

## Blindfolded and Bred: The Billionaire's Captive

Kelly awoke with a start.

She didn't know where she was, but she knew it wasn't her bed.

The twenty-year old's apartment was directly between a major road and a trainline, but she could hear nothing but silence...telling her that she was nowhere near either. In different circumstances, she would have found it peaceful, but at that moment her mind was foggy, and all she wanted to do was understand what had happened to her.

Only after a few seconds of trying to look around did Kelly realise that she was blindfolded. As she tried to reach up and remove the blindfold, she realised her hands were tied behind her back. She was completely helpless, and if it wasn't for the extreme comfort of the bed she was lying in (another indicator that something wasn't right; Kelly was used to a cardboard-thin mattress, all she'd been able to afford when she'd moved to the city) she would have worried that she was in the back of a truck somewhere, being transported to be sold as a slave.

The mattress was thick and luxuriant. Laying her head down, she could feel a pillow; it too was extraordinarily comfortable. Whoever had taken her, it seemed that they were taking care of her.

After a few minutes, the panic subsided, and Kelly was alarmed to find herself...turned on. She'd had fantasies about similar situations...there was something about being tied up that had always excited her, something about the helplessness of it. She hoped no one was watching her, because the young lady knew her face was bright red with arousal.

She rubbed her thighs briefly, but without direct stimulation, she knew there'd be no relief. Before long she lay back in frustration...and just as suddenly as it had lifted, the fog returned, overcoming even the adrenaline coursing through Kelly's veins.

Kelly drifted off to sleep once more; the deepest, most relaxing sleep that she'd had for months. As she slumbered, she was completely unaware of the man in the corner watching her, a smile upon his face...

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The smell of bacon awoke Kelly - a slow, pleasant awakening, with none of the panic or fear of the night before. She knew that she should be worried, distrustful. Someone had stolen her away, taken her from her bed at night, and she had no idea who - or what they wanted with her - but in that moment, she was more *hungry* than anything.

"Good morning, Kelly." a strangely familiar voice said. "I'm sorry to do this to you, but you must understand we can't let you have a knife. Do you enjoy your bacon crispy?"

Kelly nodded, and immediately smelled a piece of bacon directly in front of her. She opened her mouth and was fed a bite. As soon as she swallowed it, her lips were met with another, just as delicious as the first.

After finishing the first piece, she was offered a glass of what tasted like freshly-squeezed orange juice.

"We noticed that even though your kitchen was almost completely bare, you had a bottle of orange juice in the fridge. Pardon our presumption, but we guessed that you would enjoy some with your breakfast."

The voice was across the room - too far away to belong to whoever was feeding her. There were two of them...at least. Any thoughts of fighting her way out vanished from Kelly's mind, as she opened her mouth for another forkful of the most delicious breakfast she'd ever tasted.

She chewed the succulent meat and swallowed before speaking for the first time since she'd been dragged from her bed.

“Who are you? What do you want from me?”

Her voice rang out strong and confident, a slight quiver the only indication of how she was currently feeling. Her life hadn't been anything to boast about - when she wasn't working, she was sitting alone in her tiny apartment, staring at her empty fridge and empty walls - but it had been *her* life, and she didn't much like being dragged away from it.

“Kelly...” the voice replied in a patronisingly tone. “If we wanted you to know who we were, would we have blindfolded you? Besides, it doesn't matter who we are...”

“It matters to me!”

“...all that matters,” the deep voice continued, completely ignoring Kelly's interruption, “is that we're going to look after you. You're safe here, Kelly, you have nothing to fear.”

Pursing her lips, Kelly refused another sip of orange juice. There was no battle; the glass simply went away, and she sat in silence for a few seconds. She could hear her own breathing, but nothing else - it was as if the two other people in the room were phantoms, completely silent. She was starting to wonder if they'd disappeared when the man's voice began to speak again.

“We have a proposition for you, Kelly,” but before she could hear what it was, Kelly suddenly kicked in the direction she thought the voice was coming from.

She hit only air, and after a brief pause, the voice continued.

“Now now, there's no need for that. We're all friends here, Kelly. And we have a proposition for you.”

