

Hewa

by Richard Tornello

I

Hewa was just a teenaged earth nerd. He read Kafka, at ten years old, understood it and loved it. He read Catch 22, Fanny Hill, and the Kama Sutra at thirteen. Hewa devoured Shakespeare and Kafka. He took on line college courses in art history and astronomy at fifteen. The advanced schooling didn't help in his day-to-day social interactions with his peers.

Hewa maxed out his high school sick-day allocation every year. The school principle usually found him in the library reading when he cut classes. He never gave him detention. High school was total frustration and a bore. His real grades were abysmal. He signed his own report cards by jacking into the system. His parents never knew. Hewa was a nerd.

His parents were so self involved in their own shattered lives they never noticed anything odd. They had no clue about Hewa. He came home in one piece, did his chores, didn't have any issues with the police, and never made any fuss. They left him alone.

Hewa was seventeen and looked, maybe, twelve. Instead of a car, he rode a motorcycle. Hewa rode it in the snow, rain, sun, warm weather, and cold weather. Cars were nice but there was just something about a bike.

Hewa was not the favorite of among the parent set. He was different. Hewa was not controllable, in a manner of speaking. They sensed that. He had an independent air that was beyond his age. And, Hewa certainly was persona non grata with girls' fathers for a number of reasons. The bike was only one.

The dads knew the score the moment he arrived. Once one father actually took him aside, friendly like. He placed his arm around Hewa's shoulders and was walked him toward his bike. It was not the direction Hewa had started in, and said to him, "You son, remind me of myself, when I was about your age." He hesitated for a second or two and continued, "DO NOT ever come back here again." He shook Hewa's hand with a very firm grip. "Have a safe trip son."

Hewa knew he was a shooter.

It was New Jersey.

Hewa relished his life.

II

Hewa didn't go steady. As the expression of the day went, if you weren't going steady, you weren't getting any. Put all together, Hewa hardly ever got laid. And when an opportunity arose even then there could be a problem.

Sometimes reality got in the way, as in one afternoon when a friend, Carolyn, called. She called every now and then and especially when she had a job. Carolyn was babysitting and called him on the phone and said, "Hewa I'm sitting tonight. They're going to be leaving at 8 pm and will gone for at least three hours. The kids should be asleep. Why don't you come over and we can 'play' together."

She never said fuck, or have sex, or make love. It was always 'play'.

'Play' it was. He just agreed. Serious or not she was cute, she was female, and she liked him. He was seventeen. It didn't take much brain power on his part to figure out when that rare opportunity came his way.

So that one evening in particular, Hewa fired up his barely muffled bike and rode over. It was a chilly autumn night. The ride was refreshing. It was dark with a full moon that provided a staccato like street light effect through the back tree lined roads. His leather jacket was tight over the sweat shirt. His leather riding pants, armored like his jacket, with worn sliders, were comfortable but a bit tight too. "I'm going to have to up a size or two for winter riding," he said to himself. He'd been bulking up from weight lifting. It took all of fifteen minutes before he was around the corner from the house address Carolyn gave him. He'd been there before.

He straddled the idling bike. He listened to the even burble of the injectors and the tuned exhaust. A different kind of music, he thought. Hewa did his own mechanical work.

His face shield was fogged from his breath. He wiped it with the fresh cloth he carried just for that purpose. The face shield was damp-wet, smeared but just clear enough to go the next distance. Otherwise, he would have wiped it completely dry.

He cut the switch to the engine, then the lights, shut the fuel lines and coasted down hill to the house. There was no sense announcing his arrival to the neighbors if he could help it. The only sound from the bike was the, tires, the chain and the engine ticking as it cooled down. Carolyn knew the drill.

If the main door was opened, it indicated the kids were asleep. This was a good sign. Sometimes they were awake when he got there. Then he had to knock. So, in that case, just to be with Carolyn, Hewa would stay up playing with the kids. He liked them. He thought they held few pretenses and were fun to be with.

Hewa walked up to the door. He had taken his helmet off and shook his long hair when Carolyn opened the screen door, grabbed him, gave him a wet one smack on the lips and pulled him in.

"Hey let me get my jacket off, jeeze!"

"You, owe me big time buster. I did you in the bathroom, at my brother's bar mitzvah, last week."

