Ultimatum

ANGELA

in his voice like the lashes of a whip. How could you keep this from me? he would yell.

I closed my eyes, waiting for the outburst. I could imagine the look of indignation and shock on his face, hear the bite

But it never came.

Instead, his arms wound around me, his hand tangling in my hair as he pressed me into his chest.

"Xavier?" I asked softly, scared that if I spoke too loudly, I would set him off like a bomb.

He cupped my face in his hands, and he looked at me with so much love and adoration that my heart nearly stopped.

He kissed me.

...mad? I finished in my mind.

"You aren't—"

I felt his tongue run along my lower lip, begging for entry.

I guess not.

he undid the sash that held the folds of my robe together.

Silk slid off my skin, revealing my nakedness. Xavier's touch was gentle but urgent. I felt his strong hands graze my stomach and my thighs, and the space between them shivered with anticipation.

I leaned back into him, and I felt his hardness against my ass, straining through his pants. I reached back, unzipping his pants so his cock swung free.

I moved my hips in tandem with his strokes, squeezing his manhood in between my ass cheeks.

his fingers, but whenever I would, he'd stop.

He just bit down on my neck harder, making me cry out.

I began to feel my climax building up deep within me. I gasped and moaned, my breath coming quicker and quicker until he made me cum. It was a long, slow release, and my weakened legs gave out from underneath me.

pleasure.

slowly built up a rhythm, moving him in and out of my mouth.

I was really turned on being on my knees in front of Xavier. He looked so strong and powerful above me, but he was so vulnerable at the same time. It felt like he was dominant, but somehow, I was still in control. I felt my lust drip down my thighs.

I ran my tongue in circles around his tip, waiting until he looked down at me to take him all. We locked eyes as I

there was only us and our pleasure.

"I want you to cum inside me."

I looked up at him as I kissed his manhood, a mischievous smile on my lips.

My lips slipped down to his tip. He looked down at me, desperate.

down. He pressed down on me, and I eagerly arched my back up to meet him, every line of my body against his. He positioned himself at my entrance before he thrust powerfully inside of me.

me again and again, my breasts bouncing from his force.

"Cum for me," I begged into his ear. "Fill me up with you. Please."

and I was finally at peace.

I struggled to find the words.

"...amazing," I finished lamely.

He pounded into me, hitting all the right spots. I felt my climax build like a perfect storm...

Xavier picked me up and all but threw me on the bed. I giggled as I scrambled away from him before he pinned me

I screamed out with pleasure, his girth stretching me out, molding me into the shape of him. He pumped himself into

He groaned. His cock twitched inside of me, and I felt the wet warmth of his load. That sent me hurtling over the edge.

I felt my walls clench around him, squeezing every last drop out of him. I'd reached the eye of the storm inside me,

For a few moments, I was unsure of where I ended, and Xavier began. We were just a tangle of limbs and bedsheets,

His thrusts became more frantic, and his breath was hot and heavy. He was getting close, too.

I shivered in the afterglow, feeling whole and happy and safe. "That was ..."

Xavier chuckled, his arms tightening around me. I sighed, content.

"Well, it has been a while ..." his voice trailed off. I was beginning to doze off when he spoke again.

"How long have you been pregnant?"

XAVIER

I was going to be a dad!

But after we made love, her words began to sink in.

"I've been pregnant almost three months now," she said.

Weeks ago.

months?!~"

She'd been lying to me.

That shit didn't help.

drinking ..."

"So that's it."

But I wouldn't.

Not right now.

Couldn't.

"What?"

"Angela?" I asked again.

I could already imagine holding my baby girl or boy in my arms.

She's *been* nauseous and lightheaded. She threw up that one time we tried to make love.

I felt Angela stiffen within my arms.

My eyes almost bulged right out of their sockets. I felt like I'd been punched in the gut.

"Oh, that's so much better," I hissed. Angela reached over to touch me, but I pulled away. I got up from the bed, pacing back and forth in our room. I could

"I've only known for two months," she said in a small voice.

My voice rose, and Angela flinched at my tone. But right now, I didn't care.

"The timing wasn't right," she offered. "The timing? *The timing*?" I laughed once, a broken, bitter sound. "We fucking live together, Angela. I'm your fucking husband. What kind of bullshit excuse is that?"

just lost your job, and you seemed so stressed and desperate. You were barely coming home

I knew it. I knew it all along. Vindication settled in my veins like an ice bath.

