I wake up on Monday morning to dim sunlight coming through my window. I stretch and get up heading for the bathroom. Its only 6:45 AM but I have to leave for work in forty-five minutes. Then a thought occurs to me.

      ‘Shit! How am I going to tell my boss? I need to start cutting my hours a little.’   I get dressed then head to the kitchen. I grab a quick bite, brush my teeth and head to work.

     I walk in and my boss, Natalie, is at the counter. ‘Here’s go nothing,’ I think.

     “Hey Natalie. Can we talk?” I ask anxiously.

      She smiles. “Of course. What’s up, Missiey?”

      “I need to start cutting my hours. I found out recently that I’m pregnant.”

      “Oh wow. Well, I know you’re off at five today. Don’t worry. We’ll work it out hon.”

      “Thanks Natalie. I have an ultrasound coming up. Its Friday at 9:30 AM. I’m nervous.”

      “You’ll be fine. I’ll cancel your appointments for Friday. You only have two at the moment. I’m going to give you the weekend off.”

      I thank her and start my work day. It starts off slow and feels like I’ll never get to lunch. It drags. I check the clock after my appointment and its noon.

       ‘Finally...lunch time. I’m starving,’ I think. At that moment the woman walks out paying for her massage and slipping me a $40 tip. I’m shocked! When she leaves, I let Natalie know I’m going out for lunch.

     I text Joe letting him know I’m eating lunch at Los Mariachis. He let’s me know he’ll be there in a couple of minutes. After about five minutes I hear a soft voice.

     “How are you babe? I’ve missed and thought about you like crazy,” Joe whispers.

     “Hi Joe. I’ve been thinking about you as well. I have an ultrasound appointment Friday at 9:30 AM. I hope you will be there,” I say.

     He smiles taking my hand in his. “Of course I will. What time do you get off work today?”

     “I get off at five. Can you be at my house by 6:15?” I shyly smile giving a hint of wanting in my eyes. He notices!

     “I’ll try to be there at six. If that’s okay with you. I can see in your eyes a hint of desire and wanting. Don’t worry baby, we’ll talk and later get down to business.”

     I flush a bright pink almost red. We finish eating, Joe walks me to my car and we head back to work after he kisses me tenderly.

      “Until tonight,” he says as he walks off.

      “Until tonight,” I whisper getting into my car and leaving. I’m a little dazed by Joe’s kiss but excited for tonight. I get back and finish out my day.

      Its finally five, and I’m finally heading home. I realize quickly I can’t wait for tonight.  ‘I wonder what baby names he’s thought of. Will I like them?’ I think curiously. Oh well. I’ll find out soon enough.

      I pull up in my driveway and my phone rings. I answer as quickly as I can.

      “Hello,” I say.

      “Hey hon. Are you ready for me?” Joe asks.

      “I just got home. You’re welcome to head on over. Could you pick up some pizza on your way, please?” I ask.

      “Yeah. What would you like on yours?”

      “I want chicken and mushrooms. Thanks, Joe.”

      “You’re welcome. I’ll see you soon.”

     “Ok. See you soon.” We hang up as I walk in my house. I kick off my shoes then go to my room to put on more comfortable clothes.

       Going through my drawers, I find a pair of lounge pants with hearts on them and a t-shirt that I quickly change into. As I get to the bottom of the stairs, there’s a knock. I answer quickly. Its Joe!

       “Hey Joe. Come on in.”

       “Thanks. Hope you’re hungry,” he says kissing me.

       “Starving. What do you want to drink?”

      “Surprise me.”

       “Ok. You can go on in the living room and I’ll be there in a minute.”  He nods and I go to the kitchen for our drinks. I get him a Mountain Dew and sweetened iced tea for myself then go in the living room.

      I sit next to Joe, turn on a movie and dig in. We relax, eat and talk. We finish with very little left. Joe puts the rest in my fridge then comes back in. I’m rubbing my feet when he sits down. They hurt so bad.

     “What’s wrong baby? Your feet hurt that bad?”

      “Yeah. They are throbbing.”

