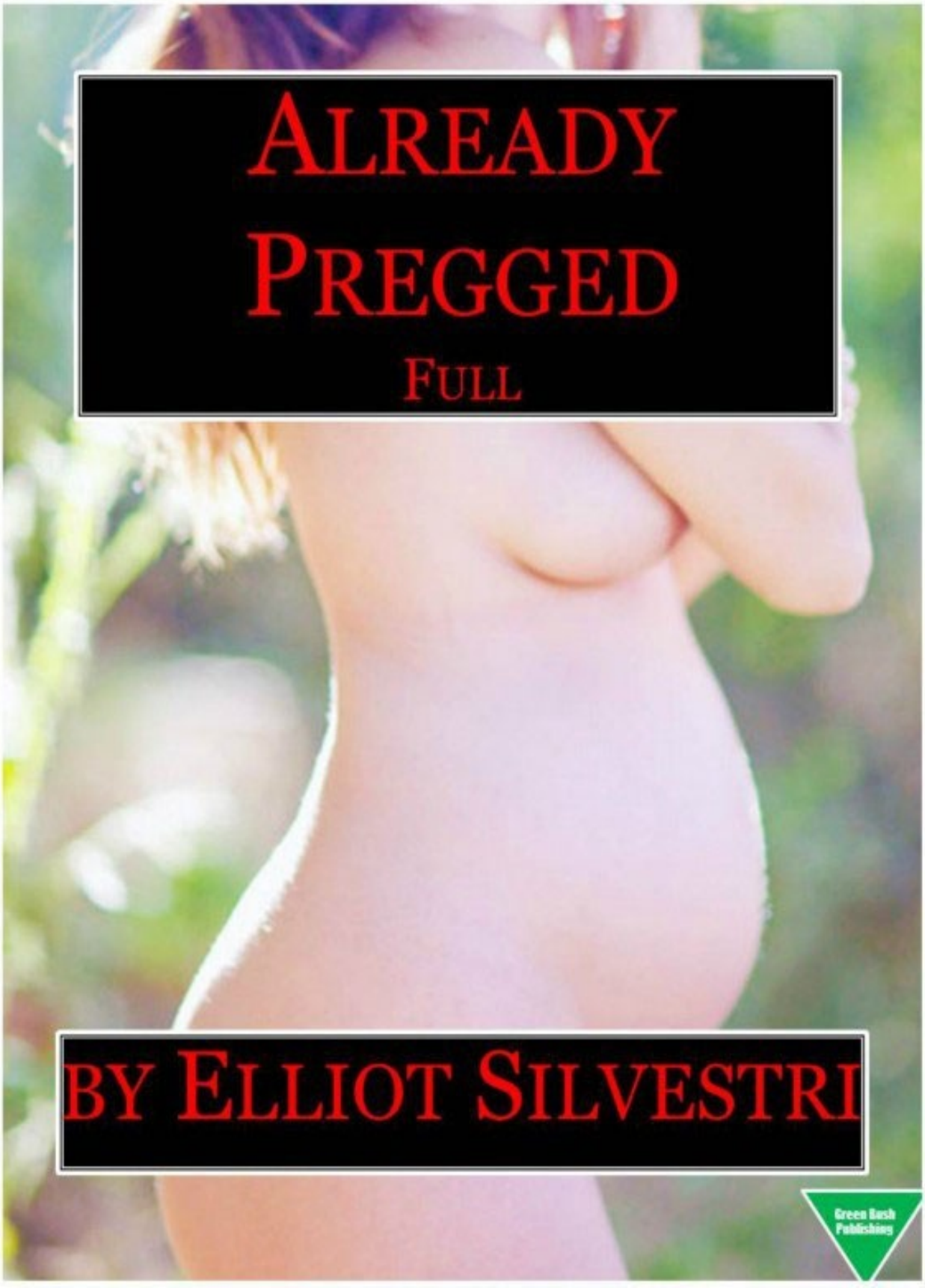
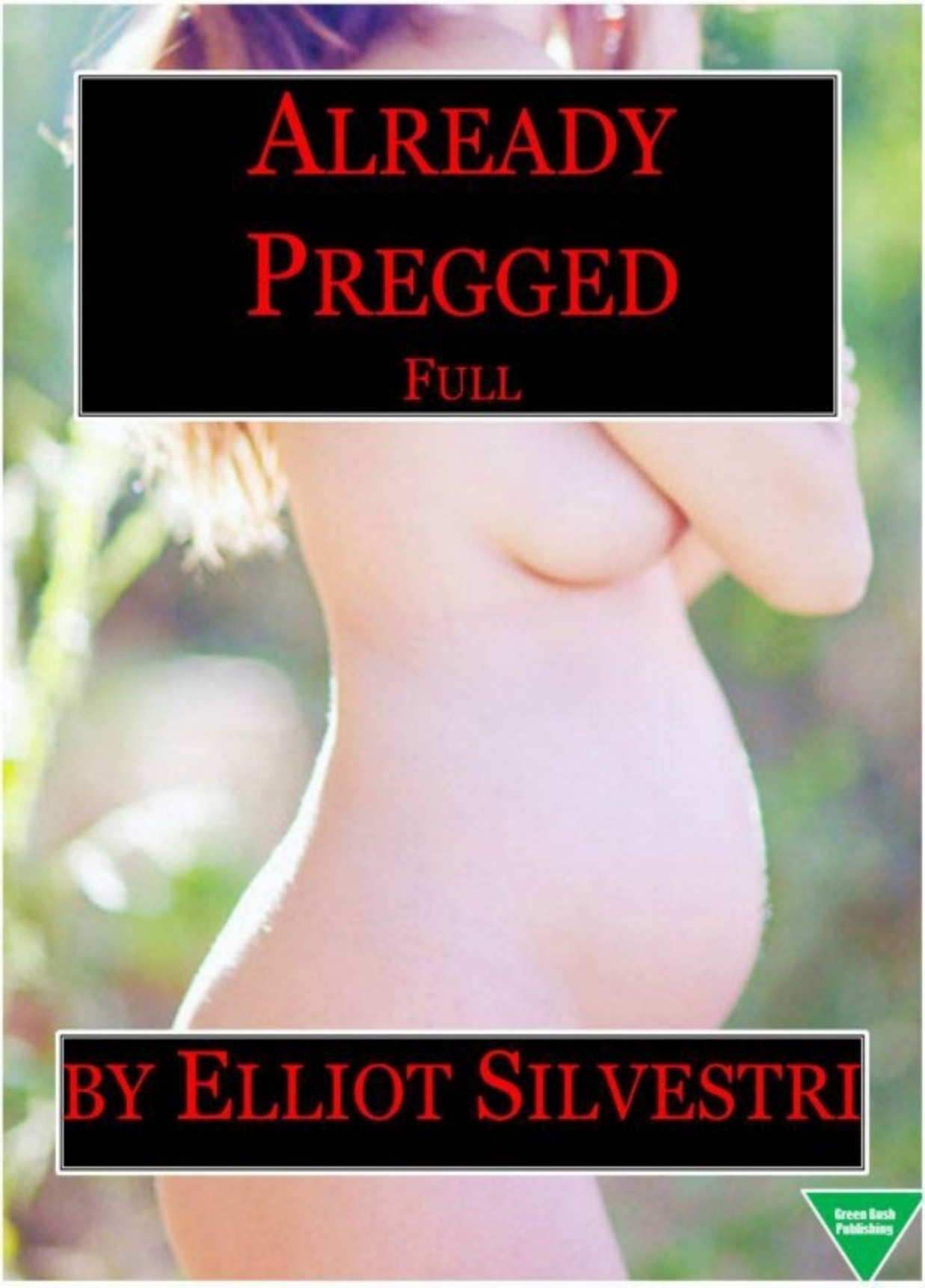

ALREADY
PREGGED
FULL
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


ALREADY
PREGGED
FULL
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing

Already Pregged

Full Version

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2014 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book 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.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

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.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing's eBooks please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

What else is love but understanding and rejoicing in the fact that another person lives, acts, and experiences otherwise than we do…?

—Nietzsche

1.

"And the lead accountant who'll be working for you is Vivian Dellessio," Ted said to Dan as he opened the door to the accountant's office. Dan's business wasn't huge, but it was big enough to impress one of the up and coming management companies in the city. Dan had always considered himself more a creative type. He didn't want to deal with the nuts and bolts accountancy part of business building. That's why he hired Sauer, Stevens, and Dellessio. "I'm sure you'll find her perfect."

Dan was ushered into the office by Ted's expansive wave. There was a woman sitting at the desk with brassy blond hair hanging in her face. As she stood up Dan froze with his hand outstretched.

"Annie?" he asked. His brain stopped working.

In contrast to her new client, Vivian wasn't nearly as surprised as Dan. "Hello, Dan. It's so nice to see you again."

"Wow." Dan was still frozen in place. He drank in Annie's beauty. She might have changed in the last fifteen years, but she was still as beautiful as ever. Older, yes, but still perfect in his eyes. "It's been years…"

"It has," Vivian agreed and awkwardly reached across the desk to shake his hand.

Ted was dumbstruck for a moment but then smoothly recovered like any good manager. "You two know each other?"

“Yes,” Vivian said. “From college.”

Ted laughed a bit. “You’d think you’d have recognized Vivian’s name when I set up the contract.”

“She was Annie back then,” Dan said. His brain was still processing the information in front of him.

“I go by Vivian now,” she reminded her boss. “I found Annie to be too childish. And Dellessio is my married name,” she informed Dan.

“Married,” he echoed. “Right.”

“Well, I hate to break up a college reunion, but we’ve got to finish the tour, Dan,” Ted said. He was happy two college friends would be working together. That would make things so much easier. With a wide sweep of his arm he moved Dan out of the office and down the hall to see the other impressive parts of Sauer, Stevens, and Dellessio. Dan craned his neck to get one last glimpse of his college girlfriend. She smiled up at him from behind her desk.

Two days later Dan and Vivian were eating lunch under the guise of a business meeting. She wanted to keep him at arm’s distance. She wanted to keep their relationship strictly professional.

Dan came to the meeting with a hard cock.

“This relationship is going to be strictly professional,” she reminded him as they sat down to eat.

“I didn’t even say anything,” Dan protested with a huge grin on his face.

“Professional,” she repeated. “I’m married now.”

“You were going out with Tony Boyd when we had sex for the first time,” he reminded her.

Her face flushed with embarrassment at the reminder. “That was a long time ago.”

“And I seem to remember that you dated Curt Nottington for almost a year—and had sex with me on regular basis that entire time.”

Vivian didn’t like being reminded that she had been a bit of a slut in college. She was a changed woman now. Sex with Dan was nice and safe; he was just a friend who was good in bed. The other boys—they had potential to be lifelong commitments , Dan just wasn’t that type of guy.

“I’m a changed woman. I’m married and happy,” she told him after the waiter came and took their orders. She was so changed she failed to notice how handsome the waiter was, how muscular his arms were, how high his cheekbones were. She even forced herself to keep her eyes on Dan when the waiter walked away. She wasn’t going to check out his ass.

“I’m happy to hear that,” Dan said. “As I remember it, you always said you were happy with your current boyfriend every time we had sex.”

Vivian blew out her breath. “I was young and foolish. I’m different now. I even changed my name.”

“Sounds like you’re trying to hide from your past.”

She shook her head. “It’s not at all like that. I didn’t like being Annie Smyth. I love being Vivian Dellessio.”

“Does your husband know all about your history?”

Her face soured. “Of course not. Don’t be stupid.”

Dan scratched his chin in thought. “Have you ever cheated on him, Annie?”

“No,” she quickly answered. “And my name is Vivian now. It’s my middle name and you know that. I’ve never cheated on him.”

“I bet I can change that.”

“No you can’t.” She sighed and looked at him. “And I’m pregnant so that ends that.”

He reached across the table and rested his hand on top of hers. “That doesn’t

change anything. And I bet Annie would love to cheat on her husband."

The corners of her mouth turned down in a frown but she said nothing.

Annie was breathing heavily. She had one knee up on the mattress while the other was firmly planted on the floor. Dan was behind her, kissing her neck, pulling up her skirt with one hand while cupping her breast with the other. She had her hands over his in a strange battle—she was at the same time trying to remove his hands while simultaneously force them where they would give her the greatest pleasure.

It was with great misgiving and heavy flashes of guilt that she turned her head and allowed him to kiss her. She kissed back, slipping her tongue over his, between his lips and into his mouth. Despite everything else she had said, she was no innocent to this situation. There was as much encouragement on her part as there had been on his.

The one thing she did hate was that it made her feel exactly like she felt in college when she had fucked Dan. There had been only one time she had fucked him when she wasn't attached to someone else—the very first time they had hooked up. They had met the second week of college at a party, both were drunk and both figured it for a one-time event. Until they ran into each other again a few weeks after that and Annie was pissed off at her new boyfriend. So they fell into bed together. She wrote it off as an anomaly. Dan figured she was a bigger slut than she wanted to admit. And so they fell into a pattern where she would seek him out for sex when she was angry at her boyfriend of the moment and he would find her when he was horny. Both were damaged, emotional people prone to making bad spur of the moment decisions.

While in college they had sex too many times to count.

By the end of college they had had sex with each other more times than with any other partner. They still went their separate ways.

She didn't want to admit it to herself, but Annie liked cheating on her boyfriend with Dan. Dan didn't mind admitting at all that he liked fucking Annie. She was beautiful and sexy and wild in bed.

Although she had never wanted to wind up back in bed with Dan after college, here she was doing it again—but only one more time, she promised herself. She knew she was going to break the promise.

“Do you have a condom?” she asked as he eased her skirt up over her hips and dipped his hand into her panties. She had trimmed back the bush of hair she had in college but wasn’t completely bare between the legs.

“What for? You’re pregnant already.”

“I don’t know if you have any diseases,” she complained between kisses as she rubbed his hard cock with just her panty-covered bottom. It felt just like it had all those years ago. She wanted to feel him inside her pussy again. She wanted to know if he still only wore silk boxers because he claimed he was stylish and sophisticated.

“I don’t,” he assured her as he pushed down her very practical, very business-like undergarment. She didn’t resist at all. She wanted this as much as he did.

“How do I know that?”

“You don’t.”

“And I should risk my reputation on your word?”

“You have before.”

At this point she was reaching around to loosen his belt and get his cock up against her bare ass. They had already made the decision as to what was going to happen, now it was all details.

The thing that Annie loved most about fucking Dan was how well their bodies worked together. It always seemed perfect. Compared to all of her boyfriends in college, the ones after college, and now her husband, Dan was always the best. She was now testing that hypothesis one more time. Oddly, she hadn’t cheated on any of her boyfriends with anyone other than Dan. She never cheated on her boyfriends after college when Dan was out of the picture and the thought of cheating on her husband was anathema to her psyche. But now that they had found each other again, she had to know. She had to have him again.

And she was delighted to find that he still wore silk boxers. “Bad boy,” she told him. He wasn’t concerned with what she thought about him at the moment. He just wanted his cock in her pussy. They were separated only by the thin bit of silk covering his cock and that would be gone in a moment. But instead of her pulling them off his body, she instead spun around and fell to her knees, just to taste his cock once more. She had always loved his masculine, musky scent. Down went his boxers and he was naked below the waist. There was a bit of precum leaking from him and she licked it free. A little strand of the sticky substance extended from the tip of his dick to her tongue. Annie sucked it in like a piece of spaghetti.

“Perfect,” she complimented him and then took his length in her mouth, sucking hard on his manhood.

He grunted in appreciation, but Dan didn’t want a blowjob, he wanted sex. Grabbing her by the shoulders he picked her up, spun her around, bent her over the edge of the bed, and sank his cock into her exposed pussy. They fitted together perfectly, just like old times. She moaned in thanks, he grunted once more, happy he was proving more dominant that her, more dominant than her husband.

“Be quick about it,” she told him. It wasn’t a romantic thing to say, but she didn’t want to be caught in the act by her husband. She’d been caught in the act before with Dan by both Frank and Scott, but at different times. It never worked well; it always ended with her breaking up with her boyfriend.

“I thought you liked it long and hard, like me,” he laughed and grunted as he thrusted into her. Their skin came together with loud slaps of flesh. She loved the sound and the sensation.

“I do, but William will be home soon. I can’t be caught like this.”

“Like what? Fucking your old boyfriend?” One of his hands went to her tits, the other to her tummy. She wasn’t as flat down below as she had been in college, but there was a certain hardness to her abdomen, as if she had been working out, doing a lot of crunches.

“Yes, exactly like that.”

It didn’t matter. They both wanted the moment and neither could resist. She

pushed his hand lower so he could find her clit and in almost no time at all she was whining with the anticipation of orgasm. Once she was shouting out her climax he came inside her cunt, bathing her wetness with his thick, white cum.

“Shit,” she cursed when they were done. “That was good.”

“It sure was,” he agreed and pulled out, but steadied himself by holding the footboard of the bed. “I think you’re in better shape than you were in college. Your abs are firm, hard.”

She blushed with shame. “That’s my fucking uterus, shithead. What you were feeling was my baby.”

“Oh. Fuck. I’m not sure if that’s perverted or hot.”

Annie rolled her eyes at him. “Whatever. Just get your clothes back on and get out of my house before William returns. I need to take a shower.” She pulled off her remaining clothes and headed for the bathroom. He got a brief but adequate view of her tits as she disappeared behind the door.

“Goodbye,” he called to her. “It was lovely to fuck you again!”

2.

“It must be the hormones,” Vivian said to Dan over the phone.

They were in that sweet spot of time between when she got home from work and Dan was still traveling in his car back to his house.

“What must be the hormones?”

“Us. You. Me. Me wanting to fuck you.” The words came jumbled and confused. Vivian hated how just thinking about Dan made her tongue-tied and stupid. Annie loved that thinking about Dan made her pussy wet. She hadn’t yet decided which person she wanted to be yet.

“You’ve always wanted to fuck me.”

“No,” she contradicted him, “I haven’t always to fuck you. I don’t like wanting to fuck you.”

“And yet you still always seem to end up with my fuck in your pussy. Or mouth. Or both.”

Vivian sighed, frustrated and annoyed with Dan. But Annie was turned on by his bawdy talk. “I still don’t like it.”

“Then don’t fuck me,” he said as if he didn’t care. The sad part was that he did care, but he also knew this is how she processed through her conflicting emotions.

“I can’t not do that.”

“Uh-huh.”

There was an uncomfortable silence as he passed too slowly for his taste and she contemplated her life choices.

“Anyway, I think it’s the hormones,” she continued. “The baby is making me crazy and horny.”

Dan chuckled at her. “Funny, that’s how I always remember you.”

Vivian rolled her eyes at him even if he couldn’t see her. “Pregnancy hormones can really ramp up a woman’s desires, especially for the second trimester.”

“You said you were two months. And you’re barely showing.”

“Every woman is different,” she informed him.

“I want to fuck you tomorrow,” Dan said as he pulled into his driveway and shut off the car. He didn’t get out not yet. He wanted to finish the conversation first.

