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FUCKING FOR TWO

by Brian Carlisle

I looked down at my young wife, hovering over her with my arms trapping her against the bed. She looked so tender, lying there covered only by the wispy bedsheet curled lazily across her waist. The delicate curve of her ever so slightly rounded tummy and creamy breast suggested the form of a virgin, an untouched flower waiting to bloom. Yet, I knew that she wasn't nearly as innocent as she looked. Boy, did I ever.

With pure lust in her voice, she leaned forward and hissed in my ear.

"Do me. Now."

Wendy had just come home, and it hadn't been ten seconds before I swept her off her feet and carried her to the bedroom in my arms. The soft thump that came from her bag dropping from her grasp and hitting the tiled hallway floor echoed inside me as I lay her on our bed. A few moments more, and I had her stripped to her skin, stretched out with her legs spread wide in front of me.

Needless to say, I had missed her a *lot*.

It had only been a week, but it had seemed more like a month since we had last fucked. Wendy had been away at her mother's, helping with spring cleaning as she had been promising to do for months. Because of work, I had stayed home, watching the house in the evenings and getting hornier by the minute. I know it sounds funny, but I actually *craved* sex with my wife, even more than usual. My mind was racing like a pent-up newlywed's all week long, straining to see that woman - that stunningly sexy woman - just one more time. And why not?

After all, the memories of our last time were still fresh in my mind.

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Wendy started feeling sick on a Wednesday, right before I was about to head off to work. By midday, she was bent over the porcelain bowl in our bathroom. I checked in with her throughout the day, figuring that it was just a bad case of the flu or something that she ate at dinner the night before. By that evening, she was buried under a mound of covers in bed, looking and feeling miserable. I took care of her all night, doting on her like a hurt child and bringing her cold washcloths and ginger ale.

When this went on for a few more days, we both knew what it might be. After all, we had never used any protection other than the pill, and by Saturday morning, Wendy was late. Not by a lot, but enough. Fortunately, though, she was feeling better than she had since the whole ordeal started. So with a mix of excitement and trepidation, Wendy and I took the store-bought test into the bathroom that afternoon. Both of us had wanted to have kids, but we had never exactly "tried" to get pregnant. We always figured that it would happen when the time was right. After all, we were both in our mid-twenties, so there was no need to rush. Now, Wendy sat on the toilet, legs parted slightly, ready to find out just what course our lives were going to take next.

I knelt in front of her. As she pissed across the test strip, my inner anxiety was washed over with an overwhelming urge to lean over and lick her. So I did. She giggled at first, but somehow that one lick turned into a pussy lapping session that lasted us until the results turned up. I don't know how many orgasms she had while splayed there on the toilet, but she was right in the middle of one when she opened her eyes and suddenly shrieked. Instantly, I followed her gaze to the test on the counter.

It had two stripes. Baby.

Needless to say, we were both excited and scared all at once. But after returning to the bed and talking about it all in each other's arms, the elation inside us outweighed the fear as Wendy and I fell into a passionate kiss. My lips played over hers softly, feeling the tenderness within her sweeping over me and overwhelming my senses. Our hands roamed as we kissed, caressing each other's tingling bodies with gentleness and ardor all at once. In three years of being married, we had made love many, many times - yet, these sensations were brand-new, almost shockingly so, making us all the more aroused.

With our passion running wild, she disrobed me and pulled me between her legs. My dick stood at full attention, pressing against her soft inner thigh. Craning my neck around hers, I lapped at her round, supple earlobe with wet caresses of my tongue as I felt my penis slipping ever closer to her moist pussy. In a moment, I was there. Shifting slightly, I pressed forward and entered her, stroking all the way into her and letting my instincts take over. Staccato gasps and pitched moans flew between us like wildfire as the feelings inside us swelled, until the pressure became unbearable and the dam holding us back burst. With a deep breath and a heavy grunt, I exploded inside her as she came, spraying her insides with my hot, sticky come.

After that first time, we spent the rest of the afternoon and most of the evening fucking again and again in an orgy of celebration. Over and over we joined together, my penis sliding into her wet pussy with ease as my balls spanked her ass and clit. I don't remember just how many times we each came, but afterwards, we were both so worn out we fell asleep in each other's arms and didn't wake up until Sunday afternoon. Sore, sleepy, but **very** satisfied, we somehow managed to crawl out of bed and join the living again - this time with a sparkle in our eyes in anticipation of what was to come.

