

Astrophil

&

Stella

An Erotic SciFi Tale

By Elliot Silvestri

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Luke's Milkmaids

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

The problem with small university conferences is they are exceedingly boring. I only attend because I'm required and there's free alcohol at the post-conference university-hosted party. After a day of listening and discussing paper presented on the theoretical astrophysics everyone was looking to get laid or drunk or both. I was looking for neither. I had to attend as one of the sponsoring professor's assistants duties. I was tired, mentally exhausted and a little nauseated—I was certain an early season bout of the flu was coming on, or the ideas I had heard all day were boring retreads of last year's papers. I took a glass of wine, made my mandatory two tours around the room and was about to leave when I was introduced to Dr. Phil Oswalt. He was a Nordic god-cum-visiting professor who almost instantly made my panties wet.

He had blond, shaggy hair that fell into his eyes, not quite reaching his shoulders, a short, neatly trimmed beard, and ice blue eyes. He towered over me—no mean feat since I stand at five foot eleven in flats and I was wearing heels. His skin was pale—not the pale of so many doctu4ral students who haven't seen the light of day in four years. Under his tweed jacket I could see muscles bunching and moving—there was no fatty paunch hiding under his clothes.

The moment I told him my name was Stella he smiled deeply; I could see little wrinkles form at the corners of his eyes. Thirty minutes later we were walking to my shared house just off campus—we didn't want to bother driving out to his hotel room.

I don't remember what—if anything—we talked about on the walk. It was a cold evening, but not frigid. Even in mid-January we weren't feeling the full effect of winter yet. He kept his arm around me. Once inside my house—my roommate Jenny was blessedly absent—I offered him a drink. "Wine, bourbon, coffee, tea?"

"Some hot tea would be nice."

I had wanted offer him me in addition to tea, but I'm not that bold.

In my hasty preparations for the tea I dropped a pair of spoons on the floor. While bending over to pick them up Phi commented, “I love your ass.”

I immediately straightened up, blushed, and gasped. I might be tall, but I knew I was a little overweight with a slightly fat ass. It was a bold and direct come on. I’d already decided I was going to fuck him that night, he didn’t need to drop compliments to seduce me.

“Thank you,” I answered, turning away from him to concentrate on the tea. “But I need to lose a little weight.”

“Don’t say that. I’ve seen too many skinny-assed girls who have no curves. Nothing to hold on to when they’re getting fucked.”

Then he was behind me, one arm around my waist, one hand at my neck. Standing behind me, he turned my face to the side and kissed me deeply. As we pushed our tongues back and for the in each others’ mouth he slowly undressed me. My blouse came off first, followed by my plain black slacks. I stood in the kitchen wishing I had thought ahead and worn something other than my industrial strength plain beige bra and panty set. It was something my mother would wear.

“And fantastic tits, too,” he said, breaking off his kiss and unfastening the four hooks keeping my bra closed and my 38 double Ds under control. “Where’s the bed?” he asked.

I said nothing, but led him to my bedroom, my big breasts bobbling slightly as I walked, kicking off my socks as we moved down the hall. My room was typically messy, but not filthy, the covers to the bed were half pulled off already.

“On all fours,” he ordered me. I mounted the bed with my ass pointed his way. He reached for my hips, easy my panties down over my ass, along my thighs and legs, to be deposited on the floor next to last night’s pajamas. My pussy was wet and I’m sure glistening in the weak light. I arched my back, showing off my large ass—which he already seemed to like—and hopefully offering a pleasant view of my ready quim.

Before I realized it he was on me, clothes gone, his head hard prick searching between my legs. After two false thrusts he buried himself deep in my cunt. I grunted with a slight thrill of pain then complete pleasure. One of his hands

grabbed my left tit, the other he steadied on my rump. I sneaked a hand down to my clit and played with the pretty girl.

Only now did I realize he wasn't wearing a condom and I wasn't on any birth control.

"Fuck," I grunted as he thrust into me again.

He paused. "Did I hurt you?"

You'd think a woman who was in a post-doctoral astrophysics program could plan ahead or at least be able to follow a calendar. I had no idea where I was in my cycle. I tried to do some quick calculations in my head but I found it difficult with eight inches of a Norse god's cock buried inside me. The best I could figure, I was in my safe zone. Not that I would have stopped anyway.

"No, keep going. Harder." I ordered him.

He began plowing me again. It was wonderful when he leaned down on me, forcing me to take my hand off my clit to support his weight. In a most gentlemanly manner he continued to pinch my nipple and replaced my fingers with his on my clit. He rubbed vigorously and skillfully. It didn't take me much longer to reach climax. I shuddered and groaned as I orgasmed. He continued plowing me as I came, once I was done and had somewhat recovered he peaked and shot his load deep into my pussy. His hot spunk brought me around again and the rich seed caused me to orgasm again. When he was down emptying his balls into me, we finally collapsed onto the bed. After a few minutes of his pleasant weight on me, he rolled off and I finally got a good look at his naked body.

He was well-muscled, not obscenely steroid built, but firm and lean and sleek. His semi-tumescent cock grew out of a dark blond patch of hair, it was covered in a combination of our juices and I had a sudden, powerful desire.

"I want to suck your cock," I told him.

"What?" he mumbled only half-aware of what I wanted.

Instead of explaining, I merely slithered down his torso, dropping a few kisses along the way, and popped his partly firm penis into my mouth. The taste of a

man's spunk depends on his diet and my attraction to him. Phil's cum was heavenly. Combined with my natural pussy lube, it was perfect, but a woman's natural flavors are always tasty.

"Don't swallow," he told me. I made an agreeable noise. "I want to fill your pussy again."

When he reached the correct rigidity and I was somewhat satisfied with my oral-fixation of sucking, I released his manhood. I quickly laid back and opened my legs to invite him home. "On your knees," he ordered me. "I want you from behind."

Although I wanted a traditional missionary fucking I didn't want to argue, especially when he added, "I love watching your ass."

He didn't last as long the second time. I'll attribute that to my fellatio skills. I had hardly been wound up enough, but bathing my pussy in his spunk was enough to force the little death on me. From there we collapsed onto the bed once and into the sweetness of sleep.

Chapter Two

We were rudely awakened the next morning by Jenny barging into my bedroom all but screaming, “Stell! Aurora said you went home with a hottie from the conference and I called bullshit! Whoops!”

Phil and I were still tangled in each other and the sheets. I wasn’t particularly worried about what she might see—she had seen it all before—and Phil didn’t seem upset at Jenny getting an eyeful of his nudity. I was annoyed, however, at being woken up too early for civilized people.

“Do you mind giving us a minute?” I asked her, blinking against the light and groping for my glasses.

“No problem,” she answered but didn’t move. “do you need anything?”

“No,” I answered.

“Is this why I found your clothes in the kitchen?” she asked. I’m sure she was grinning but I hadn’t managed to find my glasses yet.

“Yes. Now leave.” After one more long leer, she did so. I knew the only reason she barged in was to see who I had bedded. It was much more common for Jenny to bring home a new bedmate than I. I refused to be ashamed, especially when she got an eyeful of Phil’s beauty—but I was annoyed at her heavy-handed tactics. I groaned and went to heave myself out of bed, but Phil grabbed my wrist and stopped me.

“I want you one more time,” he said. I looked into his blue eyes and saw pure lust. My pussy went wet, I wanted to fuck again too.

“This time I’m in charge,” I told him, throwing my leg over his body, placing his rising cock at my cunt’s opening. He agreed by pushing into me. I leaned forward, brushing my big tits across his face. He took the hint and eagerly sucked on the nipples, altering back and forth at his whim. I didn’t bother to mute my vocalizations. I wanted Jenny to know I was fucking Phil. I wanted her

to be jealous. It was only after I came and then he came again inside of me did I remember we still weren't using any birth control.

"Shit," I cursed as I rolled off him, his cock pulling wetly out of me.

