

A WELDERS TALE CH. 02

twofourthree

The Babysitter Becomes My Wife.

Incest/Taboo

4.72

19.5k words

I met a young man Daniel almost three years ago. He told me a story I found hard to believe. He assured me it was true. Since then I know it to be, I have met almost the entire family. Daniel put me in touch with others he learned of over the years, don't know how, I asked he didn't say.

I am not a writer, far from it. Except for the names and places, the stories you read are true for the most part. Still they are not biographies, artistic license has been taken to enhance or in some cases minimize the events described. All sexual situations were between consensual adults within the framework of their story.

The stories are somewhat long, most of these stories cover several years. I will try to keep the chapters short, I suggest you save one for reference. None of the stories are mine, or any personal friend or relative.

This is the second chapter based on David's life.

A Welders Tale

The bedroom was softly lit by several candles, the bed was made with satin sheets. I could see towels and washcloths laid out, bottles of oil and CD player were close by. Robin was dressed in the same see thru nightie she had worn for me years ago.

"In my ass!" Her breathing was fast and choppy.

"What!"

"In my ass, please David?" I did hear her right, I was stunned and baffled. I had done this only a couple of times before and knew how intense it could be but here we are for just the second time making love, the first that we both agreed to and she wants it in her ass?

"But why now, not later?" I asked. She had turned her back to me handing me the lube. Turning to face me she pulled my face close and pierced my eyes with hers.

"That is the only place that is still virgin territory. I am giving it to you and only you. It is the one place you will always know is yours. Now, before I change my mind fuck me in the ass!"

I applied some lube to her asshole and spread it around, I was trying to take my time but she was getting impatient.

"David do not tease me, fuck it, stick that fucking cock in my ass!" Robin was like a woman possessed.

Quickly I lubed my cock and placed it at the entrance I leaned in slightly trying to keep it centered. Robin pushed back, I could feel the pressure build until it was almost painful to me, almost. I tried

expand the opening even larger. Robin purred with each thrust and moaned on each withdrawal. I pulled back until just the head was gripped by her contracting muscles, when it gripped me tight I slammed her ass causing her gasp in delight

"Faster David, please faster I want you to cum in my ass, I want you to fill me up so you can fuck me and see how happy you have made me." I picked up the pace and drilled her hard. Then when she felt good and loose I pulled out, looking at the gaping hole I almost came.

"Nooooooooooo, back in, put it back in!" I slipped it in firmly relishing the new found tightness. "Good so good, do it again and again!"

I repeated pulling from her ass several times, each time she begged me to do it again. I would not last long like this, my excitement and her constant tremors were taking effect. Then I thought of something, pulling out I quickly turned her over, spreading her legs wide I lifted her hips and pushed through the entrance one more time. She was right, her face was a picture of happiness. Robin pulled herself up on her elbow's allowing her to watch me enter her ass.

"Out, pull it out!" Supporting her hips I withdrew my cock to show it to her. It was a dark purple with veins straining along the length. Robins pussy lips were plump and glistening, they hung down slathering her juices on my cock."In, put it in my ass, put it in your slut's ass, fuck me longer David don't ever stop."

Time was running out I had held back as long as possible.

"Soon, Robin soon." She lowered her torso gripped one tit with one hand and filled her cunt with three fingers of her other. "Hurry I am going to cum!!!!!!!"

Robin pulled me down she kissed me quickly then she cried out

"Do it you mother fucker, fill your mothers ass, fill my ass with all that cum." She started bucking as I started spewing molten man juice deep inside. Even before the pleasure waves of my orgasm subsided she pulled me close.

"Tonight I am your mother and we do not need to avoid that, but once we marry I need to be just Robin Nichol's your wife. Can you do that for me?"

I smothered her mouth with mine, we kissed long and passionately. We rested for a few minutes I then picked her up and carried her in the shower. The warm water felt refreshing and helped to invigorate us both. Drying off we headed back to bed. We faced each other kissing and caressing. I pulled her on top of me her petite form felt wonderful pressing lightly from above. Whispering romantic barbs and kissing we kept the pace slow and sensual. I could feel Robin's nipples harden pressing in my chest. She lifted up presenting them for my enjoyment. Without delay I licked just the end of one nipple with the tip of my tongue. Robin was panting before I finally enveloped the areola. There was a pool of juices collecting just below my stomach she was so excited. Nibbling and sucking I worked up the soft flesh dangling above me. Robin's hips now undulating painting my belly button with her flush pussy lips. Still she kept her tits hovering in place so I could continue to please her. I lightly scraped the first nipple with my teeth sending shivers through her body.

"You're going to make me cum!" Her voice quivered as I moved to the other tit. I was starting the same way but her passion was too great. Robin lowered herself mashing her tit hard against my mouth. I fought back the only way I knew. I bit down on the mouthful of flesh now stuffed between my teeth.

"Yes baby, bite my tit, bite me like you did as a baby!" Robin shuddered as a mini orgasm pulsed through her body. "My nipple, bite my nipple!"

She lifted her tit just enough for me to keep her nipple in position. I scraped my teeth along her plump bud and again she shuddered.

"Harder!" she moaned. I firmly chewed the nub being careful not to hurt her. "Yes baby make my titties beg for more!"

I reached my hand over her ass and found her pussy begging for my attention. Robin's pussy lips were already parted her juices flowing as she continued to experience orgasmic tremors. I dipped two fingers in her pussy then smeared the slick liquid around her asshole.

"Later honey I need you in my cunt right now." I released her tit and Robin shifted back searching for my penis. She reached between us and guided it in. "Yes David, oh my god yes, don't ever stop fucking me!"

Thank god I came earlier or I would not have lasted past the first inch. Robin set the pace pumping her pussy on my shaft while pressing her tits hard into my chest. I teased her asshole constantly with her ample lubrication. She continued to fuck me whispering encouragement or begging for me to fill her pussy.

"Mom!" There I said it, for thirty plus years she waited for me to call her that and I finally did.

"Yes David?" Her voice choked with emotion.

"I love you!" The wetness I felt now was on my chest as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I have waited so long to hear you say that." She sobbed. Whatever her emotions were in her heart her body was on a different page. I would have thought she would have slowed down but instead she fucked me with more passion than before.

"Mom!"

"Yes dear?"

"I am going to cum!" I warned her.

"So am I son, so am I!"

It was not the most explosive orgasm I ever had, or I soon learned would have, but it was the most pleasurable, as we both came together this time, it was because of love not lust. Robin finished by taking me in her mouth cleaning me off. We rested for some time filling the void with words of love. I even nodded off for a few minutes only to be gladly awaked with her ass harboring my cock. I took her ass one more time that night Robin begging me to have no mercy. It was one of the few times I have ever disobeyed her requests.

We showered again but this time the warm water had the opposite effect, slipping on my pajamas I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

"David?" I could hear Robin gently calling my name, her hand caressing my cheek. I looked over giving her a wicked smile. Her eyes finding mine looked beside me. Following her eyes I turned

slightly locating Blair snuggled just inches from me. I returned to Robin's smiling face, not knowing what to say.

"She misses you!" Robin whispered.

"She can't be here!" I protested.

"I know. But just this once I think it's best if you let her stay. I will talk to her later. Hold her, let her know you still love her, that she is safe, that you will never leave her." A tear was running down Robin's cheek. "If she read the letters.....she needs to know David. She needs you."

Robin left, she was wearing silk pajamas, her nipples unencumbered swayed as she moved. The shorts were sexy but covered her ass and then some. This was an outfit I planned on seeing a lot of in the future.

I pulled Blair close brushing her hair as I did. She smiled and then opened her eyes. She snuggled closer until nestled inside my body. We did not speak a word but just laid there. Finally I could not wait much longer I needed to pee. Rolling away from her I threw on my robe before standing. I reached the door when she spoke.

"Did you and Robin make love last night?" I stood contemplating if I should be mad or happy she asked.

"No honey, but your mother and I did." I turned and looked at her, she smiled at me then lay her head back and closed her eyes.

Blair was very happy when she came into the kitchen, she ran to Robin and embraced her. I watched as they hugged, both with big grins. Blair whispered something in Robin's ear. Robin's face turned flush then she looked at me with a devilish grin, she whispered something to Blair and they hugged tighter. Everyone was happy even Chad but that would soon change.

"So dad what are you going to do today?" Blair asked smiling like she was leading up to something.

"Well the first thing I plan on doing is to take your brother to the sheriff's office and see if I can keep him out of jail!" The smile was quickly missing as they were all brought back to reality.

I was in the shop finishing up the last of the clutter from the house projects. With more than two weeks left of my sabbatical I decided to set up the shop and do some small projects I had been putting off. The weather was cooperating so I had the doors open enjoying a nice breeze. Rachel had come over with her nieces to pick up Robin and Blair. They were headed to the pool in town. Chad was invited to go but decided to stay and help. Somehow he changed his mind when Wendy and Victoria arrived. I could not resist teasing him about choosing to ogle two hot babes in bikinis or help me clean the shop!

With a week before I was due to return I received a call from Mr. Clark's office he asked if Robin and I could come in the next day. We showed up just after nine thirty and waited nervously in the lobby outside his office. Mr. Clark introduced himself to Robin and led us into the conference room. Robert and Carol were there of course but so were two company lawyers. The only other person in the room was a military person, whose identity and rank will be disguised. Let's call the person X, the lawyers A and B, mostly because I am not sure I could spell their names.

"David since we last talked on the phone I assume your answer is the same?" He asked with a knowing smile.

"Yes it is!"

"And Robin your answer is the same?" She tighten her grip on my hand and looked up at me with a heartfelt smile.

