

Chapter 5

I sit on the exam table in shock. At the moment, I can't say anything. It takes me a few minutes before I whisper, "Oh my god. I can't believe I'm pregnant. This can't be happening. Not now."

Dr. Santos is still in the room. She's worried. Nobody has reacted like this in front of her. She becomes concerned. "Missiey, are you OK? Look at me," she says. I glance up to look at her face still in shock. "Hon, you have a wonderful man. Jon will be there for you, and so thrilled. Set your next appointment and go tell him."

I come around just enough to focus on what I need to do now. "You're right. Jon just told me [this morning](#) he's going to be here for me no matter what. Thank you, Dr. Santos," I say then get down off the table and leave the room. I set my next doctor's appointment, get to my car and head to the house Jon's working on.

I arrive within thirty minutes, jump out of the car, and run in the house. The first person I see is Brent. I run up to him frantically. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Brent, where is Jon? I need to see him right now. Its urgent." Brent sees the urgency on my face and takes me to Jon.

"Hey Jon," says Brent.

Jon looks up puzzled. "What's up, Brent?"

"Missiey is here to see you."

"Okay. Thanks, Brent." Brent nods and goes back to work.

"Hey baby. What's up? What happened at the doctor's office?" He sees the panic on my face then starts to hug me. I stop him.

"I don't know how to tell you this." I start to lightly cry.

"Just tell me sweetie."

"Jon, sweetheart.....I'm pregnant."

Jon's face lights up with excitement. He hugs me then steps back keeping ahold of my arms. "Are you serious?! We are really having a baby?!" He's so thrilled. I nod. He quickly notices my expression isn't meeting his. His smile begins to fade. He looks at me, and I'm in tears and utter shock. "Aww, baby what is it? What's wrong?"

I manage to calm down enough to answer. "Jon...hon...I'm scared. What if our baby doesn't like me? What if I suck at being a mom? What if.....you....?" I can't finish the last question. I'm too upset.

"Don't say it sweetie. The baby will love you, and you're gonna be a great mom. As for us...I'll always love you. You're still going to be the most beautiful and amazing woman to me." He leans in and kisses me on the lips hard. When he stops, he looks directly in my eyes. "Baby, relax. Go home and take a long bath, and I'll be home soon. Promise."

I nod. "You're amazing, Jon. I know you will be there for the baby and me. I love you, babe," I say as I kiss Jon. The smile returning to my face. He wipes away my tears and starts walking me to my car.

As we get to one of the rooms, all the guys are eating lunch so we stop. "Attention everyone," he begins. They look up. "We're having a baby!" he announces.

"Congratulations you guys!" they tell us.

"Thanks!" we say.

He finishes walking me to my car and turns me to face him. He is so happy, he steps closer wrapping his arms around my waist, kissing me passionately. "I love you so much baby. I'll be home in a couple hours give or take. Just rest. I don't want you to do anything."

"Okay sweetie. I'll rest....as long as we can make love [tonight](#) sexy."

He's shocked at my response. Jon smiles lovingly. "Okay angel. We'll do whatever you want." He hugs me and I leave.

I arrive home twenty minutes later. I walk in locking the door, grabbing the phone and heading to the bathroom for a warm bubble bath. As I get in the tub and situated, I shut off the water and the phone rings.

"Hello," I answer as I lay my head back.

"Hey Missiey. What are you and Jon doing [tonight](#)?" asks Donnie.

"We are gonna relax and have fun together. I had to go to the doctor [today](#). What's up, Donnie?"

"Oh wow! Are you okay?". He's concerned.

"I'm fine. Don't tell anyone, but I found out I'm pregnant. I'm just really nauseous in the morning."

"Damn. Congrats!"

"Thanks. I'm a little scared. Why were you calling?"

"You will be fine. Jon's going to baby you," he begins, "I was wondering if you guys could accompany me on a date."

"We can't [tonight](#), but we could [tomorrow](#)."

"Okay. Let me see what I can do. I really need to have you guys with me. I really like this girl."

"Let me know. If you get the days switched we'll go."

"I'll let you know. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome. Talk to you soon." We say "bye" and hang up.

About an hour and a half later I hear the front door open, something hit the floor, and footsteps coming upstairs. I lay on the bed in shorts and a t-shirt relaxing and thinking about the pregnancy. Just then the bedroom door opens and Jon pokes his head in.

"Hey baby girl. How are you feeling?" he asks walking in and sitting by me.

"Hey sweetie. I feel a little better but I'm still scared. My first appointment is [Monday](#) at 10 AM."

"I'll be there with you. I'll be by your side through it all sweetheart. I know we didn't plan to have a baby yet, but I promised you I would be here, and I'm never leaving the two of you. I love you and our little bun in the oven. I'm really happy its your oven." He hugs me tight and kisses me on the lips passionately. As he pulls back to read my expression, the phone rings. I answer quickly.

"Hello," I answer slightly breathless.

"Hey. Am I interrupting?" asks Donnie.

