

# The World Turned Upside Down

Book 6 of *A Well-Lived Life 3*

by Michael Loucks

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You may contact the author at: [author@michaelloucks.com](mailto:author@michaelloucks.com)

<https://a-well-lived-life.com/>

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*For Birgit*

I. Who Was That Man? .....1





# I. Who Was That Man?

**December 24, 2002, Christmas Eve, Chicago, Illinois**

 Birgit

"MOM!" I screamed. "MOM! COME QUICK! IT'S DAD! HE FAINTED!"

I'd seen him sag to the floor, and he was leaning against the jamb, with some strange guy asking him if he was OK. I hurried over to Dad and he looked dazed. A few seconds later, both my moms came running to the foyer along with everyone else.

"Kara, get my bag from our room! Quick!" Mom said to Mom.

Mom dashed away and up the stairs.

"Steve?" my mom the doctor said to Dad. "Steve!"

"Sir, what happened?" Suzanne asked the guy at the door.

"I'm not sure," the guy said. "I was talking to him, he turned pale, sagged, and slid down along the frame of the door.

"What did you say?!" Mom the doctor demanded.

"I'm not sure I should share it with anyone else," he said.

"I'm OK, Jess," Dad said, sounding a bit weak and groggy.

"I'll decide that!" Mom the doctor said fiercely.

"I can stand," Dad said, shaking his head as if to clear it.

"Don't you dare!" Mom the doctor said fiercely.

My other mom came back with the black doctor's bag and Mom the doctor took out her stethoscope and blood pressure cuff and checked on dad. She said his pulse was 80, which was high, and his blood pressure was 80/50, which was low, even for him. I remembered what Grandpa Al and Doctor Mary had said, and in a couple minutes, both those would change, and his pulse would be in the low 60s and his BP up to 90/60.

"Jess, it's clearing," Dad said. "Help me up and to my study. Ask Mr. Samet to come in. I'll explain after I talk to him."

"What happened?" Mom the doctor demanded to know.

"Not now, Jess," Dad said. "I'm fine."

"No, you are not!" Mom said fiercely. "You had a syncopal episode! You haven't had one in a long time."

"I know," Dad replied. "Can we move inside and close the door, please? And invite Mr. Samet in."

My moms helped Dad stand up and move inside, and the stranger stepped into the house. I closed the door behind him, and look suspiciously at him, wondering what he'd said to Dad that had caused Dad to have what Mom called a 'syncopal event'.

"I can walk to my study," Dad said. "Please, this is very important and I have to speak to Mr. Samet alone."

"He's serious, Jess," Mom said. "Maybe you should let him?"

"Do I tell you how to handle polymer experiments?" Mom snapped at Mom.

"Jess, please," I said. "I need to do this. It's critically important."

"What's more important than your health?"

"Nothing, but I'm home, you're here, and Mr. Samet will call you if there's a problem. Please, Jess."

"Mom, I think we should," Albert interjected. "It has to be very important, or he'd listen to you."

Mom fumed, but she was outnumbered, and eventually we walked Dad to his study, and Albert brought Mr. Samet in. Once they were both sitting in the big leather chairs, I offered tea or coffee, but they both declined and everyone left the room, closing the doors behind us.

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 Steve

"Are you OK?" Steve Samet asked once we were sitting in my study.

"I have a minor medical condition and one of the ways it manifests is syncopal episodes -- fainting spells. My wife is a trauma surgeon and is obviously concerned, but doctors at Mayo, Johns Hopkins, and Karolinska in Sweden don't believe it's life-threatening. It happens when my blood glucose is around what is normal for most people and I receive shocking information."

"I'm sorry. I probably shouldn't have just blurted that out, but you were suspicious and I suspected you were about to send me away."

"I was. You're going to have to explain how you ended up here, and not at my dad's house."

"Because the only document my private investigator has found so far with his name on it, along with an address, is this house. We found a marriage license in Los Angeles, but it was a dead-end because there were no property records with his name in California."

