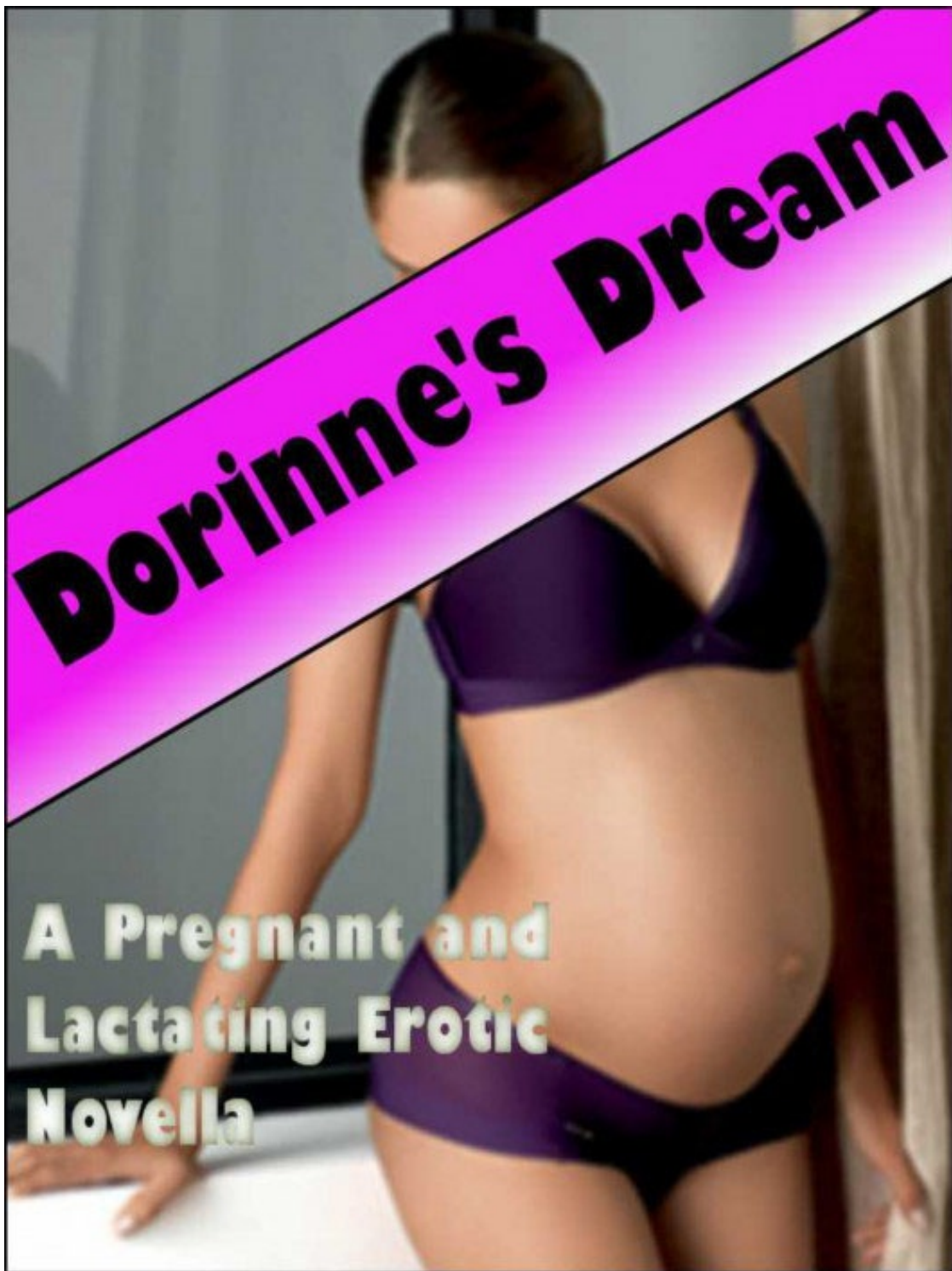


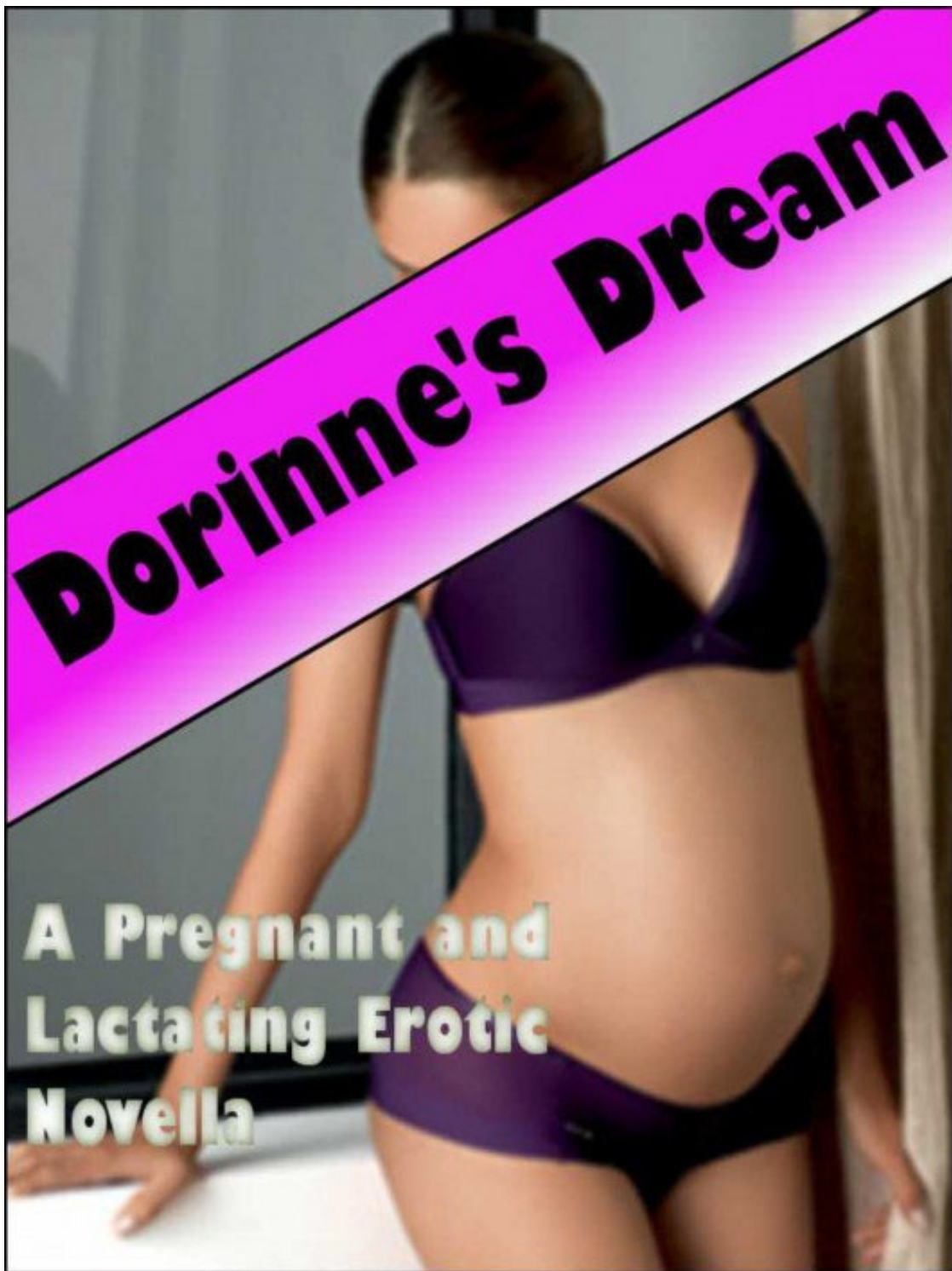
A photograph of a pregnant woman from the waist up, wearing a purple bikini top and bottom. She is standing with her hands on a white surface, possibly a table. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Dorinne's Dream

