

THE REUNION

AMANDA WRIGHTER

2
EPISODE

AN eBook SERIAL



THE REUNION

A STORY OF INTOXICATION & REGRETS

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER:

CONTENT AND LITERARY DESCRIPTIONS DISCUSSED WITHIN THIS WORK OF FICTION ARE NOT INTENDED TO REPRESENT REAL PEOPLE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, EITHER LIVING OR DEAD. NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER INTEND FOR READERS TO ASSUME OTHERWISE, NOR DO THEY WISH TO PROMOTE OR IN ANY WAY INTEND TO LEGITIMIZE THE FICTITIOUS ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED WITHIN THE WORK. THIS STORY IS A FICTIONAL DEPICTION OF DARK SEXUAL DESIRES AND AS SUCH, CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEPRAVED SEXUAL ACTS, PRESENTED AS A NECESSITY, TO INVOLVE AND INFORM THE READER OF THE ACTIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS. NO PROMOTION OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS INTENDED AND READERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE ACTS AS THEY ARE PRESENTED AND DESCRIBED HERE WOULD BE ILLEGAL IN REAL LIFE AND SHOULD NEVER BE MIMICKED OR REINACTED.

IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

COPYRIGHT © 2010

CHAPTER 2

I was a deer in the headlights. I couldn't move. I had stopped dead in my tracks. Nina darted back to the open door, blocking my only exit. I was still trying to put my shirt on and button my pants while she glared at me. Luckily for me, I still had a bit of alcohol pulsing through me so I was quite shitting myself...yet.

"What is your fucking problem? How DARE you! He is your fucking cousin, for Christ's sake! Do you even care? I should have known better...after everything I've heard through the grapevines about you! I should have NEVER left you alone with him. What is it? You couldn't get any other men so you have to resort to fucking family?" Nina screamed at me.

I was stunned. I didn't even know how to respond to her. I just stared at her, dumbfounded. I was aware that we had drawn a small audience with our shouting. Behind Nina, in the hallway, there was a small group of people gathered. They had apparently heard the noise and come to investigate. Now they were huddled up, trying to get all of the juicy details. Jerks.

Nina was also aware of the audience, and she turned around and slammed the door in their faces. Great. Now it was going to be even more difficult to get out of here. She latched the deadbolt and whirled around to face me and Blake again.

"No answer, huh? I didn't think so. You are so fucking pathetic!" she shrieked.

"Nina," Blake said quietly. He was apparently trying to get her to shut up. Stupid screaming bitch. The cops were probably already on their way. Maybe we would get lucky and no one would report us. The hotel only had a few customers tonight...most of which seemed to be outside of our door right now.

"Oh...did you have something to add? Did I miss

something? Maybe you have another family member in the bathroom?" she retorted.

"Stop!" Blake yelled. This seemed to shock her, like she had never heard him yell before. She probably hadn't... spoiled fucking bitch!

"Don't you DARE tell me to stop! It's not *my* fault that you are a bunch of nasty whores!" she screeched.

"NINA SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH!" Blake's face was red from agitation, but he finally got Nina to be quiet. She stood in front of the door, arms crossed, glaring at both of us. When she spoke again, she was a little calmer.

"Fine, Blake. I'll stop yelling if you can explain to me just what exactly was going on. But good luck with coming up with anything that's going to save our marriage!" Her voice climbed an octave by the end.

Blake got up off of the bed and came to my side. He pulled me away from Nina and her hostility. He pushed me behind him and turned to face her. This seemed to piss her off even more, though I never thought that would be possible. She looked like her head was going to explode. I wasn't too far-gone to notice that Blake's dick was still pretty damn hard. I couldn't believe that. Apparently Nina realized this a few seconds later, and she looked at him with disgust.

"Look...this wasn't something either of us planned on, okay? We were stupid...I'm not going to lie. We had way, way too much to drink and one thing just led to another. I'm not even sure how it happened. Neither of us stopped long enough to realize what was happening," Blake explained.

Nina snorted at his explanation and raised an eyebrow as she responded to him. "You think that is supposed to explain it all away? That you had too much to drink? That is the biggest load of bullshit I have ever heard!" she exclaimed.

"Well, it's the truth. I had no intention of any of this happening. But it did...I can't take it back or apologize and make it all better. It is what it is," Blake said. There was a strange tone in his voice that I couldn't place. He really didn't seem repentant. Maybe I wasn't hearing things clearly.

"So that's it, huh? You had too much to drink and you fucked your cousin...and I'm supposed to just accept that?

And what...just get over it and pretend like it didn't happen?" she asked. She was getting more furious by the second. However, Blake said something that pushed her over the proverbial edge. I'm surprised she didn't have a heart attack or stroke out.

"No...I don't expect you to accept it, or get over it, or pretend that it didn't happen. You have the right to be mad and not ever forgive me if you want. I don't care what you do...as long as you get your bag and get the fuck out. We are done. I should have never married you, because I don't love you. And I doubt you love me either. You were only interesting in my huge fucking dick. So I really don't regret what happened here tonight. I'm glad it did because otherwise I would have been stuck with you for the rest of my life."

Nina's mouth was hanging wide open, and her eyes were bugged out of her head. For a second there I thought maybe she *had* had a stroke. Everything was quiet for a minute as the severity of Blake's words sunk in. I was barely breathing, not wanting to draw any attention to myself.