"It was unsatisfactory?" Phil asked. He had an odd habit of being stiffly formal at the most unusual times.

His spunk and my juices started flowing out of my pussy. "No, The sex was fine. It was great." I sighed. "I'm not on any birth control," I admitted. "It's probably not a big deal. I'm not ovulating right now." I think I silently amended to myself.

Phil just shrugged off my concern. "You will not get pregnant—unless I mark you. And I haven't marked you."

I rolled my eyes. He sounded like a third-rate mystic. That didn't matter because he fucked like a first-rate cocksman. "good to know. I need a shower. You can join me if you want," I said automatically. I knew the risk of getting knocked up and yet I still invited him into my shower. I must have been smitten.

Luckily, he shook his head. "I'll wait."

In the bathroom I washed off the sweat and various sex fluids from my body. Drying off I looked at myself in the full length mirror Jenny insisted on installing so she could admire her perfect body while her various boyfriends fucked her in the bath. I needed to lose about thirty pounds. I carried all the extra weight well—a lot of it going to my tits and generous ass—but my belly was starting to bulge beyond the ripe tomato stage and my upper arms were too big. The less said about my thighs the better. Still, Phil had complimented my ass and tits and he was a man who knew his way around a woman's curves.

After throwing on my modest bathrobe I realized I heard voiced in the kitchen. I all but sprinted there to work on damage control. Jenny was a natural force that could do great damage in moments.

Phil was sitting at the table in his pants, bare feet and unbuttoned shirt watching as Jenny made coffee. With her in the kitchen it was less cooking and more performance art—if performance art is what the kids are calling exotic dancing nowadays.

Her long brown hair hung loose down her back. That didn't bother me. She wore only her black lace nightie which was all but see-through and it did not cover her ass. Why she was wearing this now when she had just returned fully clothed from whatever intimate encounter from last night could only be explained by her desire to fuck Phil. I could plainly see her cheeks peeking out of the hem and her erect nipples were clearly visible through the semi-opaque fabric. The fact they were erect made their observation all that much easier. Her bush would have been visible as well if I didn't know that she opted for the clean shaven look between her legs.

Despite her rather obvious attempt at seducing him, Phil seemed disinterested in her overt sexual display. "Coffee's a wonderful stimulant, natural and all," Jenny said. "Don't you think?" They hadn't yet noticed me at the door. She reached up to the top cupboard shelf, grabbed the sugar canister, and flashed the soft moons of her shapely ass at Phil at the same time.

"I just prefer a hearty breakfast," he said.

Before I could interrupt, Jenny switched gears and got right to the point. "Ever fuck two girls on the same day?" she asked. "Ever fuck two women at the same time?" She leaned back on the counter, crossed her ankles and displayed her shaved labia to him.

Phil took a sip of orange juice and replied coolly, "Yes to both. Have you?"

Now Jenny was a bit flustered. "Uh, no, not in that way. Well, sort of."

I decided now to walk in. "I'm sure Phil's tired. He had me twice last night and once this morning. He's not looking for another throw."

Jenny smiled at me. "Slut."

I smiled back. "Takes one to know one."

Phil's brow furrowed in confusion. "You two aren't friends?"

Jenny replied first. "The best. We've been roommates since college. We share everything." She winked at him.

"Almost everything," I corrected. Jenny leered at him anyway.

After a quick breakfast, some intimate kisses, an exchange of telephone number, I sent Phil on his way. The moment he was out the door Jenny was all over me, jumping with enthusiasm. If I had jumped like that in her tiny nightie my tits would have bounced free. “Oh! I love him. Gods, I want to fuck him. You don’t know what I did to keep myself from jumping into bed with both you two. Please let me fuck him, or at least suck his cock. It was beautiful. Was it huge? It looks like it would be a foot long.”

I sighed and crossed my arms. I was warm and fuzzy in my bathrobe and didn’t want her to spoil the mood. “I didn’t whip out a ruler and measure it, Jenny. Shit! But it was nicely sized, it filled me up.”

“I knew it,” she squealed. “Can I fuck him?” she pleaded.

“No.”

Now she crossed her arms over her tiny tits and pouted. “That’s his decision, you know.”

I sighed again, remembering our agreement from ten years before. “I know.”

She smiled. “Great!” She spun on her toes, pulled off her nightie and sauntered into the bathroom to shower. Her pert ass called to me, framed by the ornate tramp stamp the decorated her lower back. I was still on a sexual high but I resisted her body’s call to me. I didn’t need to shower again this morning and if I did join her, we’d just waste hot water.

Chapter Three

A post-doctoral student makes almost no money—which is why I was still living with Jenny. One of the reasons, at least. I soon discovered that Phil had come to the annual conference held at the university not as a simple attendee or guest lecturer, but as part of his introduction as a visiting professor. It didn't take long for the university rumor mill to latch on to our liaison and spin the thread out of control. Back in the fall semester the story was Jenny and I were rampant lesbians who brought home men only on occasion to keep up the supposed appearance of just being roommates. All of that was thrown out when Phil began spending more time at our small house.

We continued fucking on a regular basis. I didn't get pregnant from our first night together or for the next month so I pushed the concern away. I could have run to the doctor and gotten any of a bunch of birth control options, but I didn't bother. It wasn't that I wanted to get pregnant, but I wouldn't have minded it either. I had my own supply of condoms I kept in the joy box under the bed—and I knew Jenny had a bunch in her top dresser drawer—but I never bothered with them either. When Phil came over our clothes would come off, he'd put me on hands and knees—sometimes on elbows and knees—and fuck me hard. He was very insistent on fucking me from behind, not that I minded it, and would allow me on top, but he never would accede to missionary.

As Phil and I became closer as a couple Jenny's promiscuity increased. She had a reputation as a slut before, but now reality intersection rumor. She would often spend the night at any one of her on-and-off again boyfriends' or bar-pickup. She had become jealous of my relationship with Phil. One morning after a rather vigorous lovemaking session with Phil where I held back no moan, groan or scream of pleasure, I encountered Jenny half-naked in the kitchen with her latest hookup—a rather athletic looking woman with a lip ring, short spiky hair and a “Dyke Power!” tattoo prominently displayed on her ass. I'm sure the tattoo would have been less visible if she hadn't been naked. They were standing close together, laughing lightly, their arms around each other's waists. It was a surprisingly intimate moment for Jenny.

They looked over at me when I stumbled in. Jenny was wearing a white tank top

and nothing else. Her partner was happily nude. I felt overdressed in my fuzzy bathrobe. "Sorry to interrupt," I mumbled looking for coffee.

The new girl wasn't disturbed by my presence or her lack of clothes. "Coffee?" she asked. "You look like you need it...especially after last night. It sounded like he gave you quite a workout."

I blushed and they giggled. I blush too much. Avoiding the situation I went to the coffee pot and poured a mug. "You've got cum dripping down you leg," Jenny said to me.

"Shit! Do I?" I opened my robe and wiped at my inner thighs. The left was a bit wet, but hardly dripping. Jenny and the dyke laughed again. I had easily been taken in by my confused state of mind early in the morning. I hated that Jenny knew I was fearlessly bare-backing with Phil.

"Keep it up and you'll be walking around with a bellyful," she added.

"Don't worry about me," I mumbled into my cup.

"Your concern is unwarranted," Phil announced as he walked into the kitchen. "She will not get pregnant until I have marked her." He gave the dyke a once over with his eyes and gave no reaction. I was surprised because she had a beautiful body. I wanted to fuck her. He was bare-chested, wearing his pants. He looked at Jenny. "You have not introduced your friend."

She pressed her hand to her chest. "My apologies. Phil, Stella; this is Lori." Lori immediately stuck out her hand to Phil.

"Careful," Lori warned. "These fingers were recently in Jenny's cunt."

