

THE REUNION

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3
EPISODE



AN eBook SERIAL

THE REUNION

A STORY OF INTOXICATION & REGRETS

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 3

My mom was patient with me as I cried hysterically in the front yard. I was glad we lived out in the country and didn't have any close neighbors. They probably would have thought that I was possessed. I finally got past the hysteria and dry heaves at some point, and she was able to drag me into the house. My dad was waiting in the living room. He had apparently heard what had been said on the porch. He was sitting in his recliner, looking up at me apologetically.

Mom shuffled me over to the couch and sat me down. She went into the kitchen to get me a glass of water. She sat the water down on the coffee table in front of me, and then she retreated to her own recliner. They both waited patiently as I tried to pull it together. My head was swimming with the new information and I couldn't seem to form coherent thoughts or words at the moment.

Before I could say anything, my phone started ringing in my pocket. I mechanically reached for it and flipped it open. Of course it was Blake. He was calling, just as he'd promised. I wasn't really sure if I was able to talk to him or not. I stared stupidly at the phone as it continued to ring. Finally, it switched to voicemail. Neither of my parents said anything as they watched me. The phone started ringing again while I was staring at it. Blake was probably worried about me, knowing damn well that I would have answered. I cleared my throat and took a deep breath. I would try my best to get through this short conversation with him without breaking down. I didn't even know what was going on right now, so I sure as hell couldn't explain it to him.

I pressed the talk button on the phone and held it up to my ear.

"Hi," I said to him. My voice was all wrong. You could definitely tell I had been crying. I knew that wouldn't get past him, and it didn't.

"What's wrong?" he asked immediately.

"Nothing," I lied.

“April don’t you dare lie to me! Tell me what’s wrong! Are you okay?” he demanded. You could plainly hear the worry in his voice. It made me want to cry, but I doubted that I had any tears left.

“I’m okay. I promise,” I lied again. I tried to be a little more convincing this time.

“I don’t buy it! Tell me what’s wrong! Please, April! I’m begging you! I’m really worried,” he said.

“It’s nothing, really. I’m just a little upset, okay? Nothing to stress over,” I explained. It wasn’t the truth, but it wasn’t exactly a lie, either.

“Then tell me what it is. I’m worried about you, honey. Please! You are torturing me, baby!” He sounded on the verge of crying himself, if that was possible.

It felt like my heart was going to crack, and his begging wasn’t helping. Apparently the knowledge my mother had given me had not changed the way I felt about Blake in the slightest. It just made the situation more difficult.

“Please,” I begged him. “Please just trust me and don’t make me explain it to you, okay? Not now. I can’t handle anything else right now,” I whispered to him. I couldn’t stop the tears now. He knew something was very wrong, and I didn’t know how to convince him to let it go, at least until later.

“No way. I want to know what is hurting you, and I want to know now. You can’t keep secrets from me anymore. You have to be honest with me if you want it to work out, okay?” he said. It was quiet for just a second, then he spoke again. This time his voice was just a whisper, but I could hear the pain in it. “You’ve changed your mind, haven’t you? About us, I mean?” he asked.

The thought of hurting him, even for a second, was killing me. But I didn’t really want to have this conversation in front of my parents. I stood up and walked into the kitchen as quickly as I could.

As soon as I was away from them, I answered Blake.

“No, I haven’t changed my mind. Not at all,” I told him. He must have been satisfied with my answer. He knew me, after all. He must have been convinced that I wasn’t lying to him.

“Jeez, woman. You just gave me a heart attack. I damn near ran off the road. Don’t ever scare me like that again,” he huffed.

“Sorry,” I whispered. I was too stressed out to laugh at him.

“Baby, what’s wrong? I know you’re hiding something from me. Why won’t you tell me?”

“I just can’t tell you right now, okay? Please just trust me on this. I promise that I will explain it to you later, but I just *can’t* right now.” I had started crying again while I was pleading with him.

“Okay,” he agreed. “I won’t bug you about it, if promise me that you’re okay,” he offered.

“I’m not okay, but I will be. I swear. I’ve got to go. I’m with my parents right now,” I advised him.

“Alright. Can I call you back tonight?” he asked. He sounded worried again.

“Of course you can. I’m sorry if I upset you. I do love you,” I mumbled, hoping it was too low for my parents to hear.

“I love you too. I’ll call you soon,” he assured me.

I flipped the phone closed and stuffed it back in my pocket. I wiped the fresh tears from my cheeks and took another deep breath before I walked back into the living room. My parents were watching me warily as I sat back down on the couch. I looked at them meaningfully, and my mother took it as her cue to start explaining.

“Honey, I don’t know of a better way to tell you this, so I’ll just give it to you straight,” she blurted.

“Okay, I’m ready,” I told her.

“Maybe I should tell her,” my dad chimed in.

“If you want to,” my mom replied. She was clearly upset, but I wasn’t sure if it was over me or over re-hashing old memories from my dad’s affair. I still couldn’t wrap my head around that. My dad just didn’t seem like the type.

