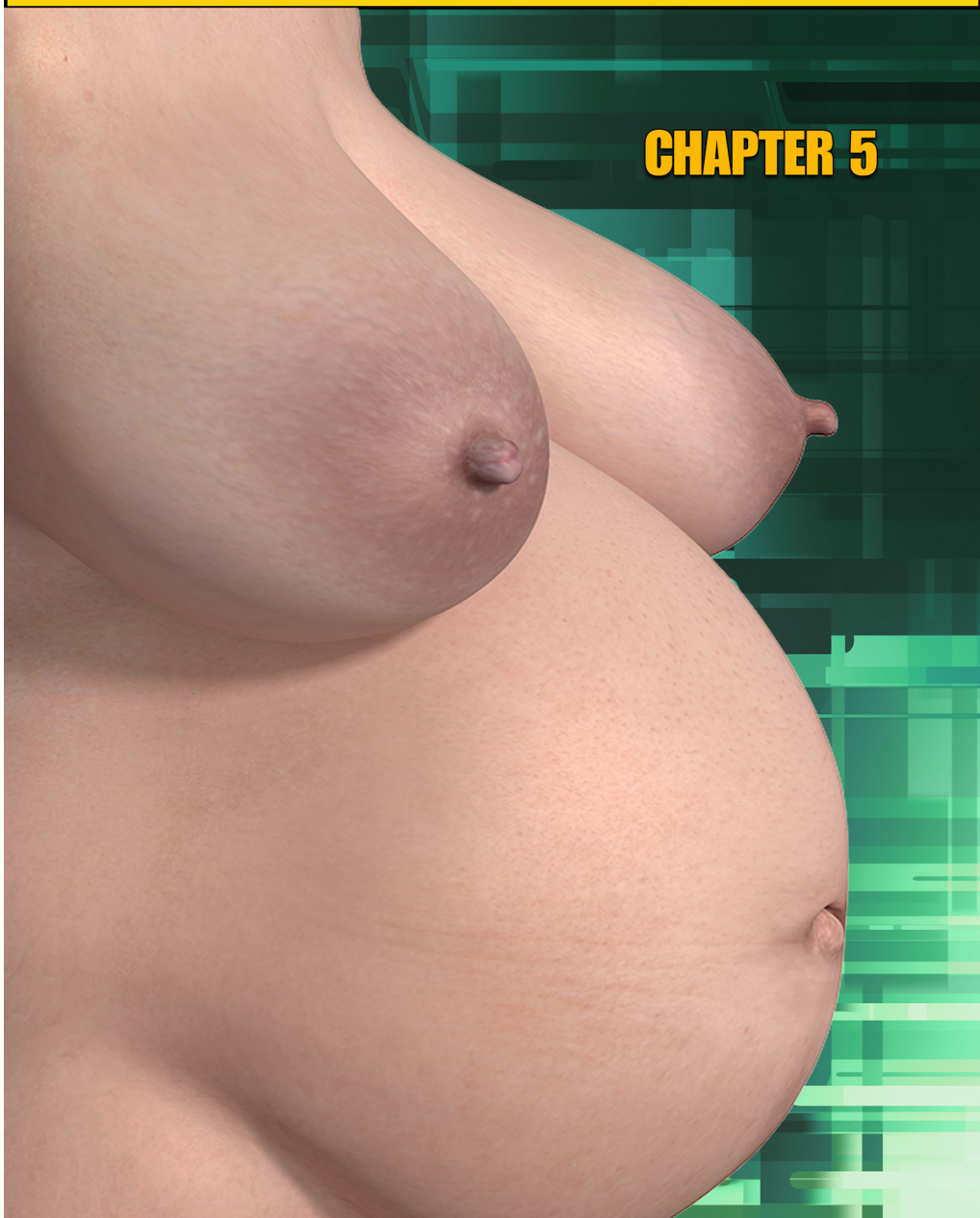


NEIGHBORS

AN AMANDA WRIGHTER EBOOK SERIAL

CHAPTER 5



NEIGHBORS

A STORY OF SECRECY AND SPYING

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 5

"Katy? Katy, can you hear me?" I heard a voice calling me from far away.

"Shit...what do I do? Shit, shit, shit!"

I felt someone shaking my shoulder, and then the frantic voice calling me again.

I mumbled something, not really sure if I was actually talking, but apparently whoever was shaking me heard what I said.

"Oh, Katy! Thank God! Wake up!"

I recognized Cara's voice then, and I tried to open my eyes. What was wrong with me? Was I drunk again? It felt like it...

"Katy, come on! Open your eyes! Please!"

My eyes opened slowly, and Cara was hovering over me. I saw relief on her face as I blinked at her.

"Cara?" I asked.

"Yes, Katy...I'm right here. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I guess so," I said groggily. She took my hands and pulled me up...where was I? I looked down and realized I was on the couch.

Every minute I became more alert, and after a few minutes I was fully recovered...well, almost. I still wasn't sure how I'd gotten on the couch.

"What happened?" Cara asked, bewildered.

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

"You just...I don't know...blacked out or passed out or something! You just said you were pregnant and then the next thing I know, you were slumped over on the couch," Cara explained hurriedly.

Reality hit me then, and I remembered everything clearly. The visit to the clinic, Dr. Winston giving me the news, the drive home...thinking about what I was going to say to Stephen. I still hadn't figured that one out yet. Hell, I didn't even really believe it myself.

"Are you sure?" Cara asked me.

"About what?"

“Are you sure you’re pregnant?” she clarified.

“That’s what the doctor said...they ran my blood work,” I informed her.

“What were they running your blood work for?” Cara asked.

I didn’t really want to tell her what had happened that night that we went out and got drunk, but apparently I was going to have to share. Otherwise, my explanation would make no sense.

“Shit, Cara.” I said, aggravated at myself. “When we picked those guys up at Angie’s house...you ended up passing out on Nat, remember?” I asked. She nodded, so I went on.

