

A Man from the Past

By Douglas Fox © 2017

Labor Day Weekend, September 1, 2007 – Kyle Martin gets this answer from his brother Andy about a purity test question from the previous evening. Andy indicated he had sex with an adult on the test. This is Andy's response:

"I did. It happened last month... ..I went over to mow the Jackson's lawn. Mr. Jackson took the kids to a ball game. Mrs. Jackson was home alone. When I was done she invited me in for some iced tea. We got to talking... ..Mrs. Jackson must have been really horny. She massaged my shoulders at first. Then she teased and rubbed against me. I was shocked when she kissed me. Things moved pretty fast after that. We ended up in her bedroom naked. We screwed a couple times that afternoon."

(Fm, unsafe, cheat, impreg)

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Tuesday Evening, January 28, 2016 – Paradise Presbyterian Church

I did a double-take as I saw the man walk into the church with two Tiger Cubs. I recognized him the second I saw him. Tall, probably 6'-5" or so, and muscular, he sported the same light blond hair I remembered from so many years ago. His hair was shorter and his face was more mature. That was to be expected. I hadn't seen this man in almost ten years. Still, there was no question in my mind. This was the same man I remembered.

The man directed his two boys over to the area where the Tiger Cubs were sitting. He found a seat on the far side of the chairs provided for the parents. I glanced down at the Bear den and my son, Colin. Colin was the tallest boy in his den. I glanced at the man and then back at my son. If I ever had any doubts, I no longer did. My son's thin build and light blond hair matched this man's hair and also the hair color of his twin sons. Colin looked nothing like his older brother Nick or the man who gave him his last name, my ex-husband Scott Jackson. Scott and Nick both were short and stocky with dark brown, almost black hair.

My thoughts drifted back to that fateful afternoon almost ten years ago. I remembered it like it was yesterday. The heat of that late July day. The argument I had with Scott that morning. He was taking his grad assistant to a meeting he had on Monday in Portland, Oregon – his female grad assistant. My husband had completed his encryption software and had an offer from a company in Oregon to purchase it for \$2.5 million. If everything went as planned, my husband would finalize the deal and we would move our family to Portland. If the deal fell through, my husband had the consolation of fucking his grad assistant for two nights on the trip.

There was a downside to marrying for a professor who chased the coeds. Scott was an adjunct math professor when I took freshman calculus at Franklin and Marshall College. He tutored me and then seduced me. We got careless one night just after Thanksgiving. He got me pregnant. We married a

couple months later. I dropped out of college to raise our son. Michelle wasn't the first coed he'd screwed, though she might be the last while I was married to the cheater.

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Saturday, July 28, 2007 – Paradise, Pennsylvania

Scott and I had a huge fight that morning. I insisted the least he could do for our seven year-old son, Nick, was to take him to Nick's soccer tournament that afternoon. He insisted he needed to pack for his trip. I had done that already. He protested he wouldn't have time to catch his flight. Hah! His flight was a red-eye out of Baltimore and Nick's tournament ended five hours before his flight left. I demanded he spend time with his only son. A boy needs time with his father. Our four year-old daughter Alexis asked on going along with Nick and Scott.

Scott, Nick and Alexis left around 11:30 that morning. I had the home to myself. I changed into my smallest bikini. I made myself a sandwich and poured some iced tea for my lunch. I headed out to the back yard and sprawled in our hammock, to catch some sun and to improve my tan. I finished lunch and lay back to tan and enjoy the clear, but warm day.

I napped. I had the wildest dream while I was asleep. I was back in time and enjoying a romp in bed with my high school boyfriend, Dustin Palmer. Dustin and I went steady for a year and a half. My ex was very good in bed, introducing me to many of the pleasures of the flesh before we split apart for college. Dustin went to college at Duke while I was staying close to home, attending Franklin and Marshall in nearby Lancaster, PA.

The dream seemed so realistic, I could feel Dustin's big dick reaming my insides. God, I was so horny. Scott and I hadn't had sex in over a month. He protested he was too tired after staying up late perfecting and debugging his software. If he came to bed at a decent time, one of our kids interrupted our potential tryst. I needed a dick and I needed it desperately. That slut Michelle, my husband's grad assistant, was going to get the dick I needed.