"Yes, definitely yes." If there was any doubt from the others in the room if they were doing the right thing that moment erased any doubt.

"Good now let me try and explain this best I can and if I am off on a point or two A and B can correct it later. Let's say there is a ship that would like to dock in a certain port, but shall we say on a more permanent basis. Now there are State laws and Federal laws, whether we agree with them or not they are there. Basically the law states that if the boat and the port ever shared the same name the boat could not dock, even for one night. Now here comes the tricky part. If the boat and the port have different names now the boat could sail in let's say at night and hope no one remembers the port had a different name years ago. As long as the captains logs were let's say unreadable, the boat did not cause any waves and only docked at night the state and federal folks may never know, and the boat could dock there forever in peace. Am I getting this right so far?" Everyone smiled and nodded.

"Good. Now let's suppose the captain of the boat wanted papers stating he had exclusive use of that port, and the owner of the port agreed to close the port to any other boat traffic. The two could apply to the state for such an agreement and since it had been years since they shared the same name and since the captain's log is difficult to read the person representing the state would probably agree to it. As long as no snoopy person read the captains log or looked up the ports previous name they might fulfill their wishes. We still good?" a round of quiet laughs filled the room.

"Now let's suppose someone who had a vested interest in the boat and the soon to be port was to help the two of them make this happen. He might suggest the boat and the port apply for the documents in another country where such laws are shall we say cloudy. The problem is if they choose to come back the state and maybe even the federal governments might want to see more documents. They could stay in this country let's say at some exotic location and get the papers but again that might look flashy to some."

"They could do it right in the very spot the port resides but they might run the risk of someone local remembering the port had the same name many years ago. The interested party might strongly suggest they consider going to a small but exciting area in the desert where this kind of paperwork is very common in fact so common their particular paperwork would be boring by local standards. The interested party would have to remind said boat and port should the boat try to leave the port, or should the port force the boat to leave the storms they produce could sink the ship and the port could be locked up."

"The interested party would of course be no longer interested. Should the storm come from no fault of the boat or the port he would of course do everything in his power to keep the boat and port from any more storms, including the governor of the state or someone from the federal government. I think I have covered it all?" A round of applause filled the room. "Robert will you see to the details, Carol I would appreciate if you would take Robin with you and cover the points we discussed earlier.

"Thank you Mr. Clark, thank you so much!" Robin rushed to him and kissed his cheek.

"David, best wishes, I wish I could be there but I have work to do and I hate the desert." Mr. Clark said.

In the end Robin and I decided there would be a wedding but in reality it would not be legal. Committing incest would be one thing to prove, a legal wedding would be quite easy. Besides the lawyers made it clear as much as Mr. Clark wanted them to help they could not knowingly break the law. We could move to New Jersey where it was legal but we decided against that too.

It was a small wedding, the kid's of course, Rachel and Sparky were maid of honor and best man. Frank and Marie brought the kids at Chad and Blair's insistence. Everyone knew this was for show but we insisted it be carried out as if it was real, honeymoon included.

It was a great four days with friends and family. The kids loved the pools the adults loved the time off. Rachel and Sparky had met several times over the years, but this trip seemed to bring them together. Robin and I continued on our honeymoon as the rest went home. Frank and Marie helped by watching the kids while we were gone.

The Honeymoon

Robin and I did not have a typical honeymoon, instead of going to some exotic or romantic destination. Robin asked me if I would take her to some places she wanted me to see. I wasn't sure where she wanted to take me but I agreed.

The first stop was in Chicago, just inside the city. She took me to a house that was now boarded up explaining that was where I was first brought home from the hospital. It was all they could afford, my father struggling to pay the bills working. Robin explained how she thought the stress of supporting a family may have been why he was so abusive. I got out of the rental car and walked up to the house the boards preventing our entering it. Robin stood by the car watching as I imagined what events had taken place there. I stood for some time before I felt her hand on my back.

"We should go, it may not be safe for us to stay here too long." I gripped her hand she squeezed mine. Back in the car she guided me to another part of town, we stopped at a brick house not much bigger than the first one. The neighborhood was just a bit nicer the small houses were at least looked after. They had moved here renting the house as my father's fortunes improved. Robin explained that money did not seem to be a problem like before, my father was spending freely. The abuses became more frequent. By the time I was walking as a child Robin feared for my safety.

Robin knew she could not leave with me so she and Rachel set a plan in motion for my escape. For three months they planned and saved trying to think of every possible problem that might arise. Then when the time was right Rachel was sent with me to a place where no one could find us, somewhere that even Robin herself did not know, somewhere that my father would have no access. Canada.

We sat outside the house in silence, I could tell there was an emotional price Robin was paying for this so I suggested we call it a day. Heading back to our luxury hotel Robin and I quietly rode the elevator back to our room. Once inside I was not sure what I should do, or not do. Robin answered that by pulling me over to the bed. Curling up inside my arms she asked me to just hold her. The phone rang with the wakeup call I had asked for. Feeling Robin still nestled in my arms I shook her waking her up.

"Do you want to skip dinner? We could just order in.?" I whispered

"Oh David you went through so much to get the reservations, we should go!" Robin rolled free kissing me as she turned to face me. "Let me go first it may take me awhile to get ready."

It did, almost an hour! The wait was worth it, Robin displayed a very revealing outfit she could never wear at home, at least out of the house. We took a cab so we did not have to worry about the car or driving. We went to a restaurant that was owned by a famous football coach in town, reservations were impossible to get but the effort was worth it. After the meal we walked around downtown, Robin showing me some of the highlights, her mood was happy and flirtatious. Then I am not sure if it was by an accident or subconsciously on purpose, but we turned down a street that seemed to be a bit seedier.

We walked by a few bars, I thought she maybe wanted to go in one, I knew I sure didn't. Then we stopped across the street outside a bar that was a strip club. I could feel Robin clamp down on my hand as if her life depended on it. The happiness we enjoyed drained from her face as she turned and looked at the entrance. I was confused but knew it was important to her so I stood holding her hand. She moved to cross the street.

"You want to go in?" I asked. She only nodded. I knew this was a bad idea, she was dressed too seductively for a place with drunken horny men, I knew from experience of which I speak.

"I have to, you need to know!" Robin did not even look at me, she just pulled me with her down the curb like a magnet had drawn her in. I opened the door the bouncer looked us up and down I paid the cover he grunted in reply. I stopped Robin for just a moment and handed the man a fifty.

"This is for you I am not looking for any trouble here." My eyes looked back at Robin her gaze was at the stage. The guy was big but not stupid. He acknowledged my meaning.

"Ask for booth three, I will tell Max to keep an eye on you, he held up the bill letting me know Max would want his also. I escorted Robin to the hostess and slipped her twenty for the booth and another fifty to Max when we arrived. I don't think Robin's eyes ever left the stage while we entered. I ordered a couple of drinks and paid the waitress. We watched about three different girls, all young, all nice looking, all half naked. The loud music and cigarette smoke filled the room, cat calls could be heard from the drunken patrons.

The last girl was noteworthy only in the fact her body was remarkably close to Robin's. When our waitress checked in on us Robin pulled her close and spoke in her ear. The waitress herself barely clothed nodded. Robin still holding my hand pulled me with her. We walked through the crowd, Robin getting a few whistles, to a row of chairs between dividers. The last dancer still topless arrived Robin handed her twenty five dollars. The dancer took my hand and sat me on the chair. Before she could ask if I wanted the curtain pulled Robin reached up and closed it.

The room responded with displeasure, but this was no bachelor party this was private. The dancer started her ministrations hovering over me as Robin looked on. I was not aroused, my mind too occupied at the moment on more serious things. Then she touched me, I knew the etiquette too well, I could not touch her. She rubbed her ass on my lap undulating and pushing down on me. Fortunately my body did respond as nature had programmed it or the poor girl would have been quite displeased. She turned to face me I took in her small tits with the big nipples not hard but a bit puffy. They bounced and swayed just like Robin's, which did excite me. She leaned in talking so I could hear over the blaring music in the bar.

"So you like older women?" Her tits almost touching my face.

"This one I do, she is my mother!" I figured what the fuck, I would never see her again. She turned to Robin taking a long hard look before turning back to me. Robin smiled, I think she had an idea what we were talking about.

"She brought you?" She was not quite sure why we were here.

"I think she use to work here?" I gave her a puzzled look. She again looked to back at Robin, turning she smiled again.

"She is beautiful!" The dancer exclaimed.

"I know, and she is one hot fuck!" The dancer's eyes burst open in total shock, she quickly looked at Robin and back at me. The song was winding down and I knew our session would soon be over, I threw caution to the wind. "Go ahead ask her, she will tell you!"

The dancer checked to make sure I was serious and when I motioned her to leave me she stepped closer to Robin. Facing away from me she asked Robin the question. Robin looked at me over the dancer's shoulder her face showing me she enjoyed my little game. Robin turned slightly so I could not read her lips. The dancer looked back at me for a brief moment then spoke again to Robin. Robin spoke again the dancer looked back with a shit eating grin. She kissed Robin quickly and just as the song changed she kissed me.

"You married your mother? That is so wicked!" She pecked me one last time and opened the curtain before she got in trouble. The walk back to our table was precarious, the attention we garnered walking to the booth and the closing the curtain drew unwanted notice. The dancer on the stage was not the prettiest, cat calls reigned down for Robin to get on stage. We reached the booth just in time and picked up our drinks. Then it happened, someone with obviously too much to drink passed by the booth and started to harass Robin. I tried to stay cool but then his buddy came over. I knew it was time to leave. I took Robin's hand and we started to slide out of the booth.

