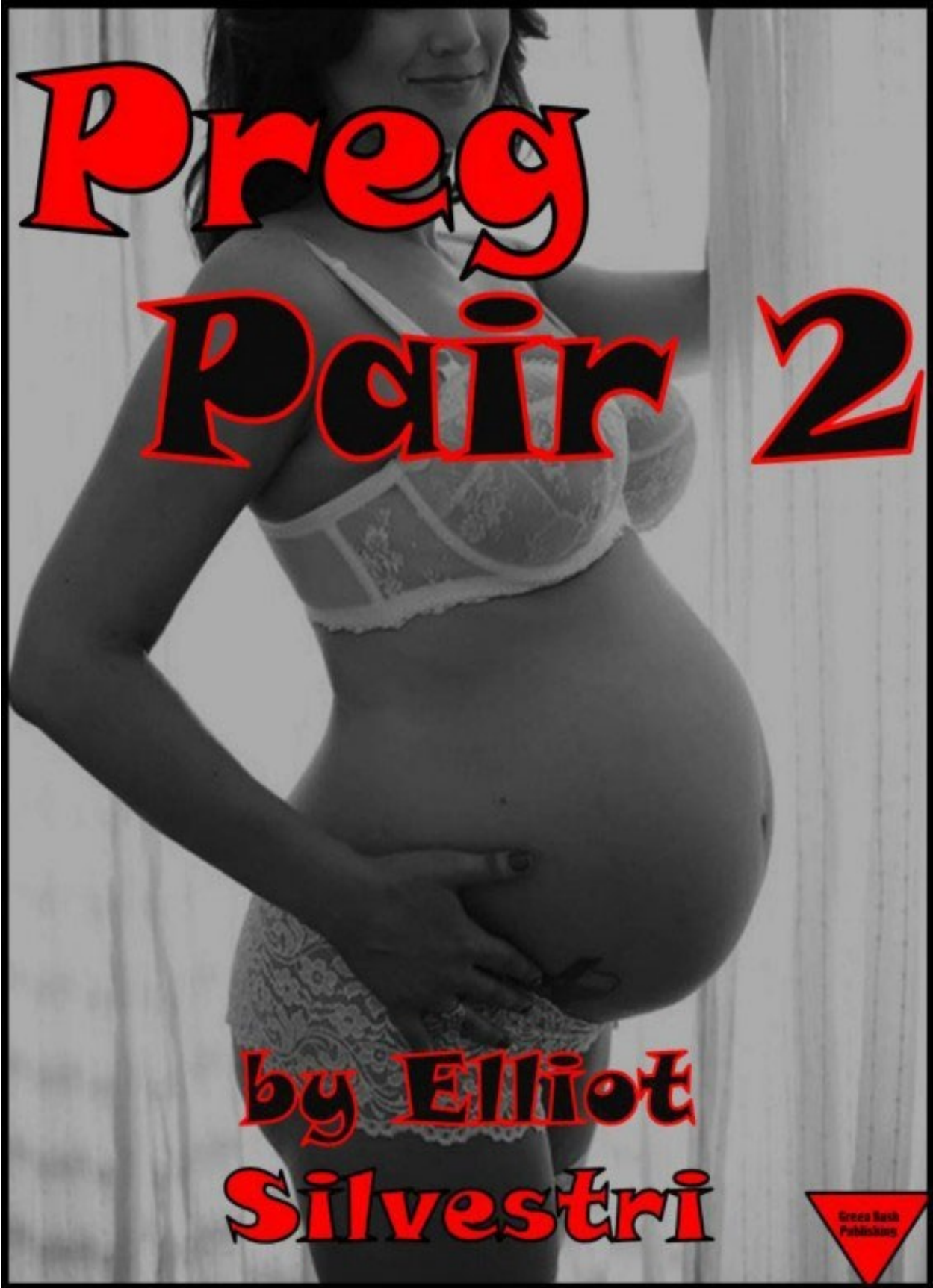
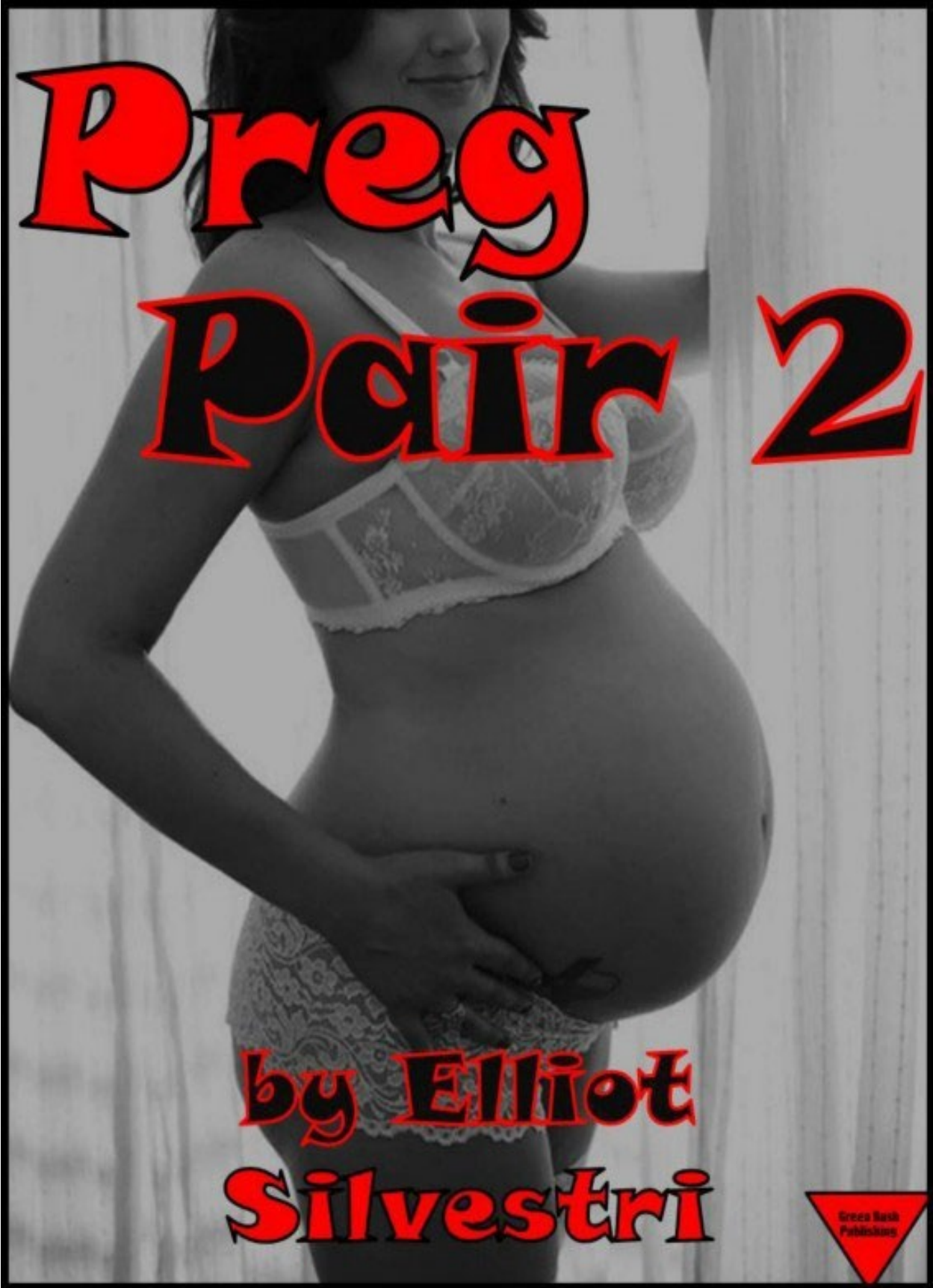




