

Extemporary MILF  
Incursions II  
by Quixerotic

[The office is cluttered. Books, most of which have many tabs sticking out of their ends, lie on their sides along the top of other books crammed in between the old built in shelves. Scattered among them are the odd sit-arounds that accrue in a place that has an insufficient amount of space to account for the years it is occupied. In the corner, blocking access to an ancient set of decaying texts is a cardboard box filled with roughly two dozen copies of a red covered book. One of these books is displayed prominently on one of the cleaner shelves. *Incursions: The Dilemma of Extemporary Consent* by Dr. Arlo Jennings, Revised 2034.

Dr. Jennings arrives late for our meeting. He is flustered and red faced from hiking across campus. He apologizes for his tardiness, explaining that he scheduled the meeting without thinking about his own class schedule. He begs for a moment to compose himself, so I pretend to fiddle with my things while he scans through emails on an ancient computer. Eventually I pick up another book he has authored from a pile next to my chair. As though waiting for this opportunity, he suddenly gives me his full attention.]

I'd leave that one. Absolute nonsense. I was trying to spin out an idea of linked consciousness occurring during incursions. Never really had the grasp of it that I wanted. Publisher didn't care. Here, take one of these. They send me a fresh box every year. If I don't get rid of them, I'll drown in the damn things. (*He passes me a copy of his book from the box.*)

**Thank you! I've read it, actually, but I got the ebook version. I will happily add this to my physical collection.**

You've read it? Really? I haven't been able to get students to read it for nearly ten years.

**I'm on planes constantly, so plenty of time to read. And, I like to be familiar with my subjects.**

Of course. So, what'd you think?

**I can see why it has enjoyed so much popularity over the years. Your argument creates a strong framework for anyone looking for an explanation of their behavior during an incursion. I was surprised, actually, that you leave in so much doubt around the issue, but I can understand how that would be necessary, as you explained, for the preservation of existing social constructs. But, if I can push us onto the issue a little more with my first question, where do you personally fall on the argument?**

(*laughs*) I think I've answered that question ten thousand times over the years. Can't say my answer has been consistent either. I keep changing my mind. Like many philosophical stances, it all comes down to your viewpoint.

**You've changed your viewpoint?**

Sure, lots of times. Age is a big one. Acceptance is another. These sort of things tinge your stance on the idea.

**Maybe run us through an example of what you mean?**

Sure. From what we know of the incursions interactions with the principle point of contact, you can make a pretty firm argument for consent. Let's look at something simple. Bob is the target or subject or whatever you call it of an incursion. The slug digs through his head and finds that he wants to have sex with his neighbor Linda. Then, it establishes the scenario with Bob's consent to the idea happening along the way. He'd already considered the idea at some point in his life. We know that because the slug finds it in his head. The real question comes down to whether Linda has the same experience. Linda might have never considered Bob as a sexual partner, but as the scenario is woven around them by the incursion force, Linda must quickly confront the idea of consenting to the action. Without fail, every single person who has been interviewed, studied, or even informally asked admits that at some point during the process, they agree to the action taking place.

**Which then prompts the question of whether the incursion is considered duress, correct?**

Yes, speaking philosophically, that is. Courts have already decided this as far as legality goes, obviously saying that it isn't.

**To jump ahead a little, I find your line of thought in Chapter Nine to be fascinating. Do you still support those ideas?**

Ah, the notorious Chapter Nine. Publisher has wanted me to pull that word vomit for years. I've cleaned it up a little here and there. And yes, I still support the idea that the incursions represent proof of an external power which can not only see our actions, but predict them as well. The determinism aspect of it all is fascinating. These little slugs pop out of thin air and bring the entire idea of free will to its knees. But they don't destroy it altogether simply because they seem to have such a broad understanding of us.