“Well, he was upset about that, and he sort of...well, made a move on me and I didn’t stop him. And then, I...oh fuck, this is going to sound bad...I had sex with both of them...at the same time. And, they didn’t...use protection.” I stared at Cara, and her mouth was hanging open.

“I don’t know what I was thinking!” I exclaimed as I stood up. “That’s why Stephen was so mad at me, Cara. It wasn’t bad enough that I cheated on him...no, I had to go and sleep with TWO guys, and not use any sort of protection at all. He wanted me to get tested...just in case I’d gotten something from one of them. So, I did last week. I had no idea that THIS,” I exclaimed, pointing at my stomach, “would be what came back on the results.”

Cara didn’t say anything...I figured she was probably too shocked to speak at the moment. I was still trying to work out a plan in my head for the next time I saw Stephen. I still had no idea what to say to him.

“This is going to crush him,” I murmured to myself.

“Maybe...we should go get some urine tests, just to be sure,” Cara said slowly.

“You think?” I asked, unsure.

“Yes. Better to be sure before you tell Stephen anything,” she assured me. I nodded my head and then we were racing out the door.

Luckily there was a pharmacy just a few miles away, so we grabbed a few tests, checked out, and raced back home.

I'd gotten some water at the pharmacy and started drinking it so I'd have to pee soon. I waited impatiently as the water worked its way through my system.

Finally, I had to go pee. Cara suggested that I go in a cup so we could use it for all of the tests. I would have never thought of that. I peed in the cup, trying not to make a mess, and we swiftly unwrapped all of the tests we bought – there were six in all. We dipped each test into my pee, and then we arranged them on the sink. I went to sit on her bed, with fingers crossed that maybe they'd just got my blood mixed up with someone else's. Suddenly, I wasn't so sure which was worse...being pregnant or having an STD.

Cara sat beside me on the bed, holding my hand. We had only thirty minutes before class started, so Cara was going to have to leave soon. I'd already decided to skip class if the tests came back positive. It would not be useful to go anywhere today if I was really and truly pregnant. We waited five minutes before we went in to check...just to be sure. I was too chicken to do it myself, so I sent Cara in instead. She valiantly strolled into the bathroom and began checking the results. It took her a while to read the boxes and interpret the results. Finally, she came out of the bathroom and looked at me.

"I'm so sorry, Katy," she whispered, and I knew that my blood hadn't gotten mixed up with anyone else's after all.

She hugged me and let me cry for a while, but I knew she needed to go. I practically forced her out the door because she didn't want to leave, but I assured her that I would be okay. Besides, I needed to prepare for when I saw Stephen again.

When Cara was gone, I checked the clock. It was not even one yet, and Stephen would be in school for another couple of hours. I tried to keep myself occupied, but it was hard. I decided to go back to the pharmacy and get my prescription filled, just to have something to do. When I got back to Cara's apartment, I called and scheduled an appointment with Dr. Brownley. They told me they had a cancellation on Wednesday morning, if I could make it. I took the appointment, knowing I'd have to tell Ms. Simon

something to get out of work. I saved that mental torture for later. I forced myself to eat something and take the disgusting smelling iron pill, even though I wasn't hungry in the slightest.

When I finally permitted myself to look at the clock again, I was happy to see that it was almost three. Stephen should be out of school by now, so I raced to my phone and dialed his number. I tried to breathe slowly, not wanting to sound strange on the phone.

He answered on the second ring. "Hey! I was just about to call you," he said, excited that I'd called.

"Were you?" I asked stupidly. It's the only thing that came to mind.

"I figured you would be between classes right now, and I was hoping I'd catch you. How are you today? Feeling better?"

"Um, yes...and no, I guess. I skipped class today, and Ms. Simon wouldn't let me go to work in case I was still sick," I informed him.

"Oh, I thought you'd be better today. I was hoping to see you." He sounded disappointed.

"That's why I called you. The doctor says I should be fine now, so I was hoping you could come over."

"Right now?" he asked.

"Yes...if you aren't busy. I'm at Cara's."

"I'll be there in five minutes," he assured me. He hung up the phone sounding delighted. If he only knew how badly I was about to destroy his world, he wouldn't be so jovial.

I paced around the living room, waiting on Stephen. I was so nervous I felt like I was going to pass out again. I tried to get a grip on myself.

I heard a knock on the door, and then Stephen let himself in.

"KK?" he asked.

"In here," I called. He came into the living room and spotted me on the sofa, where I'd just collapsed. I was too nervous to stand.

"Hey!" he said, hugging me. He got down on his knees in front of me, but I couldn't look at him.

"You don't look too good," he said, frowning. "Are you sure you're better? Maybe you should go back to the doctor," he suggested.

"I'm fine, Stephen."

"If you say so," he said, sitting beside me on the couch. I leaned against him, but didn't do so enthusiastically. That didn't escape his attention.

"Um, Katya...is everything okay? You're not acting...normal. Are you sure you're not still sick?" he asked again.

"I'm not sick anymore," I promised.

"Then what's wrong?"

He wasn't going to give up without an answer. I was trying to find some way to tell him. I knew it would be best to just blurt it out and get it over with, but I wasn't sure if that was the best way.

"Um...well," I started, but I couldn't finish. I just hugged him tighter.

He misunderstood my hesitation. He thought that I wanted him, but didn't want to ask. He tried to pull me on top of him, like always, but I didn't go willingly. He thought I was playing with him, so he pushed me down on the couch, climbing on top of me. For the first time ever, I didn't want to be with Stephen in that way. I just couldn't make myself.

Stephen attacked me playfully, trying to rip my shirt off, and I just let him. He hadn't caught up with my mood yet. He was, of course, already hard as he pulled his dick out of his pants.

Stephen wrestled with my pants, finally managing to get them off. But, before he could penetrate me, I stopped him. He looked down, confused.