**A Pregnant and
Lactating Erotic
Novella**

Elliot Silvestri
SexyPreg 2

Green Bush
Publishing

A photograph of a pregnant woman from the waist up, wearing a purple bikini top and bottom. She is standing with her hands on a white surface, possibly a table. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Dorinne's Dream

**A Pregnant and
Lactating Erotic
Novella**

Elliot Silvestri
SexyPreg 2

Green Bush
Publishing

Dorinne's Dream: Sexy Preg 2
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 Dream: 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](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Preview](#)

[About the Author](#)

Part Two

Chapter One

I stared at the woman who I recently met and realized I was falling in love with but didn't want to admit that to myself for a lot of good reasons, the least of which was that she was many months pregnant, and said, "Well, go on. Explain. Explain why some other guy is going down on you."

We didn't have a real relationship. We weren't in love. We weren't a couple. We were just...fucking for fun would be the best way to explain it.

"This is...uh...Kevin," she began.

Kevin, to his credit, pulled his face away from Dorinne's pussy and turned to look at me while still kneeling on the floor between her legs. "Hi. I'm Kevin."

"That's great. I was going to ask if she remembered your name correctly."

"He's the father," Dorinne blurted out.

"I am?" Kevin questioned

"He is?" I seconded him.

"He...uh...he might be. There's a couple of other guys."

Kevin looked back at her. "There are?"

"Uh...yeah. I told you that."

"Yeah, but you said that there was one other guy."

Dorinne winced. "I might have been a little vague..."

Kevin looked back to me. "Whatever. You want to fuck her with me, dude?"

"I...uh...I fucked her earlier." I looked around and my eyes eventually fell on the clock in her oven. 10:30. Not terribly late in the morning, but I didn't know when it was I had drained her tits that morning.

"So is that a no?"

I thought of all the objections I could voice. Dorinne is crazy. I'm not into her. I can't get it up. I'm not into three-ways. I don't even know you, dude.

I didn't say one of them.

"Sure, why not?"

I had no idea why I had agreed to this. I wasn't even that horny. I had just fucked and sucked Dorinne. It was in that moment of being offered to double-team Dorinne that I realized I wasn't wearing anything. Neither Dorinne or Kevin seemed all that upset at my nudity, maybe because she was already mostly naked and having her pussy eaten and maybe because he was used to this sort of thing.

Maybe?

"Good," Dorinne said, getting up from the chair and dropping her robe as she sauntered back to the bedroom. I watched her belly go past me and then her round bottom as well. It was a good look for her.

Turning back toward Kevin, I saw that he wasn't as fully clothed as I had first believed. His jeans were open and his semi-hard cock was hanging out. I figured he must have been beating off while eating out Dorinne. That's what I would have been doing. He stood up and took off his shirt before tucking his cock back into his jeans so he could walk to the bedroom. "Ever double team her before?" he asked me.

"No..." I answered cautiously.

He elbowed me with a grin. "Just like double teaming any other woman, am I right? You want her mouth, her ass, or her cunt?"

I just stared at him as he walked by, unable to say anything.

He paused right before going into the bedroom. "We can switch it up, dude. It's not like she's going to say no."

That was the thing with Dorinne. I got the impression she never said no to any sexual proposition.

I was only a few paces behind Kevin, but by the time I got into the bedroom, his

face was back between her legs. Dorinne was on her side, one artfully bent over Kevin's head and her foot resting on his shoulder while he ate her out.

"Get your cock over here," she told me.

It was as good an invitation as I was ever going to get. I admit, I was a little confused as to why Kevin was eating her pussy, but now wasn't the time for that sort of question. I got on the bed near Dorinne's head and she grabbed my cock, guiding it into her mouth.

A three-way is always held out as this incredible sexual event that cannot be duplicated under any other circumstances. Maybe that's true for the person who is this focus of the encounter (in this case, Dorinne) but for me it was much like any other sex, just with someone else in the room, watching and participating at my partner's other half or side.

Even so, it was great. Dorinne knows how to give a great blowjob.

Or she did until she had to remove my cock so she could hyperventilate and cum from Kevin's cunnilingus. Apparently he wasn't too bad in the oral department. Maybe that was why she invited him over. Or maybe he just showed up. Or maybe I had overstayed my welcome and Dorinne had a tryst planned with him all along.

There was an easy way to find out (asking Dorinne) but I wasn't that brave. I just wanted to get laid.

"I've got her pussy all prepared for you, dude," Kevin said politely. "Want to fuck her now?"

"Fuck you, you little shit," Dorinne complained. "I'm not here for you to use however you want."

"That's not what you said last time we fucked," he interjected.

She ignored him. "Get on your back, Travis. I'm riding your cock." Her need for cock surprised even me. I knew the pregnancy hormones were affecting her libido, but I had just fucked her satisfactorily a few hours earlier. Now she needed two guys to fuck her again?

I might have found the perfect woman.

I went to my back with my cock happily pointing at the ceiling. Dorinne climbed on top of me, her belly leading as always. She grabbed my manhood and tried to guide it into her pussy, but something was wrong with the way she was squatting on top of me; the angle wasn't right.

That's when I felt another hand and the words, "Here. Let me help. I know her cunt better than anyone."

"Fucking rude, Kevin," Dorinne complained, but sighed when Kevin found the perfect angle and she sat down on me. Her pussy was wetter than it had ever been before. Up to that moment I wasn't sure how I felt about another guy grabbing my junk, but I appreciated the effort he put in to helping me.

Dorinne rode me up and down for half a minute while I played with her tits. In the short amount of time I had been asleep, she had built up a good supply. It didn't take much effort to get them dripping again. I was about to ask her to move a bit so I could start sucking on them again, when she leaned forward.

"You know the angle I'm looking for, babe," said Kevin. "Is this enough lube for you?"

"I'll tell you when you put it in my ass," was her reply.

It took me a second to realize what was going on. I had sensed his fingers down near Dorinne's pussy. I thought he was just massaging her ass or doing who knows what.

The who-knows-what he was doing was lubing up her asshole so he could bugger her. Dorinne stopped moving on top of me as he knelt behind her, got into position, and pushed his cock up into her ass. I could feel his cock through whatever thin layers of tissue separate her ass from her pussy.

It was...more than I had woken up anticipating for the day.

Not knowing what to do, I froze there. It wasn't like I had much choice being on my back with the very pregnant Dorinne on top of me and now the both of us being pinned down by Kevin. I was also vaguely disturbed that my first three-way was with a man I didn't know and a pregnant woman I had been fucking

way too regularly. I was definitely disturbed that I could feel his cock moving inside of her. It was beyond disturbing that I was getting off on all of it.

Since I couldn't move, I just let Kevin do all the work. I mean, I suppose I could have made a little effort and done a little thrusting, but I was beyond logical thought at that moment. Dorinne moved a little, but she was restricted by being between two virile men along with her belly.

I was going to ask them to stop and make me escape, but then Dorinne's tits started dripping milk all over me and I was mesmerized and knew I would let this play out to whatever conclusion was in store. Unable to help myself, I managed to get one of Dorinne's nipples between my lips and started sucking.