I woke with a start to the sound of a lawnmower. I realized I had a hand down my bikini bottoms and had been diddling myself as I enjoyed my erotic dream. I glanced around. The fence around our backyard provided me with complete privacy. The lawn boy was out front mowing. I kept diddling, trying to bring myself to climax. I played with myself for a couple minutes, not quite reaching my orgasm.

I pulled my hand away quickly when I heard the lawnmower start on the side yard and head for the backyard. Damn! I was close to coming but not quite there. I was so hot, wet and horny and now I wouldn't get any relief. I glanced at the lawn boy as he pushed the mower into the back yard.

He wasn't Eric, our substitute lawn boy. A boy named Kyle had mowed for us for the past five summers. Kyle got a full time summer job this summer and had turned lawn mowing duties over to Eric in the

middle of June. Eric was a smaller, much younger boy than Kyle. He did a good job over the past six weeks. This boy looked nothing like Eric, who was about 5'-0" tall and didn't break 100 pounds.

This boy, he was over 6'-0" tall and probably weighed closer to 130 pounds. He was dressed in baggy, knee length shorts and flip-flops. His bare chest was well muscled. He worked out. The blond hair, the thin build and blue eyes – this boy had to be Kyle's brother. The resemblance was clear. Was he Kyle's older or younger brother? That wasn't clear.

I watched as the boy mowed the back yard. The boy had a good tan, like he spent a lot of time outside this summer. His legs weren't spindly, like a young boys. His calves and thighs were shapely and well-muscled, more like a man's. I ogled him as he mowed. He finished our front yard quickly. He seemed to take much longer mowing our backyard. I gave the boy a smile each time I caught him staring at me. Poor guy, I gave him an erection, which he tried to hide.

My pussy moistened as I daydreamed. What would it be like to take a ride on that boy's big tool? Would he be like my first three boys back in high school, clumsy and clueless, or would he be like Dustin, who rocked my world when he did me?

I thought about Scott and his slut of an assistant, Michelle. They would be fucking tonight or tomorrow morning when they got to Portland. Scott is thirty-seven and Michelle is twenty-two, a fifteen year age difference. This boy was maybe fifteen, more likely sixteen. I was twenty-six. We were only ten years apart. If Scott could rob the cradle with Michelle, why couldn't I do this delicious looking man-child?

Could I really do this? My horniness was making me think nasty things, but that big cock would fill my needy, over-stimulated pussy in exactly the right way. The lawnmower turned off before I could reach a decision. The boy pushed the mower over to my hammock. I swung my feet to the ground, sitting in the hammock and facing the man-child.

"I guess you're Mrs. Jackson," he said. "I'm Andy, Kyle's brother. I've taken over his yard mowing business."

"I'm Mrs. Jackson," I confirmed. "It is nice to meet you, Andy. I haven't seen you around before."

"I was working at Scout camp earlier this summer," Andy explained. "My friend Eric has been doing our lawns while I was away."

"I guess you are looking for your pay?" I asked. "Put the mower back in the garage and come inside. I'll get you some iced tea and your money. I'm sure a cool drink would be nice after working in the hot sun this afternoon."

"That would be great," Andy gushed. "It is a hot day." Andy pushed the mower around the side of the house to the garage. I headed inside to get two tall glasses of iced tea.

Would I go through with this? I imagined the image of my naked husband humping on that slut Michelle. It would serve my cheating husband right if I seduced this man-child. Take a ride on that big, fat cock of his? Why the hell not?

Andy came in through the mud room door to the garage. I invited him to have a seat at the table.

"Here is your \$20," I said. "Enjoy the iced tea."

"Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked, trying to appear to make casual conversation.

"Not at the moment," Andy said. "I've had a few over the past year."

"So you are familiar with the ways of the fairer sex?" I teased.

"Sex?" Andy gulped.

"Girls... you know, the fairer sex," I said.

"Oh... yeah... I've had five girlfriends," Andy said. Kyle must be around fifteen or sixteen. Andy had that many girlfriends? He couldn't be Kyle's younger brother.