"You want on top?" he asked, already breathing hard. He was completely riled up.

"No," I whispered.

He sat back on the couch, letting me sit up. I couldn't keep it in any longer...it was about to drive me insane, but I just couldn't do it. I couldn't break Stephen that way.

I grabbed my clothes and ran to Cara's bathroom, locking myself inside. I quickly got dressed and tried to contain the

tears. I hadn't bothered to throw away the pregnancy tests from earlier, so I debated if I should just let him in the bathroom. Stephen was a smart boy...he would figure it out. But, I also didn't want to break it to him that way. It seemed kind of mean.

"Katya?" Stephen called, knocking on the door after realizing I'd locked myself inside. "What's wrong?" he asked, sounding frightened.

I gathered the tests up and threw them into the plastic shopping bag before tossing them in the garbage. I was going to have to stop being such a wimp. Stephen was going to be the easiest person to tell...

I splashed my face with cold water, took a deep breath, and then unlocked the door. Stephen had gotten dressed and was waiting in the bedroom for me. I ignored his stare and went to the bed. He came to sit beside me, not speaking a word. He knew something was wrong, but he wasn't going to push me.

"I know something is wrong, KK. You've never turned down sex before," he chuckled, trying to get me to laugh.

I didn't smile, and he sighed. "Are you...trying to break up with me?" he asked.

"No!" I yelled, shocked that he was even thinking something so stupid.

"Well, then what is it? Did you find a new boyfriend at school already?"

"Stephen, please," I grumbled.

"Are you going to tell me what's wrong? It's really starting to worry me."

Fuck...this was going to be hard. I just blurted it out, even though it wasn't exactly the right bit of information to tell him.

"I had some blood work done at the campus clinic," I exploded.

I felt Stephen's arm slide off of me. He grabbed me by the shoulders, turning me towards him. I thought he was going to be mad, but I should have known better.

"Are you okay?" he asked, worried.

"Well...not really."

"Oh, fuck," he said, standing up. "Just tell me...tell me

what it is. Whatever it is, we'll deal with it," he promised.

I didn't immediately answer, and he got frustrated.

"Dammit, Katya! Tell me what the fuck you have!" he screamed at me.

I was hurt by his words so I shouted the truth at him. Not exactly the best way to tell him, but that's how it happened.

"Stephen, I don't have anything, you asshole! I'm fucking PREGNANT!"

I pushed him off of me and ran to the bathroom again. I figured I would be able to get the door shut and locked before he was able to move, but he was fast. He caught the door before I could swing it shut.

"Don't lie to me," he said.

"I'm not lying to you. It's the truth," I said. I grabbed the plastic shopping bag out of the trash and threw it at him. He caught it reflexively. He opened the bag and pulled the tests out, staring at them.

"Is it...mine?" he asked. I barely heard him because he was talking so softly.

"Yes," I replied. Then, I started crying again. "I'm so sorry Stephen. I never meant for this to happen." I tried to bury my face in his chest, but he pushed me away. I hadn't expected that.

He backed out of the bathroom.

"Stephen?" I called to him, but he ignored me.

I ran after him, but he acted as if I wasn't even there. I thought he was going to leave, but he went to the couch instead.

I got down on the floor in front of him, on my knees, and literally begged for forgiveness. I clasped my hands together and put my head in his lap.

"Please, Stephen. Please forgive me." He didn't answer, so I tried to think of some way to make it better.

"I can...take care of it, if you want me to. I just don't want to lose you."

"Take care of it?" he asked. It almost sounded as if he was angry.

"You know what I mean. I'm not going to ruin your life and make you hate me." I stood up and paced again. I didn't

want to even think about what I was offering to do for him, but I didn't see another way at the moment. I was going to be letting everyone down if I went ahead with this pregnancy. I didn't see any other choice. It made me sick to my stomach, though.

"Just forget I ever told you. I'm sorry I put you through that. I wish I would have thought of...the other option...before I told you, so you wouldn't have to suffer with me. I'll make it right, I promise."

Stephen jumped up off of the couch and snatched me mid-stride. He shook me, hard, and had the most violent expression on his face.

"Stephen, stop it!" I yelled at him. He recovered himself, and loosened his grip, but didn't release me. He looked down at the floor for a second, seeming to deliberate about something.

He let me go, and I staggered backwards. I wasn't sure what he was so livid about. He'd barely said two words to me, but he only seemed to be getting angrier by the second.

"Don't ever say anything like that to me...ever again," he fumed at me.

"I don't understand," I admitted.

His face straightened out and he dropped to his knees in front of me. I thought he was passing out...he scared the shit out of me.

He put his hands around me and pulled me closer to him. He pushed my shirt up and kissed my stomach. My jaw dropped to the floor. Then, he did something completely unexpected.

"Marry me, Katya," he said confidently, looking up at me. I stared at him stupidly. My jaw was still on the floor. I didn't know what to say or do.

Before I could respond, the front door flung open, and Cara came dashing in, calling my name. She screeched to a halt when she saw me and Stephen in the living room. I could imagine what it must have looked like to her...Stephen on his knees in front of me, my shirt up and stomach hanging out, me with tears streaking down my face and eyes about to pop out of my head.

“Sorry, Katy...I just wanted...to check on you,” she said, clearly embarrassed. I tried to answer her, but I couldn’t work my mouth.

“It’s okay, Cara. You’re fine,” Stephen said serenely. “You came at just the right time, actually. Katya was about to say something, weren’t you?” he asked, looking at me.

I nodded my head at him, and he waited. I looked at Cara, and she was clearly confused. I looked down at Stephen, and he was smiling at me. How could I resist him? I knew that it was insane for me to agree to it, but I did anyway.

“Yes,” I said to him, trying to put some authority in my voice.

Stephen hugged me again, careful not to squeeze my stomach too tightly.

