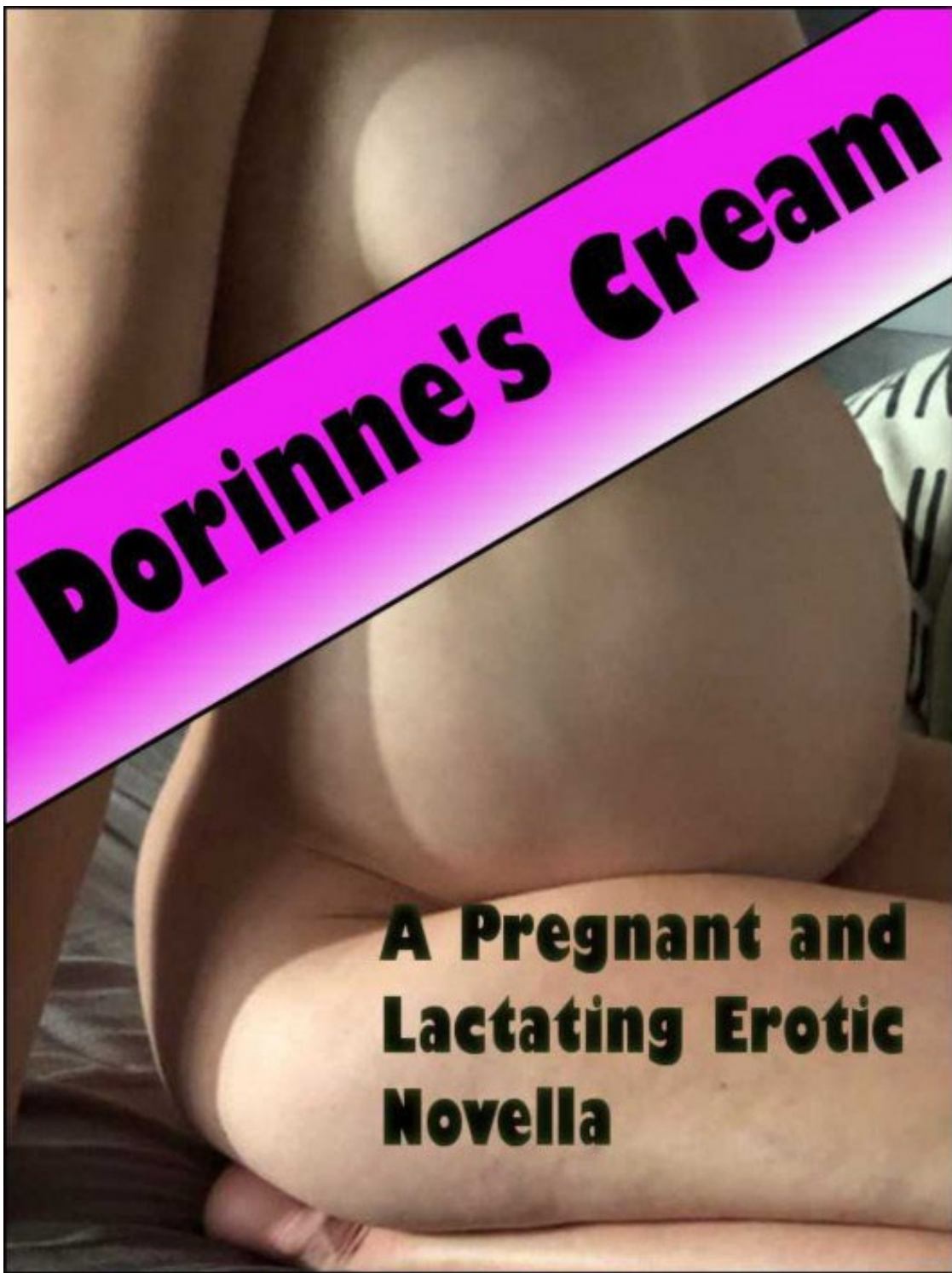


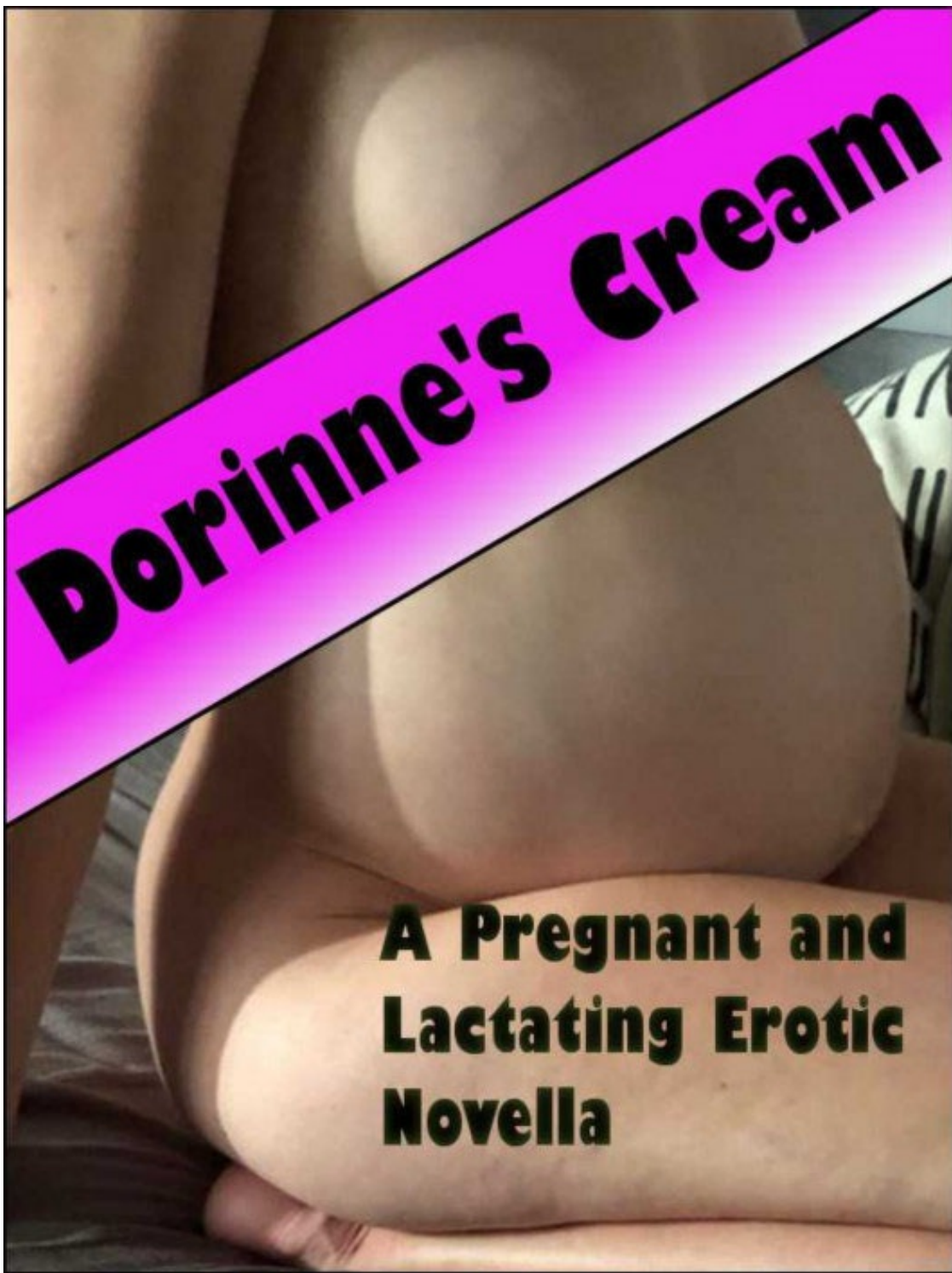


Dorinne's Cream

**A Pregnant and
Lactating Erotic
Novella**

Elliot Silvestri
Sexy Preg 1

Green Bush
Publishing



Dorinne's Cream

**A Pregnant and
Lactating Erotic
Novella**

Elliot Silvestri
Sexy Preg 1

Green Bush
Publishing

Dorinne's Cream: Sexy Preg 1
A Pregnant and Lactating Erotic Novella

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Dorinne's Cream: Sexy Preg 2

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Vacation

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story
Her and Me and Him
His and Hers Affairs
His Wife's Rich Milk
I Love Your Wife
Ida's Milk
In The Knight's Bedroom
The Invisible College of Magic
Jacki's Milk
Jillian's Contract
Kassie's Service
The Keyholder
The King's Right
Lactation Control
Lactation for Two
Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski
The Let Down Reflex
Like Candy on the Tongue
Luke's Milkmaids
Margaret Over Billy
Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Preview](#)

[About the Author](#)

Chapter One

I'm only looking for a hookup.

