

THE REUNION

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4
EPISODE



AN eBook SERIAL

THE REUNION

A STORY OF INTOXICATION & REGRETS

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 4

Riley

“Get up and get dressed. Then take my car keys and go home, okay? I’ll call you in a little while. I don’t want you to be here during this,” I swiftly explained to Nikki.

I jumped up out of the bed and pulled my pants on. I quickly yanked my shirt on and then turned around to wait on Nikki. She was clearly upset and scared. I whispered into her ear to try and calm her down.

“It’s okay. Don’t stress out. Just get dressed and I’ll get you out of here. You haven’t done anything wrong, and neither have I,” I tried to comfort her.

“Okay,” she agreed shakily. She was finally dressed and grabbed my hand. “I’m ready.”

She didn’t look like she was ready to walk out of the bedroom, but I didn’t want her here while I was throwing down with April. It wasn’t fair to her, and I knew April was going to drag her through the middle of all of it. I pulled her along behind me and walked out of the bedroom.

The first thing I registered was the sound of a male voice coming from the living room. I stopped in the kitchen before I rounded the corner and went into the living room. What the hell? Had she brought some new man meat of the week with her? Nikki tugged on my hand, probably wondering why I had stopped.

I strolled into the living room and spied April sitting on the couch with a man. He looked familiar but I couldn’t place him. For the moment, though, I ignored both of them and headed straight for the front door. I was determined to get Nikki out of here.

Of course it would never be that easy. April noticed when we walked into the room and realized where I was headed. She darted to the front door and planted her ass right in the

way. I pulled Nikki even farther behind me just in case April felt like picking a fight.

"Get out of the way, April," I said lividly.

"No. I need to talk to you. AND her," she replied. She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at me.

"Nikki doesn't have anything to do with what is about to happen here, and she is leaving. And if you have a problem with that, then you are going to have a problem with me," I argued.

"Well, maybe I'm mistaken, but I believe you were just fucking her in our bed. So, yes, she does have something to do with what is about to happen."

Nikki pulled free of my grip and walked around me. She was apparently going to try and leave anyway. It was a bad move. She didn't know April was a crazy bitch. I tried to hold her back, but she shook me off.

"Get out of my way," Nikki hissed at April. April just glared at Nikki, so Nikki just shoved her out of the way. I had to contain the chuckle that was trying to break free.

"Take your hands off of me, bitch," April warned.

"Then get out of my way, and we won't have a problem," Nikki retorted.

"We *already* have a problem. You see, most women don't like it when you fuck their husbands behind their backs."

"Yes, well...maybe I wouldn't have had to if *you* had been fucking him instead of treating him like a dog and cheating on him. I'm surprised he lasted with you this long. We all tried to warn him in high school. We all knew what a trashy whore you were back then. Apparently you haven't changed any over the years," Nikki snapped.

Nikki flung the door open then and walked outside. Another bad idea on her part. I was still amused at her rant, because quite frankly, April deserved to be put in her place. However, I knew April wasn't working with a full deck of cards, so I was prepared for what happened next. I just wish I had been faster.

April, coward that she is, waited until Nikki's back was turned before she lunged at her. She slammed into Nikki hard, causing her to collapse on the porch. I raced out the

door and yanked April off of her before I flung her back into the house. It would have been humorous from an outside perspective I'm sure. The way she sailed through the air before she landed on her ass in the living room was enough to almost make me laugh out loud. Almost. I was immediately concerned about Nikki. I quickly pulled her up and supported her as I dragged her back into the house. If April tried anything, I would shoot the bitch.

It seemed that her little tantrum was over...or maybe she was scared of my reaction. She hadn't moved off of the floor where she landed. I had all but forgotten about the man that had been talking to her just a few minutes ago, but he was at her side now, whispering to her. He looked at me like he could kill me Okay...so I would shoot both of them. I had more than enough bullets.

I eased Nikki down on the couch and sunk down on my knees beside her.

"Are you okay?" I asked with impatience. She was crying, but I wasn't sure if she was hurt or just upset.

"I'm okay I think," she replied.

"Are you sure? Do you want me to drive you to the hospital? I think I should take you to the hospital," I concluded.

"No, I'm okay...really," she whispered.

I didn't believe her. She was clutching at her stomach and it looked like she was holding back a scream.

"Oh please! I barely touched her! Why in the hell would she need to go to the hospital?" April barked from behind the couch. Apparently her buddy had helped her up off of the floor and she was glaring at us now.

