Making our Baby

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An homage to mothers everywhere

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Making Our Baby

There comes a time in a young woman's life when the love for her man becomes so true that she cannot imagine it ever changing. For some it proves to be an ethereal and elusive moment that is eventually lost in time, never to be rediscovered. For a lucky few, though, it is what it seems, a harbinger to a lifetime of wedded bliss…

Julie felt the steamy air rise up through the bubbles covering the surface of the bath. It enveloped her in its warm embrace like a soft blanket and she sighed as she shut off the faucet, leaving the small room in momentary silence. She touched the water with her fingertip, tentatively at first, but then with more confidence as the warmth of the water pleasantly covered her skin like the supple cloth of a velvety glove.

Hmm, perfect, she quietly said to herself as she rose to remove the robe that covered her body. As she turned, she saw her reflection through the partially fogged over surface of the bathroom mirror. The excited smile that played across her face caught her by surprise, making her bite her lip slightly and causing a momentary blush to fill the smooth skin of her cheeks.

She *was* excited, her heart fluttered constantly and she had found that same smile appearing at the oddest times over the last few weeks. As she pinned her light brown hair up into a bun behind her head, a tiny giggle escaped her lips. *Oh, I can hardly wait for Richard to get home!*

Julie untied the sash at her waist and let the white robe flow off of her shoulders. After hanging it on the hook by the door, her gaze moved back to the mirror and she looked over her own body with, perhaps, a less critical eye then she had in the past. She had just celebrated her 24 th birthday and, as her husband kept telling her, she probably looked better then she had the day she first met him.

Then she distastefully pinched at her trim waist, pulling up a small bit of skin between her fingers, *Well, almost as good anyway. Richards a dear, but he'd say anything to make me happy!*

Julie cupped both of her breasts, lifting them slightly. They filled her hands nicely and were still quite firm, showing no signs of sag. Her nipples were a rosy pink, and sat slightly upturned on the rise of her boob. *And they're all natural too* the words came out playfully, but she had always been proud of her bust line and considered it to be one of her best features.

She tweaked one of her distended nipples gently and a soft moan escaped her lips as the almost electrical sensation of arousal began softly pulsating from the stimulated bud. The sensation was delicious and she couldn't help but pinch the other one before forcing herself back to her bath.

Lastly for effect, Julie lit a number of scented candles that she had placed around the tub and slipped on the headphones from her Ipod before carefully relaxing into the wonderfully warm water.

As she ran the soapy sponge over belly, she let her mind drift to her life with Richard. She'd been working two jobs over the last three years, jobs that supported them both while he had completed his Masters Degree.

It had been a difficult time and her muscles had often ached from the stress that the jobs had put on her, but when they married they had both decided that he should finish school first. They both knew that once he had a better job than either of them could have gotten before, she would be free to quit her waitressing jobs and go back to school herself.

She had known deep down that she was taking an awful risk. If he had not turned out to be the type of man she thought him to be, she would have lost precious time and may not have ever had a chance to finish her own scholastic career.

Julie lifted her right leg from the water and ran the wet sponge down over her calf and then back up to her inner thigh, content in the knowledge that she had made the right decision. During that time, Richard had taken care of the majority of the household duties and had never complained once about any of it. He wasn't the type of guy who went off drinking with his friends or staying out late without explanation.

He hadn't had unexpected expenses and there had been no mysterious phone calls that might have indicated that he was seeing another woman. No, he was home every night with her, sharing whatever little event might have transpired or problem that might have developed during the day.

Raising the other leg, she repeated the sponging of her skin, enjoying the feeling of the soft material on her body. She had been touch deeply when, shortly after he had gotten the job they had both worked so hard for, and paid better than both of her jobs did together, he simply asked what she wanted to do.

He made no demands on her and had no expectations of what her decision might be. If she still wanted to go to school, or if she had just rather taken some time off, he had made it clear that he would be okay with it.

She settled in the tub, relaxing into the water as she recalled the look on his face when she told him what she *really* wanted.

She told him that she wanted to be a mother.

The look on his face was one she would remember forever. It was one of shock and surprise to be sure. They had always been too busy to even think of having a baby, and she had dropped it on him from out of left field, but there was also an unmistakable feeling in him of excitement and joy at the prospect. He had taken her into his arms and kissed her so passionately that she would never have been able to doubt his sincerity.

They had made love that night with more passion and excitement than they had since the first months of their marriage, so it had been difficult for her to have to tell him that he would have to go buy condoms before she would let him have her again. He had looked like a puppy being scolded, and despite herself, Julie still found the memory amusing.

Understanding his confusion, Julie had taken his hand in hers and explained to him that she wanted to know exactly when she, when they, conceived their baby. She just wanted everything to be…perfect.

He'd kissed her with the same passion he had shown before and over the next few days he came to agree with her desire to have everything just so. Julia had then gone off of the pill and waited for her cycle to reach a point when she would be absolutely sure she was fertile, and while Richard didn't yet know it, that time had finally arrived.