"No. You're fine. What's up?" I reply regaining my composure quickly.

"Okay. I was able to reschedule for [tomorrow](#) at 6:30. Is that good with you guys?"

"That's fine. Where are we meeting at?"

"My house around 5:30. She should be here by then. Oh, her name is Rachel."

"Great. We'll see you then."

"Thank you both so much. I owe you."

"You're welcome. Bye, Donnie."

"Bye, Missiey."

Jon looks confused as I hang up the phone. He has no clue whats going on or if he wants to know, but he needs to find out.

"What did Donnie want, angel?"

"We are double dating with him **tomorrow** evening, and meeting at his house by 5:30. Her name is Rachel, and he really likes her. Besides, we promised he would have our full support and would double if he needed us too."

He looks at me a little unsure. "Are you sure about this? I mean, we haven't told anyone, except who was onsite, about our situation."

"Donnie called earlier and I told him we could double if it was **tomorrow**. I also told him to keep it quiet and that we are expecting. He promised me he would and told us congrats." I stare at Jon, and he's stunned.

"Wow. Okay. If he likes the girl that much this could be a good thing."

"That's my thinking, too, babe. He knows I'd never leave you. Besides, we are starting our own family now. Donnie's happy for us, and I love you so much."

"True. Donnie just keeps handing out surprises," Jon says laughing and holding me.

"What do you want for dinner sweetheart?" I ask.

"I don't think so angel. I'm going the cooking. Is chicken okay with you?"

"Barbeque chicken sounds great, but my oven doesn't to be preheated," I say slightly seductively at the end.

As Jon is about to speak, I raise up and kiss him, my lips hard on his. It takes him a minute and he begins kissing me back with the same force and passion. Just then a sudden urge comes over me, and I flip Jon on his back fast immediately straddling him. He looks up at me completely shocked.

"Damn baby! What's got into you?" he asks.

"You...this pregnancy...my hormones. I *want you* right now.". I stare into Jon's angelic hazel eyes. A piercing hunger in mine.

Jon's eyes get big as he replies, "Baby, I may not have to preheat *your* oven, but I *do* have to preheat the one in the kitchen. If you let me start dinner, I promise I'll give you whatever you want while it's cooking."

I look at Jon with the cutest pouty face he's ever seen. I think about my options. *'I wonder if I can get his shirt off now?'* I think. I weigh it out then say, "If you must, but the only thing I'm hungry for is you sexy."

I move off his lap and he gets up. As he starts to walk off I grab his wrist pulling him back to me. He looks at me with a semi sexy smile then says, "Is there something else you need or want sweetie?"

"Actually there is baby," I say grabbing his shirt and pulling it off. "That's much better."

He lightly laughs and heads down to the kitchen. I go after him a minute later and he's already preheating the oven when I walk in. Jon's prepping the chicken to put in the oven and brushing the barbeque sauce on. As soon as the oven is heated up, he puts the chicken in. Before Jon can start on anything else, I walk quickly up to him and forcefully kiss him.

"Where were we?" I ask deviously while grabbing him. I let go briefly to unfasten his jeans speedily pulling them down. "I hope you're ready to have some fun, baby." I give Jon a quick kiss before going to my knees and placing him in my mouth.

He immediately grabs the counter, his legs all ready feeling like they are going to give out. His eyes close as his head tilts back and a moan escapes him. "Damn baby. You're driving me fucking crazy," he begins pulling me off of him fast, "It's my turn to have some fun while you try to relax." Jon's tone is highly sexual and a little commanding.

I have an intriguingly exotic expression as I look up into Jon's eyes. "So where do you want me baby?" I ask.

He looks around thinking about it. "Hmmm....why don't you put your sexy ass on the table?" He helps me up and I walk over to the table as he watches me. He comes over as I get to the table wrapping his arms around me pressing his body tight to mine. My eyes turn to slits as one of his hands moves lower until its between my legs. Jon leans in close to my ear and whispers, "Its time to get you stripped and preheated."

I turn to face him staring into his eyes. I lean in to kiss him on the neck. "Do you need help getting my clothes off?"

"No, but you better raise your arms so I can get this damn shirt off." I quickly comply with Jon's demand. He throws my shirt in the hallway and immediately goes to pull my shorts and panties down. I step out of them instantly his fingers finding me fast. As he starts to insert them, he pulls back. "Lay on the table babe. Its time to get the taste test started."

I lay back his tongue immediately finding me and diving deep. My back arches and eyes close instantly. "Oh my....Damn Jon!" I say fairly breathless and moaning. He feels ten times more amazing thanks to my hormones being all jacked up.

Jon begins moving his hands carefully, and somewhat timidly, up my body until he finds my breasts. He begins massaging them and pinching my nipples.

'*God, Jon is so fucking amazing!*' I think moving my hips wildly almost thrusting. "Oh damn baby! I want you....now," I tell Jon breathless.

He pays no attention and keeps going. He's so into what he's doing every time he moans, he sends vibrations throughout my body sending me into overdrive. '*Damn. She tastes so fucking good. Fuck it, I'm not stopping,*' he thinks.