The first guy put his hand on me, I knew what would happen if I overreacted, then I saw Max. He pulled the man's hand off of me and backed him and his friend away. The first bouncer reached the scene and without further disruption Robin and I were back on the side walk.

"You are such a bad boy!" Robin laughed as we headed back to the main street.

"And you are such a bad wife!" I laughed in return. For just a second I could see I struck a nerve, but then she pulled me close and kissed me. Robin was quiet as we walked a few blocks then she pulled me to a bench near the river.

"He made me!" Was all she said?

"I know. Did you ever.....?" Fuck David really, are you trying to see how much of your foot you can put in your mouth?

"For money, no never!" Robin turned to face me making sure I could look her in the eye. "He wanted me to, later, beat me pretty bad one time over it. But never for money. But there were oth....." I stopped her.

"Mom, I mean Robin." She had taken me back to the time when she was my mother, I slipped. Robin let me know it was alright. Starting again. "Robin I was no virgin, I was married, I have been with, well you have met one, you do not need to go there, that was then." Robin was starting to cry.

"I know it was a long time ago but I need you to know everything. David there is more, not about sex, but there are some things you do not know, no one knows not even Rachel."

I pulled my handkerchief from my pocket and handed it to her. I hail a taxi and we went back to the hotel. By the time we reached the elevator Robin was smiling but I could tell she was still worried about tomorrow.

I opened the door to the room and a large vase with flower was there I had ordered earlier. I had written the card and a small box of chocolates. I sat on the bed as she open the card professing my love for her. Robin walked over to me her legs nestled inside of mine. Standing over me I could see I touched her heart with the card.

"David I am so sorry this should be our honeymoon not some drama from the past." I looked up at her.

"We have the rest of our lives to be on a honeymoon, this is important to you! I can wait for this." I slipped my hands up along her stockings over the garters, onto her ass. Her fancy skirt was bundled up draping over my arms the silkiness over her panties filled my hands. Robin reached around and unhooked her skirt lowering the short zipper.

"Who said anything about waiting for this?" Robin pushed my hands down allowing the skirt to fall.

Caressing her legs once again on the way up I noticed her panties were over the garter straps. Smiling I slipped her panties the way of the skirt and was rewarded with a perfectly shaved pussy.

"I hear it is all the rage, do you like?" Robin beamed.

"Can I tell you in the morning" I teased.

I moved my legs between hers widening her stance. I could see her pussy lips starting to unfurl having been released from their confinement. I gently reached for them tugging them down firmly. This always drew a response and this time was no different.

"So beautiful, so sexy, so mine!" I continued to work them in my fingers. Now that her bush was gone they looked even longer and more plump. Robin's juices were starting to accumulate so I collected them on my fingers and licked them clean. Robin watched as I did, her gasps let me know she was starting to get excited. I took her hand and guided it to her cunt, with two fingers she found her slit and gently separated the hanging lips showing me pink.

"Do it for me." I whispered.

Robin slipped the fingers in her pussy and fed them to me. I nodded and she did it again slipping them back in my mouth.

"Deeper!" I whispered.

Forcing her fingers all the way in she pulled them out offering them to me, I refused moving her fingers to her face.

"For me." I repeated.

Robin gladly took them in her mouth making sure to put on a show as she licked them clean, soon we were taking turns cleaning her fingers her pussy a sopping mess. The fullness of her lips was

unbelievable, occasionally I stretched them while she continued to finger herself.

"Push them in." I said. Robin looked at me strangely. "Your cunt lips, fuck your pussy with your lips!"

"You are so bad!" Robin hissed

I watched as she tried several times before she figured out how to get them both in at the same time but she did it, I was so hard I wanted to fuck her but I was not finished with her yet. I tried to position my face to suck the lips but that was not possible so I pulled her onto the bed. Straddling my face I raised up and sucked her bare pussy pulling her lips from her cunt.

"Oh God David do it again!" Robin reached down and stuffed the meaty lips back in her pussy as far as she could. Her cunt resembled a teenagers like this. I would then rise up and with my tongue slip between them and then suck them out tugging them as far down as I could. We repeated this at least ten times before Robin mashed her pussy down on my face cumming with her lips still stuffed in her pussy.

"Don't move." Robin commanded.

Raising herself off she helped me undress then centering me on the bed. Standing where I could see her she slowly removed her blouse revealing her demi cup lace bra. Her hard nipples sticking above the top edges explained the impressions in her blouse all night. Removing her heels Robin move to the bathroom and came out with a bottle of lube and what looked like a hand held mirror and some towels. Grasping the base of my cock she squeezed hard.

"Don't want that thing to go off prematurely " Robin teased. Lubing my cock she smeared her ass hole with lube too. "I want to watch it go in. She held the mirror, I gripped my cock holding it in the right position, as she lowered onto it.

"Do you want me to use my finger first?" My large cock head looked like it would never fit even though I knew it did. Still it looked impossible.

"No baby, momma wants to see her ass take that big cock just like this. She wants you to watch that monster go where only you have gone where only you will ever go. In my ass! With that she pressed down gently. Nothing happened at first I think she wanted to take her time and see it all unfold. I could see her little brown star pushing into her body but nothing else. She lifted up and then down again wiggling her ass just slightly.

"Oh David that is so nasty! So nasty good. I can feel my hole open just a bit. It is all I can do not to squeeze it shut. Oh yes just a bit more." Her breathing was getting quicker the words coming out faster, the mirror not as steady.

"Do you see it? My ass is opening for you, just you baby. Oh David it feels so, so bad and yet so good at the same time. Do you see it? My ass wants you!"

From my angle all I could see is less and less of my cockhead as the opening slowly dilated.

"Yes Robin I can see it!"

"Mother David, tonight I need to be your mother, I need to know you love me as your mother! Robin was panting as she continued to watch and push down.

"Yes mom I can see your ass take my cock!" I repeated.

Just as I said it the head slipped past her sphincter.

"Oh baby it's in, my son's cock is in my ass, his heavenly cock is in my heavenly ass!" For the first time the downward pressure stopped and we just rested for a moment. "David I can see it in there, it is so beautiful it feels so nasty but so good."

Robin wiggled her ass a bit then continued pushing down.

"I can feel it, the veins in your cock I can feel it as it scrapes by my asshole. I can see it, oh darling I love you, I love what you are doing to my ass!" The room for the mirror was closing fast, Robin pulled it out and set it beside her. Facing me Robin pushed the rest of the way down until I was all the way in.

"Yes David, that is what I need, I need an ass full of your cock, and soon I hope your cum."

She fucked me , I fucked her, I can't say for sure she was on fire. Then as the resistance sliding in her ass decreased she picked up the mirror. Robin pulled off my cock, using the mirror she inspected the gaping hole where I had been.

"Look baby, such a large hole you have made. It feels so big, I can't keep it open!" Robin impaled herself hard on my cock opening it up again. After several strokes she pulled off inspecting her handiwork. I was at a point of no return as she continued to fuck me. Then I took over gripping her hips I pulled her down as I thrust up deep into her ass.

"I'm cumming mom, I am cumming in your ass, fuck me , fuck your ass with my cock and let me fill you up!"

We slapped together for another few minutes until I soften and then again with the mirror Robin pulled herself free and as incredible as it may seem watched as my cum dripped from her ass onto my stomach.

"Oh David that is so beautiful, look at all the cum you gave me. Mommy's ass is so happy." Her sphincter was slowly closing cutting off the flow until it stopped. Robin using a towel cleaned off my stomach. Lying on top of me she kissed me deeply caressing my face and hair, tears rolling down her face again.

"Was that good?" Her question puzzled me.

"That was incredible, how can you ask that?" I wondered.

"I know that I told you once we are married that I was no longer your mother, I just wanted to be Robin your wife. But today, today I needed to be your mother again. There is so much more you need to know David and if you want this back, she pulled her wedding ring from her finger, I will understand."

I slipped the ring on her finger and kissed her again.

Robin Nichol's you are my wife and unless you are some kind of child molester or murderer, that is not going to change. I could almost see the fear in her eyes as I said that. Now I was worried.

The next day Robin was up and dressed before I woke, setting at the table in the room she looked deep in thought.

"Good morning Mrs. Nichols" I smiled over to her.

"Good morning David." I could see she was still distracted so I went into the bathroom. I showered then dressed meeting her back in the main room.

"Where to today my leash?" I joked with her.

"David I've been thinking, maybe this is not such a good idea." Robin looked at me searching for some type of reassurance.

"Robin, this was important to you before, I say we see it through and see where it goes. Now is the time to face these things so we can deal with them and get on with OUR lives." I pulled her to me taking her in my arms." But if you would rather not, I will understand."

We kissed for a few minutes so I could show her I supported whatever decision she made.

After breakfast we drove out of Chicago to a nice upper middle class neighborhood. Robin had me stop at a very respectable home on a tree lined street.

"We lived here for just over two years, if there were any good times with your father, it was here. I was no longer a well you know from last night." She could not bring herself to say it. "He started his own business, we seemed to be doing quite well, at least compared to before. I was able to get him to allow me to take some college classes through the mail. He laughed that I was too stupid but in the end he agreed so I had something to pass my time other than watch TV. Each month I waited for the next course to arrive and studied all of the time making sure I got the highest scores I could, and then I would mail it off and waited for the next month's packet to arrive. Still you should know I was not alone in the house. There was Rex , his girlfriend and there were others. Rex was the worst the others were just soldiers of sorts coming and going at all hours of the day and night. I locked myself inside my bedroom only leaving it when your dad was home." Focusing on the house Robin held my hand as she explained this all as if she was looking in on a movie from her past. When she finished I waited for her to look in my direction.

"Are you sure you want to go on?" I asked. Robin silently nodded her head.

