

Chapter 1 : Baby Burlesk

"My songs know what you did in the dark..."

Last night was a blur. I woke up this morning under the comfort of Shirley's blanket; I managed to fall asleep on her bed, it seems. I only remember bits and pieces of what happened last night in the bathroom. I remember kissing Shirley, and telling her who I am.

Wait, what?

I actually told her who I am. Yes, I remember now. I told her who I am while giving her a bath. I looked at my hands, knowing that they hold the memories of feeling the fair skin of my beloved. I can still feel it, scrubbing her soaped body with my own hands, pausing at the right places to get a better feel. To top it all off, I can just tell that she knew what I was doing. But she never hesitated, and she never asked me to stop.

And I never did stop. Even without enough experience, I managed to teach her how to French kiss properly, though I didn't know I could myself either. Looking back, I'm really surprised I pulled it off. I turned to see if Shirley was already awake. I wasn't surprised to see that she was, and smiling at me with the sweetness and serenity only she could have. What did surprise me was the fact that she, under the blanket and all that, was naked.

I decided I should just die right here, right now, 'cause if I deduce this correctly... we probably did *it*. But before I could do any dying she already snuggled up to me with her hand on my cheek.

"We didn't do it yet."

Huh? What the hell is she—oh.

"You told me to tell you that, when you wake up. Remember?"

"I did?" At this point, I haven't remembered everything we did last night yet. If Shirley remembers, I should just let her break the news to me.

"Uh-huh, you said something like thinking it would be just a dream or something, or thinking that we did *it*. So you told me, to tell you, that we didn't."

"Oh. Did I tell you what 'it' meant?"

“You didn’t tell me-”

Whew. I’m glad I didn’t lose control and jeopardized my position.

“–you showed me.”

WHAT?

“WHAT!?”

To say the least, I was more than shocked to hear all of this, and the ease and comfort of the way Shirley said it was unnerving. It couldn’t have been that easy, could it?

Shirley began to talk, but she had to stop after hearing a few knocks on her door. While she got up to get the door, I hurriedly got dressed, otherwise it would have been game over. I was in my underwear, and I know for a fact that I don’t sleep in my undies. There could only be one thing that could possibly make me fall asleep in this state of undress.

I got dressed just in time for her to open the door. It was her mother, checking on her and the usual motherly routine in the morning. After all, moms should check their 8-year old daughter’s bedroom for mysterious old guys who may or may not have sex with their daughter. This shit happens all the time, yeah right. I acted all nonchalant and unfazed while she scanned the room, Shirley fidgeting around and asking what mom came for.

“You need to get dressed soon; today’s the first day for the shooting of Captain January.”

“Ooh, was that today?”

“Ugh, you forgot, just go take a bath and get dressed, we can’t afford to be late.”

Basically, I got no answers for my questions as Shirley hurriedly did what mommy asked. Luckily I was invited to tag along with them, though I assume while Shirley’s busy doing her stuff I’ll be stuck with Griff. I wore the same clothes I wore yesterday, which is fortunately a basic white long sleeve and black pants with a simple coat, so I didn’t have to worry about standing out.

Conversation in the car was all about this upcoming movie, how Shirley will be living in a lighthouse with a guy named January or something like that. I’ve watched the movie a lot of times, it was nice, I personally like her song “At The Codfish Ball”. Just then I remembered how I kept my phone in an inside pocket of my coat. How I managed to forget until now, I’ll never know.

Not much of note happened in the studios. We went there, they talked about the things they will do, clarified a few things with Shirley's mom, and basically and completely ignored me. Although that's a good thing, I don't like feeling inferior, so I tried starting conversations with other people, and failed. People were either busy or just ignorant. I waited for Shirley to take a break in her trailer so I could continue our conversation from earlier.

I was on the way to Shirley's trailer when I thought I saw her in the corner of my eye. I turned towards a bunch of other people loitering around in the studio and saw her back; I doubt I can miss her with the pretty dress she's wearing and those curls. I was so sure it was her, imagine my surprise when I grabbed her, and a different girl turned around to face me. I don't know who was more surprised, me or her.

I feel like I've already seen her before though...

"Do you need something, mister..."

