Summary: Just a short, plotless story of a man and his wife, and what occurs when he asks her what she would like for a present.
Rating: FRAO - Adult
Fandoms: Emergency
Characters: Roy DeSoto/Joanne DeSoto [Emergency]
Genres: Hetero
Tags: Sexual Relationship - Consensual, Sexual Relationship - Graphic
Challenges: None
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Chapter 1: Chapter 1
The man sighed blissfully, curled against the warm body of his wife, basking in the post coital feeling that left him sated and drowsy. His hand trailed down the soft skin of her hip as he nuzzled her neck, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume.

“It’s your birthday next week, got anything in mind for a present…..” he murmured against her neck, darting his tongue out and making a trail down to her collarbone.

She moaned under the unexpected onslaught and brought a hand up to cover his, before dropping it to her breast and touching her stiff nipple. His hand followed hers and she gasped as his fingers teased the taut peak, pulling on it and rubbing it between thumb and forefinger. She threw back her head as his mouth continued down and took the place of his fingers, taking the dark pink into his mouth and sucking and biting.

“Ahh,” she whispered, as she was flipped onto her back and his ministrations at her breast continued, while the other hand trailed down her stomach and cupped her wetness. “I want….I want you to make love to me…like this…”

She groaned as a finger slid into her velvety wetness, soon joined by a second as he teased her. “Like this…” She gasped, arching her back as the fingers began to move in her. “But I want, I want…”

“Want what?” He asked, moving to the other breast and licking the proud peak.

“I want someone to watch,” she ground out, and let out a little cry as his sudden stillness ceased and he bit down on her in his excitement. He was suckling at her breast like a newborn now, sending waves of pain and increased excitement shuddering through her. She groaned again as his mouth abandoned her, lamenting the loss of suction. She opened her eyes to see him staring at her, eyes dilated in lust.

“Male or female?” He asked, increasing the pressure of his fingers against the soft wet folds of her pussy. She shuddered as she climaxed against the teasing digits, panting hard.

“Male,” she managed to reply, as his mouth went back to work, blazing a fiery wet trail across her tender nipples and then southward.

“Anybody in mind?” His voice was trembling as he asked, and she wondered what she had unleashed with her declaration. His hands grasped her hips and he rolled her onto her stomach, stroking the firm muscles of her rear as he lifted her to her knees. She felt her cheeks being pulled apart as he moved behind her, felt his wet fingers sliding down her crack as he pushed his penis into her wetness. A finger teased around her anus and gently breached the tight opening; she let out a little cry at the unfamiliar sensation that washed over her as it moved into her. She pressed the side of her face into the tangled sheets and gripped the front edge of the mattress with her hands, lifting her ass higher into the air to allow better access for the questing finger and his thrusting cock.

“Yes,” she whispered, not sure whether to voice the name or not. If that was his reaction to the thought of a threesome, what was he going to do when she told him who she wanted?

“God, JoAnne, who?”

“Your partner,” she admitted, feeling him still for a moment in shock, then resume his frenzied fucking, his panting breaths increasing in volume and speed. A second finger joined the first and she inhaled sharply before pushing back to meet both fingers and cock; his shout as he reached his finish covered up her anguished growl of bliss.
She didn’t remember falling to her side, couldn’t recall anything except the wave of pleasure that enveloped and drowned her, blacking out everything for several long minutes. When she resumed some of her consciousness, Roy was snuggled up hard behind her, his softening cock still inside her and fingers still pushed firmly up her ass. His breathing was harsh and erratic, moving the tendrils of hair that fell over her face.

“I thought you hated Johnny?” There was curiosity in his question, but there was also something else… longing perhaps?

She smiled to herself, thinking that she did indeed dislike his immature, darkly intent new partner. But she also had dreams about him, dreams that involved bare skin and plenty of participation, not just watching…..

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