Wendy left later that day, sealing her departure with an unusually exciting kiss that tingled my senses. She grinned and just like that, was gone. From there on, I was all of one quivering mass of stone-hard cock. Now, after a long week of abstinence, she was back. And I wanted her.

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I could hear her panting quietly as I gazed down at her nude form. My hands covered her breasts and gave them a light squeeze, feeling her aroused nipples pressing against my palms. I was already stiff, an uncomfortable tent forming in my briefs and jeans with seven inches of hard cock pointing out in Wendy's direction. That last must have caught her eye, because my wife grabbed my pants by the belt loops and dragged me over her chest in a swift, insistent move.

Curious to see just what she had in mind, I peered down into her dancing eyes. The hunger in them was unmistakable, both real and powerful. She reached forward and undid my jeans, zipping them down and moving my fabric-covered bulge closer to her. Another moment, and she had hastily pulled the waistband of my underwear over my cockhead, springing my dick from its steaming prison. It had hardly stopped bobbing in front of her eyes before she wrapped her lips around the sensitive head and began to suck.

Her hand curved around my shaft and started to pull my length slowly into her mouth. I inhaled as lightning sensations shot through my penis, but after a few short twirls of her tongue, decided to withdraw. Normally, I would have been all too happy to enjoy her special attention, but tonight was different.

She looked at me with a questioning glare. I grinned mischievously and slid down her body, blowing soft kisses along her pale, fair skin. My hands skimmed over her sides with ease as my head wound its way down her tummy, over her navel, and past her curvy hips, to hover over her mound. Wendy hummed softly as my lips and tongue began to caress her pussy, breathing lightly as I flicked soft rushes of pleasure into her body. With small circles around her clit, I lapped at her again and again, raising the building excitement within her slowly but surely. Then, just as suddenly as I'd started, I stopped.

I sat up, my hand wrapped around my dick. Pointing it toward her, I slowly stroked myself and studied her wide-eyed stare.

"Did someone say they needed to be fucked?"

"Yesss," she rasped, reaching up and clutching at my shoulders. "Fuck me! *Please*..."

She was pleading for long-awaited release, her voice holding a sultry tone that sent my blood surging. But I resisted - if only for a moment, deciding to toy with her a little first. In an instant, my head dropped back between her legs and my fingertips began climbing her body again. Gently, they played over her creamy skin as they slowly baited her into a higher plane of stimulation. I looked up at her.

"Mmmmm...how bad do you want to be fucked?" I asked teasingly.

"*Very*! Now."

"Mmmmm...you sure?" I gave her clit another swirl, continuing our little power game. "Cause I don't fuck just *anyone*, you know?"

Wendy groaned, only half in frustration. I knew the tension inside her was building as I egged her on, making her arousal soar with every flick of my tongue. Determined to push her as far as she would go, I slipped my hands up her body and wrapped them around her breasts, squeezing her sensitive flesh firmly. My palms worked the gentle outer curves of her breasts, pressing intently towards her erect nipples with my thumbs and index fingers. Her pussy drooling its sweet juice even faster than before, I knew that my little ploy was working.

"Know what? I'm milking you just like our baby will in a few months. Squeezing your breasts just like this, squirting your milk out all over..."

She groaned again, deeper this time. I knew that she loved the idea of breastfeeding - a *lot*. And luckily, so did I.

"Do you like that idea? Does it make you hot?"

"Yeah," she panted out. "Fuck yeah."

Driven by her reaction, I lost control and peppered her with even more questions.

"Do you want our baby to drink from your breasts?"

Groan.

"Mmm...What about me? Do you want *me* to suck milk out your sexy nipples?"

Louder groan.

"Or maybe *both* of us could drink from you at the same time...while you watch."

And to that, Wendy had only one thing to say.

"Get...that...dick...inside...me!" she growled insistently.

I knew she wasn't playing anymore. Another moment, and I stood the very real risk of having my lust-crazed wife jump on top of me and fuck me herself. And as wonderful as *that* sounded, I craved to be the one on top, fucking *her* brains out. A week will do that to you.

Sliding up her body, I wrapped my right hand around my dick and applied it to her drooling pussy. Wendy inhaled deeply as I stroked the tip of my hard shaft against her pussy lips and clit, sliding up and down in her copious moisture. Though I knew that she was more than ready to accept my girth, I wanted to keep her from knowing she was being fucked until I was already well inside her.