“April, I made a mistake. A very, very big mistake. When you were little, I was stupid, and I cheated on your mother. We were fighting a lot and having to work all the time, and I thought I would be happier with another woman. I was wrong. I had an affair with one woman that lasted for about

three months. I felt horrible about it and I told her that I couldn't see her any longer. I told your mother what I had done and had fully expected her to leave me, but she didn't.

"It was tough around here for a while. It took a lot to earn her trust back. After about six months, things started to get better between us and things kind of went back to normal. Or so I thought. One night, I came home from work and your mother was in tears in the kitchen. She had sent you to your Aunt Mary's for the night so that she could have a talk with me. She explained to me that she had received a phone call earlier in the day from a woman named Carmen, and that this woman claimed to have been my lover. I wasn't sure why this had upset your mother so very much. She knew I had an affair, although I had never told her the other woman's name.

"It was then that your mother told me something that changed my life forever. She explained that Carmen told her that she was pregnant and was about to give birth to my baby. She said she had gotten pregnant during the few months that I was with her, but she hadn't had the courage to call me and tell me. It apparently pained her to have to call and talk to your mother and tell her that."

"To her credit, she seemed like a very nice lady," my mom said. "She cried the whole time and apologized over and over again. She begged me for forgiveness but she didn't have anywhere else to turn. She didn't have a very supportive family and didn't have a husband. She was so stressed out over the baby, because she didn't have a way to take care of him," my mom explained.

"That's terrible," I said.

"Your mother was kinder to both of us than we deserved," my father interjected. "She stepped in and helped Carmen out. We would have taken the baby ourselves, considering he was my son, but we just couldn't handle it at the time. We were already having a difficult time. That's where Lucy came in."

"Lucy is great-aunt Melinda's daughter, right?" I asked my dad. I was having trouble dealing with all of it, so I was trying to look at it objectively.

“Yes. Melinda is my mother’s sister. My aunt, your great-aunt. Lucy is her daughter, which is my cousin...your second cousin. Which would make her kids your third cousins, technically. I think that’s how it works,” he said with a furrow in his brow as he tried to think.

“Lucy and her husband had been trying to have a baby for years without any success,” my mom continued. “Lucy was more like a sister to your dad than a cousin. They grew up together, so it hurt him to see her so upset over not being able to have any children. When Carmen approached us, we immediately thought of her. We asked her if she would be willing to take the baby, and she was more than excited about it. We all four decided not to tell either of you about it. We didn’t want to cause either one of you any pain. Your father and I helped Carmen until the baby was born, then Lucy stepped in and took over. Once the adoption process was complete, Carmen moved far away and we haven’t heard from her since. Lucy and George have always been Blake’s parents.

“They always stayed close by us, knowing it would be difficult for your father to be away from Blake. That’s why you two were always together as kids. Your dad still wanted to be in Blake’s life as much as possible.”

My mom became quiet then, now that the explanation was over. It took me a long while to process everything that I had just been told. I really didn’t want to believe any of it, but it was hard to deny it when it was laid out in front of you like that.

I couldn’t look up and meet their gazes, though I could feel both of them looking at me. I didn’t know what to say to them. I felt terrible for my parents, knowing that it must hurt them to confess this to me after all those years, but I was trying to figure out what all this meant for me and my future.

I wasn’t sure how long we sat there, but eventually it became dark outside, and I realized my stomach was growling. Eating was the last thing on my mind right now, but it seemed as if my stomach was going to get its way. My mom had apparently heard it, too, and she quietly got up to go into the kitchen. I could hear her banging around in the

cupboards. My dad never moved, never spoke. He just sat, waiting. I was sure it was probably driving him nuts. He had never been a patient man. But, maybe I was wrong about that. I never would have dreamed that he could have cheated on my mother, but he did.

After a few minutes, my mom came back into the room. She had a plate of food and a glass in her hands. She sat them down in front of me and then handed me a fork. I wasn't sure I was capable of eating.

"Here. You need to eat. It's leftover roasted chicken and mashed potatoes from the reunion. It shouldn't upset your stomach. I brought you some ginger ale too."

My mother. I didn't think I could possibly love her more than I already did, but somehow I did. Here we were...my dad dredging up memories from an affair and a secret love child, and me...confessing to sleeping with a relative, and being in love with said relative. And she still cared enough to get up and fix me something to eat. I stood up and hugged her firmly.

That apparently took her off guard. She cried for just a moment and told me she loved me. Then she excused herself from the room. I felt so bad for her. My dad finally stood up and came over to me. He swiftly kissed me on the forehead, and then went after my mother. I fiercely hoped that this wouldn't cause much trouble between them. They deserved to be happy.

I picked at the food, and was surprised at how hungry I really was. I finished the whole plate of food and all of the ginger ale in record time. I quietly gathered my plate and cup up and took it into the kitchen. I set the plate in the sink and refilled my ginger ale. Then I went back into the living room and curled up on the sofa. I needed some time to think all of this through. I was glad that they had given me some time to be alone. Without knowing it, tears started spilling down my cheeks again.