It dawned on me just then that literally everything was either in my mom's name as Judy Deye, or if my dad *had* to put his name on something, he'd used 'Ray Deye'. And I knew he'd used corporations, such as X&B Investment Corporation, to keep his name off many things. I wondered, then, why he'd allowed his name on the deed to the house. That was an interesting question to ask in the future.

"You're going to have to explain how we get from point A to point B," I said.

"Do you believe me?"

"I don't disbelieve you," I replied. "I need more information to evaluate your claim."

"I was born out of wedlock in January 1950 to Marion Fitz and Lewis B. Hano. They married in September of that year. They divorced when I was around five and my mom married Gilbert Samet, and my surname was changed. I don't remember much about my birth dad, and Mom wasn't interested in helping me find him, so I started with what I knew -- his name and birthdate, and his New York residence. So little is stored in computers, so it took quite a bit of work in archives, but eventually the investigator found enough information to connect Lewis B. Hano with Lewis B. Tobias.

"His name was changed from Tobias to Hano when his mother, our grandmother, remarried, though there is quite a bit we can't figure out. There is some evidence he was in an orphanage at some point. We also found that our grandfather married our grandmother about two months after his first wife died of Spanish Flu, and our dad, if you'll allow me to call him that, was born five months later."

"Oops."

"Yeah. Anyway, I tracked down some military records, but then everything disappeared, and there was no record at all of Lewis B. Hano anywhere. The investigator found some tenuous link between a man named Ray Adams and Lewis Hano, and when birthdates, birthplaces, and other information lined up, and through the internet site ancestry.com, he finally found the marriage certificate in Los Angeles County, along with your birth certificate and that of your brother. I guess you have a sister, too."

And he didn't find hers in Los Angeles County because she was born in Palm Springs, which was in Riverside County. Remembering that triggered a memory of my first NASCAR race at Riverside Raceway. I quickly pushed that aside and concentrated on the topic had hand.

"If all of that is true," I said, "then you know my mom's name, and should have been able to track her down. Or my brother."

"The PI said that despite searching, he found zero references to 'Ray Adams' in any public records, and wasn't sure where he might have landed, or if he was still married. Because that was a dead end, he followed your trail, which was easy. He found you in Chicago, and turned up the deed for this house, which actually has your dad's name on it. The PI called me with the information

yesterday, and I drove down from Michigan to see you face-to-face. Had that not worked, we'd have followed your brother's trail."

Which, if they could search criminal records, would have led him directly to my dad, as Jeff still lived at home.

"I'm going to guess you have a report from the PI that documents everything you just told me?"

"Yes."

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but what exactly do you want?" I asked.

"Nothing other than to meet my dad. If I could have done it without disturbing you, I would have."

"And the rest of your family?"

"Estranged," Mr. Samet said. "I haven't seen my stepdad or my mom in over twenty years, nor my siblings."

"You'll pardon me if I find this all a bit far-fetched."

"And yet, your tone and demeanor say you think what I'm saying might be credible, and you're trying to decide what to do."

"If what you say is true, it paints a very different picture of my dad than the one he's related to me, but more importantly, what he told my mom. If all of this turns out to be true, it could blow apart my parents' marriage. Is it that important to you?"

"If you were in my shoes, what would YOU do?" he asked.

"That's a damned good question," I replied. "I suspect I wouldn't be able to let it go. When was the last time you saw your dad?"

"Around 1953, or about ten years before you were born, because he and my mom separated. But you know what makes me certain?"

"No."

"Both our names are the same, albeit with alternate spelling."

"Which names?" I asked.

"You don't know?" he asked.

"Know what?"

"Your birth certificate originally read 'Steven Marc' but was corrected to 'Stephen Mark' about two months after you were born.

And with that, I knew he was right. There was no doubt in my mind.

"I didn't know that, but my Social Security Card, which was issued when I was a baby, something extremely rare in those days, had my name spelled 'M-A-R-C'. I had the SSA correct it a few years ago, to match my birth certificate."

