

Pillowtalk

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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.

(Thanks to Denny for the editing help and suggestions.)

They snuggled together in bed on a lazy Saturday morning. The sound of light rain outside made the coziness more inviting. They lay nestled together spoon fashion, with him pressing against her back.

"You are so warm," she said softly.

"Mmmm," he murmured, kissing her soft hair.

"I need to roll over," she said, starting to move.

He moved to his back, and she snuggled up to his side, letting his arm pull her closer, draping one leg over him.

"Keep me warm," she said, nestling in again.

He held her closer.

A few minutes later, he let out a big sigh.

"What was that about?" she asked, holding him a little closer. She felt him take a deep breath. When he didn't answer, she asked again, "Want to tell me about it?" She felt him shake a little, almost like a stifled laugh.

"I was just wondering..." he said softly, touching her gently.

"About what, sweetie?"

He ran fingers softly up her arm, to her shoulder and neck, to her hair. She purred in delight.

"...about what it feels like," he said.

"About what feels like?" she asked.

He laughed softly. "About what it feels like to you, to be you."

She laughed soft and low, moving her hand across his chest. "It feels nice, especially when I'm in your arms." She started moving her hand lower, to his belly. "And I think it's going to get nicer."

To her surprise, he stopped her hand from moving lower.

"No, really.... I've wondered what it's like. Our bodies are so different," he said.

"Oh, I agree," she growled, trying to move her hand lower, but he held her, gently.

He sighed. "No, I'm serious. We're so different. And you do so much for me. I wonder what it's like for you sometimes, if I do enough for you."

She raised her head off his chest a bit, surprised at his seriousness. "Do you like what I do for you?" she asked.

He sighed again, putting a hand on her head and holding her to his chest again. "God yes. I love what you do to me." He sighed again. "Remember those first few months, making love, before we were married?"

She nodded, snuggling into him again, wondering where this was going. "Yes..."

"You used to run your hands along the inside of my thighs, or my hips. I'd twitch and tell you to stop."

She nodded again. "I remember that. You don't mind that now, do you? What changed?"

He held her, rocking her gently. "I changed. You changed me. I learned to let go to you, and let my body respond to you. Oh, I love it when you do that to me, when I can let go."

She kissed his chest. "Good, darling. Why don't you relax then...." She started to move her hand lower, but he stopped her once more.

"Let's try something," he said. "Move over on top of me."

She smiled and started to slide on top of him. She liked riding him, and knew he liked it as well.

"No, on your back -- please," he said, turning her shoulders.

She giggled a little and slid on to his stomach, his erection pressing into her bottom. "Like this?" she asked.

“Yes. I want to see what you feel like, that’s all,” he said. He started running his hands over her body.

“Ooh, that’s nice,” she said.

He kissed her hair, and moved his hands under hers. “Help me. Show me how you like to feel yourself.”

She sighed and laughed to herself a little. He was so funny some times. She took his hands and started gliding them over her body, from her legs up her waist, up to her breasts. Even though she was doing it, the touch of his hands was electric. From the way she felt him stirring, and felt him pressing into her bottom, it evidently felt good to him as well.

He kissed her hair again. “You know what my favorite spot is?” he asked.

She laughed a low, soft laugh and moved one hand to a breast and started moving the other between her legs.

He surprised her by moving both hands to her waist.

“Right here, that curve at your waist. It’s so sexy. When you’re sleeping on your side, I like to rest a hand there and feel you breathing. When we make love, especially when you’re on top of me, I like to hold you, and pull you closer...”

She moaned softly. She loved his strong hands on her waist, pulling her closer, forcing him deeper into her, filling her more.

She moved his hands back to her breasts. “But don’t you like my breasts? Don’t you like it when I hold you and tell you to suck on me, make you suck on me until you melt in my arms?”

He took a deep breath through her hair. “Oh, some times I need you to do that so much...” he whispered as he caressed her nipples.

She moved his hands down, sliding them down her body, quivering gently at the sensation, moving his hands between her legs, letting her legs fall open a bit more.

“Oh, and I love it when you go down on me. Do you like me squeezing your head between my hot thighs?” She could tell he did by the way he moved underneath her.

He touched her hot moistness and felt the change in her breath. “Show me how to feel you here. Show me what you need,” he whispered.

Emboldened, she moved their hands together, startled at the intensity of their combined touch. She was hot, and wet, and needy. Starting his hands in position, she pulled hers back a little, and gave example by stroking the backs of his hands, feeling him interpret her gestures.

Her breath caught for a moment and she shuddered at the intensity. She moved two fingers on her right hand against his in the rhythm she needed. He followed her lead, and soon her hips were following as well.

His other hand moved away from her core, stroking the inside of her thigh and hip. She moaned softly, arching her neck a little, and pressed more with the fingers of her right hand on the back of his. She moved his left hand to her breast, and started it moving gently, sensuously.

She pressed harder with her fingers on the back of his hand, feeling her breath shifting, her body getting close.

But the more pressure she applied to his hand, the more delicate his touch became, soft sensuous strokes, maddening strokes, tantalizing strokes. She moaned, and was rewarded with the touch she wanted, the touch that shifted her breath and moved her hips, moving her closer.

But after a few luscious moments, his fingers moved back again, teasing, tantalizing. She tried to move his hand back, but he held it where it was, and gave her nipple a squeeze with his other hand.

That squeeze sent a jolt through her. She moaned again, and called out, "Please -- please darling."

She felt the touch she wanted and reveled in it, pressing her fingers on the back of his right hand in rhythm still, her left hand encouraging him to caress her breast. She moaned again, oh so close....

And his fingers backed away to teasing again.

She moaned again, clutching at him.

This time his hands moved firmly but gently, squeezing, caressing, taking her over the edge.

She moaned again and again, enjoying the sensations, finally pulling his hand away gently, and letting hers fall loose to her sides.

She felt his hands roam over her body gently, sweeping in long sensuous strokes. As they started to tantalize her again, she caught his hands and held them around her waist, pulling them across her to have him hug her.

He hugged her, and she held his hands, feeling him prodding her from below. She laughed softly as she held his hands, then started to turn over.

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She kissed him and felt his hands around her shoulders, feeling her hair. She moved to all fours and slid down his body slowly, tantalizing him with her breasts.

“Do I tease you like that?” she asked.

“Oh, I hope so,” he moaned in reply.

Fin
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