“Okay, then,” he said, laughing as he got to his feet.

“Katy?” Cara whispered, still not understanding.

“It seems that...I’m getting married,” I explained, knowing how silly it sounded.

I watched as Cara’s eyes bugged out of her head. She looked at Stephen, and then back to me.

“Okay, then,” she nodded, repeating Stephen’s words.

That night, Stephen stayed with me, not wanting to go home. He called his mom and fibbed a little...telling her I still wasn’t feeling well and needed his help. She agreed as long as he promised to go to school tomorrow. He promised her, but he had no intentions of going anywhere.

“Well, first things first...we’ll need to break the news to our parents tomorrow,” Stephen suggested that night after we’d piled up in Cara’s bed. She was crashing on the couch for the night at her insistence.

“Which news? That I’m knocked up, or that we’re getting married?” I asked, teasing.

“Both, I guess,” he replied seriously.

“Stephen...I don’t know if it’s such a good idea to tell them yet,” I disagreed.

“Why not?”

“Well...wouldn’t it make more sense to wait until I at least

see the doctor first? Just to make sure?"

"I guess we could wait, since your appointment is on Wednesday. It'll be our little secret," he said.

I felt better already. I needed more than just a few hours to assemble my thoughts. There was no way I could face my parents tomorrow and tell them I was pregnant.

At least I got a whole day with Stephen if nothing else...he was skipping school, as was I, and I'd already called Ms. Simon, feigning sickness to get out of work. I was going to tentatively move back in tomorrow, unless things went south with his parents after we spilled the beans.

Stephen had pretty much not moved his hand from my stomach since I'd told him. I wasn't expecting him to react so positively to the situation. When I'd asked him about it, he had no response...he just kept saying he was happy. I was wondering if it would eventually sink in and he'd run screaming.

I should have expected his reaction when I tried to crawl on top of him when I realized how horny I was. He pushed me back on the bed, and shook his head.

"No way...not doing that," he said firmly.

I was pissed now. "Why not?" I demanded to know.

"Because I don't want to hurt you," he said, as if it was an obvious fact.

"That's stupid...you fucked my brains out just a couple of days ago...multiple times."

"Yeah, well, I wouldn't have if I'd known."

"That's ridiculous! Do you expect me to go the next...however many months without sex?"

"No, but you can at least wait for a couple of days."

I crossed my arms over my chest and grumbled, but he didn't change his mind that night.

We eventually went to sleep, and the next morning we got up early to head to his house. We waited just long enough to make sure that all of our parents were gone to work, so we wouldn't get caught.

The first thing I did was go upstairs and change into my own clothes...it was nice to have a top that wasn't squeezing me to death. I tried again, without success, to tempt Stephen

into sex, but he wasn't budging. We spent most of the day trying to figure out a plan for the immediate future, and Stephen was doing his best to convince me to hold off on school for now. It was tempting, but I wasn't sure what I was going to do if I didn't go to school...not to mention I'd have to give up my job at the library – they only let campus students work there.

Stephen didn't seem to see the problem, but I just couldn't stop every single thing I was doing because I was pregnant. He took the opposite side of the argument, and suggested that I not do anything at all. We weren't able to reach an agreement.

We still had a couple of hours before his parents were due home, and I was also happy to hear that his little shit of a brother had practice after school, so he wouldn't be home until late. Stephen forced me to take the disgusting iron pill again, and I felt tired enough to take a nap. He came upstairs with me, not letting me out of his sight for a second.

When I piled up in his bed, he slung his arm around me and pulled me close. He put his hand on my stomach, but I had other things in mind all at once. I put my hand over his and left it there for a moment. After a minute or two, I slid his hand down into my pants. He didn't resist at first, so I went quickly. I pushed his fingers down my panties, and straight into my dripping wet pussy.

"Katya..." he said, sounding annoyed.

I pretended like I hadn't heard him. I mashed my hand on his and pushed it around, forcing him to rub me. He was reluctant for a minute, but he eventually gave in and started rubbing me himself. I let go of his hand and then reached behind my back to grab his cock through his pants. I almost laughed when I grabbed an already-erect penis. He was too easy...

I didn't bother trying to be quiet since we were home alone. I moaned loudly and said his name over and over as he assaulted my clit. He was grinding his dick up against my back, and I knew it wouldn't be long before he flipped me over and climbed on me.

He thrust his fingers in and out of my wet hole, making me

breathe hard and moan even louder. Finally, I'd had enough of being patient.

"Fuck me, Stephen...I need it!" I ordered.

"No way," he replied.

I twisted around and looked at him in disbelief. Surely he was joking.

"Stephen," I snapped at him.

He laughed and pushed me back down on the bed, ripping my pants off at the same time.

He gave in, but I could tell that he was trying to be gentle. He was so very paranoid. He slid his dick into me, going slower than usual.

"Stephen, would you please just fuck me already?" I grumbled.

"Shut up...you're lucky you're getting any at all...so quit complaining," he retorted, but I noticed he was going a little faster.

He pulled my legs up as he pounded me, and I wrapped them around his waist. I grabbed his hands and made him grope my tits. I knew that would get him going, and I was right. He groaned and leaned down, wrapping his arms around my neck as he continued to fuck me.

He stuffed my nipples in his mouth, sucking on them softly. I gripped his hair in one hand and used my other hand to rake my nails down his back. He shuddered from my touch.

"Oh, shit Stephen...it feels so good," I whispered in his ear. I was going crazy feeling his enormous dick stuffed up in my tight little hole. The slip and slide of his dick, wet with my juices, pumping in and out of me, his muscular body pressed tightly up against me, his strong arms holding me down, his wet, hot mouth sucking on my nipples...it was almost too much to handle.