Eventually, Nina recovered from the shock. I almost felt bad for her...almost. Then I remembered what a bitch she was and I got over it. She broke down into hysterical sobs right in front of us. She clutched at Blake, trying to embrace him, but he moved out of her reach. I backed up towards the bed, trying to stay out of the way. Blake didn't seem upset or concerned about her in the slightest.

Nina continued to sob as she desperately reached for Blake. He, once again, moved out of her way and refused to let her touch him. It was almost too much to watch. When she sunk down to her knees and started begging, I felt horrible for her. Then I felt disgust...at myself. I had caused this...all of it. If it weren't for me, none of this would be happening. I wanted so badly to run and get away from this place but she was still blocking the damn door.

"Blake, please! You can't mean that!! Please, *please* tell me you don't mean it! I don't know what to do without you! Blake I love you! I can't lose you! Please!!! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have yelled like that. I just...I just need some time

to process it all. But, please Blake! Don't give up on us or our marriage! I can't stand it!" she begged him.

Before I could try to jump over her and run, Blake was there with her as she continued to sob on the floor. I thought perhaps he had sobered up enough to realize what he had done, and was going to apologize. I was wrong.

"Nina, you need to leave. I'm sorry that it has to be this way, but that's how it is. Take the car, get a hotel room and get some sleep. Tomorrow, go home. When I get back, I'll pack my stuff up and move out. I've made my mind up and there isn't anything you can do or say that will make a difference. I wish I could do this better or do it in a way that wouldn't cause you pain, but I'm tired of worrying about everyone else. I'm doing what I want to do for a change," Blake informed her.

"No...I don't accept that! I won't! You're intoxicated and you will regret all of this in the morning," she blurted.

"No, I won't. And I'm not too drunk to realize what I'm doing. My eyes have been opened and I can't go back to the way things were. I am not happy and I haven't been for a long time. I settled with you because I wasn't confident about myself. I still have a long way to go but I know that I have to do it without you. Please...just go. I'm asking nicely."

Nina stood up and started gathering her things and packing her suitcase that was on the chair beside the bed. Her eyes darted to me every few seconds to glare at me. I didn't move one inch. I could tell that she had something she wanted to say, but she held her tongue. Blake still stood by the door with his arms crossed. He looked...tough. I was slightly disgusted by the fact that I was turned on by that. Mostly I was horny...so the rational part of my brain that knew I shouldn't feel that way got silenced. I edged toward the bed and timidly sat down on it. Apparently Blake wasn't asking *me* to go anywhere. That triggered some sort of response from Nina.

"Oh, so you're staying, are you? So sorry I interrupted you two...I'll be sure to hurry so you can get back to it!" she snapped.

I didn't really have a right to be mad. After all, I was

screwing her husband behind her back. I would be mad at Riley if I walked in and caught him with someone else...so I understood her anger. However, I didn't like her and I didn't care if I pissed her off or not, so despite my better judgment, I provoked her into another screaming match. Probably not the best idea, but what are you gonna do?

"Yes, I am staying, thank you very much. At least I give a crap about Blake. I listen to his problems and empathize with him. I care about him and I want him to be happy because he deserves it. I'm not just a gold-digging bitch that's after him for his money and his dick. When you walked in on us, I felt bad about it. I instantly wished that I could take it back. Now I don't. You are a bitch and you don't deserve someone as great as Blake. I knew that as soon as I met you today. I instantly hated you but I didn't know why. Now I do. So fuck you! Say what you want...think what you want...but at the end of the day, *Nina*, you have to live with the knowledge that your husband would rather fuck his own cousin than YOU!"

God it felt good to say that. I was worried that maybe I had overstepped my boundaries and had upset Blake, but he was smirking at me. I assumed that he wasn't mad about anything that I said, so I turned back to Nina and shot her a smug grin.

"You two disgust me," she cried. She started packing even faster and then stomped off to the bathroom to get the rest of her stuff. I noticed Blake moving towards me then, and he reached out to pull me up off of the bed.

"Thanks for sticking up for me," he whispered too low for Nina to hear as he gave me a quick hug.

"Ditto," I responded with a smile.

I couldn't help but notice that Blake's cock was standing straight up, hard as a rock. He noticed that I was ogling him and smiled at me.

"Sorry...I didn't get a chance to finish earlier...it's a little embarrassing that it won't go down...but not much I can do about it. I just...couldn't stop thinking about your tits. Sorry if that's fucked up, but it's the truth," he explained.

Before I could respond, Nina stormed back into the room.

She was staring at us like she could kill us. She probably would have, too, if she had the chance. She obviously didn't like the fact that Blake was still hugging on me. She lashed out at him with her venomous words.

"You are right, Blake. This *is* for the best. I never loved you at all. I only went out with you because I felt *sorry* for you. You were pathetic! Every girl at school made fun of you behind your back! But once I found out how much you were making at work, I was willing to settle with you. I never wanted to go to school or have to work. I only did it because I didn't have a choice. Then you came along and saved me from all of that. Sure, it was still a sacrifice for me to be with someone who was so obviously beneath me, but I managed. It also helped that you were well endowed, or so I thought. But you still don't know how to fuck a woman to save your life, so it doesn't really matter how big your dick is, does it? I was doing you a favor by marrying you, so this is going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me. Have fun fucking your cousin, you prick!" She grinned at both of us when she was done with her rant. I wanted to wipe that smug little smirk off of her face.