Phil was unperturbed by this revelation and shook her hand. I followed suit. Ever slightly awkward in social situations, Phil spoke without thinking. "I did not know you enjoyed sex play with women," he said. "I thought you preferred men."

"I'm trying to get her to play for my team." Lori smiled.

"I like them both," Jenny answered proudly. "Hasn't your girlfriend told you?"

Phil frowned and looked at me. I blushed again. I hated my autonomic responses and my skin. “What does she mean?” he asked me.

My voice failed me. Jenny spoke up, waggling her fingers at us. “These fingers have been insider Lori—and Stella. We don’t just share a house. Sometimes we share a bed.”

Lori and Jenny laughed and left the kitchen. Phil was puzzled. “You prefer women?” he asked. It was the first time I saw worry on his face about our relationship.

“No. No!” I protested. “I prefer men. I just—on occasion—have sex with women. Variety is...nice.”

“Most interesting,” he commented. “When was the last time you had sex with Jenny? He tilted his head. “When was the first?” Ever the scientist, he had a curious and inquiring mind.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. “About three months ago—and about twelve years ago in college. Do you really need to know this?”

“Yes,” he said earnestly. “I do.”

All men apparently have the need to hear about the lesbian affairs of their wives and girlfriends.

Chapter Four

In the course of one semester Jenny had dated and slept with three different guys. All three dumped her. “That’s it. I’m done with men,” she announced one evening.

“Uh-huh,” I absently responded. Having seen her plow through a large number of men, I doubted that was truly the course she planned to steer the rest of her life. “You ready to go to the party?” It was a familiar Friday night college ritual. This party was at a small fraternity house that was overcrowded and ended too soon because of poor planning (lack of alcohol) on the part of the brothers. We were back to our dorm room barely buzzed.

“I’m horny,” she complained. “All the guys there were either ugly or with a girlfriend or assholes. I need to get laid.”

“You got laid three days ago,” I pointed out to her.

“Yeah, so?”

I shrugged. “You could masturbate,” I suggested. She had fallen on her bed and had kicked off her jeans. I tried not to stare at the crotch of her green panties.

“I need someone else’s help to make me cum,” she whined. “Jilling off is boring.”

“Oh.” I watched as her hand wandered down to the edge of her panties. She slipped her fingers just barely into the waistband.

“Want to help me?” she asked.

“Umm,” was all I could think to say. My brain was stunned by her question. “How?” My eyes didn’t move from her panties. Her knees were up and I could see the faint outline of her pussy lips through the thin material. There was a slight bulge where her curly pubes were hidden. I could feel my pussy moistening and I wanted to touch her, but I knew doing that was somehow

wrong—even though I desired it more than anything in the world right then. Her fingers drifted lower and I could see exactly what she wanted me to do for her.

“Lay down next to me,” she said. I did so, trying to be casual, not running and jumping on top of her, but not playing coy either. I lay next to her, both of us on our backs, and before I knew it, she rolled on top of me and pressed her lips to mine. I opened my lips and accepted her tongue into my mouth. Kissing a girl wasn’t unlike kissing a boy, just softer, no stubble on the cheeks or chin. It was exciting because it was forbidden—even if it was hidden behind our dorm room door.

“Get your clothes off,” she ordered me, tugging at my blouse. Before I knew it, she pulled the shirt over my head and then unbuttoned my jeans. I helped her push them off, dropping my socks and shoes to the floor. I was a little embarrassed at my non-sexy plain white panties and bra. While I was by no means fat, I had some extra curves and padding compared to Jenny, but she didn’t seem to mind. “Ready for this?” She asked me, grinning. I was on my back, she was kneeling over me, straddling my thighs.

Inside my head I was screaming, “No!” but my body was giving a different answer. “Yes,” I whispered to her. She smiled with confidence and I wondered how many other girls she had slept with. As I watched she pulled off her sweatshirt leaving on her green lace brand that matched her panties. Her dark brown nipples showed through the thin material. Perfectly casually she reached behind her back, unhooked her bra, dropped to the side and displayed her small, firm breasts to me. I reached up and touched them. She closed her eyes and let me caress her wonderful tits. She leaned down and kissed me again. We rolled around a bit and I lost my bra—no mean feat. Next thing I knew her mouth was sucking my nipple and her hand was slipping down into my panties.

“Should we?” I asked her, starting to lose my nerve. Her hand traveled down to my pubes and a probing finger had reached my pussy.

“Yes,” she insisted. I groaned as she rubbed my clit. I wiggled my hip and found myself pulling off my panties, eager to have her masturbate me. I was so keyed up by now I couldn’t hold back for long and her busy fingers quickly brought me orgasm. I had never had trouble orgasming and a new experience with a new lover certainly helped me reach my peak so quickly. I yelped a bit and unconsciously gushed my pussy juice, soaking her hand and the sheets.

“Wow,” she said in admiration. “That was great!” I flushed at her compliment. I was very self conscious of my occasional squirting. It had surprised my high school boyfriend when it happened to him. “I think it’s my turn,” she said, leading my hand to her crotch.

Together we eased her lacy panties down her hips and legs and I suddenly found myself face to face with Jenny’s pussy. I was between her legs, on my tummy, her knees bent and spread, exposing her sex to me. I could smell her musky scent and admired her grooming technique. She obviously trimmed the length of her pubic hair, but also neatly shaved the edges into an acute isosceles triangle. Her grooming was much more aggressive than my conservative shaving of the tiny bits that grew outside my boring underwear.

I knew what was expected of me and I willingly went along. I leaned in and kiss her soft, tiny patch of pussy fur, then moved down to her glistening pink clit and labia while she angled her hips up a bit to meet my face. I slipped a single finger into her vag and before I knew it I was eagerly eating her perfect pussy. I wasn’t sure of my technique, but it didn’t take too long before I was rewarded with her orgasm. She stifled her outburst of triumph a bit with her pillow over her mouth. She wasn’t a squirter like me, but that was okay. We kissed a bit before falling asleep together on her bed.

I woke up the next morning with her head pillowed on my chest. Actually she was pillowed on my near-giant boobs. It was nice to wake up that way, especially when she turned her head, sucked my nipple into her mouth and slipped her hand between my legs. It felt nice as she started to manipulate my clit.

“I need to pee,” I announced and jumped up out of bed. I practically ran to the bathroom that was shared by the four room s in our suite, heedless of my nudity. As I emptied my bladder I tried not to hyperventilate. Was I really to go have sex—again—with a girl now that I wasn’t drunk? Even though I was barely drunk the first time. I prepared myself to give a speech about how experimentation was fun, but I wasn’t a lesbian, or even bi. I slid open the bathroom door preparing for a mad dash back to my room naked. Jenny stood there in her silk shortie bathrobe “Hi!” she greeted me and kissed me lightly on the lips as she pushed by me. I wandered back to the bed in a daze, forgotten was my state of undress. Her kiss had that much power over me. A minute later Jenny reappeared, smiled at me, dropped her robe to display her beautiful, toned body, and slipped in bed

next to me. “I need to return last night’s favor to you,” she said and then kissed my lips again. I kissed her back, slipping my tongue into her mouth as my resolve against further lesbian acts melted. Then she kissed her way down my neck to my breasts, to my tummy, to my mount of Venus, and finally to my clit and pussy.

It wasn’t bad at all being bi, I reflected as my legs fell wide open and Jenny made herself at home in my pussy.

Chapter Five

“So you’ve been together since college?” Phil asked me.

“We’ve been friends since college,” I corrected him. “We’ve also been roommates. We just have sex on occasion.” He nodded in agreement. “We’re not a couple...in that way.”

“So you’ve had other lovers then?” he asked. “Men and women?”

I flushed again with embarrassment. Not just because he knew about my history with Jenny. I’d blush if he asked about sex with just men. “Yes, I’ve been with a ...number of men. But just one other woman besides Jenny.” I blushed harder. “She’s been with a lot more men than me. And more women too.” I grinned and took an opportunity to humiliate her a bit. “She’s pretty much a common slut.”