"It was 'Steven Marc' there, too, but changed about the time your birth certificate was changed. They obviously made an error correcting it."

"Son of a bitch," I said, shaking my head. "You're not going to let it go, I'm sure, and figuring out where he is would be a hop, skip, and a jump now that you've confirmed my identity and his. Will you do something for me?"

"What's that?" Mr. Samet asked.

"Agree to not make this public? That is, don't link anything on ancestry.com, and don't reveal it to anyone else? If you agree, I'll see if I can arrange for you to meet my dad, and we'll find out the truth together."

"I have no reason to out him or reveal anything. When could I meet him?"

"Ultimately, it'll be up to him if he wants to meet you. If he says 'no', what will you do?"

"I suppose I have to honor that. Do you think he'll refuse?"

"I think if I set up a completely private meeting that nobody knows about but you, me, and him, there's a good chance he'll say 'yes'. I'll speak to him and see what he has to say. If he's amenable, I'll arrange a completely private meeting for the three of us."

"That would work."

"OK. Let me have your contact information, I'll speak to him today and try to set up the meeting."

"What are you going to say?"

"I suppose the best approach is to say that someone approached me with a proposition and I felt he should listen to it. A bit of subterfuge, but I think he'll forgive me for that. If he says 'yes', I'll get some proposed dates from him and get in touch with you."



"I can accept that, and I promise no matter what happens, to not violate anyone's privacy or do anything that would wreck your parents' marriage. What will you tell your wife?"

It wasn't 'wife', it was 'wives', which presented an interesting set of challenges, as did telling my daughter. I didn't like keeping secrets, though some had to be kept. I trusted my wives, but this information was like a container of nitroglycerin, and one small bobble might set it off.

"That's tricky, and I'm not sure. I need to think about it."

"I'll leave you, because I want to get back to Michigan."

"I'm somewhat surprised you traveled on Christmas Eve."

"You don't know that, either?"

It dawned on me, and was something I'd speculated about, and now I knew.

"You're Jewish, and so was your Dad."

"Yes."

"You just clarified something I suspected, at least based on the family name."

"Our grandfather was Jewish, and our great grandparents on our grandmother's side were Russian Jews who emigrated."

"Damn!" I said, shaking my head.

"What?"

"I have a number of Russian friends, many of them made before the Berlin Wall came down, and I never had an inkling I might have Russian blood."

"You're a true believer now?" Steve Samet asked.

"So many little things add up that did not add up before. I'm curious, but did you uncover anything about his military service or work for a government agency?"

"He was mustered out of the Naval Reserves in 1952, and his last assignment we can find was USS *Biddle*. As for government agencies, by which I'm sure you mean the CIA, that was the speculation the investigator made based on complete disappearance of records and not finding ANY records for Ray Adams or Lewis Hano between 1953 and 1961."

Dad had never mentioned *Biddle* and I wondered if that was part of some OSS subterfuge, or information I simply didn't have because Dad hadn't told me the whole story.

"I know some other details that fit," I said. "He met my mom in Las Vegas in 1961 and was there because he was friends with Cuban expatriates. I also met a man who met my dad in Cuba and knew him as Lewis B. Hano. So if we add our two stories together, I think that part is as he said. But the 1950s are a complete blank in everything I know, and allegedly he worked for the OSS, then the CIA."

"He had a TV business in New York after the war."

"I'm positive you made THAT connection?"

"Which?"

I laughed, "What are my dad's initials?"

"Oh crap!" Steve Samet exclaimed with a smile. "I missed that one! RCA!"

"Yeah," I replied with a smile of my own.

"I'll leave you to your holiday celebration. I'm assuming you're Christian?"

"Agnostic. Let me walk you out."

"Was the second blonde my half-sister?"

"No," I replied, hoping he'd drop it.

"OK. You're obviously being circumspect, and I get that, so I won't press. I very much appreciate you talking to me and being honest with me, and I've very sorry about causing you to faint."

"It's OK," I said. "I'm not sure it could have been avoided."

