

**Deadly Sins By  
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Chapter 1**

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Natasha was breastfeeding her baby in the living room while watching a DVD horror movie. A frightening scene was coming on, and her face turned to sheer horror; thus she was watching this movie in the dark, and all of a sudden, she heard the bell ring. With the baby still in her arms, she got up to open the door. She walked slowly out of the living room, walked the hallway, and then got to the first living room, where the entrance of the house was. She walked to the door and opened it. It was Noah Spears, Scott's oldest son. She didn't think that she would rewind the movie to get to the scene that she'd missed because she could only watch scenes like those during the day. If she watched them at night, she'd have terrible nightmares, and she wasn't about to have any of them tonight. She didn't know Noah. She'd only been married to Scott for two years. The baby that she had in her arms was their first baby together. Noah had run away from home nine years before. She didn't recognize him because he was almost identical to his mother, Barbara, which she'd never seen. The only difference between Noah and Barbara was that Noah's eyes were turquoise- blue, like Scott's were, instead of dark brown, like Barbara's eyes were. Noah looked so horrible and so abandoned that Natasha thought that he was a bum from the street, coming to beg her for money. His hair was the longest it had ever been, and he had a big mustache and beard. Although Noah was only twenty-six, he looked fifty- six! She shed tears when she saw him, but the dark helped conceal them, and she cleaned them out before he could realize that she was crying. She didn't want him to know that she was horribly sad for him; thus pity was the feeling that most people hated the most. She stood there and looked at him for the next five minutes. He dared not to start the conversation. She broke the silence asking, "What can I do for you?"

Noah opened up a kind smile and asked, "Is this still the Spears residence?"

Stunned, Natasha said, "Yes, it is."

"I am Noah Spears, Scott Spears' oldest son."

Natasha gasped. "Are you serious? No offense intended, but you look his age. How can you be his son? You look more like his brother."

Astonished, Noah asked, "Do I really look that old? Wow! Well, I'm only twenty-six years old. My father's forty-five years old."

"It's an immense pleasure to meet you, Noah," said Natasha and extended her arm to greet him. "I am the proud Mrs. Natasha Spears."

Noah shook her hand, smiling and said, "Wow, I never knew I had such a beautiful mother in law!" He started caressing the baby's head tenderly and said, "And this must be my baby brother." Smiling, Natasha said, "Yes, it is. Noah, I formally introduce you to Michael Scott Spears," as Noah continued to caress the baby's head. "You may come on in. After all, this is your house."

Noah went in and closed the door behind him. He and Natasha walked back to the secondary living room, where the family usually watched TV, listened to music and played video games. The primary living room was where they received visitors and had quiet conversations.

Natasha stopped the DVD, turned off the DVD player, walked to the light switch around the sofa, turned on the bright lights, and turned off the TV. She and Noah sat on the sofa together. "Your father's coming home in about," she said and looked at her golden wristwatch, "twenty minutes, so, Noah, tell me your story. No offense intended, but because of the way you look, it's intriguing enough to write a best-selling biography." Noah smiled and said, "My story's indeed very interesting, but it's nothing but drama." Shedding tears, he went on to say, "The happy moments in my life have been so little that I can count them with five fingers."

Natasha turned serious, gasped and said, "Wow. Tell me part of it. You know, I don't want to interrupt or delay your emotional reunion with your father, so we have to make it as short as possible."

The baby stretched his arms to try and touch Noah's chest with his beautiful little hands. Noah gave away a big sigh and said, "My wife died six months ago when she was pregnant with our fifth baby."

Surprised, Natasha asked, "Why didn't you bring your five little darlings with you?" She smiled and said, "You know, there's plenty of room for them!"

"I couldn't bring them with me because they don't live with me."

Natasha's smile disappeared again and she said, "Oh!"

"Three years ago,

someone placed ten pounds of cocaine in my car. I was unable to prove that the cocaine wasn't mine. I went to jail for the next year and then when I got out I found out that five years after providing for my family, I was unable to get another job because of that horrible black mark in my permanent record. No one would hire me, so my late wife, Jennifer, decided to get a job and provide for us." Scott was walking in at that very moment. Since the secondary living room was far away from the primary one, he was able to stay there and listen to the entire conversation and no one would catch him doing it. He sat on the loveseat, which no one could see unless they walked into that living room, and continued to listen. "Fortunately, she made two-hundred dollars an hour as a physical therapist. When she died six months ago," Scott gasped and covered his crying face with his hands, "I was left with no money, no food, and I've been forced to go to the Salvation Army to get food and clothes. Obviously, my kids were taken away from me. I didn't fight for them because I couldn't provide for myself, much less for them." He shed tears and started to cry. "I was sure that they'd be better off without me."

Natasha gave him a big hug. As she held him, she said in his ear, "Why didn't you come here for help as soon as Jen died? If you had, your kids would still be with you!"

She let go of him. Holding her hands, he said, "I didn't want Dad to think that I was taking advantage of him, that I was trying to live off of him when I was a grown man with kids of my own."

"Forgive me, son, but that's stupid!" Scott yelled as he walked into the secondary living room, surprising Noah and Natasha. "If you can't get a job, I'm forced to support you financially for the rest of your life." He walked to the sofa and sat on Noah's left side. Natasha was sitting on his right side. "However, I am sure that this cocaine case can be reopened and that we can prove that this cargo wasn't yours. After that, you can get a job wherever you want and start supporting yourself, and get your kids back."

