

No Substitute

© Copyright 2000 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.

Oh God, where was it? I looked around the hotel room again. I know I had it last night, and I thought I put it away this morning. Maybe it was in my bag. Nope, not there either. Where was it? I was starting to get frantic. I didn't know how I'd get to sleep without it.

I sat down at the edge of the bed, trying to calm down and remember what I'd done with it when I'd gotten up. Had I left it out? Oh shit -- had Connie seen it when she was over earlier?

We'd flown into Atlanta last night, Connie and I. She's a contracts negotiator, and I'm a technical specialist. We were spending three days in Atlanta working out details on a deal, then two days in Newark, then spend the weekend in Chicago and meet with another client there at the beginning of the week.

But if I couldn't find it, how would I get through the night, let alone the rest of the trip?

I tore the room apart looking for it. I knew it was late, and Connie was in the adjoining room, but I was getting frantic.

I was going through drawers for the umpteenth time when I heard a knocking on the door between our rooms -- for some reason, the hotel had put us in adjoining rooms.

Thank God I was still wearing my sweats -- I looked up, and Connie was standing in the doorway, wearing a hotel robe.

She smiled and held out her hand. "Looking for this?" she said, as she opened her hand.

She was holding my pacifier.

I know I sighed a mighty sigh as I stepped closer to her. She put an arm around me, and sat me on the bed. She sat next to me.

"Like to tell me about it, Pete?" she asked.

I almost started crying. She knew about Peg and me breaking up, and how devastated I'd been -- the whole company knew, I think. I'd been in a funk for almost two months. Connie had finally dragged me out on the road again.

We've worked together for a few years. She's six or seven years older, and great to work with, to travel with. She's all business.

She put an arm around me. "Tell me?" she asked softly.

It was hard, but I told her. One of the things Peg did, and did so well, was hold me at night, hold me to her breasts. That was the only thing that got my mind to stop whirring and working on problems. She'd hold me to a nipple, and my mind stopped.

When Peg left me, I didn't know what to do. I didn't sleep well. I'd go night after night without sleeping well, then collapse from exhaustion and get a good night's sleep.

About two weeks ago, I'd been at the store shopping. Walking down an aisle, I saw baby stuff, including pacifiers. Impulsively, I bought one. When I went to bed that night, I popped it in my mouth. I slept great, and I'd been sleeping with it since.

She rubbed my back gently. "It's not your fault she dumped you," she told me softly.

I wiped my eyes and looked at her. "But I could have..." I started saying.

She shook her head. "No, Pete, she wasn't right for you. You didn't do anything wrong."

I sighed again, shaking my head. I looked at the pacifier in her hand. It was so silly. I'm supposed to be a grown man.

She moved away from me a little, more to the middle of the bed. She smiled and said, "Pete, you can have it back, but I've got something better if you'd like." With that she slipped open her robe, revealing a flannel nightgown underneath. She reclined on to the bed as she slipped off the shoulder straps, revealing her beautiful breasts. She held out her arms to me.

I sighed and slipped down to her. I moaned as I took her nipple in my mouth.

One of her hands circled around the back of my head, holding me to her. "Oh, that's it," she sighed. She held me closer.

I slid one arm under her, put the other arm over her, and held on. I sucked; I sighed; my mind went blissfully blank.

I drifted up from my dreamy state some time later. I was still at her breast, all the lights in the room still on. Her hand was pulling my head to her rhythmically, and I found I was sucking to that rhythm. I sucked with more emphasis, tonguing her nipple, and was rewarded with a moan.

No Substitute

I became aware that more than her hand on my head was moving, as I drew my legs around hers. I moved my hand down, and met hers between her legs.

At first I helped her hand as she pleased herself, but then she moved her hand away with a sigh, and let mine take its place. I kept the same rhythm, moving gently into her wet warmth.

She moaned, and her hand flew to my head, now holding me to her with both hands. Her hips started moving with abandon.

“Oh, that’s it! Don’t stop! Oh, don’t stop!” she moaned.

I followed her lead with hand and mouth. She shifted gears, moving slower but stronger, then let out a low moan that shuddered into a sigh. She moved my hand away, and rolled from her back to her side, switching me to her other nipple, holding my head, moving it around gently, deliciously.