I knew that now there was no way I could be with Blake. It was different when we were distant cousins. But now, he was my half-brother. There was no way to justify the relationship. I didn't know how I was going to make it through

this. For once, it looked like my life was going great, even though I was still having to deal with bullshit. Then it all got yanked out from underneath me. I just laid there and cried as quietly as I could. I heard my phone going off again in my pocket, but when I dug it out and popped it open, I realized it was just Riley. Again. I pressed the ignore button and sent him to the voicemail. I was in no mood to talk to him right now. Besides, it was Monday. I was sure he was having dinner with his parents and probably bashing me. He could leave another angry message if he wanted.

At least an hour had passed, maybe more. My parents hadn't resurfaced, and for that I was grateful. I didn't want them to see me like this. I was staring at the ceiling when a knock at the door scared the shit out of me. I jumped and yelped at the same time. Then I felt stupid for being so jumpy. I didn't get up off of the couch, though. Whoever it was could go away. No one in this house was up for company right now. After a few seconds, the person at the door started banging on it.

So it was going to be like that, was it? I grumbled to myself as I rolled off the couch, but my mom was already there. She held her hand up to me, motioning me to sit back down. She opened the door and then there was a strange little catch in her voice as she spoke.

"Well, I wasn't expecting to see you here," she said. "Come in."

I wasn't interested enough to look up to see who had stopped by. Probably one of my mom's friends or one of the neighbors. I had curled back up into a ball on the sofa and the tears had started pouring again when I heard my mom call my name.

"April...someone is here to see you," she said. Her voice sounded strangled.

I looked up and the breath was knocked out of me. Blake was standing in the doorway, looking right at me. Pain and worry were plain on his face. He was obviously torn, wanting to comfort me, but not wanting to blow our cover. I spared him the suspense.

"It's okay Blake. They already know about what happened

between us,” I explained to him.

He darted around my mom and came straight to me. He knelt down beside me on the floor and wrapped his arms around me.

“I can’t believe you came all the way back here,” I said.

“You were hurting and I couldn’t stand it. I didn’t know what was wrong. Did you really expect me to just go home and forget about you?” he whispered into my ear. “I’m glad I came back now. Obviously something is wrong with you. I’ve never seen your mom crying. You need to tell me what’s going on before I go insane, baby!”

I tried to sit up on the couch, and he helped me. He threw a look over his shoulder and was surprised to see that my mom was still standing in the doorway.

“Do you need my help?” my mom asked me. I knew what she meant.

“No...I don’t think so. It’s okay mom. Go back to dad. I’ll be okay. I love you,” I said as she started to back away, wanting to give me my privacy.

“Love you, too. I’ll be in the bedroom if you need me...for anything.”

As soon as she was gone, Blake turned around and gave me his full attention. He knew I was keeping something from him...something big. I could tell it was bothering him, but I wasn’t ready to explain it all just yet. Instead, I just stared back at him. He quickly wiped the tears out of my eyes and leaned forward to kiss me. I wished that somehow I wouldn’t want to kiss him back, but I did. All I wanted was to be with him. And I was secretly ecstatic that he had come back for me. Although I wasn’t sure if it would make all of this easier on either of us now that he was here.

I kissed him back with passion, which pleased him. He must have still been under the assumption that I had changed my mind about him. Silly man. I hadn’t changed my mind, but there was something there that was going to change it for me.

Blake wasn’t lying when he told me he had been working out and buffing up. He reached around behind me and picked me up off of the couch without effort. He wrapped my

legs around his waist and pulled my arms around his neck, all without breaking his kiss. Then he turned around and sat down on the sofa. Now I was on his lap. I was angry with him at first, because I thought he was trying to be sexual, but he was a perfect gentleman. He pulled away from the kiss and pushed my head down on his chest. He started rubbing his hand on my back, soothing me. He brushed my hair away from my face with his free hand, and then he kissed my forehead.

"Now, tell me what's wrong, or I will go ask your mother. She apparently knows what's going on," he threatened.

"I don't want to tell you," I told him.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because...it's something bad. And it will change everything. I don't want anything to change, but it's going to happen anyway," I cried.

"For fuck's sake, April, just tell me! I can't take it! Please!" he begged.

"I told my mom about us when I got home. I completely forgot to call her while I was gone and she was a total wreck thinking something had happened to me," I explained swiftly. "And then she was upset and crying and so I told her what happened. I didn't mean to...it just came out!" I blurted.

"Okay...that doesn't seem too bad. I guess they're pretty pissed, huh? But it doesn't really change anything...as long as you don't care what they think."

I wish it were that easy. I would gladly deal with upset parents rather than the truth. I knew I couldn't keep it from him any longer, so I locked my arms around his neck once more and gave him one final kiss. I was certain that he wouldn't want to touch me again once I revealed our dirty little secret. He gladly kissed me back but then he pushed me away.

"Is that all that was wrong?" he asked. Damn, man. He was kind of annoying with his observations.

"No. That's not all that was wrong. There was something that my mom told me that you might want to know," I informed him.

"Oh yeah? And what's that? Are they gonna prosecute me

or something for sleeping with you?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Not exactly. But I'm certain that you won't want to be with me after I tell you this," I hedged.

"April, if you value my sanity, please just tell me. I want to know and I want to know now." He was through pretending to threaten me. I had no doubt he would get up and go ask my mother for an explanation if I didn't come clean. I got up off of his lap, just in case he had some sort of violent reaction. I sat on the opposite end of the couch before I spoke again.