We got up, I walked him to the door, shook hands and walked to the sunroom and suppressed a sigh.

"Hi, Al," I said. "I'm fine."

"I'll be the judge of that! Your study, now!"

Fighting Al would only make things worse with Jessica, so I complied, and we went to my study where Al did a much more through exam.

"So?" I asked.

"Your vitals are in the normal range for you. Did you eat carbs this morning?"

"No. I had a few, and I mean few, last night in San Francisco because I was in the Admiral's Club and the selection was limited. I took propranolol proactively, and I slept fairly well on the red eye back to Chicago."

"Define 'few'."

"An apple with my first meal of cold cuts and cheese, with a slice of whole grain bread, that was around 5:00pm. Then around 9:00pm, a banana, cold cuts, cheese, and a slice of whole grain bread. No soda, no desserts, no candy, no cookies. Only water to drink, though I didn't drink anything on the flight because I slept, so I might be a bit dehydrated. I did drink water and a mug of tea with my breakfast of bacon and eggs."

"That's the complete truth?" Al asked.

"Yes. I followed my diet strictly in San Francisco. I even passed on the fantastic bread that Ruth's Chris serves, and had a double order of broccoli, substituting for the potatoes. I also had a decent amount of exercise."

"Then what in the seven hells caused you to have a syncopal episode?"

"Al, I can't share that," I said firmly.

"Who was that guy you just walked out?"

"His name is Steve Samet, and I just met him today. I can't tell you more."

"Why not?"

"Answering that would tell you more. I honestly cannot say."

"Steve, you know me," Al said. "I won't judge and I won't violate your privacy."

"If I tell you, you cannot repeat this to a single person, ever. I mean that. You can't even mention it to me unless I bring it up first."

"What the hell?" he asked.

"Do you agree?"

"Yes. Call it doctor-patient confidentiality because it caused a medical incident."

"Barring a deception worthy of the KGB or MI6 on their best days, the man who was just here is my half-brother."

"What?!" Al asked, his face showing extreme surprise.

"You heard me," I said. "Everything lines up and it appears my dad was married in the early 1950s, and had kids, at least one out of wedlock, under the name he said he used in Cuba, which, by the way, Felipe confirmed."

"You're sure this guy isn't some kind of fraudster?"

"Positive? No. But so much lines up."

"Out of wedlock?"

"He was born in January 1950 and my dad married his mom in September of that year."

"How did he link the names?"

"Something an investigator found on the website ancestry.com, which has old records, with more being added each day. Somehow he linked the names, then

traced the scarce facts to find my parents' marriage certificate. He couldn't find my dad because, well, of things I know about my dad, which I can't share. The investigator found my birth certificate, then found me, and found my dad's name on the deed, so Mr. Samet was sure he had come to the right place."

"I think I can see why you had an episode! What are you going to do?"

"If my dad agrees, set up a meeting for Thursday, and let my dad decide what to do after that. Maybe the guy is a fraudster, but if so, the story he spun won't help because if he isn't my dad's son, my dad will say so. Also, how hard would it be to actually track down my dad now that he knows where I live, and simply needs to trace my history, or locate my brother? The company website gives my bio and refers to Milford and Cincinnati, and names my dad as an investor and member of the Board, but with only basic details. Given that, how long do you think it would take someone to find my brother, who still lives with my parents?"

"Why didn't he go directly to your dad?"

"Everything was always in my mom's maiden name, or as 'Ray Deye'. My dad also used a corporation to hide ownership of businesses and properties. I always thought it was to keep his new identity hidden because of the CIA, but now I wonder."

"You think he was hiding from the previous family?"

"I don't know," I replied. "That's the key -- I don't know. But at this point, I'm basically forced to do something because inaction is worse than action. Fundamentally, if I do nothing, Steve Samet will absolutely try to get in touch with my dad. I'd rather have that meeting in a situation I can control than have him show up at my dad's door in the next few weeks."

"What's your plan?"