"What? Are you fucking kidding me?? She's pregnant you fucking moron! I know *you* probably don't care if you hurt her, but I do! How big of a bitch can you be?" I screamed at her.

I saw the color sink out of April's face as this knowledge sunk in. Apparently...*somehow*...she didn't know Nikki was pregnant. How she missed it, I wasn't sure. She must have been blind.

"I...didn't know," she whispered. "I swear to God I didn't

know! She was...behind you in the bedroom and she was behind you when you came in here. And when she headed for the door I wasn't looking at her stomach. I swear I didn't know. I wouldn't have done that...if I had known," she assured us. For once, I heard sincerity in her voice.

"Please...tell me what to do!" I begged Nikki. I wanted to make sure she was okay. I would deal with April later.

"Seriously...I'm fine. This isn't the first time I've fallen down. I'm really clumsy so it happens a lot. I guess that's a good thing. I took all of the impact on my hands and knees. Perfectly fine," she said.

I still wasn't completely convinced though. She reached out and squeezed my hand and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Really. I'm not just telling you that to make you feel better. I really am okay. Scout's honor!" She threw me a small smile, and I smiled back at her.

"If you start to feel bad or hurt at all, you tell me and I will drive you to the hospital," I said.

"Yes, sir," she replied with a smile.

I got up off of the floor then, and turned my attention to April. She looked like she was about to throw up. I would deal with her in a minute. For now, I wanted to know who the stranger in my house was.

"Who are you?" I asked as I glared at the man standing next to my wife. He looked like he was holding her hand, but I couldn't be sure. Yes, definitely man meat.

"I'm April's cousin, Blake. I guess you don't remember me from the wedding," he replied. Then it dawned on me. Yes, I did remember him. He had just been a lot chubbier when I saw him at our wedding. They had grown up together and had been best friends until she moved away when she was 16. That's when I had met her for the first time. She had been the new girl at our high school...

"Yeah...right. I remember you now. What are you doing here?" I asked, but I tried to keep the taunting edge out of my voice this time.

"I came back with April. She said she needed to talk to you and she wanted me to come with her. Moral support, I

suppose. She said you two had been fighting a lot lately,” he explained.

“Talk to me about what?” I asked as I now glared at April. She looked nervous and edgy as I questioned her.

“Maybe now isn’t the best time,” she hedged as she shot a glance down at Nikki.

“I don’t see why not. I think we *do* need to talk, and I’ll go first,” I shot back at her.

She cautiously moved around the couch and sat in the recliner at the far end of the living room...as far away from me as possible. Blake shadowed her. Man, he was acting weird around her. What was up with him?

“Go ahead, then,” she replied angrily.

I sat down next to Nikki, putting myself between April and her, just in case April went off the deep end again. I took a deep breath and then just blurted it all out.

“I’m filing for divorce. I’m done with this marriage, and I’m done with you. I have been nothing but faithful to you the entire time we were married, but I can’t say the same for you. You don’t ever want to spend time with me...you’re always gone...you never answer my phone calls. You just lost your job and you didn’t bother to tell me...then you disappear all weekend and don’t even have the courtesy to call me and let me know you’re still alive. Not to mention the fact that you have cheated on me.

“You obviously aren’t happy, so just leave! I’m not happy any more either. And I assure you that I have never cheated on you...until today. But to my credit, I had already made up my mind to divorce you, so I don’t feel bad about it.”

I was surprised that she allowed me to finish my whole rant without interrupting me once. That wasn’t like her. While I was watching her and waiting on her reaction, I noticed her eyes fill up with tears. What the hell?

Then I was even more confused as I saw Blake reach down and grab her hand and squeeze it while she laid her head against him. What was wrong with that picture?

I just stared and waited for her to respond. I was done talking and saying what I needed to say. April cleared her throat and finally broke the silence.

"If that's what you want, Riley. I didn't come here to fight with you. I'm sorry that I lost my temper with you...I just wasn't expecting to find you here...with her. I don't have any reason to be angry with you, because-like you said-I've cheated on you before. You've been kinder to me than I deserve. I was coming home to ask you for the same thing that you want, so I guess we're on the same page," she murmured. Her voice began to break at the end.

Why did I feel bad for her? All of the things that woman has done to me...and I still feel bad for her. It was insane. And *what* was going on with her and Blake? Now he had his arm wrapped around her...like he was holding her up. It was kind of...disturbing, but I wasn't sure why.

She was obviously waiting for me to reply to what she had said.

"Well, I guess we're good then," I said with astonishment. I was fully prepared for one of our signature screaming matches, yet everything had been settled in just a few minutes. "I'll take care of everything with the lawyer and give you a call when it's all ready. I mean...I guess you aren't staying here, are you?" I asked belatedly.