"Gray. Jonathan Gray, I'm sorry I thought you were Shirley."

"Oh, pardon me, that happens often, I'm her stand-in."

Oh, of course! No wonder I've seen her before in Shirley's autobiography. I believe her name was...

"Mary Lou Isleib, pleased to meet you Mr. Gray." (Good luck figuring out how to pronounce that)

I reached out to shake her tiny, adorable hands, almost trembling at the touch of another girl-child. I survived the handshake, reminding myself that if I really did something with/to Shirley last night, then I need to behave and prepare to be a one-girl kind of guy. I noticed that from afar she looks like Shirley, but close-up she's quite beautiful too, I'm not good at describing people so let's just say her face looks more mature than Shirley's. Less like a baby, more like a babe.

"Well, um, Shirley must be studying with Klammy, her teacher. She usually does that in between shoots."

Great, more down time for me, but how to spend it wisely?

"Oh, I was hoping to talk to her, but she's busy, huh."

"Yeah. Sorry about that."

"Tell you what, I've got nothing to do while waiting for her to finish, are *you* busy? 'Cause I was hoping we could like, hang out or something."

"Um, that's okay, I guess."

"Awesome, besides, I could use someone who knows her way around this place."

“What did you want to talk to Shirley about anyway?”

“Oh, random stuff. Didn’t you know? I’m her new baby sitter.”

“Really, are you like her new playmate?”

“Yeah, sort of, I guess. I’m still new, but we definitely play.”

“That sounds swell, I’m sure she’s having fun. Maybe I can play along sometime?”

Shirley and Mary Lou are indeed playmates and practically best friend, history-wise. I don’t know what crazy shit I got myself into last night, but in the meantime I should worry about this pretty girl walking beside me.

“Oh yeah, you can definitely play with us sometime.”

Chapter 2: Kid ‘N’ Hollywood

“Child, don’t follow me home, you’re just too perfect for my hands to hold...”

Mary Lou and I managed to walk around every corner of the studio, talking about this and that. Me stuffing myself with whatever kind of food I can try, and Mary Lou inquiring about the adventure I had so far. I told her my story of being laid off from a company in Brooklyn and wandering to Brentwood and then getting caught in Shirley’s attempted kidnapping/rape. She was wide-eyed all the time, and looked at me as if I’m a prince charming in a fairy tale. I gotta admit, I like the way she sees me right now, and I intend to keep it that way.

“You’re so amazing, Mr. Gray!”

“Please, just call me Jonathan.” If there’s anything that gets me more than a cute little girl, then it’s a cute little girl that also feeds my ego. “Think Shirley’s done with Klammy now?”

“I think so,” She suddenly looked down and held my hand(Have I really been this lucky with children?) , “Can’t you stay with me a little longer for today?”

Well that’s just great, let’s face it, I’m in love with Shirley but the disadvantage of being a child lover by nature is the high chance of falling for other little girls as well; especially when they seem interested in you too.

So here's my dilemma: Go to Shirley, who I've most likely already screwed; or go to Mary Lou, who doesn't have anyone to hang out with right now and seems to be head over heels for me (yeah I can tell, I'm that good). The star, or her shadow?

Surely there's a good way for me to settle this. Come on, Jonathan, you're a genius - so think.

That's it! Occam's razor! A scientific principle that pretty much says that the simplest option is the best. And in this case, out of the two options I pointed out, the simplest one is the third.

Third option: hangout with both of them at once.

"I would love to stay with you, sweetheart, but I also need to talk to Shirley right now..." She looked devastated, she tried to hide her disappointment, but nothing gets past me (most of the time). "... but you can always go and stay with us for the meantime."

And that was all it took. Her adorable smile came back and she nodded, held my hand, and we went off to Shirley's trailer. Things were smooth afterwards. We found Shirley as she was leaving her trailer and she ran up to us, equipped with a nice smile and a shit load of energy.

"Johnny! And Mary Lou too!"

She hugged me before I even got the chance to say hi. I was with her the whole time during the shoots and she still acted like we haven't seen each other in a day. I rubbed her back with my free hand while the other one was in the grip of Mary Lou's. Mary was smiling but I get the feeling that deep down she'd rather have just me, instead of having Shirley around.

