

Thursday, March 15, 2068, early morning, Tracy Island

Jeff woke suddenly, the feeling of pressure in his groin alarming him with its urgency. He turned his head to see Dianne sleeping in the king-sized bed next to him. She hadn't disturbed him when she came in; he had no idea when she had come home and come to bed. Another turn of his head and he saw the clock; four a.m.

Reaching out with his good arm, he shook Dianne by the shoulder. "Dianne? Dianne, honey? Please wake up. I need to go! Please wake up!"

With a groan she stirred and rolled over to face him. "Whust th' matta, Jeff?" she slurred, half asleep, her eyes still closed.

"I've got to use the toilet, Dianne. Right now!"

Her face screwed up into an almost painful grimace, and her eyelids parted fractionally. With a loud sigh, she turned on the light on her night stand. Then she threw back the covers and stumbled out of bed, putting a hand down on the bed for support as she made her way around to his side. Jeff pulled off his covers and tried to lever himself into a sitting position with his good arm. He managed to swing his left leg off the bed, followed by his right, but there was no rail to grip with his right hand so he couldn't pull himself up fully.

Dianne faced him, squinting. "Give me your hand," she said, her voice sounding scratchy. He did so, and she pulled him into an upright sitting position. "Jeff, this is why Ah insisted you sleep in the sick room. It's a helluva lot easier t' get you out of bed!"

"I'll remember that for tomorrow night, I promise," he said as he reached out to put his arm around her shoulders. She dipped down, bending her knees, and then stood, bringing him into a standing position with her and then pivoting him around and into the wheelchair. He activated it, and wheeled it into the bathroom. Dianne followed, stumbling a bit. She knew he'd need help on and off the toilet.

Jeff sighed heavily as Dianne helped him sit on the commode. This was not what he was used to; he was a stand-up kind of guy and could hardly wait for the day when he could do target practice in the bowl again. But finally the crisis was over and Jeff sighed again, this time from relief. Dianne, who had gotten herself a quick drink of water, came back to help him rearrange his pajama bottoms and get him back into the chair. Then he made a multi-point turn to get headed back out in the right direction and followed his wife back into the bathroom. Neither of them worried about the lights; they were on a motion-sensitive switch.

He maneuvered his chair back to his side of the bed and put on the brakes. Dianne stood before him, ready to help him up and over onto the mattress. She got him up out of the chair, and took two steps backwards. Suddenly, she stumbled and fell back onto the mattress, with Jeff landing right on top of her, his face buried in her cleavage!

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said, smiling to himself. He began to kiss whatever of Dianne's skin he could reach with his lips, and, with his good hand, stroked what he couldn't kiss. Using his good right leg, he pushed himself up along her body some more and felt a welcome warmth that he didn't try to squelch.

"Jeff," Dianne moaned, "Ah've only had two hours of sleep, an' you want t' get all amorous? Y'know Ah'll probably fall asleep on you."

"I most certainly hope not," Jeff said as he continued trying to arouse his wife. Of his own arousal, he had no doubt; it was in full swing.

"Ah suppose that if'n Ah don' satisfy you, Ah'll be helpin' you change yoah pajamas, won't Ah?" Dianne groused as she tried to sit up.

Jeff wouldn't let her sit up, instead positioning his body across hers so that she had no choice but to endure his advances. He continued arousing her with his lips, and hand, and despite her body's pleas for sleep, Dianne found herself responding to him. She moaned softly as her hands wove themselves through his hair and held him closer. It had been too long.

Jeff knew he should slow down, but he couldn't. He knew his wife needed to sleep, but he also knew her body well. The more he thought about how delicious she was, lying beneath him, the more he suddenly realised he wasn't going to be able to wait. Dianne moaned as her lips softly touched his skin. It was all he needed.

He tried to hold back, tried to mumble something to his wife, but it was too late. He gasped, his breath coming quickly. Then his breathing slowed and Dianne felt him relax. She knew immediately what had just happened.

"Honey, it's okay. Ah understand." she said with a sigh.

He looked at apologetically and kissed her. "I'm so sorry, I just..."

She held a finger to his lips. "Shhhh... Ah said it was okay." She smiled then added, "Ah suppose Ah'd better get those clean pajama bottoms for you after all! Especially if Ah wanna go back to sleep!"

Jeff Tracy smiled at her. God how he loved this woman!

Post by Tikatu and FrankieCTB2 on 08/11/2004

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