"No. I'm going to get my stuff and go stay with mom and dad for a while. We have some things that we need to work out right now, anyway." She shot Blake a meaningful glance then, which confused me even more.

I was about to ask what was going on when I heard Nikki suck in a sharp breath behind me. I turned to see what was going on.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"I think...I think I might need to lie down for a minute, if that's okay...can I go to the bedroom?" she asked.

"Of course. Are you okay? Do you need me to do something?"

"No. I just need a few minutes, okay? Too much action right now...that's all." She tried to get up off of the couch without much luck, so I stood up and helped her. I steadied her and helped her walk slowly to the bedroom. I stole a glance at April as we walked by. I figured she would look disgusted but she actually looked concerned.

Once we got in the bedroom, I helped Nikki lie down and then I propped her feet up on some extra pillows.

"Are you sure you're alright? You don't look like you feel good," I stated.

"Just too much stress right now. I needed to get out of there. I'll be okay. I just need to rest for a few minutes and calm down. If I don't feel better, then I'll let you drive me to the hospital," she informed me.

I didn't make any move to leave her, and she shot me an annoyed look.

"I'm fine! Really! Go deal with your problems...go on! I feel bad enough about all of this as it is," she admitted.

"Well, you shouldn't. You didn't do anything wrong. And you have nothing to feel bad about. It was crappy timing. Try to get some rest and I'll be back soon to check on you," I ordered.

I slowly left the room, not ready to face whatever was waiting out there. Now that Nikki was out of sight, I was sure April wouldn't be so nice. I could overhear April and Blake talking quietly to each other, so I paused in the kitchen. I strained to listen to what they were saying.

"I just don't think it's a good idea!" April whispered angrily.

"I'm not saying that you need to tell him *everything*, but you're going to have to give him some sort of explanation. He's already scrutinizing us," Blake whispered back.

"Besides, if you're going to be coming back with me, you'll have to let him know how to contact you. You need to figure out something."

"What do you want me to tell him?" she retorted.

"The same thing we had figured out to tell the family," he answered.

"Fine...I guess you're right. I just want to get this over with and get out of here!"

"I know. Just a little while longer. Then I'll help you pack and we can go."

I was more than confused by their exchange, but I wasn't really concerned. April wasn't my problem anymore, so whatever she had going on was her business now. It went silent in the living room then, so I peeked around the corner.

I was a little shocked when I saw Blake leaned down, kissing April lightly on the mouth. I didn't know what I was seeing, much less how to respond to it. I just stood there...staring. When Blake straightened up, he noticed me looking around the corner at them. I must have had an odd expression on my face because Blake went white as a ghost and looked like he was about to shit himself.

April

"What in the hell...is going on here?" Riley muttered.

"Nothing," I replied too quickly. Dammit...why in the hell did I do that here? I knew he was coming back! I should have waited! And now Riley saw it and God knows what he's thinking now. Fuck!

"April...that is your *cousin*! What in the fucking hell is going on?" Riley ranted.

I didn't have an answer for him, so I just kept staring at him. After a few tense moments, he finally spoke again.

"Just get your shit and get out of here. You disgust me!" he screamed as he turned around and headed for the bedroom.

I still didn't move. I was too stunned by his angry words. He came back into the living room again, with Nikki in tow. However, he didn't look at me or speak again. He just stalked past me and Blake and left through the front door, slamming it shut behind him. I heard his car start and then peel out of the driveway. Well, things were probably going to be a little tense with him from now on. Not like it wasn't

already.

My life could NOT get any worse. That was at least one thing I could count on! I was at the bottom of the barrel. It could only get better from here. Things had to turn around. They just had to.

Time was passing more slowly now than ever before. After getting over the initial shock from Riley's words, I was able to gather up my things and leave my home. Blake took me back to my parents' house and they welcomed me with open arms. Before things could get too uncomfortable, Blake took off, needing to get back home himself to deal with work and the situation with his own spouse.

So, now I was left with endless amounts of time to think about how shitty everything really was. I wasn't really interested in getting a job at the moment, so I basically was stuck at the house all day with my mom and dad. Normally that wouldn't have been a bad thing, but things had been a bit awkward with them since the big reveal.

While the rest of the world went on, I debated on the next step to take. Blake had been helpful and comforting to me as best he could from a distance. At first, it was nice, but as the days and weeks dragged on, I began to feel ill at ease with the whole situation. I guess the reality that he was my half-brother was finally sinking in, and I was having a hard time dealing with it. A few weeks ago I had been so sure of what I was going to do with my life. Now, I wasn't so sure.