Her milk flowed freely into my mouth and I greedily swallowed as much as I could, desperate to start sucking on the other one that was leaking on my chest.

I couldn't understand why Dorinne was into getting railed by two men while she was pregnant, one in her ass and one in her pussy. I wasn't into anal all that much myself. I had only done it with a couple of women who were curious. It was fine and they were nonplussed by it, so it never became a thing for me.

It was, however, a thing for Dorinne. Or maybe getting railed by two men while she was pregnant, one in her ass and one in her pussy was a thing for Dorinne. I didn't know her that well.

"I'm gonna cum!" She abruptly blurted out and then, of course, she came. Cumming made her milk pump out of her tits. I switched from the left one to the right, swallowing the sweet nectar as quickly as she could make it. By now I was soaked with her milk and it was all over her skin as well, but we weren't about to stop.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" she all but screamed.

Kevin stopped moving his hips. "Do you want me to stop?" He had already stopped so the question was pointless.

"No!" I blurted out before Dorinne could answer.

Her eyes, tightly squeezed shut a moment before while she came, suddenly popped open. A laugh was about to erupt on her lips. "No," she agreed, licking

her lips and staring down at me. “Keep fucking my ass. See if you can make Travis cum.”

Those weren’t the words I wanted to hear, but I didn’t protest. I want to say I didn’t protest because I didn’t know what to do, but it was close to the truth to say that my mouth was full of Dorinne’s breast and milk. I was too cowardly to say that maybe what we were doing wasn’t my scene.

I realized after the fact that it might have been very much my scene.

Between Dorinne’s warm pussy clenching on my cock and her milk filling my mouth and stomach, along with Kevin steadily thrusting into her ass so elegantly that he was essentially rubbing my cock with his, I couldn’t hold back.

It wasn’t the best orgasm of my life, but it was the most unusual. It was the relief that I needed right then.

And immediately afterwards I regretted my every life decision that had led me to be pinned under Dorinne while Kevin buggered her. I couldn’t go anywhere until he moved away and she climbed off me. I might be a pervert, but I wasn’t going to shove her around and risk hurting her baby. I wasn’t a monster, just a pervert.

Kevin wasn’t done. I was. Dorinne wasn’t done either. Her face had that faraway look of a woman who needed to cum just one more time and being fucked in the ass was going to do it.

“Ready for me?” Kevin grunted.

“Don’t cum in my ass,” Dorinne begged as she started to collapse against me. I’m sure she was exhausted. How much sex can a pregnant woman take anyway?

“Why not?”

“Don’t!”

Kevin showed that he had some class. I felt him withdraw and then heard the familiar sound of a man’s fist pumping his cock.

“Do it!” Dorinne had changed her tune. There was a beatific look on her face. “Cum on my ass.”

It didn't take long for Kevin to finish his mission. Somehow Dorinne managed to push her hand down between my body and her belly. My cock was slowly shriveling up but that didn't interest her. I could feel her fingers moving on her pussy and clit. It only took a touch and she was cumming once again.

I was starting to get worried that I had fallen into a ring of perverts.

Chapter Two

I was surprised when she showed up at my door. I hadn't given Dorinne my address and she had never been over to my place. Of course, I might have told her my address at some point and I simply hadn't remembered, but it was strange to see her in front of me, a desperate look on her face. She was cupping her breasts through her dress, almost massaging them. It was somewhere between sexy and worrisome.

"You've got to help me out, Travis," she all but begged.

Somehow my brain was engaged and I managed a decent reply that didn't immediately descend into stupidity or sex. "How did you find my address?"

She ignored my question. "My tits are full of milk...and I'm horny."

At least my current obsession was being honest with me. I was glad I was wearing jeans when I opened the door because just her presence alone was enough to make my cock get rock hard.

I resolved not to be stupid. This wasn't a relationship that was going anywhere. It was just sex. Weird and kinky sex, but sex only.

I was glad to hide my hard cock.

"Maybe now isn't the best time, Dorinne," I said, glancing back into my apartment trying to imply that I had a guest. I didn't. I lived alone. I wasn't seeing or fucking anyone else at that time other than Dorinne.

"You got someone else in there you horny little boy?" She tried to peer around me and see what I was blocking. I kept one hand on the doorjamb in front of her at eye level. That didn't stop her from ducking and standing on her toes trying to look into my place. Since I wasn't really hiding anything I didn't move my arm at all.

"None of your business?"

"Boy or girl?" she asked. "I swing both ways. Do you?"

"No," I snapped a little quicker and harder than I had intended. I was still recovering from my semi-trauma with our mutual encounter with Kevin. Just the

thought of Kevin was enough to weaken my resolve.

“A girl then. I don’t mind that,” she said as she fiddled with the top two buttons of her dress. She opened them up giving me the full view of her cleavage which weakened my resolve another notch. “I haven’t fucked a girl since...” and she ran one hand over her round belly.

My resolve went down another notch. That made me wonder how many notches my resolve had.

And that made me wonder what the worst outcome would be if I gave in to my basest urges.

“Since when?” I asked. That wasn’t a wise question. It made me think about the possibilities with her and me and another woman. If anything, it made my cock harder. It made me wonder if her pussy was wet.

“Since before I got pregnant,” she told me. “Or at least since around when I found out I was pregnant.” She smiled and squeezed one of her breasts. “Are you hiding a girl in there?”

“No,” I said quickly and then removed my hand from the doorjamb, expansively sweeping it in an arc that covered the living room. “See for yourself.”

That was my big mistake. She took the opportunity to step inside and see for herself. She didn’t get far before she finished unbuttoning her dress and yanking it up over her belly and head to drop it on the floor. There was a two second show of her searching my small apartment. Since it’s nothing more than a small kitchen, a huge living room, a bedroom and a bathroom, it didn’t take her long to search. “Okay, no other girl you’re fucking. Want to fuck me?”

She was in her bra and panties. Or I assumed she was wearing panties. I couldn’t see an over the swell of her belly.

“I shouldn’t,” I said as I stiffened what was left of my resolve, much like my cock was stiffening.

“How about sucking my tits then?” She looked down at her swollen breasts. They were still hidden by a nice pink and yellow bra. I knew what her tits looked like without a bra and yet I still wanted the garment of spandex, cotton, metal

supports and hooks to be banished from around her torso.

I slowly shook my head. “No. I shouldn’t. I can’t.”

“Why not?” she asked innocently, slipping her fingers under one of the straps and letting them glide down to the top of the cup.

“Because if i start sucking your tits, I’ll taste your milk and that will make me want to fuck you.”

“Is that so bad?”

“I shouldn’t fuck you.”

“Why not?”

“You’re just a little too crazy for me.”

Her fingers dipped lower and I knew that they were just barely touching her areola. I wanted to touch her areola. “But you’re crazy for me and my tits.”

I continued to shake my head. “No. No, I’m not.”

She shrugged the straps off her shoulders but the cups continued to cling to her tits. “Okay, maybe not my tits, but certainly for my milk.”

Pushing the cups off her breasts, her nipples were exposed. I could see they were wet. They were leaking. The inside of the cups were wet because she had been leaking. I was certain I could smell the scent of her milk in the air. My mouth started to water. I’m sure my cock would have gotten harder if it was at all possible, but since I was somewhere between tungsten and titanium.