I stepped forward and slapped Nina right across her face, hard. Man, I really should think before I act. But, as it usually is...she was all bark and no bite. She didn't have anything to back up her hateful words. I fully expected a catfight, but she just stared at me, stunned, as she held her face. Blake snickered behind me, which made me laugh.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to fight back? Hmm... guess you are just a scared, whiney little bitch after all! Now...if you don't mind...you *did* interrupt us earlier, so I'll just get back to what I was doing before you ruined our evening," I spat at her.

I whirled around to face Blake, turning my back on her. I wasn't really concerned about her jumping me. Blake would stop her before she did. For the second time that night, I yanked my shirt off. Blake seemed to realize what was going on at that exact moment. Luckily, he was still naked. I pulled my pants off and flung them behind me. I was fairly certain that they smacked into Nina, but I didn't care. I

pushed Blake back onto the bed and mounted him again. For some reason, all of the fighting and strained emotions had turned me on. Now I was super horny and planned on pouring all of my energy into fucking Blake.

Blake apparently didn't mind that his soon-to-be ex-wife was still there, staring at us. We apparently shocked her so bad that she couldn't move. I didn't care. If she wanted to stay and watch...that was her business. Blake grabbed my gigantic tits and buried his face between them. I let out a loud moan of desire as I continued to bounce up and down on his rigid dick.

Blake grabbed me around my waist and rolled me over onto the bed, so that he was on top now. He yanked my legs up over his shoulders and stood up on his knees...then he pounded me harder than I have ever been pounded. His dick was stroking me in places that have never been touched. Blake reached down again to smash my tits together. He was watching them jiggle every time he thrust inside of me, and it clearly excited him. He started moaning and grunting with every dick thrust, which made me even more turned on. I could feel the wetness pouring out of my crotch as his cock slid in and out. I was very close to another orgasm. I wasn't sure if I could handle another one.

I had absolutely and completely forgotten about Nina. I didn't know how, considering that we had just been fighting with her a few minutes ago, but once Blake had shoved his cock in me, I was only able to think about him. Evidently the shock had worn off and Nina was now edging towards the door with her bags in her hands. Blake noticed my distraction and turned to look at her. Glare would have probably been a better word to describe it.

"Sick...you two are just...sick. I can't even believe what I'm seeing," she said. Her voice sounded shaky.

"Yeah, well...I think it's sick that I actually fucked you for two years. At least *she's* got some tits. Can't say the same for you," Blake retorted. Nina's face scrunched up like I had slapped her again. Apparently that had hurt worse than anything he'd said. The fact that she was in pain didn't stop me from saying what I said. Again...not able to think before I

act. Really need to work on that!

“Oh, and Nina?” I said sweetly. I waited until she turned her stunned eyes to me. “What you said before...about Blake not knowing how to fuck a woman? Well...I just wanted to set you straight. This is the *best* sex I’ve ever had...and sadly I have to admit that I’ve had more than my fair share of partners. Maybe it was YOU that was the problem. Didn’t Blake ever mention that he was a boob man? Pity...cause ever since I showed him my tits earlier tonight, he hasn’t been able to keep his dick to himself,” I said with a taunting edge to my voice.

“Go to hell...both of you. I’ll be gone when you decide to come home. I don’t ever want to see you again,” she whispered as she unlocked the door. She never took her eyes off of us as she backed out and shut the door.

Blake turned his attention back to me then...and picked up right where we left off. My mind started spinning. I knew tomorrow there would be hell to pay, but for right now, I just wanted to be happy. And Blake made me happy...so the rest I could live with.

We continued for at least another two hours. Blake was so turned on that he had a hard time reaching climax. I finally got on top and was able to get him calmed down. I gently bounced up and down on his dick, tightening my pussy around him each time. He never took his hands off my tits the whole time. Finally, I felt him begin to tense up. I kept pounding on top of him until I felt his cum explode inside of me. It was hot and wet and sticky...and it felt great. It seemed like he was never going to be done, but finally I felt his penis go limp inside of me. I pulled him out of me and flopped down on the bed beside him. I was completely exhausted. The enormity of the day finally crashed down on me. Blake was panting quietly beside me as he tried to catch his breath.

“Wow...that was...something,” he finally said. He chuckled quietly to himself.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

“Everything! Come on...don’t you feel like you’re in a trashy reality show? Everything seems so surreal. I’m sure in

the morning, when I have a clear head, it will bite me in the ass.”

“Yeah...probably. I’m sure you’ll call Nina and beg her to come back,” I said icily.

“No. That was all true...what I said to her. I really wasn’t happy with her. I just didn’t know what to do about it. You gave me a way out. I feel bad about hurting her, but after all the things she said, I doubt it will take her long to get over it. It wouldn’t have been long and she would have left. Hell, she was probably already cheating on me.”

“Well, I’m still sorry about causing all of this. I didn’t intend —“ I started, but Blake interrupted me.

“No...don’t apologize for anything. I don’t regret any of this. And I won’t regret tomorrow...or a week from now. I feel happy for the first time in a long time. I’ve been so caught up trying to make everyone else happy...that I haven’t worried at all about myself. I know some people-okay, *most* people-will think what we did was wrong because we are related. But really...we’re like...second or third cousins. I think it’s even legal in some states. It doesn’t really bother me, so I don’t care what other people think.”

“That’s a relief. I was worried you were going to be pissed at me. I kind of started it all,” I said with a sheepish grin.

Blake rolled over onto his side and propped his head up with his hand. He gazed at my face for a while...so long that I finally had to ask him what he was doing.

