

The Mix Up
Chapter 7

We wake up at 9:30 the next morning. My head is curled up on his chest while my arm is wrapped around his perfectly sculpted stomach. I look up to see his expression and stare in his smoldering eyes.

"Good morning sexy," I say smiling.

"After **last night**, this is the best morning of my life. The only thing that could match, or even top this, would be waking up to you every morning," Jon says lovingly.

I raise up to kiss him and he pulls me on top of him kissing me passionately. He sits up wrapping his arms around me, my arms around his neck, as we gaze into each others eyes.

"**Last night**... was...beyond words. You were so amazing," I say.

"So were you. Are you up for a little more fun **this morning**?" Jon asks.

I give Jon a half smile curious as to what he has up his sleeve. "Sure. What do you have in mind?"

Jon smiles at me mischievously. "Join me in the shower and I'll show you baby," he says then kisses me.

"Then let's go and get started," I say starting to get out of bed.

As I begin to climb out of bed, Jon keeps his arm around me climbing out at the same time. The minute we stand up, he turns me around pulling my body tight to his. He leans down kissing the top of my head then backs me into the bathroom to start the water.

We step in the minute its adjusted and switched to the shower setting. It feels good having the water hit my body. Jon pins me up against the shower wall kissing my neck then abruptly stopping leaving his head where it is and speaks.

"Now you know I'm *always* guaranteed to satisfy baby," Jon says kissing my neck once more, and moving lower.

A slight moan escapes me. He picks me up, my legs wrapping around him. He enters me immediately at a steady pace.

"Oh...damn...Jon!" I quietly yell out.

"Damn baby. You feel amazing," Jon moans.

"So do you," I say moaning.

We go for about thirty minutes our bodies fully climaxing. The moans become louder the closer we get to erupting. It doesn't take long. Just as we erupt I scream out in total ecstasy.

"Damn. That was amazing sexy," I say, my breathing labored.

It takes Jon a minute to speak. "Damn. That was the best shower of my life," he says when he calms down.

"Same here."

We wash up, get rinsed off, dry each other off and get dressed. Jon fixes us a bite to eat then takes me home a half hour after we finish.

I continue to hang out with Jon and Joe, and the time begins to pass more quickly.

Six weeks have gone by and I've been feeling off for the last two weeks. I start to think back on when my last period was. I quickly realize I need to make a doctor's appointment. They set it for the next morning at 9:15. Then I decide to call Donnie.

"Hello," he answers.

"Hey bro. Can you go to the doctor's with me in the morning?" I ask nervously.

"Sure. Are you okay sis?"

"I feel off, and...I missed a month. I'm scared," I say starting to cry.

"Sis, calm down. I'll take you. What time is your appointment?" He asks calmly, yet worried.

"Thanks. Its at 9:15," I tell Donnie.

"Okay. I'll be at your house at 8:30 in the morning. Try to rest," he says.

"You're awesome bro. Thank you," I say and hang up.

Donnie

'Damn it. I'm kicking Joe's ass,' I think worried about Missiey. 'He better step the hell up and take care of the baby.'

I'm so worried and upset, I decide to call Mark to talk to him. I dial his number and get an answer after three rings.

"Hello," a female voice says.

"Hey Darla. Is Mark home? I need to talk to him," I say.

"Yeah...just a minute, Donnie," she says calling for Mark.

He finally responds after a couple minutes. I can hear him and wish he would hurry. I don't know what I'm going to do about Joe yet. Then I hear, "Hey bro. What's up?"

"Mark, our sis is in a bad situation," I say.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm taking her to the doctor's tomorrow. She thinks she's pregnant, and I don't.....," I begin but don't finish that thought. "If she is, will you and Darla help her? I'm going to."

"You know we will. Who's the father?" Mark asks.

"Its Joe's fuckin ass. I want to beat the shit out of him," I reply.

Mark sighs. "Are you sure? Or are you guessing?"

"Joe slept with her the same night they met."

"Before you get any more pissed at Joe, you need to calmly talk to her about it in the morning. Just remember, she may be in a delicate state," Mark reminds me.

I take a deep breath and sigh. "You're right. I could tell she was scared so I need to be calm for her. I'll keep you informed."

"Thanks D. I'll expect a call or text when you find out. Bye for now."

"Don't worry. Bye now."

After hanging up with Mark, I go set my alarm, get ready for bed and lay down so I can be rested for the next morning.

Missiey

I wake up around 7:45 the next morning. I feel a little nauseous but not too horrid. I go to the kitchen to eat a few crackers and it seems to help. A few minutes later I go get ready with my mind going a million miles a minute in every direction.

'I'm so glad my brother is going with me today. I'm freakin scared,' I think.

After I get ready, I head down to the living room to get my shoes on when there is a knock on the door. I hurry down the stairs to answer it hoping its Donnie. I take a deep breath and open the door.

"Hey bro. Thanks for going," I say hugging Donnie.

"You're welcome sis. Can we talk?" He asks.

"Sure. Let's sit in the living room. I still gotta put my shoes on," I tell him.

He nods and follows me. He sits down on the chair seeming a little distant in thought. I finish getting my shoes on and go sit next to him putting my hand on his shoulder.

"Bro, is something bothering you?"

He mumbles something and I look at him confused.

I look at the time then give him a little shake. "Bro, we gotta go," I say.

"Okay," he says as we get up and leave in his car.

We're about ten minutes from the doctor's office when we get stuck at a red light. He glances over looking concerned.