“I can’t. I’m in the office all day. I barely have a break for lunch.”

It was as if he didn’t hear her. “I can do a quick lunch meeting with you,” he said, thinking aloud. “I’d love to fuck you bent over your desk.”

Vivian tried not to sigh. She let Annie come out. “I’d love to do that,” she agreed. Vivian reasserted herself, “But I can’t. You know that.”

Dan knew how to manipulate her. “And wear something sexy, too,” he added. “A nice thing. You’ve got a great ass. You need to show it off.”

“I can’t wear a thing to the office,” she protested. “What’ll my husband think? I’m pregnant!”

Dan noticed she hadn’t said yes or no to his suggestion or plan, and yet it sounded like she was going along with it without any real protest. “Tell him you feel sexy tomorrow morning. Wear a pair of tight pants that needs to be worn with a thong otherwise you’ll have a visible panty line and that’s just unacceptable.”

“Mmm,” she said noncommittally.

“And tell him it’s because you want to fuck him tomorrow night. Call it a celebration before the baby really starts fucking up your lives.”

“I’m not going to put out that way.”

“Say making love then. Whatever euphemism you want to use.”

“I’m not going to fuck my husband after doing you on the same day.”

Dan didn’t understand why she was balking now; had Vivian suddenly developed a sense of middle-class, middle-America morals? “Why not?”

“I’m not going to fuck two different men on the same day.”

“Why not?” he repeated. “You used to fuck me and then go over to Patrick’s all the time.”

Annie refrained from informing Dan that she was fairly sure that back in college Patrick knew she was screwing Dan and Patrick got off on the idea of her being slut. He used to quiz her about her sexual history with other guys and was constantly trying to talk her into a three-way with another girl.

“I’m not a slut.”

“I think you are. And I like that. And I think you like it too. And I bet hubby will like your pussy full of my cum. He’ll like that I made you all wet and ready for him.”

There was a long pause on her end of the conversation. “He just pulled up. I’ve gotta go.” Vivian disconnected. Dan sat for moment longer and then climbed out of his car. Rissa was waiting inside the house and he didn’t want to piss off his girlfriend.

Vivian was actually disappointed her husband didn’t see her putting on her lacy black thong the next morning. They were hurrying to get ready for work and he barely had time to look at her, let alone inspect her panties. It actually pissed her off more than she expected, especially when she put on her black pants that were just a little too tight and he didn’t even comment on how they were inappropriate for work because of the way they showed off her ass, let alone how they looked on a newly pregnant woman.

When Dan walked into the office for their casual lunchtime meeting she didn't have any guilt at all. They chatted casually about the progress on his account and then closed the door when she needed a bit of privacy for his personal interest in his business accounts. No one in the office of Sauer, Stevens, and Dellessio gave this a second thought. Privacy was critical in their business. Why would anyone in her office think the happily married and pregnant Vivian Dellessio would do anything improper with her new client?

Annie had closed the door when the private part of their meeting began. She liked these black pants because they flared out at the ankles which made it easy for her to step out of, even in high heels, after she unbuttoned them and let the smooth material glide to the floor. Wearing high heels was a necessity for Vivian because she barely stood five foot three and needed every advantage in her job she could get. And strutting about in them wearing only her panties and top made her feel sexy—and a bit scared because they could be interrupted at any time.

"Nice panties," he told her.

"Thank you," she replied as she paraded by Dan as he sat in the visitor's seat. She took the long route around her desk, letting him admire her ass—it was a bit larger than what it had been in college, but not by much—and when she reached her side of the desk she pushed her chair out of the way, bent forward to place her elbows on the desk blotter, and wagged her hips. "Well? I'm waiting."

"No hello blow job?" Dan asked. He smiled but didn't get up out of his chair.

"Are you hard?" she asked him. "Because if you are hard, you can just come over here and fuck me. If you aren't, then I'll suck you off."

As he stood up Dan's grin didn't fade. He unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock. It was hard.

"I thought as much," Annie said. "Now get around here and fuck me. We don't have that much time."

Dan walked calmly around the desk, his cock still out. He didn't bother to pull down his pants or boxers. This was to be short and sweet. If she left little stains of her pussy juice on the outside of his khakis, so much the better. Once more he admired her ass after he got behind her, but he didn't waste any time and pulled

down her thong panties after just a few seconds.

Bending his knees a bit to dip down was necessary for Dan insert his cock into her cunt. She was wet and open. She wanted this just as much as he did. This was no polite business fuck. He just wanted to use her. Annie allowed her lover to shove his hands up under her shirt and bra, pushing off the lingerie so he could squeeze her nipples. She gasped and moaned while biting her lip, keeping the noise to a minimum. The fucking was hard and fast; no subtlety or technique. It was all lust.

It lasted two minutes. She came first with a little squeaking noise of pleasure. That was good enough for Dan. He came right afterwards, pumping his cum into her. When he was done he wiped his cock off on her ass—she frowned at this but he didn't see her face because he had fucked her from behind—and then, like a gentleman, he pulled her panties back up her legs, letting the thin back portion of the thong split between her buttocks.

"Thank you," she told him.

Dan wasn't sure if she was thanking him for the fuck, for what he was doing to her mind, or for helping her get dressed.

He didn't care.

Afterwards there was just a passing moment of awkwardness as they rearranged their clothes and took a moment to recover. Then it was back to business. They were professionals at not getting caught.

The next day Annie sent Dan an angry text message. She wasn't pissed off at him; her husband was the target.

Fucking bastard didn't even want me last night.

Dan thought a long time before replying to her text. It would be so easy to fuck everything up now and he didn't want to do that. Why not? He sent back, the epitome of innocence.

How the fuck should I know. All I know is I got home hot and ready for him and

he didn't want me.

You should ask him what's the matter, Dan replied, but he already had a good idea what the problem was. If he was a brave man he would have told Annie directly what the issue was, but he wasn't a brave man; he was a man who was a slave to his cock.

I did, she texted back. He said "nothing" which is such bullshit.

Since it was only text messaging Dan gave his next response even more thought. He had to respond, but there was no gentle way to tell her what the problem was. I might have an idea what the problem is.

Her reply was almost immediate. What? Do you think he knows we've been fucking?

No. I think he's turned off that you're pregnant. Dan let out a long, slow breath and tapped send on his cellphone messaging app.

There was a long, long pause before her answer. He waited. Luckily he had a lot of work to do. Still, his eyes kept darting up to the phone on the edge of his desk. It was set to vibrate letting him know a message had been received. No visual confirmation was needed. He still checked it every few minutes.

That fucking asshole. We both wanted kids. I'm going to fuck everything with a cock over the next seven months.

That was all. That was more than enough to make Dan extremely nervous. Immediately he sent back, Don't do anything hasty!

She never bothered to reply.

3.

Dan nearly jumped out of his skin when Annie snuck up behind him and said, “Hello!” a little too loudly.

“Fuck!” he jumped to the side of his front door and put up his hands, ready to fight. The moment he saw it was his lover whom he was pretty sure had gone around the bend, he relaxed for half a moment. “Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick! What the fuck’s the matter with you! You don’t just sneak up on people at their front door!” He shook his head a turned the key in the lock, opening the door. “What are you doing here?” He was on guard, wary. This wasn’t at all like Annie.

“I came by to give you a blowjob,” she said as she followed him inside his house. It was a nice place, a little messy, but that could be forgiven. He probably could have afforded a place a little nicer than what he currently had, but since he was busy with his growing business, a fancy new home probably wasn’t a the top of his list of priorities, especially since he was spending too much extra time fooling around with a married and pregnant woman.

“No can do,” he told her as he put down his bag and headed toward the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator he pulled out two bottles of beer and offered her one. He ignored the fact that just a few hours earlier she had sworn to fuck every straight guy in a hundred mile radius just to piss off her husband.

Annie shook her head at the beer. “I’m pregnant, remember?” She thrusted her hips slightly forward accentuating the small roundness to her tummy. It wasn’t much of a bulge, not yet.

He shrugged, put one of the beers back, opened his, took a long pull from the bottle, and asked, “Did you follow me here?”

“Hell no. I got your address from your files. It pays to be a boss and you can sneak private information from clients.” She grinned at him, her enthusiasm for her sneakiness not going away at all. “I’ve been waiting parked down the street

for the past hour. You sure are late to get home."

"Great a stalker. Just what I need."

"So…how about that blowjob?" she asked again, looking meaningfully at his crotch.

Sadly, Dan had to shake his head. "Probably not a good idea."

"C'mon…why not? Men are supposed to go wild for when a woman pursues them."

After another swallow of the beer Dan replied. "My girlfriend will be home soon. She'll be pissed off if she finds you sucking my cock."

Annie was crestfallen. Her grin disappeared and her body seemed to shrivel at the news. "You have a girlfriend?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask."

"Ha fucking ha. You should have told me. You know I'm married."

"I figured this would go like it did in college. We'd bang for a few weeks and then we'd be on our merry ways, you with your husband, me with my girlfriend. Maybe we'd meet up again in a few years."

"That's sad and pathetic."

"Are you going to leave your husband for me?" he asked. From his tone it was obvious he didn't want her to leave her husband. Annie wasn't sure if that angered or relieved her.

"No. How long have you been dating this…girl?"

Before answering Dan considered his beer, put it on the counter, and opened up the refrigerator again, hunting for an easy meal to make. It was his turn to cook tonight and he was a lazy cook. Far too often cooking for Dan meant calling for

takeout. “Her name is Clarissa. We’ve been dating for two years, roughly.”

“Are you going to marry her?”

“I don’t have any intention of that.” His answer was oddly formal and stilted.

Annie’s eyes narrowed and she swept them through the kitchen and the attached open floor plan to the living room. “How long has she been living here?”

His answer was too quick, too carefully thought out. “She doesn’t live here. Rissa has her own place. She spends a few nights of the week here.”

“Uh-huh.” There were too many signs even in the kitchen and living room that Rissa—what a stupid nickname—was obviously spending most of her evenings at Dan’s place. There was a pair of women’s running shoes next to the back sliding glass door that were much too small for Dan. There were kitchen decorations that utilized flowers instead of neon brewery signs. On the table was a quilting magazine along with a small stack of women’s clothing catalogues. “Does she know about me?”

“No.”

“Are you going to tell her?”

“No. Do I look stupid?”

“Is she the jealous type?”

Dan didn’t like the way the conversation was going. “Not especially. But when I’ve brought up the topic of a three-way with another woman she gets pissed off.”

Annie nodded. “And why wouldn’t she, right?” She folded her arms across her chest. “Call her.”

“What?”

“Get out your cell phone and call her. See what she’s doing and when she’ll be home.” Annie glared at him, daring him to disobey her. Daring him to not fulfill his request.

Dan dug his cellphone out of his pocket and flipped through the contacts. Shortly he was calling Clarissa. He looked neutrally at Annie as he spoke. “Hey, hon. It’s me.” Pause. “Yeah. I don’t know. It’s hard to hear when you’re driving and speaking on your cell.” Pause. “Uh-huh. When do you think you’ll be home so I can have dinner ready?” Pause. “About an hour. Yeah. It’ll be ready.”

As he spoke Annie slowly started unbuttoning her blouse, exposing her lacy white bra and more cleavage than Dan remembered. As he spoke he was distracted by this little display; it made him wonder if Annie was wearing a pushup bra, but that didn’t seem like her. He had barely disconnected the call when Annie pushed down her bra cups, exposing her nipples. Her breasts were much larger than he remembered, but her nipples were still small and perfect, but maybe a shade darker than before.

The kitchen floor was hard tiles. Annie grabbed a towel hanging from the stove and folded it over to protect her knees. Dan helped her open up his pants. It was no surprise to Annie that he was already hard. The application of her lips, mouth, and tongue to his manhood made it even harder and firmly erect.

Wanting to make the moment last as long as possible before crossing the dangerous territory of the time when his girlfriend would return, Dan tried to think of the last time he received a blowjob in his kitchen. He couldn’t because this was the first time, he realized. Rissa was great in bed, but that’s the only place where they had sex. She was even averse to having sex in the shower. That made him a little sad so he looked down at Annie, happily sucking his cock, bouncing her head back and forth to please him. Her tits were hanging out and bobbing back and forth in time with her mouth. It was a beautiful sight.

“They’re bigger,” he told her, indicating her tits. “You didn’t have a boob job, did you?”

She backed off on his cock, leaving it slick with her saliva. Annie kept one hand at the base of his cock, keeping control over him, and the other wrapped firmly around his balls. Since he liked to brag that he was sturdier than the average man Annie had never gone lightly on his balls. He loved it when she controlled his cock—his entire body, his sexual response—just by holding and never letting go of his balls. “Of course not.” She licked the length of his cock from base to tip, circling her tongue around the head. It didn’t do that much for his pleasure, but the tease was all part of the big buildup to his orgasm. “How could you say such

a thing?”

“They look bigger,” he repeated. “Maybe they’re sagging as you get older?”

It was a stupid thing to say. Annie’s brow furrowed and she squeezed his sensitive testicles harder. He gasped and half leaned forward trying to lessen the little frisson of pain. “They are absolutely not sagging,” she reprimanded him. “They’re bigger because they’re growing, getting ready to make milk. I’m pregnant you doufus, they’re getting sensitive and swollen.”

Nodding, Dan reached down and cupped one of her breasts. She lightly purred at the contact and took his cock back into her mouth. Playing a little tit-for-tat Dan then pinched her nipple causing her eyes to light up and a vague throbbing to develop in her cunt. They hadn’t played the pain game for years and neither was sure if they wanted to do it again. He let go of her nipple as she sucked harder on his cock. Once her nipple was release she ever so slightly lessened her grip on his balls. She didn’t, however, slow down her bobbing head or diminish the amount of suction applied to his cock.

“Tits, hips, or lips?” he asked. It was their old code to let her know he was about to cum. Annie didn’t reply and merely kept bobbing away at his cock. Dan would have preferred to fuck her pussy, but that wasn’t going to happen tonight.

There was the inevitable point of no return welling up from his balls as she moved closer to his body in anticipation of orgasm. Annie allowed them to shrink closely, but still didn’t let go. She knew that heightened his climax. Her thumb rubbed the underside of his cock while her teeth hooked in behind the ridge of his cock’s head. Whirling her tongue around the head Annie was shortly rewarded with a splash of hot spunk on her tongue. Sealing her lips around the head she swallowed the load and each successive spurt thereafter. Dan moaned —mostly in pleasure but a little in pain because Annie was pulling on his testicles now—and grunted with each spurt he shot into Annie’s mouth.

Finally it was over. Annie kept his cock in her mouth, sucking out the last vestiges of his semen, tasting the hot salty liquid, and letting him know she swallowed every last drop.

“Fuck that was good,” Dan complimented her.

Annie stood up, wiped her lips with the towel she had been kneeling on, primly

tucked her tits away in the bra, and buttoned up her shirt. “So good that you won’t be fucking little Rissa tonight?” she asked him.

When properly motivated Dan could cum three times a night. He wasn’t sure if tonight that was even a possibility. His balls felt completely empty. “Yeah,” he agreed.

“Good. I’m sure that little slut won’t need to be fucked by you tonight.” She made a show of checking her watch. “I’ve got to go.”

And there she left him, his cock hanging out of her pants as she made her way back to her car halfway up the street. Annie’s one regret was not drinking some water before she left Dan’s house. Now the flavor of his spunk would be on her tongue all the way home.

Though, she reflected, that wasn’t so bad.

Dan, ever the chivalrous and adventurous young man, called Annie the next day. “Can you talk?” he asked after hearing much background noise on her end of the line. The office was apparently very busy.

“Yes.” She didn’t sound angry or distracted at all. He was calling from his car just in case things went south too quickly. He was parked in the small lot outside his office. He wasn’t going anywhere just yet.

“You didn’t do anything stupid last night, did you?” he asked.

“Picked up a guy at a bar after I had one too many and let him fuck me in the ass at his apartment,” she told him in a neutral voice as if reporting today’s weather.

Dan let a long pause hang in the air between them. “Please tell me you’re kidding,” he begged her.

Annie sighed. “I’m kidding. My days of picking up strangers in bars and fucking them are long gone.”

“I don’t know if I should be relieved or pissed off at you,” he said.

There was the sound of shuffling papers on her desk as Vivian thought about the right reply. “You can be both,” she said. “I’m still pissed at Chet for telling me he couldn’t get it up for me because I’m pregnant.” She blew out a heavy breath. “Impotent fucker.”

The oxymoronic insult amused Dan and he laughed out loud. “You know he can’t be both at the same time, don’t you?”

“Yes. Still pisses me off.” She paused in her thoughts. “Can I use you for sex when I’m horny? There’s no way I can go the rest of my pregnancy without a good dose of cock.”

“I think I can arrange that,” he quickly agreed.

4.

She was starting to show now. Her once mostly flat belly was now bowed out a bit. It wasn't noticeable when she was dressed, but the moment that Vivian took off her clothes it was obvious she was either putting on weight or was knocked up. Dan was intrigued at how her belly swelled up. He had been with other women before who carried a few more pounds than they should, but a bulging pregnant belly was something entirely different to him. Alien and seductive.

Their offices were fairly close to Vivian's house, so they had opted to meet there and fuck in her bed during their lunch hour. It was wrong, certainly, on almost every level. She was lying to Chet; he was lying to Rissa—if not outright then by omission. It didn't make it any better that they were fucking in her bed, where Vivian and Chet slept and—until recently—had sex. They didn't bother with any birth control—both were unconcerned about that and though they didn't admit it, they both preferred to have sex without a condom because there was no barrier between them at all. Annie loved the feeling of Dan's cum in her pussy. Leaving her soaked and wet was another perverted pleasure Dan kept to himself.

Sweat was beading on Annie's forehead as he pounded away into her. She lifted up her hips to meet his every thrust. To her, harder was better, both with his cock and with every impact on her body.

"Isn't he going to see how red you are?" Dan asked her when she demanded he fuck her harder.

"He barely looks at me now," she told him. "He's not going to be inspecting my pussy."

Her cunt was hot, almost too hot for Dan's liking. He didn't remember her getting that hot and worked up, but this was nearly fifteen years after they had last parted ways. Women and men changed, this time for the better for them both. She loved the way his balls slapped on her ass when he was really worked up and pounding away at her. When the slapping stopped but not the thrusting, she knew his sack had tightened up and he was about to cum.

“Harder, harder, harder,” she chanted at him. It was almost a demand, but not quite.

“I’m going to hurt you. I’m going to hurt the baby.”

Annie vehemently shook her head. “No. Harder!”

With a mental shrug, certain that she knew what she talking about, Dan gave in to her demand and let himself go, slamming into her as hard as he could. It wasn’t that enjoyable for him, but at the moment it wasn’t about him. It was about getting Annie off. She needed to climax with his cock inside her to prove something to herself and to her husband. Dan was relieved when he finally started cumming. The performance was starting to annoy him. A wave of liberation passed over him as he climaxed—but he was brought back to reality with an alarming alacrity when Annie started screaming.

“What? What?! What’s the matter?” He was near panic as his balls finished ejaculating their load into his lover.