I'm beginning to climax and buck more wildly than before. I can't take much more. "Damn Jon! Oh god you feel so fucking good sexy!" I scream out. I'm constantly moaning as Jon's tongue keeps diving deeper.

When he gets his tongue as deep as it will go, he starts to him just enough to slightly vibrate my clitoris. Jon knows how much he's gotten to me and tightly grips my hips. It doesn't take long, with all the humming he's doing, to send me over the edge causing me to have multiple orgasms, screaming out repeatedly. Just before I erupt, I scream out, "Oh fuck Jon!" one last time.

He stops, looking up at me, his mouth dripping with my juices. Jon starts to tauntingly, yet sexually, lick his lips taking in all my juices, or as much as he can get. "Damn you tasted fucking amazing angel. Did you like that?" he asks deviously.

I finally raise up on my elbows just enough to look at and answer Jon. "You were so amazing baby. I loved it." Looking in his glistening hazel eyes, I know he's not done with me.

Jon crawls on the table over me and enters me. He starts off at a steady pace, both of us moaning instantly. "Oh god baby! You feel amazing," he tells me moaning. He grabs one of my legs pulling it up around him.

All of a sudden we hear an alarm. "Oh god baby! What's that noise?"

Jon slows down looking around to find the culprit. He looks at the oven and there is smoke pouring out of it. Then he realizes what we are hearing. "Its just the smoke alarm angel."

"Oh hell hon! What about the chicken?"

"Fuck it. Nothing is on fire except us," he whispers picking up the pace. Jon refuses to stop even if the chicken burns to an inedible blackened crisp. He goes back to kissing on and gently biting my neck. "Now its time to turn up the heat, and *really* make you feel good baby," he softly whispers against my neck. His breath feeling cool against my wet skin.

Jon picks up the pace pushing himself further into me. Words can't describe how amazing he feels to me at this moment. The deeper he pushes himself into me, the louder, and more, I scream and moan.

"Oh baby," I moan breathless, "I love you."

"I love you, angel," he says barely audible.

He begins to quicken the pace even more. I quickly bring my other leg up wrapping it around Jon's waist while tightly gripping his arms. He's managed to push all of himself into me causing me to scream out and orgasm repeatedly. Jon's like a tiger claiming his tigress girlfriend.

As he begins sending me over the edge, I yell out with every thrust. "Damn Jon! Oh god baby!" I can't control myself or refrain from the finale of fireworks.

"Oh baby! Anything may go the rest of the night, but right now I need to see your O-face," Jon says moaning louder.

I give in letting Jon see what he wants cumming shortly after almost like a waterfall of juices. The feel of him is overwhelming in the best possible way. The feel of him is indescribable. He let's go soon after. After his epic finish, he lays next to me on the table completely out of breath.

Fifteen minutes later, our breathing is finally in control and Jon speaks. "Damn baby," he begins and lightly laughs as he lays his head on my chest, "I guess we're ordering pizza since the chicken won't be edible."

I giggle slightly kissing the top of his head and stroking the side of it. "That's fine baby. Besides, I think you liked what you *were* eating a lot more."

He gets a slightly devious look on his tan face, smiles and says, "You know I did baby. I can't wait to eat it again."

"I can't wait to suck on your lollipop again. Just one question."

"What's that angel?"

"What flavor will I be tasting next time?"

"To answer your question. It depends on the flavor of motion lotion or edible paints you put on my dick and me."

Jon gives me a kiss on my chest, my eyes closing briefly as I rub his side and back with my fingertips lightly.

"That feels good babe," he begins, "but we need to get dressed and order some pizza. I need both of you completely healthy angel. I love you." He stands up in front of me leaning over and kissing my belly. He helps me up then we go upstairs to get some clothes on.

I get a black, blue and purple sundress putting it on while Jon throws on a pair of blue denim shorts and nothing else.

He orders one pepperoni pizza and one mushroom pizza. They tell him its fifteen dollars and will be there in twenty to thirty minutes.

As he walks back in the kitchen, I'm getting the oven turned off, chicken out and throwing it away. I lightly laugh just at the thought of it happening. "Well damn. The chicken would have tasted good, too," I say feeling Jon's arms wrap around me.

He smiles kissing my neck and says, "Its okay sweetheart. I'll fix it another time. The only way I was going to stop is if it was on fire....and it wasn't. You on the other hand...," he begins never finishing. "Pizza will be here soon. Go sit on the couch and relax angel."

I go sit and watch TV while Jon finishes up in the kitchen. Just before the pizza arrives, Jon comes in to check on me. "You okay sweetie?"

"I'm fine babe. Pizza here yet? I'm starving," I say.

"I'll go check hon." He walks to the door just as there's a knock. Jon opens the door and the guy is there with the pizzas. He pays the guy, takes it in the kitchen, fixes two plates, gets drinks and comes in to the couch. We relax because the next day is the double date.