Preg Pair 2

**by Elliot
Silvestri**

Greco Book
Publishers



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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter Four

“I’M SO PROUD of you, baby,” Conrad said to Andrea.

She looked at him not understanding. “Proud of me for what?” she asked

“For everything. For being willing to have sex with both Rich and me. For having sex with Elaine—that’s the big one. For being so open minded about everything. Most women try it once or twice and then they realize...” He trailed off.

“Realize what?” she asked. It had been a couple of weeks since the last time she been to bed with the other three in their strange relationship. Oddly, Andrea had been fairly sure that they would have sex a few more times and then everything would fade away with Conrad. But instead he had been all the more interested in her. Apparently he had great patience. Yes, she had been spit-roasted by Con and Rich once in the since all four had shared a bed, but that seemed almost tame compared to the group they had formed. Plus there was the issue not only of Elaine’s pregnancy, but the early onset of her lactation as well.

“Realize that neither Rich or I is willingly going to just pair off with a woman.” They were on Conrad’s bed. She didn’t know where Rich or Elaine was at the moment. He could be at a strip club or at Madeline’s Coffee Shop using the free wifi to pick up women on the internet. He might even be on the moon for all she knew. She only surmised that Elaine was home with her husband; there were only so many places for a married and pregnant woman to be.

She tried not to blink in confusion at Conrad. “Not pair off?”

He nodded. “Rich and I made an agreement years ago, we had to share all our girlfriends. I know it sounds like a stupid college agreement, but it’s worked out well for us.” He took a deep breath and asked her, “Are you still willing to fuck the two of us? I can be your primary if you want, but you have to agree to fuck Rich too. I couldn’t do that to him, leave him high and dry.”

She frowned. They had just had sex and it was good. But it wasn’t great and she knew why. It was because it had only involved the two of them. She had already realized she needed a third—and a fourth would be nicer still—to really get her rocks off, but she couldn’t verbally admit that to Conrad—or even herself. Keeping that a secret from everyone—especially herself—was critical right now. She wanted to have sex with him and Rich—or any two men, at the moment it

wasn't super critical who those two were because she wasn't in love with Conrad. "Yeah, okay, I understand. You two have a fucked-up relationship. You know that? If I didn't know better I'd say the two of you were gay but I think you both like fucking women too much."

There was a slightly awkward pause before Conrad had the good sense to interject, "Right. We're not gay. Not even bi."

She gave him the side eye. "The way you say that gives me doubts."

"We aren't!" he insisted a little too loudly. "I mean, there's nothing wrong with being bi or gay or whatever. And we've seen just about everything a straight guy would want to see. We're just open-minded."

"Open-minded enough to fuck your best friend?" She tried not to sound like she was teasing. Andrea wasn't sure if she was teasing him or not.

"Yes, open minded enough for that, but it'll never happen."

"Never say that" she chided him.

"Ha. Funny."

"So..." she reached for his limp cock. He had fucked her once already that night, but she had barely gotten off and so needed another fucking before she could be anywhere close to satisfied.

He didn't pull away.

Andrea had been half right about her guess as to where Elaine was at home. But she wasn't with her husband though she was in her bed. She was grabbing the headboard while Rich fucked her from behind. It wasn't her preferred position but with the steady growth of her belly, it was rapidly becoming the only position it was anywhere close to comfortable to have sex in.

"Fuck me harder!" she insisted, thrusting her ass back at him, trying to slam him cock harder and deeper into her body.

“I...don’t...want...to...hurt...you!” Rich kept his thrusts steady and careful. He was already sweating, but not from the exertion of sex. He was nervous about getting caught by Elaine’s husband Tom, though she had already assured him several times Tom was away on a trip for work for the rest of the week. While it wasn’t as good a group sex in general, her second favorite kink was fucking in the bed where by rights only her husband should have her. Not that cheating in any way bothered her—it excited her.

“You won’t hurt me,” she practically growled over her shoulder. “Fuck me like you meant it or get the hell out of my bed.

He responded the way she wanted. Rich grabbed her hips and pretended she was fighting him, trying to get away while he drove his cock into her as hard and fast as possible.

“Better!” she told him and focused on the fact that he was going to fill her pussy with his cum in a minute. Tom had no clue. He was so fucking clueless all the time. Yes, he worked hard and they had a nice life for it, but she was dying inside. She needed to cheat to feel alive. It was terrible and she tried not to think about it.

When he came it was like his cock was shooting white-hot fire into her cunt and she screamed with exultation at the tiny achievement. The world faded away for a minute and then came snapping back into sharp focus. When it did she looked down at her now very impressive chest and saw little beads of white forming on the tips of her nipples. Rich withdrew but she remained holding the headboard watching the tiny droplets fall down onto the pillows. It was another change she was having to deal with, her body was no longer entirely her own, but had it ever been? Was it ever her own? Didn’t it at least partially belong to every boyfriend—and girlfriend—she ever had? Didn’t it belong to Tom as well? And Rich and Conrad most definitely had a claim upon her body. Now even her baby had a partial claim to her. She was most assuredly not her own person.

“I’m leaking,” she said softly, directly to the wall. She wasn’t sure that she even heard her words and was positive that Rich had heard nothing, but she was wrong.