Blake had made a good suggestion, though, and I was planning on acting on it. He thought it would be best to make absolutely certain that he was, in fact, my father's son. Since no one had bothered to get a DNA test done back in the day, there was a slight possibility that maybe Blake's birth mother hadn't been truthful about his paternity. I broached the subject with my dad carefully, but he was quickly in agreement. I'm sure he would be more than relieved if Blake turned out not to be his.

Ever helpful, my mother had called and scheduled an

appointment with the family physician. Blake was going to drive down and go with us to give his DNA, just to help speed up the process. I assumed he was hopeful that the results would come out in his favor. It felt good to be doing something...even if the appointment was still a few days away.

I tried to be excited that Blake was coming for a visit, since I hadn't seen him in so long, but I just couldn't manage it. And that scared me. I was starting to worry myself. Being cooped up in the house, depressed and moping, was bad for my health. I was starting to literally feel sick all the time. I thought it was in my head at first, and that maybe all I needed was some exercise and sunlight. But, one morning I woke up covered in sweat and streaking for the bathroom. I barely made it safely to the toilet before throwing up. The rest of the day wasn't much better.

Before the day was over, my mom started feeling bad, and by bedtime she, too, was throwing up. The next morning we called the doctor's office to squeeze us in the next day so we could see the doctor while my dad and Blake were getting their tests done.

I went to bed early that night, tired and drained from being sick. Blake would be arriving first thing in the morning, so I went to sleep trying to make myself be happy and excited. I don't know who I was trying to fool.

The next day lived up to my expectations. It went from bad to worse, with no end in site. I was feeling a little better when I woke up, and was even able to keep some food down. My mom insisted that I go get checked out anyway, just in case. Blake called to tell me that he was running late so he was just going to meet us at the doctor's office.

"Are you ready to go?" my mom asked as she hesitated in my bedroom door.

"Yeah," I replied.

We all piled up in dad's car and drove straight to the doctor's office. I felt a little sick on the way, and was grateful that I didn't puke in his car. When we finally arrived, the

receptionist took one look at me and my mom and immediately had the nurse escort us back to a room. We must have looked pretty rough. I was more relieved than upset that I hadn't got to see Blake before the nurse took us back. I really didn't know what I was going to say to him when I did see him. Luckily for me, I was sick, so it wouldn't be odd if I wasn't able to muster much enthusiasm.

The nurse put Dad in a different room since he was just getting blood drawn, and she put us in a large room in the back of the office, close to the bathrooms.

"Here you go. Just have a seat and the doctor will be in shortly. The bathrooms are right across the hall if you need them," she said as she swiftly backed out of the room. I didn't blame her for not wanting to breathe the same air as us.

"How are you feeling," mom said as she settled into a chair in the corner and rested her head on the wall.

"Okay...for now. Got a little carsick on the way, but I feel okay right now. I hope this is a fast-moving bug. I hate being sick," I griped.

We hadn't waited long at all before Dr. Grey came into the room. He had been my doctor for most of my childhood, and he still looked the same now as he did back then.

"Well, good morning, ladies. The nurse said that you two had some sort of stomach bug," he said as he walked in with our charts and plopped down on a stool.

"Yes, so it would seem. I think I got it from one of my friends. I went to see her while she was taking care of her granddaughter last week, and they both came down with a horrible stomach virus. I didn't think much about it until we both started to get sick," my mom explained.

"There is a nasty virus going around town. That's all I've been treating for the last two weeks. I'm afraid there's not much we can do except to treat the symptoms until it runs its course. But, I would like to go ahead and draw some blood from both of you. There is another bug going around that requires antibiotics, and is similar to the stomach flu. I want to be sure we diagnose you both correctly," he advised.

After he went over our symptoms with us, he had the nurse come back in and take our vitals and collect blood

samples from both of us. We waited a few more minutes and the nurse returned with our instructions.

“Okay. Dr. Grey gave you both prescriptions for anti-nausea medication. Take it if you feel sick or start throwing up again. Take Tylenol or Motrin if you start to run a fever. We should have your results first thing in the morning, and I’ll give you a call to let you know if you’ll need antibiotics. Other than that, just get plenty of rest, drink lots of fluid and call us if you need anything,” she informed us.

“Thanks,” my mom said as she took the prescriptions. I was too stressed over Blake to pay her much attention. Besides, I was already feeling better and hadn’t thrown up since yesterday, so I was sure the virus was on its way out of my system.