On the drive out of town we stopped for lunch, Robin had composed herself and was noticeably happier than earlier. Still a black cloud hung over the conversation and we both knew it.

The next stop was to a very affluent neighborhood miles from downtown with houses that was at least 5-6 thousand square feet. The house was imposing the lawn perfectly manicured. Robin had quit talking as we approached I am sure I saw a shiver pass over her.

"This was the last place I lived with him, it looks so beautiful from the outside. He moved here to show everyone how successful he had become." Robin hesitated gathering her courage to continue. "It was all a house of cards, he knew it, and he was getting desperate. He had used up all of his credit, called in all of the favors, his silver tongue had run out of believable lies. The business was a sham, the inventory he told the banks he had was all an illusion, and he burned through their money. Then he borrowed from the wrong people."

I knew in Chicago that meant the mob, serious people that do not take no for an answer. I nodded letting her know I knew what she meant.

"The abuse was infrequent physically, but mentally it only got worse. I was a prisoner in my own house. One day the loan sharks came to the house looking for him, he had slipped out before they

arrived. Finding me they sent him a message of what he could expect if he did not pay up. I could not see out of one eye for a week. He was able to hideout for awhile then he did something that really pissed them off. He and Rex ripped off a train car of merchandise hoping to sell it to pay off the loan."

"Problem is the train car belonged to one of the mob's legit businesses. Now he had the cops after him also. They came here looking for him, of course I had nowhere to go so they found me here. I was his wife he knew they could not force me to testify against him, and I knew that. But I was afraid so told the cops where to find him, hoping they would protect him from the mob." Robin hesitated, tears running down her cheeks.

"After all I had been through, I was still trying to protect him, I thought I still loved him, I thought I was helping him. David you have to believe me, I really thought I was going to help!"

Robin was sobbing now I pulled her close trying to comfort her I pulled down the street onto the main road and stopped at a fast food restaurant. I brought out a couple of sodas and we sat on the benches out front my arm around her. We sat in silence for a good period of time.

"Are you ok, do you want to go back to the hotel?" I finally asked.

"No we have one more place I need to take you." Robin kissed my cheek. "Then you will know..."

Back in the car we drove back into the city. Robin had me pull up to the county jail.

"They brought him here eventually, he was going to serve time that he knew. He had nothing to offer, no one to snitch on. Then one day he was in the exercise yard, another inmate attacked him stabbing him. He died in the yard on the other side of that wall. Some say it was the mob, some say it was another payback from before, some say his smart mouth was his down fall. The truth is I killed him, I told the cops where to find him. David I am the person that killed your father! I did not hold the knife but I was the one that put him there."

I tried to say something but Robin stopped me.

"The day I found out I cried. Can you believe it? Thirteen years of pain and abuse and I was crying for him. Oh David I was such a fool. The next few days I was just numb. I had never been free for the whole time we were together. I didn't know where to go or what to do. Were they going to come looking for me next? I had no money no home, I was afraid to call my parents thinking they might come looking for you or maybe them."

"What about Rex, did he help you?" Ever since his name was brought up I thought back to the night at the football field.

"NO! Rex was bad news, he is insane. He hurt people bad, he liked it....." Robin looked at me then she stopped talking realizing what she was saying. I did not let her know what I was thinking.

"Then who did help?" I asked. "Rachel?"

"In a way but it was her parents that actually did the most. They had always blamed me for their son's lifestyle. He had everyone convinced he was this saint. But after Rachel returned and on the few times they saw us together they started to understand. Your Grandfather Ed sent me some money and I took a bus to St Louis there a cousin picked me up and then I got on train to Atlanta, from there I caught another bus to DC. They came and picked me up driving all night to meet me when the bus unloaded. I stayed with them until I finished getting my degree at a nearby college."

"I then met Darin Masters and soon we were married and moved to town. Then the house came up at auction. We bought it paying cash. Then he was indicted, I never really loved him, and deep down I know he didn't love me. He agreed to give me the house if I would not testify against him. I agreed as long as we divorced when it was over. It turns out the bank did not want the publicity so they basically fired him and let him go just to keep it all under wraps."

We were still setting on a bus stop bench outside the jail when she finished. Robin put something in my hand closing hers around mine.

"I have thought about it David, I do not deserve this. I have lied to you, I am not the person you think I am. I have tried to make up for it but, I have deceived you for too long." Robin was crying again, she looked away from me.

I opened my hand and in it were her wedding rings. I wanted to shout out but for once I was able to control my emotions long enough to understand what I did next would affect my life from here on. Robin pulled her hands from my opened hand, she read my hesitation as confirmation of her decision. I waited longer just to make sure I knew what I wanted to do, I only had one chance at this, it might not be perfect but at least I would try. I took a knee right there on the street where she sat. People were walking by left by and right. Many stopped as they saw what I was doing.

"Robin Nichols." I turned her to face me once again. She looked a mess her makeup streaking, her eyes red, her face dripping in tears. Holding up the ring she handed me.

"Robin, will you marry me?"

The passerby's oblivious to what was really going on all waited to hear her answer.

"Oh David, YES, yes, yes, yes..." I picked her up and kissed her right there on the curb. A round of applause rang out as the people continued on their journey. We stood for a few more minutes just to hold each other. Robin held her hand for me to slip the rings back where they belonged.

"Mother if you ever take those rings off again I will tan your hide" I glared at her.

"Yes dear I understand!" Robin squeezed my hand letting me know she understood the meaning of my words. Then she winked at me. "Promise?"

I walked her to the car holding the door for her I spanked her ass cheek firmly.

"You will have to do better than that!" She teased as she sat down before I could repeat it.

I entered the car she leaned closer to kiss me. As I drove back to the hotel Robin was quiet but I could tell the weight had been lifted. I myself had plenty to think about. We arrived back at the hotel and entered our room. It was around three so I decided to call the kids myself today. Robin was in the bathroom as I called. Chad answered he was happy to hear from us, but in his typical humor he acted as if it was no big deal if I called. Then he deadpanned asking if he need to find a new place to sleep, or if we planned putting on an addition? Soon Blair was on the phone yelling at Chad for his sick jokes as she called them.

"Is mom there?" She asked.

"She is indisposed, should I have her call you back?" I replied.

"Dad are you treating her nice, you know romantically? Blair was dying for details. She was so excited about the wedding.

"Well honey I think it is best you ask her, besides I do not think that is an appropriate question for a teenager to her parents.

"Oh dad I knew you would be no help. Have mom call me when she can." We chatted about school and such before we hung up.

Robin came back into the room wearing just a robe and sinful smile.

"Do we have time for some honeymoon activities? Robin questioned.

"Always!" I answered "What do you have in mind?"

Robin dropped her robe and turned bending over the back of the desk chair. In her ass was a black butt plug. I had read about them but never saw one before.

"I was hoping your wife would get a chance to experience the magnificent feeling in her ass your mother told me so much about!"

I wasted no time stripping down, I pumped my rock hard cock into her pussy several times the pressure of the butt plug increasing my desire. Pulling out my well lubed cock I removed the butt plug and slipped my hard-on inside her well lubed ass.

"Yes darling that is where you belong. I love knowing you are the only one ever to be in my ass. Your cock is so big and long it fills me up darling. Fuck me David fuck your wife's ass like the first time you made love to me!"

I reached around and gripped her tits pulling on her nipples. I knew this would drive her crazy and it did. Picking her up to get a better position I walked to the other side of the chair with her impaled on my rod. Placing her knees on the chair to help support her weight she leaned back against my chest. With minor adjustments we were able to find a position where I could thrust my hips to fuck her ass and at the same time have our hands free. While I pinching her nipples Robin let her hands drop down to her pussy tugging her lips and fingering her hole. I whispered in her ear.

"Mrs. Nichols your husband loves your ass, he loves your tits he loves your hot pussy. But most of all he loves you. Now hurry up and cum before he fills your ass, he can't wait much longer!"

"Mr. Nichols you cum whenever you want because after dinner my ass is off limits. I want you in my mouth and my pussy until I can't walk. Now stop stalling and fuck me!"

True to my word I filled her ass just as she started her own orgasm. We took a long shower continuing to pleasure each other, except Robin would not let me cum.

I had reservations at Bob Chinn's Crab House outside of Chicago, it was a long drive but well worth the trip. I had heard it serves more people than all but a couple places in the country. Robin was wearing a simple blouse with no bra teasing me with her swaying tits the whole night. She wore another skirt with a second set of stockings and garters in combination with stylish heels. I wore a polo shirt and a pair of khaki shorts with Dockers. It was all I could do not to keep her in the room and blow off dinner. The night was perfect the mood was electric the events of the last two days were behind us now.

Dinner was delicious Robin and I talked about our plans for the rest of the trip. We had scheduled several more days in town but I could tell Robin was looking to leave sooner than later. I had hoped to visit the German submarine U-505 located in Chicago at the Museum of Science & Industry. Robin was happy to oblige if I let her take me out to dinner.

Back at the hotel we took turns removing the others clothes. When we were finally both completely naked Robin dropped to her knees and proceeded to give me one of her fantastic blowjobs. Already aroused from earlier and looking forward to returning the favor I let myself enjoy the experience without holding back. It took awhile but soon I was ready to erupt. I tried to pump her face harder but at the last moment Robin pulled my cock free and aimed it over her face and chest.

"Nooooo....!" I cried out! Rope after gooey rope spilled over her.

Robin's whole upper body was coated.

"I have always wanted to do that!" Robin squealed in delight. "That is so, so disgusting!"

Robin was wiping her face with a finger sucking it clean. Then she jumped up her arms around my neck her legs around my waist smearing my cum across my chest with hers.

