

Stress Test

Epilogue

Hours later, fresh from a vigorous workout with Muffy and Sukki (or whatever their real names were), Sean finally arrived back home. The light on the answering machine was blinking commandingly. As he took off clothes caked in sweat and other fluids, he hit play. The voice he heard was one of the last ones he'd ever thought he would.

Hi, Sean. I hope this is the right number. It's Morgan. Rosie's sister? Look, I know you and I weren't on the best terms when you left last year. I am sorry for how I wiggled out on you over the whole orgy thing. I know you're a good guy who regrets what you did, even if you wouldn't admit it. So you banged my sister. Not like you didn't bang yours too, right? Haha. All right, that was a lame attempt at humor.

None of that matters. I didn't want to bother you with this – I know how you don't like whining – but Rosie convinced me you might want to know. To be clear, I did not mention her name to you, understood? She's still pretending she's not pissed off you made her get that tat. It doesn't even look that... well, yeah, it looks pretty bad, but it's easy enough to hide. Whatever. Sorry, I'm rambling.

Anyway, we have a son. There, I said it. I don't know what you want to do about it, but now you know. We're fine – I'm seeing someone else, perfectly happy on my own – but my sister convinced me it would be rude not to tell you, and I would never ever do anything to be rude to you. Ever. I hope you're not mad I didn't tell you sooner. I thought you'd rather not have to deal. Maybe I was wrong. I guess it's your call.

So... yeah. My number hasn't changed, if... well, if.

A beep signaled the end of the message.

Sean replayed the message twice.

A son.

Looked like he'd waited a hair too soon on that vasectomy. Jesus. He'd fucked Morgan... what, twice? Once just to piss off Rosie, and once after she got that boob job he'd drunkenly coerced her into. The least he could do. He'd seen a great many tits since then, but he remembered those. Her surgeon was a genius. She was a stone cold fucking hottie besides, too. Should've stopped at once, looked like.

A son.

What kind of world was he creating to bring a new life into? He sure as shit wasn't giving up his dream to play papa to his ex-girlfriend's sister's baby. No fucking way. He'd always told himself blood ties were bullshit anyway. His own dad had never been more to him than a meal ticket.

Christ Almighty, a fucking son!

Never one to let worries fester, Sean's scientist brain pounced on the problem. He thought of his kid, another crunchy little vegetable in the vast fields he was preparing to water. Not exactly the birthright of the son of the newest addition to the pantheon, was it?

Maybe he could build another implant. Their DNA ought to be similar enough that he could probably swing it. Hell of a lot of power to grow up with, though. Sean hadn't invented that pill until he was well into his twenties, and look at what an asshole he'd turned into already. Perhaps the implant could have some kind of delay, stay dormant so the kid could have a normal childhood – before knocking his socks off with the best inheritance of all time. Hell, if he installed it while the kid was still too young to remember, he'd never even know he had it.

Sean laughed to himself at the very idea. That took mad scientisting to a whole new level. Purely insane.

Still, he found himself looking through his little black book for Morgan's number. He wasn't actually going to do it, of course. Still, no harm in at least meeting the little shit.