I followed mom out of the room and back to the lobby. Dad was still missing, so I assumed that he and Blake were still in the back. I was suddenly very nervous about seeing Blake. I thought of a way to prolong our meeting. I should have felt bad about it, but I didn’t.

“Mom, do you think we could go on home?” I asked. She had a confused look on her face, so I tried to lie to explain myself. “I feel a little sick and think I need to lie down. Maybe you could ask Dad to get a ride back with Blake?” I suggested.

“Sure, honey. Let me go ask Sarah to tell him that we’re leaving. And to make sure Blake got here, I guess,” she said as she patted my arm.

I sat in one of the shabby waiting room chairs, waiting for her to get done talking to the receptionist. My head was spinning as I tried to get a grip on my emotions. A few weeks ago, Blake was my whole world. Now, I didn’t even want to see him. Was it just because of who he was...or was it because I had only been temporarily infatuated with him? I was planning on spending the rest of my life in secrecy with him, and now I couldn’t stand the thought of even seeing him. Or having him touch me. Something was very wrong.

Riley had repeatedly accused me of not knowing what love was. I was beginning to think he was right. I had only been infatuated with him. Shortly after we had gotten

married, I realized I didn't love him and that I was unhappy. But, I hadn't wanted to try to make it on my own so I stuck with him. That hadn't kept me from cheating on him time and time again. I guess I had been looking for a replacement. Hadn't I been eager and willing to leave Riley for Charlie just a couple of months ago? And then I thought I had found true love with Blake...but now I wasn't sure. I honestly couldn't remember what I saw in him. Sure, he treated me great...like I was the only girl in the world. But the new had worn off and now he was just another name on my list. I didn't think that him being related to me had anything at all to do with it.

And just thinking about the DNA tests coming back negative...finding out that he *wasn't* my half-brother...didn't really have an impact on my feelings for him. I sighed quietly to myself. I had made a real mess of things...again. Not only had I slept with my cousin...or half-brother or whatever he was...but now my parents knew. Which probably meant the rest of the family was going to eventually find out. I had also cause strain between my parents and had fucked my own life up in the process. Not to mention what I was doing to Blake. I was leading him on. There was no other way to put it. I just didn't know how to stop.

"Okay, honey. Let's go home. Blake's here, but they are having trouble getting enough blood from your dad, so they might be a little while. They'll ride back together when they are done," she said.

Mom was quiet on the ride home. She probably assumed that I didn't feel well enough to keep up a conversation, and I was glad for that. As soon as we made it home, I headed straight for my room.

"I'm going to head up to bed and try to get some more sleep," I said.

"Sure, honey. Go on and get some rest. I think I might take a nap myself," she replied.

Once I was in my room, I plopped down on the bed and sighed again. What in the world was I going to do? I didn't have a job or money, so I had nowhere else to go. Riley was already filing for divorce and he had made it quite clear that I wasn't welcome back at the house. I didn't blame him. I was

a monster to him, and he had a right to his anger. Things were awkward at best around here, and they were only going to get worse when Blake showed up. I had no clue what to do with him. Should I just pretend that everything is fine until he leaves? Then what? He was fully expecting me to still come live with him soon, after he got his divorce finalized and I had everything of mine in order.

I groaned as I got up and started pacing around the room. Just sitting here wasn't helping anything. My stomach grumbled and I realized that I was actually hungry. I felt well enough...so I decided to take a chance and get something to eat. I padded quietly into the kitchen in case mom was already asleep. As I was rummaging through the fridge, I heard a quiet tap on the door. My heart started hammering in my chest at the thought that Blake was here. But then I realized he would have no reason to knock if he was with dad.

I went to the front door and peeked out of the peephole to see who it was. Huh. I had no idea who the strange man was. I cautiously opened the front door and he greeted me with a smile.

"Hey! Mom said you were back in town! I can't believe it. I haven't seen you in ages!" he gushed as a huge smile lit up his face.

"What?" I asked. I had no idea what he was talking about. I had no idea who this man was! I knew everyone that lived around here.

"April...don't you recognize me?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Um...should I?"

"Yeah...it would be nice, considering you used to play at my house all the time!" he explained.

When he said that, it clicked into place. I felt like a total moron. But maybe not...since he didn't look a thing like he did when he was a kid.

"Jared? Is that really you? Holy shit! I can't believe I didn't recognize you! What the hell are you doing here? I just saw your mom last week...she didn't say anything about you coming home!"

