

Turning Tables

Angela

Xavier was allergic to peanut butter, but he loved chocolate.

I lay sprawled out along the kitchen table as he drizzled melted cacao up and down my thighs, following the sugary pathways with his tongue.

I could feel my toes pointing as the sensation washed over me, could feel him slide my dress off my chest, the warm confectionary falling in circles on my skin.

Xavier put his lips against my breasts, wiping the chocolate sauce off with his tongue. He lingered against me, his breath colliding with the warmth.

The cool air on my wet flesh made me shudder in chilly delight as he put his mouth on my nipple and softly sucked on it.

He looked up at me, his eyes mischievous as my breath became unsteady.

I gasped for air as Xavier dug a spoon deep into the melted chocolate and tossed it onto my dress.

“Xavier!” I exhaled, shocked he would do that. But before I could question him more, he pulled my head against his for a deep, breathy kiss.

“I guess you’ll have to take it off, now that it’s dirty,” he said, unwrapping my dress and leaving it on the floor.

His fingers flicked off my panties, abandoning them on the ground as he pushed closer to me.

I fell flat on my back as he kissed me up and down my torso, my legs, my collarbone.

As I squirmed in delight, the cold kitchen table made me feel even more aroused.

I bit down hard on my lip, grabbing every part of Xavier I could reach.

Deep sonic breaths started to escape me.

“Oh, Angela,” Xavier chimed. “My angel, my—”

The buzzer by the door rang suddenly, halting our movements.

“Mr. Carson,” he said, popping up from behind the island. Xavier growled as his eyes flickered toward the door.

“Don’t move,” he warned, pushing away from me.

I giggled and rolled onto my stomach, watching his naked body dart toward the elevator.

“What?” Xavier snapped into the intercom. His hand reached down, wrapping around his erect manhood and languidly moving up and down.

I bit my lip. Watching. Waiting. Wanting.

“Sorry to interrupt your weekend, Mr. Knight,” the doorman’s voice crackled through the device. “Just want to let you know I’ve just let a visitor up.”

Xavier’s eyes grew wide, his hand stopping its movements. “What?”

“He said he was Mrs. Knight’s father—” the doorman said, and then his voice cut off as Xavier released the call button.

“Fuck,” he said, eyes darting from the elevator doors to my naked body. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

I rolled off the table, grabbing my dress from the ground, as he sprinted back toward the kitchen and haphazardly grabbed a bushel of bananas and held them up against his crotch.

“That won’t work,” I hissed, just managing to pull my dress over my head as the elevator doors pinged open.

“Sweet pea!” my dad announced, stepping into the living space.

Panicked, Xavier dropped to the floor behind the kitchen island.

“H-hey, Dad!” I said, flushing and trying not to think about the sticky chocolate all over my skin and dress and hair. “W—what are you doing here?”

Dad’s eyes went wide as he took in my clothes, the chocolate sauce container on the table, and—

Oh.

My.

God.

My navy bra lay on the floor in the no man’s land between my father and me.

I was so embarrassed I wanted to crash through the wall and seal myself inside the plaster.

I was so excited that Xavier and I were finally getting to know each other’s bodies, to chart the maps on each other’s skin.

But Dad wasn’t supposed to be a witness!

“Well,” Dad began, “I came to surprise you, but I can see that I’ve caught you in the middle of something.”

“How did you know where to find me?” I asked, distracting him so I could sneak a glance at Xavier.

He had crawled his way to this end of the island and was trying to reach for his Versace sweatpants. They lay where they’d been discarded unceremoniously at the end of the dining table, just out of his reach.

“I got the address from Em,” Dad said, watching as I edged my way to the pants. “Like I said, I wanted to surprise you.”

Arriving at the end of the table, I kicked the sweatpants into the kitchen. “Surprise me how?”

“Well, I saw the news,” Dad said. “So I thought I would come and give you an early baby shower gift.”

My stomach dropped. I had put off telling Dad that I wasn’t actually pregnant, refusing to return his calls. Not because I wanted to ignore him but because … answering the question had gotten to be too much.

It felt like all I’d been doing was answering the question.

And I knew Dad would be overjoyed with news of a pregnancy, with news of a grandchild. I just didn’t want to be the one to kill his joy. But now he was here.

I should have known he wouldn’t wait for me to return his call.

“Dad, I—” I began, but Xavier, having wrestled himself into his pants, saved me from answering.

Dad’s eyes shot up as he took in Xavier’s bare chest. “Ace…I was wondering where you were. You two should, ah, straighten up. Danny’s on his way.”

“Danny?” I wondered.

“Yes, the two of us are gonna build you a nursery.”

Oh God. I opened my mouth to speak, but words wouldn’t come out.

Dad was so excited about this. If I took it from him, it would break his heart, physically.

I couldn’t risk telling him the truth, could I?

Xavier didn’t notice me in silent panic. He tried to tell Dad what I couldn’t.

“That’s completely unnecessary. Mr. Carson, we aren’t—”

“I know that you Knights probably have world-class builders and designers—this is quite the place you have here—but a baby needs something built with the affection only family can give,” Dad said, cutting him off.

I had to say something before he started breaking down walls.

“Thank you, Dad, really. But I’m not pregnant,” I got out.

“It was just tabloid news. People write all sorts of crazy things about my family, Mr. Carson,” Xavier elaborated.

My dad frowned in disbelief.

“Then why did you wait so long to say so?” he probed, walking closer to me.

“Well…I, uh, never told anyone I was pregnant in the first place. It was…um…a rumor someone else started,” I tried to explain, too afraid to admit I liked the feeling of his hopes being up.

I liked the feeling of making my dad happy.

Making him proud.

And telling him felt like… hurting him.