To go back to the Bob and Linda example, not only do the slugs know that Bob wants to have an affair with Linda and not only do they know that Linda, having never considered the idea, will agree to have the affair, but the slugs know where those two will be at the exact moment on February 8th. Now that doesn't sound impressive when you consider neighbors, but if you look at Tanya Kent's case — which you should if you aren't already — then it's mind boggling. All those men winding up in that small town at the same time. It's hard to believe that anything we do isn't going to be accounted for. And if everything you are going to do is known, then you can't change it, and free will is an illusion. Right now, what we're doing may be the flapping of butterfly wings that will ultimately allow the circumstances for an incursion to come together.

**Did this idea originate with your incursion? Were you one of those long strands of fate?**

The idea itself isn't new, but it was new for me. I didn't understand it for years, but I couldn't let it go. It's why I went into philosophy in the first place. Just the question of who gets to be the incursion subject and who doesn't was enough to keep me up nights. When I found others asking the same questions, I became addicted to all these spiraling ideas in an attempt to explain my own experience.

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Arlo took the steps three at a time. He was eager to be home after trudging through the city's freezing rain. The building had an elevator, but it was slow and usually crammed full of other people. Not that Arlo minded being packed into a deathtrap with strangers, but since space was limited, he told himself he avoided it for the sake of some of the older residents who couldn't handle the stairs as well as a strapping young lad of nineteen.

By the time he reached the fourth floor, he was puffing and out of breath. He stopped in the stairwell for a few seconds to catch his breath. When he opened the door, the scent of spiced cooking hit him like a wall. Padma was cooking another curry. It shocked him to realize how quickly he'd come to associate that smell with home. His roommates hated it, complaining that it made everything taste funny and stuck to their clothes. Arlo didn't mind it as much, but he couldn't deny that it was pervasive. Sometimes he caught a whiff of it coming off his own skin while sitting in class. And, more than once, someone sitting near him remarked on an unknown scintillating smell in the air. He shifted his bag on his shoulder and plodded down the hall passing Padma Devi's apartment. The closer he came to the smell, the more it translated to an actual food smell rather than ambiguous spice. When Padma's door opened, his mouth reactively watered as the full, direct blast of Indian cooking hit him, which distracted him enough to almost knock Padma herself sprawling.

"Oh, gosh, sorry Ms. Devi," he blurted out as he caught her by the shoulder and righted her before she fell.

Padma braced herself in the door frame. "Fuck, Arlo, don't call me that. You know my name."

He grinned sheepishly, "Yeah, but...you're a grown up."

"You're a grown up, too. Scrawny white boy or not. Have you eaten? You don't eat enough. You're like a bean." She propped her hands on her hips and glared at him up and down before shutting her eyes and gently shaking her head. "Ugh, that's the stuff my mother would say. Not ten seconds after hearing 'Ms. Devi'. You have to watch out, Arlo. One day you're in a club dancing and taking shots, and the next day you're telling the neighbor kid to eat his vegetables and hoping to be in bed by nine. — Not that you're a kid, but you know how mothers are."

Arlo shrugged, "Not specifically. It was just me and my dad growing up."

"Oh." They exchanged a look during which Arlo awkwardly shrugged. "I'm sure that's

got a real sad story behind it or whatever,” Padma said. “I know a good therapist. She’ll give you a ton of drugs if it gets you to stop talking about your mother so much. Believe me, I speak from experience. Did you want food? I make too much.”

While they talked, the alluring smell continued to work on him. He’d not eaten since a cold pastry on his way out the door that morning. Seconds before, he’d been intent on squirreling himself in his room with a microwave dinner before his roommates got home. Padma’s brusque dismissal of his absentee mother and the idea of a hot meal had changed his mood quickly. “Yeah, if you don’t mind,” he told her.

“Dump your bag and come back. I’ll make you a plate.”

He took a step before asking, “Were you going somewhere? You popped out in the hall...”

“Yeah, I was coming to bang on your door to see if any of you wanted food. If any of the others are home, tell them to come eat, too.” She flicked her hand at him and went back into her apartment.