“She didn’t know. I surprised her yesterday. Got two weeks off from work and decided to come home for a visit. I was shocked when she told me you moved back here a few weeks ago,” he said.

“Yeah...I wasn’t really planning on it. It just kind of happened,” I mumbled, not really wanting to get into all of that. “So, what are you doing here? Surely I’m not so exciting that you made a trip just to see me,” I laughed.

“Haha. Actually, mom sent me. Apparently she’s been sharing her eggs with your mom for a while. Got a whole basket for you,” he clarified as he held up a large basket full of eggs.

“Oh! Yeah...of course! Come on in. Well, maybe you might not want to. We’ve been kind of sick with some sort of stomach virus that’s been going around,” I hesitated, not letting him in.

“Ah...well, I’m not too worried about it. Mom just got over it, so I’m sure I’ve already been exposed.”

“You always did like to live dangerously,” I smiled as I let him in.

I stashed the eggs in the refrigerator and then we went out on the porch to talk so we wouldn’t wake up mom.

I had forgotten a lot about the time I had spent with Jared as a child. His parents always had animals around their house, which I had found fascinating. I used to go over there all the time to ride their horses, and Jared and I had become quick friends. I always sort of admired him because he was a year older than me. I had a serious crush on him when I was in junior high. He was taller than the rest of the guys in school, and had a tan from working outside all of the time. I was never his type though. He always dated the blond bimbo cheerleaders.

We sat there for a little while, catching up. I tried to keep the conversation on his life, since mine was all screwed up at the moment. He had finished high school and moved off to college. He had never been married and had only had a couple of serious girlfriends over the years. Now he was busy working and trying to get his own business started. I giggled when he told me what he had gone to school for.

“Seriously? You’re a vet? You always hated animals as a kid! You used to despise having to take care of them, and that’s what your career choice was?” I snorted.

“Yeah...I get that reaction a lot. I don’t even know how I ended up in that field. I just did...and I love it. Plus the pay is pretty good,” he stated.

I was about to comment on that when he looked down at his watch and jumped up.

“Oh crap! I didn’t realize it was so late! I have to go!” he said as he headed for his truck.

“What’s the rush?” I said as I followed him.

“I’m picking up a new mare for mom and dad today. I have to go pick up the horse trailer and hit the road. Supposed to be there at three,” he explained as he climbed in the truck and started it up.

“Can I come with you?” I blurted before I had time to think about it. I wasn’t sure what had made me say that.

“Well...sure, I guess. It’s going to be pretty boring, but you can come if you want. I might be gone a while. I was gonna check out a few of the animals for the guy we’re getting the horse from...as a favor, you know.”

“I don’t mind!” I said quickly. “Just give me two minutes to get my purse and phone and leave a note for my mom.” I dashed into the house and streaked into my room. I grabbed my purse and ran into the kitchen to scribble a quick note. I quietly taped the note to mom’s bedroom door and then I ran back outside. I jumped into Jared’s truck and we were on our way. After a few seconds, I realized that I was only running away from Blake, but I couldn’t make myself care about it. For now, I was free and had an afternoon to catch up with an old friend.

Jared stopped off to hook up the horse trailer to the back of his truck, and then we were back on the road. It was a peaceful trip. We chatted about old times and I reluctantly filled him in on some of the more minor details of my life. Thankfully, he didn’t press me for more information. The conversation flowed easily and for the first time in a while, I

was happy. It was superficial, but still....

After about an hour, we were finally there. The farm was beautiful. Jared parked next to the huge barn and got out. An ancient old man came lumbering out to meet us, looking too spry for his age.

"Hey Jared! It's good to see you, boy!" the man said as he shook Jared's hand and clapped him on the back.

"Hey, Mr. John! It's good to see you, too. It's been a while," Jared said. "This is my friend, April. She came along to help me out today."

"Nice to meet you, young lady," John said as he shook my hand.

"You too," I replied.

"Look here, Jared. I need to head off to town to get some things. Will you be okay here? I shouldn't be long."

"No problem. I've got everything I need. Just tell me where the horses are that you want me to take a look at," he said with a smile.

"They're all in the barn. Come on, I'll show you," John said as he headed back into the barn. Jared followed behind, but I wasn't listening to their conversation. I heard my phone ringing in his truck, and I went to get it. I noted that it was my mom calling, so I answered it immediately.

"Hey, mom. Did you get my note?" I asked.

"April? Where are you?" Blake said. I could tell by his tone that he was miffed.

"Oh, hey Blake. Sorry. I thought it was my mom. Um...I had to run out for a bit, but I'll be back later," I hurriedly explained. I silently cursed myself for answering.

