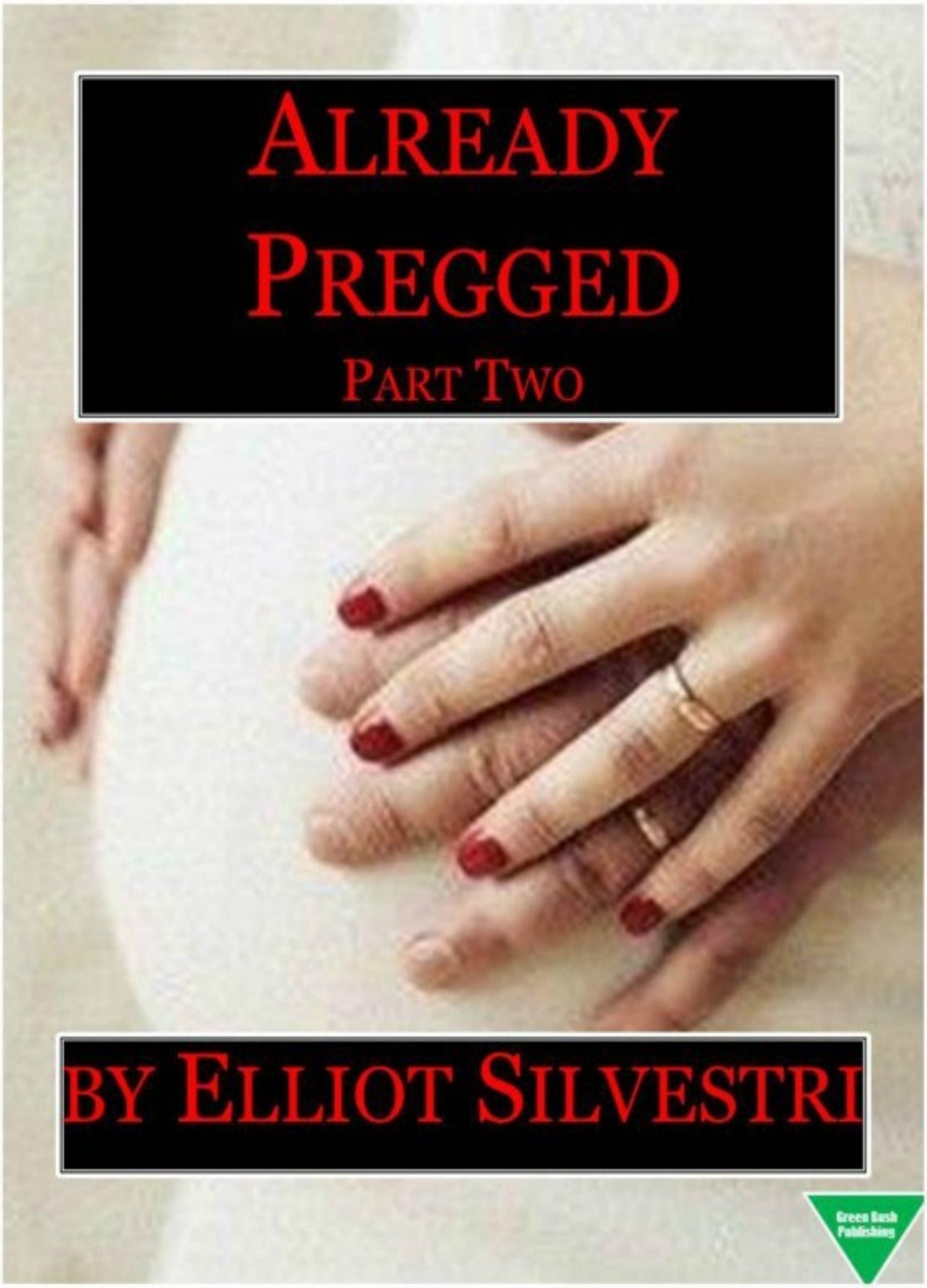
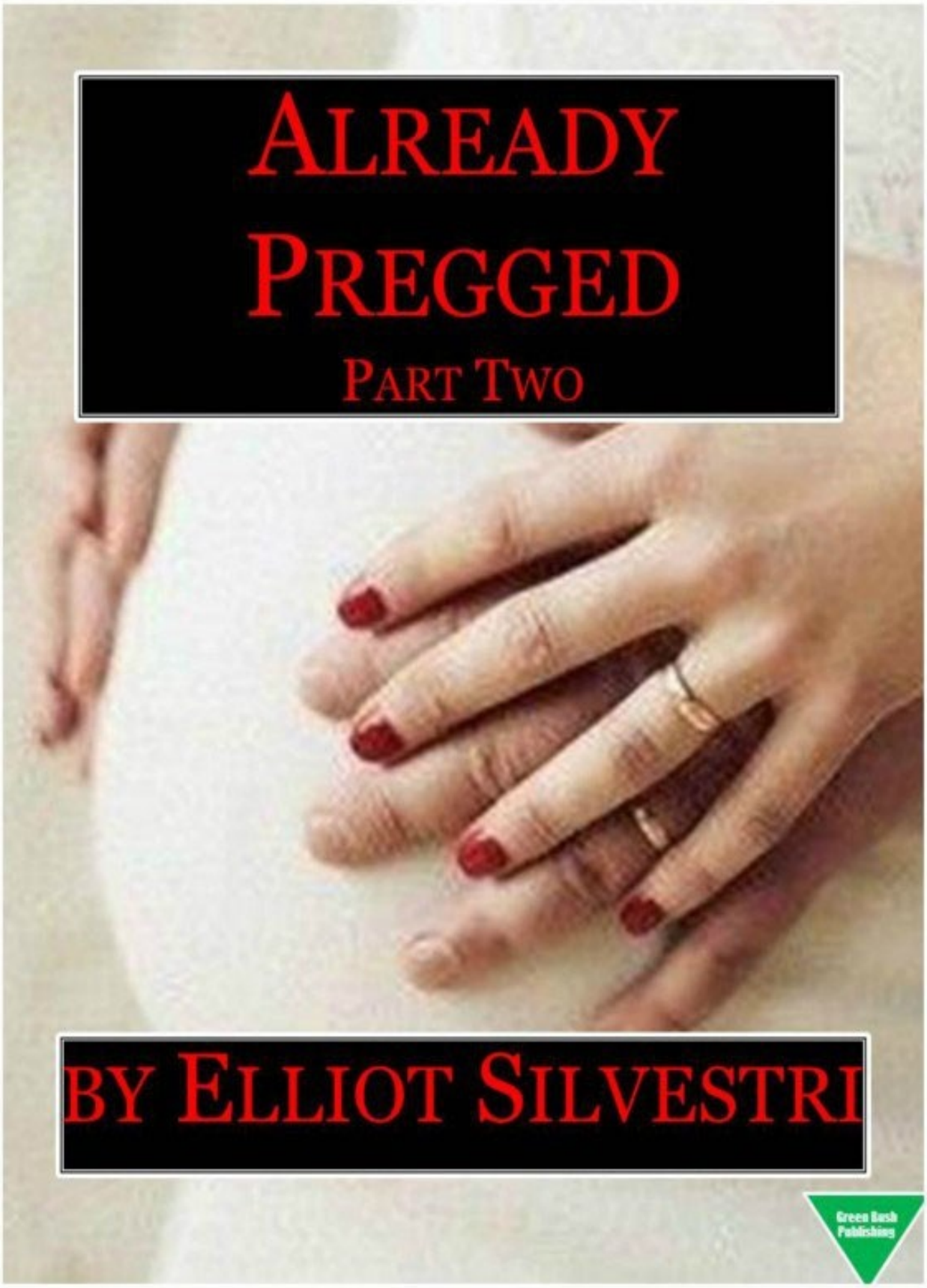

ALREADY
PREGGED
PART TWO
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing


ALREADY
PREGGED
PART TWO
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush
Publishing

Already Pregged

Part Two

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

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."

End Part Two

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