Arlo jogged down the hall to his apartment. He tossed his things into his room and checked the other four narrow living spaces for any of his roommates. None of them were around, nor did it seem they’d been around at any point during the day. That happened from time to time. Arlo’s shirt had gotten wet during his walk home so he grabbed a replacement, left a note with Padma’s offer to the others, and headed back to Padma’s apartment.

She’d had them all over at some point and usually brought over leftovers at least once a week. Padma claimed that she’d learned to cook for a large family and every time she tried to scale down her recipes the result tasted awful. She also made a point of reminding her neighbors that she was once a college student who knew better than to turn down free food. Arlo figured she enjoyed their company, probably feeling younger by association. Padma didn’t occupy his mind much. He accepted her as a feature of the apartment building and not much more.

It wasn’t until he shut the door behind him that he felt awkward. He’d never been in Padma’s apartment so late. He’d also never been in the apartment without someone else knowing about it. He couldn’t exactly put his finger on the distinction, but thought it subtly shifted the intimacy level of the interaction. Padma didn’t help by being dressed in something between a robe and a kimono. Arlo was reasonably sure it was a sari, but didn’t want to sound offensive by asking. Padma likely thought it a comfortable, well-worn thing which had no properties even remotely near the realm of seductive. Arlo tried to take that same viewpoint despite how it hugged the woman’s body.

Padma noticed him in the hallway and gave him a beckoning wave. Music was playing from a speaker in the corner, some kind of jazzy crooner that Padma usually listened to when she cooked. Arlo was surprised he recognized it or the pattern, but figured he’d had six months of experience to figure it out. He hopped on one of the three stools lining the short bar opposite

of where she was filling a bowl for him. She dropped the bowl in front of him and handed him a spoon to go with it. Pausing, she picked up her glass of wine and took a sip. “What do you want to drink?” she asked as an afterthought.

“Water is fine,” he answered. The bowl steamed too much for him to brave a full mouthful. The small taste he did managed caused a quick flush of his cheeks. Padma claimed she made mild curries. Arlo guessed that if she fed him a spicy one, he’d die. “Thanks, by the way,” he said as he took the glass of water.

“Pah,” she said. “You’re doing me a favor. This way, I don’t have to eat the same thing all week. How’re classes?”

They chatted as Arlo ate. He’d been right to think he needed a hot meal. The spices caused his eyes to water and a little sweat to form at his brow, but it also chased out the chill that had settled in his extremities. When he got to his third glass of water, he pushed the bowl away with another round of thanks. Exiting wasn’t ever graceful when it came to Padma. At least, Arlo didn’t think so. He hated to walk out in the middle of conversations, but it was usually the only way to get away from her. She apparently loved to talk and desperately needed someone to listen.

She shifted into a story about her boss, but Arlo had stopped paying attention other than a few noises to keep up the pretense. Instead, his mind lingered on Padma. While she talked, she leaned against the counter diagonally from him with her arms crossed and the glass of wine drooping from the top hand. She looked *nice*, Arlo thought. Whenever he saw her going or coming back from work, her hair was up in a sort of bun thing, but apparently her first task at home was to weave it into a plait that typically drooped over one shoulder. She never wore much makeup. Her face looked a little tired, but was pretty, soft and kind. From what he knew, she was a successful accountant and she didn’t have a bad figure either. Arlo wasn’t much for involving himself in other people’s personal lives, but the meal seemed to have an obvious way of being paid back.

“Hey, can I ask you something?” Arlo said.

Padma snapped out of her bland conversation and suddenly fixed on him with keen eyes. “Hmm? Sure, what’s up?”

Arlo searched around for phrasing that wouldn’t be insulting. “So, like, what’s your... deal?” Padma stared at him blankly. His brain called on his entire knowledge of social interactions and blurted out words he hoped would accomplish his goal. “Like, how come you’re not...in a relationship or whatever? How’d you get to this — not that this is bad, but, heh, you could do better than feeding the dipstick from next door, right?”