"The more I think about it, the more I think I should tell my dad what I know, rather than surprise him."

"That is probably best, rather than create a possible confrontation. If your dad refuses, for whatever reason, will this man drop it?"

"He claimed he would, but I obviously don't know him well enough to know for sure."

"What does your famous gut say?"

"That Steve Samet is trustworthy."

"Next question -- assuming your dad says 'no', are *you* going to stay in touch with this man and try to put together your dad's entire history?"

"I don't know, Al. One step at a time, OK?"

"Sorry."

"It's OK. Will you tell Jessica I'm fine? She'll believe you. I'll still have the problem of not disclosing anything."

"That's a hell of a secret to keep, if it's true."

"I know. Given you know, do me a favor, and use the subterfuge of the exam to let me call my dad and see what he wants to do. At least then I'll have an idea if I can share this knowledge with anyone else while my mom is still alive."

"Make your call."

I nodded, went to my desk and dialed my parents' house in Mason. Thankfully, Dad answered.

"Hi, Dad."

"Hi, Son. Aimee confirmed she'll deliver us to Meigs at 8:00am on Thursday."

"Great! We're looking forward to seeing you. I do have a question to ask you."

"What's that?"

"Do you know a Steven Marc Hano, son of Lewis Hano and Marion Fitz?"

There was dead silence on the other end of the line, and I knew instantly that what Steve Samet had revealed was true. Had it not been, Dad would simply have answered 'no'.

"Where did you hear those names?" he asked after about twenty seconds.

"Steven Hano, now Steven Samet, showed up at my door an hour ago, looking for Ray Adams, whose name is on the deed to this house, and who he had, through a private investigator, tied to Lewis B. Hano and Lewis Betram Tobias."

"God damn," my dad said quietly. "What did you tell him?"

"At first, when he said the names, I said I couldn't help him. When he said he was my half-brother, I had a syncopal episode. When I recovered, we spoke for about fifteen minutes. I revealed nothing about where you live or what you do, but he knew things that you told me, that I've never heard anywhere else."

"What did he want?"



"To see you. I only committed to telling you he wanted to see you. He promised that if you refuse, he'll go away. If you do want to see him, I'll set something up for Thursday."

"That part of my life no longer exists," Dad said firmly. "Nobody was ever supposed to know. Do you know where he found the information?"

"A combination of physical records searches and an internet site. It was the internet site that gave him the clue he needed to find your marriage license in California. He did try to find other, but received no information at all. I'm surmising that meant a manual records search that was fruitless, for reasons I can deduce that include using 'Ray Deye' and 'X&B Investment Corporation', as well as everything being in Mom's maiden name."

"I was afraid there were loose ends, especially after the FBI asked you about me."

"What do you want to do?"

"Nothing. I can't reopen that chapter in my life without risking major fallout, and not just with your mom. There are other things you do not know."

"I figured. Is he your son?"

"Yes."

"I can tell him you won't see him, and my gut says he's trustworthy, but there are no guarantees I've read him correctly."

"There's a reason the Navy men don't want you to play in poker tournaments, Son! You are an expert at reading people."

"The stakes appear to be much bigger than a \$1500 poker payout."

"They are. Promise me two things, please."

"What's that?"

"You'll say nothing to anyone about this, and you won't go digging into my past. I will tell you more in about ten years."

"About that. One other person knows."

"Who?"

"Al Barton. He's actually here with me right now. Jess called him when I had the syncopal episode and I agreed never to withhold relevant information from Al about any health concerns. He'll classify this as doctor-patient confidentiality. He's the easy one; I'll have a heck of a time finessing it with Jess and Kara, but I will."

"No further than Al, Son. It has to stop there. Tell Mr...what was his name?"

"Samet."

"Tell Mr. Samet that he should cease and desist. Use whatever language you think will work. And you forget everything you heard."

"You know that's not possible. May I ask one question?"

"One, but I may not be able to answer now."

"Your maternal grandparents were Russian Jews who emigrated to the US?"

