

Early Start

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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.

"Are you asleep?" she whispered, touching my shoulder, partially waking me.

I rolled over more on to my side, away from her, pulling the bed covers a little closer.

She snuggled up to my back. She kissed my neck as she whispered again, "Are you asleep, sweetie?"

I moved a little. What time was it? It was still quite dark out. I didn't want to raise my head to look at the clock. I like being asleep.

She snuggled up closer, insinuating a hand down my side. I felt her bare nipples press against my back -- she'd taken off her nightie. I slept naked, but she wore a nightie. She draped a leg over mine as her hand moved sensuously.

"I hope I'm not bothering you," she whispered hotly in my ear, kissing my neck. Her hand was working its way down my belly, and my cock was working its way up to her hand.

"Mmmm," I replied, moving a little, shifting my hips, rolling a little to my back to give her better access.

Her hand found my cock and caressed it sensuously.

"Oh good, you're not asleep," she whispered, then gave me a love bite on the neck as she teased me with her hand.

I rolled fully to my back, pulling her closer, her chest sliding on to mine. We kissed as her hand teased me, and one of my hands found an eager nipple, the other hand sliding down her back to her bottom.

After kissing, teasing, and fondling for a while, I started pulling her over on top of me.

She resisted, kissing me once more and whispering, "I need you on top of me -- please."

We quickly rolled over. She guided me in. It took a little work -- she wasn't as wet as usual, but that didn't last long.

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Her hands were all over me, and I didn't last long either. As I felt myself getting close, I slowed down to let her catch up.

She slid one hand to my bottom and the other to the back of my neck.

"Oh, fill me up, honey, please..."

I like to make her happy -- I did as she asked, enjoying her holding me as I pumped into her.

As we slid apart some time later, I rolled to my back and started to pull her to my side. We usually end our lovemaking with her curled up at my side, my arms around her. It's a wonderful way for both of us to go back to sleep again.

But this time she said, "No, I want to stay right here, on my back."

Only then did it strike me, and I was wide awake.

"Happy Tuesday," I said, curling up to her side. I kissed her neck, then slid down to take one of her tasty nipples. By her calendar, Tuesday, today, was baby-making day. We'd talked about it for quite a while, and agreed that now was the time. That's why she'd been a little dry -- she hadn't put in her diaphragm. Mmm --- that would be nice -- no more of that "I'll be right back" routine, at least for a while. Mmm -- I'd get to taste just her again.

"I thought we were going to celebrate, make a deal out of it," I asked her as I settled in.

She put an arm around me, holding me closer. She sighed. "Oh, we will -- I just wanted to get an early start. I hope you don't mind."

I settled in on her nipple. Her hand found the back of my head and held me close. I sighed and wrapped myself around her. What would she be like, in the coming months, swelling up so large?

She squeezed me closer. "I didn't think you'd mind," she whispered, kissing my head.

I pulled away momentarily. "We can still celebrate in the morning."

She sighed and pulled my head back to its resting place.

"You'd better believe it, buster," she growled. Then softer, she said, "Go to sleep, sweetie -- you're going to need your rest the next day or so."

I snuggled in. No sense arguing at a time such as this.

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