The picture of Dorinne on the app showed her as very pretty, but who the hell doesn't edit, touch up, crop and do whatever else is necessary to make themselves look good in a dating app.

Hell, I was using a picture of my doggo Herman licking my face.

Women like dogs, right?

I had swiped on I don't know how many women's pictures hoping for a match. I'd say I looked for a connection in almost ninety percent of those I viewed.

Yeah, sleazy, I know. And I still only got a tiny handful of responses.

That's why I was surprised that the very attractive Dorinne replied to me. I was even more surprised at her message to me.

I'm only looking for a hookup.

Are any words more welcome to a guy just looking to get laid?

Like any smart couple looking for a hookup, we met at the local Starbucks because it's the early 21st century. She arrived before me and was seated at a booth. In person she was as pretty as her picture; better even.

I slipped into the booth across from her and after our initial greeting and awkward introductions, she asked the question that I'd been waiting for. I admired her bravery.

"Do you know why I sent you a message?" she asked.

"No idea." I had an idea.

"I liked your picture. Including a dog was a nice touch."

"His name was Herman."

“Was?”

“He died last year.”

“Ah. Sorry to hear that.”

“Thanks.”

“I should be honest. My picture isn’t very recent either.”

I shrugged. “You look even better in person.” I wasn’t lying.

“Really?” she asked and scooted to the end of the booth’s bench. Before I could say anything, she stood up and turned her body.

Dorinne wasn’t a very tall woman and had her brunette hair cut to a practical length. Her face was round and pretty. The black and white striped sundress she was wearing was a little snug, but I thought that was intentional in anticipation of our date. Maybe it was. Maybe it wasn’t. But it hugged her body, hiding absolutely nothing and showing off her curved stomach.

I was no expert, but she was definitely pregnant.

“What do you think of me now?”

“Uh...” was my witty response.

Without waiting for me to say anything else, she slipped back into the booth. “I’ve gotten really horny in my second trimester,” she said with an apologetic grin. “Which explains why I’m here.”

“Right,” I agreed. “But...what about your husband?”

“I’m not married.” She displayed her left hand. All the fingers were ringless.

“Boyfriend?”

“Let me cut to the end of this little line of questioning, the father isn’t in the picture and I need a little physical relief.”

“Oh. I see.”

“Ever fuck a pregnant girl before?”

I stared at her blankly for a minute. “No. At least not to my knowledge.”

“Well, here’s your chance.”

“Oh.”

She looked up at me apologetically. “I don’t put this on my profile.”

“Yeah, you’d never get any replies.”

Dorinne shook her head. “No. Almost the opposite. I’d attract guys who have a kink for pregnant women. That’s worse than a pity fuck.”

“Oh. I don’t think I have that kink.”

“Good. Wanna fuck me. My place isn’t far and you don’t have to use a condom. I’m already pregnant and it’s not yours.”

I have to admit, I was more than a little curious. I mean, she was cute. She was willing. She was sexy. She propositioned me. She wasn’t looking for anything long term.

I was horny. I was a guy. I had a cock. I was clean.

What could go wrong?

“Do you like doggy style?”

Her smile was voracious. “I love it.”

Her apartment was nice. I didn’t get a tour of it. We went right to her bedroom, which was also nice, but I wasn’t there for the decor.

“Help me with my dress?” she asked. Without me realizing what she had been doing, she had her dress hiked up to mid-thigh and was struggling to get it over her slightly bulging stomach. Not knowing what else to do, I grabbed the hem

and pulled it upward, over her hips, stomach, breasts, and finally over her head. I tossed it aside.

We were standing close together and I wasn't sure if I should stare down at her body or look her in the eyes. I watched to look at her body, but that seemed rude, even though she was eager to get naked. And presumably she was eager to fuck.

What I discovered right away was that it was impossible to get close for an easy kiss because of her stomach. I glanced down and couldn't help but admire the way her bra made her tits look huge. I wasn't sure how big she was exactly, but she wasn't small. It made me wonder how much she had grown since she got pregnant.

Bulging out further than her tits was her stomach. It was a nice curve that somehow made her sexier than she normally would have been. Of course, she was only wearing bra and panties at the moment, so it was easy for her to be sexy just standing there. The bra was on the practical side, spandex rather than lace and silk, but it was a nice peachy color that matched her panties.

When I moved forward for a kiss, her bulge kept up apart. We both laughed nervously as we bumped together. "Were you trying to kiss me?" she asked.

"Uh...yeah. I thought that would be a good idea, rather than just ripping off your clothes and fucking you."

She turned her head slightly and lifted her chin. "Maybe I want you to rip my clothes off me and fuck me like an animal."

"Do you?"

"Maybe."

I didn't think all but assaulting Dorinne was a good idea, so instead I moved slightly to her side, put my fingers under her jaw and turned her head just enough for me to bend down and kiss her.

Her lips were soft and willing. She parted them just enough for me to slip my tongue between them and explore the wet warmth of her mouth.

As much fun as kissing can be, it isn't nearly as much fun as sex; it's only

prelude.

“Take off my bra,” she told me.

“Can do,” I replied, reaching around her back and deftly releasing the hooks. It had taken me years of practice on many women and many bras to get that good.

She was surprised at how easily I got it off her. I was surprised at how it managed to sit on her breasts and not fall free.

“Can I?” I asked and took hold of the straps. She merely nodded and allowed me to finish the job.

Her tits weren’t as big as I had imagined. Maybe it was her small frame or maybe it was because they settled down when free of the bra, but they were still impressive. They were pert and topped with light brown nipples and small areolas. At first I thought that maybe she had had a boob job done but then I realized they were swollen because of her pregnancy. They made them stand up even more proudly than normal.

“Wow.”

My small compliment made her grin. “Thanks. They’ve grown since I’ve been pregnant. Hormones and food will do that.”

“Hell yeah they will.” I was unabashedly staring at her tits, completely unmindful about how creepy I was being.

Dorinne crossed her arms in front of her chest. “Why don’t you take off your clothes now.”

I came back to myself. “Oh. Right. Good idea.” She watched as I undressed. Since I had an active enough casual sex life, I tended to keep myself in good shape. The women I dated appreciated my efforts. At least I hope they did. When Dorinne’s eyes went wide when I took off my shirt, it was worth it. I could tell she was pleased. Her hands temporarily dropped from her chest and she started to reach out to touch me, but she showed some restraint.

“Take off your underwear,” she said, flicking her eyes downward.

I wasn't hard. Not yet. But I was well on my way. The only way we could get down to business was to get naked.

The smile on her face when I was finally completely naked was worth everything in the world. "Do you mind if...I...I...uh..." She didn't finish her question. She just went down on her knees in front of me, took my cock in her hand, and put it in her mouth.

A blowjob from a pregnant woman isn't any different from a regular blowjob, but emotionally it felt a lot more intense.