Once free, her nipples started dribbling her thin milk. I stared, awed. It was a natural human function and shouldn’t have been notable, but it was beautiful and I wanted to suck on her perfect nipples and drink every drop of her milk.

At the moment her milk was dribbling down to her belly and my floor. I was jealous of the floor and her belly. I should be the one taking advantage of that milk. It was just going to waste.

Her hands cupped her breasts. She allowed her nipples to poke out between her thumbs and forefingers so now the milk dribbled over the rest of her hand.

And then she squeezed. She didn't squeeze hard, but just hard enough.

The air was suddenly filled with streams of white milk jetting every which way. I had forgotten that women didn't have just one opening for their milk, but many ducts allowing for multiple streams. I didn't care that she was getting my floor soaking wet. It was beautiful...and upsetting because she was wasting that milk everywhere.

I fell on my knees in front of her. "Don't! Stop! You're wasting it."

She stopped squeezing. "There's one way to stop it," she told me right before firing again. I caught it right in the face and neck. Her milk started soaking my t-shirt. I got very little into my mouth. There was only one way to solve the problem.

Learning forward, I grabbed her hips and held Dorinne in place so that I could latch onto her right nipple. She didn't fight back. She didn't resist at all. She didn't want to.

Right from the start this had been her intent and I fell for it all.

I sucked as hard as I could, savoring the sweetness as it ran over my tongue before I swallowed.

She moaned audibly. I slid my hands along her hips, searching for the waistband to her panties. Since she wasn't wearing any panties I didn't find her waistband. My hands went down to her thighs and I then moved them back up, one on the inside, one on the outside. She didn't protest when I cupped her soft ass. She didn't complain when my hand went up between her thighs and cupped her pussy.

It was hard to reach her pussy considering her belly and the way she was standing. Dorinne made the effort easier by widening her stance and allowing me the little pleasure of touching her sex.

As always, she was already all but dripping in anticipation of sex. I slid my middle finger up inside her while continuing to suck on her right nipple. Since it

was no longer steadily leaking milk, I switched over to the left and began drawing out as much milk as I could from that one.

She shivered at the way I was touching her. The ways I was touching her.

“You need to fuck me,” she whispered softly.

I nodded in agreement but I didn’t move from where I was kneeling in front of her, nipple in my mouth. I wanted to fuck her, but it was a long way to the bedroom, at least twenty or thirty feet. Probably more.

Instead of showing some self-control, I started sawing my finger in and out of her pussy, being sure to rub against the clit. That caused her to shiver some more. I could tell she was getting weak in the knees but I didn’t stop. I’ll admit it: I was addicted to her milk.

And maybe her body.

And maybe sex with her.

And maybe it was because she was just so sexually forward, but I’m not going to rule out the fact that her belly made her sexy as hell. Was it because she obviously fucked and already had a kid inside of her so she was safe enough to fuck? I don’t know. I’m not emotionally stable enough to answer that question.

Her breathing changed and she started wobbling. I wasn’t a complete idiot; I didn’t want her to get hurt. As she came, she started to fall down. I leaned into her, catching her as she slowly collapsed. I was strong enough to ease her onto the couch.

“That was nice,” she sighed as she perched on the edge of the couch, legs wide open. If she didn’t have such a big belly I could have just opened up my jeans, moved in close, and fucked her while on my knees. “But you interrupted my orgasm. You need to properly fuck me.”

“Your belly is too big,” I pointed out while pulling off my t-shirt and unzipping my jeans. We had, of course, moved well beyond me making any rational choices. It was all about sex now.

“It’s only going to get bigger,” she pointed out as she turned over and put her

knees on the couch cushion and her hands of the couch's back. It would have made more sense to move to the bedroom, it was literally that close, but I was too eager to sink my cock into her wet pussy and I was young and stupid and lust drunk.

I didn't even get my jeans all the way off. I only got them down to my knees. Her back was arched perfectly. Her legs were spread at just the right width, I could see her wet pussy, angled and waiting for me. When I stepped behind her, she reached down between her legs, avoiding her belly, and guided my cock into her wetness.

I moaned in appreciation of the perfection of pussy meeting cock and started thrusting away. If I wasn't a gentleman, I would have fucked her as hard and fast as I could and cum without any thought to her pleasure. I didn't. I managed to hold back. Her hand stayed on her pussy as I fucked her from behind. She was rubbing her clit and occasionally playing with my balls as we fucked there.

What was wrong with me?

My hands went to her tits and I could feel them dripping onto my couch.

It was worth it.

We didn't fuck for very long. Long fuck sessions only happen for those people who are sport fucking each other trying to prove how good in bed they are. I was desperate and horny and I wanted to cum after Dorinne's very long and very effective tease. She wasn't sparing her clit at all. I could hear her schlicking away at her little bean. I was polite enough to hold back until she was cumming and then I just let go and emptied everything I had into her pussy.

That was enough for the both of us. Her knees were buckling and I was on the brink of exhaustion. She managed to ease herself down onto the couch, curling around her big belly and I went slowly to my knees.

"That was nice. I needed that," said Dorinne. Her eyes were closed and she seemed ready to drift off to sleep.

"I could tell."

"Can I sleep here?"

“Sure...but wouldn’t you rather sleep in my bed?”

Her eyes fluttered partially open. “Yeah...but I can’t walk that far.”

“I’ll carry you.”

I yanked my jeans the rest of the way off as she started to protest. She was small enough that when I slipped my arms under her naked body it was easy to lift her up, even while she was pregnant. There was no need for her to resist.

I think she liked being carried.

When I placed her on my bed she rolled over and I had to walk around to lay down next to her.

I couldn’t resist. I moved her arm out of the way and propped up my head on a pillow. Once again, she didn’t protest when I latched onto her naked breast and started suckling.

She liked it.

I liked it.

It wasn’t exactly heaven, but it was pretty damned close.

I just wish I hadn’t fallen asleep at her breast.

Chapter Three

“We’ve got to stop this,” I told her when we woke up.

It was the middle of the night. I wasn’t still sucking on her tits; that would have been creepy. I woke up with my head near her tits. She was lightly snoring and holding my shoulders so I wouldn’t escape. I didn’t want to escape.

I think.

She briefly pulled away from me, but then remembered where she was. “Why?” was her response.

It was a natural and normal response because why would she want anything to change? She was getting all the weird and kinky sex that she wanted. I was getting dragged into her strange and bizarre life. I was willing to get involved with her for the sex...but everything else was too much, way too much, for me.

“Because things are getting too strange.”

She slowly shook her head and sat up on the bed. “You’re strong,” she said. “You carried me all the way to the bed.”

“It wasn’t that far.”

Dorinne ran her fingers down my arm, tracing over the biceps and then down across my forearm, feeling the play of muscles under the skin. I’d be lying if I said that my cock didn’t stir at least a little from that subtle foreplay.

“But it still makes you strong,” she said.

I knew what she was doing. It wouldn’t take much to seduce me. I pulled away from her.

“This is just such a bad idea.”

She reached out for my arm again, but then pulled back. “Why would you say that?”

“I’m not the father of your kid. You have...kinks that are a little far for me. We aren’t good for each other.” I was glad to get it all out at once. Yeah, she was

probably going to dump me, but I was willing to risk that. The sex was great, but it wasn't that great. I wasn't insane. I could see her dragging me into some weird situation where I'd be wearing a gimp suit while she got it on with a goat.

There was a pause. The air grew thick. I was certain this was going to be the most uncomfortable breakup I'd ever gone through, and we didn't even have a real relationship; it was just sex.