“I don't care!” she replied defiantly. “I just want you to let me go!”

“Come,” the voice said, and Kelly got the impression it wasn't talking to her. “We'll return when she's calmed down a bit.”

###

She wasn't sure how long she was left alone. Truth be told, Kelly couldn't even be sure that the source of the voices even left the room, but as soon as the room went silent she began to wish that she'd had more than a few bites of breakfast. It was hard to think over the hunger, but she did the as well as she could.

Her hands were tied behind her back, but her feet were free, and so it took only a few seconds of exploring before she discovered that the bed she was lying on was huge - much bigger than the single bed she had at home, and even bigger than the Queen that her parents had used when she was a child. She found the edge, and went to stand up when she discovered that her hands weren't just tied to each other; they were attached to a rope, keeping her on the bed. It provided enough slack that she could reach any of the bed's edges, but standing up was impossible.

It was a four-poster bed, she quickly learned, and the rope connecting her hands to the head of it seemed to be only a foot or so long. It wasn't tied around her wrists in any way that she could unbuckle it; it felt more like custom-made bracelets, long enough to go from her elbow to her wrist, thick enough that she had no hope of tearing them. Her blindfold seemed to be made of something similar; not a loose piece of cloth covering her eyes, more of a mask, securely closed at the back.

After realising that she wasn't going to be able to run, or bust her way out of her restraints, Kelly just lay there, hungry and horny. Her arousal had returned - being spoonfed and meeting her captors had done nothing but increase the feeling of helplessness, and Kelly had always been turned on by a lack of control.

She again tried rubbing her thighs together, to no avail. Somehow, even that turned her on - the knowledge that she couldn't pleasure herself, that she couldn't get herself off...the fact that

she was completely at her captors' mercy, even when it came to self-satisfaction.

She was almost climbing the walls by the time her hosts returned. She'd completely lost track of time - it could have been five hours, it could have been thirty minutes before she heard the man's voice again.

"Have we calmed down?" the calm tone asked, making her jump with fright. She didn't know how her captor managed to move so smoothly; she hadn't heard a door open, or any footsteps. Perhaps he'd just remained there the whole time, silently watching her fruitless efforts to escape.

Kelly nodded in response, not trusting herself to speak.

"Very good," the man said. "Are you hungry?"

She nodded again, and as if nothing had ever happened, the bacon reappeared at her mouth, still smelling freshly-cooked, still warm, as if taken directly from the pan.

Kelly ate without stopping, as the voice spoke.

"We have a proposition for you. It doesn't matter who we are, or how you got here. What matters is that we won't keep you here against your will."

*Then let me out!* Kelly wanted to scream, but afraid of having her food taken away once more, remained silent.

"The proposition is simple. You're a healthy young lady; you've no history of illness in your family. Your grandmother died at the age of 95, still in her own house, still taking care of herself. Against all odds, your grandfather has managed to outlive her. Aside from your father's gambling problems, there's nothing wrong with your parents either. They're perfect specimens.

"In short, you have good genes. As do we."

Again pursing her lips, Kelly refused the glass of orange juice pressed against them, and spoke, her voice raspy from disuse.

"What do you mean 'we'?"

"My partner and I. As I mentioned, it doesn't matter who we are, but let me assure you that we're two strong, healthy, virile men."

"Partner? So...you're gay?"

As soon as she uttered the word, Kelly hoped that it didn't come across as offensive or intolerant. The last thing she wanted to do was anger the men who were holding her in captivity.

"We prefer to think of ourselves simply as men who have each fallen in love with another man," the voice replied, a hint of laughter in its words. For a second, Kelly thought she heard a deep chuckle from whoever was feeding her, but the noise stopped the second she strained her ears for it. "We're committed to spending the rest of our lives together, and a part of that includes...well, you're a smart woman. I'm sure you can work the rest out."

Kelly wasn't stupid, and she replied without hesitation.

"A child," she said flatly. "That's why you care about my genes. You want me to carry your child."

"That's right. We want to impregnate you. We'll hold you here for the duration of the pregnancy, and release you when it's complete."