At that moment of silence between us we could hear the sound of Lori and Jenny making love. There were groans and moans and the unmistakable sound of a busy vibrator. We looked at each other and laughed.

“She wants to fuck you. Did you know that?” I said to him.

Phil smiled thinly. “I know. I wonder, though, what it would be like to fuck you and her at the same time.” He looked boldly at me. Typical male fantasy. I could see his cock rising behind the material of his pants. Typical male fantasy I could make happen. I felt nervous butterflies in my stomach. Typical male fantasy I’d make happen for him—I’d don’t it before.

Chapter Six

Jenny's tattoos were acquired gradually, like most people. First was the rose on her ankle after college graduation. Next was the dolphin on her shoulder done during a getaway to Florida. Third up was a fairy princess, I'm not exactly sure when; it was done for a boyfriend who was really into tats and is not visible unless she takes off her panties. The fairy tattoo is the reason Jenny had to either wax on a regular basis or keep her pubes shaved. The final bit of body decoration she added was a tramp stamp; a complicated weaving of flowers and butterflies. "I want the boys to know what I like," she told me coyly. She didn't especially like flowers and butterflies; she liked anal sex and especially liked somewhat discretely advertising that fact.

"How come your friend doesn't have any tattoos?" one of Jenny's conquests asked her. We three were in bed together. It wasn't that often we teamed up on a guy, but Jenny asked me to help her out as a special present for him. He was handsome and she bragged he had a sizable and rugged cock, so I willingly went along. Jenny's mouth was full of his cock so she couldn't immediately answer. I like watching her perform fellatio; she made it look elegant and ladylike.

"She's afraid of needles and pain," Jenny replied after removing his manhood from her mouth. I grabbed his cock away from her and started sucking. I was certain when I sucked cock I looked like a third-rate porn actress, but I wasn't going to let Jenny have all the fun.

"Too bad. She has wonderfully smooth skin." He ran his hand down my body and stopped at my ass. I jumped when he spanked me hard, not just playfully. I lost my turn at his cock and in it went to Jenny's mouth. I was a little pissed off at the spanking, so I went down between Jenny's legs and ate her out until he blew his load down her throat. He might have been an ass, but when he went down on me with Jenny at the same time, he proved he knew his way around a woman's pussy. I can say with complete assurance that even after making me cum, he didn't know my name.

Jenny had always been the more sexually aggressive of us. She had bedded more men, more women, almost always initiated sex when it involved me, had gotten

tattoos to advertise her sexuality, she had been the first to have a three-way with her boyfriend and another woman, had been in a ménage with two other men, had told me about her experimentation with bondage and her enjoyment of anal sex—two kinds I had never tried. I was always jealous of her sexual success and adventurism. It was only my recalcitrant nature that held me back, she told me I was beautiful and sexy and both men and women desired me—and it had been proven multiple times. But I was still a coward.

I was proud my relationship with Phil made her a bit jealous. And I was a bit ashamed at my pride.

To completely throw her smug sense of well-being and sexual confidence, I made a casual dinner one night for Phil and myself and invited Jenny to eat with us. We were halfway through the meal when I said to her, “Phil and I want you to have sex with us.” This was completely out of character for me and it had taken me days to work up the courage. I was proud of myself for asking.

They both looked at me with surprise. Though Phil and I had talked around the subject, we had never discussed such an invitation. It didn’t matter because after a moment’s thought Jenny said yes and Phil was delighted with her answer. I knew them both well and I still couldn’t get up the courage without a glass of wine and deep soul-searching first.

Minutes later found us in the bedroom, Jenny and I naked and making out as Phil watched and slowly undressed. He especially liked it when Jenny rolled me onto my back and sucked my nipples. “They are beautiful, no?” he asked.

“Yes,” she sighed, breathing against my tits, then licking my nipple and blowing on it to watch it harden. “Can I fuck him first?” she asked me.

I eagerly nodded yes, I didn’t know why, but I needed to watch Phil penetrate my best friend. She rolled away and started pawing through my nightstand as he got on the bed. “What are you looking for?” I asked as I softly cupped Phil’s balls and watched his cock slowly engorge with blood.

“Condoms. You’ve got lube in here, but where are your safeties?”

I laughed a little. “Phil and I don’t use condoms. We never have.”

She looked at me in surprise. Though I had told her this before, she obviously

didn't believe me until just now. "I'll get one from my room," she said getting up from the bed.

"No," Phil said, stopping her. He was kneeling on the bed, his cock fully erect from my teasing, and he was anxious to fuck. "I don't use them. I want you all natural."

Jenny was taken aback. "No way. I can't get knocked up."

"You won't get pregnant," he told her.

She shook her head. "No, too risky." I had no idea where she was in her cycle, but I needed to see Phil fuck her.

"You like it up the ass," I pointed out to her.

And that's how I found myself greasing up Phil's cock and Jenny's ass while she was on all fours with him eagerly waiting behind her. They didn't need my help as he eased his manhood into her backside. She gasped and whimpered a bit as he slowly, steadily penetrated her. I watched as she bit her lip and groaned in pain as her ass slowly accepted his big cock.

"What's the matter?" I asked, teasing a bit, kissing her on the cheek and studying the pained expression on her face. Her expression delighted me as much as watching his cock disappear inside of her.

"So big," she groaned.

"You've had bigger," I said. "Phil's well endowed, but not huge. He's smaller than Gary and I know he's smaller than that purple butt plug you have in your toy box."

Phil smiled at me as he started slowly thrusting his hips. Jenny was incapable of speech once I took my lubed hand, felt between her legs, found her bare pussy and played with her exposed clit. It didn't take the two of us long to get off. Phil was ever the gentleman, pulling out after she came and then finished himself off with his hand, spraying his thick cum on her back and ass, decorating further her tramp stamp.

I resisted a moment, then leaned down and licked his cum off her ass and lower

back. “What are you doing?” Jenny asked as I cleaned her.

“It tastes delicious,” I answered dipping my finger into one large puddle, scooping it up and feeding it to her. She eagerly lapped at my fingers, swallowing Phil’s gift. He watched as I finished up the last of his leaving and settled back on my heels not knowing what to expect next. “Do you want to watch us make love or do you want to fuck me now?” I asked him.

“Both,” he replied. Jenny and I glanced coyly at each other for a moment, then started kissing. It’s nice to kiss her soft lips instead of a man’s. I was sure our kissing was making him jealous and randy. I wanted to be the aggressor so I rolled Jenny to her back and kissed my way down her body, eventually landed between her legs. I kissed her fairy princess—the guardian to her temple of pleasure—then buried my tongue deep in her quim. I was happy to be face deep in my second favorite pussy in the world next to my own. I was on my knees with my ass in the air, hoping Phil would take the hint, but instead of plowing me, he started talking with Jenny, sitting next to us watching me display my cunnilingus skills and him toying with her nipples as she kept on hand on the back of my head, guiding my work.

“With no hair between your legs, you almost look like a girl,” he commented.

“I’m all woman,” she assured him.

“I’m looking for a woman to carry my child,” he suddenly said. This was a revelation to me. Did he want Jenny as the mother to his children? Though we had never used any birth control we had never discussed children either. We were barely at the start of our relationship. I needn’t have worried.

“I’m not getting knocked up,” Jenny repeated her past comment. “You need to keep fucking Stella. It’ll happen.”

Phil shook his head and twisted her left nipple just enough to cause her to wince slightly in pain. They both liked that I think. “No. Not until I mark her.” Jenny gasped a bit at the pain and squeezed her thighs around my head.

“Harder,” she ordered. I wasn’t sure if she meant me or Phil, so we both redoubled our efforts to pleasure her body. He grasped both her nipples and twisted and pinched them. I increased the pace of my tongue on her clit and slipped my index finger in her cunt, searching for her g-spot. Together this was

enough to nearly paralyze her, pushing her over the edge to another orgasm.