She put down her glass and adopted the sternest expression she could manage for a few seconds before her face dropped to a sad smile. “I was engaged for a while,” she told him. “Twice, sort of. The first time was when I was in college. I met a guy who I thought was the

one. He thought so about me, too. Asked me to marry him, and I said yes. But, we decided to wait until we finished school, which was smart, I guess. I broke it off before we graduated. It was mutual once I started the ball rolling. He'd have married me otherwise. You have to be careful, Arlo. The people you're meeting right now are in a state of flux. They want to try new things, experience the world, and damn the consequences. That doesn't last though. College years are like a dream. As they end, people calcify into the version of themselves that puts all that idealism away.

“Which is how I found myself in the second engagement. A matchmaker set it up. He was a nice guy, and I felt terrible that I let it go as far as I did. But, going through the matchmaker was like a shield. I hadn't let my fiance go. I had simply reverted to my cultural background. Not a great way of making myself feel better, but I was an idiot. Smartened up, though. Realized one day that I had been independent for so long that I suddenly accepted that I didn't need to be married to be happy.”

Arlo made a small laugh, “But you still desperately want a husband. It's painfully obvious.” It was only as he heard his own words out loud that he realized he'd said something awful. He readied an apology, but noticed that Padma was looking at something near the kitchen sink.

“Arlo, do you see that?”

Following her eye line, he saw a two inch long blob of gray. Before he could answer, the thing zipped through the air like an invisible man had picked it up and with amazing speed moved it from the sink to Padma. The thing vanished, but Arlo had a sinking feeling that he'd just watched a slug fly into Padma's ear.

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The world had rippled. At first, Arlo thought he might be having a stroke or possibly dying from the mild spice. Two things made him reconsider. First, something was wrong with time. He knew this because nothing had happened for several minutes. The most egregious example of this was the old cat clock on the wall. Its tail had stopped swinging and its eyes had stopped scanning the room. Second, the world had actually rippled. If Arlo had taken a snapshot picture of his view and flattened it down to a two dimensional image, he could then apply a ripple effect based on his single perspective. But that was only one of an infinite number of perspectives. The world had rippled on every single one of them like some massive cosmic entity had done a cannonball straight into all existence.

Arlo wanted to grapple with these ideas, but once he thought he had a firm grip on one of them, it slithered away. When he looked again at the cat clock, the tail had moved and its eyes had shifted. He sensed change around him while being unable to observe any of it, as if someone had clipped frames out of the timeline. Further confounding his attempts to focus, his mind lurched toward strange possibilities. Though he didn't try to move, he considered what he could accomplish if he was outside of this stoppage of time. His first consideration, which spoke to Arlo's character, was that he could finally catch up on all his required reading. Secondly, he

thought of robbing a bank and foregoing his schooling altogether. Then, almost as if a small voice had whispered the idea to him, he wondered about Padma.

Whatever happened had caught her at the very beginning of an expression of shock, her eyes on the verge of widening, and the corners of her mouth twisting up into a gasp or a scream. Arlo thought again that she was an attractive woman. His gaze trailed down the form fitting sari, admiring how it hugged her wide hips. A solicitous thought pushed into his head, *Don't you wish it were shorter?* Arlo considered the question and decided that he did. Time shifted again. Little changed other than the bottom of the sari. Where it had been loose around her ankles, it now was tighter across Padma's hips and stopped right above her knee.

The pushing voice spoke again, *Do you like a woman with large breasts?* Arlo thought this question to be sillier than the first. Of course, he did, and he wasn't shocked to see Padma suddenly have cantaloupe sized tits bulging out the front of the sheer, red cloth that wrapped around her torso.