"I can't believe Joe put you in this position. I'm going to kill him if you're pregnant. Mark, Darla and I will help you if you are," he says.

"Why are you only mad at Joe? Why not Jon?" I ask.

"Jon would never go to bed with someone that fast. He's too respectful."

"You're right about Jon...for the most part. Donnie, what would you say if I were to tell you that two days after Joe and I slept together, Jon and I slept together?"

He's in shock. He can't believe it, but thinks about it and how much better it would be if Jon is the father, not Joe.

"Lights green, bro," I inform him.

He looks up and takes off. We get to the doctor's office and I check myself in. We sit and talk until they call me back.

We get up walking back with the nurse. She glances up smiling. "So what's going on?" She asks.

"I've missed a period, been a little nauseous, and a little more tired than usual," I reply.

"Okay. The doctor will be in shortly. He'll probably want to do a pregnancy test," she says.

"That's fine. Thanks," I say and she leaves.

Donnie and I talk for about five minutes and the doctor comes in. "Hey Missiey. What's going on?" Dr. Riley asks glancing at my chart.

"Besides what's in my chart...nothing," I respond.

"Okay. I'm going to run both types of pregnancy tests. Take this cup in the bathroom, then I'll send you for...actually I'll have my nurse draw your blood. I'll have the one result within minutes and the other [tomorrow](#)," Dr. Riley tells me.

I nod, take the cup and go to the bathroom. It takes a couple minutes, but I accomplish what I need to. When I finish, I set the cup in the hole in the wall, shut the door and the woman on the other side takes it out running the test. I go back to my room, sit down and lean on Donnie.

"Sis, whatever these tests say, I'm here for you. To be honest, I hope it's just stress. If you are, though, I hope it's Jon's baby," Donnie says, his arm around me.

"Thanks. In a way, I hope you're right about it being stress," I say then the doctor walks back in.

He's looking at my chart when he walks in having a seat. Dr. Riley looks up at me. "Well, Missiey, I have these results. Its positive for pregnancy. I'll do the blood test as well and call you in the morning as soon as I get the results."

I drop my head starting to cry. Donnie is the one to speak. "Thanks doc. I'll stay with her [tonight](#) for support. She's my baby sister after all," he says sweetly.

We leave as soon as the nurse takes my blood. I'm in total shock and not sure what I'm going to do. Then something else hits me.

"Oh my god! How am I going to tell Jon and Joe?!" I say freaked out and terrified of their reactions.

"Once we get the other results in the morning, I would call them both, and set a time for both of them to be at your house to sit them down to tell them."

"That's going to be even harder. They don't know the other was with me."

"Damn sis. All hell could break loose when they find out then. Text or call me if it gets out of control tomorrow. Just wait for the other results and go from there," Donnie says trying to comfort me.

When we pull up in my driveway, we get out and head inside. Donnie orders pizza having it delivered as I go in the living room to watch TV. A million questions begin running through my mind.

How will they react? Are they going to be happy? Will they be mad? At who? Me? Themselves? Each other? Which guy will step up? Who will want to be the dad? Will I get left to raise the baby on my own? Just then my thoughts are derailed by Donnie.

"Hey. You okay?"

"Yeah. Just a lot of questions going through my mind. I'll be okay. Thanks for staying bro," I say leaning on his shoulder.

He smiles sweetly. "You're welcome. I didn't think you should be alone." A few minutes later the pizza shows up.

Donnie gets the pizza, a couple drinks out of the kitchen then comes in the living room to sit with me and eat. We relax and the day goes fast. Before we know it, its 8:30 PM.

"I'm gonna get ready for bed bro," I say.

"Okay sis. I'll be up shortly," Donnie tells me.

I nod and walk off. Once I get to my room, I get my rituals done, lay down and Donnie comes up fifteen minutes later laying in bed so he can watch over me.

The next morning I wake up around 7:30 and turn over. Donnie's already awake and looking at me.

"How are you feeling sis?" He asks concerned.

"I'm okay. A little achy but that's all," I reply.

He puts his arm around my shoulders for comfort. I lay there a couple more minutes then get up to go to the and go get a bite to eat.

Donnie gets a bite to eat with me, and we sit and talk. As we are sitting at the table talking about what all we have to do that day, the weather and a little bit about what will happen when the blood test results come back. Just then the phone rings.

I take a deep breath then answer. "Hello," I say slightly nervous.

"Hi Missiey. I have your results," Dr. Riley says.

"Okay. What are they?" I ask cautiously.

"You are pregnant," he says.

"Thanks. I know what I have to do," I say then hang up.

I sit next to Donnie, head in hands, crying and concerned. So many questions, and very few answers, if any.

"I can't believe this has happened. Why did I let myself get into this mess?" I say barely audible.

"It'll be okay sis. Mark and I are here for you. Even Darla. We are going to help you through this. Everything will be okay. I promise," Donnie says hugging me.

"Here goes nothing," I say placing the three-way call.

"Hello," Jon says.

"Hello," Joe says.

"Hey guys. Can both of you be at my house at 3 PM?" I ask.

"Yeah. No problem," they say. "Is everything okay Missiey?" Jon asks.

"We'll talk when you both get to my house. See you at 3," I say and hang up.

I go get ready and around 1:30 Donnie gets up to leave and texts Mark. The text reads: *Mark, Missiey is pregnant.*

He gives me a hug and heads home. I sit and wait for the guys to arrive.