A few minutes later, after she had recovered, Jenny commented, “I remember when a guy first marked me. Ugh. Not what I expected.”

I smirked. “Tyler? Is he still into water sports?”

Jenny shrugged. “I don’t know or care.”

“You did get a lot of pretty lingerie out of the deal,” I pointed out.

“It was all yellow,” she complained.

“Some of it was champagne colored,” I contradicted her. “And you still wear some of it.”

“Most of it was silk and quality lace you don’t throw out that stuff just because it comes from a pee fetishist.”

Phil had a puzzled look on his face. “What does peeing and water sports have to do with marking?” he asked.

I explained. “Water sports is slang for the stuff guys into peeing do. Tyler liked to pee on Jenny.”

This only puzzled him more. “What? Why?”

Jenny sighed. “Let me explain.” She rolled her eyes and took up a professorial tone. Thought she said she hated it, having dated a guy into water sports was just another kink she could claim to have played at. Jenny was proud of her sexual history. All of it.

“One night after we had fucked, he asked if he could mark me. I asked him how. This was before I knew he was into peeing. I was thinking a piece of jewelry or maybe a tattoo. We were getting serious about our relationship. He says, ‘I want to pee on you. Just your leg.’ Just like that, casually, but nervously too, like it was no big deal. I start thinking this is some kind of evolutionary throwback where he wants to mark his territory by putting his scent on me. So I tell him not in my bed. He says, ‘No, in the shower is fine.’ In we go to the bathroom; we both get in the shower. I turn on the water, he blocks me from the water and pees

on my thigh. It's kind of warm and weird, but whatever. He turns me a bit and pees on my ass as well. That wasn't part of the bargain, but I was okay with it. After some soap and water we're done. He's happy."

"They spent a lot of time in the shower," I tell Phil.

"Yeah, well, I wasn't going to let him destroy my sheets and mattress. Anyway, after sex he'd take me to the shower and pee on me. It was summertime so a shower after sweat sex was good. There were a few times when we'd be outside in the backyard and he'd take off my socks and shoes, pull up my skirt, pee on me—legs, ass, pussy—and then fuck me outside. It was weird. But he bought me beautiful lingerie, paid for everything, and was very sweet. I started thinking I might actually marry this guy. Sure, he has a strange kink, but there are a thousand other kinks that are worse."

"Then one night we go out on a date, we get back here, I need to use the bathroom, but he won't let me. I really needed to go, but he insists I pee on him. Fine. Anything to empty my bladder. I expect him to take off his pants, but he gets completely naked and hops in the tub, kneeling down. I pull off my jeans and panties and get in too. His face is right in front of my pussy. I can't hold back any longer, even though I don't really want to do this, so I do what he wants and I pee on him, right on his face. Okay, it's his kink. Then I realize he's drinking some of it, which is sort of vile, but it's not hurting me and maybe psychologically he needs to do this to bond with me. But from that point on, every time I had to pee and we were at home or his place, he insisted I pee for him. He'd put his mouth on my pussy, I'd let fly, he'd swallow every drop. It was to the point where I'd be in the living room, I'd drop my panties, he'd be right there, thirsty as ever."

"It's a good thing you two didn't make a mess," I grumbled. "And I never saw any of this. He'd only do it outside the bathroom when I wasn't around?"

She nodded. "Everything was going great. I start seriously thinking that maybe Tyler is the guy for me. Sure, he's a urolagniac, but he's not a closet case or a necrophiliac, so why not? Then one morning I'm taking a shower, getting ready for work, and Tyler gets in the shower with me. He doesn't want to mark me for the day. He puts his hands on my shoulder and pushed me down. I think he wants a blowjob. No, he says to me, 'Prove you love me. Drink my pee.' I freeze. I think it over a second: 'He does it. I knew the routine. I've read about it.

Why not try it and see?’ I was trying to talk myself into something I didn’t want to do. I nod to Tyler, put the head of his penis in my mouth, he starts going. His piss is warm, salty—and vile. I can’t do it. I spit it out, gagging. He continues peeing all over me: face, hair, tits, body. I let him. I was in love with this guy but I couldn’t do what he needed. And that was no way to have a relationship, me doing something I hated just to please him. Our relationship ended right there.” She shrugged. “Still, he was a nice guy. Except for the affection for urine. I kind of miss him.”

Phil stared, his eyes goggled “That is not what I meant by marking, he said.

Jenny was calm and cool. “What did you mean then?”

“Stell a must get a piercing and wear my sigil on her body if she wants to carry my child.”

Chapter Seven

That pissed me off. It was enough to make me kicked Phil out of the house and Jenny out of my bed. I lay there seething with anger, unable to sleep. Finally, at two a.m. I got out my big blue vibrator, changed the batteries, and jilled off to images in my head of Phil fucking Jenny.

The next morning Jenny was already done when I got up. As I was making myself breakfast Phil let himself in the back door. I glared at him with a burning hate of white light.

“I don’t understand,” he began. “I thought you wanted to carry my child. That’s why we have sex without any protection. Even though you can’t get pregnant from me yet. Until I mark you. But you think you can. You take the risk—even though there is none.”

“Getting a piercing isn’t part of the deal. That’s not going to happen. And who says I want to have your child?” I was afraid of needles, that’s true. If my parents hadn’t pierced my ears when I was three years old I never would have gotten them done. I didn’t admit I wanted to have a baby, especially his.

He stepped close to me. “Just one moment of pain, then you can have a baby. All you need to do is wear my mark.” From a pocket he produced an odd twisted loop of metal—presumably silver—with a orb of smooth, shiny black stone in the middle. He dropped it in my hand. It was surprisingly heavy.

“Just a pinch,” he said.

“No.”

He moved closer and slipped a hand inside my robe. He cupped my breast and held my nipple between thumb and forefinger. “No more than this.” He squeezed gently.

My knees started to buckle. If I had been wearing panties they would have been soaked. “No,” I said softly.

He squeezed harder and slid his other hand down my curvy body and stopped to rest on my pussy. I could smell my scent rising with the heat of my body. "Then I will penetrate and impregnate you," he whispered. His finger slipped inside me. My hand closed around the sigil and I leaned on him for support. He pinched my nipple harder. I wanted to scream in pleasure. I buried my face in his jacket and gave myself over to orgasm.

Chapter Eight

I sat nervously on the piercer's bed, shirt off, bra down to expose my left nipple. Phil watched coolly from across the room. The piercer was a pretty young girl with lots of metal in her face. I wondered how much metal she was hiding on her body.

The piercer's forceps pinched my left nipple, biting into the tender flesh. I gasped and tried not to squirm away.

"Oh, that was nothing," she said to me. "Wait until the needle goes in."

"What?!" I wondered if this girl secretly like hurting people. Being a professional piercer seems like an excellent job for a sadist. If not for having so many rings in her face, tattoos on her body and blond hair dyed with streaks of purple, black, and blue, she would have been beautiful in my eyes. She looked barely old enough to be out of high school, so being much younger than me, maybe to her peers was had changed herself to be more beautiful.

"Kidding," she smiled at me and squeezed my hand for encouragement. "You'll hardly feel it." I nodded and didn't believe her.

It had taken Phil a few days to find a piercer who would use his jewelry on me as the initial piercing, this girl, Tamara, had finally agreed once Phil acquiesced to her demand to sterilizing the metal loop and stone in her autoclave. "Certainly," he said. It was the first time any piercer had had the suggestion to him. "What's a few thousand degrees compared to being forged in the heart of a star?" Sometimes Phil could be a little too much of an astrophysicist.