The voice, which Arlo suspected wasn't his own internal monologue at all, asked another question. *Would you like to fuck an older woman?* Arlo didn't have an instant answer for this one, primarily because he'd never considered the idea that an older woman would want to fuck him. When presented with the idea, and presuming the older woman to be the busty, Indian woman with a thick ass — had it looked like that before? — he knew his answer was yes. In the next flicker of change, Padma's demeanor shifted. Little about her actual appearance changed, but the way she carried herself did. Where once she exuded a small desperation to retain her youthfulness, she now embraced the matronly aspect of her age. Her posture shifted back and up, proudly thrusting her breasts out while her straightened back made her hips and ass all the more prominent.

*You would want this woman to be pleased by your own body, wouldn't you?* Arlo was then certain that the voice wasn't his own. He didn't have the wherewithal to consider explanations, but he did know the answer to the thing's question. Knowing was apparently as good as any actual answer. Time jolted forward again, and Arlo felt different. His scraggly facial hair was gone along with the blemishes marking his face. Though still awkwardly tall, he'd filled out with lean muscle. Both of his forearms looked taut with muscle as they huddled around the mostly empty bowl of curry. His clothes had changed, too. His old t-shirt had been replaced by linen button up while his baggy jeans now sat tight across his waist and incredibly uncomfortably against his groin. This last issue drew his attention to his dick. Though he couldn't see it, he instantly suspected he was much more well endowed than he had been moments earlier.

“Would you like more?” Padma's voice seemed to shock them both.

Arlo hadn't even noticed the last flicker, but it left him with the spoon halfway to his mouth. A dribble of curry wavered on the bottom side of the spoon and then fell, dripping down his shirt. He answered, “No, ma'am, but it was delicious.”

“Ach, Arlo, you messy boy. You’ve gone and stained your shirt. Come, off with it. Let me get soap on it or it will stain.”

Feeling like he’d become trapped in some shadow play being performed by otherworldly creatures, he obeyed. His fingers nervously worked the loose buttons until he peeled off the shirt and handed it over the counter to Padma. He noted how her eyes raked over his newly muscled chest. As he settled back on to his stool, he realized he was now shirtless in tight fitted jeans in an apartment with a seductively hot and obviously horny woman. Bizarrely, he was certain that he could walk out of the door at any point. He was equally certain that he had no desire to do so.

Padma walked out of the kitchen and past him on her way to her laundry room. Arlo swiveled to watch her go by. From the back, he could see through the sari altogether. The fabric did little more than add red shading to her luscious brown ass. She wore a black g-string as she walked away. When she came back, the thin lines of black underneath the sari had not returned with her. For that matter, nothing practical remained about the sari. It went over one shoulder and wrapped around her breasts before thinning out to single band that showed off her taut stomach before widening out again to attempt to contain her hips and ass. At least one of her nipples was clearly visible, but Arlo made a strong effort not to look. Her proximity made him blush and turn back to his bowl for one last scoop of the sauce. He shoved it in his mouth too quickly and started spluttering from the burning sensation.

“It is not spicy, Arlo. I have told you this. Your eyes are watering! Next you will tell me that salt is too much for you. My *didi* would feed us this curry when we were six months old!” She tutted and stepped close to him to wipe the tear from his cheek. Her hand lingered. Standing so close, Arlo could feel the heat radiating from her skin. Due to her height, this also put her breasts right at his eye level. He was inches from the heaving breasts of a woman gently touching his face. “You know, the best thing for too much spice, don’t you?” Her voice was low and sultry.

Dumbly, Arlo shook his head, but her cheek didn’t move resulting in a nuzzling motion into her palm.

“Milk, of course,” she answered. She moved her hand to where the sari wrapped around her breasts. Putting her fingers between her cleavage, she hooked the fabric and pulled it slowly. Arlo’s eyes widened as her breasts sprang free, jiggling with perfect slopes ending in thick, dark nipples. Her hand went back to his cheek and guided him gently toward the hard nub of her left breast. His mouth opened as the cramped feeling in his pants grew nearly unbearable. She shivered as his lips pressed around her areola, and he grunted in surprise as the flick of his tongue caused a squirt of milk in his mouth. He barely even noticed that it did ease the burning sensation on his tongue.