Stephen had his head buried in my shoulder, so he didn't see what I did. I mostly had my eyes closed, but every once in a while, when he'd pound it extra hard, I would moan or gasp and my eyes would pop open. During one of these "moments," I just happened to catch a glimpse of the bedroom door. Stephen had left it open just a crack when

he'd followed me in, and out of the corner of my eye, I spotted something disturbing. His brother, Mark, was peeping through the crack, watching us again. I thought he wasn't supposed to be home from school yet...

I casually tried to look towards the door to make sure I really saw him there, and sure enough, he was staring straight at us. I could barely make out a part of his face, since the crack was so small, but it was definitely him. I almost said something to Stephen, but then I stopped myself.

I wasn't sure why, but I was even more turned on...and I didn't want to tell Stephen, because I didn't want Mark to stop watching. So, instead, I pushed Stephen off of me.

"What is it?" he asked immediately.

"I want on top!" I whispered.

I made him lie down on the bed so that his head was towards the door...that way, he couldn't see Mark. I quickly climbed on top of Stephen's hard dick, and slid it into my pussy. If Mark wanted a show, I was going to give him one.

I leaned forward, flopped my tits in Stephen's face and shook them around. He seemed to enjoy that quite a bit as he grabbed hold of them with his hands. I began pumping up and down on his dick, tightening my pussy up every time I would slide down on it...which was apparently driving Stephen crazy.

I figured I would try to be a little vocal while I was at it, so I started moaning loudly – louder than I'd ever dared to get before.

"Oh, Stephen! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! God, I love your big, fat dick! It feels so good!" I practically yelled at him. He was getting off on it, so I was sure that Mark was, too.

I rocked back, straightening up on Stephen so I could grind on his dick. I bounced up and down almost violently, and made sure to make my tits jiggle as much as possible. I reached behind me, leaning back and bracing myself on Stephen's thighs as I continued to grind, and Stephen took the opportunity to reach out and rub on my clit. The vulgar outburst that came out of my mouth wasn't for Mark's benefit...it just really felt that good.

“Oh, fuck! Rub it! Rub it, baby! Oh, shit! Oh shit, I’m about to go!” I moaned.

Stephen kept rubbing in circular motions on my clit, and I felt the liquid gushing out of me before the heat shot through me. I don’t know where all the liquid came from – I’d never had that much come out at once – but it felt amazing. I was grinding on Stephen slowly now, trying to enjoy it as the orgasm shook my body.

When the orgasm subsided, I was exhausted. I was breathing hard and unable to keep going. Stephen carefully pulled me off of him, letting me drop on the bed. He got on his knees over me and began jerking his cock roughly.

“God, you’re beautiful...and I’m about to cum on your tits,” he informed me.

I watched with delight as he jerked off on me, knowing that Mark was taking it all in. Stephen’s back was to the door, but I could still see. From the brief look I permitted myself, I saw that Mark was apparently jerking it, too. I smiled, and Stephen took that as encouragement.

“Oh, shit...KK...oh fuck, here it comes! UNGH!”

Stephen’s goo blasted out of his cock with surprising force. He coated my tits with his cum, and some of it splattered on my face and on my stomach. I wasn’t complaining.

“Damn, that was good,” Stephen complimented me when he had gotten the last drop of cum out.

I couldn’t see Mark in the hallway any more. He must have taken off before he got caught spying again. That wouldn’t have been good for his health.

I turned my attention to Stephen. “I know it was,” I said, replying to his comment.

“Are you okay?” he asked suddenly.

“I’m fine,” I responded. Other than being coated in cum, I felt fantastic...maybe a little tired, but nothing was wrong with me.

“I was just worried...you were kind of pounding it pretty hard. I didn’t want to hurt the baby or anything.” He gently placed his hand on my lower abdomen for a brief moment. Luckily, that was one of the spots that HADN’T gotten

covered in spooge.

I smiled up at him. "I told you, I'm fine. You're too paranoid, baby. Nothing's going to happen."

He leaned down and kissed my belly before he helped me off of the bed. We snuck out to the bathroom, and I was relieved to see that Mark was nowhere in sight. I was glad he'd taken off before he could hear anything about our little "secret."

We cleaned up and then tried to prepare for when his parents came home. I wasn't sure that they were going to just welcome me back with open arms, but Stephen assured me that they weren't angry about what had happened between us the last couple of weeks.

I waited impatiently, trying to ignore the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. To distract myself from the anxiety, I thought about Mark. He had coincidentally appeared home moments after Stephen and I came downstairs – still earlier than expected. Apparently their practice was short today and they got to go home early. Stephen just didn't know *how* early, and I wasn't going to say a word.

I noticed Mark staring at me more than usual, but I ignored him, same as always. Stephen was even more antagonistic towards his brother, but it was nothing compared to what he would do if he knew Mark had spied on us again. I supposed it was just as much our fault as it was Mark's. We really should learn to shut and lock the doors behind us, but I wasn't sure if that would stop Mark or not if he was intent on peeping.

To mess with him, I made sure to wear the tightest shirt I had. I walked around more than necessary, and I put a little bounce in my step, so that my boobs would jiggle. Stephen didn't seem to notice anything off about me, but Mark's eyes looked like they were constantly on the verge of falling out. It was hard not to laugh at his expression...especially when I caught him blatantly ogling me.

Fun time was over when Stephen's father got home. He smiled at me and was polite, so I felt a little bit better. We waited until his mom arrived before we sat down to talk. Luckily they shooed Mark off and made him go to his room.

Stephen turned out to be right. His parents weren't mad – yet – and welcomed me back. They mostly seemed relieved to see Stephen happy again. Stephen even went with me next door so that I could see my parents. I had to fib a little about school when they asked how my first couple of days were, but they seemed to believe my story about still having a virus.

Later that night, Mark was skulking around while Stephen and I were quietly talking in the living room. His parents were having a drink in the back yard, so we were trying to make plans for the next day. Unfortunately, Mark seemed to know we were being secretive about something and he would not leave us alone.