"This time you can leave the jacket it on," she said continuing with a very wide smile, "until you do YOUR job. You know I like leather."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, quid pro quo and all that. Okay, quit grinning and drop your linen." And down he went.

"And just what do you think YOU'RE doing?!!!"

Looking up from around Carolyn's well formed athletic hips, skimpy, ruffled panties down around her ankles, Hewa's instant thought was: It's a wonder they know how to have kids. What am I doing? What's it look like?

He wiped his mouth on his leather sleeve, "If you don't know, maybe you're the ones that need Sex-Ed." But that was no time for enlightenment. Always polite, he said "Please excuse me for being rude."

As he made his delicate egress out the door to his motorcycle, Hewa looked back at Carolyn as she pulled up her underwear. The Mom stood there with her hands on her hips, shaking her head. The Dad was no where to be seen. Hewa was not sure the two parents were together when they were so indelicately interrupted.

He blew Carolyn a kiss and gave a shrug. She gave him the finger. Hewa drove off.

"What timing! The fucking neighbors." he said to himself.

The first time the parents found him there, he was playing games with the children. The Mom was initially put-off. Over time they would find him reading to them or helping with their homework. Carolyn would be asleep somewhere. They didn't really mind his presence. He was not from that part of town so his local reputation as a weirdo/nerd had not followed him to that address. Besides, Carolyn was not *their* daughter.

They never ever mentioned Hewa to Carolyn's parents. They thought he was nice and always polite. The kids thought he was fun. There was no hanky-panky, not with awake children. All was safe. They sometimes asked Carolyn if he's was going to be there too because the kids like him and asked for him.

"I guess Carolyn is in deep shit with her parents... if they find out. I hope they keep their mouths shut. I hope she can keep her mouth shut." He laughed at that one and went home to beat off.

III

When it came to the opposite sex, the harder he tried the unluckier he got.

She was new to the area. That much Hewa knew. He met her at the local tobacco shop on his way to purchase some rolling papers. She was driving a new, blood red, Coupe-de-Ville with limo blacked out windows and Jersey plates. He held the door of the shop open for her. He did have manners even if he looked like a motorcycle bum. At least with sunglasses on he didn't look twelve. Thirteen maybe, but not twelve.

"Be cool," he said to himself, "just...be... cool."

She was about six foot and then some, legs from here to the moon, in great shape, nice tush, and natural red hair. As she strode past him, she smiled. She looked over her sun glasses. Hewa thought she winked. He wasn't sure. Her sun glasses blocked the full view.

Hewa thought, *I am in love.*

Then Hewa's brain went into reality check. "Oh my god. Not happening. She's out of my league. You are so dreaming. She could be royalty with her looks and there's something, I just can't put my finger on it." *Put my fingers on and in*, were his next visualized thoughts. He mumbled to himself, "I'm not going to have any luck with this one. She's just being nice, rich and all that."

That changed quickly.

She stopped. She pivoted quickly, stepped right up to him, and invaded his space. She looked straight down into his face, NJ State Trooper style, mirror shades hiding her eyes, and said in a most commanding tone, "Don't be so unsure of yourself."

He stepped back just a bit. "What's with you?" Hewa asked defensively, "What? I didn't say anything...out loud enough for you to hear."

"No you didn't. I can read your simple monkey mind."

The mental guard that was up, collapsed. "Very funny. Read minds? Right. And I'm from Alpha Centauri. Ok girlie, what am I thinking?"

"A very complicated position, for an earth-boy. And, very inviting."

He said, "As a matter of fact, it's not complicated at all. Not if you practice yoga and tai-chi. And," he added as an afterthought, "One has to have a flexible and willing partner."

You guessed on the sex part. That's easy. Any normal guy, looking at you, would imagine you on your back, at least...

"Earth-boy? What's with the earth-boy stuff?" He had been called a lot of things but never been called earth-boy. That was different.

"Yes, E-A-R-T-H-B-O-Y. How about that intertwined position? What about that? I got that correct." She demanded acknowledgement.

"A lucky --" He stopped, grinned, thought, and continued, "and *educated* guess."

She lowered her voice, "Listen Earth-boy, *I can tell you because no one is going to ever believe you anyway.*" She poked his chest, with long slender, beautifully formed fingers, each time she said *you*. It was not a soft poke.