"Did you do many lawns today?"

"This is my third," Andy replied as he took a big gulp of tea. I stood and stepped behind my seduction target.

"Third lawn today?" I said. I placed my hands on his shoulders and massaged them. "You must be tired. I can feel the tension in your muscles."

"Um... um... I guess," Andy stuttered. I massaged his shoulders a little more and then stroked my hands down his rippled sides. This man-child did work out. He was all muscle and no fat. My tits pressed against Andy's back. I brought my hands up his sides onto his front, running my hands over his nipples. I rubbed a thumb over each. I felt the man-child shudder.

"Mrs. Jackson?" Andy spluttered. I ran my hands down his sides again and back up his chest, teasing his nipples again. "Um... um..."

"You must be tired from your work," I cooed in his ear as I massaged his shoulders again. "How would you like a tip – a nice massage before you go out in the hot sun again?" I looked down at the man-child's lap. His erection was back. He baggy shorts tented obscenely. A wet spot was forming around the head of his cock.

"A massage?" Andy stammered. "I... I... guess so."

I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him from behind, allowing my hard nipples to press into his bare back. I gave Andy a kiss on the neck and then nibbled at his ear lobe.

"Let's go back to my bedroom," I suggested as I pulled Andy to his feet and twisted him to face me. My hands were still around his neck. I pulled him down and kissed him on the lips. His tongue met mine. We deep kissed for half a minute before pausing. Damn, this boy knew how to kiss.

"Bedroom?" Andy asked. "You want to go to the bedroom?" His hands went to my tits. He gently caressed them and then teased my nipples. My pussy gushed at the stimulation. Damn! This boy did know how to handle a female. I was going to scratch my desperate pussy's itch this afternoon. I undid my bikini top and let it fall to the floor. Andy eagerly felt up my tits before ducking his head down to kiss, lick and suckle at my tits.

I allowed Andy to enjoy my tits for about thirty seconds before I suggested, "Bedroom?"

"Let's go," Andy agreed readily. I led my soon-to-be lover back the hallway to the master bedroom.

I pulled my bikini bottom down before sitting down on the bed. Andy stared at my nakedness, mesmerized. I reached out and pulled him down beside me as I lay back on the bed. One of Andy's hands went for my tits. The other hand snaked under my neck and held my head in position so we could deep kiss. God, Andy was a good kisser, way better than my cheating spouse.

He rolled his body partway over mine, resting his weight on one elbow so he didn't crush me. He continued fondling my tit for a bit as our tongues dueled and teased one another. His hand drifted down my stomach, heading for my womanhood.

Andy gently teased my clitoris before dipping his fingers into my sopping wet slot. This boy was no virgin. He knew a woman's anatomy too well to be a virgin. One finger penetrated my hungry hole while his thumb went up and teased my clit again. If only Scott were this good at turning me on! I squirmed as this man-child drove me to a glorious orgasm.

I squirmed and sighed as I enjoyed the best climax I had in more than two or three years. Andy knew to keep his thumb off my clitoris while I orgasmed. He kept his finger plugged into my hole as my pussy clenched and pulled at the slim invader. God, I needed Andy's cock!

I sat up and pulled at his shorts after I recovered. "You ready to fuck me?" I demanded.

"I am ready," Andy agreed as he untied the string holding up his shorts. I pulled them down and Andy hopped out of bed, dropping them on the floor. He climbed back in bed between my out-strewn legs.

"Take me," I begged.

“Patience,” Andy responded as he sprawled his body over mine. He held his chest just above mine, resting on his elbows. I deep kissed Andy while he hunched his hips up and down. I hadn’t dry humped since I was a teenager in heat. I had forgotten how good this feels.

“I am ready for you now,” I begged. “Fill me with this big cock of yours.”

Andy dipped his hips lower and notched his cockhead against my hole. The experienced boy didn’t even need a hand to position his cock. “Ready?” I gave Andy a smile and kissed him. He thrust his hips forward, impaling his cock into my needy pussy. He pushed deeper and deeper, prying apart my pussy walls. I could feel his rippled cock skin tease the folds and bumps in me. God, this boy was good. He was big too, bigger than anyone who had ever screwed me in my life.