Under Dorinne's ardent attention, I quickly rose to the occasion. I quickly figured out that maybe—just maybe—Dorinne got pregnant because she was a bit of a slut. If nothing else, she really knew how to suck cock.

Sadly, I actually had to pull back from her, forcibly ending the blowjob. "Sorry," I said. "But I don't want to finish in your mouth."

It took her a few seconds to stand up. I had to assist her. Apparently pregnancy throws off a woman's sense of balance. Who knew?

"That's okay. I didn't want you to finish in my mouth anyway." Her hand went to cup my balls. My cock was standing up proudly and when she grasped me, I wanted nothing more than to fuck her hard and raw right there.

I didn't. I managed to contain myself.

"Where would you like me to finish?" I asked, playing along with her game.

"I'm a pregnant slut," she replied, running her other hand over the stretch of her belly. "Where do you think I want you to finish?"

Her hand started to move up my cock so I rapidly whirled her around and pushed her toward the bed. "Your pussy, obviously."

Dorinne yanked down the sheets to the bed and climbed up on it. The sheets were pale yellow and covered in flowers every color of the rainbow. I'll never forget that image of her moving onto the sheets. Her interior decorating skills only temporarily distracted me. A second later my eyes fell to her ass, lovely and rounded. It took a few more seconds for me to realize that she was wearing a

thong which was an odd contrast to what I imagined pregnant women wore under their clothes.

Not that I minded. I loved the view and what it did to her ass, but it seemed out of place.

She got into position on her hands and knees and my fingers went to the sides of her thong. I lightly traced the way it cut into her skin, admiring her commitment to being an erotic woman.

“You going to take off my panties or do I need to help you?” she asked. “Or are you one of those guys who like to fuck women just pulling the panties aside. I’ve always thought that was weird.”

“It’ll be my pleasure to take them off you.”

I eased the tiny garment off her hips and down her legs, She assisted me by lifting her knees and feet to completely free herself of any clothing. “I wanted to dress for the occasion,” she said as I tossed aside her panties.

“What?”

She looked over her shoulder at me. I barely glanced at her face; I was too focused on the cleft of her buttocks. Her anus was tightly puckered and I could just barely see the dark pink of her pussy lips between her legs.

“A good girl wears bikinis or briefs. A bad girl wears a thong. I’m a bad girl. I wanted to make sure I was dressed just right in case...in case I wound up back here, just like this.” She paused and licked her lips. “Well, are you going to fuck me or not?”

“Right. The business at hand.” I got onto the bed, kneeling right behind her, wondering what I had gotten myself into. Figuring she probably needed a little warm-up, I reached between her legs to check to see how ready she was. I like eating pussy and while doing it kneeling behind a girl was tough, I was willing to do so for an attractive woman like Dorinne who was eager to get down to fuck.

She was sopping wet. My finger slid right inside her. The little moan she let out made my cock throb.

“Keep doing that,” she encouraged me. “I love cumming from fingers or cock or lips. Are you going to give me all three?”

I dodged her question. “Wow. You’re really fucking wet!”

“I’m really fucking horny,” she moaned again. “Put those fingers to work or shove your cock in me. I need it now!”

Who was I to say no to a woman obviously in need of assistance?

After that moment of fumbling about as we aligned ourselves and found the right angle, I slipped right into her pussy. I was amazed. It shouldn’t have been that easy or welcome and inviting, but it was. Dorinne was horny and ready to fuck much more so that I would have imagined.

Fucking a pregnant woman wasn’t much different from fucking any other woman. Maybe her hips were a bit wider than what I was used to, but I was fine with that.

“Oohhh...yeah. That’s what I needed,” she moaned into the pillow she was hugging. “Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

I obliged the best I could. I didn’t pound into her, but I was vigorous in my thrusting. I love the sound of flesh slapping on flesh during sex. Call me wild.

I didn’t just kneel behind her and fuck like some lame asshole. I altered my stance and angle of thrusts, looking for one that she particularly liked. What she really seemed to love was when I planted my hands next to hers on the bed, basically getting on all fours over her body while we fucked. I think she liked it when my cock rubbed up against her g-spot, but what do I know of female anatomy?

Because I’m a man and I couldn’t help myself, I balanced myself on just my knees and ran my hands up her arms to cup her tits. They were full and firm and fit my hands perfectly. Her nipples fell between my thumb and forefinger. I pinched and rolled them. When Dorinne was excited, apparently her nipples swelled because they were large and long.

She moaned loudly. “Oh...yeah. Just like that.”

I, being clueless, stopped playing with her nipples and focused on the steady thrusting I was doing.

“Fuck! No! Play with my tits!”

At least Dorinne knew what she liked in bed.

“Sorry. Like this?” I resumed what I had been doing. It was a little bit difficult to focus on thrusting and nipple play at the same time, but I managed.

“Yeah. Yeah...just like that. Don’t stop.”

I didn’t stop. Things were getting hot and sweaty, but I didn’t stop. It was an honor to fuck a new woman, especially a woman like Dorinne who was eager to get into bed. Maybe it was her pregnancy hormones talking or maybe it had been so long since she had last had sex—maybe since she had gotten pregnant?—that she was willing to fuck anyone who was happy to get into her bed. That was me. But surely there had to be other guys out there who liked the look and feel of pregnant women, right? Maybe I was just another guy she wanted to try out.

I was getting too philosophical for the situation. I needed to focus on the sex.

However, I was also intensely curious. Dropping of one her breasts I slide my hand down to her belly and felt the growing bulge. It was interesting to feel; a little bit hard and a little bit soft. I’d been with women who were overweight before, but this was different. Fat and sexy at the same time.

“My tits,” she moaned.

That made me remember what I was supposed to be doing. If she liked her tits played with while she was fucked, I was more than happy to do that for her. Whatever she needed. Since this was our first time together, I didn’t know how hard to pinch and roll, so I just used my best judgement, which isn’t always the best, but I worked with what I had.

Apparently I knew exactly how to do it, because in short order she was panting and quivering. When she came, her pussy clamped down on my cock and it was almost impossible to keep sliding in and out of her.

Not actually impossible, but almost.

Her orgasm seemingly went on forever. I was realized when she stopped shaking.

“Fuck I needed that,” Dorinne muttered mostly to her self.

“Happy to have helped.”

“Do you know how long it’s been since I was properly fucked?”

I didn’t even want to hazard a guess. “No idea.”

“Too long,” was her response. “Can you keep going?”

“Sure. I’m still hard.” A fact of which I was proud. “How do you want me to finish?” I asked as I started my thrusting again.

“In me, of course,” she laughed and hung her head down. “How do you think I got in this state?”

I didn’t answer that question either. She was a bit of a slut—something that I admired—but I didn’t want to insult her. Dorinne was the sort of woman who didn’t seem too choosy about her sex partners.

Since she had cum, I figured it was my turn so I really laid into her at that point. I mauled her tits and slammed into her ass as hard as I could. She loved it, moaning and gasping, occasionally muttering, “More,” or “Harder!” It was hard to tell in the middle of everything, but I’m certain she came a second time before I finished in her.

Her body was still shaking as I erupted full force inside her pussy. It felt great unleashing inside knowing there was no way I was going to get her pregnant; she already was, that problem had been solved by another guy.

Normally when going doggy, when I came I liked to drive my partner forward and collapse on them. I was about to do that with Dorinne, but then I realized that probably wasn’t the best thing for her considering her condition. Instead I held her tightly and focused on ejaculating as much as I could as deeply as possible into her.

She didn’t complain so it must have been what she wanted.

“Okay, I’m starting to cramp,” she complained after a minute. “You need to get off me.”

“Right. Sorry.” I pulled my cock out of her. Since I had started to soften it made that terrible wet sucking-slurping sound as our bodies disconnected. She didn’t seem disturbed by the noise so I didn’t comment on it.