“Milk again?” he asked as he struggled with the tangle of sheets to see around her body. Her tits were hanging free with the milk slowly dripping down the

slight curve of the breast until it reached that critical point where it couldn't slide any further and hung at the bottom of the bulbous organ for a moment before gravity took completely over and pulled the milk free. "Can I see?"

"Why would you want to?" she asked, but didn't tell him no and didn't move away.

Rich reached out and picked up a single drop with his finger. She sighed as his finger broke contact with her hot skin and he tasted the sweet milk. "Delicious," he declared. More than once he had said the exact same thing about the flavor of her pussy. He saw her as a completely sexual object and as much as she wanted to object to that, his opinion was at least partially correct. She loved feeling so sexual, to be admired in every way and in every part, but he sexualized things that weren't supposed to be sexual and it confused Elaine and the only way she could push it away from her mind was to think about sex again and then the whole process started over.

"Instead of just wiping it away, why don't you just suck on them. I know you want to," she said to him. It was supposed to be an insult, but it wasn't. They both knew that.

Before she realized what he was doing, Elaine found herself on her back with Rich's mouth attached to her nipple. He was sucking eagerly and she could feel her milk flowing out of her body, a sensation that both freaked her out and turned her on. She clutched his head to her breast and tried to empty her mind. Everything that felt good was wrong and the best way—the only way—for her to deal with it was to give herself over to being nothing but flesh with no mind, all emotion and no intellect.

She came again while he nursed from her and neither of them touched her pussy.

"Spend the night with me," she said to him.

"Are you crazy? And get caught by Tom?"

"How are we going to get caught?" she asked him. "He's halfway across the state. Maybe banging some bimbo he met at his conference." She knew that was untrue. Tom wasn't the type to pick up strange women and cheat just because he could or because it was fun. That was her *modus operandi*.

“Assuming he doesn’t come home early, someone could see my car in the driveway,” he pointed out.

“My closest neighbors are a quarter mile away and I don’t think I’ve spoken more than half a dozen sentences to them the entire time I’ve lived here. You need to relax,” she told him. “You need to enjoy being bad and taking risks.”

But Rich couldn’t do that. As much as he liked fucking Elaine, even when she was pregnant—especially when she was pregnant—he couldn’t bring himself to sleep in another man’s bed. Explaining the illogic of his thinking that fucking another man’s wife was okay, but sleeping in his bed wasn’t, was impossible for Rich, but he had to be the person he was.

Even though he eventually agreed to spend the night and sleep with her in the bed, he waited until she fell asleep, snoring softly, before he slipped out of the bed, quietly dressed and drove home. He’d rather disappoint her by letting her wake up alone rather than take a risk getting caught.

Chapter Five

ANDREA HAD LEARNED how to enjoy the nervous tremble in her stomach. She was standing in front of Elaine who, as always, had an eager expression on her face. They were holding each other's hands and they were a slight awkward distance away from each other because of Elaine's belly.

"Go ahead and kiss her," Rich said. It was uncertain who he was directly addressing, but the intent was obvious. Not wanting to be labeled as the one who was always resistant, always had to be pulled along, it was Andrea who leaned in and pressed her lips against Elaine's.

They were supposed to be putting on a show for the guys. Andrea had fully given herself over to seeing how far she would push herself, what she would do in bed just for a thrill, just to push the boundaries of good taste and respectability. Elaine was in it without question. The kissing quickly progressed to Elaine pulling at Andrea's clothing. For just half a second she resisted because having sex with another woman was supposed to be wrong. She had been pretending that she was kissing a man—Conrad or any of her previous boyfriends, but Elaine's lips were too soft, her skin was too smooth, her curves too generous for Andrea to really pretend she was making out with a man. And that was good.

Elaine's hands had burrowed up under Andrea's shirt and was struggling to undo the hooks at the back of her bra. Maybe her bra was too tight or the angle was wrong, but Elaine wasn't very skillful in this respect. "Wait," Andrea said, pulling back and lifting her shirt up over her head. It was a loose tank top and underneath she wore a small demicup bra with thin straps over her shoulders. When she reached behind herself to unhook the strap, Rich called out. "No, don't do it yourself. Let Elaine do it."

She had forgotten she was supposed to be putting on a lesbian show for the men. It was just the warm up for the evening, but she was almost too eager to get down to business. A quick glance over at the guys, Rich sitting on the edge on the bed and Conrad perched in the overstuffed armchair that occupied the corner told her they were eager for the show to proceed. Rich had his hand down his pants while Conrad had already opened up his zipper and had his dick out.

Knowing exactly what the men wanted, Elaine spun Andrea around and now that she could see the hooks it was easy to remove Andrea's bra, exposing her tits.

She grabbed them from behind, squeezing the small globes which surprised Andrea, and kissed the redhead on the side of her neck. Even when she was pregnant, Elaine was aggressive. Before she knew it her leggings were peeled down and Elaine's hand was inside her panties, rubbing her fingers over Andrea's folds. They had turned their bodies slightly; Elaine was largely hidden from view, but Andrea was on full display with Elaine's fingers busy inside her panties that were already halfway down her hips. She didn't know what to do with her hands, so Andrea simply grabbed her nipples and played with them while Elaine continued to finger her while steadying the unstable redhead with a single hand on her hip.

"Make her cum." Elaine couldn't tell who said it, but it didn't matter. She pulled Andrea's panties down to mid-thigh and started pumping her fingers in and out of the redhead's pussy. Andrea started shaking; she wanted to lay down, but Elaine kept her on her feet. Elaine intentionally dragged her fingers over Andrea's clit with each thrust of her fingers and then it all became far too much. She trembled once last time and then caught Elaine's hand between her thighs while she came. A little gush of liquid spurted from Andrea's pussy, wetting her inner thighs and Elaine's hand. The dark-haired woman laughed and tasted the sweet liquid before wiping her hand dry on Andrea's flat belly.

"She needs to get properly fucked now," Elaine said, leading the semi-catatonic redhead to the bed. Andrea didn't mind being the only one in the room who was fully naked; her panties had slipped to the floor during her orgasm. It was strange to see Elaine still fully clothed but Rich was quickly stripping off his clothes so he could fuck her. Although she wanted to lay on her back, Elaine insisted that Andrea remain on hands and knees at the edge of the bed. Rich got behind her and slipped his erect cock—he had been masturbating to get hard, not to get off—into her soaking pussy.

"You know how to prepare a woman for a proper fuck," he complimented Elaine, leaning to the side to kiss the pregnant woman.