"Don't you have something else to do besides bug us?" Stephen grumbled when Mark came in the living room again, pretending like he was looking for something.

"Last I checked, this wasn't your house, jerkoff. If you don't like it, why don't you take you little girlfriend up to your room?" Mark replied angrily.

Stephen got up and looked as if he were about to go after Mark, but at that moment his mother came in the room.

"Would you two quit fighting already? Sheesh...it's been going on for weeks now!" Stephen's mom griped.

I knew exactly when Mark and Stephen started having trouble, and it mostly revolved around me. Stephen plopped back down on the couch, slinging his arm around me and pulling me closer. He sneered at Mark, who shot him a go-fuck-yourself look before he stormed out of the room.

"Well, I think we're going to call it a night, you two," his mom stated as she stifled a yawn. I heard his dad rummaging around in the kitchen. When I looked at the clock on the wall, I was surprised to see how late it already was. Time flew by when I was with Stephen.

"School in the morning?" she asked Stephen with one eyebrow raised. She thought he'd gone to school today, and was making sure he was going tomorrow, even though I'd already told them that I was still under doctor's orders to stay home.

"School in the morning," he confirmed. She nodded her

head, smiled at both of us, and then slowly climbed the stairs. His dad told us good night on the way up the stairs, and then we were all alone again...unless Mark was hiding in somewhere, listening.

"So, I'll have to get up and get ready in the morning and leave when they do...to make it look good." Stephen explained quietly. "I'll try to stay gone for a little while before I come back...just to be on the safe side."

"Sounds like a plan to me," I said, yawning. I felt bad that Stephen was missing so much school because of me, especially during the first couple of weeks, but I was also relieved that he was going to my doctor's appointment with me. I didn't want to do that alone – especially when I didn't know what to expect.

I was exhausted from the last couple of days, and I ended up falling asleep on the couch. Stephen woke me when he scooped me up in his arms and carried me up the stairs. I passed back out as soon as I hit the bed.

Sometime in the middle of the night, I woke up. I wasn't feeling well, and ended up having to run to the bathroom to throw up. I was half-asleep and trying to keep quiet, but apparently his mother heard me. She came out of their bedroom to check on me, probably thinking it was one of the boys.

"Oh, dear! Are you okay, Katya?" She asked when she saw me slumped on the floor.

"I'm fine Mrs. McKinley." I tried to sound confident.

"Are you sick?" she asked, unsure.

"I think it's still the virus I picked up a few days ago," I explained, hoping I sounded convincing. I didn't think it was the virus at all that was making me sick.

She waited with me until I was sure the nausea was gone, and then she helped me to my feet. Instead of taking me back to Stephen's room, she helped me down the stairs and went straight to the couch.

"Stay here. I'll get you something that will fix you right up."

I curled up into a ball on the sofa, wanting to sleep, but knowing it was going to be pointless. If I were to lie back down right now, I'd just get sick again. I could feel the turmoil

in my stomach, and I tried to quickly think about something else before I got sick again.

Mrs. McKinley came back from the kitchen after a few minutes, and she held out a large cup to me. I took it, not knowing what it was. I stared down in the cup and the strange colored water.

"It's hot tea with ginger in it," she informed me, noticing my look of confusion. "Ginger helps with nausea. Drink it slowly," she instructed.

It didn't taste quite right, but I drank it anyway, since she'd gone to the trouble to make it for me. After a few sips, I'd gotten used to the overpowering flavor of the ginger, and decided that it wasn't bad after all. And, surprisingly, my stomach did feel better.

Stephen's mom sat on the couch beside me, and I felt a little uncomfortable. I'd never really spent much time alone with Stephen's parents, and I didn't know what to say to her.

Fortunately, Stephen's mom had something on his mind, so I wasn't forced to break the silence.

"I'm so glad you and Stephen are back together," she said quietly.

I looked up at her, shocked. "Really?" I asked skeptically.

"Yes, really. I know you probably think we have a really strange family, Katya...since we are so open and trusting with the boys, but I learned a long time ago that smothering someone – even if it is well-meaning – only causes them to hate you. I learned that lesson with my ex-husband, and when he left me with two kids, I vowed to never be like that again."

I didn't know what to say to her, so I just stared like an idiot. Mrs. McKinley laughed, probably at my bewildered expression.

"I'm not going to bite you, dear!" she teased. "It's okay to talk to me, you know. I can't promise that I'll be of any use to you, since I've only dealt with boys, but I will try."

"Um...thanks," I said sincerely. "It's just...a lot to figure out. It's so different than how my parents are...it just doesn't seem possible. Stephen keeps telling me not to worry, but I never believe him. Especially when he told me that you

weren't mad at me...for what I did," I finished with a whisper. I didn't know why I was bringing this up with Stephen's mom, but it was too late now.

"Well, I suppose it's not really our place to get angry over it, is it? What happens between you and Stephen should be just that...between you two. Relationships are hard enough without having other people getting in the middle of it, especially parents. Stephen is...mature for his age. He's had a difficult time with certain things when he was growing up, as I'm sure he's told you, and so I've learned to trust him and his judgment."

"Wow," I responded. That was all I could think to say for the moment. We sat in silence for a minute while I sipped on my tea. "But, even when Stephen and I...um...you know, messed up, you weren't mad. My parents still hold that against me." Again, the words slipped out before I could stop them, but I was honestly curious about it.

"Yes, well, we had a discussion with him about that. He knows the consequences of his actions, and he knows that he is responsible for whatever he does. I can't choose for him, Katya. I can only point him in the right direction. I just hope that by letting him have the freedom to choose, that he'll make the right decisions. Even if he makes mistakes, though, he is still my son, and I love him...no matter what."

For some stupid reason, I felt tears falling down my face. Mrs. McKinley noticed, and tried to comfort me.

"What's the matter?" she asked maternally.