Instead of acknowledging that it wasn't working out, Dorinne said, "It's been a while since I fucked a girl."

I said nothing.

"Do you want to watch me fuck a girl?"

"No."

Yes was the honest answer.

"Do you have an old girlfriend or someone who would be happy to get in bed with the both of us?"

"No." That was an honest answer. "If I had an old girlfriend who was bi, I'd still be with her. I wouldn't give that up."

She smiled and reached out, placing her fingers underneath my jaw. "I'm bi," she reminded me. "I'm willing to be your girlfriend."

I groaned. This was bad. Very bad.

"I don't think that we should really have that relationship." It was a weak way of saying I was breaking up with her. Hell, I wasn't even breaking up with her; I was saying we shouldn't continue the dysfunctional relationship we had barely started.

"Who wants a relationship," she said. "I just want to fuck a woman in front of you. Make you jealous. Make you hard." And here she reached down and grabbed my cock which wasn't hard, but it wasn't soft either.

"You want to fuck a woman in front of me to impress me?" I asked.

“Yes.” I was learning that any simple answer from Dorinne wasn’t simple.

“I think that’s crazy.”

“More crazy than fucking a pregnant woman?” He hands went up under her breasts and she offered them to me. It was awkward and out of position because she was on her hide and I didn’t know how much milk was in them, but still some leaked out.

I was weak. I leaned forward and licked one of her nipples. It was sweet. It was too much to resist. I took the nipple between my lips and sucked.

Dorinne moaned softly as I drew out her milk.

It was delicious. I couldn’t stop myself. It was the middle of the night and we had just fucked and she offered herself to me—no, she had seduced me—and still she wanted more.

I wanted more.

My cock was hard and her pussy was wet. Her pussy was always wet.

She rolled to her hands and knees, presenting me her ass. I could smell her moist pussy. I gave in to my base desires, kneeling behind her, guiding my cock into her pussy and fucking her once more.

It was rough and almost inhuman, but it was who we were.

My decision not to block Dorinne from contacting me drew out our relationship. I told myself I was in it just to fuck her and another woman at the same time.

At least, that’s what I hope I was in it for.

I didn’t know any longer.

I figured I’d give Dorinne a few days, maybe a week, and then when she discovered no woman would want to fuck her while she was pregnant for the amusement of a guy who was just going to stare creepily at them, I’d break it off

entirely.

A week was more than enough, I figured, because, years ago, according to my uncle, everyone was down to fuck after a single date. Getting laid was no problem. Now everyone wants to spend weeks and weeks chatting by text and social media. Everything takes forever. I figured I was safe.

It was two days later when Dorinne texted me. Her name's Natalie and she's down for it. Can you fuck both of us at the same time?

It was an insane question. I gave it the answer it deserved. I've only got one dick.

Can you fuck the both of us in one night, she corrected herself.

I knew that's what she meant...but I couldn't help myself. I'm a terrible person.

I can do that. It was a promise I hoped I could keep.

Good. Bring the dick tomorrow night.

I was frankly amazed that Dorinne had done it so quickly. It had only taken her two days to find a woman willing to fuck the both of us. How had she done it? She had kept me on the line with two things: the promise of sex and her milk. I was going to her place every morning and every night...for sex and milk.

I didn't know what was wrong with me and I wasn't sure I wanted to stop. It was crazy. I knew that at the start of a new relationship—even a terrible relationship—there was so much libidinous energy that it often came out in strange ways.

That didn't make me any less eager to hop into bed with both Dorinne and Natalie. I hadn't even met Natalie and I wanted to fuck her. According to Dorinne, she was down to fuck anytime and anywhere. That only made sense, I suppose, since she was going to fuck a pregnant woman and a man she didn't know.

Meeting Natalie was weird. She was pretty enough with big boobs, long black hair, and a winning smile, I wasn't sure what to expect, but she was more than

just a few pounds overweight, which helped contribute to her large tits. I wasn't being judgemental, but she was right on that line between sexy curvy and non-sexy obese. Some guys are into that, which is great. I'm on the fence, but since I was fucking a pregnant woman I hardly knew, I wasn't going to make serious judgments.

Dorinne had set out glasses of wine for Natalie and me; I was glad to see that she wasn't drinking herself. I wouldn't have put it past her. (I must be a terrible person.) I took a couple of sips to be polite and Natalie just seemed to hold hers as we went through introductions. We kept eyeing each other as Dorinne kept talking and I ignored whatever it was my pregnant lover was blathering on about.

"How did Dorinne find you?" I asked Natalie when our hostess finally paused for half a second to take a breath.

"The internet. Some app," was the answer.

"Of course."

"We do live in the twenty-first century."

"It's how people meet."

"For sex."

"And relationships," I added.

That made Natalie laugh.

I smiled and asked, "Why do you laugh?"

"Are you looking for a relationship?" she asked me.

"No," I blurted out as quickly as possible, which, looking back, probably wasn't a very wise or measured response, but I didn't want to lead anyone on or give either woman the impression that I was looking for a real relationship.

"Good. Neither am I." She paused and took a small sip of wine. "Are you ready to fuck?"

I hadn't expected such a blunt proposition from a woman I had just met, but then again, it wasn't directed at me.

I think.

Natalie was looking at Dorinne when she asked the question. Dorinne, always horny and ready to prove she was a pregnant slut,

I was glad I kept my mouth shut. Dorinne was quick to respond. "Hell yes!"

The two women moved together and shared an intense kiss.

It wasn't exactly like I had envisioned. It wasn't exactly like I had seen in some memorable porn I had watched, but it was still incredibly hot to watch two women just a couple of feet away from me, kiss intimately and passionately.

The fact that they both had a little bit extra in the way of curves just made it hotter.

I watched silently, not wanting to upset or disturb either of them. I was positive if I did the wrong thing, they'd kick me out and I'd have to go home and wank off by myself.

It was Dorinne, of course, that slipped her hands up underneath Natalie's blouse and forced up over her head, exposing her bra and massive amounts of cleavage. I couldn't wait for her tits to be revealed.

"Are you sure it's okay if Travis watches?" she asked Natalie.

The two of them gave me a quick side eye, but it was a positive side eye.

"Sure. I've never done that before."

Her statement made me wonder exactly what she had done before.

I wanted to find out.

We quickly moved from the living room to the bedroom. I perched my ass on the edge of the table Dorinne had shoved into one corner as they went to the bed and started undressing each other. They kissed as they did this, on the lips and on

each bit of exposed skin as it came into view. There was no elegant way to take off Natalie's bra, though Dorinne tried. After some false starts and struggles with straps and the band and the hooks in the back, Natalie just reached under her band and pulled it off her body like she was taking off a t-shirt.

Her tits bounced into view and they were glorious.

Natalie was down to her panties. Somehow in the moments when they were kissing and caressing, I had missed the removal of her skirt. That was okay because I didn't miss Dorinne tucking her hand into the back of Natalie's panties to hold the flesh of her ass. Dorinne pushed Natalie onto her back and captured one of the raven-haired woman's nipples in her mouth. Natalie groaned and I decided to fuck it all and unzipped my jeans to get my cock out.

The women didn't notice me at all as started jerking off.

Natalie let her hand go to her free nipple and played with it as Dorinne did her best impersonation of me, sucking on Natalie's nipple while her hand curved around Natalie's hip, moving from her ass to her pussy. The bigger woman jerked in surprise as Dorinne's finger slipped up inside her pussy. At least, that's what I was imagining because I couldn't see exactly what was going on inside of Natalie's panties. Dorinne's hand was busy, so I didn't need much imagination as to what they were doing.