“What? What are you staring at?”

“You. I hope this won’t gross you out, but I have fantasized about sleeping with you since I was old enough to know what a dick was for. Even when we were grown and you got married and all that...I still fantasized about you. I thought maybe it was just a crush...or infatuation over your very large boobs, but it wasn’t. When I saw you at the reunion, I was happy. Just being around you makes me happy. And then...we talked all night and you made me confess things that I haven’t told anyone else. I was so relieved to be able to tell someone. And then...the other parts...I’m still in shock over that. It was better than I dreamed. And trust me, I’ve dreamed about it a lot.”

He reached over and brushed my hair back behind my ear, then he leaned down and gently kissed me on the lips. It started out as an innocent kiss, but it built into something more. It wasn't sexual in nature. It was more like a need rather than a want. We *needed* each other...we were both so unhappy. For once, we found happiness with each other. I crushed myself to him and kissed him back with as much force as I could manage.

After a few minutes, he pushed my face away and looked me straight in the eyes.

"April, I love you. You have no idea how much I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, Blake," I responded. "I always have...and I always will," I added. His grin filled up his face. Instead of making me feel better, I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I realized that he probably loved me in a completely different way than I loved him. Of course I loved him...but not in the romantic husband way. I loved him like a best friend. I had never really thought of Blake as family... but as a best friend. We grew up together, and played together and we were close. Like best friends. I guess that's why tonight didn't feel wrong to me, because I didn't think of him in that way.

I should have gotten up and explained it all to him. I should have clarified what I meant when I said that I loved him. I should have told him that it couldn't be *that way* between us. I should have done all of that...but I didn't. I just smiled back at him and let him go on thinking whatever it was that he was thinking. He pulled me closer to him and snuggled up against me, with his arm draped around my waist. It wasn't long before I heard his breathing even out. He had already fallen asleep. I knew I should be asleep too. I was frankly surprised that I hadn't passed out yet, but my brain wouldn't shut down. Everything was fucked up...worse than it had been at the beginning of the day. And I had no idea how to fix any of it. The thought of tomorrow terrified me. The unknown was waiting for me. I had no idea what was going to happen...just that there was nothing I could do to stop it. At some point, exhaustion won out and I slipped

into a deep and peaceful slumber. If only I could have remained there.

Brutal. That was the only word that could describe the next day. When I finally woke up out of my alcohol-induced sleep, I felt like I had been hit by a truck. My head was pounding, my hooch was sore and it tasted like a cat had crapped in my mouth. I imagined that my morning breath would have killed any vegetation it touched. I groaned as I tried to sit up in the bed, a little confused about my surroundings.

Wham. It all came crashing back to me. I argued with myself that it had just been a very vivid dream, but the fact that I was in a hotel bed didn't help me convince myself of anything. And there was the extremely sore crotch. That wasn't easily explained either. It was then that I noticed that Blake was not in the room, and that made me panic slightly. Or maybe it was a good thing. I could slip out and run, like the chicken that I was. No such luck for me. I crawled out of bed and immediately noticed the sheet of paper on the bedside table. I snatched it up to read it. It informed me that Blake had borrowed my car to go get coffee and breakfast and that he would be back shortly.

Fantastic. I guess I could still bolt if I wanted to call a cab and never see my car again. But that seemed a little extreme. *Fuck...this is going to be one shitty day*, I thought to myself. I stumbled into the bathroom, intent on taking a shower. And I wasn't above using Blake's toothbrush to clean the funk out of my mouth. Besides, I had his goo still in me from last night. I seriously doubted that using his toothbrush would gross either of us out at this point.

While I was washing yesterday off of me, Blake came back. He had apparently already been up and taken a shower this morning. He looked fresh as a daisy, the bastard. He poked his head in while I was showering to tell me that he was back. I had butterflies in my stomach when I saw him, but not in a good way. It was sickening to think that I was going to have to hurt him.

When I was done, I climbed out of the shower reluctantly. I was drying my hair when Blake came back into the

bathroom. He was smiling a big, goofy smile. I couldn't help but smile back at him. He crossed the small room and pulled me into his arms, crushing me into his chest. He kissed the top of my head and squeezed me tighter before he released me.

"You look beautiful this morning," he offered.

Well, at least he didn't have drinker's remorse. I suppose he could have gotten up, taken one look at me and ran screaming for the hills. "Hah...I don't feel it. I feel like crap! No more drinking for me," I said.

"I agree with you there. Not as young as I used to be," he laughed.

I wrapped the towel around me, too nervous to be naked in front of him. It was kind of silly, all things considered, but I couldn't help it. Blake noticed my hesitation and smiled at me. He pulled the towel off of me and tossed it onto the floor. He wrapped his arm around my waist and crushed me against him again. Instead of a hug this time, he leaned down and kissed me passionately. I couldn't help but kiss him back. It was so easy with him. I couldn't bear the thought of having to hurt him. I would have to find some way to let him down gently.

I wasn't expecting him to back me up against the wall and push up against me. I could tell where his mind was headed, and I needed to stop him before it was too late. He was already getting riled up. I could tell by the bulge in his pants.

I gently pushed him back, and he immediately let me go. He looked down at me, waiting.

"I think perhaps we should have breakfast, don't you? I'm barely awake and my head is pounding," I explained, trying to keep the edge out of my voice so he wouldn't be suspicious.