We went in her trailer to loiter around, break time's still for an hour and we have time to talk. I wanted to straighten things up regarding what happened last night, but I had to wait for Shirley to finish talking about the things she learned from Klammy today. Geography, or something like that, was today's lesson and she was pressured to do better than Mergotroid- an imaginary classmate created by the tutor. All the while I can feel Mary snuggling closer and closer to me. I'm in heaven and in hell at the same time, how often will this have to happen to me? Time travelling is one thing, but having two beautiful little girls this close to you is an even better miracle.

By the time Shirley finished Mary was already like a boa constrictor finishing up its prey. Shirley noticed and managed to untangle me while wearing pouty lips. Afterwards she gave Mary Lou a stern lecturing with her hands on her waist regarding who owns me. Yeah you heard it, apparently I have two nymphets arguing over me now. I understand that Shirley appreciates the fact that I pretty much saved her the other day, but it's starting to feel like she's about to get obsessed over me (and that's a good thing). Stranger thing is, Mary Lou only met me a while ago, and we haven't even known each other for more than 30 minutes, and yet she's getting all clingy like an orphan who has nowhere to go. I must admit I like where this is going. Who knows, I might actually get to be in a threesome with a child star and her stand-in. It's an unlikely-slash-almost impossible dream, but what the heck.

"Mary Lou, you're my friend, but you leave my boyfriend alone!"

"Huh? Boyfriend?" Mary Lou was surprised, but I was shocked to the point of a heart attack.

What the hell happened last night?

Chapter 3: When It Rains...

"I just want to take your innocence..."

"Boyfriend? Really?" I closed Shirley's bedroom door and made sure no one was listening. Break time was over before me, Shirley, or Mary Lou managed to clarify anything a while ago. I had to wait till we got back home, and now that we're back in Shirley's bedroom, where it all began (sort of), I'm going to leave no stone unturned.

"Yeah, after we kissed, you asked me if you could be my boyfriend. And I said yes."

"Do you even know what that means?"

"Just a tad, I'm always in movies where I help people get in or back in love. Of course I know, even a little."

"So..." I didn't expect to drag it out, but even though I couldn't wait to know what happened last night, I was also nervous to accept the consequences of my actions. "... what else did we do?"

"We kissed again, a lot actually." She looked at me like an imp teasing around. All I could do was smile, and strangely hope that she thought I was a good kisser. "I've never tried French kissing before, so thank you for teaching me."

"Haha, right, no problem. Didn't you say that I showed you about *it*?"

"*it*?"

"Yeah...?"

"Oh! You mean sex?!"

I nearly fainted, but I wasn't allowed to faint because seconds after that deadly statement there was a knock on the door. It was Shirley's mom saying that Mary Lou and her mom came to visit.

Great. Looks like some of the mystery's been solved, but the rest will have to wait. Shirley didn't even seem to notice about my uneasiness regarding the fact that I may have showed her how sex goes. She just got up from her carpet and ran straight for the front door. I started to follow up, but I felt something vibrating in my pocket.

My phone! I excused myself to the bathroom all the while wondering how my phone could be vibrating. I had no alarms, all notification settings are switched off, and no one could possibly be calling me in a timeline where there weren't such things as signals.

I fumbled with my phone in the bathroom. Creepily enough someone was calling. The number didn't register, but my curiosity took over and I answered it.

"Hello?"

"Jonathan? It's Martin." In case anyone forgot, Martin was my best friend that gave me a trial version of his time machine. I guess I shouldn't be surprised that he's also capable of inventing a cellphone that can call anywhere and anytime.

"Oh hey, Martin! It works. You're Vortex Manipulator- I mean, time machine wristwatch, works!"

"My what?"

"Don't you watch Doctor Who?" I watched the said TV show all the time, which was actually a good idea, considering it deals with the ups and downs of being a time/space traveller. I decided to buy myself a good long sleeve and a trench coat to look like The Doctor. Or maybe a bowtie would also be nice.

"Hey! Are you spacing out again? I'm talking to you, and this communicator has its limit."

"Alright, what is it?"

"I've been checking out the web for anything in history that feels changed."