The sip of orange juice Kelly had been sipping on went down the wrong pipe in her shock, and she coughed.

"Hold me?" she spluttered. "For nine months!? You must be joking!"

"I'm afraid not," the voice said calmly. "You see, no one knows about our relationship. If it were to come out that I were seeing another man, my reputation would be ruined. It's necessary that this be done in the highest secrecy; not even you can know who I am."

“All you need know is that I’m healthy, and extremely wealthy. I can assure you that the child will be taken care of.”

“And if I refuse?” Kelly replied nervously. By the sounds of it, the men she was dealing with could make her disappear without a trace.

“We’ll let you free,” the voice said, to Kelly’s relief. “If you agree to help us, we’ll release you at the end of nine months. If you don’t, we’ll let you go right away...but your father may not be so lucky.”

“What have you done with my father?” Kelly said, her heart leaping to her throat. “I swear, if you’ve hurt him, I’ll kill you!”

“Be calm, child,” the voice responded gently. “I’ve done nothing to your father. He got himself in trouble; I’m offering to get him out of it.”

Her father’s gambling debts had been why Kelly had left her hometown in the first place. The men that her father owed money to were not known for their pleasantness, and by staying around, Kelly was risking being used as leverage. So she’d up and gone to the city, where she spent all her days working, sending money back home to try to help him get out of debt.

It sounded like her efforts had been unsuccessful. Or - more likely - her father had slipped off the wagon once more, redoubled his debt for the umpteenth time.

Despite the unusual circumstances, she trusted the voice. She wasn’t quite sure why - perhaps it was because she felt like she was constantly on the verge of recognising it...but if the men intended to hurt her, there was nothing stopping them. They could have had her pregnant ten times over by now, but instead they were asking her permission.

She hesitated before responding.

“You promise that you’ll take care of my father if I agree?”

For the first time, the voice laughed - a deep, rich chuckle.

“You haven’t even heard our complete offer,” it said, after the sounds of mirth abated. Again, Kelly thought she could hear a second voice joining in, but as soon as the chuckling stopped, there was nothing but silence to be heard. “As well as saving your father from the trouble he’s worked so hard to get himself into, we’re prepared to offer you quite a tidy little sum as well.

“Five million dollars.”

Kelly gasped at the offer. Her head was swimming - five million dollars...she could put that into savings and live off the interest alone for the rest of her life. As if he could read her mind, the voice echoed her thoughts.

“Five million dollars. Not bad for nine month’s work, is it?”

Kelly nodded, overwhelmed.

“We’ll give you the night to think about it. If you are in agreement with our terms, we’ll start in the morning.

“Sleep well, Kelly.”

###

The men had only been gone for a few minutes when the music started. It played for several hours; it was if the men who were holding her captive knew everything there was to know about her, as nothing but Kelly’s favourite tracks were played; Cat Stevens, the Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel...some recent hits too, with Taylor Swift’s two latest albums featuring prominently.

But Kelly barely noticed. She tried not to obsess about it, but her mind kept returning to the offer that she’d just received. Five million dollars...for nine months of her life. Nine months of her life, in which she’d be inseminated, bare a child, and give birth...all without being able to

contact the outside world.

She knew it was wrong, but the idea turned her on more than she could imagine.

She imagined her captors returning, keeping her blindfolded and not even waiting to hear what her response was. She pictured the two men - in her imagination they were fit, well-dressed, both in their mid-thirties - sticking a cloth in her mouth, gagging her, and ripping off the pajamas she'd been wearing when they captured her.

Completely in control, they'd bind her legs as well, so that she couldn't move. One of them would feel between her legs, feel how wet she was, and smell it, taste it, taste her juices. The other would dip a finger slowly into her wet sex, and then force it under her nose.

"Smell that," he'd say, that smooth, silky voice ragged with desire. "Smell how wet you are, how turned on you are being used by us.

"Smell what a little slut you are."

And she would. Tears streaming from her eyes, under her blindfold, she'd smell her own wetness and be forced to admit that she was nothing but a slut, aroused beyond belief. She'd have to admit that even though she was trussed up and being used like a prisoner, they could have offered to let her free, and she'd have turned them down, wanted to stay and be used like a little fuck-toy.