I felt horribly guilty about a lot of things that had happened over the last couple of weeks that had caused Stephen pain, and it wasn't over yet. He had such a wonderful life, with stellar parents, and I went and fucked it all up. I'd hurt him deeply, but that wasn't the worst of it. I'd made him choose wrong, and now he was stuck with me. I couldn't imagine how disappointed his parents were going to be when we had to break the news to them. I wondered if his mother would berate herself for allowing Stephen to make his own decisions, especially since he'd chosen wrong when he chose me.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, trying to find something to say to

her that wouldn't reveal the "secret."

"It's just been a long couple of weeks. A lot of stress and everything, and you guys have been great, and Stephen has been even more understanding with me, and I just don't deserve it!" I exclaimed.

Stephen's mom wrapped her arms around me and let me cry on her shoulder. What was wrong with me? I chalked it up to hormones, but I knew a lot of it was pent up guilt that had been eating away at me for some time.

"It's okay. Calm down. Everything will be fine, dear. I think you are underestimating yourself, and Stephen for that matter. We all make mistakes, Katya. The important thing is that you learn from them, and then forgive yourself. You have to move on. Stephen told me...what happened. He was upset and didn't know what to do. I was a little...upset at first, but I tried to put myself in your shoes. I would have assumed the worst, too, seeing what you saw. Grace is...manipulative. I wish that Stephen could have gotten to you before it got out of hand. He beat himself up for days around here over that, knowing that he'd upset you.

"So, you made a mistake – it's not the end of the world. If there is one thing I can say about my son is that he's very forgiving. I just hope you learn to appreciate that about him. Grace only used Stephen when they were together, but I can tell that it's different between the two of you. That's why... Bob and I are so mellow about it all. Stephen's already made up his mind about who he wants, so who are we to deny him?"

I couldn't speak...literally. I was choked up from crying, not to mention speechless. I finally managed to open my mouth, though my voice was barely a whisper.

"Thank you," I said. I felt better now. I wanted to sit up and ask her another question, but just then I heard Stephen's voice upstairs. He sounded panicked.

"KK?" he said loudly. He must have finally woken up and realized that I wasn't in the bed.

"Down here, son!" his mom called to him.

Stephen dashed down the stairs, looking alarmed. "Are you okay?" he demanded to know, dropping to his knees in

front of me. It was my turn to be alarmed, since he was about to put his hands on my stomach, and his mom was only inches away, watching us. To stop him, I threw my hands out and grabbed both of his, holding them away from my body.

"I'm fine, Stephen. Just got sick...guess I'm still not over that virus like I thought. It's a good thing the doctor told me to stay home," I said, trying to keep the hysteria out of my voice.

"I made her some tea. I think she's feeling better," Stephen's mom hinted.

"I am, Mrs. McKinley...much better. Thank you," I said again.

"No problem, dear. I'm going back to bed. See you two in the morning," she murmured, getting up from the sofa. Stephen still hadn't moved from in front of me.

"Good night," I called as she climbed the stairs.

As soon as Stephen heard her door close upstairs, he exhaled in a big gust.

"Jesus, you scared me. I didn't know where you were! And then I almost slipped up there...thanks for saving the day," he said with a smile.

He rested his head against my belly and wrapped his arms around my waist. I kissed the top of his head, and tried to get a grip on the guilt I felt when I looked at him.

"Are you okay?" he asked, looking up at me. I was crying again.

"Yes," I lied. His eyes narrowed. He knew I was keeping something from him.

"KK," he warned, staring me down.

"I just...I don't know, Stephen. I feel bad."

"Are you still sick? Do you need me to get you something?"

"No...I'm not sick. I feel...guilty," I clarified.

"Guilty? About what?" he asked, looking at me curiously.

"About ruining your life. You didn't have a choice in all this, and now you're stuck with me...or at least with a big responsibility if you get sick of me."

Stephen sighed and got up off of the floor. He held his

hand out to me and pulled me up. He scooped me up and carried me upstairs. He kicked his bedroom door shut behind us, and placed me gently on the bed. He turned around and started pacing.

I watched him for a few minutes, wondering what he was doing, but he never said anything. Finally, my curiosity got the best of me.

“What’s wrong?” I asked quietly.

“I’m thinking,” he said.

“About what?”

“I’m thinking of a way to explain all this to you.”

“Explain what?” I asked confused.

He stopped pacing for a second to shoot me an aggravated look. He sighed deeply and then took a seat on the edge of the bed. He looked up at the ceiling for a second, then turned his attention to me.

“Katya, I wish I could figure out some way to tell you how I feel so that you would believe me. I think you underestimate how much I love you. You haven’t ruined my life...you’ve made it better. And I had a choice, though you might not think so. I chose you – and if having a baby is what we’re meant to do, then I won’t question it.”

He took my hand in his and kissed it. “I wasn’t joking when I asked you to marry me. I know you think I was teasing, but I was completely serious. I want to spend every minute with you...if you’ll have me. I’ve made mistakes too, KK. I’m trying, but I’m nowhere near perfect.”

He stared at me, waiting for a response. I had to clear my throat so that he could hear what I was about to say.

“I disagree. You are perfect. To even be sitting here with me, after everything I’ve done to disappoint you and lose your trust...it still blows my mind. You haven’t held anything against me or blamed me, even though I knowingly messed up. And, when I needed you the most, you were there for me. I couldn’t do this without you – and I wouldn’t want to. I’ll be with you until you don’t want me anymore. So...thank you for taking care of me...and thank you for not questioning me...about the baby. Most guys would have denied it immediately, but you are...so very different. You seemed

happy somehow, and willing to do whatever it takes. You'll never know how much that means to me."

Stephen hugged me tightly and kissed me passionately. He pushed me down on the bed, and I thought it was sex on his mind since he pulled my shirt up, but instead he laid his face against my stomach.

