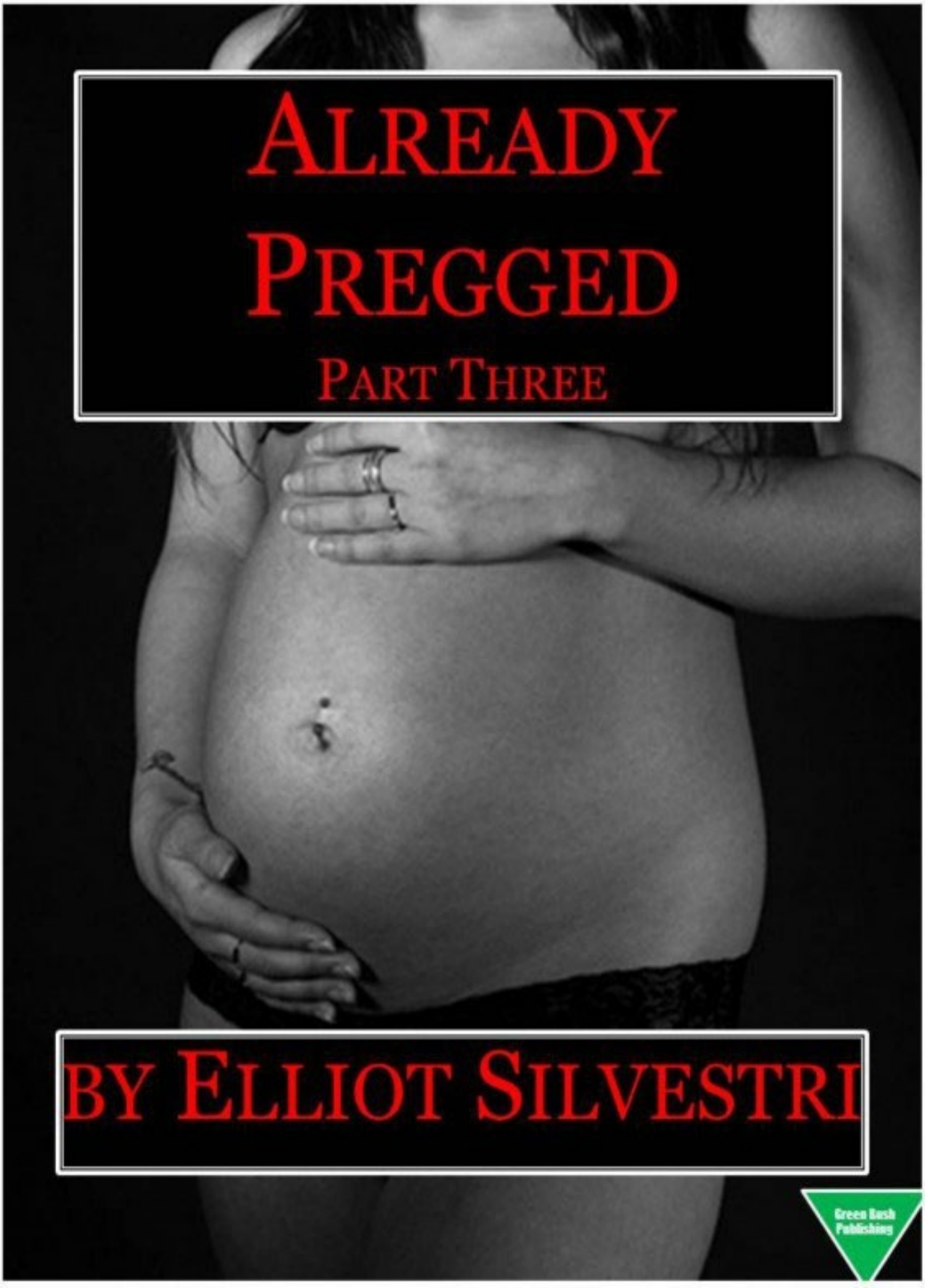
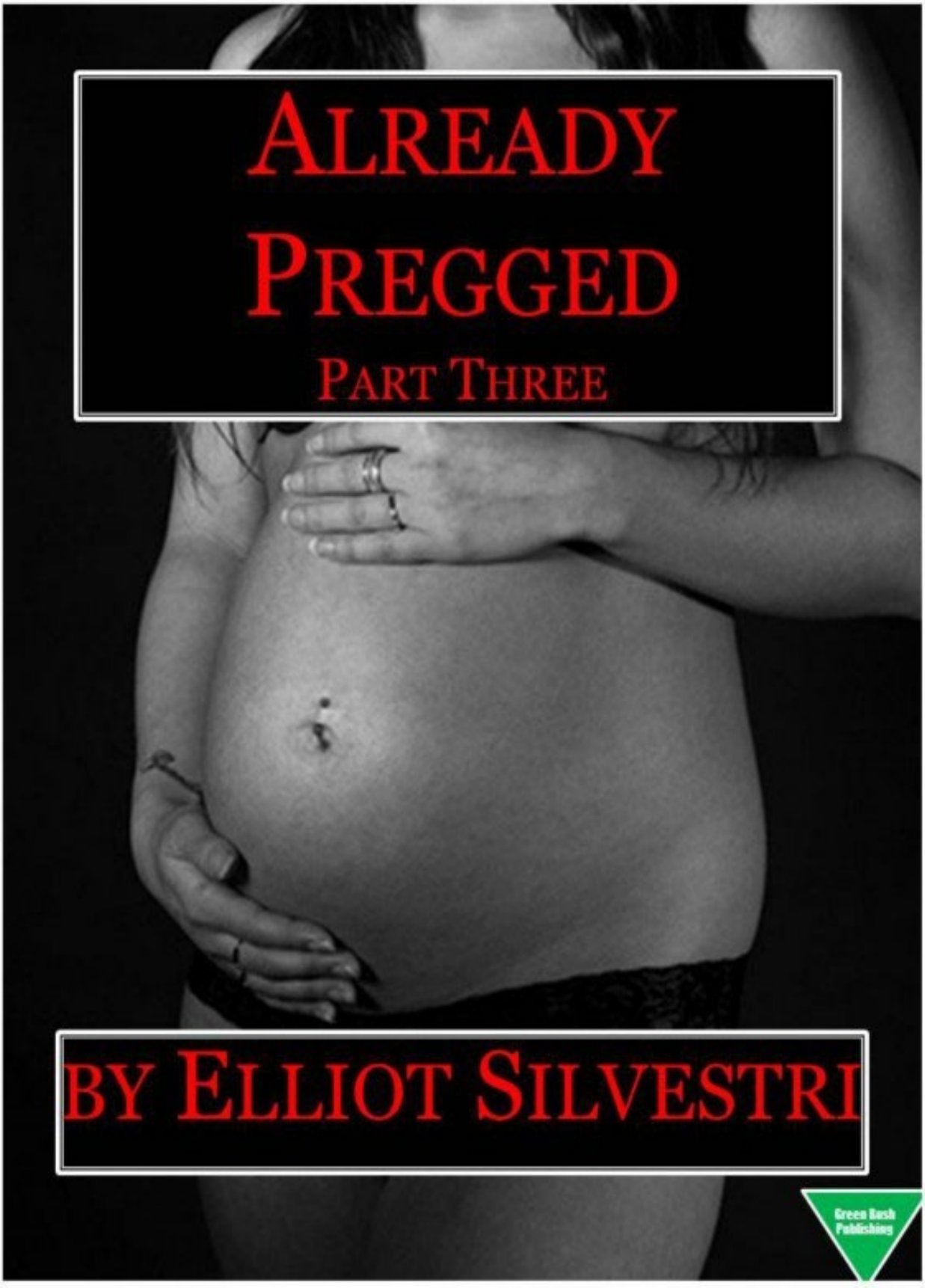

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Part Three

Smashwords Edition

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8.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Tell me everything,” he begged.

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

confessed.

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

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

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

“Oh yes. She arranged the whole thing?”

“She did? Filthy slut…”

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

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

Rissa intoned “Uh-huh,” between licks.

“Did she like that?”

“Uh-huh.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ugh. You're hot and wet. Really wet," he panted as he immediately started ramming into her as fast as he could.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Good for you?

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

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

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

Thanks, I'll keep that in mind.

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

Or more likely it wouldn't. Vivian didn't want to fool herself. It was fun being pregnant and it was fun to fuck Dan and Rissa, but with a new baby everything would change. She wouldn't have time to do anything other than sleep, work and care for a baby. When would she have time for sex with Chet, let alone Dan? Too many of the advice books on child rearing basically said her sex life would take a back seat to everything else for the next year, minimum.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was no different this day. Dan easily entered her thrumming pussy. She held up his weigh on her knees and elbows. Her breasts hung down to scrape along the sheets. His hands curled around her hips, down to her belly, running over the

taut skin there, going even lower, pushing between the intersection of her thigh and belly until he found her bare slit—now slightly stubbly because she hadn't had time to shave her pussy this morning—and started rubbing her clit. That was all she needed. She came. Her pussy tightened up on his cock and he rammed into her harder and harder. She came again with a cry of sadness and finally Dan spurted inside of her. That was enough. They rolled to their sides and Dan spooned her from behind, resting his hand on her belly in what felt like a completely natural position.

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

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

"Okay, that's weird."

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

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

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

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

"Don't give me sophomore sociology," she scolded him. "Being a slut is empowering. Kind of like motherhood."

"That's an odd comparison."

"I'm an odd woman."

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

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

“Are you kicking me out?”

“I just don’t want Chet to find us in bed together.”

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

“Oh really?”

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

“Vivian,” she corrected him.

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

“Asshole. I’m not the same person I was in college. I just like sex and I’m not getting it right now.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

She liked dangerous sometimes.

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

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

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

The moment that Annie walked into her apartment, Rissa lost all confidence. She was still attracted to Annie—she was still pretty and oddly sensual with her pregnant belly leading the way—but what they were planning to do made Rissa suddenly nervous. Immediately shew knew what the problem was. They were skulking around as if they were doing something wrong. It wasn't wrong, Rissa knew, not really.

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

concerns.

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

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

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

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

“I can have regrets,” Rissa replied nervously. “And have reservations about what we’re going to do,”

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

“Yeah.”

“Tell you what,” Annie bargained. “Have sex with me tonight and I’ll confess our little indiscretion to Dan and I’ll tell Chet everything.” She started loosening the buttons on her blouse and in the blink of an eye her bra was exposed. Rissa knew it was too late and everything that was about to happen couldn’t be avoided. Not that she minded at all. The sex was going to be great—it was the guilt afterwards that was going to kill her.

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

Annie leaned forward and kissed the other woman. Their lips parted and their

tongues did a little dance around each other. “No, I’m not. But I’ll tell Dan whatever you want.”

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

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

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

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

Annie scooted over to the edge of the bed and reached for her bag that she had dropped on the floor along with her clothes. From inside the bag she extracted a large silver vibrator. Her eyes were shining with anticipation and pride at the device. “This is my favorite vibrator,” she confessed. “I haven’t used it in a while because Dan’s been keeping me pretty busy—along with you, of course. I’d like to use it on you if that’s all right?”

Rissa just nodded. She had used vibrators many times before in her life so the

toy didn’t scare her. She wanted to please Annie as well, so that helped her make her quick decision. It was her urgent need to cum that was the real driving force behind her plea. “Just make me cum. Quickly!”

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

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

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

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

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

Annie’s eyes bulged and she licked her lips in anticipation. She judged that was Rissa was saying was accurate, but the only way to tell for certain was to get it in her pussy. “Help me,” she said as she rolled onto her back and struggled a bit with her panties. Rissa ably helped and removed the one garment still on Annie’s body. The crotch of the cotton bikinis clung to her bare labia for just a moment when Rissa pulled them free. She was soaking wet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That’s the idea, isn’t it?”

9.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hell yes.”

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

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

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

“I actually did. We made each other come. It was beautiful like all girl-on-girl

sex should be.” Seeing as how she failed to shock him, Rissa opted to tease him as much as possible.

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

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

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

“I’m glad I can still surprise you.”

“Why?”

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

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

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

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

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

“Annie told him?”

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

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

“I know, right?” Rissa agreed.

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

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

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

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

“It’s just fucked up,” Dan commented.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No one," he insisted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’m afraid to,” he confessed weakly.

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

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

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

Annie could just feel the beginnings of stubble as she ran her fingers on her labia and used the other to rub the vibrator on her clit. It had been a few days since Dan had fucked and shaved her. She needed him to fuck and shave her again, but tonight she’d have to settle for her toy which she now held directly on her clit and didn’t move it. Doing this was almost painful, but she wanted to have an orgasm right away, the consequences be damned.

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

“What are you doing?” Chet demanded from the doorway. She wasn’t sure how

long he had been standing there watching. He was certainly shocked and perhaps more than a little angry.

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

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

“You can either watch or join in,” Annie said. “What’s it going to be?”

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

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

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

“Wait,” Chet said.

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

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

All her limbs shook spastically and her face tingled with numbness as she

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What was that all about?"

“It was about sex. We both need it.”

“Yeah,” he vaguely agreed. “I don’t know if I can keep up with you, though.”

“What would you say if I told you that you don’t have to?”

“What does that mean?”

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

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

“Umm. Maybe.”

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

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

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

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

“Do you want to do it again?”

“Yes. I’m going to.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Slut,” he accused her.

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

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

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

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

10.

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

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

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

"Yes."

They set that idea aside as a last resort.

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

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

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

"Yes."

"That's stupid."

"That's what I want."

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

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

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

Chet arched an eyebrow. “That sounds good.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chet looked at her questioningly.

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

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

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

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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.

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