Rich was the first, but they all had a chance to fuck Andrea. She remained on the edge of the bed as each took their turn. Rich was fairly quick and filled her pussy with a healthy load of cum. As soon as he withdrew, Conrad stepped up with his cock that Elaine had been keeping hard with her hand and mouth. It took him a little longer than Rich to cum, but that was meaningless because it was all about making Andrea cum as many times as possible. Elaine got one strong orgasm out

of Andrea, and then Rich coaxed two out of the redhead, the second one occurring as a result of his hot cum filling her up. By then she was well-excited and traveling along the path to each peaks. The right rubbing combined with the correct change of angle was all that it took to make her cum. Conrad got her to climax four times before he emptied his balls into her, making her cunt a swampy mess of fluids. At that point Andrea thought she was done for the moment, but she was wrong.

Elaine stepped up behind her as Conrad withdrew. “What are you doing?” Andrea asked with a gasp as Elaine felt her pussy, looking for the entrance and judging her angle of approach. Andrea had carefully sculpted her pubic hair into a nice, neat triangle for this occasion, leaving her labia almost completely bare, making her extra-slick and easy to use.

“Fucking you,” Elaine answered as she continued to explore Andrea’s cunt.

“You can’t do that.” Her statement made no sense to Andrea.

“Sure I can. Con and Rich just did. And through the magic of technology, a woman can fuck another woman.”

“What?” That didn’t make any sense to Andrea but then she felt the dildo enter her well-used pussy and she suddenly understood exactly what Elaine meant.

“How are you doing that?”

“Double dildo,” Elaine answered. She kept her hand down between their bodies, holding the two headed tool inside herself as she penetrated Andrea with it. Andrea didn’t complain—she was excited. This was exactly what she wanted to be doing: trying new experiences. She had masturbated before with both a dildo and a vibrator, but had never been used by a woman in this manner. And to perform in this way in front of two men who were watching just for the thrill of watching women participate in sexual play was just another bonus.

So Andrea offered up herself to Elaine’s attention. It was so easy to lay down and take it like a lady—especially if it was being given to her by another lady.

It turned out that Elaine knew exactly what she was doing with her magical double-headed dildo. Andrea briefly wondered where she had picked up the skill, but it didn’t matter. Already riding on the near peak of orgasm, once Elaine set to work, Andrea had a series of mini-eruptions that kept her crying out for

more. At one point Conrad put his cock in front of her mouth and she eagerly sucked him, but didn't elicit an orgasm out of him. She was pretty sure that was the point—he just wanted to use her, not get off again. Andrea was nothing more than a sexual plaything for them and she was fine with that.

When it was finally all over Andrea had lost track of her orgasms but was fairly certain that Elaine had climaxed at least once in the process of fucking her. Her limbs were shaking from exhaustion and when she came to her senses she realized that she was being held by Conrad—it was a wonderful feeling—while she was facing Elaine who was lightly sucking on her finger, like a little girl. Her mouth was hot and wet, not unlike her pussy.

“You're dripping,” Conrad pointed out.

At first Andrea thought he meant her pussy. She could feel the combination of his and Rich's cum slowly leaking out of her—it was a wonderful feeling—but then he reached over her body and gently caressed Elaine's heavy tits. They were wet with her milk.

“Have Andrea suck them,” Rich suggested. “She needs to know what breast milk tastes like. All good sluts should.”

Without any further urging from either man or Elaine, Andrea wiggled forward and put her mouth to Elaine's full breast. Her mind wasn't fully hers at the moment; she was still high on the multiple orgasms she had been given. When she was given an order, she simply obeyed it; there was no reason to question why. The sweetness of the milk surprised her, but that was good. She had expected it to taste like cow's milk, but it didn't. It was much more like fruit juice. “Wow! That's amazing!”

“What is?”

“It tastes incredible.” She lowered her mouth back down and continued nursing, savoring every drop that Elaine produced. At first she had been nervous about not only having sexual play with Elaine, but the moment she tasted the other woman's milk, everything changed. It was literally liquid heaven.

Just the taste alone of Elaine's milk was enough to erase every doubt from Andrea's mind. Before she had some hesitation about group sex and playing with another woman, but if a woman's milk could taste so divine, then obviously

she needed to explore it further.

“That feels good,” Elaine murmured to the redhead who smiled into the large breasts she was nursing from. “Don’t stop.”

Conrad laughed. “I don’t know if I want her to stop or not.”

“Why?” asked Rich.

“It’s hot watching them, of course.” He reached out and wiped up a bit of milk that was dribbling out of Elaine’s free breast. “But it’s also pretty damn tasty. We shouldn’t let Andrea have it all.” He carefully moved his almost-girlfriend aside giving him just enough access to Elaine’s breast so he could nurse side by side with the redhead.

Rich watched for a minute, unmoved. Watching was part of the fun but for some reason, something was bothering him about this encounter. He had tasted plenty of Elaine’s milk, but he didn’t have a desire at the moment to nurse from her. The novelty had already worn off. He supposed he could have insisted either she or Andrea open up her legs so he could fuck her, but he had just cum and his cock was limp. He didn’t need anything else at the moment.

“Fuck me,” Elaine murmured. It took Rich a moment to realize she was talking to him.

“How?” It wasn’t a question about her preference of vigorousness, but a practical one of position and room. Between Andrea and Conrad sucking on her tits, plus her swollen belly, there wasn’t a lot of room for him to get close and actually initiate sex with her. There was also the logistical question. “I’m not hard.”

“Good, because I’ve been told I’m pretty easy.” She grinned at him and opened up her thighs, exposing her pussy just enough for him. There was just of a hint of wetness and the scent of her sex to cause a slight stirring in his cock.

“It’s going to take more than that,” he said, but put his hand to his cock anyway, absently pulling at it. He knew himself and there was no way he was going to get hard right away so she could be fucked.

“Get up here and I’ll suck you,” she said. Her eyes were closed now. She was

concentrating on what Andrea and Conrad were doing to her. If Rich couldn't managed to get it up she knew she was just going to masturbate. That would be fine, not as satisfying as a cock, but it would be fine for the moment.

Rich moved up to Elaine's face and with careful placement of legs and knees, was able to lower her groin to her mouth. She only needed to suck him a minute before he got hard, but even then she didn't let go and continued to suck on his balls even as he started to pull away.

"Stop," he insisted, enjoying the sensation of his most sensitive anatomy being subject to her whim. It occurred to him that if she so desired, a quick bite would leave him helpless and unmanned.

Elaine just grinned around his sack and continued to suck for another few seconds before finally releasing him. His mild brush with danger didn't dissuade Rich from spooning behind Elaine and slipping his cock up into her pussy. He needed a bit of assistance from Conrad, but it wasn't the first time his best friend had helped him out in a close encounter like this and it certainly wouldn't be the last either.