Finally, mercifully, I brought the slow torture to an end. Sliding my penis against her vulva on one final downstroke, I pressed forward and split her puffy labia apart in a salacious embrace.

"Oh yeah," she gasped as the head of my dick stretched her open. "Like that..."

Wendy wrapped her arms around me tight, moaning long and low into my ear. She had been as deprived as I was, if not more - I knew that much from every little twitch of her body as I entered her. She needed to come. Badly.

We began to kiss, our lips melding together instantly. The taste of her pussy floated between us as our tongues wound together, a shared flavor that she swallowed with passion. Slowly I humped at her, stretching my arms underneath her shoulders to give me a firm grip on her writhing body. Just like that, I began to slip in and out of her more easily, my dick pulling almost all the way out before driving back in to the hilt.

My tongue lapped hungrily at hers as we fucked, warm breath surging between our overheated faces. She was so sensual, her body rutting in time with mine in a cavalcade of intense emotion. With our passion building, Wendy slowly raised her legs off the bed and wrapped them around mine, clutching me firmly as she humped my dick.

My hands slipped downward and curved around her silky ass, kneading her flesh with firm caresses. Below, my fingertips stretched her labia wide, holding open her pussy as I drove into her over and over again. I shut my eyes tight as I approached the brink, clutching at Wendy's heaving body with both hands. Ever so close, I thrust into her, snugly sliding my cockhead against her taut cervix. In that moment, the feelings welling up inside of me surged and overwhelmed me as I began to climax inside her warm passage.

The first jet of my sticky come blasted into her, flooding her womb like it had only a few short weeks before. Grunting with overpowering lust, I continued humping into her as I filled her canal, feeling her passion rise out of control. In those short moments, it no longer mattered that she was my love, my wife, the mother of my child - this was serious, primal fucking and we were animals, tearing at each other with wild abandon.

Suddenly, Wendy cried out, clutching my ass in a vise grip as she crested the orgasmic wave inside her. Still hard, I pounded deep into her pussy as she convulsed underneath me, caught in the crashing sea of orgasm. As my lips encircled her gasping mouth, a few more dribbling spurts of my semen slipped inside her pussy, infusing deep into her body. In those instants of heaven, I could feel her vagina clench my dick once, twice, a thousand times as I held her firmly against the bed.

When the powerful spasms rocking her began to subside, Wendy simply lay back and panted, her hands dropping quickly to the bed with a muffled thump. The sweat-soaked sheets beneath us betrayed just how deeply enraptured we had been just a few moments before, lying against our skin with a warm, pleasant touch. Maybe it was just the afterglow, but it felt like we had reached a new plane of loving that was both sensual and mystifyingly erotic at the same time. In a word, it was *wonderful*.

Spent, we lay there for a few long moments with my penis buried inside her before finally deciding to separate. I withdrew from her slowly, leaving a light trickle of sperm lining the inside of her thigh, and raised up to kneel between her legs. Drawn to her in but a moment, my hands grazed over the side of her soft bottom in a protective caress of the woman I loved. I looked down, gazing into her hazelnut eyes and chuckled in a moment of true contentment.

Wendy smiled back inquisitively.

"Whaaaaat?"

"You know you're going to make a beautiful mom, right?" I said with a cocked smile.

Wendy grinned with false modesty. "Thank you," she said impishly. "I think you'll be an *okay* dad some day. Maybe."

I laughed out loud and swatted her playfully with one of our spare pillows. She shrieked and put up her hands to defend herself, swatting right back at me with zest. That did it. With a yelp, I started peppering her all over with light blows, getting a few good shots in on her tummy and chest. Then, I swiftly tossed the pillow to one side and grabbed her wrists, squeezing them and holding her arms still. There, we wrestled in a test of might, panting softly at each other with aplomb.

She looked up at me with mischievous eyes.

"You are so damned *hot*, you know that?"

I snickered and released her hands. Leaning back, I gazed down at Wendy with a raised eyebrow and a silly smirk on my lips.

"Mmmmm... *Someone's* pretty aroused tonight..."

"Of course I am, you goof!" She grinned, lightly rubbing her petite tummy. "After all, now I'm fucking for two!"

Laughing, I slid back and dove between her legs, beginning to lap her pussy in earnest once again. This promised to be a *very* interesting nine months...

Questions? Feedback? E-mail me at quickturn5@yahoo.com.