

Good Morning, Mon Amoureuse

By C. Jade Wyton

Isa'vanna Vastille is a busy woman who gets up early, and mid-week she finds herself exhausted. But she still has to get up and get her family ready for the day. No matter how much she wants to listen to Ken and join him back in bed... But she's glad she doesn't listen, as a wonderful surprise is waiting for her downstairs.

Contains some mild sexual content.

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The chime of a melodic alarm filled the dark bedroom.

It sung its repetitive tune once.

Twice....

A calloused, grey hand emerged from under the covers and pulled the phone from the bedside table, fumbling to swipe the tiny button that silenced the alarm.

*Mm.... Seven already...?*

Isa let out a long sigh from her chest and replaced her phone by her bedside.

It was Wednesday, today.

Halfway through the week.

*Deep breath.*

Just three more days and she could spend Saturday at home and just *relax*....

A kiss pressed into the back of her neck, and she couldn't help but smile.

'Good morning, Ken,' she whispered, and felt the man's arm tighten around her hip.

'*Good morning, mon amoureuse,*' Ken whispered. '*Stay in bed with me....*'

'I can't,' Isa half-sighed, half-chuckled. 'It's a school day.'

'*Mm...*' Ken gave a whine of protest and kissed Isa's back again. And again.

And again; trailing up her neck to her cheek as he shifted to lay half-over her.

'Five more minutes?'

'*Ken,*' it was a full-chuckle, now, as Isa rolled to kiss him back. 'I have to start breakfast.'

Ken let out another low whine as Isa slipped out from under the blanket and stretched— And as she raised her arms above her head and yawned, she felt Ken's lips between her shoulders as he kissed her again, this time trailing around her side.

'*Hmm,*' Isa lowered her arms, gently laying one over Ken. 'You're so clingy,' she teased, leaning down to peck a kiss on his cheek. Then, she rose to her feet. 'Get dressed, Ken.'

Ken heaved a sigh, picking up his pants from the floor and sitting still as he watched Isa step over to her wardrobe.

His eyes trailed her as she dressed; and Isa felt herself smiling as she caught sight of him.

'What?' she asked, joyfully.

‘You look so beautiful....’

‘Hmhm!’ Isa giggled, flicking Ken on the nose. ‘You romantic.... Would you wake Becky for me?’

‘*I’d move the world for you,*’ Ken whispered.

‘How about we start with putting your coffee cups in the sink?’ Isa joked. ‘Instead of on the floor.’

Ken blushed deep red and, giving a cough to clear his throat, quickly stood up to get dressed.

Isa helped him turn his shirt out the right way, and then left him to finish dressing so she could make her way downstairs.

As she reached the bottom she paused, flicking on her cover-all sunglasses and twitching an ear.

She could hear Mimi in the kitchen, chirping loudly and skittering around as someone spoke to her....

*Becky was up, already?*

Another twitch of her ear, and Isa heard... *sizzling?*

She sniffed the air and felt a bubble of pride rising in her chest.

Becky was *cooking her own breakfast?*

Oh, Isa had to see this!

Slowly, the drow made her way to the kitchen; listening out as she did.

‘I dunno, baby,’ Becky said, tutting. ‘You think this piece is too burnt?’

‘Brrp!’

‘You’re just saying that cos *you* want it.’

‘Mrrp!’

‘Yeah, you’re right,’ Becky gave a chuckle, and Isa stepped into the room just in time to see Becky giving her mimic a *very* crunchy-looking piece of bacon.

Mimi chirped, spinning in an excited circle before holding out the bacon to Don; who tapped his feet in joy and gripped the end of the rasher.

The mimics began to playfully wrestle over the food, quickly tearing it in half and eating their pieces while purring loudly.

Isa chuckled as she watched them, and then saw as Becky’s ear twitched.

‘Morning, Ilhar!’ Becky beamed, not taking her eyes off the eggs she was scrambling.

‘Good morning, Becky,’ Isa greeted warmly. ‘You’re making breakfast for yourself?’

‘And you and Dad!’ Becky chirped, her grin growing. ‘Though, I like. Messed up a bit.... I can’t seem to get the egg yolks to *not* explode so I’ve been scrambling them but like. I know Dad likes his eggs not-scrambled so, like... could you help?’

‘Oh, of course, Becky,’ Isa said as she stepped to Becky’s side. She took the pan from the girl, scooping the scrambled eggs onto a nearby plate, and then turned the heat down on the stove. ‘Alright. Show me how you’ve been cracking your eggs.’

‘Uh, okay,’ Becky picked up an egg and cracked it against the side of the pan.

‘Ah. That’s it,’ Isa chuckled as Becky emptied it into the pan. ‘That’s *much* too much force. Try a little gentler.’

‘Like this?’

Becky cracked the egg with a much more reasonable amount of force, and Isa

felt herself beaming at her daughter.

‘Yes! Wonderful! Like that exactly!’ she said, motioning to the in-tact yolk. ‘Look at that! You did that!’

‘I did that!’ Becky grinned back. ‘Well. The *chicken* did *most* of the work. But, you know.’

Isa snickered at Becky’s joke, before asking; ‘You’ve never made breakfast like this before. What’s spurred this?’

‘Well, like, I know you were up really late last night,’ Becky explained. ‘And like, I got up early for once so, like. I thought it might be a nice surprise if I—’

‘Isa, my love? I’m afraid I can’t find Becky,’ Ken interrupted, half-missing the door and bumping into its frame as he entered the kitchen. ‘Everything is just too *pink* in there. I just can’t make any of it out. I couldn’t see where she was in bed— And I almost couldn’t get out because I lost track of the door! It felt like I had been shrunk down and dropped into a tin of peinture rose!’

‘Dad, I’m right here,’ Becky giggled as her father jumped in surprise.

‘AH! So you are!’ he chuckled. ‘No wonder I couldn’t find you. Perhaps I’m not as blind as I thought!’

—END—

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