Once he started fucking Elaine, gently rocking her body as it was trapped between the three of them, she groaned in the back of her throat. "Oh fuck yeah," she complimented them. "This is what I need."

"Slut," Conrad told him, taking a quick break from her breast. As much as he didn't want to admit it, her supply wasn't infinite. He could tell she was slowly drying up for the evening though that didn't seem to slow down Andrea at all.

"You know me so well," she teased him and tried to pull him back to her breast, but he just shook his head and moved further back.

"You're empty," he told her.

"That's your fault." She looked down at Andrea who was still nursing happily along and dropped a little kiss on her upturned, but much smaller, breast. The little gesture caused a thrill of excitement to tremble through the redhead's body making her pause as well.

"Yeah, you went dry for me a minute ago," Andrea said. "I was just trapped and enjoying your nipple."

That made Elaine laugh and kiss her newly found friend again, this time on the lips.

“Can I ask you a question?” she asked, pulling away. It was starting to give Elaine a complex. All her lovers were leaving her.

“Sure.”

After a healthy inhalation Andrea screwed up her courage and said, “Can I go down on you?”

Elaine smiled. “Of course you can, love. I can even have Rich stop. I’ve had his cock plenty, but I haven’t had your tongue and mouth nearly enough.”

When Elaine started to look over her shoulder at the man fucking her, Andrea stopped her. “No. Let him keep going. If his cock is in you when I...do it...it’ll be less lesbian that way.”

Trying to keep a bemused smile off her face, Elaine nodded and watched while Andrea moved around and got down between her legs where Rich was still fucking her from behind, sliding his cock in and out of her wetness. Elaine felt a twinge of jealousy at Andrea’s lithe body, her stomach flat and athletic, her ass firm and rounded, not bloated. Her red hair beautifully framed her face complimenting the many freckles sprinkled across her nose, forehead, shoulders, and upper chest. It made her wonder what Andrea would look like after a few weeks in the sun topless. Her tits would look wonderful decorated with little freckles.

Any previous regrets or issues that Andrea had about sex with a woman had not completely faded away. She went down on Elaine and started eating pussy with great élan. The sensation of tongue and cock on her cunt wasn’t too much to take; it was perfect. The three remained silent as they moved together. Elaine had lost track of Rich and everything else in the world other than the two bodies that were touching her pussy. After a few minutes she quickly ascended that lovely peak and there was a sharp climax that made her shake and caused both her lovers to withdraw.

Coming back to herself Elaine was sad to realize that Andrea was nowhere to be seen. For a moment Elaine thought that maybe, just maybe, she had hallucinated the pretty redhead’s presence. “Where’d she go?” asked a very disappointed

Elaine. She wanted to play with the pretty redhead a little more.

“Bathroom I think,” said Rich. He was still cuddled up against her back, keeping her warm, his hand covering her fleshy stomach. “Maybe she’s looking for Rich. He disappeared as well.”

“Rude,” complained Elaine. “They should say goodbye before they leave. It’s impolite to fuck and run.”

“You can’t always have people do exactly what you want,” he told her.

“Still...”

“Are you ever going to tell Tom about us?” Rich abruptly asked. “Or are you ever going to tell him the secret life you live?”

“That’s none of your business,” she told him. “Aren’t you happy fucking me?”

“Happy enough, but you make me nervous with your lies to him.”

“Why should my lies make you nervous?”

“Because they involve me,” he told her, wanting to pull away but afraid to upset her. “How do I know how Tom’s going to react if he finds out about me? Or you? Us? And what about Conrad?”

“Don’t worry about it,” she told him. “He’ll never figure it out.”

“You can’t be a hundred percent certain about that!”

“Yeah, well, I can’t be a hundred percent certain that it’s his baby I’m carrying, but I’m not worried about it!”

Her words made him jerk his hand away from her stomach leaving the previous warm spot exposed to the cool air. She immediately clutched his hand back to her tummy. “Please tell me you’re kidding.”

Elaine remained silent too long before answering. “The baby is probably his... but I was never perfect with birth control.”

“Shit!” he cursed softly. “I should have used a condom.”

She shook her head causing her hair to fall across his face. They were both staring straight ahead at the wall, unable to look each other in the eye. "I wouldn't have let you. I like getting fucked and feeling a man cum inside me, feeling it hot and sticky inside me. It's my fault, don't blame yourself."

"I'm not," he snapped at her.

She let the insult go. "Anyway, most likely it's his. And he'll never be the wiser if it's not his."

"And if it's mine?" he angrily asked her. He wasn't angry just at her, but himself as well. "What if it's my kid and I don't get to raise him or her?" His anger wasn't completely misdirected, but it was inappropriate at the moment.

"Her," she said with great authority. "And if you're really worried we can do a DNA test after she's born. But do you really want to get into a custody fight?"

"Not really."

"And then there's the chance it's not yours," she added, "and not Tom's either. I fucked Conrad just as much as you."

"I don't want to hear that."

"It's a reality," she said and didn't mention there was at least one other candidate who might be able to claim fatherhood. Elaine had worked hard at earning the label of slut.

"I never wanted to do this. For it to be this way."

She frowned but he didn't see. "You loved fucking me with your roommate. You loved watching me fuck him. You knew I was married and I told you months ago I was going to have a kid. You knew the fucking risks and you played along. And I'll also point out the moment I appeared and you saw I was pregnant, that didn't stop you from fucking me again. You're a slave to your dick. If you want to find someone to blame, look between your legs."

"I know. You're right."

And that was the end of the conversation. Neither had more to say.

Chapter Six

“THAT’S SO AMAZING,” Andrea marveled as she watched the milk drip from Elaine’s nipples. The dark-haired woman was standing up in the middle of the kitchen, topless, with Andrea seated in front of her on a chair. Elaine took a certain satisfaction in the way the others—especially Andrea—marveled over her body. Her belly had grown significantly over the past several weeks along with her tits. Her milk had fully come in, and the small adulterous group blamed it on Elaine’s many partners quickly becoming obsessed with her milk and large breasts. “I wish I could make milk like you.”

She knew that Elaine was somewhat of an exception and that her early milk production was more than a little precocious, but it was still the point of admiration.

“You don’t want to go through having your belly get huge along with your ass and tits,” Elaine told her.

“Mine are already small, it would be a blessing,” she lowered her mouth to one of Elaine’s nipples and gently nursed, swallowing the rich, sweet milk while holding a small glass under Elaine’s other breast, catching the steadily dripping milk.