Without ceremony, the silent one, the one who had fed her...he'd be the first to take her. He'd slide his thick cock up and down her lips, coating himself in her juices, before roughly thrusting forward and taking her.

Taking her, and making her his.

The other man would stand above her, his voice dripping like butter, and talk to her. He'd talk while his lover forced himself into Kelly's wetness, thrust inside her over and over again.

"He's going to knock you up," he'd say. "How do you like that idea, Kelly? My partner is going to fill you up with his seed; he's going to come inside of you. He's not wearing any protection, and we know you're not on the pill. We know you're at your most fertile right now, and so when he comes, his little swimmers are going to travel up your tubes until they find your womb.

"And then they're going to fight their way into the egg they'll find inside. You'll be doing what you've been put on this earth to do - you'll become a mother, Kelly. You'll become our own personal knocked up little slut. Your belly's going to grow bigger and bigger."

He'd lean forward, and tweak her nipples, exactly as Kelly would have been doing to herself had she not been tied up.

"And your tits are going to get bigger as well, Kelly. They're going to start producing milk...you'll be a lactating little whore, Kelly. You'll be a knocked up slut - we're going to fill you up with babies and suck your milk dry. We're going to fuck you until you're so full of spunk you'll be lucky if you don't end up with octuplets.

"And when we're done, we're going to throw you out onto the street."

For some reason, it was that image that sent Kelly over the edge. The idea of giving birth, and then immediately being discarded, of being used for her body and her capacity to bear children and then dismissed just as quickly as she'd been taken...it was enough to make her cum.

She'd managed to use her legs to create a small pile of blankets that she could thrust against. While picturing the men that had captured her fucking her full of babies, she had managed to stimulate her clit enough to have her cumming, as she imagined being used and abused, being pregnant and taking both men at once, being filled up with sperm, desperately trying to find her egg, hungry to make her pregnant, to fill her with babies...

Her orgasm was intense, and it left her gasping as she lay in the middle of her big bed, breathing heavily.

It wasn't long before the music faded away, and Kelly fell into a deep sleep. In the morning, she knew that the men would return for her answer.

She just wasn't sure what that answer would be.

###

Kelly woke with a start. She immediately knew that she hadn't been returned home, that she was still a prisoner of the two strangers who'd kidnapped her in the dead of night, tied her up, blindfolded her, and then made a truly unbelievable offer.

For the next nine months of her life, they'd promised, she could agree to remain their captive, unable to contact the outside world, unable to see her family or friends, unable to even let her work know why she'd stopped coming in.

In return for her time, they'd promised her five million dollars, and to get her father out of trouble by paying off his gambling debts. To describe Kelly's father as "having a problem" would be an understatement: his bad decisions had been the cause for Kelly to move far away, to a city where she could no longer be used as leverage, free and far away from their threats.

If that had been the entire deal, it would have been incredibly simple to say yes. In exchange for staying hidden away for nine months, Kelly could ensure not only her family's safety, but enough money to live on for the rest of her life. Despite his flaws, the young woman loved her father, and simply making sure that he'd never have to worry again would have been enough for her to agree immediately.

But, of course, there was more to her captors' offer than that - they wanted to impregnate her. The two-man couple wanted her to bear their offspring, watch over her for the duration of the gestation period, and finally let her free once she'd given birth...never to see her child again.

Kelly wasn't sure if she could do it. When she'd imagined having children, it certainly hadn't been in this manner - she'd imagined finding the right man, settling down with him, and making the choice to create a family together. The idea of being knocked up by a faceless stranger, kept hostage until the baby was born, and then being kicked out without getting to be there for her child...nothing close had even remotely crossed her mind.

She'd go through childbirth without ever getting to be a mother in a true sense.

Just to add to the confusion, she found every aspect of the offer she'd been presented with deeply, deeply arousing.

Kelly had always found pregnancy to be erotic: the blooming of new life, fulfilling one's biological needs...being filled up with seed until her stomach was swollen, bred like a farm animal...until the mysterious pair keeping her tied up had made the offer, she hadn't realized just how sexy she found the whole concept.