      He grabs my legs carefully pulling them on his lap and begins rubbing them. It feels so good. I lay my head back on the couch closing my eyes enjoying it.

        “Does it feel good sweetie?” he asks.

        “Yes it does. So what baby names have you came up with, if any?” I ask.

        “I have. Donovan or Christian for a boy, and Jordan or Anastasia for a girl. Do you like any of those?”

         “Actually, I like them all. Tough decision.”

         We sit, talk and watch TV until 9 PM. I begin to feel a little tired not sure if he’s ready for bed. I stare at him not wanting to interrupt his thoughts. After a couple minutes, he looks over and catches me.

        “You okay?” he asks.

        “I’m a little tired, but wasn’t sure if you were ready to go to bed.”

        He gazes at me for a moment before responding. He scoots closer wrapping his arms around me leaning in as close as he can. “Baby, I’ve been ready. Just waiting for you.”

         “Really? Well let’s go.”

         Joe stands extending his hand to me. I put my hand in his and he helps me up off the couch. We head upstairs to my bedroom. I go in the bathroom, get my rituals done and go lay down. Joe goes in and does his rituals. When he walks out, he’s wearing only a pair of light blue boxer briefs. I look up and my mouth drops open.

       “Do you like what you see?” Joe asks moving closer.

     I nod unable to speak. No words forming in my brain. He’s left me completely speechless standing in front of me in all his glory. As I’m about to pat the bed beside me, I find my voice.

       “Come here so I can show you how much I like what I see.”

       He walks over to the bed crawling on it. His eyes are full of want, need, desire. His eyes...searing with passion...burn right through me. I look up at Joe with the same passion and desire. He quickly adjusts his position to be over top of me. I place my hands on his arms rubbing them. Just then, Joe gets down on his elbows putting his hands on my face and kisses me deeply.

       He starts kissing my neck moving lower to my collar bone. Once he gets to my breasts, he slows down taking a little extra time. As he massages one breast, he semi-gently sucks on my other breast, teasing my nipple with his tongue. I let out a slight moan. I feel one of his hands move down my body sliding over my hip down my thigh.

       He switches breasts and after a couple minutes begins kissing me down my stomach. His hand circling around my inner thigh making me squirm. He’s loving it.

       My subconscious and inner goddess begin yelling at me. Put the handcuffs on him! They’re already attached to the bed! Show Joe what you’re made of!  I take the advice slamming him on his back quickly and putting the cuffs on.

      ‘Damn, I love this view. He looks hot!’ I think.

     He attempts to move his hands and can’t. Joe looks at me in shock. “What the hell?! Why can’t I move?” he asks a little panicky.

     I lean down kissing his lips, his mouth relaxing and allowing my tongue entrance. He moans into my mouth vibrating my lips mildly. I pull back after a minute and stare in his bright blue eyes.  “I was curious what you would look like handcuffed to my bed. I must say, I love the view. Very sexy....and I’m turned on,” I say seductively.

      He relaxes instantly and I can begin to feel his erection against my thigh. He’s giving me the sexiest, most seductive smile and look I’ve ever seen on a man. I want and need him at this very moment.  I climb off Joe for a brief moment to slowly pull off his boxer briefs.

       “Baby, why are you torturing me? Ride me babe.”

      I smile deviously.  “Oh, I will. I don’t want to rush it...and...I’m debating whether or not to leave the handcuffs on you.”

       “Please uncuff me. You know it'll drive me fucking crazy if I can’t touch you.”

       I get his underwear off, take my shirt off and crawl back on top of him. The hunger, want and need in his eyes is growing stronger. I lean down and kiss him passionately on the lips. I begin to lightly kiss him along his jaw line down his neck, shoulders, collar bone, chest. I look up through long lashes at his expression as I tongue tease and suck on his nipples. He moans and his eyes  close. After a couple minutes I switch sides. His lips are slightly parted now.  “Oh god baby,” he moans unable to help it.

      I stop for a moment.  “Joe, are you sure you’ll be able to handle the rest of my slow, sensual assault on your body?”  I ask in a highly sexual tone.