"Yes. And yes, I'm Jewish. Well, ethnically, anyway."

"Thanks. I'd say this matter is closed for discussion until sometime in 2011, when fifty years have passed."

"Thank you, Son. Do your best to convince Mr. Samet that I don't, and can't, know him, and do not want any contact."

"I'll do what I can, Dad. See you Thursday."

We said 'goodbye' and I hung up.

"I infer he asked you not to say anything," Al observed. "And asked you to find a way to make this man understand he's not welcome?"

"Yes," I replied. "My problem, of course, is my natural curiosity is going to eat at me, and my dad asked for a promise that I won't dig into his past."

"I didn't hear you promise anything."

I smiled, "I actually didn't, directly, but I believe I implied it strongly enough for him to infer my compliance."

"You didn't give your word, which is what matters for you. May I give my perspective as someone who had serious complications in his life and kept them hidden?"

"Yes."

"The truth eventually comes out, and it's much better if you can manage it than allow it to manage you."

He had a point, given all the things that had happened with Jessica and him when the truth had come out inadvertently.

"Thanks, Al. That's what I needed to hear."

"What are you going to tell Jessica?" he asked.

"Hell if I know," I sighed. "Later today, I'll give Mr. Samet a call and give him what I'm sure will be unwelcome news."

"Let me know if I can help. I won't say anything to your dad unless he says something to me."

"Thanks, Al. Just make sure you give me a clean bill of health with Jess. Mary and Don will be here on Thursday, so I'm sure Jess will insist Mary thoroughly examine me."

"In your dreams, Kid!" Al replied with a grin.

"Been there, done that," I replied flatly.

"You dog!" he chuckled.

"Before she met Don."

"I assumed. Let me talk to Jess while you formulate your strategy."

He left the room, barely avoiding Birgit, who scurried in.

"Are you OK, Dad?" Birgit asked, looking and sounding very concerned.

"I'm fine, Pumpkin. Grandpa Al is going to tell your mom the doctor that I'm OK."

"She said she's going to have Doctor Mary give you a complete physical!"

"I'll mark that spot on my Jessica bingo card," I chuckled. "I assumed."

"What happened?" Birgit asked. "Who was that man?"

"Someone trying to locate somebody, but not me. As for what happened, it was a combination of limited sleep, atypical meals, my body reacting to having taken a dose of propranolol yesterday, and something surprising. Don't worry about it, Pumpkin. Everything is fine and I'm not in any trouble."

"Are you sure?" she asked, her eyes narrowing.

"I promise. Now, shoo, because here come my wives."

She glared at me but left the room when Kara, Jessica, and Suzanne came in, with Suzanne shutting the door behind them.

"Who was that man?" Jessica asked.

"I can't say," I replied. "I am not in any trouble, but I cannot reveal who he is or what he said."

"I know his name, Tiger. I bet I can find out."

"Jess, seriously, you need to let it go, please."

"No. You're hiding something that caused a syncopal event. You *will* tell me."

"I simply can't," I said.

"No," Jessica said sternly, and sounding annoyed, "you *can*, but you *won't*."

"We can split whatever hairs you want, Babe, but I simply can't say. And please do not try to find out anything. This has literally nothing to do with any of you, and, under the circumstances, nothing to do with me beyond being asked to convey a message."

"To whom?"

"Jess, he's not going to say because he gave his word," Kara said. "I'm positive that's the only reason he'd remain silent. We simply have to trust him that there is no risk to him or to any of us."

"He had a syncopal event!" Jessica protested. "We need to know what caused it."

"The content of the message I was asked to convey," I replied. "That's all."

"Why you?"

"Answering that would violate the confidence," I replied. "As I said to Birgit, and to Al, it was a combination of limited sleep, atypical meals, my body reacting to having taken a dose of propranolol yesterday, and something surprising."

"You ate carbs," Jessica said flatly.