"You mean you're trying to look for effects of my time travel?"

"Yeah, and there's not much, honestly I expected you to stop the Titanic from sinking or something."

"Right, isn't that good?"

"Yes and No, after all I need evidence that you survived the trip."

"You mean I could have died?" I tried my best not to shout since it wouldn't be so awesome to be seen with a cellphone in 1936, talking to someone in 2013.

"Anyway, I tried to figure out where you would go, so I checked your flat." I can't believe that guy managed to ransack my apartment. "Those Shirley Temple collectibles in your condo plus the autobiography lying on your sofa was a dead give-away."

"You better have kept your hands to yourself, those things are rare!" That wasn't a shout that was an angry whisper. After all, it was hard to hunt down her old dolls and some framed pictures and paintings of her. Now would be a good time to note that I may be obsessed.

"Chillax, I know you well enough to stay away from your stuff."

"Good, now what?"

"Well, I checked everything about Shirley Temple to see what happens because of you and..." I must admit the suspense is killing me, but things already started to get messed up just by my existence. "Shirley wasn't as much of a legend as we remember now."

"What?" As if I haven't had enough shock for one day, I'm prepping for another one. "What happened?"

"Apparently, you did." If he could see me right now, he'd probably note my wide open mouth and pale complexion. The last thing I want to do to the one I love is ruin her life. "An article noted that she was involved in some sort of scandal when she was a kid."

"You really think that's my fault?" After what possibly happened last night, I just wanted to believe it wasn't gonna be my fault.

"Yeah. Definitely."

"What? Explain, man, come on." I'm the kind of guy who doesn't like being worried, but boy was I worried right now.

“I’m sure...” The pause in his voice was anything but calming. It was ominous, to be honest.

“How can you be sure?”

“Because there’s a picture of you in the article.” My knees buckled and I sat at the edge of the bathtub. “You got arrested for acts of lasciviousness towards a minor. Towards the child actress Shirley Temple to be exact.”

Chapter 4: Good Girls Go Bad

“Put on your war paint...”

This can be good news; I know what’s going to happen so I can strategize for it. I’m sure I can make tactical actions and plans to prevent the untimely demise of me and Shirley. I said goodbye and thanks to Martin, went down to the living room to acquaint myself with our guests.

Mary Lou and Shirley were talking at one corner, while the two mothers did whatever mothers do. I wanted to sit next to the beautiful cherubs who were pretty much fighting over me a while ago, but I always feel out of place when I try to squeeze in the conversation of two youngsters. I noticed Griff standing silently-if not vigilantly, in one corner and however much I am uncomfortable near him, I decided to hang out with him just for kicks. I stood next to him, and tried my best ice breaker.

“Hey.”

“What do you want? I’m working.”

“Just thought we could, I don’t know, hang out.”

“Over my dead body.” He didn’t even glance my way, we talked like two undercover agents that act like we don’t know each other. “I don’t trust you, and I never will. You’re dangerous to Shirley, and you should leave her alone.”

“How can I do that, when she’s the one coming to me?” I grinned at him and we would’ve had a staring contest, but Shirley and Mary Lou took each of my hands and pulled me away. “I’ll see you later Griff.”

I found myself back again in Shirley's room, except Mary Lou was in here too. Shirley closed the door and went to us, arms akimbo. She looked at me, and then at Mary Lou. Afterwards, just like a teacher starting her lesson, Shirley started hers.

"Johnny, you probably thought you were dreaming, but we did a lot of things last night, and one of those is we became a couple." I almost cringed at the new nickname, but I was too busy figuring out how I managed to make this kid my girlfriend (maybe I'm just that good). "That means, Mary Lou, you can't be all sweet and cuddly with him like you were earlier."

"Aww, can't we both be his girlfriend?" Mary Lou tried to hug me, but Shirley intercepted along with a wag of her fingers and a 'tsk,tsk' expression. "I really like him, and I like him more than you do Shirley."

"Woah,woah,woah-" I managed to break the conversation up for a while, along with the girls, and had time to catch my breath. "-woah. Don't you think I should have a say in it?"