Annie’s head was flopping back and forth, her face a contorted visage of pain and confusion. There was nothing Dan could do. He was certain she was having some type of seizure and his lover would wind up dead or in a coma if it didn’t end soon.

As the moment of crisis wore down, Annie started laughing. “What the fuck is so funny?” he demanded of her.

“I was cumming and you flipped out,” she chortled at him.

“I thought you were dying!”

“Just the little death. When I really let myself go, when I’m really getting pounded good, my orgasms are fucking incredible!” She let her head flop back on the pillow and breathed deeply. “Chet used to do that to me. Make me cum so that I nearly blacked out. Fucking asshole can’t get it up for me now.”

“I didn’t hurt you did I?” Dan asked, barely hearing her. “Or the baby?”

“I’m fine,” she insisted with a disgusted frown. “Quit worrying, would you?”

“Okay, okay.”

Annie’s skin was covered in a fine layer of sweat as if she had been carefully sprayed down to make her skin glitter like a model’s. She felt dirty and reveled in the feeling, however she couldn’t get back to work with Dan’s cum in her pussy and his sweat mixed with hers on her body. “I need to shower,” she told him. “I have a meeting in an hour.”

He rolled off her body, his cock slipping free, and she swung her legs down off the bed. “Need any help in there?” he asked as she walked to the bathroom. Her hips swayed a bit more than was necessary making her rounded ass roll enticingly. Maybe he could get it up for her again….

“I’ve been showering myself since I was six,” she informed him pertly. “I know what I’m doing.” Annie went into the bathroom but didn’t close the door. She turned on the water and stepped into the shower.

Seeing the open door as an invitation, Dan got out of bed, his semi-rigid dick bouncing between his legs, and slipped behind the shower curtain.

“I didn’t invite you,” she told him. Her torso was already soaped up with bubbles.

“You didn’t say to stay out either,” he pointed out, grabbed the bar of scented soap out of her hand, and proceeded to wash her arms and legs.

“I don’t need your help.”

“But you love my cock,” he said. “You have a huge shower. Do you and Chet ever fuck in here?”

“We used to,” she said. “It’s been a while.”

Dan was now down on his knees, washing her calves. He was eye level with her pussy so he soaped that up to, admiring the patch of hair that half-hid her nether lips. “I want to shave your pussy,” he announced. “Have you ever shaved your pussy?”

“Just trimmed the length and did the bikini line,” she told him. “I’m not the sort of girl who does that.”

“I want to do it for you.” His eyes cast about, looking for the razor she used on her legs.

“No. Chet will notice if I do that.”

“You say he barely looks at you,” Dan countered. He found the razor on the tub’s ledge and pulled it off its holder. A can of shaving cream was right next to it. “You’d better sit down,” he told her. “It’s easier that way.”

Once again Annie didn’t say no. Instead she sat her rump down on a seat built into the double large shower. It had obviously been designed for the purpose of a woman to remain seated to shave her legs. It would do just as well to shave her pussy. “I have a meeting with a new client,” she reminded him. “I can’t do this right now.” Despite her half-hearted protest she opened up her legs, exposing her pubic hair. Dan changed the angle of the shower’s spray and filled his hand with the foamy cream from the can.

“You’ll have a little secret from the client,” he told her as he spread the cream over her short, curly hair. To his experienced eye it was obvious she must cut back the length on a regular basis—this was something else different from what she had been in college. “It’ll make you feel more confident, powerful. That’s a good attitude to have when meeting a new client.”

Annie tensed up when he applied the razor to her skin, but the relaxed a touch when she realized he knew exactly what he was doing. A band of her hair was stripped away as she watched in the steamy shower. “You’ve done this before,” she accused him.

“Not with you.”

“Ha ha. Who with?”

“Different girlfriends. I like a naked pussy.”

“With Rissa?”

He didn’t answer right away as he removed another few strokes of her hair. To open up her legs more he hooked one of her knees over his shoulder. “Yes. Sometimes I shave her. Sometimes she does it just for me.”

“I see.” The razor dipped lower. All her hair that was on her mons pubis was gone and he was concentrating on the small bits around and on her labia. It was red and swollen, something that was revealed more and more as he scraped away the curly hairs. It felt odd to be shaved by someone else’s hand—Chet would never have done this for her—but since it was Dan she trusted him, even though he was a practiced liar, just like her.

“You like this?” he asked as he ran his fingers over her now mostly bare labia. He felt some stubble and applied more shaving cream from the can.

“Mmm-hmm,” Annie agreed. Her eyes were closed and her head was titled back. With her legs splayed open wide she looked every bit the wanton wench. Dan went back and removed the last bits of stubble, being extremely careful around her clit that was standing up, red and proud. He wasn’t sure if that was an aftereffect of fucking her or if getting shaved was what was turning her on. Maybe it was the thought of being completely exposed inside her panties and her husband never knowing. That thought turned him on and his cock started to rise at the idea.

“Want me to fuck you again?” he asked as he rose up on his knees and rubbed himself to make sure he was hard enough to mount her.

“Uh-huh. Quick.”

The angle was a little odd and awkward, but he managed to slip his wet cock into her well-lubricated cunt and start pounding away. Since he was on his knees the angle wasn’t perfect, but it was good enough for the moment. Neither lasted very long and their orgasms weren’t powerful, but Dan was happy to leave some more of his spunk inside his lover’s naked pussy. Annie was thrilled to be shaved naked by Dan. Maybe this would be enough to get her husband to notice her again. He would certainly have questions for why a pregnant woman would suddenly decide to shave her twat.

“Good?” he asked her after he came.

She nodded. “Let me taste your cock.”

Dan stood up unsteadily and Annie took him into her mouth, sucking off his semen and her tart juices. She’d never do this with Chet. She’d never do this with anyone else. It was wrong and that’s why she liked it.

“Okay, I have to get dressed and go,” she told him. If nothing else, Vivian was a practical woman. Dan dressed quickly next to her. Vivian marveled for just a moment at how her crotch felt naked inside her panties, but finished dressing, blow-dried her short hair, and together they were out the front door in less than ten minutes. Dan kissed her on the front steps. Both were unconcerned if the neighbors saw her. In the back of her mind Annie wanted the neighbors to see what she was up to.

Fucking asshole, she texted to him the next day.

Dan was miffed. What did I do?

Nothing. Chet didn’t notice my pussy.

Dan grinned at this bit of news. This was a situation he could work with.

It was easy to settle into a routine. They would meet once or twice a week at her house to fuck during the day. It wasn’t difficult to accomplish that. Her husband’s libido seemed to have disappeared when her pregnancy suddenly appeared and his girlfriend was either extremely trusting or incredibly naïve, in Vivian’s opinion. More likely she was just oblivious and self-centered. Twice in a month they were able to meet on the weekend at his place while Rissa was otherwise occupied and fuck in his bed. Annie liked that she was leaving her scent behind for the other woman to discover. That made her wonder if Dan had the same thoughts about her husband.

She was barely into her fourth month of pregnancy and was really starting to show. Vivian wasn’t the least bit ashamed of the changes in her body. She was proud of them and somewhat consciously started wearing clothes that were tighter—or simply didn’t bother buying clothes to fit her changing form—than before. It was Wednesday afternoon and they were in Annie’s bedroom when Dan noticed the bulge in her middle. She was wearing a pair of pants that weren’t really tight, but accentuated her pregnant tummy.

“You’re getting big,” he commented as he pulled off his shirt. Neither of them commented on the fact that they now stripped themselves before sex instead of

helping each other get naked.

“Thanks,” she replied, barely hearing what he said. Annie dropped her blouse on the floor and lowered the zip on her pants, exposing her belly. She was wearing a pair of fairly modest cotton panties that rode below her belly. Not especially sexy but it was very practical. For just half a moment Annie reflected that all too quickly they had become an old married couple after little more than a month of their affair. But then she turned around to see that Dan was pulling off his pants and boxers. His cock came into view. It was semi-erect and instantly she wanted to fall to her knees and take his cock into her mouth. Her tongue curled in anticipation of feeling it filling her. There was no reason to resist so that was exactly what she did.

Dan was a little bit surprised, but delighted nevertheless. He liked seeing Annie on her knees. He liked his cock in her mouth. He liked fucking and using her while she was pregnant and married to someone else. He wasn’t a complicated man. He knew exactly what he liked in life.

Still, he had some sense of self-control. Dan was positive he didn’t want to cum in her mouth, as pleasant and lovely as that might be. “Get on the bed with me,” he said as he pulled off the covers. Annie nodded and pulled down her panties, leaving them in a little blue heap on the floor. After that first time in the shower with Dan she had continued to keep her pussy clean shaven. Though she would never admit it to him or herself, she liked being bare down there. It was a bit of a pain in the ass to add it to her daily shaving routine, but it was worth it to please Dan.

She got on the bed, leading with her rounded tummy, and got on top of Dan. His cock pressed against her thigh and they kissed a bit before he rolled her onto her back and opened up her legs. It was the same thing they had done a hundred times before—mostly back in college but a few times more recently—and they moved smoothly together. Dan adjusted the angle of his hips so his cock could push into her wet and ready pussy—she was always wet and ready for him, unlike Rissa, unlike some other women he had dated and fucked—when abruptly Annie gasped in pain and pushed him away. She yelped like a stepped on puppy and he practically jumped back on the other side of the room.

“What’s the matter?”

“My stomach!” She was sitting up now, forcing herself to breath heavily and slowly. The pain had only last a moment but she was in a near-panic now, afraid she had done something terribly wrong.

“I put too much weight on you, didn’t I?”

Annie could only nod. The pain was all but gone now leaving her with a conundrum. She was still horny, but didn’t want to risk any more pain.

“I’m sorry,” Dan apologized. “I wasn’t thinking.”

“It’s okay,” she managed to breath out. “It was too much pressure on my tummy. I’m better now.”

“Shit, maybe I should go,” Dan muttered and looked for his pants. He didn’t want to hurt Annie.

“No, no, not yet.” Annie was surprised that she was actually encouraging him to stay. “We haven’t fucked yet.”

“Is that really the best thing to do right now?”

“It’s what I want,” she told him and reached for his cock. He was still hard and she stroked him a bit. “I think we need to change positions. I get to be on top this time.”

It wasn’t like they were married to the missionary position. They had fucked all sorts of ways in all sorts of places; it was just what they were used to and what they liked. After a minute of rearranging, Annie found herself straddling Dan’s body, balancing herself with one hand, holding his cock with the other to guide it into her cunt. Dan simply held onto her hips. That didn’t do much for her, but it made him feel helpful.

Slowly she sank down on him, and closed her eyes. The pleasure of being filled by Dan’s cock quickly overrode any memories of the brief flash of pain from a few moments before. Once settled Annie started bouncing up and down. Female superior wasn’t her favorite position but they would work out what was best. Her tits wiggled and bobbled around but her belly felt nice and safe as she moved.

Dan looked up at her and chuckled. “What?” she demanded.

“It’s hard to see my cock with your belly growing like that.”

In response she arched her back, accentuating her tummy, making it look much bigger than it actually was. “Get used to it, lover boy. It’s only going to get bigger.”

He nodded. “I kind of like that. Fucking a married pregnant woman is my sort of thing. I’m just used to being able to see my cock when the woman I’m fucking is on top.” He looked pointedly at the union of their organs and he could see little more than some hair and her belly.

“Asshole,” she said as she continued to move and feel his cock right where it belonged. Annie closed her eyes and gave herself over to her body. She could feel every inch of his cock within her and intended to enjoy it.

Dan was determined not to leave her alone. “Do you like being pregnant?” he asked.

“Uh-huh.” Her agreement was automatic. She was building up to an orgasm and wasn’t going to waste time with unnecessary conversation. Dan, however, wanted to talk.

“Do you like my cock?”

“Yeah…”

“Do you like it when I cum in you?”

She nodded. “Yeah…”

“Do you like cheating on your husband?”

“Mm-hmm…”

“Do you wish I had gotten you pregnant?”

Annie’s eyes snapped open and she realized that Dan had her hips firmly gripped between his hands. His ass was coming up off the mattress making his cock run in and out of her pussy. Her hands were on his chest, balancing herself. When they had started fucking she had been in control, doing all the motions; now she

was just kneeling there and he was making her cum. The orgasm was unexpected and made her body shake. It wasn't just his cock and hot cum filling her up that brought about her climax. It was his question. But it was more than that. It was her answer to the question. Much to her shame she did wish that it was Dan's baby growing in her belly…and she still wanted to be married to Chet and continue her affair with Dan.

It was wrong. It was completely wrong and it made her cum and she was ashamed at who she was. That didn't stop her from wanting it to be true.

They disengaged and assumed their usual post-coital position of spooning. Her ass was firmly against his abdomen. She could feel his now flaccid cock against the back of her thigh. Dan could never stop touching her. His hands were over her swollen breasts, cupping them lovingly.

"Do you know what today is?" he asked her.

"September twenty fifth."

"And what day is that?"

"I don't know," she mumbled. Her orgasm had frazzled her brain.

"Fifteenth anniversary of our first fuck," he told her.

Annie's eyes came open. "really?"

"Yes. Would I lie to you?"

"Probably…but not about this."

"I have something for you."

Reaching behind her ass she found his cock and squeezed it. "You always have something for me."

"Not that." Dan pulled away, reluctantly, from her firm hand and pulled a small box from the inner pocket of his sports jacket. Right away Annie knew it was a jewelry box. It wasn't terribly fancy, but it made her nervous. It wasn't a ring, but any piece of jewelry was a physical sign of their illicit relationship. Still, she

took it and opened it, expecting to find a necklace. What was inside was too small to be a necklace and too large to be a bracelet.

“I think someone tricked you into buying a factor reject,” she joked not wanting to deal with the reality of the jewelry.

“It’s an anklet,” he told her. “All the wives who cheat on their husbands wear one. Well, the hot wives, anyway.”

“Do you I really want Chet to see me wearing that?”

Dan looked at her a long moment and let her answer that question. He took the chain from out of the box and looped it around her left ankle, carefully making sure the clasp locked into place before leaving it alone. “He didn’t notice your shaved pussy. Why would he notice an anklet?”

Annie nodded in agreement, but she wasn’t so sure. They went to the shower together where once more Dan shaved her pussy and legs this time. She liked it when he shaved her legs. It was one less chore for her to do.

As they were getting ready to leave and return to work she turned to him. “I have a checkup at the ob-gyn tomorrow. Would you like to go with me?”

It wasn’t Dan’s idea of a date, but it made Vivian happy to have him at her side. When they were in the waiting room Dan noticed that she was wearing the anklet he had given her the day before. Upon seeing him notice what she was wearing Vivian grinned at him and put on her Annie persona. “Chet didn’t notice it this morning.”

“I’m not surprised,” replied Dan. It had occurred to him that Chet was either the most oblivious man on Earth or he had lost all interest in his wife. Both were possible. And Annie was an excellent liar, so there was that as well.

He looked around the room at the women in all stages of pregnancy. They were mostly ignoring him. The office was busy with women going in and out the door to the examination rooms. “Why am I here, exactly?” he asked softly, lowering his head to her ear.

“You’re my husband today,” she replied just as softly.

Once more he scanned the room. It was a large practice and had at least thirty chairs in the waiting area. Of the double handful of women waiting for their appointments only one of them had a significant other in tow. “I don’t see but one other man here.”

“Only the women of quality are able to bring their husbands with them,” she told him calmly.

After a moment’s pause Dan asked, “So what does that make you?”

Annie looked askance at him but before she could answer she was called in the back. Dan obediently followed. The exam was fairly routine to Dan’s eyes even though he knew nothing about obstetrics and the normal procedures for monitoring a pregnancy. Vivian barely had to remove her clothes, just unzip her pants and pull up her shirt a bit. An ultrasound technician came in to run a scan on the baby.

Dan watched in silence as the technician set up and squirted a huge amount of warmed lubricant conductor to Annie’s belly. He was surprised at the resolution on the small screen of the ultrasound machine. The tech, a middle-aged woman with thick glasses, curly black hair, and lipstick that was bright red, glanced at him and asked Vivian, “Does the father want to know the baby’s sex?”

Before Vivian could reply Dan interjected a quick, “Yes,” that was louder than he intended. Both women looked at him a little shocked. Dan felt a flutter in his stomach, wondering if he had violated some convention of behavior in the exam room.

“Is that okay with you, Mom?” asked the tech.

“Of course I want to know.”

“Now nothing’s a hundred percent, but I’d say you have a little girl in there.”

“Wow,” gasped Dan. He wasn’t sure how to feel. He wasn’t the father, but the tech didn’t know that.

Confusion reigned when she wheeled the cart out and said, “So nice to meet you,

Mr. Dellessio.”

“Right. Nice to meet you too,” he parroted back to her.

Annie laughed as she cleaned the lubricant conductor off her belly and pulled her clothes back into place. “That was great.”

“Finding out the sex of your baby?” asked Dan.

She shook her head. “No, the way you acted. Pretending you were my husband. It’s pretty funny.”

“Most women don’t play games like this when they’re pregnant.”

“I’m not like most women.”

“That’s for sure,” he agreed. If nothing else he was glad that she didn’t ask him to fuck her right there in the stirrups of the exam table. He knew that medical fetishes was a thing for a lot of women; he didn’t understand it but he understood it. Apparently it wasn’t something that Annie lusted after because she didn’t say a word to him about dropping his pants to suck his cock so he could fuck her. That was a relief because he was fairly certain he couldn’t get it up inside a doctor’s office.

“I wonder if she’ll be like me,” Annie pondered as she stepped down from the ledge of the exam table.

“Probably,” Dan absently agreed.

“A slut you mean?” she asked archly.

“Umm…no, that’s not what I meant.”

“But I’m slutty and happy,” said Annie. “Why can’t she be happy like me?”

5.

They were down to two positions that worked for the both of them: fucking Annie from behind, doggy style, or female superior with Dan on his back watching Annie's slowly growing tits bounce pleasingly.

Today they were fucking with Annie on top. She actually preferred being taken from behind, but she knew that Dan liked seeing her working up and down on his cock. It was like it was his own personal porn movie and that was enough of a reason for her. His cock didn't quiet reach that little hidden spot inside her pussy when she was one top, but that's what her clit was for…unfortunately it was getting harder to reach her clit around her swelling belly.

"I'm going home with your cum in me," she hissed at him. "I'm going to attack Chet and make him fuck me. What'll he think of your cum inside me?"

"Nothing," he grunted back up at her and pinched her nipple. Even if she didn't like her nipples pinched he liked doing just that so it didn't matter what she wanted. "He's fucking oblivious. He should be thanking me for fucking you."

Annie laughed at that statement and ground down on his cock. They were both breathing heavily and headed toward orgasm, it would be a race to see who reached the goal first. It was strange, but Annie felt freer in her bed fucking Dan than when they were in his bed. But they needed to use his bed today. The lie was she was staying late at work and they didn't want Chet to walk in on them mid-coitus. That was a dirty fantasy that Annie kept in the back of her head, but it wasn't appropriate for a nice middle-class suburban wife to have…let alone to carry out. It was a great game back in college when she was thinking of breaking up with her current boyfriend but she wasn't ready to get divorced. Chet was the nice sort of man you married and stayed with; Dan was the sort of man you had an affair with. And maybe carried his baby without her husband's knowledge. That would have to wait for her second child, however. It was too late for her first.