"You'll never understand how happy I am right now. Maybe it's too early for both of us to be going down this road, but I'd rather go down this road with you now, than with someone else later on. As long as I have you, I can figure out the rest."

We fell asleep like that – me spread out on the bed with Stephen snuggled up against my stomach. At some point in the early morning hours, Stephen tucked me under the blanket and piled up behind me. When his mom knocked on the door in the morning to get him up for school, I barely woke up.

Stephen got dressed and "pretended" to leave for school.

"I'll be back in a little while," he whispered in my ear before giving me a kiss on the forehead.

"Kay," I replied, still mostly asleep.

Stephen left quietly, and I tried to go back to sleep. Unfortunately, I was wide awake now, so I decided to get up. I heard Stephen and Mark fighting downstairs, and their mom trying to get them to stop bickering.

All I could tell about the argument was that Mark didn't want to ride the bus, but Stephen wouldn't let Mark ride with him in his car. I smiled at that...Stephen was still giving Mark a hard time, which he definitely deserved. I heard the voices get quieter, and I went to look out the window. Stephen was climbing into his car while Mark stalked off to the end of the block to catch the bus. Stephen's mom was rushing to her car, apparently in a hurry. Stephen left first, still trying to keep up the charade, but his mom wasn't far behind him. I didn't see his dad's car – he must have left earlier. Stephen honked his horn antagonistically at Mark as he drove by him, and Mark flipped him the bird. I laughed.

I was about to go get dressed for the day and get something to eat. I peeled my sleep shirt off and was looking

for something that would be appropriate to wear to the doctor's office, but as I walked past the window, I noticed that Mark had stopped walking. He was looking around him, like he was searching for something. What was he doing?

I stared out of the window for another minute, but Mark was just on the sidewalk, not moving. He was about five or six houses down the road. He looked down at the watch on his wrist, looked down the road, and then turned and came back towards the house. I was trying to figure out what he was doing as he walked briskly, heading straight for the front door. Had he forgotten something?

I knew something was up when he came in, because he was trying to be quiet...he hadn't been so quiet just a few minutes ago. I peeked out of the door and saw him creeping up the stairs. I still didn't know what he was doing, but for some reason, I decided to get back in the bed. He obviously thought I was still asleep since he was being so silent, so I figured I would pretend that I was. I didn't have time to put a shirt on, so I piled up in the bed without one. I was on my side, facing the bedroom door. I managed to flip the sheet up over me, covering myself. I closed my eyes and tried to listen.

Just a moment later, I heard Stephen's bedroom door barely creak as it was opened. I made sure not to move. I didn't know what Mark was up to.

"Kat?" he whispered almost silently.

I didn't answer him – I just kept my eyes closed and worked on breathing slowly.

When Mark spoke again, he was closer – it sounded like he was standing beside the bed.

"Kat?" he whispered again.

I didn't move an inch. Whatever he was up to, I didn't want to be a part of it. He should have been on a bus to school by now.

I wasn't expecting what happened next. I felt the sheet sliding down my body, uncovering my breasts. What the fuck? I heard Mark make some sort of noise in the back of his throat, like he was choking or something. I almost opened my eyes, but decided against it. I held perfectly still.

At first I thought Mark had left the room because it had gotten quiet, but I could sense that he was still there. I was extremely freaked out at this point, and I wanted to open my eyes to see what he was doing, but I resisted.

Then, I heard a noise. It took me a minute to figure out what it was, but I was able to distinguish the sound...I'd been hearing it a lot lately.

The little fuck was jerking off. He was trying to be quiet, but he couldn't stifle the sound his hand was making as it slid up and down his dick. I heard him softly grunt every few seconds.

What should I do? Should I wake up and catch him? Should I let him do whatever he was doing and pretend to be asleep the whole time? I didn't know what to do. While I was thinking about it, Mark kept right on jerking. It had probably been about five minutes since he'd come back to the house, but I wasn't really thinking about the time. I just wanted Mark to get the hell out of the room and leave me alone.

Two things happened at once – first, I felt something warm spatter on my chest. Second, I heard the bedroom door open, but not as quietly as Mark had opened it earlier.

I kept my eyes shut and didn't move...even though more warm stuff was dripping on me. I didn't know how that was possible if Mark was at the door. It had literally only been a few seconds since both things happened, so I didn't have a whole lot of time to process anything.

Then, all hell broke loose.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?" I heard Stephen scream at the top of his lungs. My eyes flew open automatically, and I saw what was happening. Mark was in front of me, wanking off. He apparently was done, because I noticed cum dripping out of it...right onto my chest and my bare breasts. Behind Mark, standing in the doorway staring at both of us was Stephen. And he was...livid.

I sat up in the bed, trying to make sense of everything. I felt Mark's cum dripping down my tits. Stephen WAS frozen in anger for a moment, but then he moved. He rushed at Mark, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and slung him to the floor.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?” Stephen screamed in Mark’s face.

“Fuck you Stephen! She wanted me to do it,” Mark retorted. My eyes widened in shock when his words sunk in.

“SHE WAS ASLEEP, YOU DISGUSTING FREAK! I SAW EXACTLY WHAT WAS GOING ON!”

I was too stunned at first to move as I watched Stephen beat the shit out of Mark. Apparently he was done with the questions. But, as I saw Stephen pounding on his brother, I realized I should probably stop him before he really hurt Mark.

I jumped up off of the bed and ran to Stephen, yanking on his shoulders.

“Stephen! Stop it!” I yelled. He didn’t pay me any attention.

I tried again. “Stephen!” I screamed louder. Mark’s face was bloody and I was beginning to get alarmed. I grabbed Stephen’s arm and pulled on it, but he yanked it away from me. I had been tugging so hard that when he jerked his arm out of my grip I fell backwards, toppling to the floor with a thud.

I watched as Stephen continued to beat Mark to a pulp, and I wasn’t sure if he was going to stop...

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**