

Chapter 4 – Justice For Juniper Novel Free

“Nothing is too good for my beautiful wife,” Kyst leaned over her and pressed a kiss to her neck, that special soft spot which always made her wriggle. He nipped it and winked at her. “You look beautiful today.”

“Thank you,” she stared into his blue eyes, a deep indigo and doubted again how someone so attentive and loving could possibly be cheating on her.

He frowned, “what’s the matter, baby? You look ready to cry all of a sudden?”

“Nothing. Overtired maybe. I got called to the CEO’s office today.” She studied his face for any sign of nervousness at the revelation. “It gave me a headache.”

“Phineas Perez’s office? What did you get called up there for?”

“Delivering documents,” she told the first lie she’d ever told to her husband.

“He recognized me because Mom works for his parents.”

“Right. I always forget her employers are his parents. Did you get to go into his office or just stand outside and look in? Us being mere mortals don’t usually have a front row seat to the inner sanctums of the rich and fabulous.” He kissed her nose.

“Yeah, I put the files right in his hands. He was not a pleasant person. Really rude. Not much nice to say about anyone, actually.”

“You know, I find it’s the way with my wealthier clients too. They have God complexes,” he made a face and turned back to stir the risotto he was preparing for her. It was her favorite dish. He liked to make it with mushrooms they picked up from a local farmer’s market they attended every Saturday.

“You made it out alive though, eh?”

“I did. Did you know he’s married?”

“No. Though, I’m not the kind of guy who reads the tabloids of the rich and famous. What brings it up?”

“He didn’t even have a picture of her in his office and no wedding ring either. I thought it weird he didn’t wear a ring.”

“I never take mine off. I’d rather die, and I keep your photo right on my desk at work and you’re my phone screen saver too. Nothing makes me happier than seeing your face.” He lifted his phone to look at a notification and he nodded and put it down, “two more days before your fertility cycle hits. We should spend all of Thursday night in bed.”

Their sex life at the moment was rotating on a schedule devised by her physician. She knew he was finding it frustrating, but he was being incredibly supportive. She’d intended to tell him over the weekend there was no need to schedule things because her doctor told her at the appointment Friday they were successful. She was officially pregnant. Then she panicked because she

felt cramping before even leaving the office. Two other miscarriages in the past made her hesitate and so she'd flaked out and not told him.

Now she was glad she hadn't. If what Phineas suspected was correct, would she even want to have his baby? The thought made her hand float to her stomach, and she shivered nervously.

"Babe?" Kyst called out. "Thursday night? You, me? Dinner and dessert in bed?" he winked at her playfully.

"Yes. Sorry. Zoned out. That's sounds lovely."

"Good. It's a date," he leaned over her and kissed her mouth slowly, his tongue dragging along her lower lip, "it'll be a very beautiful, long, sexy date." His breath was hot against her ear, as he whispered, "I'll be so glad when we can be spontaneous again babe. I'd love to just throw you up on this table and have you for dinner instead of rice."

She giggled and pushed him back, "soon, Loverboy."

Watching him humming happily under his breath as he dished up their dinner and then sat beside her pouring her sparkling juice into a wine glass.

"I know we aren't drinking at all right now in preparation for the baby we are going to create this week," he made an effort of showing her positivity, "so some sparkling grape juice for my girl."

"You're the best," she leaned forward and kissed his lips softly. Yet as she got close to him a scent lingered near his collar. She put her nose right against his shirt and inhaled.

He pulled away from her with a laugh, "babe, are you sniffing me?"

"Did you change your deodorant or cologne or anything?"

"No. Why would I change it when you like it?" he took a mouthful of his dinner. Cloyingly sweet.

The words from Phineas Perez earlier in the day bounced around in her head. The barely there scent on his shirt, maybe from where this other woman might have reached out and touched his collar or adjusted his tie, transferred from her wrist, was there.

She touched him. Sometime in the day, today, Denise Perez touched her husband's collar.

She rose from the table wordlessly and raced to the bathroom, barely making it time to position herself over the toilet and empty the contents of her stomach. She heaved hard, tears streaming down her cheeks and she heard his footsteps approaching as she kept her eyes closed.

He was holding her hair back and asking her what was wrong.

She slapped him away; aware she was potentially fucking up a sting operation for the morning but unable to stop herself. "Your shirt stinks. Get away from me." She was furious as he backed away in alarm.

"What do you mean my shirt stinks?" he lifted it up and sniffed

She didn't miss the way his eyes rounded for a fraction and then shook his head.

"I don't smell anything."

He was gaslighting her. Son of a bitch.

"I do."

"Okay," he immediately unbuttoned it and shrugged out of it, dropping it into the hamper. "Maybe you're smelling the bathroom spray or something from work, but I don't smell it. I don't know why it's made you sick though."

"Must be my headache."

"You've never suffered a headache which made you throw up before," he watched her with concern in his eyes as she cupped water from the bathroom sink into her mouth and spat it out. "I'm worried honey. Maybe the stress of all this baby making pressure is getting to you. What if we stepped back a bit?"

"You don't want a baby now?" she whirled on him furiously.

"No. I do. I do want to have a baby. I want to grow our family. I'm just worried for you. You're stressed. You're getting headaches you never used to get. You're throwing up, now. Friday I missed the appointment and usually you understand work things, but you didn't talk to me again until Saturday. It's a lot of pressure we're putting on you. It's all on you and I hate that we're doing this to you. If I could take it on me, I would but I feel guilty that it's you that is stressing over this the most." He wrapped his arms around her, holding her head to his bare chest and kissed the top of her head, "baby, I'm really worried about you."