"Cumming," she gasped and stopped moving on top of him. That didn't stop

Dan. He thrusted up inside her and came as her orgasm peaked. His hot semen made her cum again. She wasn't sure if it was really a second climax or just a new peak in her first one. It didn't matter. It felt good and that's all she wanted at the moment.

"I fucking love your cock in me," she told him when she was done cumming. "I think it should be all mine all the time."

"The fuck!" The reply wasn't from Dan. It came from the doorway. Both snapped their heads around to see a pretty blonde woman with blue streaks in her hair glaring at them. Annie quickly surmised that this was Rissa. She felt uncomfortable being naked on top of Dan while Rissa shot daggers of hatred from her eyes, but she refused to hide her nudity. They were caught and would have to deal with the consequences.

"Rissa," Dan said. He had the good graces to remember her name and actually appear shocked. "I wasn't expecting you until later."

Rissa's mouth turned down in a grimace of disgust. "Obviously." She tore her eyes away from Annie's naked body as the other woman climbed off Dan and hid her nudity with a piece of the bed's sheets. "And a pregnant woman as well, Dan?" The accusation hung in the air between the trio. "Or is she just weirdly fat."

"I'm pregnant," Annie said defensively.

"Is it yours?" Rissa asked Dan.

"No," he said quickly. Almost too quickly but Rissa let it slide.

"I don't know if I should be more pissed that you were cheating on me with a pregnant woman—is she just a slut or is she married?"

Annie didn't like how Rissa ignored her like she was some object to be scorned. "I'm married," she snapped defensively. "Dan and I are old friends. He was helping me out." Her words sounded stupid the moment they were formed.

Rissa slumped against the doorjamb and crossed her arms in front of her chest. "Really? How would he be helping you out? Did you lose something inside your giant slutty twat?"

Her hostility was understandable; Dan had been lying to her and it was shocking to find the person you love in bed with another warm body, but Annie wasn't going to insulted and not respond. "No, he was giving me a little sexual pleasure because my husband thinks pregnant women are disgusting. Dan disagrees."

"I bet he does. Why don't you put some fucking clothes on and leave so Dan and I can have an argument without you listening in. Or does that get you off as well?" She didn't stick around to see Annie getting dressed. She stomped out of the bedroom. Dan glanced at Annie and jumped out of the bed, grabbed his robe from the back of the door, and headed after his girlfriend.

"Sorry," he called to her.

Vivian sighed and gathered her clothes. She wiped Dan's leaving the best she could from her pussy, used the toilet, washed her hands and cautiously headed downstairs to make as dignified an exit as possible from the house.

Rissa and Dan were in the living room. There was no way to avoid the other woman who was now sobbing and Dan was standing in front of her, holding her shoulders. It wasn't that much of a comforting gesture but then Vivian noticed Rissa was holding her arms in such a way to prevent Dan from getting any closer to her.

"I can't believe you fucking did this," she was saying between sobs. There were tears running down her face. Annie recognized the look and the emotion; Rissa was devastated and was trying not to show it. Annie had seen that look on others before. Out of the corner of his eye Dan saw her, did a half-nod, and went back to consoling his girlfriend. Annie smiled thinly and went quietly out the front door.

She drove home and forced herself not to think or feel anything. There wasn't anything to panic over. Dan had opted to destroy his current relationship; it wasn't her responsibility. She was certainly part of the reason the relationship was devastated, but ultimately the cause was Dan. And there was nothing for her to worry about. Dan wasn't going to say anything to her about it. He wasn't going to say anything to Chester. They'd been through this before and they knew how to handle things. Dan wasn't vindictive or petty; he wouldn't try to break up her marriage over something like an ex-girlfriend.

When she got home she didn't change her clothes. Chet wasn't home yet so she

started dinner. It was halfway done when he walked in the kitchen door.

“When’s dinner?” He gave her a little peck on the cheek and set down his bag.

“Fifteen minutes.” She turned away from the stove and leaned back against the counter, looking at her husband, letting her steadily growing stomach stick out as much as possible. The position wasn’t comfortable, but she wanted to accentuate her pregnancy right then. “Why can’t you get it up for me?” she asked him bluntly without preamble.

“What?” He feigned surprise, but they both knew the question was going to come out eventually.

“We haven’t had sex since we found out I was pregnant. Why?”

The little shrug didn’t satisfy Vivian and Chet slowly sat down in one of the kitchen chairs. “I’m not really sure. I don’t want to hurt you or the baby. I don’t know how to approach you now…a little bit of all those things.”

“You’re not going to hurt me,” she lectured him. “Woman can have sex up to the day before they go into labor. I can do that,” she stressed. “Is it because you find me ugly or fat?”

“Don’t be like that—”

Before he could protest further she continued. “Some men can only get it up for their ideal woman. Is just knowing I’m pregnant enough to kill your boner?”

He sighed and rubbed his face with his hands. “Yeah. Maybe that’s part of it.”

“So you could fuck any other woman right now—as long as she wasn’t pregnant?”

“I didn’t say that!”

“If I wasn’t pregnant, would you fuck me now, even with my extra weight and sore tits?”

They glared at each other across the kitchen. “Probably,” he admitted.

“Where are you going for sex?” she asked him. “Who are you fucking?” It was a dangerous question. He could easily turn it around on her.

“What? No one!”

She glared at him some more, the practiced death stare that she had learned from her mother.

Chet relented just a bit. “Okay, geez, I’m jerking off more than before. That’s it. I swear.”

That was enough for Vivian. “Okay,” she said, somewhat satisfied. “What about if I gave you a blowjob?”

“Right here and now?” he asked nervously. “In the kitchen?” Chet only liked to fuck in bed.

“After dinner in the bedroom.”

There was only one correct answer to that question. “Okay, we can do that.”

Vivian pressed her point. “What if I brought over another woman for you to fuck? Would you do her while I watched?”

He laughed at the ridiculousness of the question but answered anyway. “Sure. Yeah. Why not? Bring over a sexy young thing and I’ll do her right in front of you. The three-way I always wanted.”

The answer was over-the-top just enough to make Vivian smile. “Well, good then. Dinner’s in five minutes. Will you set the table?”

“And why can’t you believe it?” Dan asked Rissa a little more nastily than necessary. “Or do I need to remind you how we started dating?”

“No. I know what happened,” Rissa said. “I was there.”

The dirty little secret of their relationship was Dan and Rissa met in a bar while he was already involved with another woman. It wasn’t terribly serious, what he

had going with Clara, but Clara certainly didn't expect to walk in on him and Rissa together. They weren't caught in the middle of the act; they were actually sleeping together. Naked. There wasn't much of an argument they could make in their defense. A week later Dan's relationship with Clara was over and for all intents and purposes, Rissa had taken her place. In the back of her mind she knew that an ongoing relationship with Dan was risky, but it was a risk she was willing to take.

And now that risk had been tripped and here she was in the same position as Clara less than a year ago.

"Well, what do you want to do?" he asked. "Cry about it? Leave? Scream some things about me and tell me you never want to see me again?"

"I can believe you were fucking a pregnant woman," Rissa raged at him tearfully.

"She's an old friend from college," he explained. "I don't think our relationship extends much beyond sex."

"From college?" Rissa asked. "You've been carrying on with her all this time?"

He shook his head. "No. We just reconnected a couple of months ago."

The information was enough to confuse Rissa. "And you want to have sex with her even if she's married and pregnant? What's wrong with you?"

The question gave Dan pause. "I don't know. I think it's some weird attraction between Annie and me. We don't want to have a real relationship with each other. We just want to cheat on our significant other together."

Rissa tilted her head to the side and regarded the man she was pretty sure she loved up until the point of seeing his cock in another woman. "You like to cheat on your girlfriends," she said carefully. "It's not just with…her."

It was true and Dan had to nod in agreement. "Okay, yeah. But it's easier to cheat with Annie. It doesn't mean anything with her."

"Oh really?" Rissa asked him skeptically. "And you can stop anytime you want, huh?" She brushed her brown bangs out of her eyes and thought about how

much she hated having bangs right now. It made her look childish and stupid.

Dan hesitated. “I’d like to say yes, but I can pretty much see myself having an affair with Annie the rest of my life.” He paused. “But we’d both be married to other people.”

Rissa’s face soured. “That’s a hell of a way to plan your life,” she said and then paused another moment. “It’s also a shitty marriage proposal,” she added.

Dan blinked as he took in her words. “I wasn’t proposing,” he said blankly.

“I should hope not.” Rissa sighed. “Fuck. Despite everything else I think I’m stupid enough to actually love you and forgive you for fucking another woman.”

That reaction surprised Dan. He had always hidden his on and off again affair with Annie because he was certain that whatever woman he was currently dating would dump him the moment she discovered his secret. “Really. You’d forgive me?” He swallowed hard and sighed. “It’s probably a waste of your time to forgive me. I can’t promise I’ll end it with Annie. I can’t. I’m going to keep fucking her.”

Rissa nodded. She already knew that. “Yeah. I suppose I’ll have to get used to sharing you with someone else if I want to stay with you.”

He was stunned. Dan didn’t know what to say. “Oh. I didn’t think anyone could be that open-minded.”

Wiping away the tears that had been flowing down her cheeks Rissa looked deeply into his eyes. “I’m much more open-minded than you’d imagine.”

“How open minded?” he asked, compelled to push the issue.

“Try me.”

6.

“She’s not angry?” Annie asked Dan as they talked on the phone.

“Oh, she’s angry, but she’s willing to forgive me for my affair.”

“So…she’s not dumping you?”

“Not yet. She said she’s open-minded.”

Annie snickered. “She wants to share you with me. That’s…odd.” Once she gave the idea some thought it was an idea that should have occurred to her before. Why couldn’t she have an intimate, loving, sexual relationship with more than one person? It probably hadn’t occurred to her before because of her very proper middle-class upbringing. Still, it might work for her and Dan but for one thing. “I’m willing to share you. I’ve already been doing that, haven’t I? But what about Chet?”

Dan didn’t know what to say to that. “I don’t know. That’s your problem.”

“I know.”

“And do we really want to have this sort of relationship. Cheating and sharing?”

Her answer was firm and practiced. “Yes, yes I do. These past couple of months have been great for me. They reminded me too much of our years in college and those were the best years of my life. Maybe I’m being too sentimental and idealizing what we had back then, but I’d like to have it again, maybe forever.”

“I don’t mind fucking you,” he said. He looked around the parking lot. It was hot inside his car and he cracked open a window. “I’d like to keep fucking you until the day I die. I just don’t want to marry you,” he added.

She laughed at him. “You were ever the romantic. Let’s meet up tomorrow at my place. Maybe you can feel the baby move.”

Dan was so nervous that his left knee was bouncing up and down uncontrollably as he sat at the dinner table. Rissa was cooking dinner in the kitchen while he watched from afar. He had offered to help her in the kitchen but his nerves made him next to useless; she banished him to the dining area where he was assigned the task of setting the table and making sure everything else was ready for their guest.

“This is weird,” he said when she came out with the sliced bread. Rissa didn’t have many dishes she cooked well, but pasta with puttanesca sauce was one of them. The smell of capers, olives, and tomatoes wafted in from the kitchen. Dan’s stomach growled.

“What? Making dinner?”

“No. You meeting my long-long girlfriend,” he said and immediately regretted the choice of the word “girlfriend.”

“You mean the woman you’ve been fucking behind my back? Your…mistress is too refined a term for you. Slam-piece? A little childish, I think. How about slut?”

Dan dry swallowed. “I’m not sure she’d appreciate being called a slut.”

“She doesn’t have to appreciate it as long as she acknowledges it,” Rissa responded.

“I thought you weren’t going to be this way.” Dan was getting worried now. This wasn’t at all what he planned.

Catching herself emotionally and physically, Rissa nodded. “Okay. You’re right. This was my idea. I need to be polite and remind myself that I’m being open-minded.”

She went back to the kitchen as Dan opened up the wine which made him wonder if a bottle was enough for him to push aside all his worries. A bottle didn’t seem to be enough to split among three people. Then he reminded himself that Annie wouldn’t be drinking any. It should be more than enough he decided as he took a healthy swallow.

The doorbell rang and Dan jumped up with relief, and then the feeling of dread hit him as he realized that the two women he was sleeping with were going to meet for the first time. Meet formally. They'd already met once under less than ideal circumstances.

Dan opened the door and let Annie in with a friendly kiss on her cheek. Rissa emerged from the kitchen just enough to see the tail end of the kiss. Jealousy spiked in her chest and then she reminded herself to control her emotions. She was bound to see much more by the end of the night. Putting on her happiest face she stuck out her hand and approached Annie. "Hi. I'm Clarissa. Call me Rissa. You must be Annie. Dan's told me so much about you."

The last phrase would have been completely innocuous in any other context. Not tonight. The trio shared an uncomfortable moment which Annie broke when she took Rissa's hand and shook it. "So nice to meet you like this instead of before." She smiled gamely. "I go by Vivian now, but Dan calls me Annie. Annie seems childish to me. Vivian sounds much more professional."

"What would you like me to call you?"

The other woman tentatively licked her lips. "Call me Annie. It's a little more fun. It's what I went by in college."

Rissa nodded and looked at Annie's belly that was bulging outward under her loose green and white dress. It wasn't huge yet, but it was obvious she was pregnant. Rissa wondered how that was going to work later on. "Dinner's almost ready. Why don't you sit down with Dan," Rissa suggested and hurried back to the kitchen.

All in all, the dinner went very well. Annie drank no wine and Rissa limited herself to one glass. Dan, whose leg was still shaking uncontrollably until he finished the first of his three glasses, said very little as the women talked and got to know one another a little better. When they were done eating Dan cleared the table and quickly cleaned up while the women went to the living room to chat a little more. They were actually getting along which was an excellent sign for Dan.

The moment he walked into the living room to join them he was hit by a question from Rissa. "Do you get off on fucking pregnant women or just on women who are married or otherwise attached?"

Stunned, Dan stopped in the middle of the room, frozen. Rissa was curled up in the corner of the couch with her feet tucked up underneath her legs. Annie had taken a position on the overstuffed armchair and peered at him with her intensely deep brown eyes. “I don’t know,” he said slowly. “Annie’s the first pregnant woman I’ve had sex with. But I guess I like having sex with women who are otherwise attached. It makes the sex more exciting.”

“More dirty?” Annie asked. “We’ve already talked about that.” She indicated herself and Rissa. “But you’ve fucked me both pregnant and not. Do you have preference? We know that Chet can’t get it up when I’m carrying…so are you the kinky fucker who likes to bang pregnant women, or is he the freak because I turn him off?”

“I can’t really say,” Dan hedged. “I like having sex with you regardless of pregnancy, I guess.”

Rissa spoke up. “I like the way pregnant women look just before their stomachs get huge. Happy and elegant and sexy.”

That made Annie laugh. “I don’t feel sexy at all. Every day it’s a little tougher to stand up and deal with the fact my feet are disappearing.”

“And your tits are getting bigger,” Dan added. “That’s sexy.”

The two women laughed at him and he chuckled along with them, not really knowing why. They obviously knew something he didn’t.

“Don’t kid yourself,” Rissa said. “I think you look sexy just the way you are. And I can’t believe I’m saying this but I’d like to see how much sexier you and Dan can look together in the bedroom.” Her face was flushed. She was nervous —just like everyone else in the room.

“You really want to?” Annie asked.

Rissa nodded her head. “If it’s going to work out with Dan and me, I need to get used to seeing him fuck other women.”

“You don’t have to see it,” Annie pointed out.

“I want to,” Rissa said eagerly.

That was enough for the trio to head up to the bedroom Dan and Rissa shared. It was Rissa who kissed Dan first and then she grabbed Annie by the wrist, pulling her in close to Dan and watched at their lips met.

It was a moment of crisis and it was a moment of beauty. When they kissed they kept their lips sealed to one another, but Rissa could tell Dan's tongue was delving into Annie's mouth. He stood slightly to the side to accommodate her belly, but his arms went around her and Annie started breathing heavily, as if she were being aroused and stimulated. She could feel her panties getting damp inside her pants and wished she had worn something sexier than tan capris and a white blouse. Dan wore his customary blue-gray khakis and Oxford shirt. Unless he was wearing a suit that's all he ever wore.

“Holy fuck,” she breathed. The adulterous couple broke their kiss and looked at her, confused. “You two kissing is really turning me on,” she explained, marveling at her own response. “Keep going.”

They giggled at her and followed the request. They kissed once more and Dan’s hand went behind Annie’s back, looking for the zipper to her dress. When he had trouble finding it, Rissa helped out, stepping behind her, grasping the small tang, and lowering it. From there it was easy for Dan to get Annie out of her dress and in a moment the pregnant woman was standing in the middle of the bedroom in just her bra and panties.

Rissa stared at the woman’s big belly and wanted to fall on her knees to kiss it. That didn’t seem the right thing to do a t the moment so she waited for the right time. Now they were undressing Dan. He was eager to get his clothes off and in no time at all he was naked, his cock already pressing into Annie’s tummy.

It was going too slowly for Rissa. She wanted to see what would happen next It took all her energy not to unhook Annie’s bra and pull down her panties. For someone halfway into her pregnancy Annie wasn’t shy about wearing panties that showed off her ass; the lower bits of her cheeks were hanging free. Rissa wanted to touch and caress these as well as her pregnant stomach.

Dan was groping around Annie’s back once again so Rissa stepped forward and released the hooks on the bra. It fell free and the couple stumbled over to the bed. Rissa wanted to pull Annie’s panties off too, but Dan wasn’t having any trouble in that area. They were on their sides, kissing, as Rissa stood beside the bed, watching. Dan opened his eyes and looked at his girlfriend over Annie’s shoulder. “Are you sure this is all right with you?” he asked.

Rissa nodded. Her eyes were shining with lust. She wanted to shove her hand down her pants and jill off, but she also wanted to see everything this couple was doing as well. “Uh huh, keep going,” she told her boyfriend. “I want to see you fuck her.”

After she spoke the words Annie rolled over so she faced Rissa who noted the married woman’s pussy was devoid of any hair, a step Rissa had never been able to do. She still sported a neat little strip of brown hair over her labia. Being completely naked and bare made the pregnant woman seem vulnerable. But then she lifted up her leg, exposing her red, already engorged pussy, showing that, if

nothing else, she was a wanton slut. “This is okay with you?” Annie asked.

Rissa just nodded again. She couldn’t speak when she realizes she had unfastened her capri’s button and lowered the zipper to accommodate her hand that was burrowing in to her panties.

Annie reached behind her and guided Dan’s hard cock into her pussy. Rissa didn’t know how Annie had gotten so wet so quickly. She knew that Dan could get hard at the drop of a hat and showing off to his girlfriend by going to bed with a married, pregnant woman was enough to turn his cock into a bar of steel. Annie’s lips parted as Dan pushed into her, splitting the swollen red lips apart, letting his cock disappear up into her cunt.