"I couldn't prove my innocence, Dad."

Scott smiled and said, "That's because at the time, you weren't with me," and got up and stood right in front of him. "Son, I don't mean to be proud. You know that I've never been vain, but when you've got as much money as I do, you can prove anybody's innocence or guilt, no

matter how difficult it is. You get the police to reopen the case, hire the best investigators in town, hire the best attorney, and within a few years and sometimes months, your name is legally and rightfully cleaned, and there's no dirty work done."

"Are you sure about that,  
Dad?"

"As certain as I am when I  
say that my name is Scott Bryan Spears."

Noah gasped and looked at Natasha. Natasha nodded in agreement with Scott. "Can you help me get my kids back, too?"

"As soon as your name is cleaned, you get your kids back. You said you have five of them, is that right?"

"I have four kids, Dad.

The first one was killed. Don't you remember?"

Natasha exclaimed, "Oh,  
God!"

Scratching his head, Scott

said, "That's right, son. Forgive my ignorance."

Natasha asked, "Why didn't you tell me, honey? You know you can tell me anything,  
Scott. I'm the best secret keeper in the world. I keep my silence even while being tortured."

Scott took Natasha's hand and said, "I know that, sweetheart. It's just that I don't want the darkest secrets of the Spears family to ruin your happiness and inner peace."

"Do you know what the only thing is that would take away my happiness and inner peace, Scott? It is living with the killer of Noah's child."

"That's right," said Noah. "No one can be tranquil living with Hayley Johnson."

"Is that her name?" said

Natasha.

"Yes. She is my father's  
second wife. His first wife is my mother."

Natasha asked, "Scott, did you marry Hayley before or after she killed your grandson?"

Scott answered, "I married her before she did that, and I turned against my son because I thought that he was accusing her of killing my grandson just because he had hated her for many, many years.

After reading a letter that she wrote, expressing her repentance, I cried tears of blood for my son." Caressing Noah's hair, Scott said, "I couldn't believe I had chosen a woman over my son, and that I trusted her more than I trusted my son. Blood is thicker than water.

Even when your son's wrong, you should take his side over the side of any woman."

"Trust me on this, Scott; I'll never do anything to gain Noah's disrespect. You'll never have to choose between the two of us."

Noah smiled and said, "Thank you, Natasha. Now, if you excuse me, I'm going to go take a good bath. I haven't taken one in five days," and Scott gasped. He got up.

As Noah walked out of the living room and into the secondary hallway, Natasha yelled, "I wouldn't have known if you hadn't told me. You surely don't smell like it," and then turned back around and looked at Scott and said, "You know, he made me cry the minute I opened the door for him. I can't believe that a son of Scott Spears, the fifth richest man in the world, could live such a horrible life." She got up, also. "I'm going to take my son to his crib." She walked around the sofa and out of the living room, leaving Scott alone.

Scott sighed and said, "I can't believe it, either, Natasha, but if Noah has lived such a horrible life, it's because that's the life that he chose. I don't blame him for running away when Hayley killed my grandson, but I do blame him for not coming back when he needed me the most." He got up. "I'm going to go to my office and call my attorney. He has a lot of work to do, starting tonight."

While Natasha took her baby to his crib and helped him fall asleep by singing to him with her literally angelic voice and caressing him, and Scott called his attorney to ask him to get the police to reopen Noah's case, Noah was in one of the five most beautiful bathrooms of the seven bathrooms in the house, taking his clothes off. He took off his underwear quickly and got into the bathtub. He closed the sliding door, turned on the faucet, kept the shower off, and filled the bathtub with water.

Finally, he took the liquid soap and started covering his body in it with his bare hands. He didn't have time to prepare a foamy bubble bath or get a clean washcloth or pouf. He'd forgotten to lock the door. He turned off the faucet to continue to lather his upper body. Natasha's twenty-year-old sister, Nicole had a big burgundy colored towel wrapped around her buxom and sculptural body. She was going to take a bath---in the same bathroom! She walked six more steps to the bathroom door and opened it. She went in and closed the door. She locked it. She walked to the bathroom and opened the sliding door. She gasped, and she involuntarily jumped so hard that her towel fell off, as she covered her face, not realizing that everything else was stripped. There was a very shapely, muscular and brawny blue-eyed man in her bathtub! How did he get here? As he gasped, looking at her beautiful but naked body, she realized that he was a total stranger to her. She could've never known that he was her sister's son in law; thus he looked nothing like Scott, her father in law. She thought he was an intruder. Suddenly, Nicole felt a light breeze on her body that came from the air conditioner vent and realized that she was naked. She picked up the towel from the floor and covered her body with it once again. Then, she said, "Get out, or I'll call the police!" she was so angry that her own body could set her on fire. Her blood was boiling within her veins. "I said get out!"

Overcome with fear of facing the police unjustly once again, he said, "Hey, you look a lot like Natasha!"

She gasped, realizing that she'd made a mistake. Her family actually knew this man. "You know my sister?"

"Actually, I just met her," he said. "I'm her son in law. I'm Scott's oldest son."

She gasped, smiled and asked, "You're Noah?"

He said, "Do you know me?"