Tamara held her needle in her right hand and the forceps in the other. "Ready?" she asked. I nodded. "Good. Hold still. Take in a breath. On three I'll do it. One. Two." She shoved the needle through my soft nipple. I flinched and yelped in pain. "Three. Sorry about that. I need to work on my timing." I looked down and saw the steel and plastic needle sticking through my flesh. I felt faint and queasy. "Just a moment to slip in the jewelry." I looked away, felt some tugging and sharp flashes of pain while she worked. "All done." I looked back down at my

breast and saw the loop and stone hanging there. I could feel the weight pulling down, resting heavily on my skin. It made me wonder if I would be off balance, one breast drooping low, the other still high and proud. Tamara wiped away a few spots of blood with a gauze pad and pressed a cold drink into my hand. "Fruit juice. You need some glucose to balance out. It wouldn't be the first time someone fainted on me. Fainting is better than puking. That's happened a few times as well."

With those words I was determined not to faint or vomit. She gave me some aftercare instructions as I dressed myself. My nipple felt funny inside my bra, the loop pressing on flesh and fabric. When she was done with the instruction, Tamara handed me a sheet of dos and don'ts, then pointed to my now covered breast. "You're going to have a minor problem," she said with a smile. The bulge of the jewelry was clearly visible through my bra and blouse. I was going to have to make the choice of much heavier weight fabrics for my clothing or let the general population know what secrets were hidden in my bra.

"I'll deal with it," I told her while wishing I had thought to wear a shirt that was either heavier or looser than my form fitting one. Phil led me out of the semi-private area in the back of the piercing parlor and into his car. He drove me home, helped me undress, laid me in bed on my back, got between my legs and performed some very sweet cunnilingus on me. Even with the throbbing pain in my tit, I enjoyed her performance. Soon he was undressed, and slipped his cock comfortably into my pussy, and made love to me as I lay on my back like a proper lady.

Missionary became Phil's favorite position. It was a nice switch and he started fucking me at every opportunity that I started worrying my pussy was going to get worn out. Not that that would have stopped me. Two or three times a day became our standard.

I didn't bother trying to hide my piercing. I weathered the fascinated stares of the underclassmen boys, the lusty leers of the upperclassmen boys, the jealous and disgusted looks of all the women, and I welcomed the advances of the grad students and other university employees. Now that I was marked by Phil I got propositioned on a regular basis from all corners. I expected it from the grad students and TAs, I giggled at the upperclassmen's advances, I was tempted by a

particularly comely freshman boy's request that we "mingle our DNA", but I didn't see myself as a cougar.

A senior girl outright propositioned me one night in the lab while I was setting up an experiment and needed to take a break while the computer systems processed a large chunk of info. "Want to go back to the break room and have sex?" she asked me as casually as if she were asking if I wanted something out of the vending machine. My breath was momentarily taken away. She didn't notice I was blushing. She was staring at my piercing, her eyes couldn't move away from the bulge visible behind the otherwise smooth surface of my full, rounded breast. I wanted to , but thought it was inappropriate—even though there was no student-teacher relationship between the two of us. She was just a hired lab assistant and wasn't in any class I oversaw.

"We only have maybe forty five minutes," I said trying to brush her off.

Misinterpreting what I was trying to convey, she took my words as an invitation and pressed her body and lips to mine, her tongue slipped into my mouth, her hands went around my waist, then down to cup my ass. I melted against her. It had become too hard to resist all the temptations that were offered to me. She was a pretty redhead with freckles, glasses and tiny tits. She acted like a plain femme girl. I knew she had a boyfriend and never would have pegged her as a lesbian, so obviously she was bi then, and she was eager.

In the break room she was aggressive: kissing, rubbing, pulling off my pants and panties, seating me on the table while she delved between my legs and got busy with my clit and pussy.

I wondered if she tasted the remains of Phil's cum that he had deposited there a few hours before when we had fucked before I left for the lab. It didn't matter for I was so amped up in the moment I quickly cum, gushing my juices on her face. And chin and neck and down to her shirt.

"I'm so sorry," I apologized when I noticed her damp shirt.

"No worries," she said while pulling the form fitting garment over her head and tossing it aside. She was braless. Her tits were so small she didn't need any real support. They were beautiful. I reached out and caressed her erect nipples. Before I knew it all her clothes were off and I was between her legs. Like any proud redhead, she carefully proved her pubes into a nice isosceles triangle and

cut the length back a bit, but the flame-colored hair hiding her mons Venus was on prominent display. I pressed my face into her red labia and worked hard to bring her to orgasm. It didn't take too long. She didn't gush like me, but her pleasure was obvious. The whole affair only took thirty minutes, plenty of time for her to find a dry t-shirt in one of the storage lockers. We returned to the computer refreshed and with five minutes to spare.

But this was just one interlude. Phil and I kept up a regular pattern of intercourse. The only one who was getting short shrift was Jenny. In the mornings Phil and I would have a round of wake up sex. One morning when Phil came and rolled off me, I noticed Jenny watching from the doorway. We had nothing to hide so we rarely closed the door...just in case Jenny wanted to join us. Jenny often had overnight guests so we didn't generally worry about her sexual needs being met. She was staring at us, silently crying. Even upset she was beautiful. I could see her dark nipples through her sheer nightie and the flash of her pale buttocks as she whirled away, once again her lithe form not fully contained by her clothing.

"What was that about?" Phil asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know," I told him, but I knew she was jealous of our relationship and was upset the dynamic between her and I was changing.

It was shortly after that I realized I had missed my period and the confirmation of peeing on a plastic stick was merely pro forma confirmation of what I already knew. I was pregnant.

Chapter Nine

I was neither elated nor upset at the news. I just knew it was right. The sex with Phil continued to be wonderful. He started fucking me more from behind again, partly because my belly was starting to swell, partly because he liked to fuck that way. He liked to keep a hand on my tummy while we fucked, ownership over what he had done to me.

My relationship with Jenny continued to deteriorate. We stopped talking. We stopped communicating in any way. Then I came home one day and found her crying her eyes out, literally bawling on her bed. I couldn't help but hear her the moment I walked in so loud were her cries.

"What's the matter honey?" I asked her, slipping onto the bed, curling around her fetal-like position and holding her close. I was pretty certain she must have gotten dumped by her latest beau. I took her a moment to get control of herself, but then she finally managed to communicate the problem. "You and Phil are going to get married and leave me all alone," she wailed.

"I'm not getting married," I said automatically which was my stock answer to all inquires on my romantic status for the past ten years.

"What about your baby?" she cried. "What are you going to do? I want a baby too."

When she asked the question, I suddenly realized I had no plan for myself or my child. I was merely pregnant with Phil's seed and I was happy. I then realized I needed to make a plan of some sort for my future.

Instead of making plans for myself, I started making plans for Jenny. That night when Phil was fucking me from behind, one hand on my belly, one hand on my clit, an idea came to me. Once Phil emptied his balls into my pussy and we collapsed on the bed, I started talking.

"Jenny wants a baby too," I said. It was a blunt opening, but there was no reason to be subtle with Phil. He didn't think or operate that way.

“She does?” he asked absently as he toyed with the heavy ring through my nipple. He like to hold it to remind us that I had been marked my him. It gave me a secret thrill when he did it, but I never admitted that to him. “I cannot father a child for her. I’ve already given my only seed to you.”

I shook my head at his statement. “No, she doesn’t want your kid. She wants one though. If we don’t do something, she’s just going to get knocked up by whatever guy she drags home from a bar one night. She’s jealous of me. And of our relationship. She wants to get married too, I think. But that won’t work out. She’s bi. She’ll never be able to stay with just a man for the rest of her life. She’s in a bit of an impossible situation for someone with such a high sex drive.”

“She needs a man and a woman who can service her,” Phil stated.

“Yes,” I agreed. “I don’t know if a threesome would last forever with her, but that’s what she needs.”

He nodded. “I have a solution for her then.”