Andy pumped his cock in and out with long, slow strokes at first. I tried to savoring feeling of this big cock spearing into my belly. God, it felt so right. Andy would speed up and do shorter strokes for a bit and then return to the slower strokes. This boy knew exactly how to turn on a woman.

I could feel the beginnings of another orgasm. If Andy managed to bring me to a vaginal climax, it would be the first in my life. I enjoyed his stroking and pumping. He crashed his pubic bone into my clit, teasing it as the boy did me missionary style.

“This is...” Andy panted as he fucked me. “...great. Thank you, Mrs. Jackson.”

“I think you... [pant] can call me... Kitty,” I stammered as the boy screwed me silly. He just kept going... and going... and going. Normally high school boys don’t last long. Dustin, even after screwing me for a year, didn’t last more than a minute and a half or two minutes.

Andy had been thrusting for almost five minutes. My orgasm was so close. Andy’s face was flushed and I suspected my ride was almost over. “Don’t stop,” I begged.

“I’ll try...” Andy panted. “... Kitty. I’ll... [pant] try.” Andy pumped his cock in and out faster. The extra stimulation was what I needed.

“OOooohhh... GGGod...” I gasped. “Mmmmoooore... plllllleeeeeeassee...” Andy stroked in and out with short strokes, mashing my clitoris with every hump. Stars exploded in my eyes as my orgasm crashed over me. My vaginal muscles throbbed and gripped at Andy’s cock, begging to be bathed in the boy’s come. I hugged him to me as he pistoned his cock in and out repeatedly. Andy might have lasted fifteen seconds before he grunted, thrust hard into my writhing body and froze.

“I’mmm... commmmminnnnggg...” Andy rasped. I felt his big cock swell and then throb in my belly. Andy collapsed on top of me as he ejaculated his come into my desperate, hungry pussy. I hugged the spent boy to my sweaty body. God, this was exactly what I needed.

Andy gave me short kisses and hugged me as we recovered from our mutual climaxes. I did think of one thing, much too late. Today was the 28th. My period started on July 14th. This was a bad day to be having unprotected sex with Andy. What if he knocked me up?

We cuddled and kissed as we came down from our sexual high. Andy wonderful, big cock plugged my hole for a minute or so while we recovered. Inevitably that lovely organ lost its hardness and flopped out of my pussy. I expected to feel a gush of juices when that happened. I didn't. I understood where Andy's load of sperm went – sucked up by my hungry womb.

"You are an amazing lover," I commented between kisses. "You must break a lot of high school girls' hearts."

"Um... yeah, I guess," Andy agreed. "They seem to have fun."

"I bet they do," I agreed. The kisses became more ardent. Our tongues dueled again. My hands rubbed up and down Andy's back as we made out. Andy's cock become erect again. He squirmed on top of me, sliding it up and down my wet slot.

"Do you know about sex positions?" I asked.

"Positions?" Andy asked. "You mean like missionary, doggie style, cowgirl, spooning or..."

"Doggie style," I said. "I always like the way a cock stretches me in that position. You up for round two?"

"Round two?" Andy parroted. He rubbed his cock up my slot, on and then over my clitoris, with intent. "I could do round two." I rolled Andy off me and got on my hands and knees. Andy clambered around me and took position behind me, kneeling between my legs. He flopped his big hard-on against my ass crack. He rubbed his tool up and down a couple times.

I felt fingers feel for my opening. A moment later Andy's bulbous cockhead pressed against my opening. Andy put his hands on my hips and thrust forward. He slipped his big cock smoothly into my pussy. I savored the feelings as Andy's fat tool pried my pussy open and thrust along the ripples and folds inside.

This experienced boy bottomed out, bouncing against my cervix. God, I loved deep penetration. Andy pumped his cock in and out of me. Our skins slapped together as he boffed me. There is one nice thing about a teenaged lover – lots of energy. Andy pounded into me, driving my lust and need higher.