Still, she had been surprised at how powerfully the prospect of having a baby would affect her. She thought about it all the time now, and as far as sex went, well she couldn't remember ever being in such a state. Her pussy was constantly wet and aching to be touched, so much so that Richard had even said as much on several occasions. She laughed softly again at her husband's plight*. All that wetness and the poor guy had to wear a rubber…Ah, such a waste!*

Julie ran a single finger under the water and touched her pussy. Her labia opened easily and the slim digit slipped inside without resistance. *Ahhhh…Get home soon my Love…Mommy is waiting!*

She was not a girl who masturbated often because her upbringing had taught her that proper girls didn't behave that way, but the feeling of her finger lazily moving inside her sent a pulsing wave of pleasure coursing through her that she lacked all will to resist.

She dragged her finger up over her clit and began lightly rolling it around under the hood covering it. Fresh lubrication flowed into the heated flesh of her sex and a steady rhythm of sensations began pouring into her body. Feeling herself respond so quickly to her own touch, Julie gave up all resistance and embraced the inevitable cycle that she had started. *Oh damn…I hope he doesn't come home too early!*

Without conscientious thought, her unused had rose to her breast and cupped it gently, sending tingles rippling though her body. Her fingers found her nipple and she began rolling it between them, causing her to shudder slightly. *Ohh my, that's nice…*

Raising her leg and resting it on the edge of the tub, she found that her petals opened nicely and she dipped her finger into her heated pussy. The feeling of her inflamed labia being caressed in the warm water mixed with the scents from the candles and the soft music playing in her headphones, creating an illicit eroticism in her mind that her body merged into a single sensation. She closed her eyes, imagining it was Richard's hands stoking the flames of her arousal and felt the uncontrollable urge to arch and bear down on her fingers.

Slipping a second finger into her sex, Julie trapped her clit between the two and rubbed it over and over again, creating vibrations that coursed through her like liquid fire. Her legs flexed against the tub, causing her body to rise slightly out of the water in the ecstasy of the moment.

By now her clit was fully consumed in her need and she spread her pussy open, making it protrude slightly. She then brought her other hand down to flick against her button, sending shockwaves of pleasure pulsing in every direction.

She thought of her husband's erection slicing into her, spreading her open and filing her with the hot iron of his manhood. *Ohh my love…keep touching me there. Yes baby make me cum for you. Make me cum so hard…* The words turned to barely audible murmurs that Julie barely noticed as they issued unbidden from deep within her.

Many times her husband had asked her to masturbate in front of him and she had always refused,

telling him that she would much rather have is hands or mouth on her pussy. But in truth, she had been far too self conscious to give him that pleasure. Now, in this heightened state of arousa,l she understood why he would want her too. Images of him watching and stroking his cock filled her mind and the thought of seeing his cum fly out and landing on his chest made her heart flutter with desire.

Her body responded to her touch and to the images in her mind and soon she felt the delightful stirrings in her belly that heralded her impending orgasm. She concentrated her awareness on those feelings, drawing them close to her heart and reveling in their overwhelming power. She struggled against her own fear as if she thought the moment would somehow slip away like a vaporous cloud, holding on to it and nurturing it until she was certain that it would not escape her.

Then a deeper feeling built. Hot and penetrating, it radiated outward into her thighs and up to her breasts while visions of brilliant colors danced before her closed eyes as she hung on the precipice of her release. The sensation of every touch on her mound became distinct in her mind, as if she could see each finger as it massaged a different part of her femininity.

Her hips rose of their own accord, rolling and flexing as she found the secret places that would bring the wave of pleasure crashing into her. A moment later her body trembled and spasmed as her peak hit with full force, causing her to shiver violently as the convulsions overcame her and despite her desire to the contrary, a loud moan of blissful pleasure, low in tone and powerful in intensity, issued from her lips and echoed off of porcelain like surface of the bathroom walls.

As the wonderful, rippling trembles subsided in the afterglow of her orgasm, Julie relaxed back into the tub, temporarily sated but no less excited by what lay ahead for her. This was going to be a night she would remember for the rest of her life. Somehow she was sure of it.

While Julie toweled the water droplets off of her body, she contemplated how she wanted to dress for the night. She wanted to wear something that would keep his blood up while still being understated. *Let’s see, something sexy but not slutty. Well, maybe just a little slutty!*

She had purchased some sexy new baby-blue satin undergarments that she had no doubt would catch Richard's attention, they certainly had caught hers. With a fresh blush on her cheeks, Julie lifted the tiny thong style panty and held it balled up in her palm. *There’s not enough here to cover anything* she thought excitedly.

She spread it open by the waistband and marveled that anyone would design such a thing. It amounted to not much more that a couple of elastic bands connected to a small piece of fabric that Julie felt would barely cover her freshly shaved mound.