"Mr. Nichols I think you have done a perfect job of marking your territory!" She squealed again. Robin tried to kiss me but I turned my head. "Still not fond of your own man juice I see! Well let's go clean this up because I want you sucking my tits all night long!"

I actually ate her out before we showered and then after I mounted her missionary style and fucked her. Rolling over she fucked me while I sucked her tits bringing her to several orgasms. Remembering the other day we even folded her pussy lips inside her pussy and shoved my cock in between them making Robin groan in pleasure, it worked for awhile but they slipped out following my cock as we stroked each other. We were quite worked up when I finally filled her pussy with my second blast of the night.

We lay together caressing and professing our love for each other. Robin rolled on top then lifted herself so I could suckle on her tits. The nipple grew long and firm her excitement started to arouse me once again. When I was hard again Robin impaled herself on me one more time. Trying to sink all the way to the base of my cock her I could see her discomfort. The fact is I was just too long for her pussy. One reason I enjoyed her ass was I could let loose. Her pussy was tight but her petite frame suggested that maybe she could not take me all the way. Robin wiggled her pussy and tilted her pelvis. She put her hand over my mouth before I could say anything. I could feel the resistance as she continued to stretch her vagina then I felt her touch my pubic bone. Stopping for just a moment she lay down on me letting out a long sigh.

"Exquisite David. Don't move just let me get use to this. I could feel her relax and the pressure on my cock gradually diminished. We lay there I was hard as a rock she moved so very slightly.

"Is that what he wants, all of my pussy?" She hissed. I moaned in response as she pressed back down her face telling me what my cock new, she wanted more.

"Is that what your pussy wants all of my cock?" I teased her. She worked me a few more times each stroke pushing tighter against me. She exhaled then hugged me tight.

"I love you David!" Robin raised up just enough to look me in the eyes, still pressing her cunt hard against me. Her nipples hanging down just brushing the hair on my chest. Then I asked her

something I needed to know.

"When did you know?" I was serious and she seemed to know it.

"From the moment you left the place you are in now" Robin replied pushing down harder.

"Not that, this." I reached up and pulled her hand with the rings on.

"David falling in love with you is something I never saw coming! I am still pinching myself making sure it is not a dream. This is another story!" Robin slowly stroked my cock several times, I let out a soft moan for each stroke. "The day on the porch when I caught you staring at me was the first time I fantasized about making love to you. You were so coy and funny my pussy was so wet. The time after Star left and you let me suck you off, then you ate my pussy like no man ever has. The first time you let me fuck you I knew you might let me be your lover. Marriage, David this is beyond my wildest dreams."

"I am glad you feel that way because I feel the same about you!" I replied.

"Good now roll me over and fuck my pussy with no mercy it is finally stretched enough to take all of you." Robin demanded.

Like a good husband I did as she asked and filled her cunt until our pelvises smacked together. Robin winced a couple of times as I bottomed out but that seemed only to make her more excited. When she squeezed her tits pulling the nipples it put her over the edge and started my own cascading release. Rolling over again Robin lay on top as we kissed for several minutes. I loved the feel of her nipples on my chest, and now my cum seeping from her pussy on my abdomen. Robin rested her head on my chest.

"How about you?" She looked up and asked.

"The first time was at the funeral, the very first time I saw you. You were so beautiful, I hoped you were Rachel, but I knew in my heart it was you. You thought I walked out the door because I was mad, and I was, but I was also afraid. The day on the porch and then in the rooms as we painted was a turning point for me as well. When you removed your bra I knew you were not teasing me, you wanted me to want you, and I did. After Star went home and I ate your pussy I wanted you to know how I felt. After that all I could think about was being with you. "

"I am so glad you did and about this?" she held up her hand.

"I wanted you for myself, not just in my bed but beside me, with me, for the entire world to see. I just could not see how it would work. Then Mr. Clark intervened. He knew all about us he convinced me not to let you get away. He let me know that if we dared it could be done. After that I knew we were meant to be together."

I hesitated for a moment, something I said just clicked in my brain. Then filing it away I kissed Robin.

Robin and I took a cab to the museum and spent the day viewing the exhibits. Compared to the previous days the mood was upbeat and happy. Robin laughed as I cracked jokes. She caught me off guard comparing my sense of humor with Chad's reminding me the apple does not fall far from the tree. We teased each other over almost everything Robin getting the upper hand. It was mid week I had the feeling Robin was ready to head home, she missed the kids, something I would like also.

"What would you like to do tomorrow?" I figured I would broach the subject first.

"What would you like to do?" Robin asked as we headed back to the hotel.

"We could go for a drive. See some sights. We could fly home early, get the kid's and take them someplace? As long as I am with you it really doesn't matter to me." I kissed her the cab driver smiling.

"David, I have a question to ask you but do not want you to get upset." Robin looked at me, I took her hand and nodded for her to continue."I haven't heard you talk much of Kim since you came to the house. Some day Chad and Blair are going to become curious. Then there are the grandparents, it is really not fair for them to be left out."

Robin looked to gauge my reaction.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked not sure what she was thinking.

"Could you show me the base, where you met Kim? Maybe meet her parents." Robin was whispering now, she hesitated but I knew there was more.

"You want to meet Kim don't you?" I could see I hit a nerve, she tried to hide it but didn't succeed. It only made sense, she was right, better to find out how this would play out now than in the future. Kim's parents I had met several times of course, they were much older, Kim being born when her mom was almost forty. Her parents never seemed particularly interested in Chad and Blair, friendly but aloof. As for Kim I had not heard much about her since the divorce. When I returned to be discharged I did talk to a few old buddies, there were rumors of course but no real facts.

"We could do that, not sure how to find Kim but I am sure her parents are still living in the same place. If you are up to it I say we do it."

That night we had dinner at a quaint cafe not far from the hotel returning to our room for a replay from the night before.

From the hotel I changed our flight for early the next day, called the base to get access and called Ben Kim's dad. We flew back to the airport where I left my truck near home and decided to drive from there. We could have stopped to see the kids but thought better of it knowing we would not want to leave them once we arrived. By noon we were in the truck heading down the coast. It was an eight hour drive but I decided to take our time making stops along the way at antique shops and hole-in-the wall restaurants. We found a very nice bed and breakfast for the first nights stay.

I called and received permission to tour the base the next day escorted by a Petty Officer 2nd Class. Robin was impressed with the whole operation, not so much for the barracks. Leaving the base I took her to the apartment we moved to when Chad was four. The friends that helped watch the kids had all been transferred or no longer in the service, the daycare had moved to a larger location. That night we ate at a great crab shack right on the ocean shore.

The next morning we drove the sixty miles or so inland to Kim's parents house. I had called again the day before talking to Ben letting him know we would be stopping by. Ben and Betty Robinson were throwback parents from the rural parts of the country. They lived in the same house they moved into when they got married. The house was covered with asphalt shingles a rusty tin roof covered in shade from the large trees surrounding the home. Set back from the dirt road with a shed leaning to one side in the corner of the lot. An old truck in the yard stood silent parked in the

same place I last saw it years ago. Undoubtedly the place it last ran. It was the kind of place you would expect to see a still hidden in the woods out back.

Betty stood behind the screen door her arms folded over her massive breasts that rested on her equally massive belly almost forming one singular profile. She had heard us pull in across the gravel drive, stones crunching as we advanced. I got out and opened the door for Robin helping her step out. We walked around the front of the truck and headed to the porch where Betty stood defiantly.

"Hello Betty it's good to see you!" That was just a bit of a lie and we both knew it but I was planning on being kind this time.

"Well if it ain't David! Who is the tart you brought there with you?" Betty sneered. Oh this was going to be good! Actually Robin looked like anything but a tart. Wearing fitted blue jeans, a button down short sleeve shirt and a pair of slip on canvas shoes she looked nice, not provocative. Hell I made her wear a regular bra and button up the shirt so no cleavage showed.

"Betty this is my new wife Robin. Robin this is Betty, Kim's mother." We were on the porch I could see Ben standing behind and to the right of Betty. "This is her dad Ben. Ben this is Robin."

"You bring those little brats with you?" Betty was looking to see if the truck was really empty.

"No Betty, and they are not so little, you did get the pictures I sent you at Christmas and their birthday's right?" Ben was nodding his head letting me know they had.

"Betty, leave the boy alone he ain't done no wrong to you. Now let them in and learn your manners!" Ben spoke up. Betty begrudgingly moved to the side and opened the door. The house was picked up a bit I am sure Ben did that, another reason I called. Ben shook Robin's hand and then mine.

"Good to see you David. Pleasure to meet you Miss." Ben was on his best behavior.

"So what you want?" Betty was determined to cut to the chase.

"Well Robin and I were down at the base and thought we would come out so I could introduce you to her and see how you are doing." I started before Betty cut me off.

"We are doin just fine, that what youin want to know right?" Betty spat out.

"Well yes that and find out how I might get in touch with Kim?" The question elicited two different responses, even Robin noticed. Ben was visibly upset Betty went on a rant.

"So you got yourself one of them cougars now you want my Kimmy to baby sit those brats of yours? Well it aint goin to happen sonny boy, you done and kicked her out so you just keep them brats! An don't you think you can drop them off here we ain't got no room! Sides our Social Security aint....."

"Woman! Stifle yourself, the man ain't here for that!" Ben finally found his voice still visibly shaken. "Side he ain't kicked her out she up and left him! Damn! Three times you known that, what's the man pose to do? Man needs a woman. Now behave yourself, he just tryin to be nice."