Now that the idea was in her head, her entire body was warm. Kelly felt like she was in heat, just waiting for the men to come back and take her roughly, to fill her up with their seed and grow a child inside of her.

Even being tied up and blindfolded was a long-held fantasy of hers. In the small town she'd grown up in, none of her early partners had been interested in participating in rope-play, and so her romantic trysts up had always been frustratingly vanilla, with Kelly having to hide her true desires, pretending to enjoy the routine thrustings of the men she'd been with.

Her head was still thick with arousal - she'd managed to work out how to pleasure herself last night, but constantly being tied and bound, not even knowing who was holding her prisoner meant that it didn't take long for her pussy to warm once more at the idea of being taken by force

and made to bear the child of strangers.

Kelly was just positioning herself for another bout of self-pleasure when the voice spoke again, and she swore under her breath. How did they manage to move so quietly? She hadn't heard a door or footsteps, and Kelly was starting to wonder if they ever even left the room, or if they had been there, sitting and watching as she got herself off.

Even that turned her on, but she forced herself to focus on the words coming from the darkness that surrounded her.

"Good morning, Kelly. I trust you slept well."

Gritting her teeth, Kelly simply nodded in response.

"It's a lovely day...you'll have to trust me on that, of course...and my partner and I are extremely keen to hear your response to the offer we made last night."

Kelly strained her ears, trying to work out if the seldom-speaking partner was also in the room, but she couldn't hear anything but her own ragged breathing.

"How can you expect me to answer that?" she asked, her frustration obvious in her voice. "I don't even know who you are!"

"That's not necessarily true," the voice responded after a brief pause. "You know that we're wealthy, you can assume that we're physically fit, else we wouldn't have been able to bring you here."

"And it's not a huge stretch to assume that we can be trusted. After all, if we weren't honorable and moral men, we could have taken you by force."

There was a pause, as Kelly tried - and failed - to come up with a retort. When it was clear that she had no response, the stranger continued.

"The ball is in your court. We're waiting for you to decide whether you agree to the terms we've presented, and I assure you that if you don't, we'll let you free."

"I don't even know your names!" Kelly replied angrily.

Again, the voice paused, as if conferring wordlessly with another.

"For reasons we've already stated, we can't share our true identities. I understand that it must be frustrating to have no frame of reference for us, however, and so for the sake of conversation, you can call my partner Bradley, and myself Cooper."

Kelly had to bite back a smile. *The Hangover* had been her favorite film as a teen, a fact which the voices clearly knew. It wasn't surprising - they seemed to know everything about her.

Perhaps, it suddenly dawned on her, they even knew of her secret desires to be dominated, to be tied up, to be...yes, even to be forcefully impregnated.

Was that why she'd been chosen?

"Why me?" she asked suddenly, curious to see if she'd landed on the answer, or if there was some other piece to the puzzle she was missing. "What made you pick me, out of all the girls in this city?"

"We were wondering if you'd ask that," the voice that had identified itself as Cooper responded. "And all I can do is repeat what I've already said - you're healthy, intelligent, and have excellent genes."

"Your father's position didn't hurt," the other voice abruptly added, confirming to Kelly that "Bradley" was in the room as well.

There was a long pause, and Kelly soon realized that she wasn't going to get a more definitive answer from the pair. Finally, to her surprise, the silence was broken by Cooper. He spoke as smoothly and confidently as ever, but Kelly felt like she was starting to understand his demeanor more, and she thought she could detect a hint of anxiety as he continued.

“So, Kelly, we really must insist upon an answer. Will you do us the honor of bearing our child?”

Without even thinking, Kelly softly gave the only answer she could. The only answer she’d seriously considered since hearing the pair’s offer.

“Yes,” she said, her voice no louder than a whisper.

Cooper and Bradley didn’t ask her to repeat herself, or request any clarification. They simply thanked her, and Kelly wondered if she was imagining the hint of teariness she could hear in their response.

After another silence, this one so long that Kelly wondered if they’d left, she asked the inevitable question, the one that different parts of her body had been alternately dreading and looking forward to.

