

Friends and Family

Chapter 4

A loud beeping cut through my sweet slumber like a knife through warm butter; slashing away the lovely dreams and replacing them with the unbearable wailing of my alarm clock. My eyes shot open, mind snapping awake.

Besides me, my husband shifted – his own sleepy bliss robbed away by the same screeching noise.

Those early moments of waking up were always the same. I wanted nothing more than to close my eyes, push all thoughts aside and go back to sleep. Not a care in the world. If I'd been free to do so, I'd have picked that alarm clock up and tossed it at the wall, returned right back to the dreams that – even now – were fading from memory.

After a few seconds had passed, I summoned up all the energy I could muster and sat up in bed.

Usually, I wore nighties to bed. Or pyjamas. A layer of comfortable cloth to keep the night's chill at bay. Tonight, though, I was naked. The cool morning air tickled my chest, setting my nipples on edge and washing away what little was left of my sleepy dreams.

So much sleeping naked recently.

One of the drawbacks of trying for a child, and the nightly sexcapades it required. Not that I was complaining or anything. My husband and I fucking like rabbits was a more than welcomed development in our lives.

"Ugh," Andy groaned besides me, forcing himself up and out of bed. "Why does it always have to be so early? Couldn't we leave at midday or something instead?"

"And get there in the evening, all tired and bored from having to sit in a car half the day?"

Andy glanced my way, a sheepish smile on his face.

"Besides," I continued, "it's your fault we ended up getting to sleep so late, or have you forgotten?"

"Forget last night?" Andy laughed, smile becoming a full-fledged grin. "Not a chance."

"Good. Now go cook up some breakfast before Cole and Laura get here. I'm starved."

"As my lady desires," Andy said with a flourish and bow.

After he left the room, I sat there in bed for a few minutes more. Basking in the chill, enjoying the feel of a soft, comfortable mattress underneath me just a little bit longer.

Another camping trip. For some reason, Cole and Andy *insisted* on it, despite the complaints of their much smarter and wiser wives. What was it with men and camping? What was so wrong with hotel rooms and rented cabins and actual, real beds?

Eventually, I could stall no longer.

I got out of bed, started putting my clothes on.

Oh well, I supposed. It'd only be for one weekend.

What was the worst that could happen?

As always, Cole claimed the driver's seat while I called shotgun with my assortments of maps and snacks. In the back of my mind, I knew I'd probably pass out almost immediately after the journey began – just like every other time. But even so, I wanted to be there in the front, just in case.

The siblings sat in the back, brother and sister all grown up.

I could still remember back when the four of us had been kids. Cole and Andy with their friendly rivalry, always wanting to one-up each other and find out who was the fastest or strongest or who could fit the most marshmallows in their mouth at once. Dumb boys that'd grown into fine men. Me and Laura, the girly-girl and the tomboy. Back then, I'd been

all dresses and skirts, loving the colour pink and adoring anything cute and fluffy – a polar opposite to Laura, who'd wanted to fit in with the boys as much as possible.

Funny that. Back then, I'd been girly and she'd been boyish. Now, I was the one who dressed most like a guy, while she looked her best in sun dresses and low-cut, feminine attire. It must, I supposed, come down to our body types. Me, petite and lean. Her, busty and slender.

As I glanced at her in the rear-view mirror, I couldn't help but remember all those years I'd spent being envious of my best friend when we'd been teens. Remaining flat as a board while having to watch her grow the biggest tits around.

I smiled at the memory.

That jealousy had faded when we'd become adults, and I had – with the help of my wonderful husband – learned to love my body.

Still, I couldn't help but admire my friend's amazing rack and her pretty, pleasant smile. She'd grown up to be a very beautiful woman. We both had.

My thoughts slowly faded as the journey got underway, my eyelids becoming heavier and my body relaxing.

Just like when the alarm clock had woken me up, I felt the beckoning pull of sleep urging me to let go, to not worry and just drift away to bliss. Only this time, I let myself succumb to it.

My lips caressed the hard muscles of my husband's chest; tiny, little kisses down his pecks. He groaned in anticipation, hand gently resting atop my head as my lips inched lower and lower.

Kiss.

Kiss.

Kiss.

When my lips brushed the waistband of his boxers, I felt him tense. I didn't need to look down to see the huge bulge waiting for me, didn't need to wonder if my husband was read to go – it was obvious to anyone that he was *more* than ready.

I bit down on the waistband, dragged Cole's underwear down with my teeth. The lower it went, the more of his impressive cock pressed against my face. It was so warm – practically radiating heat. And hard as stone.

He wanted me. Cole wanted me so much, his cock didn't even bounce as I pulled his boxers down past his meaty balls. It was too hard, too rigid to bounce. A smooth rock.

That simple fact – knowing how much he so desperately wanted me – lit a fire between my legs. A deep, hungry longing filled me. A demanding urge to please this man, to satisfy him in a way he'd never been satisfied before. To claim him, even though he was already mine. To be his, even though I already was.