"This is the first time that

I've met you in person, but Scott's told me a plethora of things about you. Actually, the only thing that I didn't know about you was what you looked like!"

"Did he talk to Natasha about me, too?" "Oh, yes, my sister knows as much about you as I do," said Nicole, smiling and trembling violently at the same time. She was strongly attracted to this man despite how horrible he looked right now, and she disliked it. They could live as brother and sister---if he wasn't equally attracted to her.

"I'm glad you guys know me. I thought that you didn't know me and that I had to tell you everything *and* prove to you that I was telling the truth."

"I need to bathe. How long will you be there?"

"I'll only be here for a few more minutes. I just started bathing, but it never takes me longer than twenty minutes to bathe."

"Oh, good, I'd rather wait for you to finish outside. When you're done," she said and walked to the door, turned the knob and opened it, "just give a quiet little yell."

"It's really ok. I don't mind you being here."

"But I do, that's the problem," she replied and got out. "Make sure the bathtub is clean by the time that I'm ready to use it, ok?"

"I will."

She closed the door and left. He said, "I know what she meant and what she was trying to tell me, but I won't go there. I don't want to even contemplate the idea of being with my mother in law's little sister. That's statutory rape," and closed the sliding door and continued to lather his abdomen.

Nicole ran back to her room, got in and closed the door. She was breathing very heavily. "Oh, my God, his face looks horrible right now, but that body..." she walked to her bed and yelled, "Ooh!" with a slight roar, like a lioness. "I want a piece of that and I won't stop until I get it!" Natasha walked to her phone which was on her nightstand, picked up the receiver and called her best friend, Alex. It was twenty minutes 'til eleven. Alex usually stayed up late, so she didn't mind taking phone calls or even receiving visits at this hour. She was watching a pay-per-view-movie. She picked up the phone, which was on her bed, right in front of her. She'd just finished talking to her sister, Amanda, in the Philippines. "Hello."

"Alexandra Lynn Harrison, you'll never guess what just happened to me."

Alex gasped and yelled, "Don't tell me that you finally lost your virginity, Nick!"

Nick became bewildered, but she wasn't surprised with what Alex thought that had happened. She said, "No." She spoke the most softly she could to avoid awaking her baby nephew. "No, no, no, Alex, that's not it. I was so close from doing it, but no, that's not it."

"You were close? How close?"

"As close as Hialeah is from North Miami."

"Oh, my God, who got you to finally want to let loose?"

"It was my sister's son in law, Noah!"

"Noah, the guy you've told me so much about, the Spears black sheep? You can't be serious. Is he that hot?"

Nicole laughed and said, "Hot is an understatement. He is so hot he could set the entire neighborhood on fire! I am not exaggerating. I have to admit that his face is not very pretty right now because he chose to live in the most extreme poverty, but his body is literally a sculpture. He has the biggest muscles I have ever seen."

You know those wrestlers that lift weights much more than they should to make their muscles gigantic? Well, that's what he looks like, except he's one foot taller than those guys are. He's seven feet tall, at the least. I am not kidding, Alex. I imagine that when he came in he had to let his head down and then walk in."

"I believe you. Scott is as tall as the tallest basketball player."

"Yes. The man is so scorching hot that if he gets a makeover, he'll win the Mr. World Pageant for North America next year."

Alex laughed and said, "Wow! Sign him up to see if it's true."

"Oh, I will sign him up, you can bet on that. Alex, you know what's the worst of all of this? He noticed that I liked him. He knows that I want him, and I don't know what's going to happen now."

Smiling evilly, Alex asked, "Are you afraid?"

After standing in front of the night stand for at least ten minutes, Nicole sat down on the bed and said, "Well, I'm not afraid of losing my virginity. After all, it happens to everyone, even the ugliest people in the world, and I'm so hot!"

Alex laughed hysterically. "No, really, Alex, I am screaming hot, and I'm not saying it because I'm conceited, I'm saying it because all of the guys at school are in love with me and because I've been told that I have the body hot enough to be a porn star. I'm not going to be a porn star, though."

"I know," said Alex, still laughing. "I know you're not conceited. I'm not a lesbian, but you're hot."

"See, what did I tell you? Anyway, like I was saying, I am so hot that I don't know if he'll be able to resist me, and what I'm afraid of is what will happen if we have sex and get caught. I don't want him to go to jail because of me."

Alex became serious and said, "I'm glad you see it that way and I'm glad you care about him even though you just met him."

"Of course I care about him. He's Scott's son and I love Scott!"

Alex smiled and said, "You're an angel, Nick. All you need is your wings."

Nicole smiled and said, "Thank you. I'm going to break the rules when it comes to the illicit relationship between an adult and my mother in law's little sister. I am going to initiate the relationship."

Worried, Alex asked, "What if you get caught?"

"I've done much worse things and I've never gotten caught. That's how I know I can get away with it," said Nicole, smiling evilly.

"You're an angel and a devil at the same time. One never knows what to expect from you."

"You got that right, Alex.

With Noah, I'm going to be an angel, but with everybody else, I'm going to be a devil, so everyone, watch out. Here comes Nicole Amanda Perry."

They both laughed evilly.

After nearly twenty minutes of searching for Nicole's room, Noah walked to the bedroom door and knocked, telling her that the bathtub was vacant and completely clean. He could tell that this was her room when he heard her sweet voice. "Is someone knocking on your door?" Alex said.

