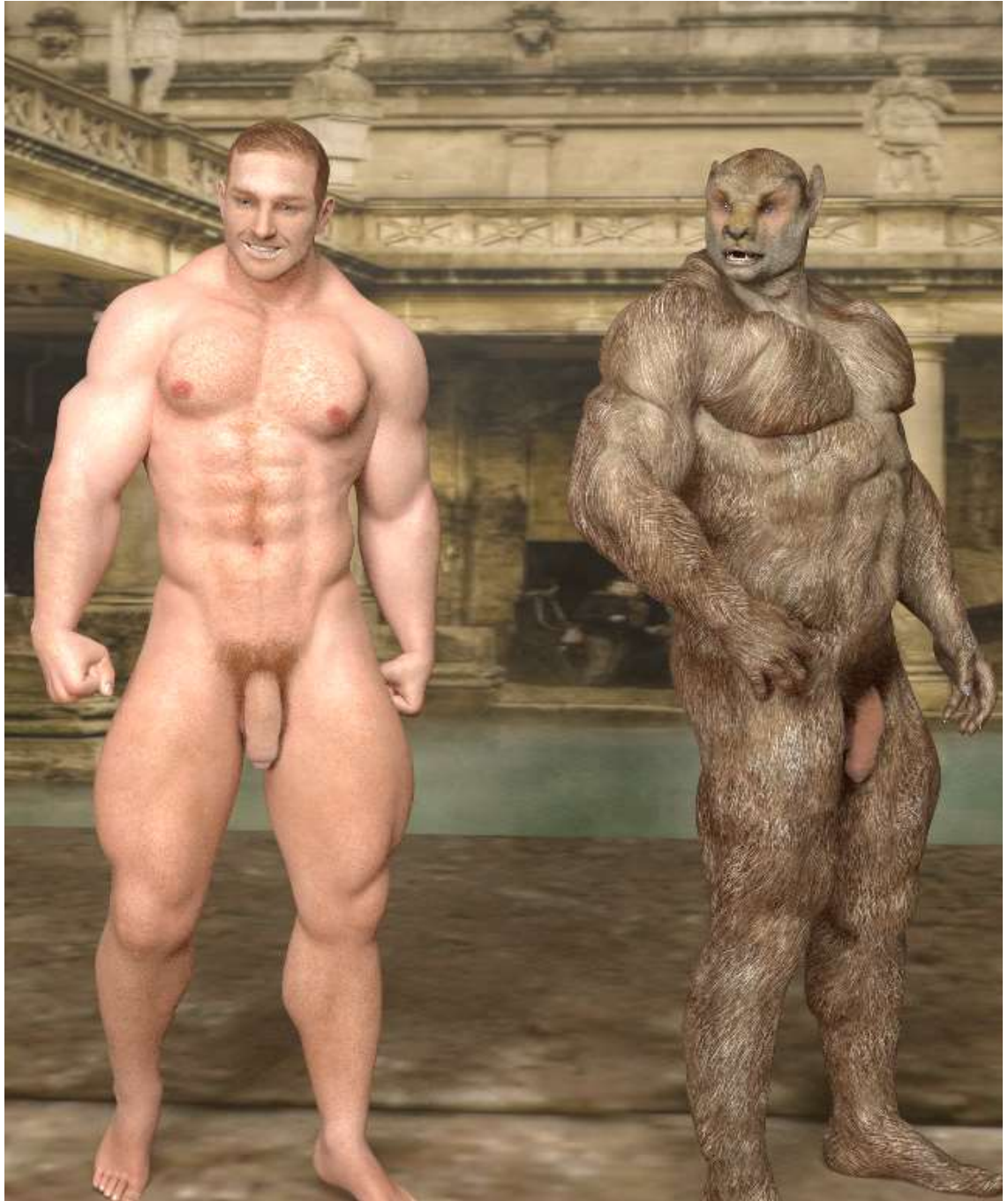
“I would like...” Trent said as Angel shushed him with a finger on his mouth.

Angel knelt down holding his one hand with both of his. He looked up at Trent, kissing his hand “Will you marry me?”

Tears rolled down his eyes and Trent tried to speak. The words got lost in the overwhelming emotion of the moment. He simply nodded yes, and they embraced.

**Pictures:**













Thank you for reading my material. I will be the first to admit it is borderline with the main character losing his virginity at the age of 16. Please note, this is a fantasy and I am not a promoter or have any interested in such things. My desire was to make this as real as I could with a few realistic views on my own teenage years and what I fantasized about back then.



Thank you for your understanding and your support. If you have any comments, suggestions or ideas, feel free to contact me: [zutilewis@gmail.com](mailto:zutilewis@gmail.com)

Regards,

Robby Zuti-Lewis