

Second prize OutStanding LGBTIQShort story competition 2017

Regular boring sex by Stacey Malacari

'Where do I put it?' Anna looked it up and down. It was bigger than she'd expected. And kind of pointy.

'What do you mean? You know where to put it.' Maiko shifted around the bed, getting into a better position. 'Here, I'll do it.'

Anna shimmied out of her pants and threw them on the floor. She pulled her knees up to her chest, still looking at it. 'I mean, does it have to go the whole way in?'

Maiko took Anna's free hand. 'Babe, come on. It's not that complicated. Just pretend it's not even happening. We're just two people, having regular, boring sex. Ok?' Maiko leaned in and kissed Anna. Anna kissed her back, forgetting for a second.

'Wait,' Anna said, pulling away. 'Don't do that.' Anna placed the object on the bedside table.

'Do what?'

'Kiss me like that. This is serious. And this isn't regular, boring sex.'

'How else am I supposed to kiss you? Should I pretend to be Helen?'

'Can you be serious for one second? I'm freaking out.' Anna laid back and threw a pillow over her face. Maiko pulled the pillow off again.

'Babe, look at me,' Maiko said. 'We don't have to do this if you don't want. We can wait. We can call Helen and ask her to do it. Whatever you want.'

Anna let out a moan. Not the type of moan Maiko had been hoping to hear. They had been planning this for months. Anna and Maiko had done everything Helen had suggested. Massages. Oils. Yoga. Injections. Vitamin C, vitamin D, iron, zinc, eggs, avocados. No drinking. No stress (a lot of stress). Acupuncture. No coffee (some coffee).

The only thing they hadn't done was have sex. It wasn't completely necessary to have sex, Helen had said. They could bypass that and go straight to the big finale, if they wanted. Maiko wanted to have sex first though.

'It's just so weird. I didn't think it'd be this weird,' Anna said, looking over at the bedside table.

Maiko scooped Anna up, drawing her attention back. 'I love you, you know.'

'I love you too.'

Maiko kissed Anna again, softly. Then a little harder, letting her tongue run across Anna's lips. Maiko ran her hand down Anna's thighs. Back up again. Her fingers edged under Anna's shirt. Across her stomach. Over her breasts. Back down again. Anna let out another moan. The good kind.

Maiko moved lower. She kissed Anna's neck. She paused to pull Anna's shirt off. She made her way across Anna's shoulders. Over her chest. Kissed her way down Anna's body.

Anna parted her legs for Maiko. Maiko was gentle at first. Then rough. How Anna liked it. As Maiko pressed a third finger into Anna, she felt her let go. Without stopping, Maiko reached up and took the syringe from the bedside table. It wasn't that big, really. No bigger than two of Maiko's fingers. Far smaller than Maiko's strap-on.

Anna was close. Maiko switched her pace, using both her hand and her tongue to send Anna over the edge. When Anna's back arched and she let out the best kind of moan, Maiko moved her body on top of Anna's. She pushed the syringe inside of her wife and several million donor sperm started their journey.

Maiko propped Anna's feet up on a pillow, even though Dr Helen had told them it didn't really make a difference. Anna gestured for her to lay down beside her.

They kissed, half delirious from the high of orgasm and half freaked out by what they had just done.

'We just made a baby. Maybe. Maybe baby,' Anna laughed.

'See? I told you it wasn't that complicated.'