Julie felt a rush of naughty titillation as she slid the satin thong up her thighs. Wiggling her hips slightly, she adjusted the waistband until it clung high on her hips and the thin back had slipped completely into the crevice of her ass. Smoothing her hands over the still bare skin of her butt, she actually giggled at how naked she still felt in the tiny thing. *Oh yeah, Richard is going to love this!*

Happy with how sexy and comfortable the panties felt on her, Julie next fitted the matching bra around her breasts and fastened it behind her back, and then adjusted the thin straps until they fit comfortably over her shoulders. As she adjusted her breasts in the lace lined cups, she was very satisfied with the way her already impressive cleavage was being displayed. *This should get his blood up,* she thought to herself with a smile.

While her lingerie was meant to arouse him, the dress she chose was just as deliberately understated. Dark blue, it fit tight at her waist but flowed out loosely down to her knees. It was cut fairly low at her bust, but she decided that teasing him a little wouldn't spoil the little surprise of what lay underneath.

Julie went over the last preparations in her mind as she pinned her hair up. The dinner she had prepared was all but ready and she still had a few minutes to get it on the table before he got home. So far, everything was going just as she had hoped.

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Rick climbed onto the iron framed concrete stairway that led up the outside of his apartment building feeling relieved that he and Julie would soon be out of this dump. He didn't mind the stairs so much, at least they gave him a little exercise as he came and went from home. The stairs, in fact were one of the only things about the place he did find acceptable.

It was the small size of the place that really got to him. The apartment's one bedroom and 700 sq ft. made for close quarters even for a couple as close as he and Julie were. Worse still, the walls were paper thin, and any sounds made in the adjoining units could be heard clearly in their own apartment. It was so bad in fact that he and Julie had, on more than one occasion, been treated to the passionate sounds of the couple next door enjoying what was clearly a very healthy sex life.

Rick had actually been amused by the woman's calling out of her husband's name while he gave her what must have been a very satisfying fuck, but Julie had been horrified by the thought they might be able to hear her in the same condition and had since struggled mightily to remain silent no matter how hard Rick had made her cum. *Ah Julie, I love you dearly, but It would be nice if you could just let yourself go!* It wasn't so bad that she didn't satisfy him, but she had just never been the sexually adventurous type. *Would it really hurt to change things up a little?*

He smiled at the thought, but after three years of marriage he felt it unlikely that she would ever change. Anyway, there was definitely something about her shyness that he still found to be adorable. It was just one of those funny little quirks she had, like her insistence on calling him Richard when everyone else in the world settled for Rick. Somehow it all made him feel special and if that meant that she was never going to be as adventurous in bed as he might have liked, well it was a tradeoff he knew he could live with.

When Rick came in the door he was immediately greeted by the pleasing odors of a fresh meal being prepared. The small apartment seemed filled with the multilayered scents of herbs and spices mingling with the unmistakable aroma of chicken roasting in the oven. *Damn,* he thought as savored the scents in the air*. I've really missed her cooking. I was doing well just to make steam!*

As he came into the tiny living room, he was greeted by the lilting tones of Julie's voice coming from out of the kitchen. "Hi babe, you're just in time for dinner."

"Wonderful, I'm starving! It smells absolutely delicious."

He set his briefcase on the half-round table against one of walls of the living room and felt Julie's hands slip around his shoulders from behind him. "Mmm we need do it quickly baby, my husband will be home soon!"

As he turned toward her, she laced her fingers together behind his neck and stood up on her toes to kiss him softly. Richard's arms found their way around her slim waist and he drew her close until her body was pressing against his and played into her little joke."Why did you ever marry him anyway?"

Julie bit her lower lip and idly straightened his tie as she became serious. "I married you because you are the most amazing man I've ever known and I couldn't bear the thought of losing you." She then rose up on her toes and kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"You were never going to lose me Julie. Not even if I had to make a complete fool of myself to get you to take me." He kissed her forehead and brushed a stray hair from her face. "I've loved you since the day we met, and nothing will ever change that."

"What do you mean 'if you had to'? You did make a complete fool of yourself, but I fell for you anyway." Julie saw the pained smile cross his face and couldn't help but laugh. She loved to tease him, but knew that he meant everything he said and she sighed as he held her close.

The truth was she couldn't imagine her life without Richard in it, and she hugged him close and rested

her head on his shoulder. He had been her first and only lover and she had never had cause to desire any other man. “Well, since you *are* my husband, I guess I should offer you dinner.”

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After they had eaten, Rick sat on the couch and let his eyes roam over his wife as she crossed the room to put on some music. Through their years of marriage, he had never tired of looking at her, and of late, her natural grace seemed to have become even more enchanting to him. The last few years had been tough though and he was well aware of how it had worn on her. But now, free of the stress of holding two jobs, Julie seem to glow with the same youthful beauty that had caught his glance when they had first met.

Julie was very much aware of his attentions and enjoyed the effect she had on him. The night was going just as she hoped and her heart beat with excitement as she considered what was to come. She pressed 'play' on the stereo and the soft melodies of the love song she had chosen came alive and filled the small space of the room.