“But wait, you two are apparently going at it like crazy,” Dad asserted, unwilling to accept that he wasn’t getting a grandchild anytime soon. “For Pete’s sake, you’re covered in chocolate sauce, Angie.”

My mouth dropped open. I saw Xavier trying to hold his laughter inside. “Mr. Carson, I appreciate your…interest, but that’s private,” he managed to say, purely for my sake, I knew. But Dad wasn’t having it. His questions became even more evasive.

“Are you two using protection?” Dad questioned, like he was trying to get to the bottom of this mystery.

But that was the last straw for me.

I couldn’t stay in the kitchen a second longer, not after my dad, my *father*, was commenting on Xavier’s and my condom situation.

I fled out of the room. It felt like there were cockroaches crawling under my skin. Because of how *ick* that had been, yes, but also because my dad’s intuitions were correct. We hadn’t been using protection.

I could be pregnant.

God, I hoped I wasn’t. And after what I’d found out earlier today…

Xavier didn’t even know about his first child.

My breathing became unsteady as I thought about what it would mean to bring a kid into our broken family, into all of these searing secrets and topsided lies.

I steadied myself as my phone buzzed.

Em

Angle I’m late

Em

I’m LATE!

Em

my PERIOD is late

Em

I think I’m pregnant

Em

omg crying

Em

buying one now

Em

wait what

Em

like, 1 for u?

Em

omw

Angela

For what?

Angela

Did you take a test

Angela

Buy 2

Angela

Please

Angela

🙄

Xavier

This had become fucking ridiculous.

Angela and I had had sex once.

One and a half if you count before Ken barged in on us.

She wasn’t pregnant. Everyone just wanted her to be so badly, from our parents to the tabloids, that she had convinced herself she could be.

When Em came over with the test, she brought a fucking entourage with her.

Lucas and Danny strolled in with her as if we were going to watch football, throwing high-fives around and cracking open some beers. It felt like a circus, like Angela’s and my intimate evening had become a public event.

I couldn’t believe that these were the thoughts I was having, but all I wanted was to be alone with my wife! Cuddled up beside her. Feeling her skin, her warmth, her comfort.

But instead I had this.

This commotion.

This chaos.

And there was nothing private, nothing comforting, about it.

Angela

Lucas, Danny, and Dad were lurking outside the bathroom as Em handed me the test.

“Guys, Angela and I need privacy,” Em said. They didn’t move.

“We’re just excited and want to be with you guys, every step of the way,” Lucas pushed back, refusing to give us space.

“Are you going to watch us pee on the sticks?” challenged Em. I loved how she knew how to speak up for herself—and me—without any fear. She shoved the men out of the room and shut the door.

“Sorry, they insisted on coming,” Em whispered. “Part of the reason I wanted them out of here is so I could apologize for being such a brat the other day.”

I lifted my eyebrows in surprise. I hadn’t judged Em for how angry she’d been at me when she thought I was pregnant, but the memory lingered.

Honestly, I thought she would support me under a media storm, not be disappointed she wasn’t the one with the news.

She handed me the pregnancy test and faced the bathroom wall as I peed on it. In college, we shared bathrooms all the time. Hell, she’d barely ever closed the door when we were roommates just last year.

This was normal for us, but yet, with the stakes so high, it felt beyond intimate.

“I was a shitty best friend, Angie. I was just so mad for not being able to get pregnant, and had blamed myself for so long, that the second I heard you were having a baby, I projected all of my messed-up insecurities onto you,” Em admitted.

I inhaled her words, which made the air thick and vulnerable.

I got up and put the test on the counter as Em took hers.

“It’s okay,” I smiled at her. “I know you’re going through a lot too. I’m just happy we’re doing this together now.”

“I really want this, Angie. For both of us,” she said.

I stared at the wall, smiling.

It felt so good to get an apology without having to ask for it. I had already let go of our pseudo-fight. Yet it meant the world that Emily hadn’t.

She slammed her test down next to mine. I turned to her.

“You know you’re going to be an amazing mother, a very cool mother, as soon as the time is right.”

Em took my hand, and then she nodded. “I just hope that the time is now.”

I tried to keep my smile steady, even with the concern racing through my mind. *I don’t*, I thought to myself. *-I really don’t-*.

Xavier

For Angela’s family, the twenty minutes it took for the girls to take the pregnancy tests were unbearable.

For me, it was a waste of time.

Angela wasn’t going to get knocked up after one bout of intimacy. The probability of that was slim to goddamn none.

If it was something that actually happened, do you know how many kids I would have wandering around?

This was ridiculous.

And Ken was getting even more ridiculous by the second.

“I bet they’re both pregnant,” he predicted, grabbing Lucas’ arm. “I feel it in my bones.”

“That would be so cute,” agreed Danny, surprising me with his enthusiasm. Danny was the manliest one in the family, and now he was raving like a college girl. “The babies could be best friends. We could get them matching outfits and have joint birthday parties.”

“You really think that they’re not only pregnant at the same time but that they have the same due date?” I blurted out.

“That’s ridiculous.”

Lucas glared at me.

Ridiculous.

It was the only word running through my head.

“Aren’t you even a little bit excited about having a baby?” Lucas asked, squinting at me like he couldn’t figure me out. That was it.

“THERE IS NO BABY!” I thundered.

Angela

Em and I stared at our tests, the results fading in slowly. They were right next to each other, and my eyes flitted from one to the other on overdrive.

I could feel every muscle inside of me tensing.

My lungs were having a hard time getting air.

My fingers were trembling.

My knees buckling.

And that was when the results appeared.

The little marks, clear as day.

One of the tests was negative. That was the one I saw first.

But the other … I looked at Em, our eyes equally as full with tears.

One of us was pregnant.