“So,” she said, attempting to sound casual. “How do we start?”

She heard Cooper’s laugh once more, strong and rich, and thought she heard a hint of Bradley’s chuckle as well, though it could have been nothing but an echo of the first man’s mirth.

“You’re willing,” he said after his merriment died down. “We like that.”

“As I’m sure you’ll have realized, IVF is out of the question. Only three people in the world know of our relationship, and they’re all in this room. Bradley and I trust each other to the end of the earth, and even if you somehow worked out our identities...”

“Impossible,” the second voice murmured, and Cooper continued, a dark tone entering his words for the first time.

“...for your father’s sake as much as anything, we trust that you wouldn’t disclose them.”

Kelly nodded frantically, a hint of fear entering her heart for the first time since she’d first awoken in the mysterious room. She hadn’t even considered it, but these men had managed to snatch her from her room, and it seemed that they were confident that no one else had any idea that she was even missing.

She didn’t know what else they were capable of, but she was sure that she didn’t want to find out.

“Your secret’s safe with me,” she replied earnestly, causing Cooper to burst out laughing once more.

“No, my dear,” he said between chuckles. “It’s not, and that’s the point.”

“But to answer your question...” Cooper’s voice sobered up immediately, and Kelly found herself sitting up straight, keen to hear his response. “We’ve charted out your cycle, and you’ll be at your most fertile in a few day’s time. Both Bradley and myself are abstaining until then, as we believe that’s our best shot at achieving insemination as quickly as possible.”

Kelly nodded slowly, her heart racing. A few days? She hated herself for the thought, but she wasn’t sure that she could wait a few days. Even though they were strangers, even though this wasn’t entirely her choice, she was hornier than she’d ever been, and she wanted to be taken...now.

She wanted to be touched. She wanted to feel the two mens' hands upon her, stroking her skin, gently caressing her all over. She wanted them to brush their fingers against her nipples, and she wanted them to explore her wetness.

And then, when they were good and hard, she wanted to be penetrated by the pair of them. She wanted to take their cocks inside her, feel one of them part her lips and fill her up until it reached her womb. She wanted to take the other in her mouth, and taste his hardness, while taking the other inside her and milking his cock until it gave her the gift of his seed...



Kelly was horny, wet beyond belief, and felt like it had been years since she'd had an orgasm. Her disappointment at the news that it was going to be several days until the men were going to attempt to impregnate her must have shown on her face, as Cooper quickly continued.

"Now, it's said that the woman's pleasure is key to ensure impregnation. We don't know how much truth is in that, but as you can imagine, we aren't willing to take any risks.

"It's been some time since either of us has been with a woman, and we want this to be as pleasurable for you as possible. So, unless you have any objections, we were planning on spending the next few days gaining...familiarity with your body."

Kelly, temporarily lost in images of what she wanted to do with the two men, took a few minutes to gather his meaning. Again, once she had, it must have been apparent, because Cooper responded with another hearty chuckle.

"I'll take that as a yes," he said, and almost immediately Kelly felt the weight of another beside her on the bed.

*This would be the perfect moment to attack, she thought. I'm not going to get another chance like this...I know exactly where he is, he's not expecting it. If I wanted to escape, this would be my chance.*

*So what does it say about me that I don't even want to try?*

A shiver ran up Kelly's spine as she felt the man's fingers softly run up her arm, still tied to the head of the bed. His rough hand on her soft skin caused goosebumps to appear, and the combination of fear and arousal that she was feeling seemed to amplify everything he did.

From his words, Kelly knew that he was rich, and had assumed he'd have the soft hands of an office-worker. But the fingers that were lightly stroking up and down her exposed arm were that of someone accustomed to physical labor of some kind; perhaps outside work, perhaps carpentry as a hobby...whatever it was that he did with his hands, it had caused them to have that outdoorsy feel that Kelly had always loved.

The movement of the mattress told Kelly that the other man had joined them, had sat behind her, and she presumed it was him that she felt unzipping her top from behind, exposing her back and somehow making her feel even more defenseless than she'd felt the entire time she'd been their captor.