Julie hummed with the music as the first song started and moved around the room, lighting several candles that she had place earlier. Then, with the small flames casting their glow, she turned off the electrical lighting, instantly transforming the mood in the room to something far more romantic.

As familiar bars of music rose and caressed her body with its delicate energy, Julie began dancing slowly with the beat as if she could feel it coming from within her. She turned to toward Richard and began singing along with the vocals, expressing herself through the impromptu harmonies of the duet that she had created.

“I live to feel your lips upon my neck,
Your gentle touch upon my face.
You make my heart throb in my chest,
And it beats in time with your every breath.
I feel you’re love for me,
And it’s all I’m ever gonna need

So I’ll lay my head upon your breast.
In your arms I’ll always be at rest
You are the only one I want,
You are my one

So baby, tell me you love me”

She was singing the words written by another, but they were pure and from her heart. She motioned for Richard to come to her, and when he took her into his arms, she settled against him and they danced as songs of love bound them together.

There, lost in a moment of time in the flickering candlelight, Richard and Julie danced together like they had on their first date before college. He immersed his senses in the soft curves of her body and the pleasant aroma of her perfume while she drew herself to the safety of his strength. They fed off of each other’s love as if it were the nectar of the gods, quietly reveling in the blissful harmony that they had created together.

They danced together in the candlelight for a time and somewhere there, lost in the music and intoxicated in the moment, the outside world seemed to slip away, leaving them alone and at peace with each other. They danced on in each other’s arms, weaving a symphony of their own until they recaptured the unique newness of love that always seems to drift away from couples as the pressures and reality of life intrude into their homes.

When the last song she had chosen ended, Julie hit shuffle and then came back to Richard, taking his hand in hers. For a brief moment, she kept her eyes cast down, as if she was afraid to speak, but then her gazed moved upward and fixated on his. Her eyes sparkled like jewels in the candlelight, and her expression was made of a complex mix of love and excitement that was brushed with a tinge of embarrassment. It was a look that spoke more clearly than anything she could have said and he followed willingly as she led him down the hallway toward their bedroom.

Once in the bedroom, Julie stopped to light several more candles. The subdued light from the small flames created an almost supernatural warmth, and the music that drifted down the hall seemed to carry with it a thickness in the air that felt heavy on Richards’s chest. *No, it’s not the light or the music, it’s her. My lord she looks absolutely radiant tonight!*

He walked up behind her as she lit the last of the candles and kissed her on the shoulder. As his lips tasted her supple skin, she moaned quietly in approval and softly pressed her rump into his crotch, rocking slowly in an unstated promise of what was to come.

He moved her hair from the nape of her neck and felt a small tremble pass through her as he let his kisses dance from one bare shoulder to the other. His arm circled her waist, holding her more tightly to him and she turned her body toward him, offering her full lips to him once again.

They kissed tenderly at first as Julie slowly turned in his embrace, but the passion that she felt for him now rose within her like a rain swollen river and began washing away any trace of the hesitation or timidity that had once beset her

He was her husband and she, his wife. Tonight she would make love to him and for him, but also for herself and the child she would carry. Not even the deep, hidden voices of her morally correct upbringing could find any fault in that. She felt more than realized that she was finally and completely free to give every ounce of her sensuality to him, and with that freedom came her right to revel in his touch. There was no more need to be coy or innocent in their bed. She had no need to protect her virtue from him, he was the man that she had been saving it for all along, and this was moment to let him indulge himself in all that she had to offer.

With her conscience pacified, Julie broke their embrace and took a half step away from him. She reached seductively behind her head and pulled away the barrette that had held her long hair so carefully in place. She then shook her head, allowing her thick mien of flaxen hair to pour down over her bare shoulders.

She turned away from him and placed her hands on hardwood top of the tall chest of drawers in front of her. Leaning forward slightly, she let her head move downwards, exposing the back of her neck. “Would you unzip my dress for me Richard,” she asked in a meek and unmistakably submissive tone.

“I would love to.” His words may have sounded confident to her, but his hand was trembling as he drew the zipper down the back of her dress, and his mouth went dry as he excitedly watched the material part, exposing her bare back to him. The soft tones of her flawless skin were accentuated by the candlelight and after he had the dress completely open, he couldn’t help but smooth his hand over her back. Her body felt very warm to his touch and when she arched back towards him, he let his arms move under the dress as they circled around and pulled her against him.

He nuzzled her neck and cupped her breasts under the fabric of the dress, relishing the surprisingly erotic manor in which she offered herself to his touch. He found her protruding nipples under the thin material of her bra and rubbed his thumbs over them until her head lolled back against his shoulder. He squeezed her sensitive buds between his fingers and was rewarded by the quiet mewling she made as he fondled her.