Padma snaked her fingers into his hair, pushing his head firmly into her tits. She openly moaned, but Arlo did nothing other than happily suck milk from his neighbor’s breast. With an exasperated moan, she grabbed his hand and guided it between her legs. Once he felt her heat, his instinct took over. His wrist pushed up the sari, which at this point was more of a bikini than

anything else, and his fingers found her slick pussy lips. Fascinated, he stroked whatever he could find, even petting the short crop of pubic hair, finding something surprisingly seductive about the feeling of that damp, haired mound of softness above her lips.

As he petted her, milk continued to flow into his mouth, sweet and satiating. His thoughts churned with lustful ideas, but still he noticed as each spurt of milk made Padma's breast swell a little more. His free hand moved to her other breast, kneading into the deliciously soft flesh. The pressure and gently graze of his palm caused a spray of milk that splashed against his hand and trickled down his arm. Meanwhile, Padma had abandoned the caressing of his head and put her hands to work at his pants. She unbuttoned his jeans and shoved her hand into them. Her small fingers closed tightly on the swollen bulge. She moved her mouth to his ear and whispered, "You're getting hard while sucking milk from my tits, Arlo. I wouldn't be a good neighbor if I let you go home with such swelling. The question is whether you want to fuck your neighbor-mommy's hot, slick pussy or slide this fat cock into my soft, brown ass."

He felt her smile as his cock throbbed. It couldn't grow to its full size until he got the pants off. Luckily, that became the top priority for both of them, though he was reluctant to let her thick nipple and its rich cream part from his mouth. Arlo stood and let her finish undressing him. They both watched with mad fascination as his cock was slowly revealed. It didn't spring out until halfway down his thigh. Free, it swelled rapidly to painful rigidity followed almost immediately by precum beading from the tip. Other than the greedy stare, Padma ignored it, making sure she didn't so much as brush against it until he stepped out of his jeans. She teased him further by folding his clothes and putting them nearby. She stripped off the remainder of the sari and let him take his visual fill of her body. Arlo's heart thumped rapidly in his chest. His blood pounded in his ears in sync with the slight twitching of his inexplicably huge dick.

Padma curled a finger at him before slipping her hand into his. She walked ahead leading him toward her bedroom so he would have a full view of her luscious backside. Arlo hadn't realized until that moment how much he loved the sight of a woman's ass. Padma's was as perfect as her breasts, exactly the roundness and smoothness that he held as ideal. He wanted to touch it, shove his face in it, press his fingers between her cheeks, lick and kiss it, rub his cock against it, empty his balls onto it — anything and everything he could do to essentially worship her ass.

They arrived in the neat bedroom lit by small table lamps draped in different colored shades. Padma stopped at the foot of the bed and pulled him around to stand in front of her. She'd gotten taller among her other changes, but she was still not as tall as Arlo. "So, Arlo," she purred, "what do you want to do to me?" As she asked, her hand gripped his cock and rubbed it back and forth across her lower stomach to leave a smear of his precum.

Arlo's response was a hard swallow that made his Adam's apple bob.

"Hmm, do I intimidate you, Arlo?" she asked. He nodded, his cheeks blushing dark red. "That's ok," she continued. "Tell you what. If you ask me properly, then I will take care of everything. You know what to ask me, don't you?"

Unbidden the words appeared in Arlo's mind like flashing neon, and he agreed with them entirely. "Will you fuck me, mommy? I need to feel the inside of your hot MILF pussy while you ride me, please. I've been good."

With a shove, Arlo sprawled onto the bed. Padma climbed on top of him. She gripped his cock at the base and lined it up with her lips. She rubbed him back and forth, mingling the fluids of their arousal to fully coat the head of his cock. His hands moved to her thighs and slid up to her hips, trying to pull her down onto his length. She kept them raised as she leaned over his body, dragging her leaking nipples across his hard torso. "You want this pussy?"

"Yes, mommy," Arlo wheezed.