That’s how I met Carter and Polly. They were tall, blonde, beautiful, almost perfect in appearance. I thought the two of them must be related—cousins perhaps—but they were obviously a couple. We had them over for dinner with the secondary goal of them seducing Jenny. It was surprisingly easy. They were in her bed before the dishes were off the table.

I couldn’t help but sneak a peek through her open bedroom door right before Phil and I retired to bed. I couldn’t see Jenny’s face because it was covered by Polly’s pussy. Jenny was on her back and Carter’s face was buried between her legs. The three looked very happy together. Polly and Carter looked at each other while I watched them make love to Jenny. I don’t know who to define their look—lust, love, rapture, satisfaction, a combination of all of these—but it shook me and excited me. Phil then pulled me away from my spying and took me to bed. He fucked me expertly as always—making me cum three times—and happily rolled off me when he was done. It was as if the whole affair had been arranged by some cosmic alignment I was unaware of.

“What’s going to happen to us, Phil?” I asked.

His brow furrowed. “Do you mean...are you wanting to get married? We can do that if you want.” He was puzzled and seemed indifferent to the idea.

“No,” I said without hesitation. “I don’t want or need that. That’s not me. But what happens to us when the baby is born?”

“He’ll be perfect. You’ll be the mother of a star,” he explained simply.

Now I was confused. “You want him to be actor or singer?” I asked. “That makes no sense. And how do you know the baby’ll be a boy?”

“No. You don’t understand do you?” He kissed my lips, my breast, my pierced nipple, then my tummy where I was truly starting to feel new life growing. “You’ll be the mother of new life, a literal star.”

I just shook my head, not understanding, as he kissed his way down my belly to meet my pussy, where he put his tongue to good use.

Chapter Ten

I continued to get regular propositions even as my tummy started to swell. The department chair asked if I needed any special accommodations for my “circumstances” as he put it. I told him no. when the old man nodded his understanding he looked at my face, the bulge of my nipple ring I proudly sported still obvious beneath my shirt, then my rounded tummy. I looked at his crotch and notice he was sporting a full-on impressive boner, the horny old goat. I probably would have fucked him for the fun of it, because he was still cute for an older man and for the opportunity it presented for possible advancement in the university. But he couldn’t open his mouth and make a lewd suggestion for him and me. The new department secretary had no qualms against making an inappropriate suggestion. “Come see me any time you need relief,” she said with a wink when she noticed the department head’s failure.

Carter and Polly became regular fixtures at our house. They loved fucking Jenny; it was obvious by the moans and groans that came from her room at all hours of the night and day. One day I was home from work early and they were there already, horny and waiting for jenny. We chatted about nothing and then Polly put her hand on my proud tummy. “So pretty,” she said to me. She was the beautiful one, but I was happy to accept the compliment. Big tits, high cheekbones, flawless skin; she was perfect. Without invitation or prompting she slid her hand up to my breast, sliding her thumb over my nipple ring, circling it slowly. “Would you like to make love with us?” she asked me.

“Yes.”

The reply was automatic. I didn’t need or want to consider the problems that might be caused by my impetuosity. I just wanted to get naked with them. Feel their skin on mine, feel Carter’s cock inside me, feel Polly’s tongue on my clit.

That’s how I found myself on hands and knees with Carter reaming me from behind while I ate Polly’s tasty pussy. I wondered if this was how jenny often felt, full of erotic energy and completely satisfied. Neither of my new lovers made any mention of my rounded belly, or even touched it, beyond what would

be considered a normal amount of contact during sex. I was undoubtedly the focus of our encounter—Carter emptied his balls in me and Polly was happy to clean up my pussy from his leavings, but I managed to get both of them off as well.

I was a little shocked when I surfaced from between Polly's legs and found Phil watching me. I self-consciously wiped her juices from my face while he asked, "Would you mind if I fucked Jenny?"

I shook my head. "No. That would be fine." What else was I to say? He nodded and walked down the hall, toward Jenny's bedroom. Polly cupped my face in her hands, kissed my lips and pushed me back down between her legs. Her pussy was beautiful and tasty. I didn't mind. I had to open up my thighs so Phil could get his face into my cunt. When we were done, falling asleep between this perfect blonde couple was the epitome of sexual satisfaction.

I woke with Jenny next to me, her hands between my legs. "I want to make you cum," she whispered to me. I nodded and let her masturbate me, my legs and arms splayed on the bed. The orgasm was nothing great, but it was nice to know we could still make love. We were still that close as friends. I reached between her legs and found her wet and sticky. I wasn't sure if it was Phil or Carter's cum. It didn't matter. I forced her onto her back and licked her pussy clean until she came on my face.

When we were done, we went to her room in search of Phil, Carter, and Polly. Jenny was wearing her sheer nightdress and I had thrown my utilitarian robe around my steadily rounding body. I wouldn't have been shocked to find them having sex. Or just sleeping. I wouldn't have been upset if Phil and Carter were fucking while Polly watched and commanded their actions. I was stunned by what we found. I would have been just fine with the three of them having sex, but not only were they having sex in a daisy chain, but they were literally glowing.

Phil lay on his left side with his face buried between Polly's thighs. She was on her right side bent backwards with Carter's cock in her mouth. Carter was on his left side enjoying Polly's fellatio skills while performing the same on Phil. The mild acts of homosexuality between Phil and Carter didn't faze me the least. The fact they a throbbing yellow light emanated from their bodies and filled the room completely froze my mind. The same effect was visited upon Jenny. We stood

side by side and watched our lovers perform slow, languorous oral sex on each other, oblivious to our presence.

“The fuck...?” Jenny said softly. I was pretty sure her opinion on the group sex taking place before us was unconcerned, the fact that their bodies were glowing was what disturbed her.

“Human bodies aren’t supposed to do that,” I said, mostly to myself, but Jenny was there so she overheard me.

“Are you sure?” she asked me.

“I’ve got a degree in astrophysics. I’m pretty damn sure. That shouldn’t be happening unless they’re on fire.”

“Oh.”

I agreed. “Yeah. Oh.” We continued to watch them. After a minute my brain kicked in and I realized they were making love completely silently, and in perfect sync. Their motions, thrusting forward, licking, sucking, relaxing, were all done as if they were perfectly calibrated machines. It was unnerving.

“Should we stop them?” I heard myself saying.

“Why?” Jenny asked. The tone in her voice told me she was fascinated. She was getting her own personal adult video right in front of her eyes in her own bedroom and interrupting the performers might have unforeseen consequences.

I had to think a moment to come up with an appropriate answer. “Look at them,” I said in a normal tone of voice. I was now convinced extraordinary means would be needed to wake them from their collection trance and activities. “What they’re doing isn’t natural.”

Jenny glared at me. “Like you haven’t done the same thing,” she snapped.

I paused a moment to give her accusation some thought. “No, I’ve never had sex with two men at the same time. In my few threesomes, it’s always been me and another woman with a man. But that’s not important. I was talking about the glowing and the synchronous motions. It’s...inhuman.”

Once it was pointed out to her, Jenny noticed what the trio was doing. “Weird,” she commented.

“What should we do?” I asked her.

She shrugged. I only half caught the motion because, like her, my eyes hadn’t moved from the strange tableau in her room. “Nothing?” she asked.

I had been expecting her to suggest that we join in, but there was no obvious opening for us to integrate into the small group. “We should do something,” I said, taking a step through the doorway and was immediately presented with a sudden surge in the brightness from the bodies. I turned away and stumbled down the hallway a few steps before I collapsed on the floor. I was overcome with exhaustion. Jenny was right next to me and in a similar physical state.

We lay there a few minutes unable to do anything. I couldn’t see what was going on in the bedroom and didn’t have the energy to get up and investigate. The passage of time was impossible to judge. The next thing I knew was Phil standing over us looking down. He was naked and perfect and completely unconcerned at his state of undress. He was still glowing. “Rise,” he said, “and follow.”