“Mmm, gosh Richard, that feels so good. I love how you touch me baby.” It had come out as barely a whisper, but the words echoed in Ricks mind like a scream of passion. Julie had never been a talker during sex, and even this little piece of encouragement had a profound effect on him. He began

massaging her breasts more forcefully as his excitement grew and she writhed against him, guiding his hands as they plied her tender flesh.

Julie was becoming extremely aroused as well and the moisture that was oozing into her sex only served to heighten her passion. She wasn't exaggerating about how good his hands felt on her body and soon the desire to feel him against her bare skin became more than she could resist. With an effort, she moved a step away from him and let her arms fall slowly to her hips. She lowered her shoulders slightly in open invitation and Richard responded by guiding her open dress down to her waist. With deliberate movements meant to arouse him, Julie worked the garment over her hips and let it fall to the floor, and then turned to face her husband.

As she displayed her charms to him, Richard was taken aback by how incredibly beautiful she looked. The baby blue color of her new lingerie beautifully set off the natural colors of her hair and skin. The form of the bra she wore pushed up her breasts and created a wonderful valley of cleavage that made his mouth water in anticipation of kissing them.

The matching satin panties were cut high on her hips and as she turned in a slow circle in front of him he almost groaned when he saw the tiny bit of butt floss that dipped between the firm cheeks of her ass, almost disappearing completely from his view.

As she finished her pirouette, Julie saw the look of lustful hunger in his eyes and leaned back with her elbows against the dresser with one leg bent behind her. The effect opened her body completely to his gaze and she let him feast his eyes on her for several long seconds.

"Julie, I…Wow, you look incredible." He came up to her and ran his fingers down her sides. "What I'm trying to say is that you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. It doesn't matter if you're wearing something as sexy as this…" he stopped and gently ran the back of his hand over the lace cup of her brassier before finishing his thought. "Or just an old pair of jeans and a t-shirt. I felt that way the first time I saw you, and you've only become more beautiful since that day. Marrying you was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Julie put her small hand on his face and kissed him, knowing he truly felt that way. "I love you Baby. You've been everything I've ever hoped or dreamed I'd find in a man. I'm so proud of you and I'm glad to have you as my husband." She felt a small tear forming in her eye and she gave a short laugh as he wiped it away.

Looking down, she began to remove his neck tie as she thought about her next words. "I know you had some experience with other girls before you met me, and my lack of it must have been difficult for you. I want you to know that I'm aware of how patient you've been, and I also want you to know that

I’m not going to hold back anymore.” She pulled his tie from his neck and began working the buttons open on his shirt as she continued.

“You’re my husband and I want to give you everything you need. I want to fulfill your desires baby, whatever they might be.” She kissed him again, savoring the feel of his lips on hers. Then she dropped slowly down to her knees in front of him and grazed her nails over his crotch until she felt the bulge of his erection. Her heart pounded in her chest as she traced the outline of his cock threw his slacks, feeling it lengthen and harden even more as she touched it.

She looked up at him and was very pleased at the look of amazed excitement on his face as she tenderly squeezed his cock through his pants. The sound of his zipper made as she drew it down was loud in her ears, as was the sharp intake of his breath as she pulled his length out of his boxers and into the open. She licked her lips seductively, wetting them for him. “Don’t cum yet baby, not this time okay?”

Rick was mesmerized by what she was doing to him and it took a second for what she just said to sink in. *Not this time? Holy shit! Did that mean what I think it did?* Julie had never let him come in her mouth, so the last words had really caught him by surprise. He tried to say something, anything to let her know that he wasn’t unhappy with their sex life, but he was just too shocked for the words to come.

Julie saw surprise in his face and didn’t want to wait for him to say anything before she brushed the head of his cock with her wet lips. She felt him stiffen a little bit at the contact and felt a new rush of wet excitement in her panties at his response to her touch. So emboldened, she flicked her tongue out and slowly encircled the head of his cock. The taste of his skin mixed with his musky, masculine scent, affected her much like a glass of strong Brandy. She opened her mouth and slid it completely over the bulbous knob until it completely filled her mouth.

She had always been pleased with the size and shape of his cock. It was several inches long, and thick enough that it stretched her pussy delightfully when he entered her but not so thick, she decided, that sucking him was a problem. She took him to the back of her wet mouth and closed her lips around his shaft, sealing it against the outside air. Using gentle suction, she drew her mouth back up his length, trailing a coating of shiny moisture on his skin.

When his crown lay comfortably on her tongue, she swirled it over the fleshy knob several times and was rewarded by the pleasant mutterings of approval that Richard was giving her. She then pulled it out of her mouth and flicked the hot, wet tip of her tongue against the underside base of his cockhead.

She stroked his shaft as she did and Richard rested his hands on her head, not quite guiding her, but gently encouraging her to once again take him deeply into her mouth. She cupped his balls in her hand and fondled them, separating them in his sack and massaging them until his cock felt like it was throbbing in her mouth.

Afraid that he might cum too soon, she pulled off and stroked him in her hand. She gazed up at Richard and he touched her face tenderly. “Are you okay baby?” she asked, concerned that he might lose control before he ever had a chance to plant his seed in her.