"I had limited access to food in the Admiral's Club after the flight was delayed. As I said to Al, I had an apple with my first meal of cold cuts and cheese, with a slice of whole grain bread that was around 5:00pm. Then around 9:00pm, a banana, cold cuts, cheese, and a slice of whole grain bread. No soda, no desserts,

no candy, no cookies. Only water to drink, though I didn't drink on the flight, so I might be a bit dehydrated.

"Why would you eat bread?"

"Because there were limited options," I replied. "I didn't feel manic, I slept on the plane, something I generally never do, and I followed my diet in San Francisco, along with walking quite a bit."

"Steve, are you positive there's no threat to our family?" Suzanne asked.

"There is no threat to anyone here at the Compound, nor to Elyse and her kids, nor to my sister and her family, nor to NIKA, nor to the dojo."

"He's not an irate father?" Jessica asked.

"No. I haven't really run into one of those since High School when Kara went home with wet hair!"

All three wives laughed.

"No irate fathers here about *you*, anyway," Kara observed. "Jesse, on the other hand..."

"The irate grandmother was the bigger problem," I replied. "The upset dads complained about the sauna, and there was no sex."

"That you know of!" Kara tittered.

"I trust Jesse to tell me the truth," I replied. "Though without names or details."

"Are you sure the party he and his friends are having is a good idea?" Jessica asked.

"The party? Or the sauna?"

"The sauna, obviously! Don't be difficult, Tiger!"

"Asking Steve not to be difficult is like asking Birgit to chill!" Suzanne declared.

"There might be some truth to that," I said with a grin. "In the end, it's up to Jesse. They chose not to invite any Freshmen, and according to Jesse, Luna Alonso spoke personally with each girl. I think the kids will be discreet and we need to give them the benefit of the doubt. The problem last time was one specific girl who wasn't invited who made a claim with no actual evidence that happened to be true. I think the kids will be fine."

"Did you ask Jennifer and Josie?" Kara inquired.

"Yes. And they're OK with the plans. Jesse had discussed it with them before I spoke to them, and they agree -- the kids will be discreet and we need to give them the freedom to manage their own lives. I did make it clear that nobody who isn't currently in High School could participate, because THAT is a problem we don't need, and as I said, they already excluded Freshmen."

"So Nicholas isn't invited?" Suzane asked.

"No, and Jesse spoke to him and he's cool about it. Are we OK, Jess?"

"I'm not happy, but I'm outvoted. Again."



"Jess, it's not like that," Kara countered. "It's about trusting Steve to tell us about any threats. Would you share patient information with us if we insisted? I mean names and diagnosis?"

"No, but that's...never mind. I see your point. I just don't like it because it caused Steve to have a syncopal episode."

"Steve is happy to demonstrate that he's in good health, if that interests you in any way."

Jessica laughed softly, "Of course it does, but not all of us have insane sex drives like someone in this room!"

"I make NO excuses!" Kara exclaimed. "None! But why don't you and Steve spend some time together, just the two of you? We'll all celebrate tonight, but I think you need some quality time with your Tiger."

"What do you say, Jess?" I asked.

"Come upstairs with me," she said with a smile.

---

 Albert

"What do we know?" Ashley asked.

She, Birgit, Stephie, and I had come up to my room after Grandpa Al said dad was OK.

"I know his name," Birgit said. "Steve Samet. We could search the internet and see if there is any information.

"Those 'people search' sites all cost money," I countered.

"Sure," Birgit agreed. "But we might find something."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," I said. "If Dad told you to MYOB, you should."

"I think Albert is right," Stephe said.

"I agree with Birgit!" Ashley declared. "We should know who that guy is because we don't know what he might do!"

"Don't you think Dad will handle it?" I inquired. "If there was really a threat, he'd warn us. Don't you trust him to protect us?"

"Yes," Ashley admitted. "But I still think we should know what's going on. What if the guy comes back?"

"Then we get dad, or tell the guy to get lost," I said. "Birgit, please don't do anything foolish."

"Oh, please!" she protested.

"You are impetuous, Sis!" Ashley declared.

"Ain't THAT the truth!" Stephe interjected.