"Sure...you're right. Sorry! I can't seem to help myself around you," he admitted.

Dammit. It was worse than I thought. I had hoped that once he had sobered up that maybe he wouldn't feel the same way. I tried to smile up at him as I edged out of the bathroom. I realized that I didn't have anything to wear except the dirty clothes I had on last night. Blake seemed to

be thinking the same thing.

"I have some clothes you could wear, if you don't want to put yours back on from last night. I got a t-shirt and some shorts that might fit you," he offered.

"Thanks. That would be great," I said. I was just ready to be covered up. I noticed that Blake kept staring at my naked body, and I was starting to feel self-conscious again. He finally tore his gaze away from me long enough to paw through his suitcase. He found what he was looking for and threw the clothes at me. I swiftly put them on, and then headed for the coffee that he had brought in. Anything to wake me up.

As I sat at the small table in the corner of the hotel room and drank my coffee, Blake dug through the bag of food he had gotten and produced two large breakfast sandwiches. I suddenly realized how hungry I was. Apparently I had worked up quite an appetite last night. That thought made me blush, and I hoped that he didn't notice.

"I found a little diner down the road...they were completely packed, so I figured they must be good. They had these for breakfast. Everyone else seemed to be getting them, so I thought we could give them a try," he explained as he handed me one of the sandwiches. They looked fantastic. Bacon, eggs and cheese piled up on a big fat croissant. Could it get any better? I started gobbling it down, secretly wishing that he would have gotten me more than one. It probably wasn't lady-like to have eaten so much, but I was so hungry at the moment that I wouldn't have cared.

Blake sat down next to me and ate his sandwich. He had scooted his chair close to mine and put his hand on my leg while we ate. I didn't have the heart to make him move away.

Despite having a ton of coffee in my system, I was still tired. After I was done eating, I got up and walked back over to the bed. I cringed mentally when I realized it reeked of sweat and sex. I still plopped down on it and stretched out. I was so damn tired! I felt like I could sleep for a week straight. I let my eyes close and I tried to relax. It didn't last long, though. Before I knew it, Blake was there. He climbed on top of me and tried to kiss me again. Jeez! It was like he hadn't

ever had sex before! My eyes flew open and I grunted underneath him, trying to wiggle free. He slid off of me and looked at me questioningly.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

I wasn't ready to do this. I didn't know *how* to do this. He was looking at me, waiting for an answer.

"I...just don't want to do that right now," I said. I couldn't think of anything better to say at the moment.

"Okay...now tell me what's really wrong. I can read your face. Or did you forget that I could do that?" he teased.

Of course he could. We had been inseparable growing up. He knew me better than anyone, and he could always tell when I was hiding something...or lying. He wasn't going to make this easy.

"Nothing. I just don't feel that great right now," I lied. Well, not totally a lie. My head was pounding and I was definitely hung over, but that wasn't the reason for my hesitation. He wasted no time calling me on it.

"April, do you think I'm an idiot?" he asked.

"No, of course not," I replied.

"Then tell me what's really wrong with you. Cause there is something there that you aren't telling me."

"I...just...ugh! I don't know what to tell you, Blake!" I exclaimed. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I don't see any way around it. I can't...be with you...the way that you want." I couldn't look at his face while I spoke to him. I didn't want to see the hurt that I was causing him.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Come on, Blake. Please don't make me spell it out for you! You know exactly what I mean," I muttered.

"Do you regret last night?" he asked. I detected a faint hint of sadness in his voice.

"No! Of course not," I assured him. "I just think that maybe you have different feelings for me than I have for you, is all," I clarified.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

"Yes, but—"

"But nothing. There is nothing else. I love you, you love me. I don't know what you're so worked up about. I know

that what is happening between us is a one-time thing. Even though we don't have a problem with it, I'm sure the rest of the family would. I didn't mean to make you upset. I just wanted you to know that I do truly love you. But I wasn't saying that in hopes of having some sort of relationship with you. I know that we can't be together like that."

I sat very still, absorbing his words. It felt like a weight had been lifted off of me. I couldn't respond to him just yet.

"I hope that you won't regret our time together, because I don't and I won't. Last night was easily the best night of my life. I didn't have to try with you...it just happened. And I really wish it wouldn't end, but I know that at some point we will have to go back to our own separate lives. I guess that's why I'm trying to get as much time in with you as I can," he further explained.

I still couldn't speak. The minutes passed slowly, and he finally put his finger under my chin and tilted my face up, forcing me to look at him.

"What's wrong?" he asked. He seemed to be sincerely concerned about me. I wasn't used to that.

"Nothing. It's just a lot to take in, you know. My life is so screwed up lately...and I was so worried about upsetting you this morning." For some reason, my emotions took over and I began to cry. I felt like an idiot.

He pulled me into another hug, swaying me gently back and forth, trying to sooth me. He stroked my hair and just let me cry. All of the bullshit that had been going on in my life had just caught up with me, and it overwhelmed me. It wasn't fair. Blake was the perfect man for me, but we couldn't ever be together because we were distant cousins. I didn't have a job...my husband most definitely hated me by this point...and I didn't have anything left to go home to. It was just too much to process.

Blake was so wonderful. Much more than I deserved. He just held me. He didn't speak or try to force me to talk...he just let me get it all out. The longer we sat there, the angrier I got. It just wasn't right, dammit! We deserved to be happy, just like everyone else in the world. Yet it would be taboo for us to have any kind of relationship. As far as I knew, Nina

had already called everyone she knew and blabbed about last night. So, maybe our whole family already knew what had happened. The thought of everyone knowing about us didn't really bother me. I agree with Blake. Last night was the happiest I have been in a long, long time. I shouldn't care what anyone else thought about it.