“Then all you need to do is get knocked up and in no time at all your tits will be swollen with mother’s milk.” The words came out harshly, but Andrea either ignored or didn’t catch the tone.

“Who knew that pregnant women were so sexy?” she asked mostly to herself, taking a quick break to once again admire Elaine’s dripping breast.

“I knew,” Rich declared. “They’re sexy because they’re already pregnant so when they cheat on their husbands, they won’t get caught.” He stepped behind his lover and kissed her cheek. She didn’t complain even when his hands went down to her hips and he lowered the zipper to her skirt. In short order she was barefoot and wearing only her panties.

“Barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen,” he commented. “The way a woman should be.”

“Hey!” protested Andrea but Elaine was strangely silent. She was enjoying being used by the friends around her. It was odd to realize, but despite her protests, she

loved being pregnant, regardless of who had caused the pregnancy.

All eyes went to her and when she realized that, the best response that Elaine could come up with was, “I’d love to be pregnant the rest of my life.”

“What?” Andrea was truly shocked. She didn’t think anything else among the four of them could shock her any longer, but she was always proven wrong.

“You have got to be kidding me.” She looked at her friend’s body. She had definitely had a hot body in the recent past, but pregnancy had changed that. While Elaine had wonderful skin and the right shape, her body had been slightly twisted by her pregnancy. Her belly was definitely swollen now; it was obvious she was pregnant even when she wasn’t naked. Her breasts were large, too large for her body, and it was obvious from the way she moved that her weight gain in her chest was recent and felt unnatural to her. Her ass was bigger as well; Andrea could tell that just by looking at her comparing it to the first time she had seen Elaine naked and from when they had first had sex.

While Andrea could understand that some men would find her Elaine’s extra curves and softness sexy—and to a certain extent she did as well—what she didn’t find at all appealing was the appearance of stretch marks on Elaine’s belly, sides, and thighs. She didn’t know how bad they would get and while the two had briefly discussed creams and lotions to help with the marks, nothing seemed to be working for Elaine. Another unattractive change was the dark line that was growing from her pubis to her navel, all along her curved stomach. The *linea nigra* was a stupid name for it. Indeed it was almost a black line, but Andrea had never been a fan of overly obvious Latin. The final result of the pregnant gave Andrea a shiver as well. This was all fun and games at this point, but eventually it would all end for Elaine if not Andrea.

However, she couldn’t deny one thing about Elaine that was most definitely a turn on for her and it was the ever so subtle thigh gap that Elaine still had. It was the steady supply of milk that she was making. And that milk supply made Andrea jealous, though she’d never say so out loud to the dark-haired woman.

Elaine grinned at them all with more than just a small glint of wickedness in her eye. “I like my bigger tits and the milk.” She looked down at Andrea who was still holding the glass to her steadily dripping breast. “But the best part is the horniness. I’ve never wanted sex so much before in my life. Ever.”

“Really?” Conrad asked. He didn’t really doubt her, but the only context he had ever known her in was a sexual one.

“If you think I was a slut before...” she said looking for a comparison. “Okay, you three only get to fuck me every couple of weeks, but I’m at home two or three times a day with my vibrator and then I’m even talking Tom into fucking me—”

“Tom?” Andrea asked, confused.

Elaine fixed her with an annoyed gaze. “My husband. He’s not so great in bed, but right now, I’ll take anything. I had sex with him last night and I would have fucked him this morning if he had even taken five minutes to get hard and stick it in me.”

Andrea laughed nervously. “It sounds like you should be trolling at bars, looking to pick up guys.”

“Believe me, I’ve thought about it,” Elaine said, running her fingers along Andrea’s jaw and pulling her back to suckle on her exposed breast. “But pregnant women aren’t all that welcome in singles bars.”

Her statement hung in the air for a moment before Conrad picked up on what she was hinting. “Fucking fuzzing hell, you tried it didn’t you?” he accused her.

Elaine looked away and said nothing. That was all the confirmation he needed.

The idea of Elaine trolling at a singles bar caused Rich’s cock to get hard and he pulled down his lover’s pink panties, leaving her completely naked in the middle of the small kitchen. Andrea didn’t stop nursing from Elaine’s tits even as Rich got his cock out. She switched back and forth from left to right, catching whatever milk dripped out but drinking most of what the pregnant woman was offering.

Rich pushed Elaine forward slightly, jostling Andrea’s latch on Elaine’s tit, but he wasn’t worried about that. He probed between her legs with his cock, found she was already wet—which didn’t surprise him—and lubed up the cock head with what was clinging to her labia before penetrating deeply into her pussy. “You like that?” he whispered into her ear. “You like being a pregnant slut?”

“Uh-huh,” she sighed back at him. “I’m a pregnant, horny slut. Everyone is going to fuck me tonight.”

None of the three had asked what Elaine’s husband was doing and why he wasn’t questioning why she, a pregnant woman, was out alone in the middle of the week. Rich was already deep into the woman who could be described as his girlfriend—he liked thinking of her as his girlfriend because to him it was crazy-hot to know she was married to someone else—and his mind wasn’t thinking, only his body was reacting to how good it felt to fuck a pregnant woman. A pregnant woman that was carrying—hopefully—someone else’s baby.

Conrad started rubbing himself through his pants. He could have pulled Andrea away and taken her to the bedroom to fuck her, but he could do that almost any night of the week now. She was spending a lot more time with him and Rich, fucking them both. The first time he got off tonight was going to be inside Elaine. It was going to be fantastic because he knew that Rich was going to leave behind a huge load of hot spunk in her and he was going to plunge his cock into that goopy mess, making it twice as big and sloppy.

While the men knew exactly what they were going to do to Elaine, Andrea was unsure. She knew where she fell in the pecking order: she’d be last to have her way with Elaine, and that was by design. The guys would get off first and then they’d watch the two women have sex and that would excite them both of them so they could either have a second go at Elaine or fuck Andrea once. At first blush she didn’t like being a sex toy for the small group, but then she realized that was how the old Andrea would think and act. If someone wanted a kinky sex act from her now, she was determined not to say no. The strap on dildo was just a few feet away in the bedroom and she was happy to don it or have Elaine use it on her..

Eventually, while Rich fucked the now half bent over Elaine, Andrea broke her latch from Andrea’s tit and backed up with the glass in her hand. It was half full of Elaine’s thin, sweet milk and she offered it to Conrad who happily took a sip, leaving some behind for Rich. Drinking the pregnant woman’s milk seemed to bind the entire group together. Andrea knew she was going to be crushed once the baby was born and she didn’t have easy access to Elaine’s milk any longer. In the back of her mind she knew exactly what was going to be asked of her and she wasn’t sure if she was willing to go along with it.

“She’s beautiful when she’s getting fucked,” Conrad said to Andrea as they watched ecstasy slowly creep across Elaine’s face.

“She’s beautiful all the time,” Andrea defended her friend even while Conrad slowly started stripping her clothes off her. She didn’t mind. She knew her role and position. She waited patiently while Rich fucked Elaine and then watched, almost dispassionately, as Conrad took his turn with the pregnant woman. It was halfway exciting and halfway routine. When Conrad took her, Elaine was forced to support her weight on her forearms, leaning on the eating island in the middle of the kitchen. Her tits were hanging freely, bouncing slightly with each thrust from Conrad. Her big belly was sandwiched between her beefy thighs and pendulous tits.

Getting naked in front of everyone else was just a secondary thought. Andrea barely reacted when Rich handed her the double ended dildo. When it was her turn she inserted it into her pussy and took up the position behind Elaine. It took the pregnant woman’s help to get the bulbous toy into her pussy, but once the two women were connected, everything worked perfectly. They moved together and Andrea felt their connection growing not just as a physical extension of each other, but an emotional one as well. She had never felt this close to any woman ever before: not her sister, not her cousins, not her mother, not even her college roommate who she considered her best friend. This was something else entirely.

It was Andrea who came first, which was unusual. Elaine almost always had the first orgasm when the two women played together. It was Elaine who always had the first orgasm when she had sex with one of the men. Usually Elaine had two or three climaxes before Andrea managed to get off even once. At first that had made Andrea jealous, but she got used to it and started enjoying seeing her friend in the throes of passion—a condition she often caused for Elaine. Andrea came three times while fucking Elaine, bend over and leaning on the island’s wooden surface, from behind. The submissive position of the pregnant woman along with the fake cock Andrea had secured inside her pussy made Andrea feel powerful and masculine. She liked the feeling, but it scared her a bit as well.

She pumped and thrust against Elaine, hearing her pussy squelch against the semi-solid dildo, until Elaine cried out in passion. The dark-haired woman almost fell to the floor, only Rich prevented her from falling. He had been watching the two women, running his hand over Elaine’s back, enjoying the expressions on her face as she was used as nothing more than a toy for Andrea

and an amusement for himself.

“Enough,” Elaine panted as she all but collapsed to the chair Rich brought over. Her stomach was bulging, sweat beaded on her forehead, and she was breathing heavily. Once again Andrea couldn’t decide if these things were disgusting or sexy...or a little of both.

“It’s never enough,” Rich grinned at her, glancing back to Andrea who was standing in the middle of the kitchen, half holding the dildo inside her body. Tilting her hips to the side, she extracted the toy. “Did you cum?” he asked Andrea.

“Not enough,” she declared even though she had peaked three times. The words were true and they scared her. How many times would be enough for her?

Chapter Seven

ONLY ANDREA VISITED Elaine in the hospital. She did it at the exact time that Elaine texted to her, making sure all other family and friends were gone. She wasn't sure how she felt about being hidden from the rest of Elaine's life made her feel, but if she hadn't wanted to come, she could simply have ignored her friend's request.

"You look exhausted," Andrea told her after the nurses wheeled the baby away in the little plastic basinet.

"Childbirth will do that," Elaine answered, resting her head back on the pillow. Once again her body had changed. Andrea had grown used to her friend's body constantly expanding, but today she was literally deflated. Her tummy had gone back to a mostly normal size though her breasts were still enlarged and all of the weight she had gained during the pregnancy still clung to her body. It had only been two days since the actual birth. "Little Tamara is a good eaters, or at least that's what the nurses said."

"Oh?" Andrea didn't know how to respond to that statement.

It didn't bother Elaine. She just continued on. "They were really impressed with how much my milk has come in. I didn't tell them the real reason why I have such a good supply." She reached out and took Andrea's hand. The redhead didn't like being in hospitals. This was a good one. The smell of antiseptic was faint and in the birthing ward they did a good job of making the place as homey as possible, but it was still a hospital. "Thank you," she said.

"For what?"

"For everything that we did together." She smiled. "Especially the sex and nursing. God I loved the sex, but the nursing was even better because it was so... wrong." Her smile didn't fade and Andrea tried to match it. She was uncomfortable at what Elaine was hinting at. "I liked that."

"I liked it too," Andrea said automatically. Her words were largely true, but she didn't want to think too much about what was and wasn't completely accurate.

"I can't wait to get pregnant again," she confided in Andrea.

"What?"

“I can’t wait to get pregnant again. I loved being pregnant.” She beamed at Andrea. Her eyes had taken on the look of someone who had disconnected with reality. “As soon as everything heals I’m going to fuck Tom and he’s going to knock me up again and then I’ll be visiting Conrad and Rich, getting double fucked by them.” She made a wary glance at the closed door and then quickly pulled down the front of her hospital gown, exposing her swollen breast. “Quick,” she said. “Nurse from me.”

“What?”

“It feels so good when you do it. Little Tamara nurses, but it’s not the same as from a lover.”

Andrea froze and Elaine beckoned her closer. Feeling trapped and not knowing what else to do, Andrea swept her hair to the side and lowered her mouth to Elaine’s fat nipple, sucking it to get the milk flowing. The hormones raging through Elaine’s body must have kicked her breasts into high production because the milk practically sprayed down her throat. Andrea sucked and swallowed as fast as she could. It made her feel greedy how much milk she was taking, but she didn’t know what else to do. Until there was a wayward bump at the door Andrea stayed bent over nursing as Elaine groaned at the attention. The bump caused Andrea to panic. She stood bolt upright and backed away from the bed while Elaine hastily covered up. The door didn’t open.

“You’re being paranoid,” Elaine chided her. “Silly and paranoid.”

“I’d better go,” she told her friend as she picked up her purse. “We don’t want to get caught.”

Chapter Eight

ANDREA WAS PINNED between Conrad and Rich. The three were on their sides, Rich spooning her from behind and Conrad in front, facing her. Rich's cock was already up her ass. She had grown to enjoy a little bit of anal sex. Having one man in her mouth and one in her pussy was wonderful, but it was so much more intimate and dirty to have all of their genitals connected in this way. Conrad hadn't entered her yet, but she had her leg up in the air and was waiting for him. His fingers were still exploring her pussy. Although she had offered to shave herself cleanly, both men objected. They didn't see the point in having sex with a redhead who didn't sport at least a little hair on her pussy, so she had gone down to just a simple stripe. Andrea would have preferred the perfectly manicured bare look, but for her lovers she was willing to make sacrifices.