"I'm sorry Ben, I think we should leave, obviously we made a mistake coming here. Betty I did not mean to upset you, I just thought since we were this close and I seldom get down this way it would

be nice to see you again." I opened the door letting Robin pass through the doorway I followed behind her. I had just closed the door to the truck after Robin got in.

"David can I have a word with you private like?" Ben was walking towards me Betty standing in the screen door seething at me. Walking to the old pickup so we could keep an eye on them both Ben turned to me.

"David thanks for comin, means alot to me, she just be hurtin, that why she so mean."

"I am sorry is she sick?" I asked looking back at Betty.

"Naw not like that. David been two years since we heard from Kimmy, she up an dispeared. Not one word, not even askin for money. David I am worried. Just thought you should know."

It had been six or seven years since I last had contact with Kim. She used to send the kids a card once in a great while but even that was short lived. I know Blair was curious to know something about her but it has been a couple years since she last brought it up. Chad seems content to put that chapter of his life in the past. I have always been honest with the kids about their mother, well not quite completely, but I have always supported any attempt to contact her.

"Thanks Ben I appreciate that. If I hear anything I will be sure to let you know." I shook his hand.
"Ben if you are ever up our way it would be an honor to have you stop in."

"Thank you David, after tday sposin we won't be seen much of each other. That old bitty ain't been out of this county since fore we was hitched." Ben walked me to the truck and tapped the hood as we drove off. I could see Betty yelling at him as we left but could not hear what she said.

I told Robin what Ben had said when as I pulled onto the main road. We dove in silence for quite some distance. I wanted to tell her the secret I have been holding onto but decided it could wait a bit longer.

"Well Mrs. Nichols where can I take you next?" It was almost noon Friday I was headed back to the coast.

"David your wife would like you to take her home and see HER kids and sleep in our bed!" Robin announced. The whole time we were on our imitation honeymoon for our pretend wedding Robin continued to act like it was real, for us it was. Legally of course it was not, but that was something we were willing to accept.

I knew what she meant when she said her kids, there was no doubt that for now no one would be taking them from her. I am not sure but this may have been the happiest moment of her life, maybe better than marrying me, maybe? I did a u-turn and headed back to the interstate this would be no casual drive, I knew she wanted to be home soon.

I had been home from the honeymoon about a week when I received a call from the doctor's office, he wanted to see me. He found something during my physical and wanted to do further tests. The results had come back and it seems there was a problem. Long story short my PSA was high and they suspected I was in the early stage of prostate cancer. The doctors suggested surgery since I did not have my father's history for comparison. The problem is there was a chance that during surgery bad things could happen. One very real complication was I could end up impotent, or sterile or both.

Robin and I discussed the ramifications and the options. It took over a month for me to decide. I thought about many scenarios some truly scared me. The thought of more children never crossed my mind but it did for Robin. Did she really think she wanted more kids at her age? We discussed it for days when the doctor suggested I could have my sperm frozen and have it saved if we ever decided it was needed. Robin insisted since I was still so young and would be able to have children if anything happened to her.

This did not make me feel any better about the procedure but it did make a big statement to Robin when I agreed. I had the surgery and all of our fears were laid to rest after a successful result was obtained. Robin suggested that since all of my tests were positive I should donate my sperm to a needy cause. She claimed it was difficult to find healthy men of any color to donate. Most were men desperate for money. Convinced, I signed off to release my donation.

During my recovery I had several days to reflect back on things past. One event that kept coming back to me was the night from the football field. I always felt uneasy about the whole thing. With time on my hands to concentrate I wanted to put this behind me

Thinking back I realized something that had not occurred to me before. Someone was keeping tabs on me and Robin also. The question is who and why. I did work on sensitive projects but nothing that was state secrets or espionage. Usually we went to foreign countries and worked on projects that required a degree of secrecy for own safety. Occasionally it might be a military installation or a naval ship of some sort. It might be embarrassing for one country or the other if we were killed or captured by some rebel group, but we were welders not spies.

I tried to think of who it might be, Sparky was an obvious suspect but the time patterns did not fit, besides he didn't know much about me until I went to work with him, he had not even met Robin until recently. No, it had to be someone else. How did Mr. Clark know so much, why was he so willing to help? Sure I was capable, but he has gone way out of his way to keep me.

Who called Rachel that night? How would they know where Robin was headed? Did they know who it was that came into town? Then a thought struck me, what about Jack? What did I really know about him? He knew Robin before I moved in, hell he can see our house from his. Marie, was she in on it? I kept coming back to the football field what did I miss, think David, another person, another car, van or truck.

Yes I see it now there was a car, it was following me, I remembering looking at my speed thinking it could be a cop so I slowed down. It followed me onto the bypass but did not seem to follow me after that. There was a car and a van in the school parking lot but nowhere near the field. What if he walked from there, how much did he know, how much did he see? Why didn't he stop it? How could I find out for sure, if I asked him he could just deny it? Then a thought occurred to me. Sparky might know.

It took a couple of days before I could get face to face with Sparky but it was worth it. The next day I left a package with Marie securely wrapped with Jack's name on the outside. Inside were the whip and a note.

(Jack, I want to thank you for the call you made not so long ago. Here is an item you may want to return to the owner, his prints should still be on it. Not sure if it is his real name but Robin knew him as Rex. If you don't need the pictures I would like to have them, the originals and all copies? Your friend David.)

It was just a couple of weeks later I came home from town and Robin handed me a small package. Inside was a note. (David, Marie wanted me to thank you for stopping by. This means so much to her I thought you might be interested in seeing it. I do not need it back feel free to dispose of it. Jack). Under the note was a roll of undeveloped film, under that was a copy of an arrest record. It seems a gentleman by the name of Rex was brought in on outstanding warrants. They had found him tied to a set of bleachers with a whip handle shoved up his ass. I handed the items to Robin kissed her then as I walked out to the shop with my back to her, I made a comment.

"I am sorry I you felt you had to go through with that, I apologize for my part you deserved better from me."

I was working on a broken trailer just inside the shop door, I turned and standing in front of me was Robin. I could see she had been crying. I sat down my tools and removed my gloves. Robin moved quickly to me and I scooped her up so we could kiss.

"I need you in me now!" She demanded as the kiss ended.

"Let's go!" I smiled as I moved to the door.

"Here David, now!" She moved to the work bench. I moved some items and was going to wipe it clean.

"Now David please?" She jumped up lifting the hem of her sundress and spread her legs. I released my belt and lowered my pants and briefs releasing my cock. It was not quite ready but was getting firm and erect. Robin coated it with a healthy amount of saliva and guided into her pussy as I held her panties to the side.

"Oh God yes!" Robin sighed as she gnashed her teeth together.

Robin wrapped her legs around me so I could not move, forcing me tight against her. She pulled me in for a kiss searching for my tongue as I teased her. I could feel her contract her pussy as my cock grew solid firmly implanted deep inside. Robin pulled her dress over her head throwing on the shop floor. I looked at the open overhead door hoping no one was looking in. Releasing her bra it too was discarded without a care for its fate. This was not the organized neat freak I knew. Suddenly she pushed me back I caught myself before falling my feet still wrapped in my pants. Robin bolted across the shop draping herself over the hood of a garden tractor. I released my feet and hit the door opener before closing the distance between us.

"Fuck me you bastard!" Robin shook her ass at me.

I slipped in again and pumped a few times getting a positive response with each thrust. Then like a scalded cat she bolted from me once again. Finding the rolling seat she beckoned me over with her finger. Taking my cock in her mouth she proceeded to suck me close to an orgasm. Robin left me hanging and wanting more when she scurried back to the trailer I was first working on. Lying on the deck she spread her legs and pulled her dripping pussy lips open for me.

"Are you ready to fuck me yet?" Robin snickered.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" I asked as I slipped inside her again.

"I am enjoying that too?" She teased looking down at my cock as it slipped into her cunt. "Fuck me hard David."

Robin pulled my face to hers, she was serious now, the smile gone.

"I need you to be rough." Robin searched my eyes looking for my response. "I need you to hurt me, to..."

"To punish you?" I offered. "Honey I am not sure"

"I SAID FUCK ME you bastard!" I got the message, not sure I wanted to but I did. I picked up the pace and slammed hard into her. "Is that the best you can do, you wimp?"

Well if she really wants it she is going to get it I thought to myself. I spread my whole six foot two, two hundred twenty plus frame over her mashing her into the deck of the trailer. My cock was bottomed out in her pussy, I could feel her respond to the pressure. I also knew she would adjust over time so I continued to push deeper. I could feel her tits mashed against her chest the nipples pressed into mine.

Her face was sideways against the deck of the trailer, an animalistic grunt of yes followed each deep thrust. I was feeling guilty as I forced her body into the hard deck of the trailer I could see the dirt and grease imbed in her skin, Turning over I allowed her to be on top. If she wanted to be punished then let her control it. Robin was not to be denied. Swinging her legs to my side she jack hammered her pussy down until our pubic bones banged in response. Her tits hung down her nipples plump with excitement.

I latched onto one sucking it deep into my mouth.

"Bite it!" Robin seethed. I nibbled it firmly. "Bite it hard, I need to be punished!"

I bit down hard this time, leaving marks that would turn to bruises later.

"That's it you bastard, show me who's boss. Make me cum for you!" Robin moaned.

Then it hit me for years this was probably how my father treated her. She still needs it in some perverse way, not all the time that I knew. The letter brought it all back. She was showing me what it was like, and deep down it turns her on. One way I could find out was to be the boss, take and make her the slut she has alluded to many times before.

I gripped her hair and pulled her off my cock just before I was ready to cum. Startled I could see the fear in her eyes for just a second.