“More than okay Julie, you’re doing great. You look so sexy on your knees like that.” Richard started taking his shirt off as he spoke and Julie, satisfied that he was not to close, once again started to slide her lips up and down his shaft.

Julie had always been willing to give him head, but she had never really tried to make a skill of it. As Richard had never complained she had thought that it was a fairly easy thing to do. Over the last few weeks though, Julie had found an adult internet site called Lush Stories and had been immediately fascinated by the tales of sex and love that she found there. What had surprised her even more were the number of women, skilled in the art of sex and incredibly open minded about talking about it.

She had read a number of the stories and had learned a great deal about how to please Richard with fellatio, but even more enlightening were the numerous forum posts that discussed every aspect of sexuality that she could have imagined and more than a few that she would otherwise have never thought of. From these she had learned many things that she had never considered before and now, for the first time, she was putting these new skills to good use.

One of the things she learned was that by sucking him slowly, she could draw out the experience for him, torturing him with her mouth without driving him over the edge. She moved her head in long motions, turning it slightly this way and that as she rode up and down his length. Each time she found his head on her lips, she made sure to tickle and lather it with her tongue and lips.

She followed her mouth with her hand as well, squeezing and rotating it over him. Soon she tasted the telltale taste of his precum and she pulled her lips to the tip and sucked hard, drawing the fluid out of him.

She stopped to lick the flavor from her glistening lips just as he threw his shirt onto the dresser. “Mmm baby, you taste so sweet today. Can you take more or would you like to get in the bed now?”

Richard laughed and unbuckled his belt, letting his slacks drop to the floor. He had never seen Julie like this and was amazed at the job she was doing on his cock. Twice now she had gotten him close

enough to cumming that he would have had to stop her, but both times she had paused long enough for him to regain control. She was driving him crazy with her mouth and he couldn't bring himself to make her stop now. "Soon baby, but what you're doing feels to damn good to stop now."

Julie gave him an evil, lustful look and kissed the end of his cock. "Okay, but you better not pop yet. I have other plans for you tonight." She then pursed her lips and forced them over his head, letting him penetrate her mouth as if he were sliding into her pussy. Reaching up, she cocked her fingers and dragged her nails down his chest just as she plunged him to the back of her mouth.

Richard gasped at the sudden mix of pleasure and pain and Julie chose that very moment to try the one thing that she both desired and dreaded to do most. Descending down his shaft until she felt this cockhead bump the back of her mouth, she held him by his bare hips and tried to force him past her mouth and into the tightness of her throat. She was filled with fear as she did so, and her heart pounded as the urge to gage and vomit welled up in her. Remembering the things she read, she swallowed hard and was shocked to feel his thickness pass the point of no return and sink more deeply into her.

The thick head failed to pass easily though and Julie gagged hard as it become lodged in the back of her throat. Her eyes watered from the effort and she almost panicked as she realized that she couldn't breathe with him so deeply in her mouth. Quickly, she pulled off of his cock, leaving strings of thick saliva trailing from her lips.

Richard had been caught off guard by her attempt and almost lost it as he felt his rod pressing so deeply into her. When she backed off, her face was beat red from the effort, and kicking his shoes and pants away, he sat down on the floor with her.

Julie wiped the saliva from her chin and melted against him as he took her into his arms. She felt humiliated by her failure and almost sobbed as he stroked her hair. "I'm sorry baby. I just wanted to do that for you so badly."

Richard was stunned by how she felt and quickly let her know how happy he was with her. "Sorry? Oh no sweetheart, please don't be. You were great, really. It's a good thing you stopped when you did, believe me."

"Really? You're not disappointed? I…"

Richard put a finger lightly on her lips. "Julie, it was fantastic. It really was." Taking her face in his hands, her brought her lips to his and kissed her deeply, his tongue tickling her lips until she granted him access to her own. They sat there on their knees for several long seconds as they feasted on

each other, their tongues and lips sucking and sliding until they were out of breath.

Richard reached behind her back, and with practiced skill, released the hooks holding her bra together. Once freed from their confinement, her breasts fell forward enticingly and Julie pulled the bra away from her body.

Richard cupped one of her globes in his hand, feeling the supple flesh and rubbed his palm over her nipple, causing her to arch toward him. He kissed his way down her neck and over the rise of her boob until he felt her thick nipple enter his mouth. Julie moaned softly as his tongue lapped over the bud, and when his lips closed around it, she held his head tenderly to her bosom.

Julie sighed as her husband suckled on her breast, enjoying the sensation of his moist lips on her skin. “That’s it baby, suck my titties…It feels so good to have your mouth on me like that” she cooed to him as she stroked his head. As he moved his mouth to its twin, Julie snaked her hand down and gave his cock a reassuring squeeze.