      “No, baby, I can’t.”

      “Oh. Then I guess I’ll continue.”  I start to kiss his stomach, so smooth and defined. I get to the top of where his hipbone is, on the left, and stop tracing it with my finger. He squirms uncontrollably. I start to kiss his left hip and work my way to the right side.

       Joe can barely handle what I’m doing. He begins to plead with me. “Please stop. Take me all ready. Please baby. I can’t take any more.”

        In the middle of his plea I teasingly swirl my soft tongue around his head taking it in my mouth nearly sending him over the edge. I take my panties off, release his head and climb back on top of him.  “Do you want it now?”  He nods his breathing labored.

     I take a little pity on him leaning over removing the handcuffs. I sit up quickly, sliding him inside me as I sit down on him. A slight moan escapes me. I start off riding him slow. He sits up wrapping his arms around me pressing our bodies together.

      “Damn baby. You feel...unbelievable,” he whispers against my neck kissing it. I groan slightly picking up the pace and getting rougher as well. My head tilts back as my eyes close. His mouth and tongue quickly find my breasts. One nipple hardening under his teasing tongue, one hardening under the touch of his teasing fingers. I moan instantly.

       “Ooohh, Joe.”

       “Does it feel good baby?” he asks. Our breathing is almost nonexistent.

      “Yes,” I manage to get out.

        “Why don’t you let me take over? You need a break.”  His free hand goes to my hip and grabs my ass semi gently.

       I tilt my head up to look in his sparkling baby blues.  “If you must...but you’ll have to flip me on my back.”

       Without hurting me, he flips me on my back and lays over me between my legs. He briefly stares in my caramel eyes.  “As long as you’re ready, I’m going to make love to you...unlike the first time we were together.”

      I smile gently.  “I’m ready.”  He leans down kissing me passionately. I grant his tongue access, and he takes full advantage. As he’s full on French kissing me, he slides himself into me, slowly starting to make love to me.

      I moan instantly, vibrating his lips. He moans as well. My back arches and my hips raise to meet his thrust for thrust. He’s amazing. I can’t believe how good he feels. Its beyond anything I’ve ever felt. I don’t want it to end.

       Joe makes love to me for an hour. I begin to feel my insides and everything down low convulse in pleasure. We moan louder with each thrust.

      “Damn baby!” I yell out moaning.

      Shortly after we yell out, we erupt having the best sensation we’ve ever felt. Its amazing. He gently slips out of me and collapses next to me. I look in his eyes as my breathing slows. I curl up on his chest his arm wrapping around my back holding me to him.

      “Damn girl. You were incredible,” Joe says.

     “So were you sweetie,” I say lovingly. “You wore me out.”

      He smiles sweetly.  “You wore me out, too. Lets get some sleep hon. We’ll get a shower in the morning.”

      I agree, close my eyes and kiss him softly.

     “Good night, Joe,” I say and fall asleep.

     “Good night, Missiey,” he says kissing my forehead and falling asleep.

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Joe

      We wake up the next morning with her alarm. She’s still curled up on my chest starting to stir. I leave my arm around her and a minute later her eyes open and she looks up into mine.

      “Good morning mama,” I say lovingly.

     “Good morning yourself,” she says smiling sleepily.

      I kiss her forehead and rub her arm and back. “Do you want to get a shower baby? You’d probably feel better,” I tell her.

      “That’s a great idea. I’m ready when you are.”

      I climb out of bed walking to her side and help her up off the bed. We walk in the bathroom and she gets the water temp adjusted then we get in.

       I place my hands on her hips as she leans back into the water. She looks so relaxed and peaceful. No matter where she is, or what she’s doing, she’s always in her element. I stare at her my eyes moving down her body and stopping at her belly. She’s the most beautiful pregnant woman I’ve ever seen. Her head slowly starts to come back up as I begin to kiss her neck. I hear a moan escape her.

         ‘She turns me on so easily, and quickly. I wonder if she’s up for a round this morning?’ I think as I kiss her lower.

       Another moan escapes her. I get down on my knees kissing her thighs. She groans slightly, and its almost a growl.