To her shame and delight Rissa moaned.

The copulating couple didn’t seem to notice the noise. They were already too involved with each other. That didn’t bother Rissa; she was getting her own personal sex show and she loved it. She wanted to be as naked as Annie and Dan so with her free hand she undressed herself starting with the prim white blouse and bra. These were relatively easy to remove which she did so while she watched her boyfriend and his lover exchange kisses over Annie’s shoulder.

Rissa’s eyes flicked over Annie’s body. They went from her lips kissing Dan to her tits that moved with every thrust of Dan’s cock and each time she inhaled deeply to accommodate her need for more oxygen in the midst of fucking, all the way down to Annie’s pussy that was naked and bare and beautiful and full of Dan’s cock. This was what really made Rissa jealous. Coming to grips with the idea of Dan having sex with another woman had been easy. He had had sex with other women before he went to bed with Rissa and she knew he would fuck other women when their relationship ended, but she hadn’t truly considered the possibility of him having sex with another woman concurrent with her. Once she had conquered the relatively easy idea that she could share Dan with other women, she then had to face the conflicting emotion of jealousy.

She was jealous of Annie because she was getting fucked by Dan even though Rissa knew Dan would fuck her next, maybe in just a few minutes. She was jealous of Annie because Rissa believed the other woman was more beautiful and desirable than she was. It was not an altogether illogical jealousy because Annie did have a certain confidence and attractiveness to her. Plus she had been

sleeping with Dan—on and off—for nearly two decades. But more of all, regardless of what Dan said, Rissa knew he found the other woman more desirable because she was pregnant. Rissa was certain Dan had a pregnancy fetish and the other woman's fat belly gave lie to this belief. Annie's husband might be turned off by the fact she was carrying, but Dan was not. In fact his cock was probably harder and his passion hotter because Annie was pregnant. That was the source of Rissa's jealousy.

Annie had nicely toned legs and neatly manicured fingernails, but Rissa knew it was her growing belly that truly got Dan truly hot and bothered. Still, as she watched them fuck, the sight had an effect on Rissa and she shimmied out of her capri's but left on her panties while keeping her fingers busy in her pussy. Her jealousy was no secret—Dan had already figured that out and Annie was no fool, she knew that jealousy was part of their odd triad—but her desire was a secret. As she watched Dan fuck Annie, Rissa wanted to join them, but moreso, she wanted to go to bed with Annie.

She didn't believe herself to be truly bisexual, yet Rissa had always found women attractive and occasionally fantasized about them. There wasn't anything wrong with that she reasoned, yet she didn't share this information with anyone. For the most part she was completely satisfied by sex with men. She hadn't even touched or flirted with another woman in college or thereafter. Even now, as she watched Dan and Annie fuck, she wasn't sure if it was just a curiosity to see what sex with a woman was like, or if she actually was drawn to women.

All of these thoughts roiled through her head as Rissa stepped across the room and slipped onto the bed with the couple. They saw and sensed her, but said nothing. They were too far involved with each other at the moment. Rissa herself wasn't truly aware of what she was doing until she was lying on her side facing Annie, their breasts just barely touching each other's. The pregnant woman turned her head to Rissa and smiled.

That was all the invitation that Rissa needed. She leaned in and kissed Annie who didn't protest at all and kissed back, if not with enthusiasm and passion then with acceptance and caution. Dan didn't mind this at all. Rissa let herself get lost in her actions, kissing Annie back, slipping her tongue into the other woman's mouth, and then moving her way down slowly, nipping her neck, biting the flesh of her upper breast, and then—with just a moment's trepidation—licking and sucking one of Annie's nipples.

Annie moaned and Rissa took that as a sign of encouragement. Annie might have been moaning because Dan's cock was hitting her g-spot just right, but that wasn't Rissa's concern at the moment. She went further down, lightly kissing Annie's pudgy baby belly, twisting her tongue into the other woman's growing belly button, and then taking the final step, she traced her tongue down all the way to Annie's shaved pussy that was still filled with Dan's hard cock.

She could just barely see the tiny beginnings of stubble from the last time Annie had shaved. Her labia had swelled along with her clitoris, giving Rissa an eyeful of how inflamed with lust Annie was at the moment. The little stub of desire was erect and Rissa wanted nothing more than to lick it. Her entire pussy was swollen, moist, and slick with her natural juices. Most importantly she could smell Annie's scent, the desire of her pussy as Dan slowly moved in and out of it. His cock looked huge inside Annie's tight cunt, especially with the slight bubble of Annie's tummy. The couple continued to fuck as Rissa inspected them. They were waiting for her. They didn't have long to wait.

Rissa dipped her head and lightly licked the top of Annie's slit. Her flavor was tart and sour which made Rissa's mouth salivate. She followed the lick with a kiss, because it seemed the polite thing to do when going down on a woman for the first time. That was followed by some more licking and a bit of sucking of Annie's prominent and blood-engorged nether lips, but Rissa quickly discovered that cunnilingus on a woman getting fucked wasn't exactly easy. There were some moans, but she wasn't sure if Annie appreciated her tongue or if those were just more noises praising Dan's cock. Knowing what her boyfriend liked, Rissa moved lower still.

Dan's cock wasn't huge, but it had always satisfied Rissa. She loved cupping his balls when she gave him a blowjob. More than that she loved the way his scrotum slapped against her ass when she was on her back getting fucked by him. More than once she had asked him to shave off his testicle hair but he always refused. She wanted to feel the velvety skin on her tongue, but had to make due with that sensation mixed in with his pubic hair. Her favorite trick to make him cum when he wasn't completely ready was to take his balls in her mouth and hold them tightly there with suction and the strength of her mostly closed teeth as she finished a blowjob with her hand, making him ejaculate into the air and usually onto her face, shoulder, and chest. His balls always tried to retract up to his body when he was cumming and her mouth trick prevented that, making him cum all the harder.

She did that now with her mouth. Dan slowed down his thrusting into Annie's pussy. Seeing her chance she wrapped her lips around his balls and prevented him from moving inside his lover. The one problem was he couldn't move his hips to please Annie and Rissa couldn't jerk him off with her hand.

"What's the matter?" Annie panted.

"She's got my balls in her mouth," Dan explained.

Rissa was an inventive woman. She had two free hands and used one to massage Dan right behind his balls and the other to rub Annie's clitoris. The linked couple responded well to Rissa's trick and in a moment Dan was shooting his cum into his married lover which caused her to peak as well, but perhaps with the able assistance of Rissa's forefinger on her clit.

The jerk and throb and pulse of Dan's balls and cock pleased Rissa. She was only half aware she had removed her hand from her panties to stimulate them both. Rissa was the only one on the bed who didn't get to cum, but that didn't upset her. She loved hearing how the two called out their orgasms, and the rush of heat to their genitals, and the slow denouement as they returned to themselves. Rissa didn't release Dan's balls from her mouth until the pulsing had stopped and his cock had shrank enough to slip free of Annie's cunt.

What she saw then surprised and delighted Rissa. She had seen enough porn to know what a recently fucked pussy looked like, but to see it up close and personal was a completely different experience. Annie's lips were swollen and stretched and remained slightly apart even without Dan's cock. She was slick and wet and shiny which made her sex beautiful. Her lubrication was now mixed with Dan's semen, thick white blobs that were slowly starting to weep out of the spent flower.

Rissa was happy to dispense with Dan's balls and attach her mouth to Annie's well-used pussy. The mixture of female desire and male spunk dazzled Rissa's taste buds. Annie jerked her head back as Rissa's tongue lapped up her nectar. She tried to wiggle her hips out of the way but she was blocked from behind by Dan who watched the two women's passion. Rissa's tongue drilled Annie's cunt, sucking and licking the other woman's sex clean of Dan's cum, and then moved upward to find her clit and made her cum again. It wasn't a difficult task, Annie was already on edge from her first orgasm and pushing her over the second peak

was easy, but Rissa was pleased with herself regardless.

“No more,” she begged when Rissa pulled her face away, wet and slick with the other woman’s pussy juice.

“Are you sure?” asked Rissa with a self-satisfied grin on her face. Her first experience with making love to another woman had been successful and she was proud of her performance. “I’d love to make you cum again.”

“Later,” Annie panted. “I’m too sensitive right now.” She closed her thighs, blocking her sex from Rissa’s view much to the brunette’s disappointment. “Don’t you want to cum?”

Rissa did and told them so. While she would have liked Annie to go down on her she wasn’t certain that was part of the pregnant woman’s plan in life so Rissa didn’t ask for that treat. Instead Dan wrestled her to her back while Annie struggled with her ever more unwieldy body to get out of the way. It was Annie who made the next comment.

“Oh…you are horny. Look at your underwear.”

Glancing down at the conservative red and white striped cotton bikinis she was wearing Rissa noted that her lust had caused her pussy to go into overdrive. The crotch of the undergarment was literally soaked through. It wasn’t just a little spot of lust water. It was a flood. Annie reached down and hook her finger into the top edge of the elastic and lowered them down, exposing Rissa’s little landing strip and the top of her slit. Dan joined in on the short stripping session and Rissa lifted up her hips to expedite the process; Dan flung the garment aside when it slipped off her feet. Now she was as naked as her lovers; she was also waiting and expectant. Annie and Dan were on either side of her legs.

Since Dan was now flaccid after cumming in Annie she wasn’t sure what to expect, but Annie moved things along by leaning across Rissa’s legs and taking Dan’s cock into her mouth. Dan usually needed more than a couple of minutes if Rissa wanted to fuck twice on the same night. That wasn’t true this night. He responded immediately to Annie’s fellatio. If the pregnant woman was disturbed by the mixture of the taste of her pussy and Dan’s cum on his cock, she didn’t show it. In no time at all Dan was hard and ready to fuck again. This time his cock wouldn’t be going into Annie, it was destined for Rissa’s pussy.

Normally when they had sex Dan would get on top, find her opening, and push inside. They might have been making up things as they went along, but for this occasion it was Annie who led Dan by the cock to Rissa's cunt, even though he already knew the way. It was odd having another woman expedite Dan's entrance into Rissa's pussy, but Rissa found the experience novel enough to not protest. When they started rutting like animals Annie cuddled up next to Rissa's body, positioning her torso on the pillows, almost ignoring Dan, and leaning in toward Rissa's face with her chest.

"Suck on me," she asked softly.

Rissa only had to turn her head a bit to take Annie's breast in her mouth and suckle on her nipple. Dan didn't complain. What did he have to protest? The group session continued and Rissa rested one hand on Dan's back as he fucked her earnestly while squirming the other between Annie's thighs. Annie parted her legs so that Rissa could cup the other woman's pussy, mindful of her sore state she opted not to finger fuck the other woman.

This was perfect, Rissa thought, as Dan fucked her and she sucked on Annie. What more would a woman want in two lovers?

"Would you mind going to bed with my husband?" Annie asked her as she pulled on her dress.

Rissa was lounging naked on the bed watching her new lover's beautiful body disappear under clothes that were slowly being added, hiding away her skin. Dan was in the bathroom. The two women had a minute together.

"What? Why?"

Annie's smile was sad and revealing. "He finds pregnant women…disgusting, I guess. A turn off at least. I sort of promised I'd find him a woman to fuck."

"I don't get it." Rissa was stunned.

"It's not like Dan's going to complain," Annie pointed out. "Give it some thought, why don't you? If you want, we can make love to him together."

The bathroom door opened and Dan came out naked and grinning, his cock dangling between his legs. He was proud that he had just fucked two women and they had made love in front of him. It was a very good day.

“Give it some thought why don’t you?” Annie said as she checked her earrings and made sure the golden chain of her anklet was firmly attached around her leg. After a quick and intimate kiss with Dan she said her final goodbye to Rissa and walked out the bedroom door, headed for home.

“Give what some thought?” asked Dan.

“Girl secrets,” Rissa told him automatically. “I’ll let you know what she and I decide.”

7.

As a trio they only managed to get together once a week. Annie found that sufficient; her pregnancy was starting to wear on her body and she was entering the phase of near-exhaustion all the time because of the stress put on her body—not that she would give up sex with Dan and Rissa, however. To her surprise Rissa discovered that she liked having group sex and wanted to do it more. She loved the fact her body would be mutually caressed by Annie and Dan; it was almost a sensory overload. Naturally Dan thought they should be meeting every day to have sex. With two women willing to go to bed with him his libido was suddenly insatiable.

Even though she was being sexually satisfied that didn't stop Annie from keeping her plan from moving forward. As her tummy grew so did her pressure on Rissa until finally the other woman couldn't take it anymore—partly from the nagging partly from the intense curiosity she felt.

"Okay," she relented one day after they had just had sex with Dan who needed to rush back to his office. They were lounging in Dan and Rissa's bed getting ready to shower and head back to their own jobs. Annie had cautioned her office she would have slightly irregular hours due to her pregnancy and doctor visits but she left out the fact she was blaming some of her absences on bedding her lovers. Rissa had a much more flexible schedule and could meet up almost any time. "I'm in."

Annie was lying on her side gently rubbing her round tummy with one hand. It felt good, a long slow caress. Whenever she had sex her baby would settle down and sleep, no kicking or movement because she was rocked to sleep by the actions of copulation. At this point Annie was certain she could sense when her child was waking up and was waiting for that moment so she could let Rissa feel the baby kick. "You're in what?"

"I'm in with you," Rissa said. "When do I get to fuck your husband?"

"Oh!" The question woke up Annie and she stopped rubbing her tummy. "Um… I don't know. I'll have to talk to him and then we can start the seduction."

Rissa shook her head at her friend and licked her lips. They were a bit sore and bruised from sucking on both Dan's dick and Annie's pussy in a short amount of time. "I thought you were promising him all sorts of things once you found someone willing to bang him."

Annie gave her response some thought. "Well, that's sort of the truth. I promised him to find him someone else to have sex with while I was pregnant because this," she gestured to her midriff's swelling, "is apparently such a turnoff for him. He can't even get hard around me."

That was enough for Rissa to shake her head in disbelief. "Why not? I think you're pretty when you're pregnant." She kissed her girlfriend lightly on the lips.

"Thank you, but when you get pregnant, you'll quickly realize carrying around all this extra weight isn't exactly fun nor does it make you feel sexy."

"You look sexy."

That caused Annie to laugh.

Her words gave Rissa some pause. "He doesn't even get hard around you when you're naked?"

"Nope."

She continued to shake her head. "Amazing. I think Dan gets hard every time he sees a woman showing a patch of skin. He's like one of those Victorian-era guys who got off on seeing women's ankles." Both women laughed but Rissa pressed on. "Do you think he's cheating on you with someone else?"

The question was blunt and probing. Annie wondered why her friend had asked it, but there was no reason to refuse to answer. "No. I don't think so. He doesn't know what I've been up to and he's pretty intensely serious about our marriage vows…so I can't see that happening."

"But if he has sex with me in front of you, that's okay?" chuckled Rissa. She didn't want to point out Annie's slightly hypocrisy of lying to her husband about her own sex life.

Annie nodded and sat up. "Yup. That's what we've decided."

“I can’t believe he’s gone six months without sex.”

“He’s told me he jerks off, but that’s about it.”

Rissa giggled. “Do you watch when he does it?”

Annie actually blushed at the question. She had seen Dan masturbate and orgasm with his own hand but it was only on a handful of occasions she had even seen Chet touch himself. “No. I think I’m a boner-killer for him. He’s very conservative in that respect.”

“Why’d you marry him then?”

“I love him, believe it or not. He’s very romantic—or at least he was until I got pregnant—very polite, very loving and giving, and a good provider. I thought he’d make a great husband and wonderful father.” She sighed and paused. “So far he’s been an okay husband and time will tell on the father front.” After a little gasp she reached out and grabbed Rissa’s hand, pressing the palm to her tummy “She’s kicking, do you feel that?”

Rissa did and marveled as her lover’s taut and bare belly jumped and moved under her hand.

Everything had to be planned out very carefully, timing down to the minute. Rissa drove over to Annie’s house—“No, call me Vivian in front of Chet. He doesn’t like my old name.”—and waited in her car around the block waiting for the call. She knew Annie—Vivian—was inside the house prepping her husband for what was about to happen. If everything went well Rissa was to park in the driveway and come on in; if things went poorly she was also supposed to drive to the house and get ready to assist Vivian in a quick getaway if Chet was freaking out.

“Do you really think that’ll happen?” Rissa asked her friend, suddenly nervous about what might happen. Knowing that Dan was the complete opposite of Chet, apparently, Rissa wasn’t the least bit worried if she told her boyfriend she was having sex with another man—or woman. But from Annie’s description of Chet it seemed possible—even likely—that the man would freak out at what was being offered.

“No, but you never know,” Vivian replied calmly. “And you have to remember that we’re just friends—associates from work. We aren’t lovers. You aren’t Dan’s girlfriend. You don’t know Dan.”

“Seems very deceptive.”

“It’s my life,” Vivian reminded her. “If you don’t want to play along…”

“No, no, I’m good.” They hadn’t told Dan about their plan. Even if they had Rissa was confident he wouldn’t object to her having sex with Chet while Annie watched. He’d be disappointed he wasn’t invited along, but seeing as to the slightly unstable element that was Chet, it was probably for the best.

The phone buzzed in her lap and Rissa fumbled it to the floor in her haste to answer it. Her palms were sweaty and she was more nervous than she originally anticipated. “Yes?” she asked when she finally picked up the device and hit the answer button after recognizing Annie’s phone number.

“Come on in,” her friends voice said over the phone. “All is right with the world.”

The final phrase was the code they had set up to make sure everything was fine. If Annie hadn’t said it the Rissa would be getting ready to flee with Annie by her side.

She parked the car behind Chet’s black and red Charger. Her lips twitched in amusement at the often-repeated axiom that a man who drove a muscle car often had a small penis. She’d be finding out for sure tonight. Annie had told her there was no need to knock, just come right in. After just a moment’s hesitation at the front door, she turned the knob and walked it.

Chet and Vivian were sitting at the corner of the dining room table holding hands. His knee was bouncing up and down in anticipation of what was about to happen while a shit-eating grin was plastered on his face. For her part Vivian was smiling from ear-to-ear obviously pleased with her husband’s decision.

It was Vivian who spoke first. “Chet, this is Clarissa. She likes to go by Rissa. She’s your…entertainment for the evening.”

Chet stood up and Rissa saw he was a handsome man. Dark curly hair a little

longer than what was currently popular combined with a thick moustache gave him a rugged appearance. He was maybe a little shorter than average, but was thick and burly. When Rissa lightly shook his hand it felt like he could easily crush her fingers without any effort.

“So nice to meet you,” Rissa said a bit nervously. She had been rehearsing her one line while sitting in the car.