"But you already said so last night, after all we almost had se-" I managed to cover Shirley's mouth before she could finish those magic words, although she lost me at 'almost'. I looked at her sincerely to see if she can tone down her voice, and she looked back like she understood. I uncovered her angelic mouth, the one I just kissed last night. "Sorry."

"Jonathan, Shirley already told me all about it," Mary Lou and Shirley looked at one another and nodded. "And we promised to keep it a secret-"

"Good, 'cause if people know, I'll get arrested or worse-" I tried to talk while Mary Lou did, but didn't notice that she still had something to say.

"-we'll keep it a secret, but I want you to show me what you showed Shirley."

"Ah."

For the first time in my awesome life as Jonathan Gray, ladies and gentlemen, I am dumbfounded. Perhaps the human brain can only process information to a certain limit, and it wasn't the complications of time travel that caused my brain to overheat, it was the fact that I just tried to have sex with an 8yr old starlet, and now I've got a 9yr old stand-in asking me to do the same to her. If I was a computer, I would've crashed, never to be repaired again, past its warranty and completely obsolete. To save my brain from further damage, I decided to keep it simple. Stop thinking and just go, right? *Carpe Diem* as they say.

"Alright, let's go." The two girls started jumping and giggling like a bunch of schoolgirls who saw their crush.

I made sure there was no one outside to hear the two girls in case they moan too loud, brother Jack was busy hanging around the neighbourhood, Griff was downstairs with his wife(they both live with the Temples) , and the moms are busy being women. I went back inside, shut and locked the door, and turned around to see two naked cherubs fidgeting around the bed- probably wondering what the hell they should do next.

“I’m going to get into a threesome aren’t I?” I smiled and threw every last bit of care away.

“What’s that?”

“Yeah what’s that?” The two girls almost synchronizing asked at the same time.

“It’s when three people...never mind, let’s just enjoy this shall we?”

Shirley told Mary Lou to lie on the bed with her, and they both (instinctively?) spread their legs. Having two kinds of pussy to look at is probably harder than watching a 3d movie without 3d glasses. I can’t stare at one girl’s pussy; otherwise I fear the other one will get jealous. As much as I hate to compare, I can’t help it. Shirley’s mound is a little puffier ,while Mary Lou’s was a little slim(?) with her clit a little more protruding as to Shirley’s being shy and pretty much hidden. Their breasts are exactly what one would expect from preteens, somewhat flat yet obviously developing, with pink kissable nipples on them.

I decided going straight for cunnilingus would be unwise, because that would mean that someone has to go first, and the last thing that I want is to spark aggression in a child during sex. I used my hands instead, since there’s two of them which would be equal to the number of vaginas waiting to pleasured.

I proceeded to massage their *lips* (get it?) and worked on arousing and getting them wet first. I still can’t believe I managed to get Shirley to let me do this to her last night. I just listened to their adorable responses like ‘It tickles’, or ‘That wasn’t so hard’, although I was quite appalled to hear ‘When does it go in?’, which probably came from Shirley. I continued massaging every part of their pudenda and focusing a little longer on that cleft in between(I never knew what it was properly called, labia I think) , when they felt wet enough I tried to slowly open their lips and ease my index finger inside. Did I mention I was ambidextrous? Well I am, and I’m very thankful for that right now.

“How you guys doing back there?” I looked up at them since I noticed their breathing speeding up.

“Shut up and keep going!”

“You’re really good at this, Johnny!”

I chuckled at Mary Lou’s impatience, but it would take a while ‘fore I get used to Shirley’s newfound nickname of mine.

An eternity and a minute later, I was sliding my finger in and out of their wet holes, plus Shirley asked me for a 'pussy kiss' since I'm apparently her boyfriend. Mary Lou was envious, but she conceded after Shirley said that she would do it to Mary Lou later (imagine the heart attack I had after hearing that).

"Wow, sex is great." Mary Lou was exhausted and panting like a dog, I seemed to have made both of them orgasm. The two kingdoms of heaven I was fondling a while ago, and I managed to make both kingdoms come (okay that was a bad pun). Not bad for a virgin child lover, eh?

"That wasn't sex, sweetheart."

"That's not sex, Mary Lou."