"Was that really necessary?" he asked. It seemed like I had offended him.

"Yes. Well, maybe. I don't know. I don't know how you're gonna react when I tell you this, so I was just giving you some space."

"Please! Do you really think I would hurt you?" he asked with disbelief.

"Just shut up for one second so I can get this over with, please. It's hard enough as it is," I barked. It took several deep breaths and a lot of hand wringing to finally spit it out.

"Blake, my mom and dad told me that you aren't my cousin," I stated. I could see the same flash of hope in his eyes that I had earlier, so I threw my hand up at him, cautioning him to wait. "That's not all. It seems...that you are...in fact...my half-brother." I was finally able to say it out loud. I couldn't look at him as he processed this. I was just waiting for him to get up and walk out.

He didn't, though. He just sat there. I never did look up to see what emotions were on his face. I doubted I could have handled it. I was barely keeping mine in check at the moment.

"How is that possible?" he finally asked. I looked up and saw the same confused look that had probably been on my face earlier.

"You are my dad's son. He had an affair with another woman back when I was little. She ended up pregnant but couldn't take care of you. So, when you were born, my dad's cousin Lucy took you in. She wasn't able to have kids on her

own, and dad wanted to be sure that you were taken care of.

“So...they all decided not to tell either one of us. Of course now they regret that decision. My mom just about had a nervous break down when I told her I had slept with you,” I clarified.

“I...don’t know what to say. I don’t even know how to respond to that,” he whispered so low that I could barely hear him. He put his head down in his hands and wouldn’t look at me. I knew it was going to end up this way. I was so furious that I wanted to scream. But, I didn’t want my parents to feel any worse than they already did, so I jumped up and ran out of the house. I slammed the front door behind me and took off down the road.

Although it was nighttime, it was pretty bright outside. I walked down the familiar street, heading for the giant oak tree that was on the corner of my parent’s property. I used to play underneath it a lot as a kid. It provided shade and a cool place to sit during the summer, or shelter from a rainstorm. I had often sat underneath it reading book after book. And, of course, Blake and I used to hang out there and talk for hours. That just made me more depressed.

I finally reached the tree and I swiftly ducked under it, hoping that I could have some time to deal with all of the thoughts that were running through my head. I sat down in my old spot and leaned up against the tree. I stared up at the stars as I thought about all that had happened in the last few days. I thought that losing my job would definitely be the low point of my weekend. Turns out that it doesn’t even register on the scale.

It wasn’t long before I heard footsteps coming down the road. I was hoping that it was my mom or dad, but I was almost certain it was Blake. He would know exactly where to find me. It was our spot, after all. Then he was there, standing on the road, staring at me. I guess he was waiting for me to tell him something, but I didn’t know what he wanted me to say.

I just stared up at him, waiting. He eventually walked to where I was sitting and sat down on the ground. I didn’t miss the fact that he hadn’t sat beside me or touched me. He was

probably coming to tell me that he never wanted to see me again.

I put my head down in my hands and tried to cry as softly as possible. I ached for his arms to be around me, but apparently he was so repulsed by me now that he wouldn't touch me. I didn't know how to fix anything in my life anymore. Maybe I should just leave it all behind. Move far away from everyone and start over. Or maybe I should just stay with Riley. I would never be happy again without Blake, so what was the point? I could try to make things work with Riley, if he was even still talking to me. Fuck, everything was so screwed up. I really, really wanted to be alone right now.

"Why don't you just leave, Blake? I came out here to be alone...if I had wanted you around I would have stayed in the house," I spat at him.

I wasn't really mad at him...just the fucked up situation we were in. I still loved him but there was nothing I could do about that now. Maybe it would be better if we were both angry. Then perhaps we could find a way to move on.

"I didn't want you to be alone outside in the dark. It makes me nervous," he replied.

"Well, I'm not your responsibility, so you don't have to worry about it," I snapped back.

"I'm sorry, April. About everything. I didn't mean for this to happen to you. I wish I could take it all back and save you from the hurt, but I can't. I had no idea about the whole adoption thing. But I could see how that would disgust you enough that you would hate me," he murmured in the darkness.

"Hate you? I don't hate you! I fucking love you, but we can't be together! It's so unfair! I don't understand how everything in my life can be like this. It's just not possible for so many things to go wrong. Everything we wanted was about to happen, and then it all got taken away. I'm goddamn furious about it, but I could never hate you," I ranted. "But...you wouldn't even look at me earlier. I knew what you were thinking. You were repulsed by me and by the thought of what I really am. It's different if we're distant cousins, but it's not the same if we're really brother and

sister.” My voice broke at the end of the sentence. I was losing my composure. I could feel the mental snap that was coming, but I had hoped I could be alone while it happened.

Finally, Blake lost his cool. I was expecting it, so it wasn't much of a shock. He still managed to surprise me though.