"In your mouth slut! And don't miss a drop!" She smiled as I guided her mouth lower, she put up token resistance to play the part but was soon engulfing my cock. In mere minutes I unloaded into her mouth Robin happily swallowed all I could give. I then 'forced' her to straddle my face so I could abuse her pussy. She mashed her cunt against my face grinding the back of my head into the trailer deck. I was abusing her nipples once again as her orgasm exploded inside her.

Pulling her around she cleaned up my face with her tongue before kissing me deeply.

"That was pretty good for your first time, a little more practice I you will do just fine. Thank you honey!" Robin beamed when she saw I was not upset.

"No more Rex's?" I asked now making my point.

"Promise no more Rex's." She replied.

"Good now let's go in and clean up so your husband can show you how much he loves you the proper way."

We took a shower and got the worst of it off but I could not wait much longer I was so excited. We made love tenderly the second time enjoying the slower pace. It was days before we got the rest of the grease out of her skin and over a week before the bruises healed. We did not repeat it very often maybe two or three times a year. Robin would let me know when she needed 'it'. I set up some rules so it did not get carried away, we did however continue to use the shop on occasion as a change of pace albeit with some cushions for comfort.

I had just powered up a machine and finished my first weld when I heard someone in the drive calling out.

"In here!" I announced.

"David?"

"Who's asking?"

"Bert, Bert Andrews."

"David Nichol's." I reached out and gave him a firm shake."How can I help you?"

"I was told that you do welding, more specifically custom welding." He grinned in a friendly way.

"I am a welder by trade, how can I be of service?"

"I would like you to weld these two pieces of metal together for me." He reached in his pocket and pulled out two flat pieces of metal about the size of a three by five card 3/8 inches thick a hole in the end of each piece. On the opposite end the words weld here were written. I took the pieces and held them in my hand, they were too light to be 1018 and too heavy to be aluminum. I smelled the material, bit down on it with my teeth and licked the surface.

"Flexor? 300M maybe?" I asked. Bert looked amazed.

"The first, well a new version but along that line. Can you weld them?" He asked keeping a pleasant smile on his face.

"Yes and no, these are test plates, you are going to see how strong the weld is, right?" Bert was really grinning now, he nodded to affirm my observation. "For maximum strength I would need a special rod, I can do it with nickel but without a vacuum chamber to suck away the impurities the weld will hold but it might only be half strength. I am just not equipped with that kind of technology here. Sorry."

Bert pulled out four more plate just like the first.

"I would appreciate if you would try. I will pay you of course."

I looked at the other pieces one set was not more than 1/16" thick the last were maybe the thickness of three pieces of copy paper.

"Have a seat, we will see how this pans out. Do you want the thickest one grooved or built up, one side or both?"

"Grooved and both sides, the other two built up."

I proceeded to do as he requested but not until I closed the doors tight.

I let them cool down in a bucket of sand, not wanting them to crystallize.

I opened the doors and after we talked about the shop and such pulled the still warm but fused pieces of metal from the bucket. I wrapped them in a large rag and handed them to Bert.

"What do I owe you?" Bert reached in his pocket.

"Nothing, were good." I replied still holding the plates out to him.

"David I must pay you something!" He replied backing away.

"Ok, here is my price, I want some answers!" He looked confused. "Your obviously no welder, and probably know little about it."

"That obvious eh?"

"Yea, this type of metal cannot be welded in a vacuum, it would suck all of the shielding gas from the weld, wouldn't be worth a shit by then. I kind of threw that one in as a test, only seemed fair, since you are obviously are testing me?" I spoke firmly but with no anger.

"So you saw through that too? What tipped you off?" Bert was still smiling.

"Flexor steel at what twenty thousandths, there are maybe five people in this state that could do that, Shit I would guess less than two dozen in the country. Which brings me to the next question. How did you find me and what do you really want?"

"How is not important, what I want is to offer you a job!" Bert's mood became more business like.

"I have a job, no thanks. Now take your plates and please leave!"

"Who do you work for now?" Bert stayed where he was making no move to pick up the plates I laid on the bench.

"Who I work for is no one's business but mine. Now will you please leave?"

"David the people I work for can be very persuasive!" Bert took a step forward, not in a threatening way just to make a point.

"Mr. Andrews, we are done here, take your plates or don't. But you are leaving if I have to drag your ass out by your ears!" Now I moved forward.

"Ok I am leaving, but first I would like to make a phone call." He held up his hand. "May I use your phone?" he looked at the wall.

"Are you kidding me you come in here and threaten me and now you have the balls to ask to use my phone? What are you going to do call the goon squad to come break my knee caps?" I scowled at him.

"Look I know I have stepped over the line but it was necessary, if you let me use the phone I can clear this up in a few minutes.

"Is it a local call?"

"It is, you can dial it if you want?" I waved him to the phone.

Bert dialed the phone I walked back to clean up my machine, settle down and give him some privacy.

"Melissa, this is Bert is he in? Thanks! (pause) Chad, thanks for getting right to me.(pause) Yeah, I'm here now. (pause) He is everything you said he would be and more!(pause) I will, say could you talk to him a bit, I have a feeling he would not believe me, I think it's best if you tell him first.(pause)He is right here. David! Chad Clark would like to talk to you."

Mr. Clark and I talked for several minutes. Bert and I talked another hour. He took the plates and started out the door.

"Two and five!" He quipped.

"Sorry? Two and five what?"

"Two in this state, and five in the country! And that's two only if Sparky is in a good mood!" He winked as he turned to leave.

That is how I first met Bert.

The next two months every day or so someone would show up and drop off some broken down machine to weld. Tractors, lawn mowers, and backhoes the list goes on. I put a sign up, then lawn chairs, railings you name it, if it needed welding it showed up at my shop. What no one noticed is that most of it was hiding the real purpose, setting up the shop with the latest high tech welding equipment. The back of the shop was partitioned in such a way that it was virtually impossible to tell.

Soon I had so much junk I had to actually fix some of it to keep the neighbors from complaining. Sparky was too busy and too valuable to spare so he sent over a young trainee to help. Ex military like me he had the highest clearances. Every other day or so a delivery truck would show up with the day's project in a variety of boxes. Pete would prep the parts while I was out front and then I would weld them while he looked busy in front. When a batch was finished a rush job would show up and the parts would be packed with the real repair. The same vehicle never picked up more than once a month, it would show up making false runs just to keep everybody honest.

Chad started to show an interest, one night Robin asked me if he could help more.

"I don't want him to grow up to be a welder!" I protested.

"Honey, just because he learns to weld, doesn't mean he will be a welder for life. He just might like spending time with you. Besides having something to fall back on is never a bad thing. It might open some doors to other career paths. He could make some spending money, learn the value of a dollar, he will be driving soon. Besides what's wrong with a welder? I married one?"

"Robin what if he doesn't want to do it? I don't want him to feel pressured into it!" I countered.

"Remember when you wanted him to decide if he should drop back a year? Well I think it is only fair if he does so again."

I was waiting in Mr. Clark's lobby when he opened the door and invited me in. We talked business for a few minutes, it was always a learning experience with him, and he had his finger on everything and nothing. Robert and Carol arrived, I realized he did nothing without their knowledge.

"Now David how can we help you?"

"Robin would like for our son Chad to start helping me at the shop."

"We are talking out front, part time I assume?" Mr. Clark asked. "All the better I say, you spend some time with the boy, he adds to the overall family business atmosphere.

"Oh yes out front for sure, it's just that, well he is a teenager." I tried to remind them. Robert seemed to catch on but Mr. Clark was not following along.

"I don't see the problem the back is locked at all times I hope?" He looked to see if he was the only one missing my point.

"Oh yes sir, it's just that at age they do surprise you, I mean I knew what I was getting for Christmas before the car door slammed when grandma brought it home. The problem is if I don't let him know it could be worse. I just I thought I should talk to you first."

"I appreciate that, well you know the reason we suggested this in the first place is how delicate this technology is. Setting up in a plant is a nightmare for security too many people to watch. At this point the company's exposure is just you and Peter, the rest is the military's problem. Robert is that ship still in calm waters?"

"Silky smooth, sir." I grinned.

"He will have to be brought in, David will have to sign for him. Carol?" Mr. Clark turned to her.

"He would not be allowed to work on our project. As long as he works out front I don't see a problem. Might just be better to tell him, seems he can keep a secret, besides take away the mystery and it just becomes another boring thing in his life." Carol suggested.

"There you go David, he is in. I suggest we not tell him for now, let's see if he even is interested in finding out. David you keep a close eye on it and use your best judgment, if you think it best to tell him do so and then we will bring him in. No sense complicating his life at this time, kids these days have enough to worry about." Mr. Clark said.

The next week Chad started work after school.

Pete started coming in an hour earlier so he could leave furthering the illusion for Chad to be there.

Early on it was apparent that his talents for welding were average. Chad's talent for mechanical repair was much better but what he was most interested in was machining. The kid could look at a broken part and within minutes set it up and start fixing or making a new part. He brought home books from the library, Robin even bought him some. I bought some equipment, the kid was a natural. Chad worked at the shop all during high school and the first two years of college. He even had his own customers that he did machine work for.

Blair had turned sixteen a couple of months ago and just finished her driver's training. The time I had been dreading all of these years has finally come. Blair would need to show produce a valid birth certificate to get her license. I called Robin into the kitchen and explained the situation, she

took it better than I expected. After she had a chance to absorb what I told her she pulled me close and held me tight.

"What are you going to do?" Robin asked.

"I am going to tell her, it's time. Up until now I have waited to see if Kim would be part of her life but now that seems unlikely, I feel it is time she knows the truth." I replied firmly.

"When?"

"Tonight."

"What about Chad?"

"He should be here also, we are a family." I offered. I looked at her, Robin nodded in agreement.