"HEY!" Birgit protested.

"If the shoe fits..." I said.

---

 Birgit

"Where's Dad?" I asked my mom when I went downstairs to the sunroom.

"With your other mom," Mom replied.

"Arguing?"

"Making up!" Mom replied with a silly smile.

"Is everything OK?"

"I think so," Mom replied.

"Do YOU know who that guy was and what he wanted?"

"No. Dad said it wasn't about anyone here or your Aunt Stephanie and her family or Elyse and her boys, but he couldn't say more."

"It's weird, Mom!"

"I agree, but I trust your dad and he says there is no danger."

"Are you *sure*?"

"Has your dad ever lied to you?"

"Well, no."

"And do you think he's ever lied to me?"

"Well, I don't know, but I don't think so."

"He hasn't," Mom said. "He's always been truthful, even about things that were difficult or uncomfortable for me or him. That was true all the way back in High School when we started dating."

"Can I ask a question?"

"Yes, and I'll answer if I can."

"When did you decide you wanted to have sex with Dad?" I asked.

Mom laughed softly, "The second he sat down next to me in Mrs. Brewer's chemistry class!"

"But you thought it was sinful, right?"

"Yes, I did, but my body had other ideas!"

I giggled, "I bet! I am your daughter, after all!"

"Yes, you are! I promise there's nothing to worry about because I trust your dad completely."

"Thanks, Mom."

"I wish you'd talk to me like this more often."

"I'll try."

---

 Steve

"How do you do that?" Jessica asked as we cuddled after an extremely pleasurable love-making session.

"Because I love you, Babe."

"I think you make girls feel good even if you don't love them!"

"Yes, but it's different with the ones I do; very different."

"I don't think I've been a very good wife to you."

"I disagree. First, you were clear about what you needed and wanted seventeen years ago, and I had no delusions. Second, you've given me two wonderful children who I wouldn't trade for anything in the world."

"Despite BOTH of them being aliens?" Jessica asked, interrupting me.

I chuckled, "They are quite a pair, aren't they?"

"That's one way to put it!"

"Anyway," I continued, "if you're referring to the way you respond to stress and to things you think put people at risk, I believe that was part and parcel of the bargain. I knew you were driven, and I knew your medical career would always be your primary focus. You knew it, too, which is why you said you wanted a guy who would curl your toes and look good on your arm."

"And the way I've treated you at times? And becoming estranged and needing rehab?"

"Jess, if I was under the kind of stress you are day in and day out in the ER, I'd have had a complete breakdown years ago. I honestly don't know how you do it. I have the advantage of being able to farm out most of my stress at work -- to my

sister, to Liz, and to Elyse. Sure, I get involved, but they handle the crap that always drove me nuts and stressed me out."

"But I ran away. Twice."

"And we forgave you both times. You were under a ridiculous amount of stress from work, keeping your secret, and things going on in our family. I'm not making excuses, simply acknowledging the causes, and why Kara and I completely forgave you. There's nothing wrong with our relationship from my perspective, or from Kara's or Suzanne's. They'd have said something if there were."

"And not wanting to have sex very often?" Jessica asked.

"Not to be a jerk, but it's not as if there isn't a nympho in the house!"

"Two!" Jessica smirked. "Birgit does take after her mom!"

"She does. But that's a whole different kettle of fish, as it were."

"If I hadn't put my foot down, would you have considered it?"

"It would be hard not to consider something our daughter directly requested."

"Don't be difficult now, Tiger, we're relaxed and calm."

"Sorry. I think a combination of what happened with Stephanie and what Birgit actually wanted made it impossible to consider. As I said, in a different world where Birgit was circumspect and hadn't broadcast her desire, and where she didn't want to displace you, Kara, and Suzanne, it might have happened. But that world doesn't exist, and if it did, that Birgit might never have even thought about it, let alone asked."

"Your whole bit about 'what if?' questions."

"What if I make love to you again?"

"Slow and sweet?"

"Yes."