“April, I don't care, okay? I don't care if you are my sister or my cousin or my fucking aunt. It doesn't matter to me. We've kind of passed the point of no return anyway, and it's not our fault that both of our parents lied to us. We had no way of knowing. So as far as I'm concerned, we *are* just cousins. Correction: distant cousins. And it doesn't matter to me what anyone else on the damn planet thinks about it. If us being together is what it takes to make us both happy then that's what we'll do. I just assumed you were telling me all of that in the house as a way to get rid of me,” he confessed. “I just need to know if you can be happy with me, knowing what you know now.”

I wanted to scream at him to make him understand how much I didn't care either, and how all I wanted was to be with him, but I couldn't. I gave him the best answer I could.

“I...don't really know, Blake. I don't know how I feel right now. I'm just kind of numb. I know that's not the answer you were looking for, but that's the best I can do right now.”

“No, that isn't the answer I wanted, but I can wait for you to work it all out. I'll be here for you as long as you want me,” he offered.

“Thanks. I'm glad you came back. I've kind of been a mental wreck all day,” I admitted.

He moved closer to me then, and put his arm around me. I leaned into his shoulder and sighed. First thing in the morning, I was going to deal with Riley. I needed to set things straight with him. I was sure that all of this bad luck coming my way was deserved...most of it because of how I had been treating him lately. He didn't deserve it. Maybe it would make a difference, maybe it wouldn't...but I still had to try. It looked like I had some big decisions to make, and not a lot of time to make them.

Riley

“That’s it! I’m done!” I flung my cell phone across the room. I didn’t even cringe at the loud cracking noise it made when it smashed into the wall. I could get a new phone. And I was now determined to get a new wife. I had been taking April’s shit for FAR too long now. This was the absolute last straw.

Three days straight I’ve been calling that bitch and she won’t answer her damn phone! I ranted to myself.

“Riley! What was that noise?” My mom asked as she came into the room. I was at my parent’s house having dinner with them, as I usually did once a week. It was a bit different this week, since April was missing. I excused myself to try and call her once again, only to be forwarded to her voicemail. Now I was livid.

“I may have flung my phone against the wall,” I said as I walked across the room to make sure I hadn’t made a dent in the drywall.

“Well what in the hell did you do that for?” she asked.

“I was pretending I was throwing it right in April’s face. I am so pissed at her right now I can’t even see straight,” I explained. I was also relieved to see that I hadn’t damaged the wall. “I don’t think I can stand to be married to her anymore. She’s only gotten worse these last couple of years. I don’t even know her anymore.”

“Uh-oh. What happened?” she asked. I could hear the curiosity burning in her voice. There was nothing my mother liked better than some drama. Right now I didn’t care though. I just needed to tell *someone*.

“She lost her job on Friday, for starters. She didn’t even tell me! I found out when I got home and heard the voicemail on the answering machine from her boss telling her to pick up her final check. She was gone to her mom’s house. She was supposed to go there for a reunion, but she wasn’t supposed to be leaving till later that night. When I tried to call her...no answer. I had no idea if she had even made it there

or not. Called all night, but nothing. I finally got her the next morning and she was pissed at me! Why? I don't know! Guess she was pissed cause I was worried about her! She hung up on me and I haven't heard from her since. She was supposed to be back yesterday. If I wasn't Monday and I didn't have work tomorrow, I would have driven up there.

"But I've decided that I don't care. She can do what she wants. I'm filing for divorce. I don't ever see her...she's always gone for some reason. I know for a fact that she cheated on me last year. Met the fat fuck that she was sucking off at work. Disgusting! Don't know why I let her back in the house!"

My mom's eyes looked like they were about to pop right out of her head. It was so humorous that I couldn't contain the burst of laughter that exploded out of me. Now she was looking at me like I was crazy...which only made me laugh harder.

"What's with that expression?" I asked when I had caught my breath.

"I just haven't heard you talk like that before. It was a little disturbing. If you weren't a grown man, I'd take you in the bathroom and wash your mouth out with soap," she threatened.

"Sorry. You wanted to know what's been going on!" I informed her.

"I had no idea she had cheated on you. That's terrible! I never did like that girl! Her whole family is trash!" my mom exclaimed.

"Yeah, I know. I should have listened to you way back in the day when you tried to warn me and maybe I wouldn't be in this situation."

"Are you sure that you're ready for a divorce," she asked.

"Yes. It's been coming for a while now, but I've stupidly been trying to make it work out between us. She's just not happy. Nothing I do is ever good enough. She's always pissed cause she has to use 'her' money to pay bills and can't just go blow it at the bars. She bitches about her job non-stop. She cheated on me at least once...probably more times than that. She's never home when she's supposed to

be and she won't even call me to let me know she's alive. I'm just tired of being the only one in the relationship that gives a crap," I fumed.

"Well, I hope you can get it all straightened out. You have enough stress as it is," she comforted me.

"Yeah...it will all get worked out. Look, I'm going to head home. I've got some things I need to take care of," I said as I headed for the door. I stopped on the way to pick up my phone off of the floor.

"Okay. Let me know if you need anything. Your dad and I will help you out if you need us, okay?"

"Sure. I'll call you later."

As I pulled out of their driveway and headed home, I couldn't get a grip on the anger that was pulsing through me. I was glad that April wasn't home, cause she definitely wouldn't have liked what I had to say to her tonight.