“Yes!” Chet nearly cried out. “Nice to meet you as well. Viv’s been telling me everything about you.” His grin didn’t change the entire time he spoke. Rissa was confident Annie hadn’t told her husband everything about her, but that was fine. As she glanced over at her friend she caught their images in a mirror hanging on the wall and was abruptly struck at how similar they were. Both women had practical short brown hair, a scattering of freckles over their cheeks, were nearly the same height and build—except for Annie’s slightly larger tits and tummy from her pregnancy. They even had a similar taste in clothing apparently for they were both wearing dresses that didn’t exactly harken back to 1950s America, but were of the same vein. Rissa briefly wondered what Annie was hiding under her black dress with white polka dots and if it was anything like what she was concealing under her maroon dress with red flowers.

“Chet’s very enthusiastic about what you’re going to do for us,” Vivian said with a knowing look on her face.

Rissa couldn’t help but flirt a bit. “I hope he’s as good at it as he is enthusiastic.”

That caused Chet to burst out laughing—it was obvious the laughter was filled with nervousness. He reached for the bottle of Bully Hill that was on the table, the local wine that Vivian had professed a love of before she got pregnant, and poured two of the three glasses on the table half full of the slightly yellow liquid. Vivian’s glass was already full of water. They all took a drink. Vivian presumably because she wished to remain hydrated, Rissa because she was being social, and Chet because he needed to steel his nerves. For ten minutes they had a bit of small talk and drinks while they waited for the alcohol to have its desired effect on Chet. Once his cheeks took on bright pink glow Vivian judged the moment to be ripe and made a suggestion.

“Why don’t we head for the bedroom?”

Rissa was eager and grabbed Chet’s hand as Vivian led the way. She had to

pretend ignorance of the route and the decorations of the house, commenting when they walked into the bedroom that she loved Vivian's white and green bedspread that was covered in ornamental stitching. Since she was eager to corrupt the seemingly straight-laced Chet she turned her back to Vivian almost immediately and asked her, "Will you unzip me?"

Vivian did so immediately, not looking at her husband, and helped Rissa step out of the dress, even going so far as to grab a hanger from the dresser so it wouldn't get wrinkled on the floor. If Chet was surprised at the quick unveiling he didn't say so even as his eyes goggled at what Rissa had been hiding underneath her clothing.

It wasn't a real corset, of course. It didn't push up her tits or hold her torso so tightly she could barely move. It was a fashion corset, more of a strapless bra that extended down her abdomen. She had paired the red and black corset with black thigh-high stockings and the tiniest G-string she dared to wear. It was her one outfit that was truly for a slutty tart and she had only wore it twice before, once as part of a Halloween costume. Chet didn't know all this but his eyes bulged in appreciation anyway.

Adopting an air of casualness she didn't feel, Rissa crossed the room to him and leaned up for a kiss. He briefly looked to his wife for permission—Vivian quickly nodded yes—and he pressed his lips to Rissa's. Their bodies melted together as lips and tongues met. Chet briefly pulled back so he could pull off his button down shirt, his dress slacks, and socks all in less than three seconds. Underneath Chet wore only a pair of tight black briefs that clearly showed the outline of his cock. His chest was burly and covered with a mat of curly black hair giving him a bearish appearance. Rissa pressed back in for another kiss, pushing her thigh against his crotch to feel his hard cock. All of this had been pre-approved in conversation between her and Vivian. If Chet was in on the secret he didn't give any indication.

Vivian pulled back the bedcovers which indicated to Rissa the moment of truth was at hand. She maneuvered Chet over to the bed and they collapsed onto the firm mattress. Rissa spared a glance at her friend and noted that Vivian had removed her own dress. She was now wearing just a comfortable white bra and white panties covered in little red roses. Her pregnant tummy bulged enticingly between the two undergarments.

“I’d love to suck your cock,” Rissa told Chet as they moved their bodies on the bed getting into position. She felt a little silly in her getup, but went with it because Chet seemed to appreciate it.

“No need,” he grunted as he kissed her neck and shoulder “I’m already hard.” That was obvious to Rissa because she could feel it against her leg. “I’m going to eat your pussy though,” he told her as he kissed and licked his way down her body. He passed over her corset—probably finding it too complicated to remove—and quickly worked down to her flat belly to reach the tiny scrap of material masquerading as underwear.

Rissa looked over at Vivian who nodded her head in approval. She had taken up a spot on the edge of the dresser, tucking on hand into her bra and edging the other into her panties, teasing her clit. It would have been perfect if Vivian had been on the bed with her and Chet so Rissa could hold hands with her pregnant friend, but apparently that’s not what Chet wanted or was willing to approve.

Without warning Chet pulled her legs up into the air and unceremoniously yanked the thin G-string from off her sex, exposing the little strip of hair that decorated Rissa’s pussy. If he cared or noticed Chet gave no indication and simply pushed her legs apart and buried his face in her pussy. For all the anticipation and build up to this moment it wasn’t going exactly as Rissa had thought. If nothing else her pussy was somewhat dry and unready to be fucked. Once Chet applied his mouth to her cunt, however, that changed. He might have other failings, but as a cunnilinguist he was an accomplished performer. His tongue laved around her lips and found the secret of her half-hidden clit. A single digit penetrated her pussy and stroked her inner g-spot. In short order Rissa found herself wet and ready to be fucked. She was panting with desire and ready to be mounted like a prize mare.

Stealing another glance at her friend Rissa saw Annie’s hands were busy. One was pinching a nipple still hidden away in her bra. The other was buried deep in her panties, moving with that familiar stroke and curl Rissa often used on herself. Vivian’s eyes were half closed, torn between desire to watch her husband fuck her friend and the need to close them to enjoy making love to herself.

In one smooth move Chet pulled up from Rissa’s pussy, judging she was now ready, and slid up her body while removing his briefs. Before she knew it his cock was pushing into her pussy. Rissa assisted by pressing on his short, thick

cock to find her opening and the correct angle and then he was in her.

The big muscle car/tiny penis debate wasn't answered perfectly. Chet might be a bit shorter than Dan's cock—the one she was most currently familiar with—but he seemed thicker as well. In any case, she had nothing to complain about for he filled her nicely and knew how to fuck well, quickly setting up a rapid pace, thrusting and rubbing her in all the right spots.

Her complaint came a minute later as she was wrapping her legs around his and clutching his back. Her complaint was that he came too soon. With almost no effort at all he was shooting a heavy load of thick semen into her pussy. It felt good. It felt wonderful, but she was nowhere near ready to cum and he was all but done. Chet gasped and grunted thrusting hard with each little spurt of cum, but it wasn't enough for Rissa. For what he gave her she wasn't going to cum. In annoyance she looked over at Vivian hoping for some explanation from her friend, but Viv's eyes were screwed shut. Her body was shuddering. She too, was in the midst of orgasm.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Chet chanted next to Rissa's ear. His words were muffled by the pillow. "It's been too long," he said by way of explanation. He didn't specify if it had been too long since he had last fucked another woman besides Vivian or if it had been too long since he had last cum. Rissa didn't ask.

"It's okay," she lied to him and contented herself with his warm, gentle weight on her body.

Nothing was fooling Vivian, however. She knew exactly what had happened. "I didn't know you were a premature ejaculator," she teased her husband.

"I'm not," he protested as he rolled off Rissa. She could feel Vivian's eyes roving over her body and immediately wished Annie would come over and play with her pussy even though it had been flatly stated in the preliminary discussions that would not be happening in front of Chet. "But she was just so good." He was almost whining.

"Maybe next time," Rissa suggested. She wanted to reach between her legs and jill off just to be done with it.

"No, no, I can do it tonight. I can make you cum," he promised.

Her first thought was to suggest he go back down on her. Chet's sexual talent for eating pussy was unparalleled in Rissa's experience. But she hesitated, wondering what this well-mannered man would think about eating a pussy he had just cum in. It was Vivian who saved the day. "Let me run downstairs and get the wine. We can take a break for a few minutes and you can try again. Rissa promised me that she was an easy lay," Vivian said with a wide wink. "You are multiply-orgasmic too, aren't you, honey?"

Rissa quickly agreed and Chet seemed happy to have some more time and wine at his disposal. There was the risk of him not getting hard because of too much alcohol, but Rissa opted not to worry about that considering how hard he had gotten and so quickly the first time they had fucked.

"Just be careful walking down the stairs, honey," Chet called to his wife as she exited the room. Both Rissa and Chet watched the pregnant woman do a little bit of a waddle as she walked. Rissa liked what it did to Vivian's ass, the curves of her cheeks popping out of her panties. Chet didn't say what he thought outright.

"I worry about her," he confided with Rissa. "I don't want her to hurt the baby. I don't want to hurt the baby. And this was her crazy idea, me fucking you. I mean, it's a fantasy come true, of course, but it's still crazy for a guy like me, huh?"

She didn't know exactly what he meant by a guy like him, but she could sympathize. There needed to be pivot to the question. "Just to let you know, you aren't the first guy I've fucked as part of a threesome, and I think you're doing wonderfully."

"I don't know if this is a threesome," he quickly interjected, "but thanks for the compliment. How many times have you done this?"

His question was vague enough that it could have meant how many times she was with two other people in bed or how many discrete ménage a trios she had participated in. The truth was her only trio was with Annie and Dan, but the number of times they had fucked as a group had recently exceeded single digits. "More than a proper lady of good breeding should admit," she said primly.

That made him laugh. Vivian shortly returned with the wine and they refreshed themselves. Once the liquid courage was burning in her stomach Rissa said, "How about that blowjob?"

Without waiting for permission she leaned down and took Chet's thick cock in her mouth. She could taste his semen and her lube on his sex. Their mingled scents were strong in the tangle of dark hair surrounding his cock. When she touched his balls, circling the soft connection between his testicles and his cock, he got hard almost instantly. Sensing his response she was almost willing to suck him off and let him cum in her mouth, but she wanted her pussy pleased first.

Letting him pop free of her lips Rissa declared, "From behind this time. You were just barely getting me in the right spot before." She got on her hands and knees to waggle her ass at him, letting him see her distended pussy lips, shaved bare but for her little strip.

Erect and ready, Chet didn't need the encouraging push from his wife to kneel behind Rissa and fit his cock into her pussy. Rissa grunted with surprise. He felt bigger the second time. Since she was facing the bed's headboard it was impossible to tell exactly what he was doing nor could she see Vivian though she could hear them both quietly talking. Chet put his hands on her hips, controlling her motions so his short, thick cock could satisfy her. She grunted in a most unladylike manner as he thrusted into her because he hit her g-spot just right each time. She wasn't going to have any trouble cumming if he could just delay for a few minutes.

She so wanted to hold Vivian's hand or feel her lips kissing her skin. It would be even better if her mouth suckled on her dangling breasts. The best, of course, would be if Annie would lay beneath Rissa's body and lick her clit while her husband fucked her, but that—unfortunately—wasn't going to happen. What was going to happen, because of Chet's sturdy cock and her dirty thoughts, was a powerful orgasm. As Chet built up speed Rissa found herself on the edge and tried to stop herself, but Chet wasn't aware of what was happening and fucked her all the harder. When she came Rissa nearly screamed out her pleasure. Her pussy clamped down on Chet's cock and she felt that strange sensation halfway between peeing and cumming that told her she was squirting her girl cum all over Chet's cock and her inner thighs. It was enough to make Chet cum, mixing his spunk in with her copious juices.

Rissa was nearly crying by the time she was done cumming.

Afterward getting dressed wasn't nearly as awkward as Rissa had expected it to be. Chet thanked her for a wonderful evening and gave her a gentlemanly peck

on her cheek. Vivian walked her to the front door, away from Chet's eyes, where the two kissed intimately, tongues twining around each other, Vivian still in her bra and panties.

"Are you sure that you don't want to shower before you go home?" Annie asked her lover, resting her hands on her hips.

Rissa gave her friend one last kiss. "I should have worn bigger panties, I can feel Chet's cum leaking out of me. I'm going home to give Dan a big surprise. Maybe he likes fucking a used pussy as much as a pregnant one."

Unsurprisingly Dan was already in bed, alone, when Rissa returned home. What surprised him was the way Rissa nearly attacked him when she sauntered into the bedroom. She threw off her clothes and jumped into his bed, still wearing the faux-corset and tiny panties that were now sticking to her skin.

"Fuck me," she begged, pulling at his t-shirt and boxers, rubbing his cock through the thin material.

Dan wasn't stupid. "It seemed like you've already been fucked at least once tonight," he observed between kisses. Her lips were slightly swollen and bruised from enthusiastic use earlier in the evening. Her shoulders bore a few small red bite marks from Chet's eager mouth. The most obvious clue was her lingerie; the corset, G-string, and stockings weren't the sort of thing that Rissa normally wore anywhere. She had clearly been out on the hunt for sex. "Who was it?" he accused her. He wasn't terribly concerned with the fact she had been having sex with another man; he just wanted the details because the idea of his girlfriend screwing around on him excited Dan.

"Do you really want to know?" she teased Dan as she pulled off his boxers and licked the length of his cock. It was definitely longer than Chet's and not nearly as thick.

"Hell yes." Dan struggled to remove her corset but there were seemingly a hundred little hooks and eyes holding the damn thing closed. It was a fruitless struggle.

"Are you sure?" she asked again after another lick that ended with Rissa fastening her lips on just the head of his cock.

“Tell me everything,” he begged.

Rissa removed his cock from her mouth and rolled to the side, gently stroking him up and down to keep him interested and intent upon her. “It was Chet,” she confessed.

It took Dan a minute to process that information. “Who’s Chet?” he started to ask but then caught himself. “Annie’s husband?!”

“Yup.” She licked him again. His cock tasted clean with just the slightest hint of masculinity behind it. Dan must have showered before climbing into bed.

“Does Annie know?” His cock was getting harder, partly from Rissa’s attention, partly from her story.

“Oh yes. She arranged the whole thing?”

“She did? Filthy slut…”

That made Rissa laugh. “She certainly is. She watched the whole thing and played with herself while her husband fucked me. He fucked me twice. Came in me twice.”

“Twice?” Dan marveled. “Did you like that?”

Rissa intoned “Uh-huh,” between licks.

“Did she like that?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Did she join you?” Dan’s eyes glazed over with lust. He barely saw his girlfriend before him. The entire focus of his mind was on the image of Rissa in bed with Chet and Annie.

“No. She just watched. And directed.” Lick. “I think she wanted too but apparently when her pregnant body gets too close to Chet, he loses his boner.”

“That’s too bad,” Dan sighed. He knew how much he enjoyed bedding the two women at once; Chet didn’t know what he was missing.

“She wanted too, though,” Rissa told him. “I could tell from the way she kissed me when I left.” Rissa shuddered and begged her boyfriend once more, “Fuck me, please. I’m still really horny.”

Dan pushed her away from his cock and reached for her hips, pulling the tiny G-string down off her sex. It clung to her skin for a moment too long, plastered there by Chet’s drying cum. When it finally pulled free Rissa let loose a little inhalation of surprise. Inspecting his girlfriend’s sex it was obvious what she had been up to. Her labia were still puffy and red. She was far wetter than normal. Bits of Chet’s semi-dried cum coated the insides of her thighs and her outer labia. Just a trickle of thick white cum started to weep out of her open pussy lips.

Torn between the decision to eat her pussy or fuck it, Dan gave in to his base instincts and pushed her down to the bed. There was no resistance at all when he shoved his hard cock into her wet, and well-used, pussy.

“Ugh. You’re hot and wet. Really wet,” he panted as he immediately started ramming into her as fast as he could.

“Chet’s got a big cock. Well, short, but thick.” Rissa could only half believe what she was doing. She had never before fucked two different guys on the same night. That was the hallmark of a slut, wasn’t it? But if that made her a slut, so be it. Sluts apparently got to enjoy all manner of sexual satisfaction.

“You’re making me jealous,” he huffed at her. She wasn’t, not really. He liked what she was doing to him. His cock was so hard it almost hurt.

“Can you feel his cum in me?” she teased him, luxuriating in Dan’s passion. “He opened me up and made me cum like never before. I nearly passed out. He used me. I loved it.” She arched up her back to better receive Dan’s thrusts. “Annie was there, pretending she was Vivian, watching the whole thing, encouraging him, telling him to use me.” It didn’t matter if half of what she said was lies. Dan was enjoying her lying and so was she. “I bet you he knocked me up. I bet I’m carrying his baby right now. How does that make you feel?”

There was only one way for Dan to reply to that question. He came. He came so hard his balls tightened to the point where he felt flashes of pain shooting up his body. He wanted to pass out, but only after making Rissa cum. Luckily for him hot semen was one of Rissa’s weaknesses. That and the idea of fucking two men within hours of each other. Her gasps gave way to cries gave way to sighs gave

way to pleasant euphoria.

8.

I feel like a slut, Rissa texted to Annie the next day.

Her response was slow, making Rissa think that maybe Annie was trying to ignore her. I'm so sorry about that, she finally sent back.

Rissa grinned as she tapped out her reply. Don't be. I like it. My bottom is so sore I can barely sit down.

This time the answer was quicker. I take it you had a good time last night then?

Yup. Went to Dan's place afterwards and he fucked me too. That's why I feel like a slut.

Good for you?

Rissa wasn't sure if Annie was puzzled or teasing. Very good for me. How about you? Did Chet manage to overcome his fear of preggos?

Annie's reply was sad. We didn't. I hope to tonight.

If you need me to help out, just say the word. I'll do anything for you. She followed the message with a stupid smiley face.

Thanks, I'll keep that in mind.

Annie put away her phone and walked into her house. It was lunchtime and Dan would be there shortly for their routine noontime fuck. In a way that made her sad. She loved having sex with Dan—and with Rissa—but she wanted more than anything to have sex with Chet. She was fairly certain—fairly, not completely—that once the baby was born their sex life would return to normal.

Or more likely it wouldn't. Vivian didn't want to fool herself. It was fun being pregnant and it was fun to fuck Dan and Rissa, but with a new baby everything would change. She wouldn't have time to do anything other than sleep, work and

care for a baby. When would she have time for sex with Chet, let alone Dan? Too many of the advice books on child rearing basically said her sex life would take a back seat to everything else for the next year, minimum.

Which is why she wanted to have sex with Dan as much as possible up to that point.

Once inside the house she made sure the door was unlocked so Dan could just walk in. He didn't have much extra time today. She took off her clothes and slipped into bed naked. They had no time to play silly games with undressing and admiring lingerie today; it would be all about sex and sex only.

On the nightstand her phone buzzed. It was a message from Dan. 5 min was all he sent. He was probably driving while he did it. Stupid, thought Annie. She reached into the dresser drawer closest to the bed and fished out her vibrator. It had been a while since she had last used it, but the batteries were still good as evidenced by the pleasant hum of the toy once she twisted the base to turn it on.

Reaching around the curve of her big belly, Annie applied the phallic vibrator to her outer lips and allowed the slow thrumming to spread through her sex. A moment later she was teasing her clit and slowly working it in and out of her pussy. Annie didn't masturbate with the vibrator all that much, but she wanted to be good and ready for Dan. The point now was to be turned on and wet for him, not to make herself cum. That's what his cock was for.