      “Oh Joe,” she moans out.

       “Do you mind baby?” I ask.

      “No, I don’t. I. Want. You,” she tells me.

      I put one hand on her soft, firm behind, squeezing it lightly. She moves her hips so her sex is evened up with my mouth and I hold her in place. I gently slide two fingers inside her, and tease her clit with my soft tongue. She moans louder as her legs begin to give out.

     “Aahhh! Damn Joe!” she quietly yells. Her breathing is extremely labored. I glance up at her still moving my fingers in, out. My tongue staying in place still massaging and carefully sucking on her slightly swollen clitoris. After a moment, I stop and start moving back up her body.

      I look into her eyes. They are a twinkling milk chocolate. I lean in pressing my body gently to hers and passionately kiss her. I lean back staring at her before speaking.

      “Are you ready for me baby?” I intently ask.

      She nods unable to speak.

      I remove my fingers and grip her outer thigh.  “Wrap your legs around me baby.”  She does, with her back against the shower wall, and I ease myself inside her, completely filling her.

       She wraps her arms around my neck kissing me with absolute force. One of her hands moves up into my hair fisting it. She brings me as close to her as she can pressing her breasts into me. She feels fucking amazing.

     She kisses me hard again before tilting her head back moaning and yelling out. At the moment, I want to ram into her hard and fast, but I refrain because of the little joyous bundle she’s carrying.

      “Oh baby! You’re incredible,” she moans as she looks deep in my eyes. Hers full of wander.

      “Damn Missiey!” I begin.  “You’re beyond incredible doll.”  Me saying her name, in the middle of a moan, sends her over the edge.

     Before I can process her expression, she comes completely undone around me. Only seconds later, I find my release and quietly yell out. My head collapses gently on her chest. Her head laying on mine. Our breathing slows and I gently lower her to her feet keeping hold of her until I know she’s steady. She keeps ahold of my neck as well.

      “Are you okay sweetie?” I ask lovingly.

     She smiles softly. “I’m fine. Actually, I feel amazing.”

      “Me too.”  I lean in lightly kissing her lips.

      I grab her body wash put some in my hands and begin washing her body. When I’m done, I rinse her off and wash her hair. She relaxes and lets me.

     As soon as I get her hair rinsed, she grabs her body wash, puts some into her hands and washes my body. Her soft, gentle touch feels so astoundingly sensual on my body. When she finishes, getting me rinsed off, she speaks.

      “Do you want me to wash your hair hon?” she asks.

      ”If you want babe. You don’t have to,” I reply.

     “Lean down sweetie,” she tells me.

      I go back down to my knees so she doesn’t have to stretch her arms up. How can this beautiful, irresistible, intriguing woman make every touch so sensual? It surprises me every time. She’s the most luscious woman I’ve ever laid eyes on. She’s amazing, and done before I know it.

      As we dry off, she goes to get dressed and texts someone from her phone.

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Missiey

       Once dressed, I text Jon to let him know about the ultrasound. Its going to be interesting.   ’Maybe I’ll find out my due date,’ I think.  I figure I’m due sometime in May. He responds quickly.

                             Hey bab. Of course I’ll be there.

                             I can’t wait to get u alone 😉

                             Love u & can’t wait til Wednesday

     He’s very seductive...and its just a text! My heart leaps up to my throat  and I’m excited by his words. How can he do this to me? I can imagine the expression on his face as I reply to him.

                           Thank you. It means a lot.

                          What r u planning? Intrigued.

                           Can’t wait til we r alone baby. xx

      Joe and I head to the kitchen for some breakfast. We chat about the night before and sweetly smile. He reaches over grabbing my hand, and staring intently into my eyes.

        “What’s on your mind hon?” he asks gently.

       “The ultrasound. If you two will get along. When I’m due. Its a lot to wrap my head around, and just not knowing which one of you is the dad. Its scary,” I say somewhat timidly.

        He places his hand on my cheek.  ”Its all going to be ok.”  He’s so sincere. We leave and the next couple days fly by, and its Jon’s one on one night.