When I got home, I went straight to the kitchen and made a call to my boss to tell him I wasn't feeling good and wasn't going to be in to work tomorrow. He didn't mind at all, or bother to ask what was wrong with me. I think that was the only sick day I had ever taken. At least I had a whole day to get everything in order. First thing in the morning, I was going to call a lawyer and set up a consultation. Then I was going to cancel her cell phone and her credit cards that were in my name. No sense in paying for anything of hers anymore. Maybe she could go get that fat bastard from work to pay for her bills.

For the first time in a while, I began to feel happy. I could see the light at the end of the tunnel. I wasn't particularly excited to be single again, but that bitch hadn't slept with me in over six months anyway. It wasn't like I was really losing anything by getting rid of her.

I was headed out of the kitchen when a piece of paper by the phone caught my attention. A pink slip of paper with April's crappy chicken scratch handwriting scrawled all over the page. I had forgotten all about the note she had left me a couple of weeks ago when she took a phone call for me one night.

Nikki called again! Don't know why that bitch keeps calling the house. Thought you were supposed to tell her to STOP calling you?? What the fuck happened with that? If you won't tell her to stop calling, then I will...and I won't be nice about it! Oh and she says that you 'know' her number? What the fuck is that about??

She had tossed it with some junk mail by the phone. Apparently she wasn't concerned whether I got the message or not. I didn't really care at the time about the note, but it had pissed her off, and that had resulted in a fight. One of many fights.

April was so jealous of Nikki...had been ever since high school when Nikki was my girlfriend. That had been way before April and I had gone out, but it still bugged her. And the fact that Nikki always tried to keep in touch with me after graduation didn't warm April to her any. I had never been anything more than distant friends with Nikki since we broke up in the tenth grade, so I wasn't sure why she was so jealous. Possibly because Nikki always told me that anytime I was a free man, I needed to come see her. She had been very blunt about offering to sleep with me on more than one occasion. That may have ticked April off some...

Although it was probably wrong, I snatched up the piece of paper and went back to the phone. I did indeed know Nikki's number. It was the same number she had when she was in high school. Her parents moved out and now she was living in their old house, and she never bothered to change numbers.

I dialed the number and waiting while it rang. Nikki picked up on the third ring.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Nikki. It’s Riley,” I answered.

“Riley? I can’t believe it! I’ve been trying to call you mister! I didn’t think I would hear from you!” She sounded genuinely excited.

“Yeah, sorry. April kind of forgot to mention that you had called the last time,” I explained.

“Oh. Well, that’s not surprising. I’m glad you called though! It’s been too long since we’ve talked!” she claimed.

“I know. I was wondering if maybe you wanted to get together and catch up?”

“That would be great! Are you busy tomorrow? I could come over and see you!”

“Tomorrow would be great. I’m off from work so I’ll be here at the house all day. Why don’t I come pick you up and we’ll have lunch...then we can come back here and catch up,” I offered.

“Are you sure that’s okay?” she asked. I knew what she was worried about.

“Don’t worry. April is gone to her mom’s for a while. But... I’ll fill you in on all of that tomorrow,” I promised.

“Wonderful! I’ll be ready and waiting on you...say around eleven?”

“Sounds great. I’ll be there! See you tomorrow,” I said.

“Good. Oh, and there’s something that I need to show you! See you tomorrow” she said with a chuckle before she hung up. Wonder what that was about...

I went to bed shortly after my phone call with Nikki. I hadn’t been sleeping well the last few days because I was worried about April. Now that I had made up my mind about her, I was able to finally get some sound sleep. Tomorrow was going to be a great day...I could feel it!

The next morning I woke up refreshed and excited. I had even managed to sleep in late for a change. I quickly showered and got dressed before I headed out the door. I didn’t bother to take my cell phone, since it was no longer working. I would have to remember to get a new one soon.

I really thought that I should feel bad for what I was doing,

but I didn't. April didn't care about me anymore, so I refused to care about her. As far as I was concerned, I was single now and free to do what I wanted. And if Nikki made me an offer this afternoon, I wasn't going to refuse.

I arrived at Nikki's house in record time. She was already opening the door for me before I had gotten out of the car. I immediately knew exactly what it was that she wanted to show me. She had her arms wrapped around her belly. She was pregnant, and pretty far along. Huh. She wasn't married though...not that I knew of anyway. I was certain she would get around to telling me what had happened.

I walked up to her and hugged her lightly. She hugged me back with a little too much enthusiasm to be considered a friendly hug. I didn't mind.

"Hey! I can't believe you're here!" she squealed. Man, she looked great! Pregnancy was definitely treating her well. Not to mention her boobs had grown quite a bit since the last time I saw her.

"I know. It's really good to see you Nikki. It's been a while. So...how have things been?" I asked.

She laughed at that, knowing exactly what I was curious about.

"You noticed that, did you? It's kind of hard to miss, eh? It would seem that I got myself knocked up! Long story short... met a guy at a club and we went out on a date. A few dates later and he finally convinced me to screw him. Wouldn't you know that the first time was when *this* happened?" she laughed as she pointed at her belly.

"Wow. That sounds about like your luck! Are you still with the guy?" I asked.