Andy stroked his cock in and out. I pushed back in rhythm with his thrusts, enjoying his vigorous fucking. He drilled me for three or maybe four minutes. The tingle was developing in my bottom. I reached between my knees and began diddling my clitoris.

"Harder," I begged. "Do me... [pant] harder..."

Andy leaned over me, resting his chest against my back. One hand came around and grasped my right tit. I was half crazy from my diddling, Andy teasing my nipple and feeling my tit and, of course, his stimulating fucking. We rattled the bed as he rode me.

I moaned and panted as this teen fucked me hard. Finally, my needed orgasm washed over me. My pussy clenched and tugged at Andy's cock as he kept pounding it in and out of me. My throbbing pussy must have been too much for Andy. He slammed into me a couple times and then I felt his weight sag onto my back. His cock swelled and throbbed as this teen seeded me again with his sperm.

Andy rose to kneeling again after about thirty seconds. I collapsed on the bed, spent but satisfied. Andy kneeled over me, panting. I felt a little of Andy's sperm drool out of me and run down my slot. Well... at least there was a little bit of sperm that couldn't get me pregnant.

I rolled over and stared up at my boy lover. "You are dynamite in bed, Andy."

"You are fun too," he replied. "Thank you for allowing me to do this."

"Entirely my pleasure," I answered. "Believe me, it has been my pleasure." Andy lay down beside me and cuddled against me. He gave me a kiss.

"I'll never forget this afternoon," Andy commented between kisses.

"We need to keep what we did our secret, Andy," I asked. "People won't understand a grown woman having sex with a sixteen year-old boy."

"I'm fourteen," Andy replied.

"Fourteen?" I gasped. "Really?" He nodded yes. "You MUST keep what we did this afternoon a secret. I could be charged with corrupting a minor for doing this with you."

"Mrs. Jackson? Nice lady," Andy said. "I started her lawn after lunch today. I had problems with her mower and it took me a long time to finish. I'll do the Lyman's lawn on Monday instead of this afternoon. No one will know anything else."

"You're a good man, Andy," I said. "I mean the man part too. You treat your girlfriends the way you did me, you will be dynamite with the girls."

"I will," Andy promised.

"You need to clean up and get on your way, before my husband gets home," I said.

"Yeah, you're right," Andy agreed. I watched this beautiful man-child pull on his shorts and slip into his flip-flops.

"I'll run the mower about ten minutes before I leave," Andy said. "That will give our cover story creditability."

"Good thinking, Andy," I replied. "Thank you for everything. I'll remember this for the rest of my life."

"I will too," Andy promised. He headed out the bedroom door.

I lay in bed, contemplating what I had just done. A minute later I heard the lawnmower start up. Andy was following his promise to cover our tracks. I glanced over at the clock. It was 3:30 pm. Scott, Nick and Alexis would be home in thirty or forty minutes.

What was I thinking? I fucked a fourteen year-old boy. I had done this boy unprotected. Worse, I was a fertile Myrtle. The first time in my life I had unprotected sex, Scott had knocked me up with Nick. Three years later when we decided Nick needed a little brother or sister, Scott and I came to the decision a couple days after I was most fertile. My husband and I went at it in the morning. We enjoyed afternoon delight. He screwed me before bed. We did it like rabbits for a month.

Two and a half weeks later, my period didn't come. We fucked as we waited the seven days until a home pregnancy test confirmed that I was pregnant again. Would I catch this time?

Today was on my most fertile day. I know the signs of fertility. I had the tender breasts. I was horny as hell. I knew my cervix was soft and open. I had a cramp in my side early this morning before I got up. And most of all I was horny as hell, just like a female desperate to be impregnated.

I was well and truly fucked. Scott hadn't done me in over a month. I needed to get his cock in my unprotected pussy and as soon as possible, preferably before he flew out to Oregon. I formulated a plan as I got up and dressed.

I opened the windows to air the smell of pussy juice and semen out of the bedroom. I laundered the sheets and remade the bed so it didn't look like two people had fucked in it for over an hour. I douched my pussy, to wash away any of Andy's remaining sperm. I know douching is a bad idea if you want to avoid pregnancy, but that ship had sailed already. I needed a nice, clean pussy for my plan to work. By four o'clock all evidence of my afternoon tryst was gone or hidden. All except for the fact that my belly was likely to swell in a few months.