I leaned back to look at Blake. He smiled gently at me, probably hoping I wasn't going to start crying again. Suddenly, I wanted him. Needed him. Had to have him. He didn't seem to mind too much as I pounced on him. I kissed him fiercely and without restraint. Although I was still sore from last night, I yanked my clothes off and offered myself to him. It didn't take much to persuade him.

We spent most of the day in the hotel room, having sex for hours at a time. We only stopped twice to get something to eat. Later that night, after eating dinner, I climbed into his lap on the bed and we talked about life. We discussed what we were going to do when we finally decided to go home and face our demons. I wasn't really looking forward to it, and neither was he.

We both agreed that tonight would be our last night together. He had to get back to work and I had to get back home to deal with Riley. I was planning on spending another day or two with my parents to clear my head and decide what I wanted to do. I wasn't ready for it to end, but there was no way around it.

"What are you going to do about your car?" I asked him later that night. I had forgotten that Nina had taken their car home.

"I'll rent something tomorrow morning...if you don't mind dropping me at the rental place," he said.

"No, of course not."

"Well, it's getting pretty late. Are you ready to go to bed? I have a feeling that tomorrow is going to be a long day," he said with a chuckle.

"Hmm...that's probably a good idea," I said casually. "But...sleep isn't really what I was thinking about," I added.

"Really? What did you have in mind?" he asked. "A movie? You want to watch a movie?" He picked up the

remote and flicked the television on.

I climbed on top of him and snatched the remote out of his hand, flinging it to the floor.

"No thanks," I whispered as I clutched my hands behind his neck and pulled his face to mine. We didn't get much sleep that night.

The morning came too fast, and so did the heartache. I couldn't figure out why it was so hard to leave Blake. Sure, we were close, but we had also gone years without even speaking to each other. I couldn't imagine that a few days of sex could make you need a person so much. But, I was probably wrong about that...like always. I slowly helped him pack up all of his stuff from the hotel room and pack it into my car. We had found a local car rental place here in town and I was driving him there and dropping him off. I felt like I couldn't breath.

Blake seemed to be in a better mood than I was. Probably because he didn't have a pissed off spouse to go home to, like I did. With luck, Nina would be long gone. I felt on the verge of a breakdown, so I asked him to drive.

"Please don't be upset," he begged as we sat in the hotel parking lot.

"I'm sorry. I'm trying...I just don't know where all of these emotions are coming from," I said, trying very hard not to cry.

Blake reached over and pulled me up against his shoulder. I couldn't keep it under control anymore, and the tears flowed freely. He leaned my head back and kissed me on the lips.

"It will be alright. I promise. This isn't the last time that we'll see each other. I will visit you soon. But for now, we both need to concentrate on getting our lives in order. I'll call you every single day if you want me to," he promised.

"Yes, I would like that." The thought of getting to hear his voice every day cheered me up a little. "Are you sure you can't stay for just a little while longer?" I asked, not bothering to hide the desperation in my voice.

"I wish I could but I really do have to get back to work. I'm sure my divorce isn't going to be cheap. Have to have some

way to pay for it!" he laughed.

Blake pulled out of the parking lot then and drove straight to get his rental car. Twenty-four hours ago, I was worrying about letting him down easy...because I knew we couldn't be together and I thought that was what he wanted. Now, I wanted it more than anything I had ever wanted before. Just to be with him. Maybe...maybe we could be together. He lived far enough away that he rarely saw any of the family. After all, everyone knew that I was unhappy with Riley. It wouldn't be a surprise when I divorced him and moved. It also wouldn't be much of a shock if Blake happened to find me a really great job close to where he lived. Especially since I didn't *have* a job anymore. That surely wouldn't cause too much talk in the family. We could keep our relationship a secret. Nobody would know the difference. And we didn't have to tell anyone that we were related where he lived. They would be none the wiser. Of course we probably couldn't actually get married, but I didn't care about that.

The more I thought about this option, the more I wanted it. Maybe Blake would agree. Sure, it would take some time to get everything straightened out, but we could make it work! At least I would have something to look forward to... something to get me through the next few months!

"Blake," I started as we sat in the rental car parking lot. He had made no move to get out, so he must have been just as unwilling to say goodbye as I was. "Blake, I have a great idea," I exclaimed.

"What's that?" he asked. I had his full attention now.

"I think I have a way to make this work...for both of us! What if...after we get done with divorces and all that...what if I moved up there by you? I could get a new job there, obviously. That would be what we would tell the rest of the family if they asked. They know I'm planning on calling it quits with Riley anyway. You could conveniently find me a really great job and I would conveniently not mind moving across the country. None of your friends would know we were related, and we would just pretend that nothing was happening between us if anyone in the family should ask!

We could even live together and nobody would know the difference! I mean...if we both go through expensive divorces, it wouldn't be so far-fetched if we lived together to save money. Or you could offer to let me live with you for a while in your big empty house...just until I could get on my feet, you know? We could be together and we could be happy!" I rushed through my explanation, hoping that it all made sense.

Blake just stared at me, not speaking. I was starting to get a little upset, worrying that he didn't want to be with me after all. Maybe he just wanted to fuck me and move on. After all, he had admitted that he had a secret fantasy about having sex with me. Maybe the last couple of days was just him living out his fantasy and nothing more. I was close to hysteria again when he finally spoke.