She lowered her hips enough for the head to nudge into her tight slit. Her eyes closed as she enjoyed the sensation. Arlo took her moment of distraction to slurp her nipple into his mouth. He sucked hard. A flood of milk filled his mouth as Padma squealed with delight and shoved down on his cock. He worried she might hurt herself because of how tight she wrapped around him. Her muscles squeezed around his length, gripping him with tight heat that caused his vision to blur from pleasure. Her hips bucked, and she nudged further down his pole. A third rise and fall let her sheath him entirely inside of her.

Padma leaned back from him. She put both her hands on his chest and pushed down for leverage. Arlo grabbed at her hips and ass as she started to fuck him. She rode back and forth on his length, pushing him straight to her womb on each stroke, but Arlo knew she was working her way up to something even better. Seeming to read his mind, she grinned down at him. "You want me to make you cum? I will, but only if you make me a *real* mommy. I want all your baby batter to shoot right into my fertile Indian pussy. Can you do that for me, Arlo?"

The question was rhetorical as she switched her motion. Rather than sliding back and forth, she shifted to rising up his length and slamming back down on it. Her thighs worked to keep the motion up with unrelenting consistency as he grabbed and pulled at her in a vain effort to somehow aide in his own pleasure. She moaned his name and shook wildly as she came. Her orgasm caused a fresh spray of milk from her nipples, and she finally slowed her pace. Arlo had no idea how he hadn't erupted inside of her multiple times already, a feat he added to as she lowered her mouth to lick his own chest clean of her milk.

She rolled off of him and raised her ass up in the air. "Your turn, Arlo. Fuck me pregnant." She wiggled her hips, and Arlo sprang to position. He slipped inside her sopping heat again, gently nudged inside her until they both groaned, and then he reared back and repeated it. Each time he built speed, the jiggle of her body grew in proportion. He was looking down at a perfect ass as he fucked the delicious pussy beneath its wobbling cheeks. He groped and squeezed her ass, pulling apart her cheeks to stare at her winking asshole and shoving them together to admire the curve of them. His balls ached as she pleaded with him to fuck her, to spray her insides with cum, to pump her womb full of his spunk, and a dozen other lewd ideas. Finally, with a roar, he shoved himself down to the hilt and listen to her cum as he emptied

himself deep inside of her.

They remained in a statuesque pose of carnality for nearly a minute. He finally relaxed and pulled back from her, but she stayed in the position, giving him the chance to look at his thick, white cum ooze out of her dark brown pussy lips. He leaned closer and kissed each of her ass cheeks. She finally relaxed and dropped to her side on the bed. He climbed up next to her and wrapped his arm around her. Whispering in her ear, he told her exactly what she wanted to hear, “Thank you, mommy.”

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### **Did the incursion actually result in a pregnancy?**

No, it was only the fantasy. Though I am aware of some incursions that specifically stipulated impregnation. And the slug even knew that — Actually, that’s a great example. The odds of conception from one sexual encounter, no even better, not only conception but down to the specific sperm that achieves fertilization. The incursions take all of it into consideration like reading data from a spreadsheet and picking out the ones that give them the results they want. It is both free will and non-deterministic depending on which way you look at it.

### **How did your relationship with Padma change?**

(Dr. Jennings hesitates, though it is unclear if it is in response to my question or because he is lost in his own previous thought.) What’s that? Oh, Padma. Yes, certainly it changed. I think she wanted to continue the affair. Indeed that was my general read on her prior to the incursion, that she wanted more intimate relationships with her younger neighbors. For my part, I wrestled with questions of my own existence. I had been a pawn in some grander entity’s game. That wasn’t Padma’s fault, but I still felt like I’d been treated like a toy. I delved into questions that would ultimately form my book, and didn’t pursue a relationship. Nor do I think that Padma really wanted one. You’d have to ask her, but I think the only reason she attempted to prolong things between us was because of the thrill the incursion gave her. Nothing we could do together could replicate that, though. At the end of that term, my living arrangement changed. I moved in with some other friends.