Dorinne twisted her body and collapsed on her side. Her hand went to her pussy, feeling her wetness. “You practically flooded me out.”

“Is that good?” I knelt there, not knowing what else to do.

Her smile said everything. “It’s great.” I didn’t know if her fingers went up into her pussy, but when she lifted them up to her mouth, I could see our combined juices on them. She sucked on her fingers, relishing the saucy treat. If I hadn’t just cum, I’d had been instantly hard. “I love cum,” she clarified for me.

“I can tell.” I moved and lay down on the bed facing her.

“Can you go again?” she asked me. “I mean, I know you just came and all, but I could use another load of cum.”

I laughed. “Really? What would you do with it?” I was actually interested. She was already pregnant and I couldn’t imagine her eating it unless I came directly in her mouth.

With a roll of her shoulders, she said, “Some cultures believe that a woman should have as much sex as possible after she gets pregnant because exposure to the father’s semen is supposed to be good for the baby’s immune system. Or something like that.”

“Uh...I’m not the father,” I pointed out to her. “We literally just met.”

Once more she half-shrugged. “True. But I figure that any semen is better than none. So I’ve decided to get as much variety as I can.”

That answered my question about her sexual habits. I was definitely not the first guy to fuck her while she had been pregnant.

I didn’t know how I felt about that.

Instead I focused on her tits.

They were beautiful.

She noticed me staring at them.

“You didn’t hurt them,” she said. “I like they played with. I love it when a guy pinches them.”

“I can do that again,” I offered, holding up my fingers like a crab and making pinching motions.

“I’d prefer if you’d suck on them. They’re aching for attention and I could use a little break from just pinches.”

“I can do that.” I moved closer and lowered my face to her chest. The skin around her tits was red from my earlier attention. They were beautiful and swollen.

Taking her large nipple into my mouth, I sucked gently. She moaned softly. It was nice. While it wasn’t exactly like kissing, it was intimate. As I suckled more, she pulled me closer. I slipped an arm around her back but I couldn’t press my body smoothly against hers because of the bump, but skin to skin wasn’t entirely necessary.

I liked playing with her tits. She gave little sighs and moans that were enough to stir my cock. I didn’t have an extraordinarily long refractory period, and for a new woman, I knew it wouldn’t take much to get me up again. Her tits were sweet instead of the saltiness I was expecting from her sweat.

“Oh...yeah, keep going. You’re not going to make me cum, but that feels...incredible.”

Some girls love to have their tits played with. I was willing to go along with that.

“If you keep sucking on me, I’m gonna cum..”

I was glad she had changed her tune so quickly, and because of that, I did stop sucking. I didn’t want her to cum too soon. “Do you want me to stop?”

The look of horror on her face was reward enough. “Fuck no. I want to fuck,”

Showing surprising strength for a woman much smaller than me, she half pushed me away and climbed on top of my body, straddling my hips with her thighs.

I wasn’t hard, not yet, but it was a glorious sight to look up at swollen breasts and see her wonderful mounds pushed up by her growing belly.

“Are you man enough to fuck me a second time?” she asked.

My cock was rapidly firming up. It wasn’t a piece of steel—not yet—but I was getting there. “Hell yes.” I was hard enough to fuck. Still, I had to take myself in hand and find her open slit. She was still wet, not just with her natural lubrication, but with my cum still dripping out of her. Not being completely hard wasn’t a big deal, as well lubed as she was.

Once I was inside her, she settle down on top of me and we were going at it a second time. I’m not a huge fan of cowgirl, but it worked well with her belly and it gave me a perfect view of her tits which were all but beckoning to me to be squeezed and teased, so I reached up and grabbed a double handful.

She groaned again. “Fuck yes. My tits need that.” Her grin was a little wild. “My tits need more attention than my pussy. What do you think of that?”

I thrust up into her a couple of times. I was nice and hard now. “Both my cock and my hands work. Which will make you cum first?”

She closed her eyes and leaned forward, I didn’t slip out of her but had to move my hands from her tits. “Your mouth,” she said. “Make me cum from sucking on my tits.”

I could do that. I hoped.

She wasn’t stuffing her tits in my face and trying to smother me. She was just offering me the nipple and I happily sucked on it. Eventually she just hovered over me and I held her hips while still lifting up into her. It was sort of difficult, but still fun at the same time.

It was even more fun when she came a second time.

“Oh fuck. This might be too much,” she complained.

“Want me to stop?” I mouthed around her nipple.

“No. Make me cum again. Think you can cum too?”

“Hell yes.”

It seemed like a challenge to us both and working together we both climaxed once more. On the rare occasions I had a woman cum while on top of me, she tended to lay down and press her body against mine. That wasn't really possible with Dorinne. Instead she she braced herself with her hands on my chest and breathed heavily while she recovered. That gave me a minute to admire her tits once more.

They were dripping. At first I thought it was that she had gotten so sweaty from fucking, but I was wrong. She had a light film of perspiration on her body, but it wasn't dripping.

Her tits were leaking milk.

That only made sense since she was pregnant, I had just never seen it before. I didn't know what to do or say, so I said something anyway. “You're...uh...you're dripping.”

“I know.”

“From your boobs.”

“I know.”

“Okay.”

“Sorry if I offended you.” Her eyes were still shut and her head was down, breathing.

“You didn't offend me.”

“You sound like you don't like breast milk dripping on you.”

“I've just never had it done before.”

“I’ve never done it before. This is my first pregnancy.”

Dorinne started to move. We uncoupled and I felt a few drops of my cum and who knows what else drip from her pussy and onto my leg. I said nothing.

“I didn’t know that.”

“I should have expected this,” she said. “It’s not uncommon for milk to come in early, especially considering how much I have my tits played with.”

I didn’t question her on that. I had figured out I wasn’t the first guy she had slept with since she got pregnant, but I thought milk only came out when babies nursed from their mothers. But what the hell did I know.

“Should I do something?”

“No. It should stop soon.” She straightened up and pressed her hands to her breasts, hiding them from my view.

“Want me to do something?”

Dorinne laughed. “Sure. Want to suck all the milk out of them?”

“Sure, if that’s what you want.”

She caught my eye and laughed again. “Are you serious?”

I didn’t know if I was. “Yeah. If that’s what you need.”

“It doesn’t hurt or anything. I just can’t control it.”

“Let me try. I thought your tits were awfully sweet when I was sucking on them. I guess that was the milk.”

“Are you sure?”

I didn’t say anything but pushed aside her hands and took a nipple between my lips.

I could feel the wetness and now that I knew it, I was tasting the sweetness.

There were a thousand different women I could have imagined myself with at that point in my life and dozens of variations of things I could be doing with them leading to too many combinations to contemplate for my poor math skills. None of them included sucking the milk from a pregnant woman's tits.

And I never would have guessed how much I liked it.

Dorinne liked it as well. She moaned and sighed prettily as I sucked her tits. From her breathing it was obvious to me that she wasn't just merely enjoying the mild sensation of having attention showered on her nipples; she was getting off on it.

I was tempted to slip a hand between her legs and start playing with her assuredly wet pussy, but that seemed to take away from the fun we were having, so I just pinched and rolled her free nipple as I continued to suck from her. I didn't just focus on one tit; I moved back and forth between the two.

It wasn't just my imagination or her power of suggestion. There was definitely milk slowly dripping from her tits. While it was strange, I'd done stranger things in my life. I couldn't deny the allure of literally sucking nutrition from her body. Yeah, breast milk is supposed to be for babies, but I knew a couple of people in college who would eat baby food right from the jar and call it comfort food.

Did that make breast milk sex food for me?

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!" Dorinne started repeating over and over.

I pulled off her nipple. "What? What's wrong?"

She all but slapped me in the face shoving me back toward her breast. "Don't stop! Don't fucking stop! I'm almost there!"

I knew when a woman was close to climaxing. It was my job to make her cum and I was a proud employee.

The trick is to not change anything and just keep going, don't change speed or pressure or angle. Just keep going.

Like a miracle from heaven, Dorinne started shaking again. She was obvious when she was cumming and I loved that about her. She wasn't a screamer, which

was fine with me because I always felt women who were that loud in bed were either faking it or acted that way because that's what they, or their boyfriends, saw in porn and thought that was what they were supposed to do. I liked the little sounds of appreciation that Dorinne made. They were much more genuine.

When her hyperventilating ended, she pulled my face up to hers and kissed me. "It's been a while since I had a titty orgasm."

"Is that what you call it?"

She smiled and pushed me away. "It's not the same as cumming from regular sex. It's weird, but still fucking hot."

"Glad I was able to help out." My cock was soft. Cumming twice in a short period had nearly exhausted me. I didn't expect her to start sucking me again or offer sex, though the way she fucked, I wouldn't have been surprised if she did.

"This was great," she said. "We should do it again sometime."

I shifted my position and closed my eyes for a second. "Yeah. We should."

Chapter Two

I woke up with Dorinne's warm body next to mine. It took me a second to realize where I was. While it was nice to wake up next to a warm, sexy, female body, I was a little disturbed that I hadn't intended to fall asleep. On top of that, it was pitch black in her apartment and no light was coming in the windows. Further, I had no idea what time it was.

Since she was sleeping right next to me, it wasn't easy to extricate myself from our tangle of limbs. I looked around and saw no glowing, warm LEDs announcing the time from a clock and since I don't wear a watch and my phone was in my pants on the floor, I was stuck.

The moment I pulled away from her Dorinne stirred and tried to pull me back to her. "No. Stay," she mumbled.

"Sorry. Gotta go," I said and then realized this was doubly true. My bladder was full and a pit stop in the bathroom was necessary. Since she only half woke up, I was able to slip out of the bed and find her bathroom without difficulty. I even managed to find the switch for the light and not the fan so I didn't wake her up. Everything would be perfect if I could slip out without waking her.

Instead of any matter of success, the moment I stopped peeing, the bathroom door opened and Dorinne barged in while I was still shaking the last few drops of pee off my dick. "Sorry," she blurted out. "Gotta go. Get out of my way."

Before I knew it, she pushed me against the wall and slammed down the seat on the toilet. I just stared as she sat down and immediately started peeing.

"Sorry," she apologized again. "The baby's pushing right on my bladder."

I had never seen a woman pee before.

It wasn't exciting.

"You could look away," she said to me. "Or leave."

"Right. Sorry." I slipped out of the bathroom. Back in the bedroom I started grabbing my clothes. I managed to find my phone. It was 1:38am. Later than I expected, but not so late that I couldn't get home at a reasonable hour, sleep, and

get up for work. It was all worth it because I had gotten laid.

I was in the middle up zipping up my pants when she walked back in. “Where are you going?”

“Home?” I didn’t like what her question implied; that I was required to stay.”

“Why?”

“Because I have to work tomorrow morning.”

“Don’t you want to fuck me in the morning?” she asked. “Or now?”

Her offer was tempting as hell.

Even pregnant—or maybe because she was pregnant—she was incredibly sexy. And—judging by her offer—she was still incredibly horny.

“I probably shouldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because...we only just met and I thought this was only going to be a one night stand.”

“Wouldn’t you want something a little more?” she asked as she caressed a breast with one hand and her belly with the other. “I’m horny right now. I’m always horny,” she added.

I could see that. “Fuck...” I complained to myself. Despite knowing the risks, I could see the perfection of her body and argument, and so could my cock. I was getting hard inside my pants which made zipping them up all the way next to impossible.

“Well, if you want to fuck right now, I’m happy to do that.” She casually walked to the bed and elegantly lay down on it before displaying her body to me. Dorinne didn’t give me the porn star spread, but actually hid her breasts and pussy from me, which made her all the more tempting.

“Okay, I’ll stay,” I relented. “But I’m too tired right now now to fuck.”

“The morning then,” she said satisfied.

I pulled off my pants and got in bed next to her in just my underwear. She was naked, but I wasn’t going to complain about that. I didn’t complain either when she rolled to her side, pressed up against me, and placed her hand on top of my underwear, cupping my cock. I was surprised at how easily I went to sleep with my cock hard from her attention.

I woke up with her tits pressed into my face. I wanted to protest, but whatever I said just came out as a mumble.

“They’re aching,” Dorinne told me. “Just suck on them a little.”

Since I woke up with morningwood, it wasn’t much of a request. I would have happily fucked her in any position under any circumstances.

My mouth found her nipple and I started sucking. It was a natural way to initiate sex, but what surprised me was how easily her milk filled my mouth. The night before there wasn’t that much—it might have been delicious and turned her on, but at most it was a couple of ounces—but now it seemed like a faucet had been turned on.

She flooded my mouth with her milk. It was warm and sweet and much thinner than I thought it would be, but it also somehow clung to my tongue. The flavor wouldn’t go away.

As ways to wake up, it was pretty awesome.

Her moans filled my ears and, if anything, they made my cock harder.

While it was nice to suck on her tits, it was even better when she reached for my cock and started stroking it.

“Let’s fuck,” she said. “I don’t have much time. I need to get to work too.”

She rolled to her hands and knees presenting me her ass. I had wanted to keep sucking away on her tits. I had quickly grown to enjoy the little bit of ambrosia she was making, but I wasn’t going to turn down an offer of sex, especially if I

didn't have to use a condom.

Being the gentleman that I was, I got down behind her and licked the length of her swollen vulva just to make sure she was ready to be fucked.

She was dripping.

"Sucking my tits made me ready," she informed me. "Just stick it in. I need to fuck."

I was fine with that. Going down on a woman in that position tended to hurt my neck and I couldn't get directly to her clit which was where all the action was.

As I knelt behind her with my hard cock in hand, I briefly considered running the head over her puckered anus. It was wet because she was so over-lubricated and maybe she liked that sort of thing. Lots of women were into anal, but then I remembered very few of them were into surprise anal.

I did the correct and gentlemanly thing of sliding into her pussy, the part she had offered me. It was a good choice; her sex eagerly accepted my cock into her body.

As I was sighing with our bodies joining, she groaned out loud. "Oh...yes. That's what I need. That's what I need every morning."

"And every night too, apparently," I added as I placed my hands on the upper curves of her ass and started rocking my hips back and forth in an ever-increasing pace.

"Uh-huh," she agreed. "I should hire a full time whore to take care of my physical needs."

I didn't know what to say to that. Nothing needed to be said to it and luckily we were both to the point where conversation during sex was annoying and distracting. We focused on our bodies. I wanted to make her cum before I came.

I accomplished my goal.

That left her with a dripping pussy and me with a wet cock that was quickly losing its firmness. I was also coming back to myself and reflexively I wanted to

know what time it was. There was enough light in the room for me to see the old-fashioned analog clock Dorinne had on the wall. When I saw the time I freaked the fuck out and jumped from the bed.

“What’s the matter!?” Dorinne wasn’t in a panic, but I had clearly alarmed her with my behavior.

“Time! I’m late! Work!” I started throwing my clothes on in a mad scramble to get dressed.

“So be late,” she replied and rolled over, being careful with her belly.

I wasn’t thrilled with her lackadaisical attitude toward my job. “Can’t.”

“Well at least fucking shower,” she told me. “They’re going to see that you have the same clothes on from yesterday.”

“Can’t!” I insisted before slamming my feet into my shoes and running out the door.

I wasn’t running away from her—how could I? The sex was fantastic!—but I was running from the situation.

As great as the sex was, Dorinne was starting to scare me with how eager she was to hop in bed with me while pregnant with someone else’s kid. As hot as it was fucking a pregnant woman with milky breasts, I wasn’t sure that was for me.

I drove home like a madman, thanking all the gods that there weren’t any cops watching the roads that day, showered, changed my clothes, and got to work only a few minutes late.

No one seemed to notice.

That was common at my job. As long as the work got done, no one, especially my boss, was too concerned with punching a clock.

The day went well. I was energized and I was getting more done than usual. Fucking Dorinne had put an unexpected spring in my step. I couldn’t stop thinking about her pussy or her belly or her big tits leaking milk, and most especially the taste of her milk.

It didn't help that when lunch rolled around and I check my phone. That was the beginning of the end of my focus and everything else.

There were a bunch of messages from Dorinne. That's the problem with our society. It's too easy to contact everyone and takes too little effort.

Because cell phone are fucked up, the first message I read was her last one to me

Why aren't you responding?!

I sighed and scrolled all the way up to the top. I was just looking for a one night stand, a nice fuck to pass the time and release my pent-up sexual energy. I hoped I hadn't accidentally hooked up with a crazy woman.

I thought about the advice that's passed around like it's sage wisdom: Never stick your dick in crazy.

Wags on the internet always follow that with: Crazy pussy makes for crazy good sex.

I had to admit that was true.

And all the signs of crazy were there in Dorinne. Pregnant. Didn't want to talk about the father. Actively dating while pregnant. Implied she had fucked at least one guy, maybe many guys, while pregnant. Let me fuck her within hours of meeting her. Let me fuck her without a condom—pregnancy status be damned.

And now she was chasing after me because I'd fucked her.

The big question now: was I fucked as well?

Last night...and this morning...was incredible. We need to do it again. Right away.

It was a good first message. Maybe a little over-enthusiastic, but that was better than some messages I'd gotten from women (Lose my number. Never contact me again. You were shit in bed.)

After I had taken too long to respond (fifteen minutes) she had sent me a picture with the caption Can I tempt you with this? It was an awkwardly posed picture

of her pregnant pussy.

I appreciated it. It also made me wonder how she managed to shave herself nearly perfectly. My best guess was that she was waxed by some salon or spa, but what the hell did I know. Was that a common thing for pregnant women?

True confession: it was the first time a woman sent me a pussy pic without my asking or the text conversation just naturally heading that way. (Another warning sign that was easy to ignore.)

She followed up the pussy pic with more nude pictures of her body from all angles, highlighting various bits and parts. She still had incredible tits that were fully swollen as far as I could tell. It wasn't obvious from the night before, but she had a nice ass too, but that was easy to miss between her pussy and her tits and her eagerness to get into bed.

Mixed between all the pictures were short statements like, My pussy is aching for your cock! and Don't you want to fuck me? and of course, Want to fuck me tonight?

I sort of did, but she was giving me the crazy vibe.

When I came to her final message again—Why aren't you responding?!—I thought about just deleting her number and being done with it...except my cock was rock hard and I admitted to myself that it would be fun to fuck her again just one more time.

What could it hurt?

My text message back to her was to the point. Sorry. At work. Don't have time to text chat. Meet you tonight after work?

Her reply took less than ten seconds.

YES!

The all caps should have scared me off.

They didn't.

Work cooled down in the afternoon and I was able to scroll back through her messages and pictures. I had to admit, Dorinne, even pregnant or maybe especially because she was pregnant, was hot. If we hadn't already made plans to meet up and fuck that evening, I would have gone to the bathroom and jerked off just for a little relief.

And then it dawned upon me what was wrong with the pictures

It wasn't obvious at first, but not all the pictures of her were selfies. A few were, maybe most of them. Some were just the front facing camera, but a bunch were in a mirror which was normal enough, except then I realized she had to be posing naked in front of a mirror in a bathroom at her job. Then I realized that the pictures weren't all from today. The size and shape of her belly changed from picture to picture. She had stored them on her phone, which wasn't completely crazy, but showed she was a bit of a free spirit and a bit of a slut. I could appreciate that.

But then I realized more than a couple weren't just posed pictures of her nude, but they were posed pictures of her nude and pregnant...and take by someone else. Or at the very least taken by a timer or camera button remote. She was dedicated to showing off her body.

I could appreciate that.

But it also made me wonder how she took the pictures. Was there someone else involved? There wasn't an easy way to ask her that, so I didn't. I just thought about fucking her again and then getting the hell out of her life because I didn't want to get sucked into the crazy.

She was crazy enough for the both of us.

Chapter Three

She met me at the door to her place in next to nothing, letting me know exactly why she had invited me over, as if there was any question to that in the first place.

It was one of those sort-of babydoll outfits that were all lace and did nothing but semi-obscure the good bits. It barely lifted her tits up above the curve of her swollen belly. The part that hung down from the bra parted like curtains because her belly was pressed forward. I could tell she had panties on, but because of her belly, they were impossible to see. Her eyes were sparkling with lust.

“Come in,” she told me, turning around abruptly, leaving her door open, and sauntering away. Somehow she managed to pull off looking sexy in the outfit even though, or perhaps because, the panties were little more than a g-string, completely exposing her ass. It was supposed to be for a woman with big tits, a round ass, and a flat stomach. She had two of those three and managed to pull it off with aplomb.

I admired her form.

So did my cock; I was hard.

“Are we going to just have sex or...?” I managed to ask right before we got to the bedroom.

The covers to the bed were already back and the first thing I noticed for some inane reason was that she had changed the sheets. That was nice. The next thing I noticed was that the front of her blue babydoll outfit was getting darker, specifically the cups of her bra. It took me a beat to figure out what was going on.

“I was hoping for more than just sex.”

Before I could think to ask what she meant by “more than just sex”, I pointed at her chest. “I think you’re...wet.”

She missed my meaning at first. “Hell yeah I am. My pussy has been on fire for you all day.” Dorinne moved in close and pulled my face down to hers for a kiss.

I didn’t resist. I liked kissing her. She was the one to slip her tongue into my

mouth. It was soft and warm, like her body. Before we could go much further she pulled back. “Kissing’s nice but,” she started pulling off her top and when it seemed to stick to her skin, she looked down at her chest. “Oh shit. I’m fucking leaking!”

“Yeah. It looks like your milk is coming out.”

Unabashed, she quickly pulled off the lacy garment and tossed it aside. “Don’t need that anyway,” she said, curling her small, soft hands under her breasts, lifting them up toward me, giving them like a holy offering. “Are you thirsty? Would you like some milk?”

They were hard to resist. I couldn’t resist. “Yes,” I heard myself answer as I pushed her back to the bed. Once on it, I lowered my face to her tits and found a nipple. The moment my lips touched the nipple I could taste the sweet milk. Sucking a little flooded my mouth with the thin, rich liquid.

It was exactly as I remembered and it was a welcome memory. I sucked harder. She moaned and filled my mouth. Swallowing was almost painful since I had to pause from sucking, but it was necessary for the process. My cock was throbbing, hard in my pants. I lifted one hand to her free breast and felt it too was leaking milk. I rubbed the liquid into her skin and let my hands roam around her body. Her skin was soft. Her belly was round. It was a little strange to feel the way the thin string of her panties cut into her flesh, but that made her sexier.

She was all but naked and I was completely clothed. I considered unzipping my pants just enough to get my cock out and fucking her that way. Her panties were tiny enough we wouldn’t have to take them off.

“Don’t stop sucking,” she said softly. “I need to cum like this.”

I didn’t stop sucking or drinking her milk. It was heavenly. I would have been happy to have spent the rest of my life just nursing from her tits. But, like any man, that wasn’t enough for me.

She was on her back and I let my hand glide over her belly and down between her legs. Her pussy was hot and wet, just like her tits. She parted her legs, inviting me inside. Pushing my fingers into her tiny panties, I found the top of her slit and then her prominent clit. I circled it with my finger and she shivered and moaned.

“No...”

“You want me to stop?” I asked, lifting my face from her breast. She practically slammed my face back to her full tits.

“No. Suck, Finger fuck me. Make me cum.”

So I sucked on her tits and continued to finger fuck her. She was sopping wet, leaking precious fluid from both her pussy and tits. I feasted on her tits, drinking the milk down as quickly as she could produce it. Her panties got in the way of some serious finger banging but I soldiered on until she started struggling underneath me. It took a moment for me to realize she was trying to get her panties off to give me greater access to her pussy.

With a little teamwork we managed to pull off the offended garment and she spread her legs wide for me. That presented a small problem. I had quickly fallen in love with her tits and the milk that she was making but at the same time, I wanted to go down on her and taste her pussy.

I kept my fingers busy in her pussy and she seemed to appreciate my efforts even if she couldn't understand my conundrum. Dorinne wasn't lying about what the pregnancy hormones were doing to her body because not only did they make her hornier than a normal woman, but they made it easier for her to cum. I had barely put any effort into finger banging her before she was arching her back and making an inhuman noise. When she came, she squirted all over my hand and soaked the bed as well.

Lifting my head from her slightly deflated breast I said, “You're going to get dehydrated.”

That made her laugh. “Why don't you go get me a drink?”

Being the polite gentleman that I was, I got out of bed, went to the kitchen and returned with a glass of water for her. I wasn't the least bit surprised that she was laying on her side with one hand between her legs, happily jilling herself off. I watched for a few seconds before she realized I was there watching her.

Dorinne grabbed the glass from me and drank it down in one gulp. “Thanks. I needed that. Now I need your cock.” She rolled over and got on her hands and knees, presenting me her ass and still dripping pussy.

As I undressed I wondered what she would have said if I had included a shot of vodka with the water. I'm not that sort of asshole, but my mind got to wondering and sometimes I can't help myself.

She watched as I undressed. My cock was mostly hard when I was naked. We still had the new relationship energy that always seemed to make my cock surge with strength and rigidity. As I approached her, she sat up, reached out, and grabbed me. "Let me suck you a little first."

Who was I to say no? She proceeded to give me a nice little blowjob that was entirely unnecessary. I just wanted to fuck her. That's what I came over for.

Eventually I had to push her away, which sounds insane to teenage me, but I was now a grown man who had been with a fair number of women. I didn't need a blowjob. I wanted to fuck.

"Hey!" she protested. "I wanted you to cum in my mouth first. I want a taste of your spunk."

"Oh. But I wanted more than a blowjob..."

She actually rolled her eyes at me. "You'll fuck me after I suck you off. I need your seed." She grinned.

"Need my seed?"

Her hands went to her belly and rubbed her bulge. "It's good for the baby."

I had my doubts about that but she grabbed me by the balls and pulled by cock back to her mouth. When she started sucking my protests died in my throat.

Dorinne was a talented fellatrix I decided once I was back inside her mouth. She knew exactly what she was doing and took her time doing it. I was already hard so I had expected a quick suck, some hand action, and then me blowing my load in her mouth while she swallowed it down. I'd never asked it of any woman I'd been with, but those who had gone the extra distance to swallow my load had been the best partners I'd ever had.

Even though she took her time, she didn't just tease. Everything was designed to get me to my peak and when she settled in to put on the finishing touches, I was

more than ready.

I was certain I had flooded her mouth with so much spunk that it was going to come shooting out of the seal between her lips and my cock or, worse, shooting out of her nose. But that wasn't the case at all. With each ejaculation she swallowed. It felt great. It pulled me along. I could hear and feel and she swallowed.

When I was finally done, she released my cock. My knees were shaking so I had to sit down on the edge of the bed next to her."Holy fuck that was good."

Her grin was almost triumphant. "Back in high school I was sort of disgusted by the idea of blowjobs. I never would have thought how much I've grown to love giving them. I especially love swallowing." She shrugged. "Who knew?"

"Not me."

Dorinne wasn't going to let an awkward pause rise. Her hands went to her tits. "I can still feel milk in these babies. Want to suck them dry?"

Strangely, I realized that I did. Without verbally answering her, I pushed her to the bed and bent my head to her breasts. It only took two sucks to get her milk flowing and for the sweetness to fill my mouth. It was oral heaven. I never wanted to stop. We were lying on our sides so I only had one free hand. I put it between her legs, feeling her naked pussy, still wet and swollen and ready for me. She put a hand to her free breast, pinching it to stanch the flow of milk from it.

It was amazing how much milk she was making when it had only begun to come in the day before. It was a miracle, a wonderful miracle that I had discovered. The extra bonus was her enjoyment of my feasting on her milk. Sometimes the universe aligns perfectly.

After maybe five minutes of me sucking her milk and moving back and forth between her breasts, the familiar signs of her impending orgasm appeared. The breathing. The little noises. The way she wiggled and touched herself. I didn't relent. When she came it was a beautiful thing.

"Are you hard?" she asked me, panting.

"Mostly," I said looking down at my cock.

“Fuck me,” she said, getting to her hands and knees and once again presenting to me. “Fuck me hard!”

She made a convincing argument so I had to give in. Sinking my cock into her hot, waiting pussy was bliss. I had energy and lust to burn and I made sure to expend it all on her. Dorinne was more than happy to just let me fuck her as hard as I wanted. Before, I was worried about hurting her or her belly and by extension, her baby. I had moved well beyond that. She was just a woman who needed a good fucking that I was happy to provide.

She loved it when I grabbed her hips. She loved it when I altered my angle. She loved it when I went deeper and then shallower. I got the impression that she loved everything I did with my dick. She just loved being fucked.

By the time I was ready to cum, she had already had two more peaks. I saw no reason to hold back. I came as hard as I could, flooding her pussy with my essence.

“Yeah...that’s what I needed,” she moaned softly.

I agreed with her.

I spent the night at her place, but this was only slightly better planned than the previous night. I had brought along a change of clothes, just in case, and it was Friday. No reason to get up early and run to work. We could sleep in. Or rather, we could sleep as long as we wanted, then wake up and fuck and suck until we fell asleep again. It sounded like an excellent plan to me.

It’s exactly what we did. The sunlight must have woke us up the next morning because we had left the shades open. Naturally the first thing we did was a bit of the now customary fuck and suck. Her breast milk was in abundant supply that morning and it was like having breakfast in bed. We started with me sucking her tits, getting her off once that way, then fucking with her riding and her tits dripping on me, then we finished with her still on top and me finishing draining her tits.

While I was sure there wasn’t a huge amount of milk, it felt like a full meal to

me. After she came one last time—an event which I entirely engineered—she climbed off me.

“I’m starving,” she said. “I need something to eat. And drink. What about you?”

I rolled over and grabbed the extra pillow. “I’m good. I’m going back to sleep.”

I don’t know how long I was slept for, but when I woke up I had the intense need to pee. Perfectly normal. The way Dorinne’s apartment was set up, there was a large front room that was half split into the kitchen. The kitchen was connected to the bedroom, bathroom, and small study with a short hallway. I got almost all the way to the bathroom before I saw Dorinne sitting at the kitchen table. That was normal. She had a robe on, which was also normal, and it was open, which was a little odd, but it was her place and I wasn’t going to complain about casual nudity in her place.

What was unusual was the man kneeling on the floor in front of her, his face buried between her thighs, and her face screwed up in a look of ecstasy that I had never seen before.

“What the fuck!” I blurted out without thinking.

I must have been loud. Dorinne’s eyes popped open.

“I can explain.”

To Be Continued

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Cuckold Vacation 3: Wrapped Up

As spring had warmed the time that Jason had to fuck Maddie had decreased because final papers and projects and exams were coming to end the semester. That didn't mean he stopped. It just meant that he had less time to waste and less time to focus on Drea.