Despite their assertion to the contrary, the pair knew what they were doing, and Kelly strained against her ropes in pleasure as they continued to lightly tease her, the man behind her simply breathing on her back while the first one continued to play with her arms, never touching anything that wouldn't have been displayed in an ordinary day at the office.

"Take me!" Kelly wanted to scream, acutely aware that her top was barely attached any more, that they could have had her naked from the waist up with a simple gesture. She couldn't tell whether her captors wanted to ensure she was completely comfortable before going any further, or if they were teasing, but their administrations were driving her wild, and she would have given up the entire five million dollars just to have them speed up their seduction.

She didn't say a word, however, and bit her lip in frustration as the men thoroughly explored the few inches of exposed flesh at their disposal, alternating between stroking up and down her arms with their fingernails and softly blowing, stimulating her back with more subtlety than any man she had ever been with.

After what felt like a lifetime, just as Kelly was sure she couldn't bear it any longer, the man standing beside her finally reached out and made contact.

"I've wanted this for so long..." Bradley whispered in her ear, his voice distorted as though the man was choking down tears. Kelly deduced that Cooper was the one who had been playing

with her arms for the last few minutes.

*For so long?* she briefly questioned, wondering if he was simply referring to the brief amount of time she'd been his prisoner, or the familiar voice belonged to someone from her life before the darkness. Before she could give too much thought to it, he descended on her neck with his mouth, grazing against her with his teeth and causing her head to swim.

"Oh," she gasped in arousal, the first words she'd spoken since promising to hide the men's identity, should she work it out, and she could feel Bradley smile at the pleasure he was bringing her.

As if they'd been lovers for years, Bradley seemed to know exactly where her most sensitive spots were, and to her frustration, those were the spots he avoided. Nipping and sucking around her neck and exposed collarbone, he was able to play her like a well-tuned instrument, adroitly controlling her pleasure and keeping her wanting more.

As Bradley expertly navigated her neck, Cooper had backed off, presumably enjoying watching his lover at work. When he did return, he was rougher, more animalistic than before, as if aroused beyond his standard self-control.

Kelly gasped in shock as he forcibly ripped her flimsy top off, and gasped in pleasure as she felt his mouth close around her left nipple. While Bradley continued to deliberately avoid the spots that Kelly knew would cause her spine to arch and her sex to throb, Cooper didn't hold back, and his talented tongue left her barely able to breath.

The slow burn of Bradley's skillful manipulations, combined with Cooper's all-out attack were causing fireworks to go off in Kelly's head, and to her surprise, her mouth started emitting guttural sounds that she'd never heard herself make before.

As if following a cue that Kelly was unable to hear, the two men suddenly backed off, leaving Kelly alone on the bed, shaking with arousal, panting heavily, and non-verbally begging for more.

"Please..." she moaned, wanting to feel their touch again, desperate for them to continue the sexual onslaught that they'd begun. All sense of time lost, Kelly couldn't tell if it was minutes or hours that she sat there, sweaty and needy, straining her ears but unable to hear any sign that she wasn't alone in the room.

Then, just as suddenly as they'd disappeared, Kelly felt the blanket being whipped off her legs, and the weight of the two men sitting next to her again. If their previous positions were anything to go by, it was Bradley's hands that reached around her body and found her breasts, and Cooper who had acquired a knife, and used it to cut her pajama pants off her.

The room was warm, but a shiver still went up her body as her legs were exposed to the two men, and Kelly realized that she was sitting in front of them wearing nothing but a pair of white panties. If previous experience was anything to go by, they were soaked through, and so no part of her body was hidden from the men who were going to father her child.

The softness of the hands expertly tweaking and pulling on her nipples confirmed that it was Bradley sitting behind her, and when Kelly arched her back in pleasure, the new position of her head meant that she could feel his hot breath on her face.

Their sexual interactions, the feeling of being fed, even her agreement to bear their offspring...nothing even compared to the sudden intimacy she felt with the man, and she surprised both of them by moving her head up and kissing him.

