

## Bellavia

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*A work meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.*

The sounds of Chuck Mangione filled the room.

Sally and I had finished reviewing financials and order planning for the next month. We'd been sitting in her living room, papers scattered over the coffee table. We'd reached agreement after a couple hours.

We worked for the same startup. Production planning was a matter of guessing for us. We didn't know what we were doing -- hell, if we did, we wouldn't be at a startup, as "everyone" knew there wasn't a market for our product.

Except that there was, and it was growing. Now we had to guess how far we could extend ourselves. It was hard -- we didn't have any guidelines; nobody had done this before.

Sally ran purchasing; I ran engineering. We met monthly to review what we'd done in the last month, and guess as to what we'd do in the next.

We finished our planning, done by mid-afternoon on Saturday. I gathered my papers, putting them back in my bag, ready to get on my motorcycle and head back home.

Then the sound of music filled the room, and I turned to see her offering a wine glass to me, her eyes sparkling.

"Do you have to leave so soon?" she asked.

I smiled. Her blue eyes seemed to sparkle more. Her freckles and short curly red hair seemed to dance as she laughed and sat next to me on the couch.

We sipped our wine, but soon our wineglasses were sitting on the table, and we shared our first kiss. She was taller than I, and seemed more vibrant. My world was the world inside -- circuitry, code, assembly, and testing. Hers was the world outside -- suppliers, vendors, scheduling, and planning. My world was machines; hers was people.

And yet we were on her couch, kissing, exploring, caressing. I was insecure in her arms. She led me so gently.

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And as we shed our clothes to the music of Chuck Mangione, there on the couch I had my first taste of her. I think I surprised her -- changing from being tentative in her arms to diving between her legs, pulling her bottom to the edge of her leather covered couch, and kissing my way between her legs.

She was delicious, tangy, and oh so animated as I brought her to a shuddering orgasm.

And she laughed as she pulled me up and we kissed again, sharing her taste. I sat back and pulled her forward, off the edge of the couch.

She slid into my lap and I slid into her to the strains of "Bellavia." It was a cool afternoon, with the scents of eucalyptus, the leather couch, and her tangy sweat in the air. She crossed her legs around me and we kissed, she reaching down, and I stretching up.

I rocked my hips and she shifted hers, and with a sigh from me and a moan from her, I felt myself push against her inner threshold. I wrapped my arms around her waist and started moving. She moved on top of me. She took my head and held me to a tight nipple. I took it, taking in her taste and the scent of her sweat. Soon she moaned and cried out, and put a hand on my lower back, pulling me in with her legs, rocking her hips sharply.

I moaned and she held me tight, moving my head a little, still keeping me on her breast, and I came inside her. She moaned, almost cooed, as I pumped into her.

She held my head to her chest; I felt her heart beating strong and fast. I held her and squeezed her. My eyes closed; my world was filled with her heartbeat, her scent mixed with eucalyptus and leather, her strong arms and legs holding me, and her weight on me. All this and more fused together within "Bellavia."

But now as I sit across the dinner table from my wonderful wife of nineteen years, and look into her eyes, how can I explain the tears that fill me as I hear that song once more, twenty five years later?

## FINI

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