Hewa noticed the manicured nails and very exotic jewelry.

She's also strong. He mumbled. "Athletic, I like that."

Her story continued. Hewa couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"I'm here to get impregnated by the male being of *my* choice. We need to extend the genetic pool of our expanding galactic empire. My sisters and I are all over this rock you call earth, on the same mission, for the same emissions." She laughed at her own joke. "Your type of monkey based genes will do."

She lowered her eyes as if embarrassed. "This is my first repopulation assignment," she said in a lower tone.

At that point Hewa choked and started to laugh so hard, he almost pissed in his pants. This was nuts. She is nuts. She was good. Straight faced yet. She had to be practicing these lines. "Where the hell did you come from?" He could barely ask, "Are you stoned or something?"

"You have a real nice laugh. I like that" she said. And stood there for a bit, staring at him, waiting for him to get control of himself. "And no, I'm not stoned, drunk, or on drugs. I am not kidding."

Her sun glasses came off. Her eyes were twinkling; shining in a manner he had seen somewhere. He sensed a hunger. Hewa ignored it. Hewa was seventeen.

Hewa said between giggles, "You are so far out, girlie. I'll go along with your True Story. What's your name, your earth-girl name?" he snorted, he started laughing again so hard his eyes start leaking.

Her hands were on her hips, her long legs spread in a fighter's stance, and she said in a voice that implied she was not used to being doubted or ridiculed, "Terry' is my earth name. And yours is Hewa."

That got his attention. "How did you know that? We just met!" His eyes surveyed the surrounding area, seeking the telltale glint of light reflecting from a lens. "I'm being set up, right? This is a joke. This is candid camera!"

'Terry' growled and grabbed his shoulders.

"*I told you,*" she barked, "*You. Are. Not. Stupid.*"

Backing down in decibels and tone she continued, "In fact, by earth standards, you are extremely smart. That much I can ascertain. And That, Hewa, is another point in your favor."

He looked at Terry from top to bottom and back up, straight up into her eyes.

"Okay, *girlie*, a point in my favor *for what?*" He wasn't going anywhere with her. That much he figured out from the beginning. Hewa had nothing to lose so he just let let go with whatever came into his head.

"*It's Terry*, damn it. Not *girlie*. I am a *fully mature*, bipedal female. Do I look like a girl? Look at me!" She was pissed and her voice showed it... She wanted to win this one.

"Terry Damn-it? Nice name," he said with a smirk.

And he looked. He liked what he saw. Hewa knew this is a battle not to be won, it was just a sparring match. He enjoyed verbal sparring.

"Bipedal female, eh? Hmm...I think I might prefer you as a quadruped." He conjured up a vision of her on all fours, doggie style.

Ignoring the sophomoric retort and his mental pictures, she continued, "Your smarts are in your favor... for me to choose *you* to *impregnate* me, that's what! We need good genes for our survival and expansion. I get to pick my consort. The who, when, and where are all my choice."

Consort? What the hell was she talking about?

"I assume you like what you see?" she said, suddenly coy, and stepped back as a tactical move on her part. If Hewa didn't find confidence and aggression appealing, she could adjust...

"If you can read minds you wouldn't have to assume anything," he shot back. He piped, mimicking her, "I assume you like what you see?" At the same time, he wondered,

What the hell does she mean by 'consort'?

Terry actually enjoyed the verbal sparring too. As in all her life, once she had a target, she wanted the kill.

Hewa, on the other hand, just considered this one more day, an interesting one, featuring a chance encounter with one strange chick. It was better than just sitting around getting stoned.

Then it hit him. He realized she was coming on to him. The oven light in his blood diverted brain clicked on. Hewa had never been approached in this fashion. She was different, apparently rich, her own person and had an imagination just as wild as his.

She's a drop dead gorgeous, nerd/geek chick, how cool is that? he thought.

A smile broke across his face. *This is going to be different. Win, lose, or draw. This encounter, I will remember for the rest of my life.*

Aloud, he said, "Okay, 'Terry', if that's really your name. Suppose I go along with you and 'your space repopulation story'. I get to have sex with you. Then you and your sisters procreate if they find their boy toys, and somehow and take over the planet. Have I got that right?"

"More or less. You get the idea."

