

Maya's Grand Entrance

I pasted an enormous grin on my face when I opened the door to find Maya looking breathtaking in a skintight black sheath dress. If she weren't my friend, I would hate her guts. She is drop-dead gorgeous and has virtually no body fat. I winced, imagining how fat I was going to get in the next few months.

Maya winked. "Cat got your tongue, Syd?"

I smirked. "You knew he was coming, didn't you?" I highly doubted she would have worn such a garment otherwise.

Without saying a word, she strolled past me into the kitchen. I heard her exchanging pleasantries with Kate and Nick and allowed myself to hope she had finally seen reason. Please, please, please let her have come to her senses.

I closed the door and ran into Louis on my way to the living room. He gave me a wicked grin. Apparently, he had taken note of Maya's appearance as well. With no need for discussion, I grabbed his hand and pulled him into the dining room. Maya had been late, as usual, and Kate was eager to start the proceedings.

Once drinks had been served and we were all seated at the table, Kate stood and tapped the side of her glass with her knife.

"I would like to propose a Thanksgiving toast."

I heard Maya utter the word, "cheesy" under her breath. I became immediately incensed and kicked her under the table. She yelped and shot me a withering look, but remained silent. Maybe my pregnancy hormones were just what I needed to get Maya in line, even if only for the short-term.

Kate cleared her throat. "Nick and I feel so honored to have you here with us on Thanksgiving." She took his hand and smiled down at him before continuing. "Each of you has touched our lives in a very important way and we're so grateful to know you. Thank you for being part of our extended family and joining us on our favorite holiday. Happy Thanksgiving!"

Kate beamed and raised her glass. We all followed suit and clinked glasses for the next few minutes. I took a sip of my sparkling cider and sniffled.

Of course, Kate's heartfelt toast forced my hormones into overdrive. A couple of minutes of deep breathing and subtly squeezing Louis' hand helped me compose myself.

Back in the present, I delighted in the delectable array of food before me. I piled my plate high with my favorites—turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, green beans and TONS of gravy. I know what you're thinking. Being pregnant doesn't mean you can eat whatever you want. Well, it does today. Tomorrow I will go back to a more healthy way of eating, but one day of indulgence wouldn't do any damage.

Maya surveyed my plate with a snort. "Jesus, Syd, are you feeding an army?"

Devon grinned at me. "Syd has a healthy appetite. It's endearing."

Maya rolled her eyes. "You won't think it's endearing when she puts on fifty pounds. Why do you always have to defend her anyway?"

Louis' grip on my hand tightened. I shook my head at him and whispered, "Leave it be."

Devon glared at Maya. Uh oh. Devon didn't get angry. EVER. Had she finally pushed him too far? Was he finally going to decide he didn't have to put up with her crap anymore?

This terrifying thought grabbed hold of me and I suddenly felt the need to throw up. Oh God. Please not in front of all these people. I jumped up from the table and ran out of the dining room with my hand clamped over my mouth.

As I scampered to the bathroom, I heard Kate's words echoing through the hallway. "Because she's fucking pregnant, you idiot! Ever heard of morning sickness?"