"I want to taste you," Dorinne said softly, letting go of Natalie's nipple.

Her new lover just nodded in agreement. Together they worked on removing her black lace panties. Dorinne was still in her bra and panties, though they weren't much in the way of panties; I couldn't decide if it was a thong or a g-string that disappeared between her buttocks as she knelt over Natalie's supine body.

Once Natalie was completely naked Dorinne climbed between her legs and set to work on eating out her pussy. Natalie had naturally pale skin that was nearly flawless. To accentuate her body, she had an inch-wide landing strip between her legs that I caught a glimpse of before it was hidden by Dorinne's head. She had a couple of tattoos on her hips, flowers of some sort, that were bright yellow and pink. As with any good tattoo art, they made her already luscious body even sexier.

As the smell of sex filled the air in the close bedroom along with soft moans and

the sounds of a wet mouth on moist genitalia, I realized that my hand had stopped moving on my hard cock. I wasn't sure if I wanted the scene to last forever or if I was so blown away by the private sex show that I couldn't concentrate on masturbation.

That didn't sound like me at all.

I slowly resumed by familiar back and forth routine on my cock as I continued to watch.

They weren't putting on a show for me so much as they were actually having sex with each other. There's a difference between porn sex and real sex. This was real sex. Maybe it wasn't a perfectly orchestrated live-action drama, but it was better because of that.

Unsurprisingly, Dorinne knew exactly what she was doing between Natalie's thighs. In short order she had the other woman panting and moaning. When she came it was sudden and loud.

I loved it.

Dorinne rode out the violent orgasms with aplomb and when it was over she lifted her head from Natalie's sex and turned to grin triumphantly at me. "Do you want in on this action?"

"Uh...sure. But there's only room for one face in there."

"I can spread wider," Natalie happily offered. She made the effort and her thighs were splayed wide, but it was still going to be an effort for the two of us to eat her out at the same time. And how does that even work?

Dorinne laughed at the two of us. She wiggled her ass and hooked one finger into the waistband of her panties. "I was actually asking you to fuck me, Travis," she said as she managed to wiggle her panties down low enough to expose her ass. If she wanted a little daisy chain I could help with that.

I pulled her panties the rest of the way down her thighs while she went back to work on Natalie's pussy. Natalie had already lost interest in the conversation; her eyes closed and her head flopped back as Dorinne went back to work. I didn't realize the woman I had been regularly fucking was so into eating pussy.

As always, my trusty cock was nice and hard. I didn't even bother to take my jeans all the way off. Getting Dorinne's panties all the way off was a bit of a trick; I had her lift one knee and then the other so I could remove them. Kneeling behind her i reached between her legs to check her pussy. I didn't really need to do that because I knew what to expect of her. I was willing to go down on her and get her tasty pussy ready, but she was sopping wet. Apparently eating pussy got her hot and bothered.

There was a simple grunt from her as I entered her pussy; it was the only acknowledgement of my presence. Nothing was going to distract her from Natalie's pussy. It was almost annoying. I wanted her to pay attention to me, but then again, by her own admission it had been a long time since she had had sex with another woman. She had had my cock almost every day for the past week.

No, two weeks.

That thought made me stop mid-thrust. We had been fucking for two weeks and this was starting to seem normal. Before I could let this settle in, Dorinne interrupted my thoughts.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"What?" I was started by her vehemence.

"Keep fucking me!"

Natalie moaned in frustration, annoyed at the interruption. She had obviously been enjoying Dorinne's attention and I had destroyed that. I was a terrible person.

Right away I started thrusting, putting Dorinne back to work on Natalie's pussy. I was determined not to cum too soon. That would be soul crushing. I knew I could fuck the both of them, but I didn't want to waste it right away on Dorinne. I had been inside Dorinne more times than I could count.

I slowed my thrusts and watched the two of them together. In many ways it was better than a porn video. I didn't get a close up, but I did get to experience all the passion.

And Natalie was a passionate person. Or maybe Dorinne was really good at

eating pussy. Or maybe both. While I slowly steeped my cock inside of Dorinne's pussy, moving it back and forth as slowly as I could, Dorinne proceeded to give Natalie a series of orgasms. I couldn't put a number on it because one blended into the next. I was positive she was going from peak to plateau to peak.

It must have been good to be a woman. The sex highs could be unending.

I don't know what precipitated it, but eventually Natalie pushed Dorinne's face away. "Enough. Stop! Too much!"

Dorinne looked up at her; I'm positive she was grinning smugly. "How many?"

"How many what?" Natalie puffed. She was breathing heavily and sweat beaded on her face and chest and probably everywhere else.

"How many times did you cum?"

Natalie picked up an article of clothing that had fallen onto the bed. I'm guessing it was a t-shirt but I wasn't paying close attention to a random garment when I had tits and ass to examine. She wiped away the sweat from her face and chest. "Lost count after the second one. Well, maybe after the third because that's when I just started cumming and never really stopped."

Dorinne looked over her shoulder at me. "See how good I am, Travis? I bet you wish you had a pussy so I could go down on you."

"That's...that's a really strange thing to wish on someone else." Once again I had stopped fucking her, but that was fine. No one was trying to cum right then and there.

"Would you like to fuck Natalie now?" Dorinne generously offered.

It was a strange question, especially considering my cock was buried in another woman's pussy at the moment. I didn't know what to say.

Luckily, Natalie was there to give an answer. "I'd love some cock right now."

“You would?” I was shocked beyond all comprehension.

“Tongue is great, but there’s nothing like a nice hard cock, is there?” she replied.

“I...I wouldn’t know,” I answered honestly. I’m sure lots of women and more than a few men liked a nice hard cock, but I wasn’t part of that subset.

“Trust me,” said Natalie as she climbed out from between her friend’s legs dislodging my cock from her pussy, “there is nothing like a good hard cock.” Both of the women looked at my erection, wet from Dorinne’s pussy, and being the center of their attention wasn’t exactly comfortable.

“Take off your jeans first,” said Natalie as she adjusted herself on the bed. I automatically looked at her pussy. It was wet and dripping. Natalie had done an excellent job on her pussy. The inch-wide landing strip was beaded with drops of saliva and pussy juice. I should have been turned off.

I wasn’t.

If anything I was all the more eager to fuck her.

My jeans came off and I found myself climbing on top of a woman I barely knew. She could have been anyone. She could have been someone else. Maybe Natalie was a made up name. Maybe she was a prostitute that Natalie had hired for some unknown reason.

But those were almost-existential questions that didn’t matter at the moment.

Natalie wrapped her hand around the base of my cock and guided it into her pussy.

She was hot and incredibly wet. She wasn’t too tight but gave me plenty of room to move around and enjoy her pussy without having to worry about hurting her. It was like her pussy gripped my cock and massaged it just like I liked. I took a couple of experimental thrusts and shivered a little. I got almost the exact same response from her. We locked eyes and I instinctively leaned forward to kiss her.

It was strange to realize that I had put my cock inside her pussy before we even shared a kiss. Our kiss was hardly chaste; I thrust my tongue into her mouth as deeply as my cock was in her pussy. It took a moment to get adjusted to the fact

that she didn't have an upward curving stomach that was hard with a baby inside her body.

That thought struck me at exactly the wrong moment. I was already seated deep inside her but it was already too late. I was fucking her without a condom and had no idea what her status was, disease-wise or for pregnancy protection.