Julie's breathing became deeper and more regular as he sucked and nibbled on her. Just the sight of him licking and biting at her nipples was enough to make her very wet, and the sensations that flowed through her almost had her panting with desire. Soon she was stroking his cock with slow, hard motions, wishing it was inside her enflamed pussy.

Richard responded to her tense ministrations on his shaft, and kissed her once more as he rose. He gathered Julie in his arms, easily lifting her small body and laid her gently on their bed. He slipped his fingers into the waistband of her thong and with a gentle tug, slid it down her thighs and cast it onto the floor.

Having her pussy licked was always something that Julie felt self-conscience about, but when Richard lifted her right leg and placed a wet kiss on her inner thigh, Julie’s blood rushed in her ears and she spread her legs, opening herself to his desire.

With breathless anticipation, she shivered as he kissed his way closer to her sex, leaving a wet trail up her thigh. When she felt his tongue trace around her vulva, she moaned and squirmed in his grasp, trying desperately to mover her pussy onto his mouth. Finally, she felt him part her folds and arched her back as his tongue sank into her, travelling up and down her slit.

Any thoughts of trying to remain quiet were far from her mind and words of lustful encouragement issued out from her parted lips. “Oh fuck yes Richard, lick my pussy baby, suck me like that. Oh shit that feels sooo good!”

Julie felt like the liquid fire of her arousal was going to make her burst into flames as he pulled and licked on her engorged labia with his mouth. She spread her legs wide and locked her ankles around his back, pulling herself against the insidious motions of his tongue as he probed her relentlessly.

She dared look down between her breasts at him and saw that, though his mouth worked tirelessly on her moist flesh, his eyes were firmly on her face and they glowed with mirth and excitement at the way he was making her buck and thrash on the bed. They looked deeply into each other's eyes, communicating in a way only lovers can, and she begged him to make her orgasm if he could.

Richard took up the challenge and sealed his mouth around her clit. When his tongue began assaulting her over-sensitized button, Julie lifted her back off of the mattress and her hands flew to her breasts, pulling and twisting her nipples as waves of electric pleasure surged through her.

Watching her react so powerfully to what he was doing thrilled Richard no end. That she could let go so completely and with such raw abandon, not only made him happy for her, but also turned him on to his core. He dug his tongue into her, tasting the sweet flavors of her juices and sucked hard on her flesh as if she were a ripe peach.

He ran his hands over her hips and pelvis, feeling her muscles rippling and contracting as her body writhed in pleasure. The entire experience was so hot that he could feel his cock throbbing against the sheets as he struggled to keep her from wriggling out of his grasp. Her whole body appeared flush with the stress of arousal, and her flat belly flexed and tensed with every breath she took. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything so incredibly sexy in his life and he was dying to see what she would do when she finally reached orgasm.

Julie's body felt like it was being consumed though her sex and she pulled at the sheets in futile desperation as her body strained with the almost electrical shocks of pr-orgasmic energy that coursed through her. When he began focusing directly on her clit with what seemed like an evilly lustful intent, the slowly building pressure in her belly suddenly exploded within her, sending powerful waves of pleasure rolling through her body and crashing into her mind.

The breath she had been holding in her chest was expelled with the force of her orgasm, and Julie screamed out with the force of her release. "Ahhh fuck yes baby, I'm gonna cumm! Ohh fuck!!"

Her words trailed into nonsensical moans and her body convulsed powerfully in Richard's grip. He pulled his mouth of off her pussy and laid his hand over her mound, applying gentle pressure until she finally stopped trembling.

Julie was blown away by the force of her orgasm and couldn't remember ever cumming that hard

before. Her entire body felt like it was bathed in static electricity and her pussy purred in contentment. She lifted herself onto her elbows and smiled at Richard. “Oh fuck baby that felt soo good!”

Richard grinned back at her. “I can keep going if you want.” He moved down and gave her clit another gentle lick, causing her to jump violently in his grasp.

“Oh shit, ahh…No, please don’t. I can’t take any more!” Julie laughed and rolled over on her side, drawing her knees up to protect her twitching pussy. Her clit was throbbing so hard that she was sure if he touched it again she would fly right off of the bed.

He laughed too and crawled up over her, rolling her onto her back again and kissing her hard on the mouth. Julie succumbed to his probing tongue, sucking it into her mouth and savoring the taste of her residue on his lips.

Julie had always loved having him on top of her like this and trailed her hands down his sides until she found his muscular hips. She never ceased to be turned on by his strength, and by how much bigger than her he actually was. Lying under his shadow like that gave her a sense of being protected and secure in ways that she could barely describe. Instinctively, her body relaxed beneath him as he settled himself into the comfort of her thighs.

She touched his chest with her fingertips, slowly drawing invisible circles on his skin. “No more waiting Richard, I’m ready tonight. I want you to make love to me, just you and me with nothing between us.” She gazed into his eyes intently, making sure he understood what she was saying. “I want to have your baby, and I need you to give it to me, but I have to know for sure, are you really ready for that? I just need to hear you say it one more time, okay?”