"And then what? I get dumped on some asteroid, eaten by a space beast, or more likely, beat up by your earth-boyfriend or husband?" He pointed to the red de Ville. *She must have some monster of a boy friend or husband or father to be driving that thing. This is New Jersey. The de Ville looks North Jersey, Italian, as in Daddy's gift to his little girl.*

Hewa looked and noticed no ring on her third finger, and no tan lines to indicate that she normally wore one. *Hey, if she's unattached -- or attached on the prowl...*

"You'll be well rewarded. The vehicle is *mine*. I owe nothing to any earth male."

The implication is that she's free. She's no baby, that's for sure, Hewa thought.

In which case I'd have to be out of my mind to say no to her. Then again, she's batso crazy. But what the fuck, this one is out of this world, and she wants me. Me! This could be fun.

Terry looked him in the eye. "If by 'this' you mean me, then yes I am!"

"You are what?"

"Out of this world, and *fun*."

Hewa ignored the obvious mind reading. His hormones were getting the best of him. He had two heads and only enough blood to keep one functioning properly. The one on top of his shoulders was now on auto pilot. His prior "training" was kicking in.

"Okay, so where is this assignation supposed to take place?" he asked.

Round two, he thought.

"Do you want me or not?" she demanded, deadly serious.

"I've never met anyone so serious about getting laid and ..."

"Not laid, *impregnated*. Laid's for later, business first."

Terry continued matter-of-factly, "As I stated earlier, you have to be willing to do this. You have free will. Unless you do this act of your own volition, I cannot conceive. It's a telepathy thing -- I have to *know* that I have your consent to use your genetic material, or my hormones will automatically block conception."

"So I have to make the conscious choice to have sex with you?" Hewa asked. "If I do, I get to be one of the chosen to assist in the replacement of the human race?" He couldn't keep a smile off his face. This was too much.

"In a nutshell," She said.

"In a nutshell," he repeated slowly and sarcastically. "Might be a little cramped..."

"Yes or, no?" She winked and gestured to the vehicle.

My god, she is beautiful. And she's as crazy as or crazier than I am, Hewa thought. Aloud, he said, "I'm in." He laughed at his pun. "Oh yes am I in. Come what may."

"Yes, very funny," she said.

Hewa looked closely at her face. Now that her sun glasses were off he noticed her eyes even more. The eyes tell everything. They were the brightest green he had ever gazed at. They were captivating. The glasses came back on and blocked Hewa's vision and possible reading.

She was in the driver's seat. "Nice wheels," he said, trying to get some self-control.

Terry then said in a cold factual manner, "Okay Earth-boy, this is your last chance to change your mind. It's your choice. I offer you The Best Fucking you will ever get in your whole entire life, a chance to see the universe and... the eventual reduction and replacement of your race. Do you have any questions that I haven't answered? I want to make sure you understand the ramifications of your actions should you agree."

He thought, *what a wacko chick'*, but said, "Your place? I don't have the income to afford this type of vehicle," patting the dash. "Your place has got to be classier. I'm game, let's go."

She laughs, "You have no idea."

"Terry, what is your real name?"

"It's Tetri, short for Tetri the Terrible. I rule the southern quadrant of this galaxy. It is one of my administrative duties to insure our propagation and expansion in these outer regions. And my father is an Ambassador."

"Shit, she doesn't stop the game. What the...?"

####

To Hewa's amazement, the vehicle that was once a Cadillac entered a monstrous space vehicle. He realized this was an alien abduction and he was going to be one of the causes of human replacement.

"Holy shit! You weren't kidding!"

"You committed to this, *of your own free will*. I gave you all the data you asked for. You made the choice," she states. "Relax."

IV

She was slightly clothed in a strange non-earth material. The hat and heels were high budget earth boutique. She was the most beautiful radiant woman he could ever have imagined.

Her green eyes sparkled. Her red hair, thick, short and bobbed framed her face.

"The ruler of the galaxy?"

"Southern quadrant," she corrected him with a purr.

"I know what you really like," she whispered in his ear as she knelt at his feet. "My Prince..."

Hewa groaned, "Earth be damned."

THE END

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in the story are fictional. Any resemblance to persons living, dead, and incidents, real or imagined elsewhere in this or any other universe or time-space setting is purely coincidental.

Steel Mouse Trap Publications, LLC

South Riding VA 20152