

Warning: This story is rated ADULT and contains material that may not be suitable for younger readers.

Next Best Thing To Being There By AmandaK

The shrill sound startled her from that weightless place between waking and sleeping. Blinking owlishly against the flickering glare of the television showing a repeat of some daytime soap or other, she fumbled to pick up the phone before its insistent ringing woke Dean.

"ello?" she murmured into the mouthpiece.

"Hey, baby." The voice on the other end was soft, warm, and the mere sound was enough to make her heart beat faster and wake her up completely. "Did I wake you?"

"No.... Wasn't really sleeping."

"Good...." There was a pause, and a shift in his breathing as if he were changing position. "Dean go to bed all right?"

"Yeah." She chuckled softly. "He finally tired himself out enough that he fell asleep the instant I tucked him in."

On the other end of the line, John joined her with a snort of his own. "Still excited about that truck, I take it?"

She smiled. "Oh yes. Wouldn't stop nattering about it to anyone who'd listen."

A day earlier, a fire truck had roared through their otherwise quiet suburban street with its lights flashing, horns blaring, the works. Mary had expected Dean to scare at the sudden racket, but he hadn't. Quite the contrary: he'd run to the front window and crawled onto a chair so he could press his nose against the glass and peer out, squinting up the street until long after the truck had gone. Finally, he'd climbed down and, green eyes gleaming with excitement, declared, "I'm gunna be a fireman." He'd spent the last two days running around the house making engine noises and mimicking the sound of the siren.

"How's the baby?"

Mary rested a hand on the swell of her stomach. "Quiet now. But he kicked up a storm

earlier."

John made a noise of commiseration. "Miss you," he added.

Her eyes suddenly stung. "Miss you too," she answered, voice thick with tears. She hoped he didn't hear because it was dumb, just her hormones acting up.

But, of course, he caught on.

"Hey," he said gently, "it's just for tonight. I'll be back before you know it."

"I know." She sniffled back a sob. "Never mind me, I'm just being silly."

"Shh... it's all right. " The line went quiet for a moment, only the sound of his slow breathing in her ear. Gradually, she felt herself relax. She scrubbed at her eyes.

"John?"

"You know what I'm gonna do when I get home?" His voice changed pitch to a lower register, and a tingle ran along Mary's spine. "I'm gonna show you how much I missed you."

Butterflies fluttered around her insides. "Will you, now?" she teased with a nervous laugh.

"Up in the bedroom, in that big, soft bed of ours." His words were slow, soft, dead serious. "I want you to wear your favorite nightgown, the one with the ribbons."

"All right..." She was wearing that same gown now, having dressed for bed before she dozed off watching the late night news.

"And I'm gonna untie those ribbons... one... by... one..."

She swallowed, hard, and a sharp intake of breath on the other end of the line told her that her reaction hadn't gone unnoticed.

"John..." she protested weakly, a little embarrassed, even as her body responded to the picture he was creating.

"Ssh," he hushed her again. He paused briefly, and she heard him shift again. "And then when you're naked... God, Mary, you're so beautiful!" He exhaled, heavily.

She waited, motionless, hardly daring to breathe.

"I can't wait to run my hands all over you," he continued in a low rumble. "Feel your skin, so soft. Hold your breasts in the palms of my hands. 'Cause they fit so nice, just the right size, just like you were made for me. Were you made for me, Mary?"

She couldn't answer. She made a small noise in the back of her throat, unable to keep it in, while her nipples hardened at the murmur in her ear, brushing against the soft cotton of her gown. They were overly sensitized due to her pregnancy – and she knew John knew that – and the light caress of the cloth made them ache on just the right side of pleasurable.

He must have heard the sound she made, because his voice grew impossibly deep, quiet and yet at the same time commanding as he growled, "Open your legs for me, Mary."

She found herself obeying, her knees falling apart while she sagged against the cushions of the sofa, the phone cradled between her cheek and the back of the seat. One hand lightly touched a hard nipple through the soft cotton of her nightgown while the other clutched folds of cloth.

"John..." It came out on a puff of breath, almost soundless.

"Good girl. Tell me: are you wet?"

She pulled the gown higher, dipping her other hand into her panties. "Yes," she gasped.

"Good. Now, touch yourself... imagine it's me..."

Her eyes fluttered shut, and she pictured his face hovering over her like it would when they made love, his gaze dark and pupils blown with lust. She slipped a finger into her folds, added a second, telling herself that they were *his* fingers that rubbed her, that it was *his* thumb, all the while listening to his breathy whispers urging her on.

The words he spoke didn't matter so much as the sound of them: quiet murmurs that seemed to vibrate through her entire body. Her fingers moved faster of their own accord, pushing deeper, and she hit on that sweet spot that John taught her about years ago.

A soft "Oh" escaped her; John muttered an encouragement.

Heat started pooling in her belly, a heaviness that seemed to press against her hand, and swells of pleasure began to spread out. Her toes curled against the plush of the sofa, digging in as she arched up against her own fingers. "John..." she tried to beg, but it came out more as "Ungh..."

"Yeah, baby. I got ya." His voice sounded ragged, breathless. She had a sudden picture of him, alone in a motel room, talking dirty on the phone while holding himself in his other hand, stroking himself, and she desperately wanted him inside her...

"Come for me, Mary," he cajoled, and she cried out, biting her lips to keep in a further scream as the orgasm rocked her.

Once it was over, and she drifted down from the high, she panted into the phone, unable to speak, trying to catch her breath.

"Mary? You okay?"

"Yeah," she managed. She could almost hear him smile.

"I'll be home soon," he promised, before signing off.

Mary placed the phone back on the hook, but it was a long time before her legs were steady enough to carry her to bed.

To that big, soft bed, that was so cold and empty tonight.

But that didn't stop her from falling asleep with a smile on her lips. It was only one night. John would be home soon.

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