"Hell no! After I slept with him, he was done with me. Found out I was pregnant a few weeks later and tried to call him, but he don't want anything to do with me. Oh well... what are you gonna do?" she sighed.

"Sorry to hear that Nikki. You've never had the best luck with guys," I responded.

"Nope, I haven't. Not since you, anyway." She winked at me and threw me a smirk. "Come on...we can talk while we eat. I'm starving!" she said as she pulled me out of the

house.

Being with Nikki was effortless on my part; she was easy to get along with. We ate lunch at a little Italian restaurant and talked about everything that had been going on with each other for the last couple of years. I was saving all of the recent drama with April for later on.

While I had occasionally talked to her on the phone, I hadn't seen Nikki in at least three or four years. That was a shame...and it was all because of April. Nikki was a good friend, and I felt bad about ignoring her because of my wife.

After we were done eating, I drove us back to my house. On the way she had somehow managed to talk me into giving her a foot rub when we got there. She claimed that she couldn't see her feet anymore, much less rub them. How could I say no to that?

Once I pulled up in the driveway, I helped her into the house and made good on my promise. She quickly kicked her shoes off and plopped her feet up in my lap.

"Good Lord, Nikki! Your feet are huge!" I announced. Like she didn't already know that.

"Wow...thanks for telling me! I had no idea that carrying around a fat pregnant belly all day could make your feet swell!" she laughed.

I started rubbing her feet without another word. I felt bad for Nikki. She always got the shit end of the stick. Never could catch a break. April didn't know how good she had it! Poor Nikki just needed someone to rub her feet and she didn't even have that. She was working and paying all of her own bills and now she was going to have to raise a baby on her own. But not once has she complained about it. All that did was make me more angry with April...if that were even possible.

"What's got you so glum?" Nikki asked.

"Oh...just thinking about April," I replied.

"Oh! Do I need to go? I don't want to get you in trouble," she huffed as she tried to get up off of the couch.

"Sit down, silly!" I commanded as I pushed her back down on the couch and resumed rubbing her feet. "April probably

isn't coming home any time soon. She's at her mom's for a reunion. I...I'm filing for a divorce. We are done. It's been coming for a while, but our marriage has finally reached its breaking point."

"What? I can't believe that! Oh, Riley! I'm so sorry! Is there anything I can do?" she gasped. She flung herself at me and gripped me in a tight hug. I couldn't help but hug her back.

"It's okay. I'm not even that upset about it anymore. I've known for a while that this was where we were headed. I haven't heard from her since Saturday morning, so I don't even know where she is or what she's doing.

I'm so glad you agreed to see me, Nikki. It's nice to have a friend to talk to," I confessed.

"Anytime, Riley...but you know that! I'll be there for anything you need. Or at least I can try. I might be tied up in a few weeks," she chuckled as she rubbed her huge stomach.

I was so sick of talking about April. It was like she was already old news. I was more interested in Nikki and her life, so I decided not to bring April up anymore for the rest of the day. I was certain that it wouldn't be hard to keep Nikki talking about herself for a while.

"So do you know what you're having?" I asked. I timidly put my hand on her belly. She didn't seem to mind.

"Nope! And I don't want to know. People think I'm crazy, but I don't always have a lot of good news, you know? And keeping it a surprise just seems fun to me," she clarified.

"Is it tough? Doing it alone and being pregnant? I mean... I can't imagine what it's like for you," I admitted. I was not familiar with anything to do with pregnancy. April didn't want any kids. At least, not with me.

"It's not really that bad. I just don't think about doing it on my own. And as far as being pregnant goes, it's really pretty great on most days. The worst part though is being so damn horny all the time! I guess if you're married then you might not have to worry about that. But can you imagine trolling the bars looking for men with this sticking out?" she said as she shook her belly at me. "Men run screaming from me! Oh

well, I guess it could be worse!" she laughed.

I was shocked that she had just admitted that to me. She apparently was still comfortable around me. Time hadn't changed that, at least.

"Well...I don't really know what to say to that. I'm sorry, I guess?" I said with a chuckle.

"Wow...thanks!" she retorted. She leaned over to punch me on my arm, but instead of letting her flop back on the couch, I grabbed her and held her there.

She looked a little confused at first, so I thought maybe she needed a little help. I leaned in and kissed her swiftly, then I pulled back. I didn't want to make her do anything she didn't want to do, so I waited for her to decide. It didn't take her long.

Before I knew it, she was on top of me. For being so hugely pregnant, she was pretty quick. She straddled me and held on for dear life as she kissed me with urgency. She must have been more horny than I realized.

The next few minutes were a blur. All I know is that somehow we ended up in the bedroom and we were stripping our clothes off. I sat down on the bed and pulled her to me.

"I don't know how...to do this," I admitted as I kissed the side of her neck. I didn't want to hurt her.

"Don't worry...I'll take care of it," she promised breathlessly.

She crawled up onto the bed and spread her legs. I eagerly climbed up on top of her, but she giggled and pushed my head down. I knew what she wanted, and I was happy to oblige.

I buried my head between her legs and dove in. I was an expert at this; even April had to admit that. It wasn't long before I had Nikki grinding against my face and moaning with pleasure. I probed inside of her with a couple of my fingers as I licked and sucked on her clit. Her pussy was dripping wet within a matter of seconds. Yes, definitely very horny.