"Don't touch me," I muttered. "You've been lying to me."

around her and tell her everything would be okay.

"You're not being fair," she whispered.

feel anger burning in my gut, and I tried to cool off by breathing deeply through my nose.

"No!" Angela got up from bed, trying to hold my hand. "Xavier, listen to me." I pushed her off, using a little more strength than I had wanted to. She fell back onto the bed, a look of shock and hurt etched on her face.

Angela was quiet for a while. She looked so tiny and broken on the bed. My instinct was to go to her, to wrap my arms

"You're supposed to be the father of my children!" Angela glared at me, and I knew her expression would haunt me for the rest of my life. "You're going to be a dad," she said. "But all I see in front of me is a mess."

I regretted the words as soon as they left my mouth.

I had to be strong.

And not just for me.

A drink? Now? Seriously?!

I let my hands hover protectively over my stomach instead.

"Maybe we can find a therapist or something in New York

throwing on his discarded clothes. "Where are you going?"

"To get a drink," he muttered. My jaw hit the floor.

Xavier looked like a caged animal. He opened his mouth, turning toward me, and for a second hope flared in my chest. But then his face hardened, his eyes going dark and glassy.

I curled up into a ball, naked and alone.

And I cried, and cried, and cried.

He deepened the kiss and I moaned into it, his tongue dominating mine. I felt his hands run down my neck, down to the silk of my kimono, running over my breasts and landing at my waist. I gasped as he spun me around, his lips finding my neck. I reached up behind me to run my fingers through his hair as

His fingers teased my lower lips, then dragged toward my clit. My legs shook as he moved his fingers in slow, circular motions. I had to wrap my arms around his neck to keep from falling. He didn't increase his pace, didn't push any harder, just continued with that same, slow motion. I tried to grind into "Xavier ..." I whimpered.

I fell to the floor on my knees, his cock poking at my cheek from over my shoulder. Well, since I'm already here ... I took him in my hands, running my tongue up along his shaft. He groaned at my touch, throwing his head back in

"Angela," he moaned. I gave his shaft a few firm strokes, still keeping it in my mouth. I was in a sexual trance, my mind filled with his scent, his taste on my tongue. The world around me fell away, and I heard his breath hitch, and his cock began to tense in my mouth. "Angela," he gasped. "I'm going to ..."

"Oh God," I gasped, my eyes rolling into the back of my head. I was delirious with pleasure, my mind numbed by lust. "Xavier!" I screamed, breathless.

riding out our euphoria. He collapsed onto the bed beside me. I planted small kisses on his chest as I snuggled into him, tasting the sweat on his skin.

"Angela?" "Hmm?"

When she told me she was pregnant, I was overcome with happiness. I couldn't wait to see Angela swell up with our child, couldn't wait to serve her every whim.

"Three months?" I pulled away from her, sitting up to look in her eyes. She sat up, holding a blanket to her chest. It was like she was trying to hide behind it. "You've been keeping the fact that you're ~pregnant~ from me for ~three

I stopped and glared at her. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I know that I haven't exactly been a shining example of being a good husband lately. But I didn't think you thought so little of me that you'd hide a pregnancy." I choked out a bitter laugh. "I guess I've reached a new low."

"It's not an excuse!" she cried. Tears welled up and spilled over her cheeks. "There was a lot going on, Xavier! You'd

...you were always out

"You aren't being fair, damn it!" she yelled. She threw a pillow at me. "How was I supposed to tell you when you were always drunk out of your mind? How was I supposed to tell you when you were barely yourself these past few months? You looked like a *ghost*, Xavier!" She sobbed, hysterical tears raining down her face.

ANGELA

..." I watched him scramble around the room, hastily

"I'm going back to New York in the morning, Xavier," I said. "I don't want to tour Tokyo with you if you're going to be like this." I could see that my words were daggers to his heart, but he had to hear it. I wouldn't lie to him anymore.

Xavier's face crumpled up in pain, and it took everything within me to not get off the bed and soothe him.

"Damn it, Xavier, listen to me!" He ignored me, ripping the door open.

He froze. He was partly out the door, and his gaze locked with mine.

"If you leave, don't bother coming back!" I yelled.

He spun on his heel and slammed the door shut. My heart shattered into a million tiny pieces.

"There you go again!" I yelled. "Running away to the bottom of a bottle!" He threw on his blazer, making for the door.