Richard had guessed that this was what she had been leading up to this evening, but hearing those words come from her struck him like a lightning bolt. He could feel how much she loved him, and his heart swelled in his chest, straining to go out to her. He touched her face and gently caressed her cheek. “Sweetheart, those were the most beautiful words I’ve ever heard. I love you, and I’ll always be there for you and our baby. Yes, I want this. I want this as much as I wanted to marry you when I proposed.

Julie had never really doubted his love or commitment to her, but none the less, hearing him say it in such powerful terms overcame her with a glowing excitement that she could barely contain.

Cradling his cock in her hand, she guided him towards the moist center of her sex. Taking a moment to rub his head up and down her pussy, she coated him with her juices until he was moving easily through her labia. Once she was satisfied that he was well lubricated, she drew the glistening head

downwards and gasped as he suddenly parted her and began pressing forward, dipping into her velvet passage.

“Oh yes baby, do it to me. Fuck me with that big cock.” The words had an unnatural taste to her at first, but when Richard responded by suddenly plunged into her, she began to understand the value of urging him on. From the beginning, she had wanted so much to cast off the shackles of her inhibitions, and to show him that she could match his passion in bed, and judging by his reaction, her efforts would likely be fully rewarded.

Before long, Richard was stroking into her hard, with steady, regular thrusts that made her huff every time his cock sank into her. Her pussy was still throbbing in post orgasmic spasms and clenched tightly at his ridged shaft, rippling with sensation each time he pulled back, only to be forced open again by another hard thrust, until her channel finally conformed to his shape.

The warm sensation of fullness spread quickly into her belly, and like a moth to a flame, Julie tilted her pelvis upwards until his long shaft was easily slicing into her. Her body began to quake and tremble as they found their rhythm, and her hands clawed at the bed sheets in vain desperation as he drove his cock into her with fevered abandon.

Her quiet huffs and moans grew in volume as her body was relentlessly plundered, and Richard grinned lustfully at her eagerness to be taken. The louder she became, the more she summoned the most base of his animal passions. His body felt to her like he was made of iron, freshly forged and glowing hot with the intensity of his need.

His hands moved under her and gripped her ass tightly, causing Julie to cry out as he lifted her hips high above the bed. Rising to his knees with her, he held her body against him and slammed into her with all his strength, rocking her hard with ferocity of his intimate assault.

Julie had desperately wanted him to be as excited as she was about their baby making sex, and the reality of finding herself at the center of his unbridled passion connected with her on a level far deeper than she ever thought possible. Even as he used her so roughly, she felt a wave of ecstatic joy crest and wash over her, setting off a cascade of sensations pouring over. Every nerve in her body suddenly fired, merging together in a torrential rain of pleasure that flooded her mind. This connection flashed in her mind like lightning and she embraced it totally, knowing that her coming orgasm was caused more by her love for the man than by the pleasure he was giving her.

In a single, thunderous burst, her body exploded in orgasm and brightly lit colors of light danced in front of her eyes as if the entire room were being consumed by fireworks. The pressure gripped and rolled in her belly and she cried out in the pure elation of her release.

Richard was already close when she came and the incredibly erotic sight of seeing her so consumed by the throes of her orgasm tore away what little control he had left. He lifted her legs to his shoulders and added his own voice to the music she had made as he buried his cock one last time and erupted into her.

“Oh yeah baby, cum inside me like that, cum inside me and fill my pussy with it. Oh god don’t pull it out, leave it inside me…” Julie’s plaintive whimpers drifted into unintelligible murmurs as Richards throbbing cock slowly softened inside her.

When he finally slid out of her, she succumbed to the urge to close her legs tightly, trapping his live seed where he had left it. As he lay down next to her and pulled the covers over them, she melted into his arms, feeling an indescribable contentment creep over her.

Later, Julie lay spooned against her husband, listening to the deep and regular breathing that signaled his repose. She didn’t begrudge him his sleep after their lovemaking, if anything she was a little surprised that she didn’t share his exhaustion.

Despite the fatigue of her body though, her mind was racing as she thought about what was transpiring in her womb. She smiled secretly, and her eyes sparkled in the darkness as she thought about it and the warm glow she had been feeling continued to pulsate through her.

She would use a pregnancy test soon, but she was certain it would only confirm what she already instinctively knew. Richard had planted a seed and she had no doubt at all that it was already beginning to take hold.

She placed her hand on her belly as if she could touch the magic that was creating a new spark of life within her. Her best guess was that it would be a boy because Richard’s family seemed to lean strongly in that direction. He had been one of three brothers and of those the eldest had already had a boy of his own. Still though, part of her hoped for a daughter to teach and share things with. In the end though, it didn’t matter. Whether she bore a boy or a girl, she and Richard would shower the baby, and whatever brothers and sisters that followed, with all of their love.

She and Richard had taken a fateful step in life. They were no longer just a couple. No, now they were a family.

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