I lost all track of time by this point. I wasn't sure how long I was pleasuring Nikki, and I didn't care. Just knowing that I

was turning her on made me hard. Every once in a while, she would reach down and push my head down, forcing me to lick harder and harder. I was working hard, trying to make her orgasm, but she had other plans. Before I was done with her, she pushed me away.

“Come on...lay down! It’s my turn!” she commanded.

I was quick to sprawl out on the bed and was in heaven when she climbed on top of me and slid my hard cock into her dripping wet hole. She was so tight and wet that I thought I might explode with just a few strokes, but I managed not to. I didn’t want it to end so soon.

Her pussy was like no other...she was just right. I had slept with a few women before I married April, but there was no one that was particularly good. And that included April.

She bounced up and down on me for quite a while. Each time she would bounce up, she would tighten her pussy before she would slide back down on my dick. It was fantastic. After a few more minutes, she jumped off of me and turned around. She got on all fours and thrust her ass up in the air.

“Come on, big boy...show me what you got. I hope you like doggy-style,” she taunted with a wicked smile.

I quickly got up and had no trouble slipping my dick back into her. Fuck...I wasn’t sure how much longer I was going to be able to hold off. Her cunt was wet and hot and tight. And it had been six months since I had gotten any. I thrust my dick in and out of her with as much force as I could manage, but still trying to be careful with her. If I hurt her, she didn’t complain. She begged me for more.

“Oh fuck! FUCK!! Don’t stop! God, yes! Harder! Fuck me harder, dammit!! AAAHHH!! You have no idea how good that feels!” she screamed.

I couldn’t even respond with words. I just pumped my dick even harder and faster and let out a few grunts. This seemed to excite her.

“Oh yeah! I knew it! I KNEW you would like my pussy if you ever got the chance to fuck it! You should have fucked me in high school, Riley! Me! Not her!” she exclaimed. “Tell me, Riley! Tell me how much better I am! Tell me how much

you love my pussy! Tell me how much you WANT my pussy!”

“FUCK!!! I do! I want it! I want your pussy! I don’t ever want to stop fucking it! God! It’s so tight and wet! I want to cum in it!” I screamed back.

She started rocking back and forth on my dick as I thrust, only making it more awesome feeling. It wasn’t going to be much longer. I could feel it building up inside of me. Thankfully, Nikki seemed to realize that.

“Do it! I want you to cum in me! I want to feel it! I need it in me! DO IT!”

That was it for me. She sent me over the edge and I felt it release. My whole body heated up in preparation for it, and then I was climaxing. The cum was spewing out of my dick faster than it ever had. It was almost painful...but in a very good way. I couldn’t do anything but keep thrusting and grunting until the orgasm finally released me. I fell back away from her and flopped onto the pillows. I was sweating and panting and I was sure I had spooge all over me, but I didn’t care. Apparently Nikki didn’t care either. She crawled up to me and laid her head on my chest. She was breathing heavy herself.

“Are you okay?” I asked worriedly. I was concerned I had been too rough with her.

“Oh, I’m better than okay. That was...fantastic. I had no idea what I’d been missing all these years!” she teased. “You can’t imagine how great I feel right now!” She reached up with her hand and pulled my face down to hers. She gave me a quick, gentle kiss on the lips and then she released me.

I held her face in place and kissed her with more emotion this time. I wanted to make sure she understood how I felt about her. I wasn’t just using her for sex.

She apparently got the message. She straddled me again and kissed me back. I couldn’t remember the last time April had kissed me like this. I wasn’t sure she ever had.

I reached back and grabbed Nikki’s hair gently in my hand and pushed her face closer to mine. She wrapped her hands around my neck and let out a gentle moan.

A few minutes had passed, though I wasn’t really

concerned with keeping track of time at this point. I was suddenly distracted by a noise in the living room. It wasn't a loud noise, and I couldn't place it. It wasn't enough to make me get up and go check to see what it was. It was probably just the stupid books on the bookshelf slipping down again.

I had returned my full attention back to Nikki when I heard the bedroom door quietly unlatch. I was startled and reacted without thinking. I flung Nikki off of me onto the bed, pushing her behind me. I quickly grabbed the gun that was in the gun case on the bedside table and flicked off the safety. I was ready to shoot whomever stepped through the door. I heard Nikki whimper behind me.

The adrenaline was pulsing in my veins for just a split second. Then my veins went ice cold when I heard a voice.

"Riley? Are you in here?" April called.

I lowered the gun quickly and sat it back on the table. April walked into the bedroom and flicked on the lights. Then she rounded the corner and looked straight at the bed. I watched as the emotions flickered across her face. First, she was startled. Apparently she wasn't expecting me to be home. Then she switched to surprise followed swiftly by anger as she spied Nikki on the bed behind me.

For a few seconds, nobody spoke. We just sat and stared at each other. Without saying a word, April turned around and walked back out of the bedroom. The fury was plain on her face, which worried me. I had no idea what she was capable of.

Superb. This was not going to end well.

TO BE CONTINUED

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