We were both fucked, metaphorically speaking.

Someone I dug deep within my very shallow and usually empty well of self-control and withdrew from her.

I shuddered at the unwanted separation.

Her expression was one of heavy need. "Gonna slam that hard cock into me? I love it rough."

"I need a condom," I told her. It was a terrible time and place to be asking for one. I didn't bring one along because I'm stupid and we were at Dorinne's place, so she didn't have any I could borrow. Already the factoid that sperm cells can exist in precum and a fertile woman can get pregnant without an ejaculation started bouncing around inside my head.

"You don't need a condom," she told me. "I'm safe." Her fingers wrapped around my balls and shaft. She had lifted up her legs to get both her hands on my tool. Her left hand kept a firm grip on my balls, an anchor if you will, while her right adjusted my angle and encouraged me to sink back into her pleasure well.

"How...how do I know that?" I asked. My weak resistance was already crumbling.

"Why the fuck would I want to get pregnant?" she asked me.

"I...I don't know," I stuttered out. "Dorinne is preg."

I saw the two women exchange a glance. I suppose I should be glad they both didn't start laughing in my face. "Yeah, but I don't want to be," Natalie said.

"I'm more than enough preggo for all of us," said Dorinne. She pushed me forward between Natalie's thighs.

I was only human and I had only so much resistance. Teenage me would have hated adult me who was refusing to fuck a beautiful woman who was desperate for my cock.

Once my cock head reached her parted lips, I gave in. The pleasure would be more than worth it, I assured myself.

It was a stupid assumption. My brain was lust-addled. That was my only excuse.

“Oh...yes,” moaned Natalie as I went all the way into her. I loved how her pussy was so accommodating to my cock. “Slam that thing into me. Don’t worry about hurting me. I love it rough.”

Would I have been an asshole to say no? Probably not, but I was going to give into my base desires along with Natalie’s.

We fucked like beasts, nothing more than pure lust-driven monsters. Her pussy clamped down on my cock and she cried out with every thrust, not from pain but from pleasure. I could hear my cock squishing wetly into her depths. I was working harder than I ever had before with any woman. It was base and almost disgusting and certainly borderline human.

It was also incredible sex.

I was so into it that I barely remember Dorinne’s hand on my ass as she lounged next to us watching intently. I didn’t mind in the least when Natalie turned her head to kiss her friend. That’s what sex in a three-way was supposed to be like, right. Everyone exchanging everything for mutual pleasure.

Since I was all too human, it didn’t last very long. Maybe two minutes at best. When I came it was painful, not because of anything that Natalie had done, but because it felt like I was a teenager again and barely knew how to fuck let alone was accustomed to the orgasm experience.

Collapsing on top of Natalie I reveled in her soft flesh and smooth skin.

“He was good, wasn’t he?” Dorinne asked her.

“Very good,” Natalie agreed. “Maybe the best I’ve ever had.”

“Maybe?” I mumbled, lifting up my head, only mildly upset at the minor slight.

“I’ll have to fuck you again to get a good comparison,” Natalie said.

“Not before I have his cock. We promised we’d share him tonight.”

Right, I thought to myself. I’m supposed to fuck both women. It’ll be fun.

After fucking Natalie I was beginning to doubt I could go a second round. I just needed a bit of a rest first.

“Just...just give me a minute,” I groaned as I rolled off Natalie.

It seems strange looking back, but I saw Dorinne immediately put her hand to Natalie’s pussy, slipping a pair of fingers into her well-used cunt.

“Wow! He really filled you up. More than he ever gave me.”

It was an odd thing to be proud of, but I was. Dorinne had me in her bed and in her pussy so many times over the past few weeks that it was amazing that I could produce any cum whatsoever, let alone a load that would impress her.

Natalie pushed aside Dorinne’s hand and inspected her pussy herself. “Holy fucking shit,” she breathed. “You did cum in, like, buckets! Or maybe I’m just really wet on my own.” She laughed. “Oh, that’s good.”

I was basking in the admiration when Dorinne took my half-erect cock in her hand. “You made a promise,” she reminded me. “Time to make good on that.”

Before I could protest, she lowered her mouth onto me. I wasn’t sure I could get it up again so quickly. I wasn’t sure I could cum again so quickly. I was all set to make up some excuse—Let me give her some more attention first. Let me go down on you first. Let’s get a drink. Let’s stop fornicating and become good Christians so our eternal souls will be saved—when she started sucking and I remembered that a woman who knew how to give a good blowjob was a goddess in an of herself. Any excuse would be an insult.

It was a double insult considering how quickly she got me fully hard again.

“The magic of that mouth,” Natalie complimented her.

“Did you know that the lining inside the human mouth is exactly the same as the lining inside the vagina?” Dorinne asked as she sat up.

“I did not know that,” I said.

“Give you a whole new perspective on gay men giving each other blowjobs,” Natalie commented.

“Uh...yeah I guess so,” I said as Dorinne continued to move around and then before I knew what was happening, she was straddling me and slipping my cock inside her pussy. “Already?” I asked her.

Her eyes were already unfocused. “Uh-huh.”

I let her ride me. It wasn’t like I had much choice. It wasn’t like it was torture. It was pure bliss. I ran my hands over her belly and tits, leaning my head up enough to suck at one of her nipples. That and the sex was enough to get her milk flowing. The drops that fell on my chest were full and I tried to catch as much as I could from her tits while we fucked.

“Holy fucking shit,” exclaimed Natalie. “Is that milk?”

“Uh-huh,” I managed to almost vocalize as I continued to suck on one breast while the other continued to drip steadily. When Dorinne got turned on and was fucking, it was like her tits suddenly went into faucet mode and started pushing out milk.

“Mmmm,” Dorinne’s only comment.

“What’s it taste like?” my new lover asked. I think she directed the question at me since, as far as I knew, Dorinne had never tasted her own milk.

Not that I would have put such a thing past her.

“Why don’t you give it a try?” I suggested, taking a quick break from my nursing.

Dorinne even paused in the slow, steady strokes she was making as she rode my cock. For a pregnant woman she had tremendous stamina when it came to fucking. “Yeah, why don’t you give it a try? I want both of you to suck me while

I ride Travis's cock."

If Natalie had been on the fence when it came to tasting Dorinne's milk, the invitation pushed her over. She moved around and grabbed Dorinne's tit, sucking it with an enthusiasm that I hadn't expected. By now I had figured out that Natalie hadn't been found at random on the internet. They had obviously hooked up before. The only question was how many times before.

She sucked for a minute before coming up for air.

"Her milk is fucking incredible!" Natalie proclaimed.

"It sure is," I agreed and we both went back to sucking on Dorinne who actually had to stop riding my cock for a minute while we sucked. When I felt the familiar sensation of her pussy tightening up and quivering on my cock, I knew she was cumming.

Dorinne actually had to push us away. "Enough. I just want to ride some cock and cum like a normal woman."

There was nothing normal about this, but I let her do as she wanted. Why would I stop a pregnant woman who was freely lactating from riding my cock? I lost track of her, but Natalie was right there next to us taking it all in.

When I came, it wasn't as good as it was with my time with Natalie, but it was more than satisfactory. Dorinne was pleased because she got to take a rest and let her body quiver with pleasure for long moments.

I don't know how it happened but eventually we all curled up together on Dorinne's big bed. I was spooning Dorinne and Natalie was facing her. I didn't miss that she kept ducking her head to taste the little bit of milk that was still seeping from Dorinne's tits.

