

Cougar Club

Crimson Rose

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After four years of dating, having four kids together, building their dream home and sixteen years of marriage Alicia and Sean divorced when she walked in on him having sex with their eighteen year old babysitter Gina – a cute athletic brunette seventeen years his junior. Not wanting to live in the house after that, she sold it and everything they had bought together that she had won in the settlement and after a lengthy custody battle packed up what little she still owned and left the state to start over from scratch. Unfortunately, this meant taking all but her oldest son Kyle away from everything they had come to know and love including friends, other members of the family and significant others she knew would not stand up to the tests of time but which they were convinced would last forever. And worst of all, at least in their eyes she would be taking them away from their father.

Not wanting to alienate her kids, she put her life on hold. For the next three years she had worked a job she had come to despise. Six months after the divorce she tried dating again but after being with the same man for twenty of her thirty-five years she found it difficult and resigned herself to the single life. Though divorced, she kept in constant contact with her ex if only because he was granted visitation. When he showed up it was always with a different much younger woman on his arm. Not knowing these women and generally just wanting to give him a hard time she demanded enough information to search social media accounts and perform background checks. Most of the women complied and stuck around until he got bored with them while those that refused were immediately dumped for fear of him never seeing his kids again.

And then it happened. Three years after the divorce her ex-husband showed up not only with a pretty young blonde but half-drunk as well. Acting as if nothing was unusual, she invited them in and offered drinks while she put the poor woman through a rigorous series of questions. She could see Sean growing more and more agitated by the second but instead of stopping and telling them there was no way in hell she was letting their kids get in a car with a drunk man, she probed deeper. While she was polite and answered every question asked, Kaitlin became somewhat rattled when questioned about her age until she let it slip that she was actually only sixteen and that she and Sean had secretly been dating for the last four months.

Sean, of course utterly denied it and said she was eighteen as her driver's license would prove, but then Kaitlin dropped a bombshell in that her license was a fake and she was, in fact, only sixteen as she had told him countless times during their many sexual encounters. Half-drunk and scared shitless he got up and stormed out of the house leaving his underage girlfriend behind. It was then her daughter Heather came down to see what the noise was about and whether or not she and her brother and sister would be spending the next week with their father when her baby blue eyes locked on the young woman sitting not three feet from her mother.

“Hey Kaitlin, what are you doing here? Wait, how did you even know where I live?”

“You know this young lady? Her mother asked.

“Yeah. We're in calculus, gym and history together.”

“I see. Why don't the two of you talk while I go make a phone call?”

“Um, sure. Do you know when dad's coming to pick us up?”

“We'll talk about that when I get back. And Kaitlin, know that I don't blame you for any of what's about to happen.” Both sixteen year olds gave her looks of concern and the last thing she heard as she walked out of the room was her daughter asking her classmate what was going on.

Alicia tried her best to not hold grudges or act in a vindictive manner but her ex showing up drunk with an underage girl was a crossed line she could never forgive or let pass so it was with mixed feelings that she called and reported him to the police. Fourteen minutes later there was a knock at her door. She let the two uniformed officers in and after informing them the entire encounter had been recorded, offered them a copy for their records. They told her she could bring it to the station at her earliest convenience and then hauled Kaitlin off.

“What the actual heck, mom? Heather said as she stood half-stunned in the middle of the living room. What the heck is happening? Why did you call the police on Kaitlin? Why were you recording the meeting?”

“This is a lot to take in but your father showed up far too drunk to be driving himself let alone you, Brian and Tess. As for why I called the police, she and your father have been dating in secret the last six months and beyond being disgusting it is also very much illegal. And at the suggestion of my attorney I record all meetings.”

“That...that’s not...dad would never...” breaking down into tears, Heather slumped onto the couch and balled her eyes out.

Sitting on the couch Alicia put her arm around her daughter and held her tight. “I’m so sorry but I have the whole thing on record.”

“Y-You can destroy it. Tell the police you forgot to record it. You can...”

“Not only would such an action be illegal it would also be immoral and no matter how much it hurts there’s no way in hell I’ll ever be complicit in such activities. I’m sorry, Heather, but your father is a very sick man and...” before she could finish her sentence her daughter pulled away and ran upstairs. The slamming of a door caused her to jump a moment later and then she too sat on the couch and cried. She wanted her ex out of her life once and for all so that she could freely live her life but this was not how she wanted it to happen.

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The next few months were a buzz of activities that more often than not left Alicia completely drained. Long days working in the office. Even longer days sitting in a hot, overcrowded courtroom as she and her children watched their father losing his case at every turn. After three weeks more of the young women he dated came clean with their true ages and even those who were of legal age had younger sisters who spent far too much time alone with him. Immediately labeled a pervert and pedophile, he changed his plea to guilty three months into the trial if only to get it done and over with. Sentenced to fifty-seven years, he whispered goodbye to his kids for the last time as he was escorted out of the courtroom.

Finally free to get on with her life, Alicia packed up everything she owned and moved herself and the kids from Maine to Wisconsin. Going from the big city to a small town in the middle of nowhere was definitely a shock to the system and while she felt comfortably at peace her kids hated everything about the quiet calm of their new farmhouse a dozen miles from the closest sign of civilization.

“Ugh, I hate this place already,” Heather groaned in complaint as her mother pulled into the driveway leading up to the one story all brick ranch style house.”

“Why Wisconsin?” Brian asked. “We’re in the middle of freaking nowhere.”

“That’s the point, son. This is our chance to start fresh somewhere no one knows our names or what your father has done. Also, this place cost half as much as our previous home and is large enough for you to all have your own rooms. The basement is also finished and we have a family room in the back. And the ten acres should provide enough space for you all to run around without constantly butting heads.”

“You took us away from our friends and the rest of our family and as soon as I turn eighteen I’m moving back to Maine,” Heather huffed as her arms crossed over her chest.

“Yeah, well, you’ve got a year until that happens so until then I ask that you at least make an attempt to make this work.” Putting her SUV in park, Alicia turned the engine off and stepped out. Inhaling the fresh country air she waited for her kids to get out before walking up onto the front porch and putting the key in the lock. The door creaked open and she led the way into the large empty home. “As you can see we don’t have any furniture yet so after stretching our legs and getting some lunch we’ll go do a bit of shopping. I’m assuming there will be a wait for furniture to be delivered so we’ll have to rough it the next few days but we’ll survive.”

“Great,” Heather huffed. “Nothing better than sleeping on a cold floor without pillows or blankets.”

“We’ll have pillows and blankets as soon as we go shopping,” her mother snapped back. “And if you insist I’ll even go so far as to buy a few inflatable mattresses so we’re not sleeping on the floor. With that being said feel free to take a look around and claim your rooms but know that the master bedroom is mine.”