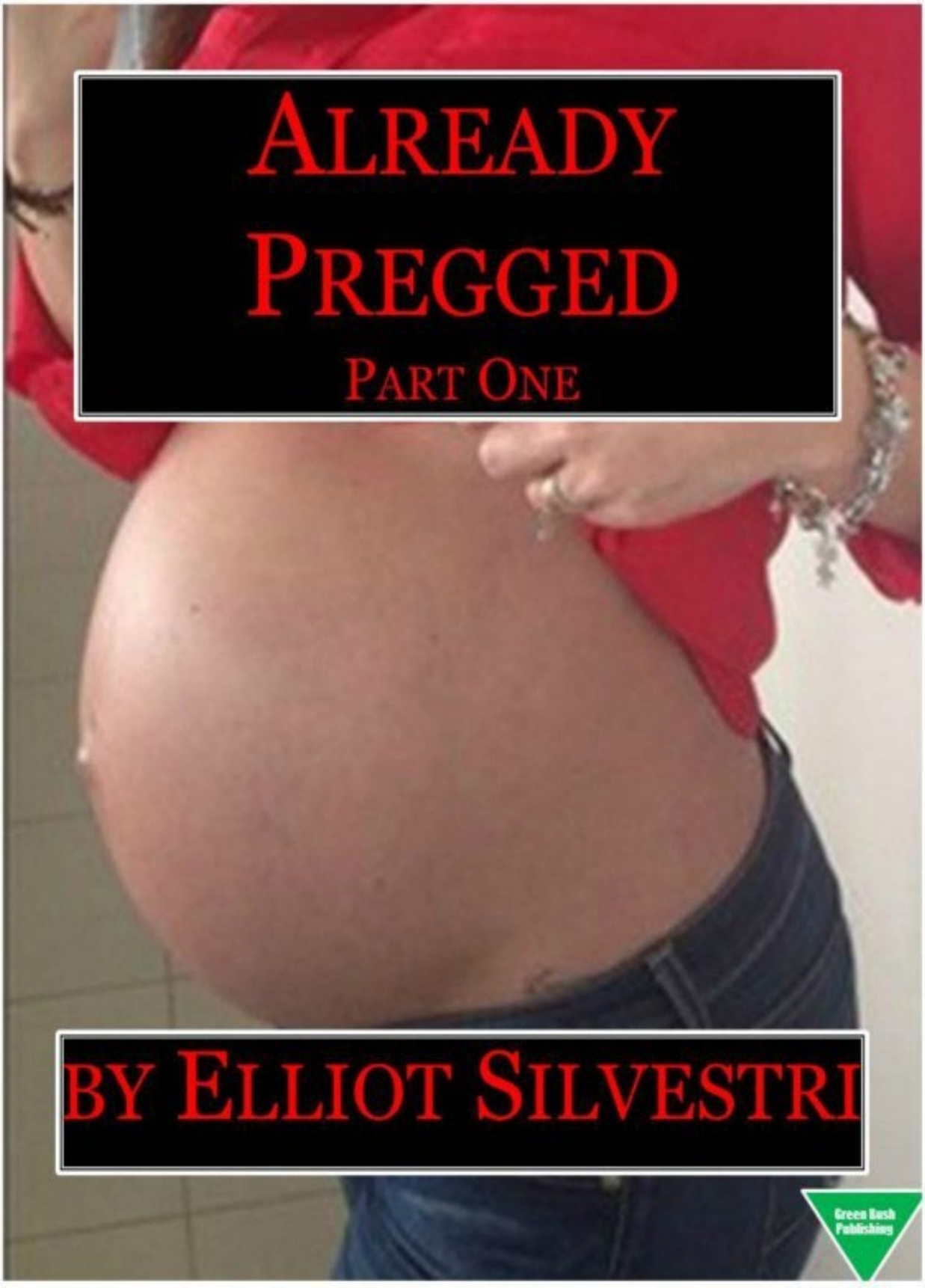
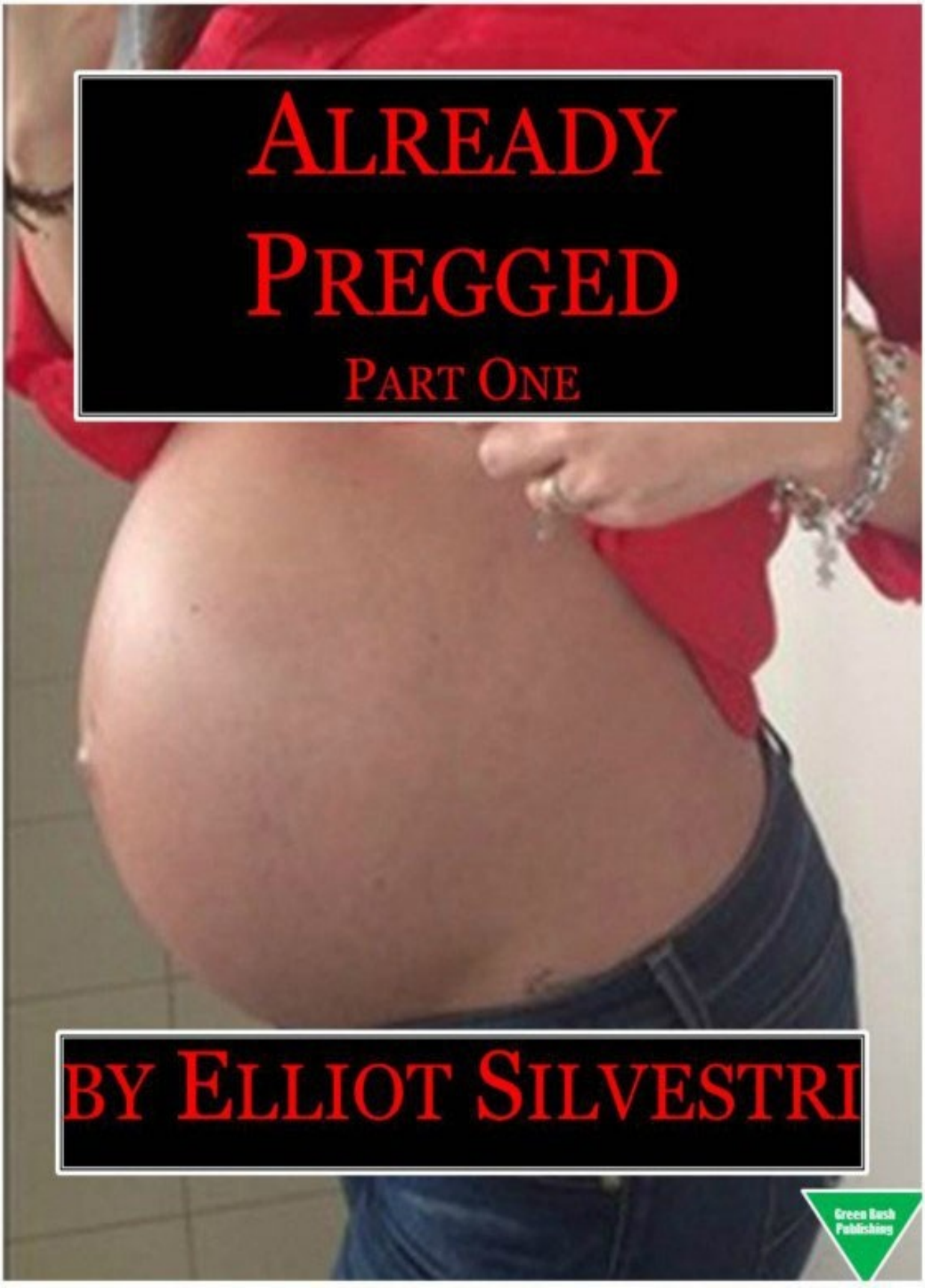

ALREADY
PREGGED
PART ONE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


ALREADY
PREGGED
PART ONE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing

Already Pregged

Part One

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?”

End Part One

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