"This was great," Natalie said. "We should do it again. Soon."

"It was great," I agreed, but failed to follow up on her suggestion. I wasn't sure I was man enough to fuck two women a night. One was enough for me.

"I think I need at least two lovers," Dorinne pondered aloud. "Two lovers at the same time."

“And probably a couple in the wings,” I commented looking for a laugh.

Natalie did laugh and Dorinne gave me a dirty look.

“He’s right,” Natalie told her.

“I just have a healthy libido.”

The next morning I woke up with my usual morningwood and someone sucking on it. I wasn't sure which actually woke me up, but I wasn't complaining. Looking down, I saw Natalie happily sucking away on my manhood while Dorinne was laying between her legs, licking her pussy.

Honestly, there were worse ways of waking up in the morning. All I had to do was lay there and let Natalie take care of everything.

Just as I was about to reach my peak, she took my cock from her mouth and started hyperventilating. I was disappointed but then I realized that she was cumming from Dorinne's attention. This upset me very much, not so much because I was denied an orgasm that I wanted, but because someone else was giving Natalie an orgasm. It's not that I think I have a magic cock and my cock is the only thing that can make a woman cum, but because I wanted to be the one between Natalie's legs.

"Sorry," she apologized when she was done. "Dorinne's being a big distraction."

Dorinne sniffed, pretending to be offended. "See if I ever go down on you again."

"That's okay, I have Travis's cock to make me happy," she replied, looking up at me. "Do you want to fuck me?" she offered.

"Sure!" In a flash I was down between Natalie's legs and slipping my hard cock into her wet pussy. I had pushed Dorinne out of the way, but she didn't seem to mind. Or at least I didn't care if she took offense. I wanted to fuck Natalie and, damn it all, I was going to fuck Natalie.

Fucking Natalie was fun.

Yes, maybe she was a little bigger than most of the women I had bedded, but she knew how to use her body and her tits were amazing. I felt like I was putting on a show for Dorinne because my pregnant lover was watching intently while keeping a hand on her pussy.

Well, not just keeping a hand on her pussy. Her fingers were very busy with her clit.

Not that I noticed all that much; I was too busy fucking and kissing Natalie.

I didn't spend the morning with them. But I did get Natalie's number. You never know when your right hand won't be enough to keep you sexually satisfied for more than a day or two.

That afternoon I got a text from Dorinne.

Hey. Ray's coming over tonight. He might be the father. Want to join us? She followed this emojis of with two eggplants and a peach and a pregnant woman.

Fucking and sucking Dorinne had been some of the best sex and kinkiest sex I had ever had. Why would I want to change that?

I sent a text to Natalie instead.

We've been together for three years now.

She's pregnant...and lactating.

THE END

Preview

Cuckold Vacation 3: Wrapped Up

“Why would I?” Jason asked as he used a wet washcloth to wipe up the remains of his cum and Mrs. Welvring’s pussy juices from his cock.

Every time Jason thought that there was nothing more that could surprise him about the turns in his life, he discovered he was wrong. Finding Keith watching while he fucked Mrs. Welvring wasn’t the surprise. The surprise was finding him in a humbler and crawling on hands and knees to the bathroom to beg that he didn’t reveal this little secret to Maddie.

“Because...because you could,” was Keith’s answer.

Jason tossed the washcloth aside and looked down at the man who had watched multiple times as Jason had fucked his wife. With permission. Add to that Keith’s eagerness to get his face in Maddie’s pussy after Jason had cum in it... well, it was more than passing strange. At best Jason had been hoping that while in college he would have to juggle dating a couple of women at the same time or maybe be lucky enough to get involved in a literal three-way with two women. He had never imagined himself drawn into a cuckolding relationship as the bull.

“I don’t want to,” he told Keith. “My sex life is already complicated enough as it is.” He left silent the implication that it was Keith and Maddie that had made it complicated.

Never in a hundred lifetimes would Jason have imagined that getting paid to fuck women all summer would actually not be as much fun as him at eighteen would have imagined it.

He never would have thought that at twenty one he was mature beyond his years.

“Just don’t tell Maddie,” Keith repeated. “Please.”

Despite himself, Jason was intrigued. “Why?” He had his suspicions of the answer, but he wanted to hear it from her.

“She can’t know I’m cheating on her,” he said with all sincerity.

It took all of his willpower not to laugh at the man. Keith was naked on his hands and knees in a resort hotel’s bathroom while wearing a humbler around his cock and balls. Turning his head just enough Jason could see that Keith’s cock was cage-free at the moment though the thick PA ring still dangled from the end of his cock.

“How did you get the cage off?” Jason heard himself asking. “I thought that it was impossible it get off.”

Somehow Keith had the ability to look shamefaced. If Jason was being honest with himself, maybe Keith was even blushing a little bit. “Carrie has a key,” he admitted. “She can take it off when she wants.”

That opened up a whole slew of questions that Jason wanted to ask, but not only didn’t he not know where to start, he realized he didn’t want to hear Keith’s whole sexual history. “That’s...that’s more than I want to know.”

“Just don’t tell her,” Keith begged a final time.

“No problem. I won’t tell Maddie that you cheat on her with a woman who has a key to your cock cage.”

“Thank you.”

Jason nodded and headed back into the bedroom. Mr. Welvring was done eating out his wife but he was still on his hands and knees on the bed, the humbler in place. Mrs. Welvring was kneeling next to him, her hand pumping up and down on his erect cock. It looked painful to Jason, and judging from the noises that Mr. Welvring was making it probably was painful, but that didn’t stop his wife from jerking him off.

“Care to watch?” she asked Jason. “I think Chuck has earned this.”

Once more Jason found himself confused as to what to do. This was another situation he had never anticipated finding himself in.

“Or would you care to join in?” she asked politely. It was almost as if she were giving him the most mechanical handjob possible; it was more of a chore than a

loving act between a couple.

“Uh. No thank you.” Jason didn’t know what else to say.

“It was just that you were staring for a long time,” said Mrs. Welvring conversationally. “Some of the boys I’ve used here at the resort go both ways.”

“Uh...what?”

“Go both ways?” Mrs. Welvring giggled. “Like both boys and girls. I sort of like watching men have sex together. I’ll make it worth your while.”

As the conversation was going on, the little noises from Mr. Welvring became more and more urgent. Jason recognized the sounds and knew the man was close to cumming when he didn’t want to cum. If Mrs. Welvring noticed, she didn’t care. Jason was about to again politely decline her offer when Mr. Welvring let out a strangled cry and she pulled down on his cock, squeezing out the cum that erupted. The spurts of the gluey white liquid splattered all over the bedsheets.

“You made a mess,” she said in a disapproving tone that was moderated with laughter. She glanced over at Jason. “I guess you don’t need to join in...unless you want to.”

Jason politely declined, grabbed his clothes and left. He got dressed in the hallway. One of the cleaning staff walked by and saw him partially naked.

It was a testament to his new experiences and his new life that he barely acknowledged the strangeness of the situation. He just nodded and smiled at her. “Hey.”

Her look lingered a little longer than was strictly necessary. She smiled back and returned his greeting.

Under other circumstances Jason might have struck up a conversation with her possibly hoping it would lead somewhere. She was pretty enough and close to his age, he guessed, but he knew he was already in too deep to the situation. After quickly tying his sneakers he all but ran away down the hall.

He wasn’t afraid of sex. He was afraid of the repercussions of sex.

[Click here to continue reading Cuckold Vacation 4: Big Package 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)