

PLEASE NOTE THIS BONUS CHAPTER CONTAINS SEXUAL CONTENT AND EXPLICIT LANGUAGE. IT IS RECOMMENDED FOR AGES 18+

BATHTUB LOVE

Walking into the bathroom, I was hit by an amber glow that sensually flickered and bounced off of the walls surrounding me.

“Well, there goes my plan for a quick shower,” I said with an appreciative smile, taking in the water-filled bathtub with steam rising from the surface.

Sitting on the edge of our rather enormous tub, and testing the temperature of the water, was my fiancé, Bryce. He stood up and wiped his hands on a towel then took slow purposeful strides toward me.

“No shower, Honey, you need to take it easy. Bubs could arrive any day now.”

“I have been taking it easy. I couldn’t possibly take it any easier. Thanks to you, I’m bored shitless,” I retorted, frustrated at the boringness that was my final trimester of pregnancy.

He chuckled at my aggravation and proceeded to help me undress. “Arms up,” he ordered while pulling my top over my head.

“I am seven months pregnant, Bryce. I’m not exactly hopeless, you know,” I mumbled inaudibly, as the neckline of my jumper momentarily got stuck in my mouth during its removal.

“I know.” His tone was unperturbed.

Still frustrated, I continued anyway. “I don’t cook. Housekeeping takes care of the apartment. I can’t even drive the kids to school anymore.” I braced my arms on his shoulders to step out of my maternity pants while whining further. “Taking it easy is an understatement for me at the moment.”

“Alexis, you will be giving birth to our son soon. After that, you will be too busy to take it easy.” He spun me around and gave my bare arse a light tap with his hand. “So quit complaining and get in the bath with me.”

I glanced back over my shoulder, catching his sexy as hell smirk as he helped me into the spa. How could I argue with this man? *Quite simple...I can't.*

Looking up as I comfortably settled into the perfectly heated water, I happily spectated while Bryce quickly stripped off his business shirt and pants. I would never tire of seeing my

man naked, the sheer sight of him alone had my ovaries screaming frantically for a chance to release another egg. *All in good time, ovaries...all in good time.*

He settled in behind me, and strong arms automatically encased my body, prompting my head to drop back against his shoulder. I sighed with perfect contentment. “So, how was the rest of your day after I went for a nap?”

“Busy. How ‘bout yours, what did you do after your nap?” he asked, obviously changing the subject while exhaling a hot, silky, paralysing breath as his lips grazed my earlobe. I could tell he didn’t want to bother me with work-stress, the thing was ‘work-stress’ was a welcome distraction for me—anything was a welcome distraction for me at the moment.

I tilted my head to look at him and glared for the smallest of seconds, letting him know that I was aware of what he was doing, then, shrugging my shoulders, I answered with frustration. “I rearranged the pantry just for the hell of it.”

His brows narrowed and he smiled. “Why would you do a thing like that?”

“Because I have a need to tidy up and clean. It’s called nesting. And seeing as everything is already bloody clean thanks to you, I kind of re-clean things.”

“Nesting?” he asked, while almost laughing at me.

I slowly shuffled around to face him, causing a tidal wave of bath water to flow over the edge of the tub. “Shit,” I grumbled, as I peeked over the side, noting the water all over the floor. *Shit! Crap! Balls!*

“Leave it?” he said, appearing to read my thoughts.

I smiled at his telepathy—or was it cockiness?—and crawled through the water toward him until I was straddling his lap. “You know, Dr. Rainer said that sex can bring on labour.” The grin I wore was mischievous. “She explained that it helped release a hormone that can trigger a contraction.”

He rolled my nipple between his thumb and forefinger and raised one eyebrow. “Does it just?”

I gasped. *Oh, God! I love this man’s fingers.* He reached up with his other hand and gently placed it behind my neck, lowering my mouth to his. I savoured his lips, his tongue ... his taste. The exquisite sensation of his cock hardening underneath me, prompted me to lift up and position it at my entrance before dropping back down.

“Fuck, Honey. Easy.”

“Shh,” I whispered, as I kissed him and began to slide up and down him. He seized my hips with his big strong hands and helped to control my movements.

As I felt my climax climb steadily, I noticed a mark on the bath rim just above his shoulder. I tried to ignore it—honestly, I did—but it was big, and black, and seemed to taunt me defiantly.

Shaking my head slightly and removing my stare, I tried to refocus on Bryce, on his sexy groans and chiselled face. This worked for the smallest of seconds, but even his piercing blue eyes could not distract me from the evil black smudge that I just HAD to clean.

I leaned forward and kissed him again, all the while keeping my stare fixed upon the spot, and, as inconspicuously as I was capable of, I quickly rubbed the black mark with my fingertips.

It didn't budge.

I rubbed it again.

It. Was. Still. There!

My frustration with the spot was momentarily overcome with a surge of pleasure that washed over me, as Bryce met my thrusts with his own, his cock delving deep within. It was bittersweet though, because the insolent dirty streak refused to disappear, not only from the bath rim but also from my mind. *Damn you, you annoying black spot.*

I glared at it in the hope it would shrivel in fear from my death stare—this didn't work either.

“Alexis, what are you looking at?” He followed my line of vision and turned his head to the side, noticing the mark. “Are you trying to clean while I'm fucking you?”

Pursing my lips, I shook my head.

I was not a very good liar.

He raised one eyebrow in response then secured my hands in his and bucked his hips with intent, water sloshing all around us. *Oh for the love of...fuck!* My climax rolled through me like a freight train, my head dropping back with pleasure. And when I finally managed to find my equilibrium, I was once again affronted by the freakin' black spot of mockery.

Determined to divide and conquer once and for all, I grabbed the bottle of shampoo on the tiled shelf behind Bryce's head and squirted a little on the spot, rubbing it ferociously with a face washer.

I murdered the mark.

It. Was. No. Longer.

“Nesting?” he queried.

I smiled with satisfaction. “Yes, nesting.”

Alexis-1...black spot-0.