"Yes. I'll call you back.

Bye."

"You know that I don't go

to sleep until eleven, when I'm going to school and two when I'm on vacation. Talk to me more about you and Noah," said Alex and hung up. Nicole hung up, got up, walked around the bed, to the left side, went to the door and opened it. Noah had a pine-green towel around his waist. He knew that the old clothes that he left at the house nine years before when he ran away didn't fit him anymore and he didn't know what in the world to wear.

Gasping, and with bulging eyes, she said, "Thanks for notifying me that you're done and that you cleaned my bathtub."

"Do you know what other bathroom I can use?" he replied.

"There are seven bathrooms in this palace. Did you forget that, Noah?" she said, smiling coquettishly.

He cleared his throat and said, "Well, it's been nine years since I left here, and with all of the things that I've been through, of course I forgot."

"You can choose any bathroom you like. There are five bathrooms that are incredibly beautiful and two bathrooms that need improvements. I suggest you choose one of the three beautiful bathrooms that are left," she said, got out, closed the door, and went back to her bathroom.

Noah walked the secondary hallway to the third hallway in the house, searching for what used to be his bedroom and hoping that nobody was occupying it. There were twelve bedrooms in the house. Besides Scott and Natasha and Nicole's bedrooms, he could have any bedroom that he wanted so if someone had taken his bedroom, that wasn't a problem at all. He arrived to his old bedroom and noticed that the door was locked. Natasha's middle brother, Rob was listening to acoustic music, loudly, taking advantage of the fact that his baby brother's bedroom was all the way in the fifth hallway, far, far away, and that the music wouldn't disturb him. Noah knocked as loudly as he could, without banging on the door, and waited for a response. Rob finally heard the loud knocks, turned off his music, but left his stereo on, and walked to the door, unlocked it and opened it. "Hi," he said. "Are you a friend of one of my sister's?" **Chapter 2**

Noah smiled and said, "I'm more than that. I'm your older sister's son in law. May I come in?"

Astounded, Rob said, "Sure. After all, this is your room."

Noah went in. Rob closed the door behind him. Noah replied, "No. The fact that I'm back in my house doesn't mean that this is still my room. It is your room and it'll stay that way. I won't make you move all of your stuff to another room because I've got nine rooms to choose from."

Rob smiled and said, "That's very nice of you, Noah, to let me keep the room because this is my favorite room in the house."

Noah sat on the bed and said, "I'm glad. I'm sorry I've ruined your fun. I only came here because I want to know if I could borrow some of your clothes while Dad gives me money to buy my own clothes."

Rob laughed and said, "Look at me, Noah. I don't mind letting you borrow my clothes, but do you honestly think that my clothes will fit you?"

Noah laughed and said, "You're right. You're not scrawny, but I am much bigger than you are, not that I'm vain."

"You're better off borrowing Scott's clothes. Time hasn't changed for him, and although it seems that forty years have passed you by," said Rob looking up and down at Noah, "I'm sure that by the time you're his age, it'll be the same for you."

"I know I look terrible. It's just that I haven't been able to get a haircut or to shave."

"I know the look for you. Let's go to my bathroom and get you cleaned and tidy, and then we'll go to Scott's room and pick some sexy pajamas for you. I'm going to have to get Nicole to help us. I want you to look hot for the girls. I know you're married," said Rob as he opened the door and they walked out of the room, "but being handsome again wouldn't hurt." They arrived at Rob's bathroom in a matter of minutes. They went in and Rob closed the door. "Let's start by shaving all of that excessive hair in your face and washing your hair."

Preoccupied about his personal hygiene, Noah asked, "Does my hair stink?"

Smiling, Rob said, "No.

You just washed it," and went inside the bathtub and got his shampoo-conditioner combo with a hair detangling serum. "I just want to wash it with my special shampoo and conditioner and comb it while it's moistened with this high- category hair stylist's serum. It's clean, and it smells good, but it's horribly damaged."

"That's true. I hope I didn't wash it with women's shampoo because when I found out that I was using Nicole's bathroom it was a little too late."

Rob laughed and said, "You bathed in Nicole's tub? Wow! You must've had a blast."

"I bathed in Nicole's tub, but I didn't bathe with her."

"Oh."

"You have a wild imagination, guy!" said Noah as he let his head down inside the bathroom sink.

Rob turned on the faucet and said, "My name's Rob."

As water ran down his hair, Noah said, "Have you ever bathed with a woman, Rob?"

"Yes. I bathe with my girlfriend all the time."

Noah laughed. "I forgot to tell you that I'm not married anymore. My wife died six months ago, so I don't have anyone to bathe or sleep with now."

Rob smiled and said, "You can do all of those things with Nicole."

"Nah, Nicole is my mother in law's little sister."

"I don't think that she cares." Rob poured ten fluid ounces of his shampoo on Noah's hair.

Noah started lathering his hair with the shampoo. "It smells good for a men's shampoo, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," said Noah, "very good."

Nicole was walking out of her bathroom. She closed the door on her way out. Just when she was about to walk back to her room, she bumped into Natasha. "Oh, hi, how are you doing?"

Natasha said, "Nicole, I want to talk to you."

