

Never Too Many Pregos



by Elliot Silvestri



Never Too Many Pregos



by Elliot Silvestri



Never Too Many Pregos

By Elliot Silvestri

Copyright 2012 Green Bush Publishing

Smashwords Edition

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.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Collegiate Milkmaid

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Chapter One

There are few pleasures in life greater than watching your wife's face as she's fucked by another man. Justine was laying on her side as our newest partner, Patrick, was fucking her from behind. Her body shook slightly each time he thrust into her. With each thrust there was a little gasp of pleasure from her lips. Her eyes were closed and she was biting her lower lip, concentrating on Patrick's cock as it went in and out of her cunt. I was laying facing them, kissing Justine every once in a while, but I doubt she knew I was even there; in the height of ecstasy, she didn't realize anything that was going on around her. I didn't mind; I liked to watch her get fucked.

"I'm gonna cum," Patrick gasped between thrusts of his hips. He was half propped up behind my wife, his skin covered in a sheen of sweat from his exertions. Justine is a great lover, but it takes some time and effort to bring her to the little death. "Do you want me to pull out?"

This question brought Justine back to her senses. "No!" she shouted. "Cum inside me!"

Patrick said nothing and just nodded, a silly thing to do since only I could see him, but he kept thrusting away. No reason to pull out. We had discussed it beforehand. We wanted Patrick to cum inside her. He was young and healthy, disease-free. No reason to use a condom. Justine loved the feel of hot semen splashing into her cervix. Patrick was under the impression that Justine was using some sort of birth control so he didn't have to wear a condom. Patrick was wrong.

Justine was at her most fertile part of her cycle.

"Uh-uh-uh," Patrick grunted as he came. I looked down between their legs to watch his cock filling up my wife's cunt. I glanced back to her face which was twisted into a grimace of pain and pleasure I was intimately familiar with. She gasped and groaned, unable to make it over the edge of the moment of crisis. Her hand slipped down to her clit and she anxiously friggd herself as Patrick continued to pump his cum into her. I reached out and pinched her nipple. Not

softly, not tenderly, but fiercely, to let her know I was there. That was enough to push her over the edge.

She came with an elongated groan and scream, her whole body shuddering as the orgasm ran through her. Justine was at her most beautiful when she was cumming.

Patrick held her for a minute as they came down from their orgasm high. Eventually he reached the point of softness where he couldn't remain inside of her any longer and his limp cock slipped out of her cunt. Justine let out a little sigh of complaint as she was left empty. I didn't allow her to remain that way for long.

As was our routine she pushed her partner away and laid on her back. I got between her bent legs and gently kissed the neatly trimmed triangle of blond curls that adorned the top of her pussy. These hairs were soaked with her juices, Patrick's spunk, and their sweat. She smelled delightful. "Don't mess around," she complained, pushing my head down lower, past her mons and clit, until I was licking and kissing the opening to her vag.

She was wet and leaking. Patrick's white fluids had mixed with Justine's copious natural lubricant creating a wonderful mélange of flavors. I licked and sucked his cum from her cunt while she gently rested her hand on the back of my head. I could feel Patrick watching me. I wondered what he was thinking, a husband eating another man's cum from his wife's pussy. Part of the thrill was having him watch me, but the best part was cleaning out Justine's pussy, preparing the way for my own cock to fuck her.

Her pussy was hot and wet; she wasn't retaining much of his spunk, it was all flowing out of her, just the way I liked it. It didn't take long to clean her out. She signaled she was done by pulling me up from her cunt and burying her tongue in my mouth, getting the last taste of Patrick's semen and her own juices.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Patrick shaking his head. "You two said you were kinky, but that's just crazy!"

We found Patrick on one of those many adult dating websites; he was about ten years younger than us, which was a bonus for Justine because she liked her extra-curricular lovers young and innocent, or at least young and inexperienced. We found it easier to have sex with younger partners rather than very

experienced ones. Justine loved to play the role of teacher when in bed.

“You’ll learn this is nothing,” Justine said to him. “You just need a little more time to develop your kinks.” She fixed her fingers in my hair and pulled me up to her body. Eating the cream pie that Patrick had deposited in her cunt had made my cock hard and ready to fuck my wife. I proudly entered her and started thrusting away. She was always hot and ready after being fucked once and then cleaned up. Her cunt was so slick I was having trouble feeling any friction inside her. That didn’t matter; it was the thought of fucking her right after another man had deposited a load inside her that got me it.

It didn’t take me long to cum. To help me along Justine reached down between my legs, found my balls and gave them a firm squeeze. That’s all I needed to fill her cunt once again. She was sure to be a sopping mess when we were done for the night. I could feel her orgasm lightly beneath me as I finished. Once Justine was warmed up she was nearly unstoppable. That’s one of the many reasons we started to include others in our bed.

I laid on top of her a minute recovering from my exertion, then rolled off. Immediately Justine shot her hand down to her pussy, holding my spunk inside of her. She grinned and looked at Patrick. “Care to have a cream pie?” she asked him.

“What?” he asked, flustered. He was half-erect—the effect of enjoying watching us fuck—but her question caught him off guard.

“My husband loves them,” she said while slipping her fingers between her swollen pussy lips. “You should give it a try.”

“Ah, no,” he declined the offer. His face was flushed red; it was odd to see someone embarrassed by sex talk when that person was the same one who just fucked your wife. “Why not let him have another go?”

She shook her head, her blond bangs sweeping into her eyes. “Uh-uh. This one’s mine if you don’t want to have it.” She hooked her fingers and scooped my leavings from her pussy and brought it up to her mouth. After a moment’s hesitation—teasing Patrick a little more—she plunged her fingers into her mouth, licking and sucking my semen.

He could only watch her in amazement. “How did you a woman as wanton as

your wife?” he asked me.

I just smiled. “Just plain lucky,” I told him.

We left him there in the hotel room. From the beginning of our contact we told him up front that it would be a one-time only affair. It wasn’t that either Justine or I were exceptionally jealous, we had simply worked out an agreement not to develop any long term attachments to our lovers. It was just easier that way for everyone involved.

A couple of months later we were fucking in our bed, both of us lying on our sides, me behind her. I liked that position because she had to lay with one knee pointed up, which fully opened her cunt, giving me easy access to her clit. We had both already cum once and I was still semi-hard because I was wearing a cockring, so I was still inside of her while I played with her clit seeing if I could bring her off again.

“You’re putting on weight,” I told her as I ran my hand over her slightly rounded belly before dipping my fingers down to tweak her clit once again. “Your tummy used to be smooth and flat.”

“I know,” she breathed, shuddering slightly against my teasing fingers. “Women’s bellies often get fat when they get pregnant.”

I froze, stopping my cock’s gentle thrusts into her pussy and my fingers rested atop her mons. Everything stopped except my heart and my cock, which was steadily growing inside her cunt.

“I knocked you up?” I whispered in her ear?

“Maybe,” she said. “Don’t forget you weren’t the only guy fucking me over the past few months. And none of them were wearing condoms.”

By now I was rock-hard and thrusting away with excitement. My wife was pregnant, possibly with my child, possibly with another man’s seed. This was fantastic; I’d always dreamed of marrying a slutty woman and that dream had more than come to fruition.

She laughed at my anxious thrusts into her, my hard cock probing her depths. “You like that, don’t you,” she laughed again. “You don’t know whose baby is

inside me and that turns you on.”

She knew it was my fetish, that’s why she indulged me. At that point I was so overcome with desire I couldn’t even talk. A few more thrusts and I flooded her already fertilized womb with my semen. Even after two orgasms it took me nearly half an hour to detumescence to the point where I could remove my cockring.

The next day found us at the doctor’s office with Justine on the exam table, legs splayed, feet in the stirrups and an internal ultrasound wand up her twat. She looked completely calm and cool as the doctors manipulated the wand, which looked exactly like a medical condom and KY covered dildo, looking at Justine’s uterus. I was in the assigned husband spot holding her hand, next to the bed, pretending to understand what I was seeing on the static-filled screen connected to the ultrasound machine. Most women would have been a bit nervous, I suppose, but Justine was cool and calm even when the doctor asked, “Do twins run in your family?” She looked at my wife with a big smile on her face. She was pretty, not my type exactly, but I wouldn’t have said no if she had propositioned me. Then again, I was pretty sure the doctor wasn’t in the habit of seducing her patients’ husbands in front of them.

“No,” Justine answered, already knowing what the doctor was alluding.

“Well, they might now.” She turned the monitor directly toward Justine and pointed out two black and white blobs. “Here’s Baby A and this is Baby B.”

The doctor smiled again, awaiting a response. I’m certain getting news of twins on the way has surprised more than one set of parents and could well imagine the range of reactions varies anywhere from surprise and disbelief to sheer happiness and delight. Perhaps more than one parent-to-be has passed out at the news. I’m positive the doctor never got this question from her patient before:

“What are the chances that the babies have different fathers?” Justine asked, coolly and calmly, as if asking what tomorrow’s weather would be.

The doctor glanced at me. I gave her my “just plain happy” smile. She looked back at Justine, cleared her throat, and managed to stammer out, “Umm, some studies have shown that with fraternal twins—like what you have—the incidence of twins being half-siblings is less than five percent.”

Justine looked up at me. “Hear that, honey?” she asked me. “They’re probably

both yours.”

It was no wonder the doctor rushed us through the rest of the appointment and got out of the examination room as fast as she could. Driving home Justine kept giggling at the turn of events.

“That wasn’t very nice, dear,” I told her. “You have to go back there, you know.”

“Don’t be a spoilsport, honey,” she replied. “That’s half the fun. And won’t it be exciting to wonder who the daddy or daddies are?”

Justine always took a little too much pleasure in that while I liked watching her fuck other men and the idea of her getting pregnant by someone else excited me (even as I drove home I had a hard-on), I didn’t especially like the humiliation she liked to exploit of letting others know that she fucked around. I fucked around on her too, but I was always a bit more discrete.

When we got home she gave me a sympathy blowjob and invited me to fuck her pregnant pussy. Being the good husband that I was, I obliged her. She promised me that there was more to come, she wouldn’t let my slightly bruised ego go untended.

She made good on her promise the following weekend. We were supposed to go out to eat when I got home from work. I bounded up the stairs hoping to find her already dressed or at least in the process. She wasn’t, of course. She was naked, or nearly naked. I suppose a g-string counts for something, even though the tiny green one she wore left her ass cheeks totally exposed and did little to hide her cunt.

But I barely glance at my wife. I was more interested in the redheaded girl on our bed who was lying on her back, legs spread, with Justine’s face buried in her pussy. I’m certain they both heard me come in, but the girl was too busy approaching orgasm to take much notice of me. Justine glanced over the girl’s thigh to acknowledge me with her eyes, but didn’t want to break her pussy lock and keep the girl from her hard-earned climax. I stood there, rooted in place, as my wife showed her bi-sexual side to me. It was a side I had seen before, but it was always a pleasure to watch.

It didn’t take very long for Justine to get the girl off. The young thing suddenly clamped her thighs around Justine’s head and started screaming with pleasure.

Her body flopped around a bit on the bed until both women were exhausted by their efforts. They slowly broke apart and Justine looked up at me, her face glistening with the other woman's pussy juice, and said, "Instead of dining out tonight, I decided to order in. Care to sample her?" She gestured toward the girl's red and wet cunt.

"I'd rather fuck her," I said, starting to strip off my clothes. It only took me a few moments and my cock was already hard and ready to mount the girl. I was on the bed in an instant, pushing Justine from between the girl's legs and getting ready to thrust inside her.

"Don't you want to know her name?" Justine asked, teasing me, grabbing my prick, not letting me sink my meat into her open hole.

"What's your name, honey?" I asked the pretty young girl whom I was about to fuck.

She giggled, making her already youthful appearance seem even younger. "Wendy," she said. There was lust in her eyes and I could tell she wanted me to fuck her, even if my wife was watching; perhaps because my wife was watching. Some young girls wanted to steal men away from their wives, but that would hardly work with Justine and I.

"And how old are you?" I asked her.

"Twenty one," she answered. I couldn't tell if she was lying or not. It didn't matter to me.

I looked over at Justine. "I think we know each other well enough now, don't you?" I asked her.

Justine smiled and wrapped one hand around my balls, the other around the shaft of my cock and guided me into Wendy's wet and willing tunnel. I sank all the way up to my balls with no resistance. Her pussy was hot and tight. I wondered how many other men had fucked this girl. Not many based on her tightness. Or maybe she was just extra horny.

Justine happily watched me as I enthusiastically fucked young red-headed Wendy. But the young girl broke the mood by asking questions. "Um, are you wearing a condom?" she asked.

“Nope,” I told her, lowering my body fully onto hers and gently nibbling the side of her neck.

“I could get pregnant,” she gasped between my thrusts. It didn’t sound to me that was a major concern of hers right then.

“You could,” I agreed with her. “But you probably won’t.”

“My husband never wears a condom when fucking other women,” Justine told Wendy whose eyes went wide with this small revelation.

“But I’m not on any birth control,” Wendy said. Her body didn’t stop responding to my fucking. She tilted her hips allowing me easier thrusting access and even went so far as to wrap her legs around my waist. She was a flexible little minx.

“That makes it even more exciting,” I told her, then kissed her lips. It drives Justine wild when I kiss other women in front of her. She says she hates it, but it just makes her more excited for she’s never told me to stop doing it. Wendy once again responded, thrusting her tongue into my mouth.

“You’re a slut, aren’t you, Wendy?” Justine asked her.

She resisted answering at first. With her lips mashed together her moans and groans from my fast thrusting were muffled, but it was like watching someone who had a great secret to tell but knew she’d get in trouble for revealing it.

“You are a slut, aren’t you, little girl? What other kind of woman lets a complete stranger fuck her bareback without even knowing his name? What other kind of woman makes love with that man’s wife in their marriage bed?” That was enough for me. Justine’s taunting was only half for our new lover, the other half was for me. I emptied the contents of my balls deep into her cunt. I could feel my hot seed splashing onto her cervix. I didn’t stop thrusting; each time I plunged back into her I could feel my semen squishing around and forcing its way out of her vag. This was apparently just what the slut needed to push her over the edge. She clutched to me, a high keening noise issuing forth from her lips as her orgasm took control of her body.

Justine laid next to us as we came down from our high. She absently brushed back Wendy’s bangs and kissed the girl’s cheeks, lips and forehead. “You are a slut, aren’t you?” she asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

“Yes,” Wendy shakily conceded the truth to us.

“Roll off her,” Justine ordered me. After I complied she was back between Wendy’s legs. The redhead’s cunt was wet and swollen, the color of the sex lips almost the same color as the deep red of the hair that grew on her scalp (she had removed either through shaving or waxing any hair on her pussy). From between those swollen lips my white semen was starting to flow. Justine didn’t miss a drop; she licked Wendy from stem to stern sucking up all my jism, cleaning up Wendy’s pretty pussy.

“Ever had another woman eat your cream pie before?” I asked Wendy while toying with her breast. She peered down between her legs as Justine continued to dine on her pussy. Since she hadn’t come down fully from her last orgasm it was obvious that Justine was quickly working her toward another climax.

“No,” she gasped out between quick breaths.

“How about a man?”

“No,” she confirmed again.

“Do you like it?” I asked. She was beyond words at this point and could only nod in agreement before her thighs scissored shut on Justine’s head. Wendy didn’t even bother trying to keep her pleasure quiet this time. Her scream and grunts of pleasure was a delight to hear and watch. When Justine was done licking the girl’s enchanting pussy, she crawled up on top of her, laid down, mashing their breasts together, and proceeded to share the remains of my seed with Wendy. There are few things more beautiful in life than seeing your wife sharing your spunk with another beautiful girl.

When Justine was assured that Wendy had swallowed a good portion of my load, she rolled off the girl and sighed in contentment. “You two are crazy,” Wendy declared then laughed out loud. “I love it.”

By now I had recovered my composure and looked across Wendy’s nude body to glare at my wife. “Whatever happened to our rule of never bringing our lovers into our home?”

Justine grinned with self-satisfaction and looked at Wendy. “See? I told you he wouldn’t notice. It’s doubtful he’s even looked at your face since he walked in

on us.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked sharply.

A pout danced across Justine’s lips as she traced the edge of Wendy’s jaw with her finger. “You don’t recognize our new lover?”

I looked carefully at Wendy’s face trying to figure out where I’d supposedly seen her before. It was too hard for me to place. “I give up. Where?”

Both girls laughed at me. “The ob-gyn office, silly,” Justine said. “You’ve talked to her a dozen times. She’s the receptionist.”

I shook my head. “Don’t recognize her. She must look different with her clothes off.”

They both laughed again. We talked for a little while longer, the entire time I thought about my sperm swimming their way up Wendy’s womb and finding her eggs and impregnating her. Justine noticed my steadily hardening cock so she rolled off the bed, opened our drawer of sex toys, pulled out my silicone cockrings and walked over to me.

“You aren’t done yet tonight, buster,” she told me, slipping one ring around my scrotum and the other down my shaft to my cock’s base. Even just this slight handling was enough to make me rock hard. I was standing up like a teenage virgin. “Lay on, Macduff,” she ordered, laying on her back next to Wendy, her legs spread, knees up. I didn’t need to be told twice. I was on her in an instant, sinking my prick into her warm and homey cunt.

Wearing silicone rings when fucking intensifies the whole experience. I was used to laying Justine while other were watching, so I wasn’t performing to please Wendy, though it seemed to me she had never seen others have sex in front of her before.

“Is this your first time with a couple?” I asked her while on top of Justine.

Her eyes darted back and forth between me and my wife until Justine nodded her ascent. “Yes,” Wendy admitted.

“Tell him the rest,” Justine said, shifting her position slightly, resting one hand

on my ass.

“I’ve slept with Justine before though,” she added.

I laughed, half in amazement, half in annoyance. “When were you going to tell me?” I asked Justine.

“Today,” she said. “It was only twice. I had to try her out before letting you have her,” she said. “Besides,” she continued talking as if Wendy wasn’t even there. “I was her first woman. You can’t take a young girl and toss her into a three-way without breaking her lesbian cherry first.” For some reason this caused Wendy to lean over and kiss my wife. Watching them kiss was almost enough to make me cum, but not quite, not with the cockrings on. “Roll over,” Justine ordered me.

I did as she ordered, so she was riding me now. “He needs extra help to cum when he has my cockrings on,” she explained to Wendy. “That’s why you’re going to sit on his face.”

It wasn’t like I was going to protest Justine’s plan. In a minute Wendy had positioned herself above me and lowered her tasty snatch down to my face. I’d never been a huge fan of face sitting because some women put too much pressure on me making it almost impossible to breathe, but Wendy was either sensitive to this problem—probably because she had done it before—and I could tell she was leaning forward, into my wife where no doubt they were necking, relieving some of the pressure on my neck.

Most of my spunk had been well cleaned from Wendy’s cunt by Justine’s talented tongue, but my scent and bits of my leavings were still clinging to her. I concentrated on sucking the remaining juices from her cunt and stimulating her clit with my tongue.

It was impossible for me to tell if Wendy had another orgasm or not. She had her thighs clamped to the side of my head and every motion she made was either mimicked or masked by Justine’s while she rode my cock. The over stimulation of all this was eventually enough for me to overcome the restrictions of my cockrings and shoot my load into my wife’s cunt.

Justine felt my eruption within her and shortly stopped her steady up and down, back and forth rocking. She didn’t let Wendy go away, so I kept a steady pace of stimulation on her pussy until both women crawled off me.

“See,” Justine said to Wendy, “he’s good for at least two throws a night.” She lay back on the bed and spread her legs once again. “I need to be cleaned,” she announced to us both, but leaving it up to me if I was willing to share Justine’s cream pie with Wendy.

I looked down at my partially swollen prick and started to carefully remove the silicone rings. “You start,” I told Wendy, not looking up from my efforts. “I’ll join you in a minute.”

It wouldn’t take that long to get the rings off, but I wanted to watch her eat out Justine. She hesitated at first; she might have fooled around with other women before, but it was doubtful she ever indulged in a cream pie previously.

“Come here, honey,” Justine encouraged her, lightly patting her pussy. With this bit of encouragement Wendy crawled between Justine’s legs, lowered her face to my wife’s sopping pussy. I watched her eat for a minute, then slipped off the rings and joined her between Justine’s thighs.

I always found it somewhat difficult to share a cream pie with another person at the same time. There just isn’t enough space between a woman’s legs to easily do that. But Justine spread her legs as much as she could, I worked my body next to Wendy’s and we were able to take turns cleaning her cunt of my spunk. Eating a cream pie with another person in an incredible intimate act because you’re wedged between the thighs of the cream pie receiver and you can’t help but share cum, saliva and pussy juice. I’d eaten more than my fair share of Justine’s cream pies so I let Wendy feast as much as she liked.

It was obvious to me that this was something she had never in her life planned to do, it took her a little while, but eventually she warmed to the act—having witnessed it earlier—and finished up Justine nice and neat.

I’m not sure what happened after that. I was exhausted and soon fell to sleep. What Justine and Wendy did while I slept I can’t say, but when I woke the next morning, Wendy was still in our bed, curled up with Justine on the other side of the bed. Seeing as it was my bed and she was naked, I woke her up with a gentle fucking from behind. She didn’t complain and quite enjoyed it. Justine woke up in the middle of our love making and watched us until we finished. She then dove between Justine’s thighs and cleaned the nice girl’s cunt.

It wasn’t the last we would see of her.

Chapter Two

Life often happens in abrupt fits and starts. Justine and I continued along with our usual routine, her belly continued to grow, along with her breasts as they prepared to start producing milk for our babies. Justine was excited about motherhood and I was excited to see if she was carrying the babies of two different fathers. She had always prided herself with being a slut and this would be the ultimate proof of this status.

Essentially two months passed before I accompanied Justine back to the ob/gyn. Wendy was there in the business office. She said hello and stood up to greet us, or so I thought. Since she was a fairly thin girl wearing a moderately tight blouse and skirt combo, it was screamingly apparently she was knocked up. With a wink to me and a smile at Justine, she handed some paperwork over to my wife and directed us to the waiting room.

I walked back to the waiting room, a little shaky because I knew what was coming, and sat down next to Justine. After a few minutes she handed me a note. It was from Wendy.

If you can't tell, I'm pregnant. [She followed this with a happy face.] Since I've only been with one guy recently, I think you know who the daddy is. Don't worry, no one in the office knows. I'm keeping it a secret.

-W.

"It looks like you have super-sperm," Justine complimented me with a grin. "I wonder if she's carrying twins as well."

"Let's hope not," I whispered to her.

Justine laughed at me. "Maybe we should hire you out as a stud. You could start to repopulate the world in your image."

"Ha ha," was my only comment.

The appointment was unremarkable and other than a promise from Wendy to talk to us soon, we were out of there with no damage done.

Imagine my surprise the next day when I came from work and discovered Wendy sitting on the couch with Justine, her face obviously displaying the aftereffects of a crying jag. The two suitcases on the floor didn't bode well either.

"Her parents kicked her out of the house for getting pregnant," Justine explained between Wendy's sniffles.

"You still live at home?" I asked, shocked. Once I'd left for college I never moved back to my parents' place. It probably wasn't the best question to ask right then.

"She's only twenty-two," Justine tried to explain.

I just nodded, barely hearing her voice.

"I just wanted a baby," Wendy said. "I love babies. That's why I work in Dr. Thomas's office."

When you play with fire, inevitably you'll get burned. I should have learned that lesson a little better when I was younger. After much long discussion, it was decided that Wendy would temporarily move in with us until she could reconcile with her parents or find a place of her own. The girls mollified me with the idea that I was starting my own harem and there would be more than enough pussy for me.

They were right. With two pregnant women in the house I had more pussy, especially horny pregnant pussy, than I could ever completely fulfill. Justine always had a high sex drive, and at twenty-two Wendy wasn't going to let youth be outpaced by experience. More than once I woke up in the morning with someone's mouth on my cock, and that after the night before of me fucking one or both of them. In the spirit of unfulfilled sexual desire they made do with what they had at hand. More than once I found the two of them practicing their best lesbian skills on each other. You haven't seen passionate sex until you've seen two pregnant women rubbing their bellies and breasts together waiting for a big cock to come along and fill them up.

On the same day that Justine started leaking mother's milk from her breasts we were confronted at the front door with the reappearance of Patrick, our one time fuck buddy. At first I thought he was there to take Wendy on a date. But I was wrong. He simply handed Justine a sheaf of papers and walked away.

"What is it," I asked her.

It took a few minutes to figure out that we had just been served with a subpoena. Patrick apparently wanted to exercise his genetic rights as a father.

This wasn't going to end well.

A few calls to our lawyer, and our lawyer's lawyers, resulted in us (Justine and me, no reason to drag Wendy into this mess) facing off against Patrick and his team of lawyers across a highly polished conference table.

"No need to involve the justice system at this time, that's just a little too expensive," one of his lawyers said to open up the proceedings.

Expensive? It was already costing me over \$300 an hour.

The snake-oil salesman smiled his too-greasy smile. "It's blatantly apparent that Justine is pregnant." He gestured at her swollen belly. "And everyone is in agreement that Patrick and Justine engaged in unprotected sex."

"That's a matter of dispute," my even oilier and slicker lawyer said. I liked him because he was willing to lie to win. Or at least he was willing to accept what he told him as the truth. "Justine and Patrick may have had sex, witnessed by her husband. And she might have told both men that she was not using any birth control. But, in fact, she was. The missus led her husband to believe she was without protection—it is fetish she indulges in for him—but in fact she was using a diaphragm at the time." He smiled smoothly.

"Sorry, hon," Justine said to me.

I grimaced and looked away from her, just like we had practiced.

"You're lying," Patrick accused us.

That outburst lead to a long series of denials and accusations back and forth between the lawyers. The upshot of it was that Justine would go through a DNA analysis at her next doctor's appointment to prove the baby was his. I decided to twist the knife just a little.

"We'll do the test on both babies," I told Patrick. "The twins are mine. You don't get any part of my wife."

All had gone according to plan.

Okay, I admit it. I liked the idea of someone else impregnating my wife, but the actual execution of someone else's seed growing in her belly was a little much. Besides, I didn't want to raise someone else's child. We could have just let the lawsuit go through, get custody of the child and sue for child support. But I wasn't going through that hassle.

Wendy had moved in to our place and made herself at home. Which was fine because she was carrying my child in her womb; and the fact that she liked to fuck both me and Justine—sometimes simultaneously—was just another good reason to keep her around.

Both women's bellies were growing bigger daily. They had gotten to the point where we couldn't fuck in missionary position any more. Either they had to be on top—and while I enjoyed a good cowgirl ride neither girl was able to be very energetic in her ride with her huge belly—or I had to fuck them traditional style, them on hands and knees, me fucking them from behind. I loved to watch their rounded asses and feel them pressed into my body, so it was all good. I could still leave a cream pie behind, if I wanted, but it was almost too hard to eat out of their pussies at this point. I was reduced to pulling out at the last minute and shooting my load on their backs and asses. And while as beautiful as that was, it couldn't compare to cumming inside a nice wet pussy and flooding it with semen. I couldn't bring myself to lick my cum off their backs, either one would clean the other or I'd rub it into their skin, always with the thought that it was supposed to be a good moisturizer. At least that's what the rumor in college was when giving facials to freshman sorority girls was all the rage.

It was good that I had knocked up Wendy. When Justine went back into the doctor's office it was easy enough for her to fiddle with the samples taken from both her and Justine. The results that came back showed the father of the two

babies (actually all three because of Justine's twins) was the same man—and that man most assuredly wasn't Patrick.

Justine only made apparent to me that Patrick hadn't just randomly encountered her on and wanted to know if she was carrying his child. He had been stalking her for some time. Apparently she had been such a good fuck that he couldn't resist tracking her down. She had hidden this from me, until it came to a head with the lawsuit.

As they entered their third trimesters, both Justine and Wendy had started lactating in earnest. At first Justine's began with a steady trickle at night, but because neither I or Wendy could leave my wife's wonderful tits alone, she soon started producing milk at a prodigious rate. More often than not if she wore a top to bed at night, it would be soaked in the morning with her night's milk. Going topless wasn't much of a solution because that would just soak the sheets instead. I did my best to drain her breasts every night, sometimes with the able assistance of Wendy, but like any expectant mother, she always produced more.

Both girls' breasts swelled like their bellies. Justine had already sported a pair that would make any woman proud, but as an expectant mother of twins she was now carrying a pair of deadly weapons that couldn't be harnessed by any pregnancy or nursing bra she bought. Wendy was more demure, she was starting with barely a B cup, but pregnancy agreed with her and she was well into a nicely formed D cup by the time she had entered her third trimester.

Every baby has a chance to taste breast milk, but few get the chance to remember what it tastes like. I was lucky enough to sample the offerings of two women's breasts and both were delicious. I suppose that all breast milk is somewhat similar, much like cow's milk is similar, but I could always taste the difference between Wendy and Justine. They sampled from each other's breasts as well—such over stimulation might have been part of Justine's leaking problem, but we were soon to see that Wendy was just as leaky as my wife.

The one downside to all of this wonderful swelling of breasts and bellies is that the girls were far too tired to play games in bed. Too quickly our sex life had devolved into a few minutes of breast feeding at night before the girls would pass out from the stresses of breeding. While they would allow me to suckle as long as I wanted, draining all four breasts at my leisure, and watching two prego girls sleeping together was undeniably cute, I was missing my daily fucks,

blowjobs and cream pies.

I'm sure they were feeling bad for me so that's why they decided to get me someone to help relieve me of my symptoms.

When Lydia knocked at our door I was expecting another night of a little breast suckling and jerking off to whatever porn I could find. Instead I was presented with the smiling face of an attractive Asian woman. She wasn't incredibly beautiful or had a killer body that other women died of envy over. Lydia was just an average but attractive woman who you might pass on the street and barely take note of. That's what made what happened next even hotter.

"I'm Lydia," she introduced herself. "Justine and Wendy invited me over for you."

She wasn't dressed like a slut or a whore, just an striking purple dress that clung to her shapely curves. Justine had never hired a working girl for me before, but there's a first time for everything.

I invited her in—the girls were asleep so we'd have some privacy—and said the first stupid thing that came into my head. "I should probably thank my wife for finding me a prostitute for a little relief."

Lydia tilted her head to the side, puzzled for a moment, and then comprehended my confusion. "Oh, I'm not a prostitute. I'm a housewife." She held up her left hand and flashed me her wedding band. "I just like to have a sex on the side. You're wife seemed nice enough and she thought we could help each other out."

I blushed at my stupidity. "Sorry, didn't mean to insult you like that."

With a casual wave she dismissed my apology. "Some girls might consider it a compliment. I've met my share of escorts around here and they are all very beautiful."

Either she was being well-paid to get me laid or was as eager as I was to get her rocks off.

"How did Justine find you?" I asked as my prick started getting hard in my pants.

"Craigslist," she answered. She looked around our living room a bit. We were keeping our voices low, not wanting to disturb Justine and Wendy's slumber. "Do you want to get right to it, or should we have a drink first?"

"I'm not thirsty," I replied. "But I am horny." I grinned. I felt stupid. I hadn't tried to seduce anyone by myself since I first hooked up with Justine. Ever since then we had gone hunting together. It felt weird to go it alone again.

She brightened. "Me too. Alcohol just dulls the senses anyway. Right here in the living room or do we go somewhere else?"

"Guest bedroom," I said, taking her hand and guiding her down the hallway. Our house was set up with the master bedroom suite on one end, the living room and kitchen in the middle, and everything else on the other side. We had installed

Wendy in the guest bedroom—which had lasted all of two days before she made a de facto move into our bedroom. That was okay because there was plenty of room in our king-sized bed. When I opened the door to the room Lydia immediately noticed the feminine touch.

“Looks like someone has been living here recently.”

“It used to be Wendy’s bedroom before she moved into our bed,” I said, a little nervous now that we had arrived at our destination.

“Justine told me about her,” Lydia commented, moving about the room, taking note of the very simple décor. “I’ve never known anyone to be fully involved in a ménage a trois before. Well, on a long term basis at least; I’ve known lots of people who have had three-ways.”

“Yeah, it’s strange. We just kind of fell into it. We didn’t plan on having her as a permanent part of lives.”

“You excited about being a father?” she asked me, kicking off her shoes.

“Yes,” I answered proudly. And I was.

“Three at once is going to be a lot to handle.”

“Justine told you about that too?”

Lydia laughed. “I’ve never known a man who’s knocked up two women at the same time and both were happy about it. But let’s stop talking about them. Come over here and undress me.”

That was a simple command to follow. She turned around when I got to her, pulled her long black hair out of the way to expose her dress zipper. I was more than a head taller than Lydia, something that was only apparent to me when I stood next to her. It didn’t matter. The zipper went down and the purple silk puddled at her feet. She delicately stepped out of the material and boldly let my eyes rake over her body.

Her bra and panties were lavender, just a slightly lighter color than the dress. The bra was slightly push-up and see-through. I could see the outline of her dark, erect nipples through the bra cups. And like a demure housewife she wore proper

panties, not a thong, but still made of silk. The panties clung to her curves, hiding nothing. There was just the hint of moisture starting to seep through the material covering her pussy. It was obvious she shaved her pubes.

“Your turn,” she told me.

She sat down on the edge of the bed as I stripped off my clothes. I was eager, too eager, perhaps and before I knew it I was naked with my cock sticking up and out, hard and ready. “You’re eager,” she said, slipping off the corner of the bed and kneeling in front of me. In that position her mouth was the perfect height to accept my cock, which she did happily and eagerly. Lydia, I discovered, was an accomplished cocksucker. She managed to take all of my length into her mouth and throat, letting her nose come to rest against my trimmed pubic hair. She looked up at me as she slowly backed off, letting just the head linger in her mouth as she licked and sucked a minute, then released me entirely.

She cupped my balls with one hand and stroked my shaft with the other. “You’re pretty big,” she said. “I’ve had bigger, but too big is just annoying. Those guys think they know how to fuck just because they’re oversized. You’re just the right length and diameter. You fit nicely in my mouth.”

“I wonder how I’ll fit in your cunt.”

She laughed and tossed her hair out of her face, it had swept forward when she had started sucking me. “You’ll fit nicely I’m sure.”

“I want to cum in your mouth first. Then I want to cum in your cunt.”

This apparently wasn’t going to happen. She shook her head at me as she continued to stroke my length. “Nope. You’re going to cum only in my cunt. That’s where I like it.”

“Then why did you leave your panties on?” I asked her.

Out my cock came from her mouth and she answered. “I only give blowjobs when I’m wearing panties.”

“Why is that?” I asked. It seemed ridiculous to have such a long conversation when I was trying to get laid.

Looking up at me with the most innocent of expressions, Lydia said, “When my panties are off I need something in my pussy. A finger, a cock, a dildo. Something.”

“That must be hell,” I told her.

She grinned. “It’s actually great.” My cock went back into her mouth and she sucked me so hard it felt like I was hooked up to an industrial vacuum. I reached down and slipped her bra straps off her shoulders, then down further where I unhooked the back strap letting the lilac-colored garment fall. She barely noticed, but moved her arms to disentangle them from the straps. I admired her nipples, hard and erect, dark brown and waiting to be sucked.

I pushed her away. “I want to fuck you now.”

Lydia was more than eager to comply. She stood up and jumped on the bed, rolling over, going tits up, her legs bent at the knees, feigning some modesty. “Take my panties off with your teeth,” she ordered me.

That order I was happy to obey. I pushed my face into her panty-covered crotch, spreading her thighs apart. Before I took her silk undies in my mouth, I inhaled deeply, breathing in her scent, admiring the moisture seeping through the material. Only then did I get the elastic between my lips and teeth and pulled the last garment off her body. They stuck to her pussy for just a moment as I slid the smooth silk down her thighs, then they pulled away from her wetness, releasing her scent into the air.

Her pussy was completely shaven, as had been promised by her tight, clinging panties. This didn’t particularly thrill me because I’m not a fan of total hairlessness, but any time a woman is proud enough of her pussy to prepare it for her sex partners, I’m always happy. After tossing her panties aside, I found I couldn’t resist her scent and dove between her legs. Her pussy was tasty, a bit musky but not overly strong or filled with some artificial scent. After a minute or two of sucking, kissing and licking her already over-lubricated sex, Lydia put the heel of her hand to my forehead and forced my head away from her cunt.

“Enough,” she breathed heavily. “I need you inside me!”

“Should I get a condom?”

“Fuck no!” She reached down between us, searching for my still-hard prick. She grabbed me hard and pulled me into her. I sunk all the way down into her moist folds. Lydia, without doubt, had the warmest, wettest, tightest pussy I’d ever fucked. But I’d never tell that to my wife. “I need you to cum inside of me.”

That would be easy enough to do. She was beautiful and a good fuck. I moved in close to her, laying as much skin on skin as possible, as if I were making love to my wife and not just fucking a near-stranger. She wound her legs around mine pulling me close into her. It was so natural that I pressed my lips to hers and let my tongue slide into her mouth.

Our fucking was initially slow and steady, but that lasted for only a minute before I met my anxiety level and started thrusting fast and furious. Lydia knew what was happening and responded to my sudden change of pace accordingly. Her hips came up to meet my reaching cock and before I knew it, I had lost control and was shooting my load into her cunt. She locked her short legs around me, trying to pull me deeper into her. One of her hands went down to our love knot, found my balls and gently squeezed my sack to encourage me to completely empty into her.

When I was done I kissed her lightly on the neck and followed this with a slight nibble. She ran one hand through my hair and kept the other locked around my balls, milking me slightly, encouraging the last bit of semen out of my prick.

“That was wonderful,” she whispered in my ear as she continued to work my prick.

“Thank you,” I said. I had to ask her a favor. “Would you mind if I went down on you? I love eating out a woman after she’s been fucked.”

She startled slightly and pushed away from me so that I could see her face. “Are you teasing me?” she asked.

A flush of embarrassment brightened my face, but in the darkness I’m sure she didn’t see. “No, I’d love to go down on you.”

I was disappointed in her answer. “No. I’m saving the cream pie for my husband.” My wet, mostly flaccid cock slipped from her pussy. I was surprised to find in another person—or at least her husband—who had such an interest in cream pies as I did. “Can you hand me my panties?” she asked. I glumly nodded

and crawled off her. With more than a little bit of regret, I handed her the silky undergarment and watched as she carefully eased them up her smooth legs to once again cover her denuded pussy. Almost immediately they started to soak up my cum. I licked my lips; that was one snack I would be missing. Once she had her panties on, she rolled off the bed and started dressing.

“Where are you going?” I asked somewhat plaintively.

“Home,” she answered. “I have a cream pie to feed my husband. I thought Justine would have told you all of this,” she said, somewhat distracted by the process on putting on her clothes.

“No,” I said ruefully. “But I can hear her laughing now. She probably knew you’d do this.”

Justine slipped her shoes back on and looked up at me with a wink. “We might have even planned it.” She stood up on tiptoes, patted the side of my face, kissed me lightly on the lips and walked out the bedroom door. “Don’t worry, lover. I’ll be back soon for more. You’re the best fuck I’ve had in a long time.”

Chapter Three

I was woken up the next morning by Justine nuzzling the back of my neck. She had come down to the guest bedroom when she found I wasn't in her bed. "Time to wake up," she whispered in my ear. I tried to groan and pull the sheets over my head, but she stopped me. "I don't care that you aren't awake yet, but I'm full and I need a little relief." Justine then shoved one of her boobs in my face and I responded the only way I knew how: I suckled her nipple until her milk started flowing like a stream down my throat.

"Aah," she sighed. "That's better. It's hell trying to wake up Wendy in the morning. And she's not nearly the greedy feeder you are." We lay together in silence a few minutes while I worked on draining her tits and she stroked my hair. It was nice to feel her warm body next to mine under the covers. I couldn't remember the last time it had been just us together in bed. "Did you enjoy Lydia last night?" she asked me.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled into her tit.

She laughed lightly. "I knew you would. I was surprised at how hard it was to find someone like her."

"Asian?" I asked, unlatched from her breast for a moment.

"No. But I knew you never had an Asian girl before, so that was a bonus."

"Horny?"

This response got me a slap on the hand. "No, that was easy to find."

"Married woman?"

"Actually, that seemed to be a prerequisite; it was like every woman I looked at was married."

"That's hot," I said, feeling foolish for the stupid statement.

“I know,” she agreed. “But you’ve guessed enough. The hard part was finding a woman who enjoyed cream pies.”

I had just started the milk flow on Justine’s right breast, but I had to respond to that statement. “She was indifferent,” I said. “But she did take my cum home to her husband. Nothing for me.”

Justine kissed the top of my head. “Poor baby,” she sympathized with me. “Maybe next time she’ll let you eat her out.”

I didn’t know what the future held, and it was all I could do was drown my sorrows in her milky breasts.

It was barely a week later when I was dozing on the couch, my belly full of both Wendy’s and Justine’s milk, when there was a chime from the doorbell. Once again the pregnant girls were in our king sized bed sleeping away their pregnancies. Maybe they had fooled around a bit before passing out, they both complained about how their clothes were too tight on their swollen bellies. All thoughts of my well-bred girls left my head when I opened the door to see Lydia on the front porch with lust in her eyes.

“Hi—,” I started to say, but she dispensed with the preliminaries and simply pushed me inside. This time she was dressed in a black skirt that ended just above her knees and white blouse that was open down to her bra. Lydia had such small tits that she didn’t have any cleavage to speak of, but she still made the shirt sexy.

“Shut up and get your clothes off,” she ordered me. I didn’t have to be told twice. In a flash I was standing naked in my living room. “Down on your knees,” came her second order. “I brought you a special present,” she said as she slowly lifted her skirt while walking toward me. By the time she reached me, her panties were exposed. They were black silk and the crotch was wet. Even from three feet away I could smell her musky scent. “Actually, it’s from my husband. He thought you might like it. He fucked me right before I came over here.”

Before she said those words I was only semi-hard, in an instant I had a raging erection. I reached behind her, tugged down the zipper on her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Hooking my fingers into the waistband of her panties I slowly eased them down over her hips. The material slid smoothly over her skin, but the crotch stuck to her pussy as I began pulling them down. Around the swollen, red

lips of her cunt was a slight white crust where her husband's spunk was starting to dry. She tried to stop me from pulling her panties all the way off. "Don't," she protested weakly, but I wasn't about to stop now.

I shoved her hands away and pushed my face into her cunt. The scent was heavenly. She was wet and I could taste the cream pie her husband had left behind for me. Her panties hit the floor and I forced her legs apart, licking deeply into her trying to suck up the spunk left behind.

"I need to lie down," Lydia trembled.

I maneuvered her over to the sofa, not once breaking my lock on her pussy, and eased her down onto the cushions where she leaned back and spread her legs wide. I moved in close to feed on her sopping cunt. In this position her cunt was opened up and she easily gave up all the spunk that her husband had shot into her. His scent hadn't clung to her because Lydia shaved her pubic hair but that was okay because their fluids mixed together were delicious. After I had sucked her all but dry, letting their thick mélange of flavors fill my stomach, I went to work on her pretty little clit with my lips and tongue.

Being a bored housewife certainly hadn't done anything to slow her libido. The moment I started in on her clit, she started moaning and groaning in pleasure alternately trying to get away from me when I over stimulated her and then grinding her pussy into my face. She was already hot and warmed up from her earlier fucking and my cream pie eating, so it took the slutty housewife almost no time at all to reach a climax which she did with a gush of liquid from her cunt and screams muffled in one of the couch pillows.

She weakly pushed me away from her overused sex. I crouched back on my heels and looked up at her. After being fucked and sucked by two different men in one evening, she looked incredible beautiful and I told her so.

Showing her good manners she laughed lightly at the compliment and told me, "You've got my cum on your face."

I reached up and touched my face. It was still wet from her copious liquids. "Care to sample it?" I asked her moving up on her body as it remained splayed on the couch. My still erect prick slipped into her slick cunt as I kissed her on the lips and slipped my tongue into her mouth.

When we broke the kiss she said, “I don’t remember inviting you to fuck me.” While she said this she wrapped her legs around my waist and dug her heels into my ass.

“Say the word and I’ll pull out.”

“No!” she protested. “I need you to cum in me so I can bring a cream pie back to my husband.” She giggled like a schoolgirl. “I feel like a slut.”

“Why is that?” I asked keeping my strokes inside her slow and steady. I didn’t want to cum too soon.

“I’m fucking two guys on the same day, the same night. I feel like I’m back in college.”

“We’re you a big slut in college?” I asked, intrigued at this bit of personal history.

“Um, no, not really, not compared to sorority girls. But for some reason I always seemed to have two boyfriends at a time. I was big into sharing.” She grinned at me. “And that was in addition to the professors I fucked. I couldn’t have graduated without doing a little time on my knees in the department offices.”

“You were a slut,” I complimented her.

She sighed. “Maybe. But that’s where I got turned on to getting cream pies, you should thank college for that, I learned a lot.”

“What other slutty things did you do in college?” I asked. “I bet you did a lot.”

It wasn’t possible for her to answer for a moment while I ground into her extra hard, then her eyes popped open. “Oh yeah, I did. That’s where I learned to eat pussy.”

“I heard that college roommates often do that.”

A quick inhalation of air signaled she was getting close to her goal. “I don’t know about that. I never slept with any of my roommates. My first time with a woman was one of the lesbians in the English department. She was beautiful.”

That was enough for me. Knowing that this slutty girl enjoyed cream pies, multiple daily partners and girls put me over the edge. My nuts tightened and I dumped my load of semen deep into her hot cunt. And that pushed her over the edge as well. A powerful shudder went through her body and she had to muffle another scream of pleasure in the pillows.

“Hand me my panties,” she said when I pulled out. Her hand shot down between her legs to cover up her pussy. By now I knew the routine. I found her black panties on the floor and helped her slip them up her legs where they helped hold in the load of spunk I had deposited into her. We were so eager to fuck that she hadn’t even removed her shirt or bra. It took her no time to dress and she was ready to walk out the door. “This was wonderful; we’ll have to do it again sometime soon.” She stood up on tiptoe and kissed me. Before she reached the door she noticed the engagement picture of me and Justine hanging on the wall. She stopped and looked at it. “Your wife is very pretty. I can’t wait to eat her pussy.”

And then she was out the door.

Chapter Four

The next few weeks passed in a blur. Justine shortly went into labor and produced two healthy babies, a boy and a girl. We endured double sleepless nights and round the clock feedings before settling into a routine that was immediately disrupted when Wendy gave birth to her baby, another boy, and once again our crowded house fell into chaos. It was no wonder I didn't have to think about Lydia, let alone sex. But when things settled down a bit, and the babies started to almost sleep through the night, Lydia once again appeared at our doorstep. This time both girls were awake, the babies were still up because it wasn't their bedtime just yet. Justine had answered the door and invited Lydia in. The moment I saw her, I recognized the glint of lust in her eyes.

There was no jealousy among the girls; there was no reason for there to be. Lydia admired the babies, said all the right things, rocked little Ian to sleep, and once the three babies were asleep in their cribs, she came out to the living room, stated she was a bit warm, and removed her heavy sweater. We were starting to enter winter, so it didn't surprise me that she was wearing such warm clothing. It was the swell of her belly that did surprise me.

Justine spotted it immediately and congratulated her on the pregnancy. Lydia placed a protective hand over her tummy, gently rubbed it and looked directly at me. "I had to come over and show the daddy, didn't I?" she asked with a grin.

Wendy and Justine erupted in cheers of congratulations for me and Lydia. This would be my fourth child in just over a year.

"But how do you know it's mine?" I asked her. "We only had sex twice. And you had sex with your husband as well."

"It doesn't take more than once," Justine pointed out.

"Oh, it's yours," Lydia assured me.

"How do you know for sure? Did your husband have a vasectomy?"

The three women looked at me in amusement. “A woman knows,” Justine said. “Don’t you want to prove your cocksmanhood with another baby?”

“That’s not how one proves cocksmanhood,” I pointed out.

“True,” Lydia agreed. “You do it by fucking. And I want to see you fuck your wife.”

This statement gave Justine a bit of a pause. “Why?” she asked.

In reply, Lydia started unbuttoning her blouse, and said, “I want him to fill your pussy so I can enjoy a cream pie.”

Justine grinned at me. “How do you keep finding women who indulge your little fetish?”

I shrugged. “Just lucky I guess.”

We were interrupted by Lydia. “Less talk, more fucking.” She started pushing us both toward the bedroom. For a little Asian woman she was surprisingly strong. Not that I was resisting. Before I knew it my clothes were off and my prick was being fondled by Wendy. Justine and Lydia had fallen on the bed together and were anxiously pulling off each other’s clothes. It was almost like a fight they were so eager to see the other stripped and fucking.

Before Wendy could have me hard enough to penetrate even the hottest, soggiest pussy Lydia practically dove between Justine’s legs and started feasting on her pussy. “I thought you said you wanted to watch me fuck her,” I said to Lydia, my dick quickly hardening as I watched these two beautiful women go at it.

“Just getting her ready,” Lydia said, coming up for a breath of air.

“Don’t stop,” Justine complained. She reached for Lydia’s head, trying to guide her lips back to my wife’s glistening wet sex.

“Get him in here,” Lydia ordered Wendy. “She’s hot and ready.” Wendy grabbed my prick and practically yanked me forward, leading me all the way to my wife’s pussy. Her small triangle of hair was wet with Lydia’s saliva and her own juices. I had no trouble sinking all the way in, immediately becoming lost in her moist folds.

“Fuck me hard,” she ordered me, grasping my ass and pulling me into her. “Slam it into me.” Clearly this was to be an encounter of little subtlety. I started pumping my cock in and out of her as fast as I could. As was common now when she became aroused her breasts started leaking milk. I leaned down and licked the dribbling white dots away from her nipples.

“Save some for me,” Wendy said. I hadn’t noticed she was on the bed, her limbs tangled with Lydia’s as the commanding Asian woman steadily undressed our youngest partner. Already her hand was inside Wendy’s thong panties, stroking the girls’ blonde furred-pussy. Lydia was topless; she hadn’t had time to get her jeans off yet.

Wendy inched back and leaned against Justine’s chest, taking my wife’s big nipple into her mouth and sucking off the now free-flowing milk. Lydia stayed with our girl, keeping her hand down Wendy’s pants, while latching on to one of Wendy’s tits so she too could enjoy a bit of refreshment for Wendy’s overfilled mammaries.

This interconnectedness was all I needed to get off, it was almost too much too bear. I didn’t care if Justine had reached a climax yet, I filled her with my spunk. It was a quick and dirty fuck. Best of all, she didn’t seem to mind.

Hearing my noises of orgasm, Lydia pulled her hand from Wendy’s panties. “Did you fill her?” asked eagerly, no longer really interested in the youngest and prettiest member of our group.

“He filled me good,” Justine said with a sigh. “Now you need to clean me up and make me cum,” she said to Lydia. Both women pushed me away so that Lydia’s tongue could replace my cock in Justine’s cunt.

I watched as Lydia inhaled the mixed scent of me and my wife and then lowered her face to her sopping cunt so start feeding. At first she just licked in long, slow strokes up her swollen pussy, getting all the loose seed I had left behind, but then she started in on seriously sucking my leavings from Justine’s vag. My wife’s breathing became short and sharp as Lydia’s talented tongue teased her clit, then alternated at sucking more of our juices from her. It didn’t take Justine long to reach her orgasm that I hadn’t completed for her.

“Oh, yes,” she sighed, her eyes fluttering open as she relaxed with Lydia still lapping at her quim. “What are you doing honey?” she asked me.

“Watching,” I answered. Watching and playing with my wet and still semi-hard cock.

“You should be fucking Wendy,” she told me. Then closed her eyes and sighed heavily again as she rested one hand on Lydia’s thick black hair.

“Why?” I asked.

Lydia answered, taking a short break from her feast. “I’m going to eat a cream pie from her as well tonight.”

“Then you’re going to fuck Lydia to finish off.”

“You three sound like you’ve been planning this for a while,” I said. Lydia said nothing, she was back into my wife’s quim, and Justine merely smiled. I glanced over at Wendy—her hand was in her panties, anxiously working her clit—and she nodded happily in confirmation. “I don’t know if I can cum three times in one night.”

“I’m sure we can do something to accommodate you,” Justine said.

“And wouldn’t you like to impregnate both your women on the same night?” Lydia asked during another quick breather.

“I’m not so sure of that,” I said uncertainly.

“None of us are on any birth control,” Wendy said, reaching for my cock. It took me a moment’s struggle to work her tight wet thong down her legs, but in almost no time I was inside her. I was on a sex-high and rational thoughts of birth control and too many children were far from my mind. I had always enjoyed fucking Wendy, she was young and enthusiastic, plus a little bit naïve, so we could always get her to go along with whatever Justine and I dreamed up. It dawned upon me as I slowly and lovingly fucked her that she had never been fucked in front of another person besides Justine. When Justine and I first married we went to a lot of group scenes and serial fucks, but poor Wendy never had the experience of fucking before a large audience. It didn’t matter to me now.

Her once-tiny tits started to leak milk as we began fucking in earnest. For her small size Wendy produced copious amounts of milk. I rolled over, bringing her

up on her knees, straddling me as a laid on my back. It was easier for me to lean forward and suck the milk from her breasts. Being on top also gave her the opportunity to show off for Lydia who by now had completely cleaned out Justine's cunt and was lying next to my wife, pants still on, gently cupping Justine's sore sex.

"Work your ass, girl," Lydia ordered Wendy. "Make him fill you up so I can clean you up."

Wendy, to the surprise of no one, was happy to perform for Lydia. She barely glanced at me while she gyrated, groaned and moaned, played with her tits and clit, all the while showing off for Lydia, practically ignoring me; I wasn't anything more to her than a warm piece of meat on which to get an orgasm.

I liked that idea. It was enough to make my balls tighten up and spew forth their contents into Wendy's proven fertile womb. I didn't care if I came awfully quickly because it was always easy to get Wendy off with a little tongue work, and Lydia was about to provide that.

"He just filled you, didn't he?" Lydia asked her.

"Uh-huh," Wendy moaned while grinding down on my slowly shrinking cock. There wasn't much left for her the grind against.

"You didn't cum yet, did you?" she asked.

"No," Wendy all but whispered.

"Come over here then and I'll clean you up and make you cum."

Holding my spunk in her cunt, Wendy rolled over to Lydia and prepared to lay on her back and spread her legs. Lydia wasn't having any of that. "Uh-uh, girlie. Get up on your knees and straddle my face. I want to feel his cum pour down my throat."

Wendy was more than happy to oblige. The girls quickly got into position and as Wendy lowered herself down to Lydia's face, I saw a slim drop of my viscous white cum seep out of her cunt and into Lydia's mouth. Once down, I watched Wendy's face; it was easy to read her orgasms. Lydia's talented tongue must have licked up all my leavings right away and then set to work on her sensitive

clit. I relaxed and watched the show. Wendy was one of those girls who showed every bit of increasing pleasure on her face until her climax finally washed over her. Being ten years younger than Justine and I probably made it easier for her to reach multiple orgasms, and being a woman probably helped her as well.

And Lydia wanted me to cum a third time in less than an hour. I looked down at my soft prick. There was no way I was going to be able to get it up again, not even with the assistance of three oversexed women, one of them pregnant to boot (perhaps all of them by the time the evening was over). This fact was confirmed when Lydia had made Wendy cum for the third time and was certain that one of my remained behind in the young woman's pussy. She pushed Wendy's sloppy cunt away and looked with great disappointment at my soft cock.

"After a show like that why aren't you as hard as iron?" she demanded of me.

"I don't think I can get it up a third time tonight," I explained, somewhat pityingly. There was nothing more that I wanted to do than copulate with all three women on one night, especially with Lydia who was sexily pregnant with my child.

With an accusatory look, Lydia addressed Justine. "You promised me he could take us all in one night."

"He can. He just needs a little help to mount you. And I know exactly what help he needs." From our toy box Justine pulled out my trustworthy silicone dual linked cockrings and gestured to me. "Come over here big boy."

There was no resistance on my part even though I had serious doubts about the magic of the rings. Still, it didn't stop Justine from slipping the first ring around the base of my tired balls and the second ring around the base of my shaft. Under the manipulation of her nimble fingers and the comforting tightness of the rings, I started to rise to the occasion, but it wasn't nearly enough.

Justine lovingly applied her hand and mouth to the task, but even that wouldn't do it. I was starting to feel a bit of performance anxiety with Wendy and Lydia looking on. Lydia especially since if I couldn't get my cock up I would be disappointing her more than anyone. As hard as Justine worked on my prick and as much as I wanted to fuck Lydia, I couldn't achieve enough of an erection.

After ten long minutes with little result, Justine finally released my cock from her mouth with disappointment. “This is going to take a little more than I initially planned,” she announced. “Wait here, dear.”

“Where is she going?” Lydia asked. Wendy just shrugged. I knew where she was going. We kept some of our more elaborate and less frequently used toys in the large hall closet.

I certainly have my share of fetishes: lactation, impregnation, pregnancy fucking, group sex, cream pies. Neither Lydia nor Wendy knew my last one. Justine returned to the bedroom carrying a large tube of lube and a more than substantial butt plug. I was glad she hadn’t gotten out the strap on she used to use on me.

“On your hands and knees,” she ordered me in the fashion she used when she used to peg me. I obeyed without thinking; it’s surprising how easily one falls into old habits. She opened the lube, applied a more than generous amount to my asshole while the girls watched, and then slowly, carefully eased the large butt plug into me. “This will work on him,” she promised them. “It always did in the past.”

It was humiliating having to kneel there while my wife shoved a giant blue plug up my ass; I heard and felt the gentle vibrations as she switched on the toy as it settled into place just inside my anal sphincter, but it worked and worked well. Maybe it was internal stimulation, maybe it was the humiliation, maybe it was my need to satisfy Lydia, but finally my cock rose once again.

“Take off your pants,” I ordered her with a growl now that I had regained my libido.

“No,” she refused. She was still topless, but her pregnancy jeans hadn’t moved from her body. “I need your wife to do that.”

“My pleasure,” Justine replied. Both women hopped off the bed and in no time at all my wife was unbuttoning Lydia’s jeans and slipping them off. Lydia stood there with her slightly swollen belly and a tiny pair of red silk panties. Justine was behind her, she knelt down to remove Lydia’s panties, slipped her fingers inside the elastic and eased them down. We all watched as the crotch of the panties stuck to her bare, wet pussy lips a moment before pulling free. She kissed the pregnant woman on the right cheek before sending her upon the bed

again to be mounted by me.

Lydia remained on her hands and knees as she crawled across the mattress to me. That was fine; I preferred to fuck pregos from behind because I could run my hands over the full belly. When she turned and presented her ass to me, I stiffened even more. The previously pure and unsullied skin of my lover was now sporting a vivid tattoo on her right ass cheek. It was beautiful even though I'm not a fan of tattoos. In elegant flowing script was a notice of her ownership. Both my name and her husband's were proudly displayed under the title of Hot Wife. "You like?" she asked me, looking over her shoulder.

I nodded and silently entered her open, wet cunt. My balls were already tight with the rings and the vibrating plug in my ass was pushing me to orgasm again. "What does your husband think," I managed to croak out. It was almost too much for me.

"He loves it," she sighed. "He decided every man who fucks me from now on will be recorded for posterity." Justine and Wendy laughed at her joke. "And he wants your wives to have the same tattoos as mine."

That was all I need to explode, filling my third pussy of the night. I managed to roll off Lydia without hurting her. Wendy and Justine helped me remove the cockrings and buttplug as I drifted off to sleep. The last image I saw was Wendy joining Justine between Lydia's upraised legs as they both feasted on the cream pie I left behind for them.