Suddenly I had the energy to get up and had no resistance to Phil’s command. Not that I wanted to resist. I wanted to know more. It was the scientist in me.

We went to Jenny’s bedroom, Phil leading Jenny and me bringing up the rear. My robe slipped off my shoulders and onto the hallway floor. I ignored it. Jenny’s nightshirt stayed on, but when she lay down on the bed it slipped up over her hips. Polly and Carter were waiting on the bed for us. I had no will of my own. I lay down on the bed, put my knees in the air—just like Jenny had done without direction—and calmly sighed as Polly put her lips and tongue to my quim. I sighed in contentment as Phil spoke to us.

“I needed someone to bear my offspring,” he said. I turned my head slightly and took him in. He was still beautiful, even more so now that he was literally glowing with energy. His cock was erect as he spoke, but this didn’t distract him, he merely watched Polly and Carter working on Jenny’s pussy and mine. I luxuriated in the treatment Polly was giving me. She was an expert in the art of cunnilingus. I wondered where she had learned her skills. She was better than Jenny, better than Phil. I wanted to reach out and stroke Phil’s cock, but I

couldn't make my arm move, it was too much effort. "You were perfect, Stella. I had already inhabited this man's body. He knew much of the universe, many of its secrets, not all of them of course, because you and he are only human, but enough to intrigue. We have to become corporeal to reproduce..." He trailed off watching, thinking. "There are limits to human language and understanding."

I nodded in agreement. I wanted to talk to him but I couldn't make my thoughts come out of my mouth. All I could manage was a weak, "Uh-huh."

"Do not misunderstand. We do not see to use or abuse you. We have tried to make this an even exchange. You provide the physical bodies we need for the purpose and we give you...much pleasure. Experience and energy we understand, physical existence is something beyond our normal comprehension."

"Uh-huh," I repeated, hearing the words, but not really understanding. It felt like Polly's tongue had completely filled my vag and at the same time she was able to vibrate the tip against my clit. It was nice and too much at the same time. She then slipped a finger up my ass. I felt my sphincter tighten around her digit, but it only added to the pleasure I was experiencing.

"You will both bear children. Your offspring will be both human and not. The unearthly part will be taken away by the three of us. You will be allowed to retain the human part, but they will not be everything they could be. This is the way it must be. I will no longer possess my earthly vessel, he will not remember you. My partners will also leave. You and Jenny will be left behind with your offspring.

"I will compress time and memory of this so you are not left wounded in any way. I hope it will be enough."

It didn't matter if it was enough or not. The orgasm I had was incredibly powerful, strong enough for me to pass out yet again.

The next few months were passed in a flurry of activity. My tummy steadily, quickly grew, along with Jenny's. We never felt the need to see a doctor for our pregnancies. There was no need. Everything we needed was supplied by Phil, and Polly and Carter. What we needed most of all was a steady supply of the rich seed generated by Carter and Phil.

My sexual appetite grew as steadily as the child in my womb. I needed sex in the

morning when I awoke. I needed sex at night when I returned from work. I needed sex in the middle of the night. Phil was my preference. He would always fill my cunt with his sticky seed, unless I was hungry for more sustenance, in which case I sucked his cock and swallowed his seed. Sex with Carter was interesting because never before had I carried on an intimate relationship with two men at the same time. And two women as well. Carter did whatever I asked of him. He was just as eager to flood my pussy with cum, but I found a certain fascination in having his cum over my body and then rub the lotion into my skin.

Making love with Polly was a study in fascination. She was really just a female twin of Carter, but knew how to make a woman's body sing with ecstasy. All she needed to do was insert a finger in my cunt and ass at the same time and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop myself from cumming.

I also became perfectly familiar and content with Jenny's body. The three others had taken over Jenny's bed, so Jenny and I were forced to sleep in mine. We didn't mind. We would be joined by one of the others whenever we wished; we didn't even have to voice the desire. Occasionally we'd make love together, just Jenny and I. It was lovely because, though I didn't really want to admit it, I was falling deeply in love with her. This was intentional manipulation on Phil's part, I realized in retrospect.

When my due date approached, there was no need to go to the hospital. I was invited into Jenny's bedroom where the other three were ready for me. Jenny was allowed in to observe. How could they deny her entry, she was carrying a child like mine and needed to know what would be happening to her body, though I had no idea what to expect myself. I was the experiment.

Birth is supposed to be painful and bloody and messy and stressful and dangerous. When I went into labor none of those were true for me. I laid down on the bed and Astrophil curled up next to me, warming my nude body with his. Immediately his mouth went to my pierced nipple and he suckled me, the ring and stone twisting in his mouth and exciting me when I should have been nervous and in pain. Maybe that mere action released some endorphins into my bloodstream, but it was what I needed. The actual birth I remember precious little of. There was some pushing and exertion, and then there was a baby in my arms, perfect and pink and not at all covered fluids and blood and effluvia. He was perfect. The rest was a blur. I've either forgotten what happened or the memories were taken from me. Does it really matter?

I was left with my baby boy and Jenny had her baby girl. I lost more than a month of time. Everyone now says it's because a new parent is operating on no sleep and is only reacting to the unexpected for months on end. And it didn't help that my boyfriend left me. Friends and family members tried to explain away why both Jenny and I were suddenly abandoned by the respective fathers of our children. But it didn't matter. Phil's guest professorship had ended and I confronted him in person over the issue. He wasn't Phil any longer.

He was packing up his office and everything about him was different, changed, but still the same. "I realize you believe the child is mine, but I find that hard to believe," he said when I walked in carrying the baby. Phil's beard had gotten scraggly, his hair had thinned, and his eyes were no longer centers of brilliant blue ice.

"I could get a paternity test," I said. "You had plenty of opportunity to impregnate me."

"You could," he replied, not looking at me, "but the timing is wrong." He glanced up at me, then quickly away. "But even if he is mine, he's not mine, you know what I mean. I wasn't me when we were together. I was someone else. Are you looking for money?" he asked me.

"No." I was disappointed, but not angry. "Astrophil left me plenty." Which was only half true. After the baby was born, the stone fell out of my nipple ring. I kept the piercing, indeed, there seemed to be no way to remove it, the metal wouldn't be cut by any tool and it seemed now permanently sealed. I had the value of the stone he gave to me appraised. I was well-set for many years. I liked sporting the piercing, it made me a marked woman.

"Then what do you want from me?" he demanded.

"You don't want to share the memories?" I asked him. "You don't want to have a chance to raise a child that is by all accounts fantastic in every way, starting with his conception?"

"Ah, no. I do not. I return to my home tomorrow. To my family. To my wife. We will be an ocean away. Do I need to explain more?"

I stiffened. Now I was angry, but not directly at him. "No." And I walked out of the office never to see him again. It was his loss.

Jenny and I became, once again, the notorious campus lesbians. While we certainly shared our bed, we also continued to bring home plenty of men to join us, but that doesn't get a pair of unmarried women living together any credit.

Sometime before Carter and Polly disappeared, they had left Jenny with a nipple piercing like mine, no stone, but a twist of metal that couldn't be removed. It must have occurred in the haze after the babies' births because neither of us remember it happening. It didn't matter, because she liked having it, liked being a marked woman, and wearing the ring showed she was my partner. Of course she only showed it to the select few that came into our bed, and to those who stared at her breast through her shirt and bra, but that was good enough.

Our children played together, we had sex together. Jenny brought home a wide variety of men, constantly trying to get pregnant again. She never succeeded. I told her it was because of the rings we still wore. She told me I was a superstitious crackpot.

"One condom-less fuck with Carter and you're knocked up, but twenty different guys in a year and you haven't the slightest indications of ever getting another bellyful?" I asked her.

She shrugged it off. "Just chance. It'll take a little time, but it'll happen."

I wasn't so sure, but I didn't care. I was willing to wait and see if my Astrophil ever returned, until then, I had Jenny and all the men in the universe.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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