"Sure. Let's go to my room." Nicole and Natasha walked to Nicole's room, and Nicole opened the door. She and Natasha walked in and Natasha closed the door behind her. Then, she turned around and locked it so that Noah didn't come in. Nicole opened her closet door, pulled out the hanger with one of her sexiest baby dolls on it, pulled the baby doll down from the hanger very carefully and put the hanger back in the closet. Then, she closed the door, let her towel fall off and put the baby doll on in less than ten seconds. "What do you want to talk about?" she said and sat on the bed.

"I want to talk about Noah. Aren't you going to put on some panties?"

"I'm not going to need them. I'm going to stay in my room for the rest of the night." "I want to talk to you about him. I know that although he's not taking very good care of himself right now, he's very attractive. I want you to be careful. You're a jailbait. You're going to put him in jail if you have a relationship with him."

Nicole turned around to the side, faced Natasha, looked her in the eyes, held her hands, and said, "Natasha, I can't promise you that there won't be anything between him and me."

Worried, Natasha said, "So what I feared is true. You're already strongly attracted to him."

"Yes," said Nicole, shedding tears and pretending to be ashamed of her infatuation with Noah, "I am." There was a side of Nicole that not even her parents knew, and she wasn't about to strip her true personality now. She wasn't evil, she was just rebellious. There was nothing that



she loved more than breaking the rules. After all, rules were made to be broken, "and I don't know what to do."

"Eliminate those feelings. You can't have him."

Nicole started crying even harder. "I can't eliminate my feelings."

"You're just fascinated with him, you don't love him. This will pass if you don't cross the line with him. You belong with a younger guy, a guy younger than twenty. Noah is eleven years older than you are. He's too old for you. He has kids. You're not ready to become a mother-in-law. I didn't mind becoming the Spears children's mother in law because they were all grown, but Noah's kids, they're babies. The oldest one is only eight years old. These kids are too young to accept that you'll be their new mother. Noah and his brothers and sisters; they don't care. Their real mother already raised them."

saying."

"I understand what you're

"Is it getting through to you, though?"

"I don't know."

"You've just seen this man for the first time. You can't be in love. You like him; that's all. You're not even attracted to him as strongly as you think that you are. I promise you."

"Didn't you fall in love with Scott at first sight?"

"Well," said Natasha and laughed, "you won't agree with me on this, but that's different. I was an adult by the time that I met Scott. Remember, I'm only three years older than Noah. I've lived life. I've been with men, only two of them before Scott, though, and I know what it's like to be infatuated and what it's like to be in love."

Smiling, Nicole said, "So, you're saying that you were infatuated with your ex-lovers and you're in love with Scott."

Scott was passing by at the moment to go to his bedroom, which was five doors away from Nicole's, and when he heard his name, he stopped and started eavesdropping.

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying. That's why I didn't marry my ex-lovers, and I married Scott. I thought I was in love with my first boyfriend and first man, but I was only twenty, and I didn't know anything about love. I knew everything about motherly and brotherly and sisterly love, but I knew nothing about man and woman love."

"You married Scott because you loved him, not for his money."

"Remember that I didn't know that Scott was a multimillionaire until I came back from Las Vegas, where we got married. I thought about divorcing him so that he didn't think that I was marrying him for his money, but he begged me not to. He told me that he pretended to be middle class, like we are, to see if I could love him for him. He got on his knees, cried and begged me not to divorce him. Then, he told me how his ex-wives broke his heart."

Nicole unexpectedly hugged Natasha. "I'm glad you found real love. Help me find my real love, too."

With a smile on his face, Scott walked to his room and opened the door to walk in as he thought, *she loves me. She really loves me. She loves me more than Barbara and Hayley ever did. I thought that Barbara was my only true love, but I was wrong. My only true love is Natasha.* He took all of his clothes off, and then he opened the door to his bathroom and walked in. Right before going into the bathtub, he took off his boxers. He walked into the bathtub and closed the sliding door. He turned the faucet on and let the water run down his body. Suddenly, Noah walked into his bedroom, closed the door and sat on his bed. His hair was washed, but it wasn't cut. His face was shaved except his eyebrows. Rob let Nicole decide what haircut looked best on Noah. Noah couldn't care less about his haircut. He just wanted to be clean everyday--- like most people were. Suddenly, Noah saw a computer. It was only three months old. It was the latest Compaq Presario model. Scott never turned it off. He always put it on standby to use it time and time again at the push of a key. Malware never intruded the computer because Scott had it protected with the best anti-virus, anti-spyware, and anti-adware in the world. He was completely protected, even when he was offline. He got up, walked to the computer chair and sat on it. He saw the CPU power light flashing, so he knew that he didn't have to turn it on. He pressed the space bar to get it working again. Then, he clicked on the Start button. He was connected to the Internet just by opening the internet explorer because Scott had broadband internet. He entered MSN.com and signed up for an email account. In less than thirty seconds, he

was using it. He clicked the "New Message" button and started writing an email message to his mother in law.