It was so easy to get lost in the motions of masturbation. The in-and-out, the pleasant tingling of her pussy and clit, the feeling of wetness spreading between her legs. She didn't even know Dan was in the room until he was slipping between the sheets with her and pulling the vibrator out of her hand.

"I don't think you need that," he told her.

Annie wanted to protest but she was too far into the twilight state near orgasm that she couldn't. His cock was already erect and she gripped it and pulled on it, making it harder. As much as she wanted to be on her back with her legs spread so he could fuck her good and hard, that wasn't possible now with her pregnant stomach. Together they turned her over onto her hands and knees, legs spread, ass in the air. Years ago she had initially been shy about this position, it felt so submissive and—worse—she felt like her asshole was on display. While it was certainly viewable by her lovers, they had never commented on it. Instead they

always reached lower, opening up her cunt and putting their cocks right where they belonged.

It was no different this day. Dan easily entered her thrumming pussy. She held up his weigh on her knees and elbows. Her breasts hung down to scrape along the sheets. His hands curled around her hips, down to her belly, running over the taut skin there, going even lower, pushing between the intersection of her thigh and belly until he found her bare slit—now slightly stubbly because she hadn't had time to shave her pussy this morning—and started rubbing her clit. That was all she needed. She came. Her pussy tightened up on his cock and he rammed into her harder and harder. She came again with a cry of sadness and finally Dan spurted inside of her. That was enough. They rolled to their sides and Dan spooned her from behind, resting his hand on her belly in what felt like a completely natural position.

"Whoa!" Dan suddenly exclaimed. For just a moment Annie felt like she had drifted off to sleep, but a quick glance at the alarm clock confirmed only a few minutes had passed. "The baby moved."

When it happened again a second time, Annie giggled when Dan pulled his hand away. She grabbed it and put it back on her belly. "She normally sleeps during and right after sex."

"Okay, that's weird."

Annie shook her head. "No it's not. She likes the motion. Maybe my orgasms feel good to her too. I don't know. Maybe she'll turn out to be a slut like her mother."

"You're not a slut," Dan said quickly trying to reassure Annie that she didn't deserve to be insulted, even by herself.

"I like the idea of being a slut," she said, ignoring his protest. "I'm having sex with you and Rissa. I'm pimping Rissa out to my husband. If that's not a definition of a slut then I don't know what is."

"Maybe you're just a normal woman who really likes sex and doesn't feel compelled to follow conventional sexual mores."

"Don't give me sophomore sociology," she scolded him. "Being a slut is

empowering. Kind of like motherhood."

"That's an odd comparison."

"I'm an odd woman."

The lull in their conversation caused the baby to move once more and Dan reactively pulled his hand away. "That's just so strange."

Annie laughed at him again but this time didn't put his hand back on her belly. "It's getting late. You should probably get dressed and get going."

"Are you kicking me out?"

"I just don't want Chet to find us in bed together."

"I'm sure I could explain the situation to him," Dan reassured her even as he rolled off the bed and looked in the scattered pile of clothing for his underwear.

"Oh really?"

"Sure." Dan cleared his throat as he pulled on his boxers. "I'm just giving you a hand, Chet. Your wife is horny and you can't get it up. I won't even charge you for my services in bedding her. Besides, you just fucked my girlfriend yesterday while Annie watched. I think we're even." He pulled on his shirt and started buttoning it.

"Vivian," she corrected him.

"Vivian? Oh, right. You don't like him to know you're sleeping around so you've adopted the persona you had back in college." The blunt statement came out harsher than Dan intended, but he was oddly accurate as well and Vivian knew it.

"Asshole. I'm not the same person I was in college. I just like sex and I'm not getting it right now."

"I'll see what I can do about that later on," Dan said snidely as he finished dressing and hurried out of her bedroom.

As he drove away he cursed himself for his childish behavior. Pissing off Annie wasn't productive. Back in her bed Vivian was on the verge of tears and it wasn't because of pregnancy hormones. As much as she wanted at the moment to cut off all contact with Dan and get on with her life, she knew that wasn't going to happen.

The next day it was Vivian who sent a text message to Rissa. Your boyfriend is acting like an asshole.

The reply was short and to the point. What else is new?

Despite herself Vivian grinned at the sarcasm. It's not new, she typed back, but I'm pretty horny right now. Chet can't get it up and I'm cutting Dan of for a bit. Want to fuck me?

Rissa contemplated her answer carefully. It wasn't that she didn't want to have sex with Annie—she had had sex with Annie before, several times, but always with Dan as part of their triad. When Chet had sex with her, Annie had just watched. Right away she knew what Annie meant when she asked if Rissa wanted to fuck her. She wanted the two women to have sex alone—without a man in the room—as revenge sex against Dan. Although Rissa could willingly describe herself as bisexual—she didn't shy away from the label any longer—this was something new and a bit dangerous.

She liked dangerous sometimes.

Okay, when and where? She hopped her giggle was obvious over the text message.

Annie texted back, Not my house and not Dan's. Where do you live?

They quickly settled on meeting at Rissa's apartment after work.

The moment that Annie walked into her apartment, Rissa lost all confidence. She was still attracted to Annie—she was still pretty and oddly sensual with her pregnant belly leading the way—but what they were planning to do made Rissa

suddenly nervous. Immediately shew knew what the problem was. They were skulking around as if they were doing something wrong. It wasn't wrong, Rissa knew, not really.

After a quick greeting kiss and the offer of a drink—Annie accepted a glass of water, Rissa poured some more rum into her Coke—Rissa was quick to voice her concerns.

"I'm not sure about this," she said as she stared out the window of the tiny space that passed for her kitchen. The apartment was nice and inexpensive, but it was small, very small. Dating Dan for the past year had put off her worry about what she should do with her living situation. She had kept the apartment because it gave her some breathing space and privacy from her boyfriend.

"Did you suddenly decide not to become a giant lesbian?" Annie asked archly. "Because I've decided I love the pussy." Her lips were twisted into a weird smile and Rissa knew she was being teased.

"Okay, no, it's not that. I'm okay with having sex with a woman. It's new and different and maybe a little bit wrong, but that's part of the attraction, right?" She paused and took a breath. "No, what I'm worried about is that we're lying to Dan—and you're lying and deceiving Chet."

Annie regarded her blithely for a moment. "This from the woman who stole her boyfriend away from another woman, if what Dan told me is true. The same woman who just had sex with my husband—while I watched," she added. "And has done a little too much with both me and Dan."

"I can have regrets," Rissa replied nervously. "And have reservations about what we're going to do,"

"You mean have sex?" Annie pulled at the neckline of her blouse, showing off a bit of cleavage. Rissa found her eyes drawn to the motion and display.

"Yeah."

"Tell you what," Annie bargained. "Have sex with me tonight and I'll confess our little indiscretion to Dan and I'll tell Chet everything." She started loosening the buttons on her blouse and in the blink of an eye her bra was exposed. Rissa knew it was too late and everything that was about to happen couldn't be

avoided. Not that she minded at all. The sex was going to be great—it was the guilt afterwards that was going to kill her.

“Okay,” Rissa agreed. “But you aren’t going to tell Chet everything, are you?”

Annie leaned forward and kissed the other woman. Their lips parted and their tongues did a little dance around each other. “No, I’m not. But I’ll tell Dan whatever you want.”

They kissed again and, moving together, Rissa guided them to her bedroom. It wasn’t much more than an alcove between the living room and the kitchen, but it contained a bed and that was enough for the moment. The moment was just awkward enough for Rissa that she had to turn away from Annie to unbutton her shirt and pull down her pants, leaving her only in bra and underwear. Annie, perhaps because she was hornier due to her pregnancy or perhaps because she simply had less inhibitions, stripped down to just her panties before Rissa could turn around.

Rissa gasped a little at Annie’s display and then gave into the moment. The two women practically tumbled into the bed together, though Rissa showed great care not to hurt Annie’s big tummy. They started their lovemaking going slowly, just with kisses, but Annie quickly bored of that and moved her hands down Rissa’s body, helping her removed her bra and then kneeling up on the bed to pull off her panties. There was no reason to be shy now and Rissa opened up her legs so that Annie might inspect her pussy.

“You have such a pretty pussy,” was all Annie said before pressing her face into Rissa’s sex. Immediately her tongue was busy and Rissa collapsed back against the bed while she fought off the urge to pull Annie’s face into her cunt and never let go. It didn’t take long for the pregnant woman to bring Rissa right up to the cliff of orgasm and, sensing the moment of crisis was at hand, she backed off to look up at her friend with glowing eyes. “I have something to share with you.”

“What?” Rissa was frustrated that she was denied her orgasm, but she wanted to know what Dan’s lover felt the need to share right in the middle of their lovemaking.

Annie scooted over to the edge of the bed and reached for her bag that she had dropped on the floor along with her clothes. From inside the bag she extracted a large silver vibrator. Her eyes were shining with anticipation and pride at the

device. “This is my favorite vibrator,” she confessed. “I haven’t used it in a while because Dan’s been keeping me pretty busy—along with you, of course. I’d like to use it on you if that’s all right?”

Rissa just nodded. She had used vibrators many times before in her life so the toy didn’t scare her. She wanted to please Annie as well, so that helped her make her quick decision. It was her urgent need to cum that was the real driving force behind her plea. “Just make me cum. Quickly!”

Annie twisted the knob at the base of the silver phallus bring it to life. Rissa spread her legs wide so that Annie could easily insert it. Usually Rissa set the pace and the speed when using a vibrator on herself. Dan and her other lovers had used them on her before, of course, but it was never as satisfying as when she was alone or showing off for her partner. It was different with Annie. Right away the other woman seemed to know the correct speed for the toy and the right pace of thrusting mixed with long teases along her clit. The fact that she had already been right on the edge of cumming didn’t hurt either.

The silver vibrator was slick in her sex. There was little friction because of the smooth metal the toy was made of. That didn’t matter. It just a minute Rissa went from on edge to screaming orgasm. She was so loud she embarrassed herself and was certain the neighbors heard her though the walls.

“That was impressive,” Annie complimented her when Rissa’s breathing returned to normal.

“Thank you,” Rissa said with a flush of shame. “Mrs. Helderberg is going to complain to the super that I scream for no reason in the middle of the night.”

The two shared a short chuckle together and then Rissa rolled over and groped for the basket she kept on the floor near the head of her bed. It was a square wicker basket into which she tossed books and pencils and other random crap, but only to hide the few sex toys she kept on the bottom. It took her a second but after fishing around she pulled out a large pink vibrator easily twice the size of what Annie had brought along. “This is my favorite,” she told her friends. “I’m pretty sure it’s about the same diameter as Chet’s cock, but it’s definitely a lot longer.”

Annie’s eyes bulged and she licked her lips in anticipation. She judged that was Rissa was saying was accurate, but the only way to tell for certain was to get it in

her pussy. “Help me,” she said as she rolled onto her back and struggled a bit with her panties. Rissa ably helped and removed the one garment still on Annie’s body. The crotch of the cotton bikinis clung to her bare labia for just a moment when Rissa pulled them free. She was soaking wet.

“I guess I don’t need to go down on you to get you ready,” Rissa commented.

Grabbing her wrist Annie said, “Just put it in my fucking pussy!”

This pink vibrator had an unusual push button system to activate the motor, but Rissa knew how to use it and wasted no time introducing the gently vibrating toy into the entrance of Annie’s sex. She was hesitant to use the toy as a weapon; she wanted to be careful to keep the baby safe.

“Shove it in,” an eager Annie ordered. “I need to cum.”

That was good enough for Rissa and she started fucking Annie with the fake cock as if she were using it on herself. It wasn’t just about speed, but the right angle and rubbing its length along Annie’s clit from time to time. The pregnant woman moaned and groaned, going to great lengths to show she was enjoying Rissa’s treatment. Rissa found the process a little awkward because of the angle, but soon enough the undeniable signs of impending orgasm spread across Annie’s face and chest. Strangely Rissa felt a few flashes of jealousy as the tool disappeared in and out of Annie’s cunt. It was odd to be jealous of another woman’s pleasure with her toy so Rissa tried to ignore the strange emotion. Everything was forgiven when Annie reached her peak and her body bucked uncontrollably as she came, soaking the bedsheets with a little squirt of girlcum as she finished.

“I can’t wait to tell Chet,” Rissa told her lover when they were done.

“He’s going to be jealous,” Annie chided her.

“That’s the idea, isn’t it?”

9.

“Care to guess what I’ve been up to?” Rissa casually asked her boyfriend as she walked into his house the next evening for a dinner they had planned to eat together.

Dan took a long careful look at her and sighed, knowing something was up and not exactly eager to find out. Dating—or whatever he was doing with Rissa and Annie—two women at the same time, and taking into consideration that Annie was married and hiding her relationship with Dan from Chet, was proving more stressful and tiring than he ever would have considered. Who would have thought that a pregnant woman would demand so much sex?

“I’m not sure if I want to,” he said warily.

Rissa smiled broadly, glad to be telling him her little secret. “I fucked Annie last night.”

Although he tried to maintain a calm demeanor Dan’s stomach did a flip-flop. “So? You’ve fucked her before.” He pretended to be blasé, but just the idea of the two women together still gave him a thrill in the pit of his stomach and a boner in his pants.

“But always with you there. This time it was just us girls.”

“Did you enjoy her?” he asked almost as if he were inquiring about the weather.

“Hell yes.”

“Are you going to go full lesbian with her?” he teased.

Her grin soured. “No. Stop being an ass.”

“Then stop trying to get my goat by saying you fucked Annie.”

“I actually did. We made each other come. It was beautiful like all girl-on-girl sex should be.” Seeing as how she failed to shock him, Rissa opted to tease him

as much as possible.

He raised his eyebrows. “You aren’t just fucking with me?”

“Fucking with you literally, yes. Metaphorically, no. She and I actually did have sex last night.”

“Wow. I didn’t think either of you would go for a ladies only night.”

“I’m glad I can still surprise you.”

“Why?”

“Why am I glad I can still surprise you? Because it gives me a little satisfaction in life. I suppose that’s stage two of a true love affair.”

“No, why did you have sex with Annie?”

Rissa opened her mouth to answer and then realized none of her reasons really made sense. She shrugged. “Because I wanted to. Because I wanted to piss you off.”

“That wouldn’t piss me off. It gets me hard.” He obviously rubbed his crotch under the table.

“Ha ha. Okay, because I was curious, because I wanted sex without you for once. And I think partly to piss off Chet.”

“Annie told him?”

Rissa vehemently shook her head. “No. She would never do that. She thinks her relationship with him is in such a delicate balance right now.”

He stirred the food on his plate for a moment. “She might be right. She makes him sound like a near-psychotic on the edge.”

“I know, right?” Rissa agreed.

“Annie and I were always a little wild back in college. We both got off on cheating on our partners. Maybe she’s matured a bit. Maybe I have too—”

“I doubt that,” interjected Rissa. He ignored her.

“—but I think the pregnancy hormones have literally made her crazy. She’s having sex with me and you and playing lesbian games with you and doing everything she can do to just barely not get caught by her husband.”

“And goading me into having sex with her husband just to see what would happen,” added Rissa.

“It’s just fucked up,” Dan commented.

“What are you going to do about it?” she asked.

Dan took a bite of his meal. “Nothing. It’s not my place to do anything about her life.”

“She’s your friend, she’s your lover, and I’m pretty damn sure you love her,” Rissa said. Dan was about to protest her evaluation of his emotions for Annie as love, but she held up a warning hand and added, “I’m not upset by that. You can love more than one woman for all I care, but is this really the best thing for Annie?”

After a sigh Dan said, “It might be the best thing for Annie, but not for Vivian.”

It wasn’t two days later when the three of them were at Dan’s place in bed together. As much as she looked forward to their time together, Rissa was starting to have her doubts about the appropriateness of their relationship. While she liked having an ongoing triad with Dan and Annie, she had concerns that Annie was hiding too much from her husband. But the moment that Vivian took off her clothes and Annie was eager to fuck them both. Rissa saw the beauty in Annie’s body—her skin, her hair, her pregnancy—and all her concerns were forgotten. Every time Dan was presented the opportunity to have sex all rational thought left his mind.

Today Annie insisted on being the center of attention. Neither Rissa nor Dan had the courage to tell her no. She was on her side, sucking on Dan’s cock. He was already hard and she was working hard on getting him to cum in her mouth. This was a switch. Before she always wanted him to cum in her pussy. Dan didn’t

give it a moment's thought, but Rissa did. She reasoned that, perhaps, Annie had moved beyond the need to flaunt her cheating in front of her husband and now wanted to hide it? Or maybe she just wanted to suck on Dan's cock.

Annie didn't let Rissa just watch. She ordered the other woman between her legs to eat her pussy, making a little daisy chain of oral sex. Rissa didn't mind at all. She now found she liked going down on Annie, though her big belly was somewhat strange to behold when she looked up at Annie. She wanted to see the other woman's face in the throes of ecstasy; instead she often just saw a wall of flesh.

The triad kept working on each other, everyone except Rissa getting some physical pleasure, until Dan announced, "I'm going to cum." His voice was low, as if he were growling.

She must have heard but Annie didn't pause at all in her pleasuring of Dan. Her hands remained busy holding his cock and balls while her head bobbed back and forth, sucking for all she was worth, encouraging him to shoot his load into her mouth. Rissa honestly had no idea if Annie was anywhere near orgasm so she simply focused on the pregnant woman's clit and curling her fingers inside her pussy, stroking for the G-spot in the same location she knew she had.

Dan abruptly grunted and then muttered, "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." Rissa paused in her cunnilingus to watch. She saw Dan's balls tighten up to his body and then there was the tell-tale pulsing of his cock. It was a beautiful sight to watch him cumming in Annie's mouth and to watch her swallow every drop.

"Make me cum," Annie ordered Rissa when she was done with Dan. She wiped her lips with her fingers and looked pointedly down at her friend. Rissa lowered her face to the other woman's pussy. She found she was eager to make the pregnant woman cum.

Rissa had no shame in what she was doing now. It wasn't anything more than playing with a friend. Other people played cards or tennis; she and Annie played at sex. They had been together enough times for Rissa to know exactly what Annie liked: a tongue on her clit and two fingers up in her pussy, curling back and teasing her G-spot. Since she was already near the edge it didn't take that much additional effort for Rissa to get Annie off. The pregnant woman huffed and puffed as she came, her body vibrating at the pleasure, her belly shaking

with delight, and her pussy tightened up on Rissa's fingers right before she came and then it relaxed, getting incredibly hot and gushing out a small stream of girlcum. Rissa was fairly sure Annie didn't even realize what had happened. Licking up the thin, watery liquid that coated Annie's pussy and thighs was just another friendly service.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you two," Annie confessed in a sigh. Dan and Rissa exchanged a worried glance. It wasn't that far until Annie was due to give birth and then everything would change whether they wanted it to or not.

"Who are you fucking?" Vivian bluntly asked Chet over the dinner table. It had been an otherwise normal night. She hadn't even had time to text Dan or Rissa about hooking up that day. She had no plans to have sex with anyone in the immediate future and so she had started thinking about having sex with her husband that night—and then Vivian remembered that he couldn't get it up for her. That made her angry which led her to the understandable position that he must be fucking someone else besides her.