Even though surprised by Shirley's mature knowledge, I reminded myself that I already taught her these things last night. I explained to Mary Lou what I just did, and what sex really is. She looked very ambivalent when she realised that it would mean having my thing inside her, but cheered up a bit when Shirley said we haven't tried it yet and just tried rubbing our things together or something. That last bit caught my attention, but I decided to let it go, point is- I did it. Hooray for me. I was prepared to accept the fact that the me from last night was possessed by a demon, or perhaps it was because I just stopped thinking and went through pure carnal instinct. What I wasn't prepared for, but looking forward to, was Mary Lou's next statement.

"We should try it, then. Sex, I mean."

Chapter 5: Don't Tell Me You Didn't See This Coming

"Oh how the mighty fall, how the mighty fall in love..."

"What?"

"What?"

For the first time, Shirley and I said something-the same thing, in unison. We were both shocked and unprepared for those words. Seems to me that no matter how precocious Shirley was, she wasn't ready to have a penis in her vagina. Mary Lou was perhaps braver, or maybe she's just trying to beat Shirley in this game.

I must warn you, dear readers (if there's any of you out there), that things are about to get crazier than they already are. Steel your minds, throw away your beliefs, and fuck up your morals for what's about to happen.

"I—" I stuttered, for as long as I can remember I never stuttered. My self-esteem-slash-narcissism always helped me talk for as long as I want and bend the facts through loopholes to suit my side of an argument. But here I am, struggling to speak to a 9yr old girl. The real question is: should I really take this opportunity to make love to a child? "-I don't think that's a good idea right now."

"What?" Shirley and Mary Lou were really in sync this time.

"I want our first times to be really worth it, and sweet." I finally got my tongue back from the cat again. It's probably because I finally realized that what I want from these kids was never sex, but love. And even if we never did what we just did, I already felt loved just being with them. And that's good enough. "Sex should be memorable, and fun, and the kind that we can look back to when get older, and we can be proud of ourselves for doing that."

They just looked at me, but for a bunch of crazy kids, these two were actually listening.

"Never have sex because you want to know what it's like." I held them both close, cuddled them, and kissed their foreheads. "Do it when your heart tells you so."

Shirley kissed me on the lips, the simple kind; the kind that ends with a smooch instead of the tongue kind. I honestly preferred it, and when I looked at her she was smiling, like she realized that I'm not as bad as I told her after all. Yes, I remember more of it now. I told Shirley that I time travelled from the future to the past so I could be with her, but I also told her the kind of man I am. I told her that no matter how I sugar-coat that I'm a child lover I know, deep inside, I'm just another pedophile that enjoys the sight of a naked child. I told her the kind of things I would like to do to her (the things I already did), and if she was okay with it then great, but I also told her to fear me, because I'm just a time bomb waiting to explode. Yes, those were the exact words I told her. 'I'm just a time bomb waiting to explode'

"You're not a time bomb." Shirley looked at me with her angel eyes, and it felt like she could see through my very soul. "You are and always will be... my hero."

I tried to kiss her again but there was a loud crash and we all looked at where it came from. The door fell down. And knowing that I was cuddling two naked girl-children my instincts kicked in and I was in a fight-or-flight mentality. If I couldn't go win with words, then I would go down swinging.

The door didn't fall down. The things that happened next were like slow-motion sequences in a movie.

Griff standing by the doorway, gun aimed at me.

Shirley screaming at Griff to stop. Please stop. Please put the gun down.

Griff talking to someone. It was me, he was talking to me. Something like 'I knew it', or 'I was right'.

Shirley still screaming, trying to stop Griff, Mary Lou doing the same.

Everything went black. Did he shoot me? No he didn't shoot me.

Griff knocked me out with the butt of his gun. I woke up in handcuffs, policemen around me.

Shirley and Mary Lou covered by the kind of blanket they give to hostage survivors, crying. Crying for me. No one listens to them.

I looked at them, told them everything's gonna be all right. The two moms try to compose themselves, looking at me like I'm a disgusting abomination. One of them (I don't remember who) was saying 'Don't you dare speak to them' or something similar.

But I kept telling those two kids, everything's gonna be all right.

Everything's gonna be all right.

But I've always been such a liar.