*Dear Providence,*

*I'm back at my father's house. I didn't call you because you moved to Connecticut, your hometown, when Jennifer was murdered, and I don't want to incur long distance charges on my father's phone bill. I just wanted to tell you that now that I'm going to be staying with my father, I'll be a lot better. I wish that the kids were with you so that I could talk to them!* He typed and placed a crying smiley face right by the sentence. It wasn't just a smiley. He started shedding tears. *I miss them. My father said he was going to help me prove my innocence and get my kids back. When I get them back, I'm going to see if I can share their custody with you, now that their mother is no longer with us. That way you have rights to your grandchildren.*

*I'll keep in touch. Now that you have an unlimited long distance plan for one low monthly price, you can call me at,* and typed the phone number to Scott's house. *I'll keep you informed on how the arrangements to recuperate the kids are going. My father already talked to his attorney. We'll see if it's true what he said, that when you have as much money as he does, you can prove anyone's innocence or guilt no matter how difficult it may be.*

*Best regards to you and Donatello,  
Love always Noah Scott Spears*

Noah clicked "send" on the email and it was sent in less than two seconds. Then, he closed the internet explorer and clicked, "turned off" and then "stand by" on the start menu. He wanted the computer to be just like Scott had left it. Then, he got up and sat on his father's bed once again, to wait for him to get out of the bathroom and talk to him. Besides a computer, Scott had a thirty-two- inch flat screen TV with a DVD player and recorder and a satellite dish receiver with over three thousand channels. He had the biggest satellite dish available on the market. Noah took the long gray remote control in his hands, turned on the TV, and then pushed the tab to the right to change the satellite TV channel. It wasn't known how, but when Noah turned on the TV, a porn movie was on, and although he was twenty-six and he loved sex when he had a chance to have it, he hated watching porn. He didn't want his kids watching it when they were adults, and what better way to get them not to watch porn than doing the same himself? The kids were far away from Noah, but they wanted to be just like he was when they grew up. They somehow knew that their father never used, sold, or carried illegal drugs around, that he was innocent of what he'd been accused of, and that he'd never committed a crime, and they loved him. Noah hadn't watched TV for six months and he had completely forgotten the channel line-up in cable, digital cable, and satellite TV, so he pressed the button for the programming guide display. This list was too long to choose from, so he chose one of ten different categories--- music. Of all of the channel options that he had, this was his favorite category. His voice was too low for him to be a singer, but he was a song writer, and he had written songs for many different artists and sent them to their record labels. These artists had actually accepted and recorded Noah's music. It was too bad that because Noah had moved out of Scott's house, he'd never gotten the well-deserved money for his music. Little did he know that Scott had gotten his hands on all of that money, over three million dollars worth of payments in music, and stored it in a

bank account under his name? Scott had instructed all of the people in his bank not to notify Noah of the bank account by any means. This was a big surprise for Noah that he'd get on his birthday---on October 15th, and boy was that a surprise! He tuned to the MTV2 channel. A three-hour video block was on. Once he found exactly what he wanted to watch, he just laid back, pulled a pillow down, and accommodated his head on it. He didn't want to go all the way to the top of the bed because he wanted to see the TV much more closely, although he had a twenty-twenty vision. Just then, Scott got out of the bathroom with a black towel wrapped around his waist and gasped when he saw Noah on his bed. He closed the door behind him and walked more closely to Noah. Noah looked at him with a smile on his face and asked, "Who died, Dad?" and laughed.

"No one," said Scott, smiling. "Would you please look directly at the TV for the next few minutes while I get dressed?" and Noah focused on the TV entirely. His neck was stiff looking at it. "I know that I'm your father and that we bathed together a plethora of occasions," he said as he quickly put on a fresh pair of boxers that he'd gotten from a luxurious dresser a few steps from the bathroom door, right in front of the bedroom window, "but we're grown men, and I don't think we should see each other naked." He put on the bottom part of his pajamas... the pants. Scott was a grown man, but he loved pajamas with little kids' designs on them. He looked so cute with those pajamas, as if he were a grown five-year-old boy. He quickly put on his long-sleeved, buttoned pajama top, turned around and said, "You can focus on me now. I'm done getting dressed," and walked to the bed and sat right beside him, right above his head and started caressing his hair.

People couldn't help but to caress Noah's head because despite the fact that he was half Latino, his other Caucasian half gave him perfectly straight hair and it was so soft and silky---like ebony silk bed sheets. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

Noah sat up, turned around, and moved over to the left side of the bed, where Scott was sitting, and got right beside him. "I wanted to talk to you about us."

"Oh," said Scott, amazed, "if that's so, we'll spend the rest of the night talking, Noah, because we have a lot to talk about us."

Noah replied, "I know, Dad," and sighed, "but I am not going to say everything I want to say at once," and laughed. "I know you have to go to work tomorrow. Tomorrow is Thursday."

"That's right," said Scott, smiling.

"I just want to say," said

Noah, holding both of Scott's hands, with tears in his eyes, "that now that I'm back, I regret running away. I didn't have any remorse for it despite the sorrowful life I was living, but I do regret it now. Now that I've explored one fifth of this house," he said and laughed, "I know how different things would've been if I had stayed. I would've finished my college education and I'd be a successful entrepreneur right now, following your footsteps, just like I dreamed, and make a fortune and an empire of my own for my kids to enjoy," he said and wiped off some of his tears.

"And who told you that this can't still happen, Noah?"

"Well, in order to be as successful as you I have to study for at least ten years, don't I?"

"That's incorrect. I mean, you need a considerable time of college education, but not ten years. I was only in college for five years, and look where I am now.

My family wasn't always rich, you know? I am the first multi- millionaire in my family. It wasn't easy to achieve this wonderful financial life, you know? I had to..."

life."