"What?" The question was so out of the blue that Chet was completely taken unawares. His startled response to her question came with his fork halfway between his plate and his mouth.

"Who are you fucking? You've gone nearly seven months without having sex with me, so who are you fucking?" As she spoke the words Vivian got angrier with her calm and collected—to her eyes—husband.

"No one," he insisted.

"Who are you fucking?" she repeated again. Her eyes narrowed and her blood pressure rose up. Rage was taking hold of her mind.

Seeing her unreasonable response Chet's lip curled backing anger. "No one," he clarified for her and then added, "No one but the little slut you brought over for me. Or did you forget about her?"

There was no way that Vivian would forget about Rissa. Ever. "You wanted to fuck her, didn't you? You wanted to fuck her because she's not pregnant like me,

isn’t that it? What’s wrong with you that you need your wife to bring you home a slut to fuck because you can’t get it up for me. Am I that fat and ugly to you now?”

“What? No!” he shouted. “I fucked her because you brought her home for me. I thought it was what you wanted. I thought you enjoyed me doing her. I thought that the whole reason was to give me a little relief because I can’t fuck you while you’re pregnant! I was tired of jerking off all the time!” His voice raised steadily during his entire speech.

“You know you can fuck me,” she hissed at him. “You just don’t want to!”

“I’m afraid to,” he confessed weakly.

Vivian stood up and pasted on her Annie persona. She threw down her napkin and stomped as best she could burdened by the rounded belly growing from her midriff from the dining room up to the bedroom. Her attempts at pounding on the carpeted stairs were largely ineffective.

Once upstairs in her bedroom she all but threw herself on the bed and reached into the dresser drawer to pull out the silver vibrator. It took Annie just a few seconds, even with her roly-poly belly to wrench off all her clothes. Today was regular business dress with plain and almost boring undergarments. There wasn’t a hint of sexy to anything on her body—other than the anklet that Dan had given her. She had taken to wearing it all the time. She wasn’t sure if Chet even noticed it or if he had he figured it was something she had from years ago and put back on because of a whim, or if he had willfully ignored it.

Splaying open her legs she turned on the vibrator and reached around her belly down to her pussy. Her daughter had been kicking and jumping during dinner but now she had settled down once she realized that mom was about to undertake some physical activity. Annie didn’t even bother whipping up some half-formed fantasy in her mind. Her body was singing with desire and need. She simply applied the buzzing device to her clit and allowed her eyes to roll back into her head. It felt divine. This is what her life was focused on for the moment. Everything about her existence was right there between her legs, crowned by the little nub of flesh that sought to hide in the folds of her labia.

Annie could just feel the beginnings of stubble as she ran her fingers on her labia and used the other to rub the vibrator on her clit. It had been a few days since

Dan had fucked and shaved her. She needed him to fuck and shave her again, but tonight she'd have to settle for her toy which she now held directly on her clit and didn't move it. Doing this was almost painful, but she wanted to have an orgasm right away, the consequences be damned.

It didn't take long for the bright metal toy to bring her to a wonderful peak. Annie kept her lips clamps shut as much as possible and only a little peep of pleasure announced her orgasm as she lifted her hips up off the bed. It wasn't a great climax, but it was on the first she promised herself.

"What are you doing?" Chet demanded from the doorway. She wasn't sure how long he had been standing there watching. He was certainly shocked and perhaps more than a little angry.

"Having sex," she told him, venom dripping from her lips. "Solo sex. Visiting Rosie Palm and her five sisters. Getting off. Masturbating. Jilling off. You've seen it before."

"But—" he started to insist and then closed his mouth. He had no words to explain his protest.

"You can either watch or join in," Annie said. "What's it going to be?"

"You're going to hurt yourself," he finally managed to say, dredging up a reason that might carry some weight with his wife.

"Nonsense. I've been doing this since I was twelve. And I've been doing myself the entire time I've been pregnant, so either get in bed with me or close the door and leave me alone."

Chet hesitated. Vivian waited for half a second and then ignored him, slipping the vibrator up into her pussy. An audible sigh escaped her lips.

"Wait," Chet said.

"In or out," Annie mumbled as she played with herself in front of her husband. This was something they had done many times before. He liked to watch her get herself off either with just her fingers or with toys. It was a beautiful sight. Normally after she was done cumming by herself his cock would be good and hard and he would get right on her body, sink himself deep between her thighs,

and fuck her with abandon. Now that she was fat and pregnant, Chet hesitated.

She might have told him to leave or join in, but Annie didn't bother enforcing that rule. The vibrator remained busy diving in and out between her labia, its happy little buzzing bringing Annie steadily toward another orgasm. She barely noticed when he sat on the foot of the bed. Her climax was at hand and she wasn't going to let anything distract her. There was no need to stifle her orgasm this time and she let out a great cry, announcing to all who could hear that she was ecstatic with her body and the pleasure it gave her.

All her limbs shook spastically and her face tingled with numbness as she floated steadily back to reality. The silence was disturbed by the steady buzzing of the silver toy between her legs so she extracted it from her pussy and tossed it aside. Opening her eyes Annie noticed Chet sitting next to her on the bed, watching with eyes aghast at what he had just witnessed combined with a desire for sex. His clothes were off and his cock was in his hand. It was soft. Annie could fix that.

Rolling to her side Annie took his manhood in her mouth and sucked greedily. There was the hint of male musk in her nostrils as she breathed in and out. The salty taste of a tiny bit of precum coated her tongue and Annie was happy. Chet was in shock. Still, his body responded to his wife's ministrations partly because he closed his eyes and imagined her as the otherwise normal woman he had married and partly because it had been too long since she had sucked his cock.

Even though she loved sucking Chet's cock, there wasn't any need for a long bout of fellatio. Chet could get hard; there wasn't anything physically wrong with him. Annie knew her cunt was wet and ready to be used by him, so there was no problem there either. Judging the moment to be right she released his cock and awkwardly thrashed about a moment before she was on her hands and knees, ass raised upward so he could inspect her willing sex.

"Fuck me," she urged him. "Fuck me now!"

Chet didn't need to be told twice. He didn't want to disappoint or anger his wife. Getting behind her his cock easily slipped into her familiar cunt and he sank all the way into her depths. It was like coming home again after a long journey. Her hips were a bit wider than he remembered and she didn't slam her body back like before, but it was the same cunt attached to Vivian as before. It was perfect.

Their actual copulation lasted less than two minutes. Chet was too keyed up to last longer and Annie didn't need to cum again. She still cried out in triumph when she felt his hot, sticky semen splatter inside her pussy. It was an achievement without parallel.

Once he was done Chet shriveled up quickly and collapsed to the bed. Rolling onto her side Vivian smiled beatifically at her husband. "Thank you," she told him.

"What was that all about?"

"It was about sex. We both need it."

"Yeah," he vaguely agreed. "I don't know if I can keep up with you, though."

"What would you say if I told you that you don't have to?"

"What does that mean?"

"I can get sex from other people besides you," she confessed.

Chet didn't say anything right away and then he finally spoke, saying, "Like from that girl Clarissa you had me fuck?"

"Umm. Maybe."

Despite all his personality flaws, Chet wasn't completely dunderheaded. "I saw the way you were looking at her, watching me fuck her. You were getting off on it, and it wasn't just because of me. You were into her." He paused and pushed the edge of the conversation. "Are you into girls? Do you want to fuck her?"

The accusation was accurate, which angered Vivian, so she decided to push back just as hard. "I've already fucked her," she divulged proudly.

Just that idea excited Chet. He reached out and put his hand between Vivian's legs, feeling her wet pussy and his cum slowly leaking out of her. "When?" he asked.

"A little while ago," she answered, being purposely vague. "More than once," she added.

“Do you want to do it again?”

“Yes. I’m going to.”

“Can I watch?” It was such a typical male fantasy question that Vivian had to force herself not to laugh.

“Maybe,” she teased. “But you’d have to watch it all.”

“I’d do that,” he said, going along willingly.

“What if Rissa brought along a friend?” Annie continued. “What if she brought along her boyfriend?”

Chet’s fingers stopped moving against her clit and he gave that idea some consideration. “Do you want to fuck her boyfriend?” he asked, picking up where she was going. His fingers doubled their speed on her clit and she knew she was going to cum soon. She had to get all the words out before that happened.

“I’ve already fucked her boyfriend,” she confessed between deep breaths. “I’m going to fuck him again. Dan was my college boyfriend.” Her thighs scissored shut on Chet’s hand but that didn’t stop him from masturbating her. If anything, her confession had inflamed his lust even more. His cock was getting hard again without him even touching it.

“Slut,” he accused her.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “You like me being a slut.”

By this point Chet was so worked up he would have said anything to keep the moment going. “Yeah,” was all he managed to form with his lips.

“You’re going to watch while I fuck Dan, aren’t you?” Annie managed to gasp out before she came. Chet was rewarded with a little spurt of girl cum all over his hand. The hand he didn’t have buried in his wife’s pregnant pussy he had wrapped around his cock, stroking it, trying to make himself cum again.

“Uh-huh,” he agreed as his orgasm washed over his mind and his seed spattered on his wife’s pregnant belly.

10.

They ran through all the possibilities that would allow Chet to watch her fuck Dan while not letting Dan onto the fact that his lover's husband would be watching. Chet immediately rejected out of hand both secret and participatory video recording.

"It'll be like the cheapest amateur porn," he complained. "I won't be able to see anything."

"So you want to see all the dirty, naughty bits?" Vivian teased him.

"Yes."

They set that idea aside as a last resort.

"How about just telling him everything and you can stand in the corner and watch?" Vivian asked. It was the simplest option, but Chet was uncomfortable with it.

"I don't want some guy to know it's okay to fuck my wife."

"But it's okay for him to actually fuck me, as long as he doesn't know that you know?" Vivian asked for clarification.

"Yes."

"That's stupid."

"That's what I want."

Vivian sighed. "I suppose you could try hiding in the closet and watching through the slats."

He shook his head. "No. That's no better than watching you on video."

“Fucking hell you’re picky. What the hell do you want me to do. Blindfold him and tie him to the bed while you’re in the corner of the room watching while we fuck?”

Chet arched an eyebrow. “That sounds good.”

“That’ll never work.” She rubbed her temples in frustration. “It would be easier if I just told him that you want to watch him fuck me, but Dan can’t know that you know, and you can watch through the window while we do it.”

“It’s getting too complicated,” Chet said, finally catching on that what he wanted was next to impossible to achieve.

Inspiration struck Vivian. “Okay, I have an idea. Dan’s never met you and has no idea what you look like.” She didn’t point out that the same was true of Chet. “How about I lie to him and tell him I found a guy on a dating website that gets off on watching pregnant women getting fucked by strangers. You can sit in the chair and watch while Dan does me and he’s none the wiser.”

Chet considered this a minute. “I don’t have a better idea…”

Chet pulled on the heavy leather strap around his right wrist. The leather band had a large D-ring set into it through which was currently laced a piece of cotton rope that encircled the heavy wooden armrest of the chair brought into the bedroom just for the purpose of keeping him in place. There were similar leather bands around his other wrist and ankles, all tied to the heavy wooden arms and lets of the chair. If he had truly tried he would have been able to free himself from the bindings, but that wasn’t the point. He was here to watch and observe and enjoy himself.

The bindings didn’t bother him. It was the ball gag in his mouth that was annoying. It had arrived with the set of restraints he and Vivian had ordered. At first Vivian said it was just part of the set and she wouldn’t need to use it. But after he was tied up she insisted that it go into his mouth to keep him silent. When Chet had initially refused to play her game Vivian had flat out told him, “Put the gag in your fucking mouth or this doesn’t go any further.”

Chet wasn’t sure if it was her tone or his vulnerability that made him give in.

Before she had tied him up Chet had removed his shirt and shoes, leaving him in only his loose fitting lounge pants. Despite of, or perhaps because of, the situation he was in, his cock was already hard inside the roomy garment.

Downstairs he could hear his wife and another person moving around and talking. The words were too muffled to make out, but Chet knew what was coming. Vivian was going to lead her lover upstairs, tell him to ignore the man in the corner of the room tied up in the chair, and then fuck him. The idea of another man's cock going into his wife's pregnant pussy brought him right to the edge of insanity. While he couldn't get hard for his wife, the idea of another man fucking his wife was the perfect fantasy for Chet.

After she had tied him up Vivian had taken her time getting herself ready for her deviant encounter. She stripped off her clothes and pulled on a pair of thigh high stockings. These were entirely unnecessary but very sexy. No other lingerie or clothing went back on her body other than a purple silk robe that she could just barely tie over her big belly. "Be silent," she told him as she walked out of the bedroom to await the arrival of her lover. "One word out of you and the whole show stops."

The wait was interminable but since he could see the clock it was little more than twenty minutes from the time Vivian left the bedroom to go downstairs. The doorbell had rung and sounds of conversation wafted upstairs. Chet knew he shouldn't have been surprised when Vivian returned to the bedroom with her lover in tow, but he was because Dan was wearing a blindfold over his face. That was barely surprising. The true shock was seeing Rissa walk in right behind Dan. She looked at Chet and winked broadly.

Chet's heart was thumping so loudly in his chest that he didn't hear the words that Vivian spoke to her lover. They kissed and the world was suddenly tinged red to Chet's eyes. He wasn't sure if he was enraged or on the very of passing out because of his lust. Both women undressed Dan and he happily went along with the process. If he knew another man was in the room he gave no indication. Chet focused on breathing slowly and steadily, hoping not to give anything away. With the ball gag in his mouth it was hard to breathe at all, let alone silently, but somehow he managed the task.

Dan was a handsome man, Chet had to admit that. Just muscular enough to be fit and not muscle-bound, with a firm jaw and broad shoulders. Dan didn't mind the

women stripping him and seemed to appreciate the help since he was somewhat hobbled by his mask. When they pulled off his boxers it was Rissa who sucked on his already enlarged cock first, but then Vivian pushed her away and consumed Dan's manhood in one fluid gulp.

Chet nearly gagged in appreciation as he watched his wife blow another man. Her robe had slipped open over her tummy and breasts, showing off her nipples and huge, bulging stomach. Vivian's legs were curled under her body as she sucked on Dan's cock looking the perfect picture of a submissive woman. Only when Rissa's hand burrowed into his lounge pants did Chet remember she was in the room. Her fingers curled around his cock and fished it out into the open air.

"Watch them," Rissa encouraged Chet in a soft whisper before she lowered her head and wrapped her lips around his cock's head.

With the gag in his mouth Chet could only nod and go along with her suggestion. Across the room Annie had tumbled onto the bed with Dan. He was on his back with his dick sticking straight up in the air. It was wet with Annie's saliva and was ready to be fucked. Since she was so far into her pregnancy it was difficult for Annie to move around with any bit of grace, but she somehow managed to struggle her knees and straddle Dan's body between her legs. Together the two of them held his cock as she lowered her body onto his.

Chet moaned through the ball in his mouth. No one noticed.

He wasn't sure if the moan was because he was witnessing his wife fuck another man or if he was a bit upset that his wife didn't need any manipulation of her pussy to get wet enough to admit Dan's cock into her sex, but the live image in front of him was a sight of pure beauty. Without any effort his cock had gotten incredibly hard, incredibly quick. Feeling his cock pulse in her mouth and being able to read the signs of a man about to cum, Rissa backed away and pinched the base of his cock, right in front of his balls, preventing a too-early orgasm.

"Watch them," she encouraged him again as she rubbed her cheek on Chet's smooth cock.

Annie was working her hips up and down Dan's manhood. It was slow and steady. Chet wasn't sure if it was meant to be a tease, or if that's all his wife could do in her large state, or even if that's how she liked to fuck other men. Dan moved his hands from Annie's hips up to her tits where he pinched both nipples.

A little sound of pleasure issued from Annie's lips and that upset Chet. He didn't know she liked her nipples pinched. He could tell from the amount of pressure that Dan was using pain had to be a part of the erotic equation being processed by her body, but that was almost beside the point. It was as if he didn't know his wife at all.

"Time to finish you off," Rissa decided and put her mouth back on his cock. He had been enjoying the sensation of her smooth cheek on his rigid member, and that was suddenly gone, replace with wet warmth and harsh suction. He was a slave to her intentions. A minute after she resumed fellating him he was erupting in her mouth. Rissa was a good cocksucker and swallowed every drop of his cum as Chet watched his wife take her pleasure from another man.

Eventually the pleasure of Rissa sucking on him was replaced with pain as his orgasm subsided and he became extremely sensitive. His grunt of protest didn't stop her from continuing to suck. He bucked his hips but that didn't help either. The image in front of him changed. Annie threw her leg off Dan's body and she got on her hands and knees.

The cuckolded husband now shrank small enough that his cock wasn't filling Rissa's mouth and she released him to watch her boyfriend and lover fuck. Dan got behind Annie and pushed his cock into her. For her part, Annie moaned appreciatively as her lover fucked her, controlling her body with his hands on her ass and hips, slamming into her tender regions with all the skill and finesse of an enraged bull.

Chet wanted to get hard again but found that he couldn't. Dan was really pounding into Annie now, making her sound a cry of love that was almost continual. Rissa was resting her head on Chet's thigh, fondling his soft cock in her hand, but she still couldn't make him hard, not so soon after he had already cum.

From his position Chet could just barely see Dan's balls swaying back and forth as he fucked Annie. When they started shrinking up he knew the moment had arrived. Dan grunted loudly and proudly when he came. He knew that Annie came too because her little screech of pleasure escaped her lips and she followed it with sighs of, "Thank you, thank you."

As much as he wanted to kick and scream, Chet found that he didn't need to. He

wrote off the fact that tears were squeezed out of the corners of his eyes as simply confused emotions. The loving couple collapsed to the bed, Dan's cock still inside Annie. He caressed her big belly as his body curled around hers from behind. It was such a striking image that Chet truly regretted not being able to fuck his wife while she was pregnant.

Dan whispered something into Annie's ear and she nodded. A moment later they were walking out the door of the bedroom, still naked, Annie holding Dan's hand as they left.

"It's kind of a sick love, isn't it?" Rissa asked Chet, whispering in his ear. "The way those two make love." He hadn't noticed she had stood up.

Chet looked at her questioningly.

"They're in love," Rissa explained to him. "Oh, don't worry, she's not going to leave you for him. He's only in it for the sex—same as her. I've figured it out. They both need to cheat on their primary partners, but I don't think they could stand each other if they were actually…you know…married." She sighed. "Get used to it. She's going to keep cheating on you as long as Dan is around. If you aren't careful her next kid will be his. Can you handle that?"

Rissa didn't remove Chet's gag to get an answer. She smiled sadly down at him and headed for the door. "They invited me to a three-way downstairs. I'll leave the door open so you can hear us."

She walked out the door. Chet stayed behind, restrained by the bindings on the chair, wondering why his life had taken such a strange turn and, more importantly, why he was more than happy to go along with it.

About the Author

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

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

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

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Willing to Milk

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity