

Fever Dreams

© Copyright 1999 by silli_artie@hotmail.com

This work may not be reposted or redistributed without the prior express written permission of the author.

A work of fiction, 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.

* Thanks to Denny, Wiseguy, and Melody for their help.

Oh God, he got me last night. I still shiver thinking about it, and it isn't just from the fever. I called him yesterday afternoon at work, letting him know I had the flu and was sick as a dog. He understood -- it's the start of the school year, and with twenty-two new six- and seven-year-old disease vectors (children) in my first grade class, Ted and I both know the first month is going to be rough.

I knew I was probably in for it early in the week. Tuesday morning just before recess I noticed one little girl, Jeanne, sitting at her desk sweating and shivering. When I went to her and asked how she was feeling she looked at me with glazed eyes. Damn, I hate it when parents send sick kids to school. I understand they have problems when both parents work, but it doesn't do us any good. I held Jeanne in my lap for a while until the school nurse arrived to get her. I could tell she was sick -- she was hot to the touch, and so clingy, shivering as I held her and rocked her. Tina, our nurse, started walking her out of the room, then swooped her up and carried her. I started megadosing on Vitamin C as they left my classroom.

The next day, of course, Jeanne was as bright and fresh as a daisy -- they bounce back so fast at that age. The day after that, yesterday, I woke up with that feeling of gloom and foreboding -- it's going to get me, no matter what I do.

And by the end of the day it had. Leaving school that afternoon I told Tina and our principal they were going to need a substitute for me. Tina felt my forehead with her hand and nodded. Our principal waved me away in fear, already clutching a handful of Kleenex for her runny nose. I went home, put on my sweats, left a message for Ted, and crawled into bed.

Ted made me get up when he got home. He fed me some soup, drugs, fluids, and more vitamins. I shivered on the couch downstairs for a while, and he eventually took me back upstairs. He's so good to me; he helped me get ready for bed, even giving me our favorite cold/flu cure.

I don't think Tina would approve, but it helps. Whenever I have a fever, I have wild dreams, even hallucinations. Before going to bed, I took a dose of Nyquil followed by a double shot of Cuervo Gold Tequila. It helps kill the Nyquil taste.

Fever Dreams

Then Ted put me on top of our bed and took off my socks, pushing up my sweat pants some and covering me with my bathrobe. I was still wearing a sweatshirt, which I expected to drench with sweat by the morning. Then he turned off the bedroom lights and started massaging my feet.

Oh how I love that man! He knows how much I like his doing my feet, and he does such a good job. I was hardly coherent to start with, and I knew I could just let go tonight, and he'd tuck me safely into bed.

The only problem with his massaging my feet is he tends to get carried away. He knows how relaxing it is for me, and how much I want to have him hold me and just go to sleep afterwards. But a lot of the time it gets him very turned on. He'll massage my feet, then start working up my calves, then my thighs, and the next thing I know his face is easing between my legs. I do love it when he eats me; it's another of the things he's very good at, and we both enjoy.

I thought I was safe last night -- feverish, wearing my sweats, still wearing panties underneath.

But -- oh he got me! I don't remember his doing it, or remember his tucking me into bed. I do faintly remember his holding me tight, kissing the back of my neck and telling me to sleep well. I love that twilight time in his arms before falling asleep.

I know he usually gets up in the middle of the night to pee; I think that's when he did it, or at least part of it.

I was having my usual wild hallucinogenic fever dreams when all of a sudden they turned incredibly erotic. Curiously, they weren't vivid-detail erotic -- instead they were deep-strong-murky erotic. The things I felt were almost animal in nature, they were so primitive, all the time driving me closer and closer to orgasm.

I don't have a lot of erotic dreams. I have them occasionally, and I have some very detailed and hot ones, waking up in the middle of the night on the edge of an orgasm, rolling over to pounce on my hubby so he can finish the job. He never seems to mind. And he has them occasionally -- I've even "helped out." A couple months ago I woke in the middle of the night as he was making noises in his sleep, there on his back, his hips moving slightly. I moved a hand and felt his very erect cock. I stroked it gently with one hand, then rolled over to add my other hand to his balls, and breathed heavily in his ear. He made more noise, and when his eyes flew open in surprise, I pumped him vigorously and kissed him. He moaned and came in my hand.

But last night -- I don't know if I was asleep or awake when I started coming. It was so intense and so deep, yet so lacking in the usual detail I have in my dreams. I guess "primal" is a good description. I was coming, and coming, and coming. I was somewhere dark, warm, confined, sweaty, slippery. The colors were dark -- dark greens, dark blues, dark reds -- not the vibrant colors I usually have in fever dreams. I heard moaning (probably my own).

Fever Dreams

It was so hard to move, and then at some indeterminate time things shifted. I had the crystal clear vision of being tied down to a strange bed in a strange erotic place. Stone walls, open iron-framed windows with blowing white lace curtains, unable to move tied to an old wooden four poster canopy bed, hearing an old heavy wooden door open -- he's here -- he's coming for me -- that somehow brought on an incredibly strong orgasm.

Maybe it was my hoarse shrieking through that one that finally pushed me to wakefulness, or as close as I got to wakefulness. I was breathing hard, just starting to be able to move again, hot and cold at the same time, covered with sweat.

And I was suddenly oh so close to coming again, and I realized why. Somehow I was wearing my butterfly vibrator, which hummed me to heaven yet again.

As I thrashed through that orgasm and out the other side, I tried to find the control for it. Of course I was tangled up in the bedding, not really conscious, and nowhere near coherent. As I flailed around, one of my arms hit something: Ted. He held me, squeezed me, and got his hands on my breasts. He rolled them around gently, then squeezed my nipples, sending me crashing through another orgasm.

I rolled away from him and to my side. My shift in position momentarily eased my torment, and as I panted I thought I felt something running down my left leg and bumping my left ankle. I was a little more coherent now, or so I thought. I pulled both knees up to my chest so I could grab the thing at my ankle.

That changed my butterfly tormentor from a source of mere bliss to one of ecstasy; I moaned as my head shot back, hitting something with a whack, and I grabbed my ankles. Something told me to take a deep breath and hold it, and I tensed up and did, until I shuddered from one end to the other and all the tension, energy, and strength left my body along with my breath.

Somehow my hand found the control box, pinned to the inside of my sweat pants down by my ankle. I turned it off and rolled to my back, throwing the covers off me. I looked around; Ted wasn't in bed. The door to the bathroom was closed and I could see light leaking out around the edges and bottom of the door. He must be in there. "I love you!" I croaked out, then collapsed back into dreamless sleep.

Ted held me when the alarm went off; that's a wonderful part of our marriage. Even if it means setting the alarm earlier, we hold each other at night and again in the morning.

He got up a while later. He woke me enough to give me some vitamins, aspirin, and some juice. He kissed me goodbye and told me to rest; he'd be home early to take care of me. I went back to sleep with the fond memory of his "I love you." and his kiss on my sweaty brow.

Some time later I staggered to the bathroom. I peeled off my sweat soaked sweatshirt, then the sweat pants and my soaked panties. I don't know how he got my butterfly on me without my noticing it, but he did. The control was securely pinned to the inside of my sweat

Fever Dreams

pants. I fumbled with the safety pins as I sat on the toilet, getting rid of more fluid, shivering as the cool air hit my sweaty skin. Even the top of my head felt damp.

As I stood up, I thought I saw a spot on the tile floor. I looked around, still in a fever haze, and saw a couple others leading to Ted's sink. I looked in his sink and saw one of his T-shirts. It had blood on it. I laughed hoarsely -- I must have whacked him in the nose -- serves him right.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth. I felt like shit and looked about the same -- not at all the smiling happy face my first graders usually see. I drank a few glasses of water, then went back to the bedroom for another pair of panties and another set of sweats.

Oh darling, I'm going to get you for this, I thought to myself as I dressed again. I was about to crawl back into bed, on his side, since his side wasn't soaked with sweat, when I had a thought.

I went back to the bathroom and got my butterfly. I flopped on the bed, pushing my sweats and panties down. I settled it into place, moving it around with my fingers, and even though it wasn't turned on my breath went ragged in my sore throat. I pulled up my panties and sweat pants, then threaded the control up my top and down my right sleeve where I could reach it easily. That was a good trick, darling, running it down my leg.

When should he come down with it? Two or three days, I thought, if things run as they usually do. Whatever I bring home from school I get first, then he gets. Oh, I'm going to get you darling; I'm going to get you in the middle of the night. Am I going to suck you off? Am I going to squirt Astroglide over you and take you between my breasts? You've hinted at wanting that. I could just lube you up and do you with my hands, or work you with my hands and then impale myself on top of you -- I know how much you love that. I'm going to get you, and more than once.

I pulled up the covers, shivering with hot/cold fever sweats. I laughed hoarsely again, and as I turned on the butterfly and moaned, I thought, I'm going to get you darling; I am.

FINI

Fever Dreams

by silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>