Noah repeated, "Financial

"That's right because

every other aspect in my life has been anything but wonderful, son. Of all of these years, the only happy years that I've had were these two years of marriage with Natasha. She's the only one that has really made me who I am today, not when it comes to my financial status; thus I did that, but when it comes to my love life."

"So, you've allowed your chaotic love life to make you unhappy."

"That's right, and I can't help it, Noah. Without love, I am nothing."

"Let's change the subject so that you don't start recalling the worst moments in your love life, and start crying. Was your family poor?"

"No, we weren't poor, we were middle class. I got the money that I needed for college because I joined the army."

"Were you ever a sergeant?"

"Yes, I was, but as soon as I finished college, I abandoned the army. I wanted to be an entrepreneur. I didn't want to continue to fight in a war. If I had stayed in the army, I'd be dead right now. Son, if you knew how many times I've cheated death before 1969, when all of this started, you'd be shocked."

"I can only imagine. Do you have nightmares about it?"

"No. As soon as my financial status got better, I used all of the money that I earned during the first years of working at Spears Beauty Care Corporation, what it was called back in the day, to get psychological help and overcome my war traumas. Now, I don't even remember my life as a fighter of the nation."

"That's great," said Noah and cleared his throat. "So, what was it like, your marriage to Hayley?"

"Do you know what, son?

We'd spend the rest of the night talking solely about that and we still wouldn't finish for the next 365 days, so I'll tell you all about that little by little, when I have the time. I'll make some time for us to talk."

"Do you mind me staying here to watch some music videos?"

"No. Actually, I enjoy music videos, too," said Scott and laughed. "Do you want to pull yourself up and lie down beside me, and we'll watch them together?" **Chapter 3**

Noah watched videos with his father for the next two hours and then walked out of his room and closed the door behind him. He walked the hallway to the living room and all of a sudden, Nicole bumped into him on the way to the big kitchen. Noah wanted to get a glass of milk. Nicole had promised Natasha not to get out of her room and to stay away from Noah, but even though Natasha was still awake, and in the second living room, finishing watching her DVD movie, she had broken her promise. Smiling, she said, "Hello, Noah."

Surprised, Noah said, "Nicole, I don't mean to be rude, but you have to stay away from me."

Deeply saddened and with a face of horror, she asked, "Why?"

"We can't have a relationship. You're my mother in law's little sister."

"Noah..."

He interrupted her and said, "I know that you're interested in me, but there can't be anything between us."

She walked beside him, turned around, stood in front of him, pulled down the straps of her negligee and asked, "Don't you like me?" with a devilish voice.

He cleared his throat with his head down, and then lifted his head and looked her in the eyes and said, "I can't deny that you're very beautiful. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen,

but---

She interrupted him and asked, "But what?"

"If I have a relationship with you, I'll be committing a crime. It's called statutory rape, and I don't want to go back to jail."

She gasped and asked, "Go back to jail?"

He sighed.

She asked, "Have you been in jail before?"

Noah put his arm around the back of her neck and put his hand on her shoulder. They walked to the third living room, which was the closest one, and said, "Why don't we sit down and talk? There are a lot of things about me that you have to know, but I can only tell you a few of them tonight because it's late, and you have to get up to get ready to go to school within," and then looked at the clock on the wall behind him, in the doorway to the entrance to the living room and said, "seven and a half hours." It was eleven thirty.

She smiled and said, "You'll have more than enough time to open up to me and sooner or later, you will have told me all of your secrets." She held his hand and said, "I like you so much, and I think that I'm falling in love with you. I'm ecstatic because I've never felt this way about a man before.

Yes, believe it or not, you are able to make that much of an impact on a woman."

He stayed silent this time.

He didn't know what else to say. Nothing that he said would get through to her and he knew it. Nothing that he said could convince her that he and Nicole couldn't be together. Meanwhile, Brandy was at her older sister Hayley Marie's house, talking to her best friend, Dean. They were in the living room, laughing, talking and having a little fun. Soft music was on. Brandy was Hayley Marie's youngest daughter. She was eighteen years old. She and Dean had known each other since they were in preschool and have been the best of friends ever since.

Brandy had more boyfriends than girl friends because she trusted boys more. Boys rarely got into the business of their friends. Besides, if she ever got a boyfriend, she wouldn't have to worry about her girl friend taking him from her.

Jealousy was always an issue. Half of the boys in her school were her friends, while only three of the girls in the same school were her friends. Her girlfriends, they didn't understand why this was. They'd never betray Brandy, nor would they? Only time would tell. "I don't understand why you have so many friends and you haven't had a boyfriend yet, like a mate."

"I'm not attracted to any of the guys, Dean. It's just me. I don't know why."

"You don't find any of the guys hot?"

"Many of the guys in our school are hot; it's just that none of them are my type. I know I'm weird. I'm demanding. I just won't get under the sheets with any guy that I bump into."

"Gee, could it be that you're into older men and that's why you don't like any of the guys at our school."

Brandy thought about what she was going to say for a few minutes as she rolled her eyes and said, "You know what? That's a possibility. I don't know I'd have to have an older boyfriend to know for sure. It's weird because I was always the biggest fan of the hottest older celebrities.

These actors," she said and gave away a big sigh of pleasure with a smile of her face. "I never found younger celebrities hot."

"Yeah, that's definitely what it is. Have you ever fallen in love or had a crush on an older man that wasn't a celebrity, one that you were close to?"