He *wanted* me, and so that was what I'd give him. Me. Reward him with my body, with my lust.

I looked up at him, stared him in the eye as I took hold of his shaft. And, slowly, teasingly, I began trailing my tongue up the length of his cock, from his base all the way to his bulbous head. A single line of saliva along his shaft.

"Holy fuck," Cole groaned, his grip on my head tightening. "Jesus, Jen, that's-"

"No," I said, giving the tip of his cock a little kiss. "Don't call me Jen." Another tiny peck. "I want you to call me something else."

Cole shut his eyes tight.

"Anything," he breathed, cock throbbing. "I'll call you anything you want. Just please don't stop."

I giggled, heat spreading through me.

The cock in my hand pulsed.

"I want," I said, teasing his head with my tongue, my hand beginning to slowly jerk

his shaft, "you to," another kiss, and another, "call me..."

The word sprang into my mind even as lovingly kissed my husband's cock. A naughty, kinky, meaningful word.

"Mommy," I said, speaking to Cole's cock as if it were a microphone.

I felt him looking down at me, staring at me.

But I had eyes only for the marvellous cock in front of me.

"After all," I smiled, pointing the tip of that cock right at my mouth, "that's what you're going to make me. Isn't that right, Daddy?"

"Fuck yes," Cole groaned.

And, a moment later, he groaned again.

My mouth wrapping around the tip of his cock, jaw opening and lips stretching to take its considerable girth. I lowered my face onto his lap, basking in the sensation of having something so warm, so hot and naughty, inside my mouth. And, when Cole started thrusting his hips – fucking my face with his amazing cock, I was sure to reward him plenty with my tongue.

Cole's smile as I rode him was filled with so much love, such overwhelming happiness, that it made me giddy with joy of my own. To be loved like that, so whole-heartedly, was unreal.

This man, I promised myself as I bounced up and down on his huge cock, was going to be the father of my children. To give him anything less would be a betrayal.

I gave it my all, squeezed down on his cock with everything I had. I put every ounce of vigour and energy I possessed into satisfying my amazing, wonderful, marvellous husband. Gave everything I had to give, not stopping even as my thighs and hips burned, or my lungs screamed at me for air.

When it finally came time to accept Cole's seed, I slammed myself down onto him – filled myself completely with his cock.

And I felt it.

The flood of warmth inside me, his hot, white cum pouring into me.

I closed my eyes, gave a silent prayer.

Please, I begged. Please, knock me up.

When the flow of cum stopped, I collapsed down onto Cole, his cock still inside me – a plug to prevent any of his seed from escaping.

I listened to his heart beating as I drifted off to sleep.

Somehow, deep down, I knew this was it. This was the night I'd be made a mother.

As I fell asleep, listening to the rhythmic drum that was my husband's heart, another sound filled the campsite. Orgasmic screaming from the tent opposite ours. Skin slapping skin, pleas of 'more' and 'harder'.

Pleasant sounds to fall asleep to.

"You know how you and Andy have been trying for a baby?" Laura asked across the table.

"Yes?" I smiled.

Just the two of us. Girl time.

"And you know how you took that pregnancy test and it came back positive?"

"Yes...?"

"Well..." Laura blushed. "Turns out you might not be the only one who's going to be popping out a baby in a few months."

My eyes widened.

"Wait, don't tell me–"

"I'm pregnant," Laura confessed, the slightest hint of a smile appearing on her lips.

"I think so, anyway. I took three tests and they all came back positive."

"Oh my god!" I practically screamed. "That's amazing!"

"It's still early yet," Laura smiled. "I don't want to get my hopes up or anything, but... Yeah! I pretty sure I'm preggers too!"

For a few minutes, we both gossiped excitedly about this new revelation. Even began making light-hearted plans for setting our kids up together if one was a boy and the other a girl. It was only after the initial excitement died down that I found myself questioning.

"But... Wait..." I frowned. "I thought you told me before that Cole always insists on wearing a condom when you two fuck. Right?"

Laura nodded her head. "Ever since before the first camping trip," she sighed. "I don't know why, but he never wants to do it raw any more these days. The only time we have sex without condoms these days are during out trips."

"The last camping trip!"

"Either that, or one of our condoms broke and neither of us noticed. The camping trip seems more likely."

So that'd mean me and Laura ended up getting pregnant on the same weekend! Maybe even the same *night*. I mean, sure. I'd been fucking Andy practically daily, and it could've been any one of those times that sealed the deal. But in my heart of hearts, I knew it'd happened during the camping trip.

"This is perfect!" I grinned. "If our children were conceived around the same time, they might share a birthday! We can have joint birthday parties for them!"

"A little early to be planning that, isn't it?" Laura laughed.

"It's never too early to start planning," I told her with a smile. "Speaking of which... When's the next trip happening?"