"Tonight after dinner, it is. We will need to be strong this will not be easy for Blair or Chad." I said. I kissed Robin and held her a while longer.

Friday night dinner is usually something special and Robin decided to make it one of the dishes Blair liked most. After dinner when the chores in the kitchen had been finished I called everyone into the main room. Robin wanted to sit next to Blair but I preferred she sit with Chad. This was my responsibility and I did not want her to think I was hiding from her. There are situations in life that we all know when something is just not right, this was one of those times and the kids knew it. We all knew it.

"Blair I have something to tell you. It is something that I have not told anybody until today, and that was Robin just a few hours ago. The time has come that I tell you. First let me say it is something that is never easy to explain to someone how and why you have held a secret but I did. I did it alone and waited until now because I felt you are now old enough to try and understand my motives."

Blair looked at Robin, she could see the tears forming in her eyes. Blair looked at Chad and found he was just as clueless as she was. Looking back at me she found me holding a piece of paper. I handed it to her.

"You will need this to get your license." She smiled at the thought, but then realized that I was still serious. Confused she took the paper and looked at it.

"I don't understand....." Blair started to question before she saw what I had been dreading to tell her.

"I.....You're?" Looking at Robin she could now see the tears flowing down her cheeks. I looked at Chad he did not know who to look at or what to say.

"What is it sis? What's wrong?" Chad was searching for answers. I looked back at Blair she was in a fog. I reached over and pulled her close.

"It says that I am not her father!" There I said it!

The despicable deed was done now it was up to Blair and Chad as how they would handle it. I could feel Blair shaking in my arms as she started crying, the paper fell to the floor. Suddenly she started hitting me on my shoulders and arms.

"I hate you!" Blair screamed I let her back away slowly as her eyes shot laser beams at me.

"Blair honey, you can't mean that!" Robin was trying to calm her down.

"I do and I hate you too, you are not my mother and he is not my father!" She was screaming out of control. I expected something like this, just not this bad, still I remember back to my childhood and the feelings I had. It was time to end this part of the situation right now. She could attack me all she wanted but Chad and Robin were off limits.

I reached for her and pulled her to me, throwing her over my knees I smacked her ass seven or eight times real hard. Blair was hurting physically now as well as mentally but I needed her to know there were limits to her rebellion. I pulled her up to face me just inches from my face.

"You can say anything to me without retribution, but YOU will not disrespect Robin or Chad from this day forward. Robin has shown you nothing but love and affection. I understand you are upset, do you hear me?" I asked not needing an answer. "I UNDERSTAND, but you will not use the word hate to Robin again in this house. You can say you are mad at her or do not want to talk to her but never will you say hate. Are we clear?" I must have made an impression on her as she nodded slowly.

"Good. Normally I would not let you be alone at a time like this but for now I think it is best you go up to your room. You think about how you want this to play out and when you are ready to talk I will be right here waiting for you. If it takes all night, all day, all weekend or all month. You and I do not leave this house until we both know where we stand with each other."

Blair looked to Robin and seeing the pain she was in whispered an apology. She looked to Chad realizing he too was in shock, Blair then went upstairs slowly, reaching back to rub her ass along the way. Chad picked up the paper Blair dropped it took him a few seconds before he too saw the missing name. The birth certificate listed mother as Kimberley Banks, the line for father was left blank!

Robin wanted to head up right away but I asked her to give Blair some space. About an hour later I let Chad go and check up on her. He returned after twenty minutes. Expecting I would grill him he seemed surprised when there were no questions. It was around ten when Robin headed up. I was surprised when she came down less than fifteen minutes later. Again I asked for no report, for now this was between me and her. Chad went to bed around eleven thirty Robin just after midnight.

It was around two in the morning when I heard footsteps on the stairs. Quietly she made her way down slowly looking around the corner to see if I was still up. Our eyes met, she hesitated, not sure whether she should stay or go. Turning my eyes from her I went back to my book. If she was stubborn I could be more so.

"Why didn't you tell me before now?"

I looked up at her as she approached. Her eyes were dry but she had obviously been crying. I held my hand out after setting down the book. Blair settled down beside me like she had so many times before. I put my arm around her and kissed the top of her head.

"Would it have made any difference? I had hoped your mother would be part of your life, I was going to let her tell you. Then I decided to wait until you were eighteen but then this came up. I felt you were mature enough and as ready as you could be." I spoke softly.

"You are not my father? Are you sure?" Her eyes begged for a different answer.

"I am sure, I was in the middle of the Pacific Ocean in a submarine when you were conceived. You are however my adopted daughter, Kim did see to that. I am also your legal guardian, I have exclusive custody of you and Chad both. That was awarded at the divorce."

"What about Chad?"

"He is my biological son."

"Do you know my biological father?" She asked. Her eyes started to water again.

"I don't know, I never asked."

"Kim never told you?"

"I'm not sure if Kim knows for certain." This was the hardest part to tell Blair, not only did her mother abandon her she now knows whoever her father is may not even know he has a kid, or did he turn his back too?

"Why did you keep me?" Blair was at a low point, this I knew, how I answered this could be a deciding factor on how we move forward from here.

"Well if you think it is out of pity or charity you can forget that. I did it because I loved you then as much as I love you now. The first time I saw you I knew you were on this earth to be with me. It's a long story, suffice to say we needed each other then, I know I still do now. If you will have me?" I pulled her close again as she lowered her head to my chest crying again.

"I think it is time you head up to bed and get some sleep. We will have plenty of time to work this out. Just know this, whatever you decide I will support you as long as I feel it is in your best interest." I whispered.

I knew it would take some time but as a family we started to deal with the truth. The first few months not much changed around the Nichol's home. Blair got her driver's license and seemed to be taking her new found freedom well. Slowly things started to change. Robin noticed it first bringing it to my attention. I expected some drama and I hoped to nip this in the bud.

It had been over a year and a half since Blair learned I was not her biological father. Her dress was more provocative, her grooming was more edgy, and her attitude was more confrontational. I had chalked it up to a phase in her life looking to be more independent as well as the news. Robin listened to me but she knew I was too emotionally invested in Blair. As the old saying goes if you are a hammer all your problems look like nails. I tried several times to get through to Blair, I tried dangling the carrot and even threatening some punishment.

The part that hurt the most was how we seemed to have grown apart. Almost like clockwork Blair would curl up next to me in the large overstuffed chair after dinner. Together we would watch a show on TV about finances. She cared little I knew but it was just something we did together. Sometimes when she was gone or busy studying I would record it and we would watch it later. She usually fell asleep, I always carried her up to bed. Since the revelation came out she has all but avoided those times together.

Just after her eighteenth birthday Robin and Blair took off for the weekend with Rachel. It was for women only, I did not ask and Robin did not offer where they went and what they did.

I noticed the change the first day they came back. In less than a month I had my old daughter back, Blair became the perfect young lady (well maybe not perfect!) I had known before. There was a happiness about her, the chip on her shoulder was missing. I asked Robin what happened that weekend but all she would say is she and Blair came to an understanding.

Chad and Blair were both seniors and this was maybe the happiest time for us all. The following year they would begin college. That summer a surprise guest showed up. Blair's grandfather Ben called me. He explained that his wife Betty had passed away a months before and he hoped it would be alright if he stopped by. Other than the pictures I had sent each Christmas he had not seen the kids since we left the base ten years or more before. He spent a week with us before he left to see the country. Blair had many questions for him, all of them about her mother Kim and what Ben knew about her real father.

Unfortunately Ben knew less than I did about his daughter and had not heard from her since before Robin and I came to visit on our honeymoon. Several things Ben did do was to reassure Blair that if he ever heard from Kim he would let Blair know, the other was how lucky she was to have me as her "Pa".

The time he spent with us was special on both sides, he promised to return again, I promised to keep a spare room for him for as long as wanted. He and I hugged, when he left words could not adequately convey the respect we had for one another.

The result of Blair's meeting Ben was a decision that both hurt me and made me proud at the same time. When she turned eighteen Blair changed her last name back to Robinson. I will admit I was a bit disappointed but Robin helped me put it in perspective from Blair's point of view. Blair and I sat down and had a good talk about this and I supported her completely. Chad and I even spoke about it and after a few weeks even he came around.

My story is not over there is more to come. I just want to note that Robin and I have been together well over fifteen years, happily married (if not legally) for more than half. There was some local drama when I first moved in. For the most part we lived a quiet and peaceful life together. Our kids adjusted well, a fact I credit mostly to Robin and her experience as a teacher and her pleasing personality. We have many friends, and acquaintances, who knew nothing as far as our real relationship. Even the school Robin worked for was never a problem as far as we were aware. Our relatives obviously knew, not that we had many still alive that were close. Even Robin's in-laws, Rachel's parents were happy to have me in their life. I was their grandchild also, the only one since Rachel never had any children. I had never met them, it was awkward at first, but eventually we worked it out. I was their grandson and Robin was my wife plain and simple. Over time most accepted the situation and we continued to have frequent interaction with them. I have not included them in this story unless I felt it pertained to the main reason you are here reading this.

The time was coming when the kids would be on their own. Robin and I have worked hard to get where we are. Long hours, sacrifice, and like many parents some sleepless nights filled our time. Yet through it all we had a common purpose. Raising our children was the first. We loved each other completely that was easy, but we also liked and respected each other as well. I was always intrigued by Robin and how diverse she really was, not only as a person but as a woman. It seemed every time I thought I had her figured out she would find some way to let me know there was still more to learn.

I truly expected Robin and I to live peacefully together with none of the drama from the past. With Robin expectations are rarely what you end up with. If you are so inclined read on.

To be continued.....