"Yeah, I gathered that you were gone. Why did you leave? I haven't had a chance to see you yet, and when I get here you're just gone."

"I'm sorry. Look, I'll explain later, but I really have to go right now, okay? I'll see you soon." I quickly hung up and turned my phone on vibrate. I was sure he would be calling back shortly. Fuck, tonight was going to be brutal. The thought of having to kiss him was just repulsive to me. I would deal with that later. For now, I would be content to

hang out with Jared.

I strolled into the barn just in time to see John leaving.

"I'll be back in about an hour. Call me if you need anything," he said as he left.

I walked up behind Jared and watched quietly as he began examining the animals. I had no idea what he was doing, but I was content. I sat down on a big bale of hay and leaned my head back as I began plotting what was going to go down tonight. Blake was mad and it wasn't going to be pretty. I was getting frustrated just thinking about it. Instead, I got up to go check on Jared. He wasn't in any of the stalls, so I headed towards the back of the barn. There was a loft littered with hay, and that's where I found him. I hadn't heard him moving around at all. Jeez, was I getting that old?

"What are you doing up there?" I called to him.

"Just taking a break for a minute. The view up here is pretty nice. I used to play up here when I was a kid. I would always come with dad when he would buy a new horse... and him and Mr. John would yap for hours...so I found ways to entertain myself. Why don't you come up here?" he suggested.

"Sure," I agreed. I climbed up and sat beside him. I forgot how easy it was to be around Jared. He had only gotten better looking with age, and as I inched closer to him, I realized that apparently I still had a bit of a crush on him. I stopped trying to make sense of the things that rolled around in my head. My life was in chaos, I had Blake waiting for me at home, a soon-to-be ex husband, no job and was living with my parents. Yet, all I could think was how *horny* I was right now. And unless my parents had *more* secrets, this guy wasn't related to me in any way. He also didn't live here, and would be leaving in a couple of weeks. What could be the harm? Unless...he turned me down. That might be pretty awkward.

Fuck it...I was going for it. I'm sure I would beat myself up for it later...but for right now, I just wanted to forget everything. I reached over with one arm and pushed Jared down into the hay. He looked confused for a moment until realization hit. At least he didn't run away.

I quickly straddled him and pinned his arms down with my hands.

“What’s...going on, April?”

“I don’t know...” I answered honestly.

“Is this really happening right now?” he asked breathlessly.

“I sure fucking hope so!” I blurted as I leaned down to kiss him.

He didn’t respond for a second, and I was suddenly worried that he wasn’t going for it, but then he grabbed my face and kissed me back. It wasn’t a passionate or sweet kiss. It was more urgent than anything. It must have been a while since Jared had been with a woman.

Everything happened very quickly. There was no procrastination or hesitation. He reached up and swiftly yanked my shirt over my head. He seemed to be excited by the size of my tits that were shoved down in my bra. I made it easy on him and unlatched the bra myself, letting my boobs spill out in his face.

He grabbed me by the hips and flipped me onto my back. In the same moment, he sat up and began to unzip his pants. Instead of pulling his pants off, he just pulled them down a little bit. I don’t know why, but that turned me on. I began unbuttoning his shirt and stifled a gasp when I saw the tan muscular chest that was hiding underneath it.

He kept kissing me as he hurriedly unzipped my pants and yanked them off. He flung them across the loft as he climbed on top of me. I wiggled my panties down and kicked them off. I ran my hands across his chest and he trembled at my touch. His tongue probed even deeper into my mouth and his breathing became faster. I felt a slight bit of pressure down between my legs and I realized that he was getting really hard. That thought right there made my pussy drip with anticipation.

He stopped kissing me briefly so he could run his tongue down my breasts and suck on my nipples. They perked up at the slightest touch of his mouth. He didn’t stop there though...he kept kissing down my stomach until he got so close to my pussy that I was literally quivering with

excitement. He shoved my legs apart roughly and slid my pussy lips wide open with one hand while he shoved two fingers from his other hand into my waiting hole. He had no trouble sliding them in since I was already so wet. He pumped his fingers in and out of me with incredible speed, sending me into a frenzy. I started moaning without realizing it, and tried to be quiet in case there were people wandering around the farm. Right now, though, I couldn't care less if we got caught.

"Eat it...please! Please eat it out...I can't stand it anymore!" I begged. He just smiled up at me and chuckled.

"I don't know if I should. I think I could maybe make you work for it," he teased.

"Anything!" I promised.

He just smiled and chuckled once more, and then leaned down to bury his face in my crotch. The sensation was out of this world. I had plenty of guys perform oral on me, but for some reason I was super sensitive today, and I very nearly had an orgasm right off. I clenched my legs and pinched his head, forcing him to stop for just a second. Luckily, the wave of pleasure calmed down some and I was able to put off my orgasm for a few minutes.

I didn't know why Jared wasn't married, but he should have been. The man was a master. He was super skilled... much better than any man I had ever been with. I tried my hardest to make it last, but I couldn't keep it at bay anymore. I finally started thrusting my hips in rhythm with his tongue probing and let the pleasure wash over my body. I was totally immersed in it. The orgasm shook me from head to toe. Jared realized what was happening and dug in even deeper, managing to intensify the sensation. My moans were coming louder and louder, but I couldn't get a handle on them. Hopefully no one was nearby.

When the orgasm finally began to subside, I relaxed my entire body. I lifted my head up to look down and see that Jared was now completely erect. I couldn't help it when my mouth popped open when I saw his penis. It was huge. I couldn't wait for him to shove that mammoth cock inside of me!

Jared sat up and was just about to plunge his dick in me when we heard a truck pull up outside. He froze just an inch from me. I was about to grab him by the shoulders and yank him to me, but he sat up and yanked his pants back up. Dammit to hell.

“Fuck...John’s back. Quick...get your pants on! Hurry!” he whispered as he buttoned his shirt. I was seriously considering objecting, but my head finally cleared and the lust was pushed to the back of my mind. I would finish with him later. Jared threw my pants at me as I snapped my bra back on and hastily pulled my shirt back over my head. I yanked my pants up before I realized I had not put my panties back on. Just then, we heard John come back into the barn. I snatched my underwear up and shoved them in my pocket.

Jared was already climbing down out of the loft and he reached up to help me. I tried to smooth my hair down and pretend like nothing was happening. Jared strode over to one of the stalls and disappeared. When John finally reached the back of the barn, everything seemed normal. At least, I hoped it did anyway.

Yes...I would finish with Jared tonight. That was certain. The other bullshit that was waiting for me at home could just keep on waiting. I didn’t care at this moment. I plastered a smile on my face and went to greet John. I hoped that Jared would hurry so we could get out of here. The sooner the better....

Blake

I was pissed. There were no other words to describe how I felt right now. I had driven for hours to get here to be with April, and she just took off. What in the hell was going on with her? I knew something was up...she just hadn’t been

right for the last couple of weeks. I thought maybe she was just worried about everything...and then she got sick so I thought maybe that was all that was wrong.

Now I was stuck, alone with her parents, while she was out doing whatever it was that she was doing. After that one brief phone call, I hadn't been able to get in touch with her again. Luckily for me, her parents had gone to town to get some medicine filled, and I stayed behind in case she called.

I was beginning to get sulky when the phone rang. I ran to the kitchen and snatched it up.

"Hello?" I said eagerly. I was quickly disappointed. It wasn't the voice I was hoping to hear.

"Hello, this is Amanda from the lab. I'm calling for April. I have some lab results for her," she explained.

"Oh, yes ma'am. I'm sorry...April left for a little while. Does she have to go back to the doctor? Her mom said she might have to take antibiotics."

"Well, um...that's not really it. Are you...related to her?" she asked hesitantly.

"No, I'm her boyfriend," I said immediately and with authority. She apparently bought it.

"Oh, okay then!" she said brightly. "Then that means I also have good news for you!"

Good news for me? What does that mean?

"What kind of good news? You lost me," I clarified.

"April is PREGNANT! She doesn't have the stomach flu after all. She's been sick for a completely different reason!" the technician gushed. "She needs to contact Dr. Grey in the morning, okay? He'll probably refer her to an obstetrician, but he might want to check her out in the meantime," she explained.

My whole body had gone cold. It took everything I had to respond to the girl on the phone. I wasn't sure if my voice sounded normal or not.

"Thank you so much for calling. I'll call April right away and let her know the good news," I said.

"You're welcome. And congratulations, daddy!" she offered before she hung up.

I didn't move. I had no idea what to do next. I felt a

strange mixture of sickness and excitement. Just when I thought things couldn't get any more complex, I get blown out of the water. Should I call her and tell her? Or wait for her to come home? Better yet, was she pregnant before we were together? Surely no. You'd think she would have known. According to her, she hadn't been with anyone in a while. So...was this...mine? So many questions and yet no answers.

This was going to complicate things...quite a bit.

TO BE CONTINUED

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