### **Did you keep track of Padma?**

Not after the move, but I did stop to tell her I was leaving. It had been six months by then, so her body had reverted as well. We were once again the scrawny guy from next door and the pretty cook with too much food. She’d reconnected with someone from her college days, not the ex-fiance, and was once again hurtling toward marriage. Once her attention shifted off me, she apparently snapped out of her self-induced stasis and got back to pursuing the life she wanted. We wished each other well. I kept her email and phone number for a few years in case something related to the incursions came up that I would need to talk to her about. I never used them, though.

### **You don’t include your incursion story in your book. Why?**

Several reasons. Originally, I didn't want to have my work looked down on for including it. I couldn't write it without making it gratuitous. Back then we didn't know how intrinsically the incursions were linked to their descriptions. Wasn't enough to write out that I had a sexual role play encounter with my neighbor, and I couldn't say something like 'she told me to call her mommy and fuck her mommy pussy' even though that's what happened. So I left it out for that reason. I also didn't know how I felt about it at the time. People at the center of an incursion come away with their feelings in absolute. Auxiliary participants tend to be less certain, as I've been rather long winded about. (*He taps the cover of his book*). I worried my own experiences would cloud the theory I was trying to establish. Attitudes have changed, but at this point it would be seen as a salacious way to get back attention if I amended the book to include it. Besides, I have been forthcoming about it in other media, including this interview.

**Circling back, you said your opinion of your own work changes with your viewpoint. So, today, right now, having just recounted your incursion story, where do you stand on the concept of 'extemporary consent'?**

I think that if you could map out the permutations of a person's thoughts to account for near infinite possibilities, then you would know how they would react to any given scenario. Put them in that scenario, an incursion for example, and they will always choose the same way. Humans can't do that for one another, and we currently lack a computer capable of running those permutations even if we could somehow extract the data. But the slugs, whatever they are, might be able to do it. In which case, extemporaneous decisions are ones that can be predicted with absolute certainty, which is another way of saying that they can be known at any point on a timeline, even if the decision changes depending on the point. Apply Time in its linear fashion, and you have an answer. For me, today, that's how I explain why I was and have been accepting of what happened during my incursion event.

**You testified during *State of Texas v. Barlow* for Barlow's side. The defense heavily relied on your theories to establish their strategy. You're not a lawyer and neither am I, but just for curiosity, do you stand by the assertions made during the trial?**

Yes, of course. The Texas law was ridiculous from the start, and I have always been happy to squash that little cockroach every time some pompous ass decides to dredge it up again. Just logistically it's not a feasible thing, nor logically. Under that law, Padma would have been thrown in jail because we had sex. No one ever doubted it was idiotic, and it had no chance of surviving. My part in it was to give people a way of explaining their actions to others. Not all incursions happened without consequences. Plenty of men in happy marriages spent February 8th having sex with some guy in a bar. Or women cheated on their husbands. The one thing the incursions don't seem to account for is the emotional effect on those outside of the event. So while both those men in the bar might be totally on board with fucking each other, the man's wife might not be understanding. That's why there's gray areas in my theory and in my testimony. Those men or women should have their lives ruined because of some otherworldly slug.

**Have you ever tried to recreate your side of the incursion? Not with Padma, as you said, but with some other partner?**

It did come up again once. Late in my grad school years, I met a woman with a similar desire. We had a fling. I didn't want to give up my career for it, though, so it didn't work out. The woman moved on, and I saw her some years later with another man. That one stung, actually. It made me feel strange kinship with Padma as I'd known her. I hate to have regrets, but some times I think I made the wrong call there. Maybe the slugs knew all along, and my incursion was meant to set me on the path to happiness only for me to jump off at the last minute. (*sigh*) I am grateful for my students. Worrying for them keeps me from dwelling too much on these types of questions.

**Thank you for your time, Dr. Jennings. And thanks for the book.**