He tried not to think too much about the young woman who was supposed to be his girlfriend, though they had both starting keeping each other at a metaphorical and emotional arm's length.

It didn't stop them from having sex with each other, however.

On this day Jason wasn't on campus. Maddie had called with a desperate need for his cock. He promised he'd come over as soon as he finished his last problem set. It took him an hour longer than it should have. Still, he hurried over to the house Maddie lived in with her husband. He texted her that he'd be late. She never replied. That didn't worry him. The only thing to do was to follow their usual routine: he parked his junker of a car in the driveway, went in through the side door, and climbed the stairs to the master bedroom.

There were faint sounds of sex coming from the partially opened double doors that were the entrance to the master suite (so named because, as Jason had learned, it was essentially a small apartment of a bedroom, bathroom, dressing room and walk-in closet). This didn't stop him. It wouldn't be the first time that Maddie was viewing porn while masturbating on the bed awaiting his arrival.

What he found was not what he expected. This was theme with the relationship that Jason had with the married couple.

It was only late afternoon so he didn't expect to find Keith on the bed with his wife. He normally worked late into the evening unless a special arrangement had been made.

He wasn't surprised to find them both naked. Or mostly naked. They were

married and had a right to have sex whenever they wanted. It was just they rarely had sex. Or rather, they rarely had sex in the usual manner for a married couple because Keith wore a chastity cage on his cock that Maddie only let him out of once a month if she decided he had earned the right to an orgasm.

Even then that didn't mean Keith got to have sex with her. Often it meant he got the chance to masturbate while she watched. Maddie told Jason that Keith rarely lasted more than a minute of jerking off. Once in a while she would use her hand on him. She had confided in Jason she had given her husband a blowjob for Christmas last year. It was her only gift to him. Keith was overwhelmed, she reported to Jason, at her generosity.

Today they were having sex but it took Jason a few moments to figure out exactly what was happening. That was fine because it took the two of them a few moments to realize he was there and stop going through the usual gyrations of sexual congress.

Keith was naked except for the cage around his cock. Jason had never seen him not wearing it. Even now, in the middle of what they were doing. It hung down between his knees but it was bouncing around in what had to be an uncomfortable manner, to say the least.

Maddie was kneeling behind Keith and he crouched on hands and knees. She was wearing a thin sheer bathrobe that hung loosely open, exposing one nipple while the other was half concealed behind the translucent fabric. To call it a robe was almost a crime. It didn't really fall low enough on her body to cover her ass which was currently outlined by a set of straps that formed a harness around her hips.

Jason had seen more than enough porn to realize she was pegging her husband. That only made sense.

Maddie was the first to come to her senses. "I got bored waiting for you so I had to fuck me husband."

Jason didn't have a reply to that. The strained look on Keith's face said he couldn't answer.

"Why don't you take off your clothes and when I'm done with Keith you can have your turn."

“Oh...okay,” Jason too easily agreed. He wasn’t sure if she meant he could fuck her when she was done with Keith or if she intended to use the harness-mounted dildo on Jason as well.

He began undressing while she resumed buggering her husband. It was almost painful to watch. Certainly Keith knew what he was doing and what he had gotten himself into. Jason was fairly certain the fifty-year-old man had requested that his wife do this to him.

Fairly certain.

What Jason wasn’t certain of was if he was willing to go along with Maddie fucking him in the same manner.

As he took off his clothes instead of watching Maddie’s wonderfully curvy and beautiful body he instead kept his eyes on Keith’s straining cock. It was dark red, almost purple, as it tried to get hard and erect inside the incorruptible cage. It looked painful. Jason didn’t want to experience that pain but he was fascinated that Keith not only wanted to go through it, but he willingly had done this before.

Other than the reversal of the usual position of the male and female bodies, this was sex like any other sex. The sweating. The moans and groans. The passionate facial expressions. The sound of flesh on flesh. The couple was surprisingly silent on dirty talk, which Jason was fine with.

By the time he was dropping his underwear on top of his jeans, Keith was at his moment of crisis. He was making a nearly inhuman and emasculating noise. Jason’s hand was on his cock, slowly stroking his already firm erection as he watched this scene. Maddie’s head was back as she slammed her pelvis into her husband while she steadied him by gripping his hips. She was smiling, happy with herself and thrilled with her situation.

“Fuck no. Fuck!” Keith screamed. Jason flicked his eyes back to the man’s cock. The thick white fluid of ejaculation was forcing its way through and around the salt-shaker top to the cock cage. Keith began moaning. It sounded like he was truly in pain and wasn’t playing to please Maddie.

Hearing him gasp and nearly cry from the pain made her laugh. “Did you enjoy that?” she asked as she unceremoniously pulled the dildo she had been using on Keith from his ass. It wasn’t a comically huge toy, but nothing more than the size

of an average man's cock...except it was bright purple and had sparkles embedded in the shaft. This detail was slightly obscured by the lube smeared along its length.

"Yes," Keith moaned into the bedclothes. He had slid all the way to the mattress and was gasping heavily from the ordeal.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Maddie, a touch of sarcasm in her voice. "Now get off my bed so I can fuck my bull."

Jason's eyes went wide at her statement and she laughed again. "Or he can fuck me if he wants."

Without waiting for an answer from Jason she pulled on the harness straps and let the device slide over her hips and down her legs. She struggled out of the crisscrossed straps and then lay on the bed, half covered by the robe and her legs crossed so that she effectively hid her pussy from Jason's sight.

"Well?" she asked Jason. "What are you waiting for?"

That prompted both men into action. Keith moved off the bed as Jason moved on to it, taking the two steps up to the huge mattress in one smooth stride. As he approached the older woman who had taught him so much, she frowned. Her eyes weren't on him; they were on location where Keith had just left. She turned her head to her husband.

"Before you do anything else, clean up that mess you left."

Jason flicked his eyes to the drops and wet spots on the sheet where Keith's cum and dripped down.

"Of course," he said moving unsteadily across the room. "Sorry."

That wasn't enough to stop Jason. He went to Maddie, cock first and cocksure, pushing her legs apart, not even asking permission. There was no need for him to put on a condom. She liked it when he came inside her. Glancing down at her pussy he saw the obvious signs she was aroused—swollen and red labia, moisture seeping from between her lips and even reaching up to the little strip of hair that she didn't shave away—Jason took his cock in hand and ran the head along her slit. It took him just a moment to find her entrance.

As he penetrated her, Keith returned from the bathroom, wet washcloth in hand. He cleaned up his mess as his wife's bull started properly fucking her.

They didn't often do missionary because it was decidedly plain, but when they did Jason enjoyed it more than he thought he would. He liked pinning her down and fucking her hard and fast just to hear the noises she made. He was much stronger than her so she had no chance of escaping from him—not that she ever wanted to. If anything with Keith there performing a humiliating task heightened her pleasure. She liked being used by another man if it meant that her husband was emasculated in the process.

There was no subtlety to their fucking. Jason just rutted as fast and hard as he could. Maddie appreciated his efforts. He was more worked up than he thought he had been so it took some effort to hold back so that Maddie could get her orgasm first. The moment he was certain that she was cumming—her pussy tightened on his cock and became incredibly hot while the noises she made became incomprehensible—he let go and deposited his seed in her.

It was funny. After the first time of insisting on an STI test Maddie had never mentioned another one being necessary. It wasn't. But more importantly she never mentioned birth control. She was still young enough to have kids; occasionally their plans had been derailed by her monthly cycle, but if she wasn't worried, he wasn't either.

She patted his back and indicated he should roll off her. "That was good, I needed that," she told him.

"It was good," he agreed with her.

[Click here to continue reading Cuckold Vacation 3: Wrapped Up on Smashwords](#)

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: [at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com](http://elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com)

Twitter: [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub)