

Feels Like Sunshine Bonus Chapter

Maggie

“I now pronounce you husband and wife,” the justice of the peace said. I looked down at our hands — mine pale white and his darker and held my breath. The sun hit my brand new wedding ring and a ray of light reflected off of the shiny, white-gold.

I looked up at my husband. His eyes were bright with joyful tears. Our friends and family were clapping. I looked at around at the happy faces and at the grass of the field and the darker green of the forest beyond. I smiled.

We were married.

“So, Wife, how do you like being married?” Kiran said, holding my hand as we walked through the woods back to the cabin where we were staying. The wedding had been held at the yoga retreat centre where we had met.

“I like it just fine, so far. The first twenty minutes have been wonderful,” I joked. He stopped and looked at me seriously.

“It may not always be wonderful but we’ll figure it out and work through it, right?” I nodded.

“Right.”

He kissed me passionately then, until I lost my breath. When I pulled away, eyes wide, he grinned.

“You like that, Mrs. Lamontagne?”

I blinked, lost in a haze of love and lust.

“I definitely do, Mr. Lamontagne. You are an excellent husband.”

He made a slight bow.

“At your service.” I laughed. He turned and kept walking, pulling me with him. “But seriously, Mags, I thought I was going to trip over my tongue during the vows. I was so nervous.”

“Were you? I don’t think it showed.”

“Oh man, I thought I was going to puke before we went over to the field.”

“That’s why you ran to the bathroom at the last minute?”

“Yeah,” he said, sheepishly.

“Cold feet?” I said, a little worried.

“Never,” he said. “I was just anxious that I was going to mess up our special day.”

The wind whispered delicious secrets to the poplar trees and the scent of the sun-warmed forest washed over me, sweet and fragrant. Everything brought back

memories of how our love had grown here. My heart felt full and I wanted to be as close to Kiran as possible.

As we stepped through the door, I pulled him to me, kissing him in a way that left no question as to what I wanted.

“Maggie,” he looked surprised.

“What? We have an hour and a half before the dinner in the dining hall.”

“But...”

“You don’t want to?” I said, my hand going to where I knew he was already hard for my passionate kiss.

“No, I do. I do. I always do. I’m just surprised, that’s all.”

“You know what they don’t tell you about being pregnant?” I whispered in his ear, making him shiver.

“What?” His voice was a little raspy.

“It makes you really...” I paused not wanting to say it. But there really was no other word for how I was feeling. “...horny.”

“Are you serious?” he said, his eyes getting big and his hands already going to the spaghetti straps of my simple white sundress.

“You have no idea, buddy.” I told him, my breath beginning to come quickly already as he began undressing me.

“I am so glad,” he said, pulling my dress off and laying it carefully over the back of the chair. “An unexpected bonus.”

He kissed my shoulder and it was my turn to shiver.

“Wait, I have to pee though,” I said, turning and running to the bathroom. I heard him laughing behind me.

Once I was done peeing, I went to leave but my eye was caught by my reflection in the mirror. I stopped and examined myself. I was wearing the sexy white underwear I had bought for the wedding, sheer white stockings held up by blue garters, and nothing else.

I was a tiny woman and I hadn’t had any extra weight gain — it was all baby. So my body was the same, but my belly was swollen and round, the skin smooth and taut. I ran my hand over what seemed like an already large mound, though I was only a little over four months along.

It wasn’t exactly true, though, that the rest of my body was the same. My breasts — all lacy in their wedding day finery — had undergone a surprising transformation. They had been a nice sized B cup before. But now, they just seemed really big. I’m sure they weren’t that huge. But they *seemed* enormous to me because they were so much bigger than before.

I checked out their full, round softness and hoped Kiran liked all these changes. I certainly looked very little like the woman he had fallen in love with. I shrugged and

watched my reflection shrug at the same time. There was no going back. Only forward.

When I walked back into the room, he was lying back on the bed wearing only his undies. And he looked so good to me. What a sexy man. And he was *my* sexy man.

“You are a vision,” he said. “From my dreams.”

A warm feeling filled my heart.

“And those stockings are doing bad things to me, woman.”

“Want me to take them off?”

“No, leave them on. That’s even sexier. But the bra definitely has to go. I have to get my hands on those new and improved breasts.”

I laughed. He *had* noticed. I reached behind me and undid the clasp, letting it fall off me on to the floor.

“Maggie, Maggie,” he chided me. “Put the pretty bra on the chair where it won’t get dirty.”

I snorted.

“You just want to see me bend over,” I said.

“Maybe. Or maybe I’m well trained.”

“Good. Because I’m not. You’re in charge of keeping everything tidy.”

“Uh, oh,” he said.

“Never mind about that. I have other qualities that will make me a good wife,” I said, crawling across the bed — my breasts heavy and pendulous as they wobbled back and forth with my movements. I laid my body the length of his. There was a distinct tent in his underwear by now.

“Really? Like what?” he said, his hands starting to roam.

“Like this,” I said, slipping my hand into his undies. He drew in a shaky breath.

“I suppose... I could handle... the tidying in our household.”

Soon I was only wearing my stockings and Kiran had his head bent over my breast, flicking the nipple with his tongue. I moaned.

He moved to the other one, teasing me until I felt quite wild. I was so sensitive that any touch had me awash in pleasure. Then he kissed down my belly and back up to my neck. Finally his hand touched me where I needed it. I was wet and so aroused, I felt a blush of heat spread across my skin the second his finger slipped in.

Oh lord.

He was bringing me so close, but I wanted him inside me when I had my orgasm.

“Kiran, please. I need you inside me.”

His eyes closed and he kissed me fiercely, his hunger for me a palpable force. My own longing was just as strong and I spread my legs.

He shook his head.

“What? What’s wrong?”

“No more me on top — not for a while, Mags.”

He sat back against the wall, getting comfy.

“But I don’t want to...” Then I realized that I did want to — very much.

I lifted my leg over and straddled him. His hands palmed my breasts, massaging and squeezing. I lifted my hips up until I was positioned over him. He stared into my eyes, then kissed me on the neck.

“Yes, Maggie. Come on.” He looked at me, his eyes hazy with lust. Slowly, I eased myself down on to him, until he filled me completely and our hips were pressed tightly together. I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him long, and hot, and deep. Then I pulled away, needing to move.

“Oh, God.” I was panting a little at the sensations that seemed more heightened than ever before. I started gently — rising up and sliding down, over and over. One of his hands was on my breasts, the other between us on my clit, which he had easy access to. I felt hot all over now as I got closer to peaking.

Gradually, I increased my rhythm. Kiran slid down a little and took one of my breasts into his mouth, sucking hard. *Jesus*. I felt fireworks going off everywhere inside of me. I changed my angle and rocked faster. I could feel he was hitting my G-spot every single time.

I rode him hard until I felt myself soar over the edge in a release so strong I felt I would come to pieces. I moaned and my body clenched, convulsing around him. He held me tight in his arms as I bucked and shuddered wildly, the mind-blowing ecstasy shattering me.

“Maggie,” he cried out in gasping completion as his passion crested and he spent himself inside me. I rested my head on his shoulder as the spasms continued, becoming less and less powerful until at last they stopped altogether. Our arms were around each other and we were as close as we could get. *Oh, boy, did I love this man.*

Finally I lifted my head.

“Wow.”

He turned to look at me with those black eyes that looked deep into my soul and were unafraid of anything they saw there.

“Double wow.”

“Well, I guess that’s done,” I said, a lazy smile spreading over my face.

“What?”

“Consummate marriage. Check.”

“Ah, yes. It’s official then.”

With reluctance, I climbed off of him and lay down. He laid beside me and took me in his arms.

“I’ve been waiting for that for a while now,” he said.

“Waiting for what?” I said, lifting my head off his chest to look at him — confused.

“To have sex with my wife.” He grinned at me.

“And how have I fulfilled my conjugal duties, then, husband?” I smiled at the joke.

“Well enough, wife. For now,” he said, solemnly. “But I think you will need some more practice.”

“Ha! Yes, much more practise,” I said, stretching up to kiss. “But later. Soon we have to be back at our wedding dinner and we shouldn’t look like we just got out of bed.”

“Yes, you’re right,” he said.

“I need a shower before I get dressed again,” I said.

“A shower?” he said, his eyes gleaming.

“You can’t possibly be ready again so soon,” I said, with surprise.

“No, but you’re giving me ideas for later.”

I pressed a kiss on to his forehead and hauled myself up. Already I felt heavy and I wasn’t even halfway through the pregnancy.

“Slow down, Kiran. We have our whole lives.”

He beamed at me happily.

“That’s right. We do, don’t we, Mags?”

I nodded gazing at him with love.

“We do.”