
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 02:02:56 GMT
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Sunday, May 6, 2068, 10:30 p.m., Greenville, SC

"Oh, this feels... wonderful," Jeff said with a satisfied sigh. Dianne smiled as her skilled hands worked the kinks out of his back and shoulder muscles. She knelt on the king-sized bed, straddling first his buttocks then his thighs as she worked her way downward.

"I wish I could do the same for you, love," he murmured, his head pillowed on his hands, his eyes closed. "But I'm not as skilled at this as you and your mother are."

"I know," Dianne replied soothingly. "But you give great foot rubs, and I'll expect one after I'm done with you."

"If we don't get involved in something else, first," Jeff said, a smile touching his lips.

"Even if we do get involved in that 'something else'," she replied. "I still expect a foot rub."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, as another heavy, satisfied sigh trailed off into an audible moan. "I'm glad we decided to take a hotel room," he continued, his voice becoming deeper and huskier. "I still don't feel right about being in your mother's house while she's away."

"She wouldn't have minded," Dianne told him as she massaged his sides. "But this way, we don't have to do any clean up before we leave."

"No, we don't. And it means I get to pamper you as you ought to be for your birthday." He reached down awkwardly with his left hand, searching for hers, and when he found it, he grabbed her by the wrist, letting his thumb caress the inside and drawing her arm up toward his face so he could kiss where he was caressing. This brought Dianne's body down onto his back and he smiled as he felt her weight on him and signs of her excitement through her skimpy silk chemise. He kissed the palm of her hand as she lavished her own caresses, butterfly light, on the back of his neck.

Without a word between them, she slipped off his back, rolling onto hers as he kept hold of her wrist. Moving onto his side, he kissed her arm all the way up from wrist to shoulder, then finally let go as he reached her neck, coming up on hands and knees above her.

"How about this kind of massage?" he asked in her ear between kisses.

"I like it," she replied with a low moan. "But it doesn't get you out of the foot rub."

He stopped and pulled back to grin at her. "Yes, ma'am." Then he planted his lips on her eager ones as they got busy with that "something else".

From: Tikatu Sent: 9/7/2005