"Mom! Mom!" Nick yelled as he ran inside. I glanced at the clock. It was a quarter after four in the afternoon. "I scored a goal!" my son announced as he hugged me.

"Good for you," I responded. Alexis came scampering in after her brother.

"Faith was there," Alexis announced. "We played together on the swings and the slide. It was fun."

Scott gave me a peck on the cheek when he reached the kitchen. "Was it too bad?"

"I endured," Scott answered. "It was a seven year-olds soccer game. A mass of little kids crowding around the ball kicking at it."

"Can I watch Sponge Bob now, Mommy?" Alexis asked.

"Sure, honey," I responded. "Nick, go clean up and change into your regular clothes."

"Yes, Mom," my seven year-old promised.

"We have some really good kids," I said to Scott when the kids left. "Today was important. You spent time with them and they had fun with their father."

"I know you are right," Scott agreed. "I've been so busy perfecting my software. It will set us up for life. I am sorry if I've been too busy the last year. The payoff for all this time is on Monday, when I sign the contract and they give me the check."

"Scott, I have a big question for you," I said. I gave my husband a deep kiss. "How would you feel about having another child?"

"Another child?" Scott asked in wonder. "Are you sure?"

"You will have more time now that your software is done," I replied. "After Monday, we will have plenty of money and can afford a third child. I would like a baby."

"Um... wow!" Scott gasped. "I didn't see this coming. Maybe we can try after I get back."

"Today is better," I retorted. "My period started fourteen days ago. I am fertile right now."

"Now?" Scott stuttered. "Now..." I could see the wheels turning my husband's head. I found out when we had sex unprotected and created Nick eight years ago that Scott was turned on by unprotected sex. The frantic and frequent fuckings he gave me when we created Alexis confirmed my belief. I was offering Scott something that slut Michelle probably wasn't offering him on the trip. A chance to impregnate a fertile female.

"What about dinner?" Scott asked. I fondled his cock through his shorts.

"We'll order pizza."

"The kids?" Scott asked.

"Sponge Bob will keep them busy until 5:00 pm," I answered.

"OK," Scott agreed eagerly. "Kids, Mommy and I need some private time in our bedroom," Scott called out as we hurried past the family room entrance towards our bedroom.

“OK,” both kids called back. They were engrossed in their cartoon and wouldn’t be a problem for a while.

Scott locked the door behind us once we were in our bedroom. I stripped quickly and laid on my back in the middle of our bed. Scott stripped too and joined me in bed. We kissed and he felt my tits and pussy for a bit while he got me excited and wet. My husband mounted me and went to town.

Scott’s cock definitely was smaller than Andy’s. Still, it was stuffed in my hungry pussy and was reaming me out. I enjoyed the fucking though Scott never came close to giving me an orgasm just from vaginal stimulation the way Andy had. Three or four minutes later Scott started to rut frantically into my pussy. I felt his cock swell and splatter my insides with his sperm.

A profound sense of relief washed over me as my husband planted his seed in my body. Would one of Scott’s sperm win the race to impregnate me or would Andy’s? I didn’t care. Whoever the genetic father of this baby was, Scott would happily raise the baby as his own, now that I had a load of his sperm in me on my most fertile day. Three weeks from now I would find out if one of these men had knocked me up.

My married life could continue as before this afternoon. I wouldn’t face social ostracism or jail time for screwing a far too under-the-age-of-consent boy. Scott and I would raise this child as a part of our family and things would be good.

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Scott and his assistant Michelle flew off later that night for Portland, Oregon. Scott called home Monday evening to report the deal was done. He had a check for \$2.54 million in hand. They also gave him an option for shares of their stock at \$24.00 a share. The shares would be worth far more if Scott’s software did what everyone expected. My family left the middle class and was now firmly in the wealthy class.

More would change. Our family was moving to Portland to help the new company integrate Scott’s software into their product line. We would move at the end of August, just before school started. Oh, yeah... there was one other possible change in our lives.