She had been living with them for two months now. She was largely happy but she missed her friend. Getting fucked by two handsome men all the time was both exhilarating and exhausting. The downside was that she was largely responsible for the sexual happiness of two men, which was twice as much as she was accustomed to, and after not very long she realized how much she missed having sex with Elaine in the mix, in any capacity. While she was fairly certain she was supposed to be Conrad's girlfriend, she had just as close a relationship with Rich as she did with his roommate.

"Ready?" Conrad asked her. She just nodded; it was too difficult to speak when there was a cock lodged in her ass. It felt wonderful—and it felt even better when they were both in her—but she was at the end of her endurance when they used her together.

Still, she was able to look down at her exposed pussy as Conrad slide himself into her, stretching out her pussy walls. Insider her body she could feel their cocks almost touching, just separated from each other by the thinnest of tissues. When they took her together like this they didn't alternate thrusting in and out of her, they did it simultaneously, both in, both out, leaving her overfull and completely empty.

"We made a decision," Rich whispered in her ear.

"We decided we liked fucking Elaine when she was pregnant," Conrad told her.

All Andrea could do was nod in agreement.

“With her wonderful big, milky tits,” Rich added.

“And the way she was horny all the time,” Conrad said.

“We decided we’re going to make you pregnant,” Rich announced.

“Do you like that?” Conrad asked her.

When she didn’t answer quick enough Rich asked, “Do you like that?”

She nodded. All she could do was nod. She didn’t have any control over her body any longer.

And Andrea was fine with that.

They both fucked her that night. Conrad took her pussy first, and when he was done, Rich pulled out of her ass and came in her second. By then Conrad was eager and ready again. When he was done with his second time, Rich fucked her, depositing his load of cum deep in her pussy. It was horrible and wonderful and glorious all at the same time. She never would have changed her mind about the decision she had made.

By the time they were done she had to sit on the toilet for what seemed like forever before all their cum drained out of her. Only then did she dare to reach up inside her pussy and remove her diaphragm. She washed it off in the bathroom sink and hid it deep inside the bathroom cabinet where two men would never think to look or clean.

“Are you ready for this?” Elaine asked her friend. They were lying face to face on Elaine’s bed, both naked, both completely relaxed. Andrea was oddly jealous of Elaine’s curvier body. Her tits were still big—she was still lactating—but her stomach and flattened down considerably though she was still holding most of her baby weight. And the baby was sleeping in her room down the hall. They didn’t have all the time in the world, but just enough time.

“I’m more than ready,” Andrea reported and kissed her friend. After the quick kiss she lowered her mouth and playfully took one of Elaine’s nipples between her lips. The latch was quick and before Elaine could pull away, Andrea was

nursing. Her milk was always ready and it only took one suck before Andrea's mouth was flooded with creamy sweetness.

"Don't," Elaine said but immediately followed her protest with, "Okay, just a little. Save enough for Tamara."

The two women stayed attached to each other while Tom watched from across the room. He too was naked with his cock in his hand, watching them gently play. He wasn't fully erect, not yet, but he would be shortly. Even with him in only a semi-flaccid state Andrea was quick to realize that he was much better hung than either Rich or Conrad. That made her wonder if Elaine cheated on her husband because she wanted a break from the huge cock he was wielding.

"Are you ready for her?" Elaine asked her husband while Andrea continued to nurse.

"Yeah," he grunted. "Is she wet?"

Elaine reached between Andrea's legs. The redhead accommodated her by opening up her thighs to let her pussy be explored. "She's soaking," Elaine reported.

"Good," he said on got on the bed next to them.

"Where are you in your cycle, honey?" Elaine asked gently, pulling her breast from Andrea's mouth. The redhead wiped her lips with the back of her hand.

"I'm fertile," she reported. "And I've been using the diaphragm with Conrad and Rich."

"Aren't they going to figure out what you've been doing?" Tom asked as he stroked Andrea's warm and firm ass. Her body was completely different from his wife's. This was going to be a complete change and a complete pleasure for him.

"Them?" Andrea asked. "They're idiots. They don't think beyond the ends of their dicks."

"She's figured them out," Elaine explained. "Good in bed but they don't know what women really want out of a relationship, right hon?" she asked Andrea.

“Uh-huh,” the redhead absently replied as Tom’s fingers went between her legs and found her clit.

“Get up on your knees,” Elaine instructed her. “That’s the best way to be bred.”

With some assistance from Tom, she did so, spreading her knees wide and arching her back to invite Elaine’s husband to fuck her. Although neither Tom or Andrea needed Elaine’s help, she gave it anyway. It was a great pleasure to guide her husband’s cock into her friend’s pussy. The help wasn’t needed, and in some ways it was actually a hindrance, but it was necessary because all three understood what they were doing was a group decision, a group action, not any one of them forcing their will onto the other.

“Oh...yes,” Andrea declared at Tom filled her up and started pumping away. In her vision of the future she could see her belly and tits growing. She knew both would rival what Elaine had. Her tummy would bulge with the sin of what she had done and her tits would expand and fill with milk so she could feed Elaine and Conrad and Rich. She wasn’t going to leave anyone out. Even Tom could nurse from her if he wished.

“Are you ever going to tell them?” Elaine asked Andrea as she watched her husband fuck the pretty redhead. While she wasn’t much for porn, watching a live sex show featuring her friend and her husband was a different matter entirely. It was more exciting than some boring photoplay on a tiny computer screen. But what made it most exciting was that her husband was breeding her friend. It should have been wrong, the worst thing in the world, but instead it excited Elaine more than she could imagine. It was only a couple of months since she had given birth and it was proving difficult to get pregnant again so quickly, partly because of her cycle and partly because of her lactation, but she was going to be bred by her husband again...but maybe imply to Rich and Conrad that maybe one of them had done it to her, filled her belly with their seed and given her a child.

“Tell them what?” Andrea grunted. Elaine’s question was interrupting her pleasure.

“Tell Rich and Conrad someone else got you pregnant. That Tom got you pregnant.” Elaine smiled. She tried not to make it an evil smile, but that was impossible.

“They...don’t deserve to know,” Andrea told her friend. “Does it matter who knocks me up?”

Elaine bent down and kissed her friend. “Not at all.”

Andrea closed her eyes and waited for the hot rush of cum that would bathe her womb in seed and give her exactly what she wanted in life.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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