"Well...I actually think that's a great idea. Did you just come up with all of that?" he asked.

He smiled a heartbreaking smile at me and I couldn't help but lean over and kiss him again. I wasn't sure I would make it a few months without him, even if I knew we could eventually be together.

"Yeah, I did. I just can't bear to think of living without you. Is that wrong?" I whispered.

"No, not at all. I feel the same way, but I didn't want to pressure you into anything. I keep waiting for one of us to run screaming when it sinks in that we're *related*. I don't feel weird about any of this. Not yet, anyway. I hope I never do. I really do love you. I love you more than I let on. I just didn't want to freak you out. I wasn't sure if you felt the same way, and I didn't want to force you into anything. But it seems like we're on the same page, huh?" He smiled at me again and took my hand between both of his.

"So you really think we can be together?" I asked.

"If that's what you want, then I will make it happen. I love you, woman. More than anyone else I've ever known. I have never been so happy in my entire life, but you've always made me happy. And I don't care if everyone tells us that it's wrong. No one else matters. Just you and me, okay? So if I'm what you want, then I will thank my lucky stars and I will

do whatever I have to do to give you what you want.”

“I don’t want you to go. Please don’t leave me. I don’t think I can handle it!” I begged. It felt like my lungs were being crushed, cutting off my air supply. I was gasping for air like a lunatic. I knew it was all in my head, but I couldn’t help myself.

“It will be okay, sweetie. I promise. We have to tie up all the loose ends if you want this to work. Don’t you think it would look suspicious if you immediately came home with me? Besides, you need to handle everything with your job and with Riley. And I need to make sure Nina is out of my life once and for all. If you were to come home with me, it would just cause problems with her. Let me get rid of her and then we can be together. She is the kind of person that would constantly cause us trouble if she knew we were together. I have a feeling she is going to move back close to her parents, and they live six hours away. Hopefully she will and we won’t see her again. Trust me...it will all work out,” he assured me.

“I know you don’t want to hear this, but I really need to go. It’s a long drive and I have to be back at work tomorrow,” he murmured in my ear.

He was right. I didn’t want him to go. I didn’t think I could handle it. I didn’t know what else I could do to keep him here. He got out of the car and came around to open my door. I didn’t know if I could move. He helped me out of the car and hugged me tightly. Then he kissed me and let me go. He went around to the trunk and pulled his luggage out.

“Alright. I’m all set. I need to get on the road,” he said as he took my hand and kissed it. “Be sure you turn your cell on so I can get in touch with you,” he teased.

“Oh, shit! I forgot all about my cell!” I exclaimed. I ducked back into the car and dug my cell out of the glove compartment. It was a miracle that it had any charge left. I quickly plugged it into the charger. When it lit up, I noticed I had eighteen missed calls. *Wonder who in the world those could be from?* I thought to myself. I couldn’t be too mad at Riley. At least he was still concerned enough to check up on me. I would call him when I got back to mom’s house. It was

going to be rough enough on him once I got back home. I wouldn't make him worry about me, at least.

"Okay. Cell is plugged in and charging. Be sure to call me. Every day. Okay, well maybe more than once a day," I said.

Blake laughed at my expression. I laughed with him, trying to find some way to keep him from leaving. It didn't work though.

"I'll call you as soon as I'm on the road...and when I get there...and tonight...and then before I go to bed," he promised.

I felt better already. I knew that even though I couldn't see him, I would at least be able to call him often.

"You better. I know where you live, mister. Don't put it past me to show up at your door if you don't call me," I threatened.

"Oh, I would hate for that to happen," he teased with a grin. He gave me one final goodbye kiss and then he gathered his bags and walked away from me. He turned once to wave and blow me a kiss.

I wasn't entirely sure that I would be able to drive back home, but I made it. I forced myself to get in the car and I forced myself to drive away. I was ashamed that I cried to whole way home. The forty-minute drive seemed to take a lot longer than it should. However, as promised, my phone rang just a few minutes from my mom's house. I just about ran off the road trying to answer it. I was worried that it might have been Riley, since I didn't bother to check the caller ID, but it was not. It was nice to hear his voice again.

"Hi beautiful," he breathed into the phone.

"I didn't know if you were going to call," I admitted.

"I promised you I would, didn't I?" he huffed. I knew he wasn't really mad.

"Yes, you did. I'm glad you called. I already miss you. How stupid is that?"

"It's not stupid. I miss you too. You can call me anytime you need to talk. I will always answer. Even if I'm at work, okay? I usually don't have anyone looking over my shoulder so it shouldn't be a problem."

"Don't worry! I will call you so much that you'll be sick of

me," I advised him.

"I doubt that! I have to go. Getting on the interstate and traffic is pretty bad. I'll call you later when I stop for gas, okay?"

"Okay," I sulked. He laughed at me again. Damn, he knew me well.

"Did you make it to your mom's house yet?" he asked. Worrying about me, I was sure.

"I'm pulling up in the driveway now," I told him.

"Good. Have fun at your parents. Try to relax and not stress, okay? I'll talk to you soon." He hesitated for a moment and then whispered, "I love you."

"I love you, too," I whispered back. Then the phone went dead. I did my best to keep it together. I had to go in and put on a show in front of my parents. I could break down later tonight if I needed to. But I had to keep them in the dark.