On August 12th I would have the first inkling of whether I was pregnant or not. My body worked like a clock and my period should start that day. If nothing came, I would have to wait a week until a home pregnancy test was accurate and I could confirm if Andy or Scott had put a baby in my belly.

Scott was dead tired from the long flight and the time zone change when he came home Tuesday evening. He went straight to bed when he got home. I unpacked for my husband. I found I was married to an idiot that evening when I emptied his papers from his briefcase. The fool had a dozen pack box of rubbers in his briefcase. Seven were missing. I got one fuck in a month and that slut Michelle got his cock seven times!

I knew immediately this marriage was going to end in divorce. Should I confront him now or wait a while until I had the baby and Scott accepted it as his? Assuming Scott or Andy got me pregnant Saturday afternoon. I realized I would need to wait, regardless of whether I was pregnant or not. Divorcing my husband weeks after he signed a \$2.5 million contract might complicate my getting my half of our marital assets. I would need to play for time.

I watched for Andy the following Saturday. I sent the kids to Dutch Wonderland with my parents. Scott was working at his office in Lancaster. I had the house free again when I expected Andy to come over to mow our lawn. An encore of last weekend's coupling would be great and would serve my cheating husband right.

To my disappointment, little Eric showed up to mow my lawn that afternoon. Eric, a sweet and quiet kid, was probably about twelve, maybe thirteen. This young virgin wasn't who I needed. I did not molest the young boy. Eric mowed our yard the following Saturday too. I never saw Andy again.

August 12th came. My period didn't. Scott, thinking he was making a baby in me, fucked me more often than he had done in the past five years. My cheating husband got off in impregnating females. I waited another week until I could do the home pregnancy test. I was a fertile Myrtle. The test confirmed I was carrying someone's baby, either Andy's or Scott's.

I was pregnant. Moving day for our family was August 23rd. Scott and I scrambled to pack our household and prepare for the move to Oregon. We were renting a house out there for a couple months until we had time to find our permanent home.

Eight months later, Colin Anthony Jackson was born May 1, 2008 at the Oregon Health and Science University Hospital. He was a tall baby, not pudgy like his brother and sister had been. He had the lightest blond hair on his head. I thought nothing about his hair color. Nick and Alexis had light hair at birth too. Their hair darkened as they got older.

Colin was a delightfully happy baby. Nick and Alexis settled into their new home in Oregon. I bided my time. Scott left his slut girlfriend back in Pennsylvania when we moved. I watched my cheating husband carefully. I gathered proof of his infidelity as he worked his way through the single females at his new company.

Scott never suspected that Colin might not be his child. He treated Colin just like Nick and Alexis. He occasionally played dutiful and happy father but mostly just ignored the kids. I had enough right after Colin's first birthday. Scott blew off his son's first birthday to go screw one of the secretaries at work.

I filed for divorce. My attorney assured me I would get half of our marital assets plus child support until the kids turned eighteen. I also would receive half of Scott's stock options. I could be worth about three million dollars if I cashed out my share of the stock options. I did it.

Scott didn't contest the divorce or want custody of our kids. I moved us back to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania as soon as I received my first settlement check. I had friends back home and my parents. The kids would reconnect with their old friends too. Paradise felt just right for my family.

I received \$2,000 a month child support on top of the half of our marital assets. I didn't need to work unless I choose to. I decided to go back to college and get a degree so I could find a useful job. Sitting at home all day wasn't for me. I had wasted too much time that way already. I re-enrolled at Franklin and Marshall.

I went for Environmental Studies, the same major I had before, when Scott seduced and impregnated me eleven years earlier. I found myself in a freshman English class with a bunch of older teens and one man who looked to be around thirty-five. We struck up a conversation one day, soon after classes started. He invited to have coffee with him. We crossed over Harrisburg Pike and enjoyed a cup of coffee while we got to know each other better.

His name was Mark Weaver. He was a widower father of a six year-old boy. He worked as a policeman in East Lampeter Township, the township where I lived. He was taking college credit towards finishing a degree through night school. F&M wouldn't give him credit for an English course he took when he was younger, so he was forced to come to this morning course this semester. He worked night shift, five nights a week while he did morning classes.