“Oh, God!” she sighed after a bit. She moved her hips back a little, and her hand went into my sweats, sliding down my very erect cock and fingering my balls.

It was my turn to moan. In a flash I shed my sweats, and as she pulled up her nightie a little with one hand, she pulled me on top of her with the other.

We slid together and kissed.

I grabbed her shoulders. She put one hand on the back of my head, and the other on my bottom. Soon she was moaning and quivering around me.

I felt myself start to tense up -- I wasn’t wearing a condom!

I tried to pull out, but she put both hands on my bottom, and gasped, “It’s okay -- in me!”

I found her lips with mine again, and soon we both got what we wanted, and needed.

After drifting together for a while, she managed to get my T-shirt off. I remember the lights going off, and being pulled back to her body. As our bodies touched and I took her nipple in my mouth, she sighed, “Oh, there’s that feeling again!”

I sighed and snuggled in.

Morning light and a blaring radio -- I hadn’t closed the shades. I rolled to turn off the radio and bumped into Connie. It took a bit for my mind to reset.

As it did, she got out of bed and headed for the door to her room. A feeling flashed through me -- what had we done?

But she turned to me with a lusty smile. "Go to the bathroom, and meet me back in bed!"

My heart was still beating fast, but now for a different reason. I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth, and ran the electric shaver over my muzzle.

When I got back to bed, she was already in it, covers pulled up to her chin. I hoped she was only wearing a smile.

My eyes closed as I crawled in, feeling for her, drawn to her.

"Oh, you're so warm!" she sighed as she pulled me to her. We kissed, and she pulled my head down to her breasts. "Oh, suck, please!"

I was happy to oblige. She held me, squeezed me, and we both sighed in appreciation.

The way she held me, squeezed me, was incredible. I was so lost in her. She pushed me to my back and straddled me. I moaned and arched my back as we slid together -- she was so warm and wet. She pulled a pillow beneath my head, and as she rocked her hips, she lowered a nipple to me. "Suck, please...."

I threw my knees apart as far as they would go, rocking in time with her.

"Oh, that's good," she sighed as she slipped her arms underneath the pillow and held me to her.

I held her waist, trying to pull us closer, pull me deeper. We shifted position a little, and I was bumping something inside her.

Each bump sent a shudder through her, and she started moaning and grinding her hips on me. As I felt myself stiffen, I pushed deeper, and she cried out, "Oh yes!" as I came inside her.

She moved me to her other breast, rocking still, milking me. We rolled to the side, still together. We separated eventually, with slurps and sighs.

I was on my back, eyes closed, enjoying the sensations, half asleep, our legs still tangled, and a hand on her waist.

She put a hand on my belly. "We've time for a quick shower and then breakfast."

I let out a long sigh. She laughed and rolled out of bed.

I joined her in the shower. Two in the shower is much more fun.

Downstairs in the restaurant, we made a quick pass over the breakfast buffet. We sat down in a booth, looked at each other, and sighed.

No Substitute

She spoke first, as she pulled a contract out of her briefcase. "I was wondering how I was going to get your attention."

I nodded. "So adjoining rooms wasn't an accident?"

She smiled and shook her head. "Won't be in Newark or Chicago, either."

I sighed. "I wondered what we were going to do in Chicago over the weekend."

She moved my hand inside her coat to a breast. "I know just what you're going to do."

I felt her, and her nipple tightened. "You don't mind?" I asked. I think Peg had minded.

She shook her head, smiling. She leaned closer and whispered, "You could suck on me for hours. I need it as much as you do."

We ate our breakfast mostly in silence, except for sighs as our hands came together.

She paused just long enough outside the restaurant door for me to put my arms around her and give her a kiss. She pressed her breasts into me, then her hips.

"God, I want you," she whispered in my ear as I pressed her against the wall.

"We could tell them we'll be a couple of hours late," I whispered back.

"I need more than a couple of hours," she told me, and kissed my neck.

I slid an arm around her waist and headed us to where our rental car was parked.

She chuckled, then pressed something into my hand -- my pacifier. As we walked by a trash can, I tossed it in.

"No substitute for the original," she said, moving my hand from her waist up to a breast.

"Sure you don't want to be late?" I asked once more.

Fin

Rev 10/18/2000

No Substitute

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

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