I slowly walked up the steps and was unsurprised to see my mom open the door for me. She looked worried, but I couldn't imagine why.

"Where in the bloody hell have you been, young lady? We have been worried sick about you!" she screamed at me as she flung the door open.

Holy shit! I had completely forgotten to call my mom. The whole time I was with Blake...I forgot to call my parents. No wonder she was freaked out. I felt like a total piece of shit. I guess maybe those eighteen missed calls wasn't just from Riley, then.

"Mom, I'm so sorry!" I exclaimed. I ran straight into her arms and hugged her tightly. I had no idea how to make it right. "I can't believe I forgot to call you, mom! Really! It just slipped my mind!" I explained.

"Where have you been? You were supposed to come home two nights ago! You took off with Blake and you didn't call and you didn't come home! We were worried sick! We couldn't get in touch with you! And I didn't have Blake's cell phone number! I've been calling every relative in the book trying to track Blake down. All I have is his house number, which doesn't help much! You damn near gave me a heart attack, April!" She was crying by this point, which only

worsened my guilt.

"Mom, please don't cry! I can't tell you how sorry I am that I worried you! I didn't mean to, I swear! I just lost track of time, and it's been a rough couple of days and Christ I didn't mean to upset you!" I was sobbing against her shoulder now, which seemed to scare her a little.

"April? Honey, what's wrong? I've never seen you so upset! What happened? What's going on, honey? Tell me!" she asked frantically.

I never, ever intended to tell anyone in the family about me and Blake. But, I had no idea how hard it was all going to hit me. It was all I could do to stand at the moment. I slumped against my mom, and she pulled me over to the porch swing and sat me down. She brushed the hair out of my face and wiped the tears away.

"Tell me, baby. What is it? What happened? Are you okay? Did someone hurt you?"

"No, mom. I'm okay. I promise. It has just been an emotional couple of days," I assured her. It didn't seem to calm her down any.

"You are most certainly not fine. You are falling to pieces. Now tell me what happened!" she commanded.

"I...don't think I can," I said.

"Yes, you can. Tell me now. You have me worried sick, April. Please!"

"You are going to hate me!" I shouted at her. "I can't tell you, because you will hate me. Please don't force me to tell you," I pleaded with her.

"Honey! I would never hate you, no matter what! Just tell me what is wrong. Please, baby. You can trust me," she said as she squeezed my hands.

My life forever changed in that instant. If I could go back and time and choose a different path, I might have. I guess it's usually always better to know the truth, even if it hurts. Even if it fucks with your mind. Even if it turns your already screwed up world upside down. I broke down and it all spilled out. I couldn't keep it in anymore.

"Mom, I slept with Blake! We were drunk and we went back to his hotel and one thing led to another and it just

happened! I wish I could say it was a mistake and that I was sorry that it ever happened, but I'm not. I love him, mom. I've spent the last two days in that hotel room with him. We had sex more than that one time. Nina walked in and caught us and he kicked her out. For me! He chose me over his own wife. And I know it's wrong and I know I should feel disgusted but I don't! I just love him and want to be with him and I don't know if I can take it anymore! My life is too screwed up right now and I can't take it anymore! It's too much!" I shrieked.

I began to sob uncontrollably as I wrenched myself away from her. I sunk onto the floor in the corner of the porch, sure that she would want me as far away from her as possible. I knew I disgusted her. She would probably disown me after this, and maybe I deserved it. I just couldn't keep all the emotions inside anymore.

So I was completely surprised when she came to sit beside me and patted my head while I continued to cry. I didn't deserve to have a mother this great. I simply didn't.

"Why aren't you yelling at me right now? Don't you hate me? Aren't you disgusted by me?" I asked.

"No, honey, I don't hate you. I hate myself. You are hurting so bad right now and there is nothing I can do but make it worse," she whispered.

"What do you mean? Make it worse how?" I was completely confused by her words.

"Baby, there is something that I need to tell *you*. I probably should have told you this a long, long time ago, but I always chickened out any time that I would try to. There is something that your father and I have kept from you. It was wrong and we should have come clean with you when you were still a kid. I wish that I had, now. I never imagined that this could happen, though. Never in a million years." She seemed to be talking to herself more than me now. I was still confused. I had no clue about what she was talking about.

"Mom, what are you talking about? I don't understand!"

"I'm sorry honey. I know you don't. I just don't quite know how to say this to you. When your father and I were younger, and you were still pretty little...well, your father sort of had

an affair. I didn't ever want to tell you, or anyone else, about it. It was hard enough to deal with, you know? We worked through it and we managed to save our marriage," she explained.

None of what she said clarified anything for me. Of course it was a shock to learn that my father had an affair, but it didn't really have anything to do with my situation. Unless he slept with his cousin. Then I suppose it would have a lot to do with my situation.

"Where are you going with this, mom? I still don't understand!" I said, frustrated.

"Baby, Blake isn't your cousin," she whispered even lower. She looked me straight in the eye as that sunk in.

"What? What are you talking about?" I said slowly. I started to feel a surge of hope that maybe we weren't related after all. Maybe I was going to get what I wanted for once.

"Honey, Blake is your half-brother," she murmured.

Wow. It was bad. Really bad. I lurched up onto my feet and ran into the yard, where I immediately threw up. I tried like hell not to let that last sentence sink in. I just spent two days in a hotel...having sex...with my brother. Yes, it was really, really bad.

TO BE CONTINUED

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