Mark and I hit it off, often enjoying coffee together after class was over. We did a few dates when he had days off from work. One thing led to another. In less than six months, Mark and I were engaged to be married. I was a divorced mother of three kids. Scott was a widower father of one. Merging our family would be complicated. Thankfully I was wrong.

Nick, Alexis and Colin fell in love with Mark too. Mark, Jr. was the sweetest little boy. Mark and I decided to adopt each other's kids when we married. I knew that would end Scott's child support, but I really didn't need his money anymore. Losing the \$2,000 a month was a small price to pay to remove the Jackson name from our family. I didn't need the money that badly. I took it originally just to punish my philandering ex-husband.

I was now Kathy Weaver and my kids were Nicholas Weaver, Alexis Weaver and Colin Weaver. Kitty had been Scott's pet nickname for me. I was happier going by Kathy. Mark was a good father to Nick, Alexis and Colin. He played with the kids and took them places. I never had to nag him to give my kids his time. I loved little Mark Jr.

Colin's light hair never turned dark like his older brother and sister's. He had a tall, slim build, quite unlike Nick and Alexis' short, stocky build. Colin grew to love sports and was talented. Nick and Alexis enjoyed sports but had little talent. Colin started t-ball at six. He needed a tee for about three weeks before he was hitting live pitches. His step-dad and the coaches were shocked at how quickly he picked up things in sports.

I was never a football fan and never followed it but I am from Paradise. Everyone knew of Kyle and Andrew Martin, our town's prodigy wide receivers. They had major college scholarships and then moved on to the NFL. I wondered occasionally if that Kyle and Andrew were my yard boys years ago. I had no way to find out.

Colin joined scouts in first grade. He loved spending time with his classmates. Our close neighbor, Jon Miller, was one of the pack leaders. Jon's son, Ben, was in the same den as Colin. Ben and Colin went out for Tiny Mite Football when they started second grade. Paradise has become a football crazy town and every little boy thinks they can be Kyle Martin and play in the NFL.

Colin enjoyed football and excelled. He was the fastest boy on his team. His coach recognized his athleticism and made my son a running back. The poor little Tiny Mites opposing our Raiders just couldn't stop Colin when he had the ball. We ran up the score in too many games that fall.

I suspected that my Andy was Colin's genetic father. The suspicion was heightened when I saw Andrew Martin's picture in the paper when the St. Louis Rams drafted him. It wasn't a great photo but he certainly looked a lot like my Andy from eight years ago. Andrew had the same blond hair and tall thin build of my lover, Andy, and also of my son, Colin.

-----oooOooo-----

As the pack meeting was ending, Jon Miller brought the man I had spent the night staring at, over to meet me. His twin sons, Noah and Connor tagged along with their dad. Colin was standing beside me.

"I want to introduce you to our newest assistant cubmaster," Jon said as he greeted me. "Kathy, this is Andrew Martin. Andy, this is Kathy Weaver, Colin's mom."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Weaver," Andy said politely. I had no doubt now. My Andy grew up to be a professional football player. No wonder Colin was a gifted athlete too.

"My pleasure, Mr. Martin," I replied as we shook hands. I detected no sign at all of recognition that I had been Kitty Jackson, his one-time lover. "Please call me Kathy."

"I'm Andrew," Andy said. "I am much more comfortable being Andrew or Andy than Mr. Martin. That is my Dad's name."

"Andy it is," I agreed. The Martin family headed for home. I took Colin home too.

What do I do? Do I tell Andy about his other son? Do I risk wrecking my family to further the truth? Did it matter? I decided against saying one word to anyone for now.

A couple months later Noah, Connor and Colin all were assigned to the same team for a game at a pack meeting. Four different parents commented that Colin looked so much like Noah and Connor that they

could be brothers. I laughed their comments off. I also decided nothing good would come of the truth. I would take this secret tot the grave. I would never say one word to anyone... except you, Diary.

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The End

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I hope you enjoyed this short tale from my Life in Paradise series. © 2017, Douglas Fox.