"I once had the biggest crush on Hayden's dad."

"Hayden's dad?" said Dean, astounded. "He's forty-nine years old! What, are you crazy?" and then he smiled and looked her in the eyes and asked. "Do you know if he ever felt the same for you?"

"When it comes to men, I always find the dad a lot hotter than the son. You ought to know that.

You know me better than my own parents know me. I've told you things that I didn't even think about telling them, Dean Moses!"

"I know, Brandy. Have you ever been physically attracted to my Dad?" said Dean, still smiling evilly.

"I am attracted to your dad as we speak, very strongly attracted," she replied, grinding her teeth, thinking that this would make Dean angry.

"You can't be serious. My dad's forty-one."

"I like the package," she said and laughed nervously. "No, really, I do! You ought to be thinking that I don't know what in the world I'm talking about," she said, blushing.

"It's nice to know that you like my dad."

"If he weren't married to your mom..."

"Oh, I know, I know, please omit the details of what you guys would do if he weren't married to my mom."

"I'd never tear them apart because infatuation is not enough to get me to do that. In order to break up a marriage, I'd have to be madly in love. It would have to be a matter of the heart."

Dean got up and said, "Gee, thanks for assuring me that you don't feel strongly enough for him to tear him and my mom apart. Hey, I've always wondered, from the moment that you first told me that you preferred older men... Do the men have to be older than forty or just older than you are?"

"They don't have to be older than forty. Being older than twenty-five would do the trick." "So, you like men that are older than twenty-five."

Smiling, she said, "Yes. I'd love to have a twenty-seven or twenty-eight-year-old boyfriend, but if those guys reject me, I'll go for guys over forty years old. I know that those would never reject me."

Dean laughed nervously and said, "Oh!"

The day after, at seven o'clock in the morning, Nicole got up to get ready to go to school. She was still very sleepy because she and Noah stayed up all night talking, until three twenty. Natasha and Scott had no idea about this, though, because the whole time, they were talking very quietly, almost whispering, and no one could hear them. Besides the fact that she slept for four hours last night, she couldn't stop thinking about Noah. There had to be a way to get him to be with her. She had to find the way to make him crazy about her enough for him to forget about the laws and the police. As she walked to the door to open it and get out, she tripped into her own CD's, and fell and hit her mouth with the doorknob. It hurt like hell, but she didn't dare to scream. She had two broken lips and a loose tooth. The damage was bad. She started letting out rivers of blood as she tried to clean it off with her fingers, so that no one would notice that she'd



had an accident. She wanted to go to school today. She had three tests that she'd studied for countless hours. Nicole didn't finish studying for those tests until Noah arrived. Yeah, she finished studying that late, and she'd been studying since she got home from school, at two thirty. She wasn't about to miss those tests now, not for anything in the world. "Oh," she said, still lying on the floor, almost knocked out.

Noah was passing by her room at that very moment. He'd come from Scott and Natasha's room, which was in the same hallway as Nicole's room, five doors away, on the same side.

Rob's room and what used to be Noah's room was all the way in the other hallway, which was considerably far away. Rob liked that room because it was spacious, beautiful, and because it was far enough from the baby and nothing that he did disturbed the baby. He loved his loud music and he would do anything to avoid having to give it up. He heard Nicole moaning.

She was in trouble. He knocked the door and said, quietly, "Are you ok, Nicole?"

She got up very slowly and carefully and she unlocked and opened the door for him. There was no use in hiding it. She'd miss her tests, or so she thought. She still had her hand on her mouth, but she couldn't hide the blood because it was spilling in between her fingers. "Oh, my God!" he said. "What happened to you?"

She let go of her mouth and with all of her best efforts, she said, "I tripped into something and hit my mouth with the doorknob."

Noah went in and looked at the doorknob on the inside. It was inundated with blood. "Oh, my God, what happened here?"

She couldn't help shedding tears. "What am I going to do now? I've got to go to the hospital and to the dentist to take care of this damage. God knows how long it will take me to go back to school."

He placed both hands on her face and looking at her, sadly, he said, "Don't worry about school. Your health is much more important. We've got to take care of that mouth. Come on, let's go tell your sister," he said, put her arm around her shoulder, turned around, opened the door, walked out of the room, and they walked together to Natasha's room. Scott had left one hour before. They walked in.

Natasha was in the bathroom, taking a shower. They sat on her bed together and Noah said, "I guess that we're going to have to wait."

She got up and said, "I don't have to wait. I can walk in and tell her. If she asks you anything about it, just be sure to tell her that you weren't with me when it happened, so that she doesn't think that it was your fault."

"Don't worry. She's not going to think that."

Nicole opened the door to Natasha's bathroom and walked in very slowly and carefully, to make sure not to slip and fall, yet again. This time, a fall would be far more dangerous, or even deadly. Natasha noticed that someone was in her room. She saw Nicole's bleeding face through the sliding door, which was transparent. She turned the shower off, slid the door open and said, "Nicole, oh, my God!"

Nicole walked closer to her. "Natasha..."

Crying, Natasha asked, "What happened?"

"I tripped and hit my face with the doorknob."

"Jesus!" said Natasha as she caressed Nicole's face and observed her horribly broken mouth. "The fall was very hard because it's the only way that a doorknob could do this much damage."

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