The man froze in surprise, and Kelly pulled away. There was a pause, in which she imagined a silent conversation between Cooper and the man she'd just kissed was taking place. She'd never know what was wordlessly said in those moments, but after a few moments,

Bradley's hands resumed their work, and his mouth came down and returned her kiss.

As Kelly's tongue slipped into Bradley's mouth, even the electricity of their kiss wasn't enough to stop her mind from making connections. Everything about him was familiar, from his voice to his laugh, but nothing filled her with such overwhelming recognition as the man's scent did. It was one that she'd been in regular contact with, she somehow knew that she'd encountered it before, often...unable to place it, however, Kelly let herself be lost in the kiss.

As she explored the familiar man's mouth, Cooper began stroking her legs in the same fashion he'd earlier run his fingers up and down her arms. If Bradley hadn't wrapped his arms around her in a powerful embrace, she would have squirmed with pleasure, as Cooper's magic fingers came into contact with her sensitive thighs.

"Please..." she tried to moan, but the word got lost into Bradley's mouth, turning into vibrations, absorbing into the man's body. If her hands hadn't been tied behind her back, she would have manually directed Cooper's hands to between her legs, where her throbbing pussy was threatening to explode.

She pulled away from the kiss, and repeated her plea. Whether it was the ragged tone of her voice, or the men's own growing arousal she didn't know, but to her surprise Cooper responded, and used his knife once more, neatly cutting her panties away, and exposing her wet cunt to the two men.

The two men continued their slow, almost tortuous motions, running their hands around her body everywhere except her most erogenous zones, coming into contact with her legs, her arms, her palms, her stomach...everywhere except her neck, nipples, ass, and gloriously aroused pussy.

Kelly was bucking off the bed at this point, writhing and shaking like a thing possessed. Cooper leant in and kissed her softly, and she returned his kiss with so much vigor that she thought she might leave a bruise. The electricity that she'd felt with Bradley was there with the other man as well, and as his hands roamed over her body and his tongue battled hers, she rolled her covered eyes in pleasure.

The young woman was more turned on than she'd ever been, and so far no one had even touched her pussy. Kelly couldn't even begin to imagine the sensations she'd feel when it was time to impregnate her.

She couldn't wait.

Finally, after several minutes of making out with Cooper while the four hands ran over her body, Bradley took mercy on the aroused woman, and used her soaked pussy to lubricate one of his fingers, parting her lips agonizingly slowly, filling her up and giving her a taste of what to come.

Amazed once more at the pair's ability to work in unison, Kelly pushed back against the invading digit as Cooper emulated the motion of his partner's finger with his tongue, while circling her nipples with his own fingers.

Kelly ground against Bradley's hand, trying desperately to stimulate her swollen clit against any part of him, until he finally gave her some release, withdrew his finger, and at the same time as Cooper harshly tweaked her nipples, Bradley pulled her hair back and used his juice-soaked finger to lightly press against her most sensitive spot.

The slight pressure was all it took, and Kelly's entire body shook in the strongest orgasm she could ever remember having. One part of her felt guilty that she wasn't able to get the two men off in return, but the thought was washed away as spasm after spasm wracked her nude body. Cooper's fingers never stopped tweaking and playing with her nipples, and Bradley's hand never left her pussy.

More than a minute later, Kelly groggily tried to sit up, but found herself unable to move. The experience had completely exhausted her, and everything after her orgasm had been completely wiped from her mind. On some level she'd been aware of the two men each giving her a light kiss, and getting off the bed, but as far as she knew, that could have happened a week ago.

"We'll be back in the morning," Cooper said, the smile once more apparent in his voice. "If you're interested in a repeat experience, we have some...toys...that we'd love to introduce you to."

A broad grin appeared on Kelly's face, and she nodded weakly.

"It's with great regret that I remind you that we're abstaining from ejaculating until you're at your most fertile, but I can assure you that the wait will be worth it."

Once more, Kelly nodded, and found her eyes closing. As she drifted off to sleep, knowing that her dreams would feature herself heavily pregnant, trying out the men's toys, she had one final thought before slumber overtook her.

*A few more days of that... her mind groggily mused. And **they're** paying me?*

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