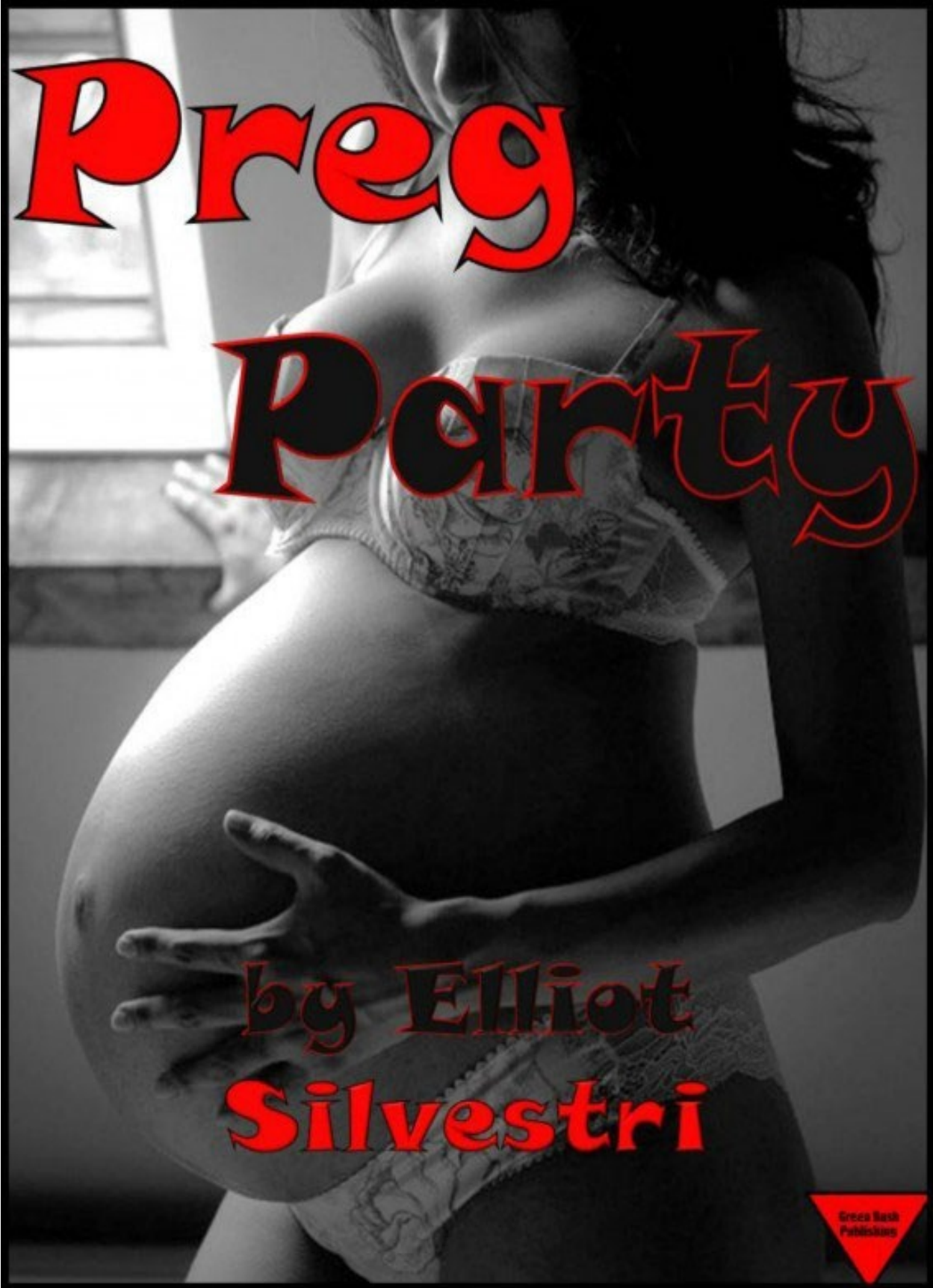
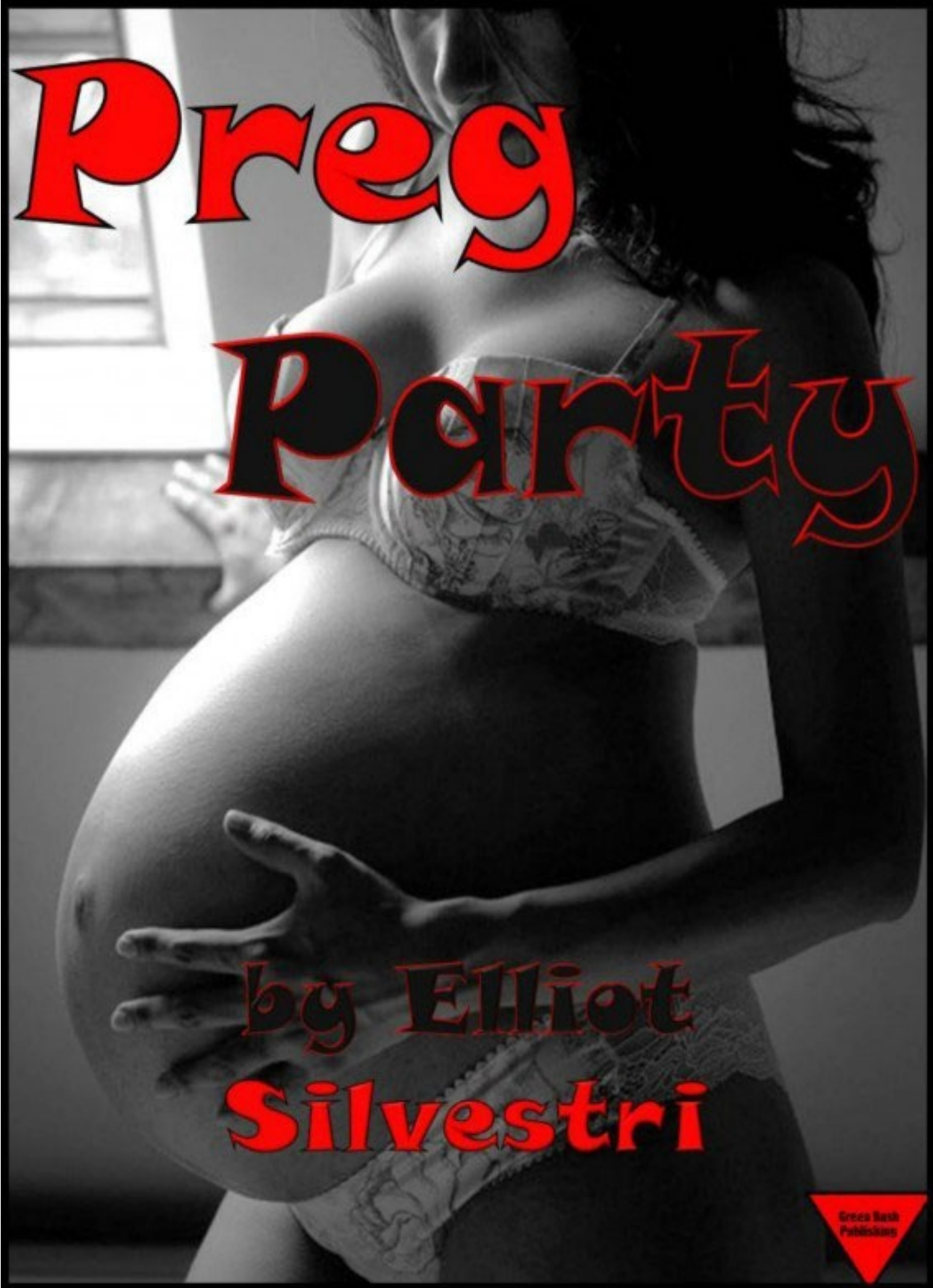




Preg Party

by Elliot
Silvestri

Greco Book
Publishers



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Smashwords Edition

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Part One

Chapter One

“YOU STARTED THE party without me?” asked a semi-offended Elaine as she walked into the bedroom. Her attitude was mostly an act, but she was disappointed at all the attention the pretty redhead was getting.

Andrea, the pretty redhead, almost panicked at the sound of the other woman’s voice. She was naked and on her hands and knees. Rich’s cock was in her mouth and Conrad’s was in her pussy. It was the first time she had ever gone to bed with two guys and was nervous enough at doing something so thrilling and dangerous; she hadn’t been expected to be interrupted by a complete stranger so she could easily be forgiven when she turned her head, releasing Rich’s cock from her mouth and nearly gagging in the process. Her alarm caused her to want to jump up and run away, but Conrad held her hips firmly, rooting her in place, while he continued to fuck her slowly. Her heart thumped rapidly in her chest, and it wasn’t from the rising thrill of being fucked by two men.

“Relax, Andi,” Rich told her, cupping her chin in his hand. “It’s just Elaine. Nothing to worry about.”

“Who the fuck is she?” Andrea all but spat out. She was halfway between anger and terror. It was scary enough to be used by two men at once for the first time and she didn’t need the additional stress of being interrupted. She couldn’t believe she had left Conrad talk her into a three-way with his roommate.

“Just an old friend,” said Rich as he exchanged a nervous grin with Conrad who hadn’t stopped pumping Andrea from behind. “The three of us used to...ah. Well. Sort of what we’re doing now.” He nervously cleared his throat. “Where have you been, Elaine?” he asked, trying to make it seem like a casual meeting between friends when it was anything but that. The three of them were naked and in the middle of sex when the interloper had just barged in. Elaine seemed to hold all the power because she was fully dressed and standing on her own two feet, not caught in the middle of a semi-compromising position.

The truth of it was that it hadn’t been that many months previous that Elaine had occupied the exact position between Conrad and Rich. Elaine had missed their group encounters more than she wanted to admit to them or to herself.

“You know where I’ve been,” she answered. “Busy. Very busy. Unfortunately too busy for this,” she added sadly as she started unbuttoning her shirt to reveal an impressive amount of cleavage barely contained by her bra. Andrea

experienced an unsettling rumble of jealousy when she realized the other woman's tits were much larger than hers. She knew it was completely ridiculous to be jealous of another woman's body, but she couldn't help her feelings. If there was just one thing she could change about herself, she always told herself, it would be for bigger boobs. Everything else about her body she was happy with—mostly because she worked hard to keep in shape—but as a consequence of many hours running and working out at the gym, her breasts—even on a good day—would be hard pressed to fill a B cup. Usually an A cup bra was more than sufficient for her purposes. The woman intruding on her private sexual interlude was sporting a pair of Ds, if not larger.

“You joining us, Elaine?” Conrad asked. He had had sex with Elaine many times previously and it had always been enjoyable, mostly because the two of them knew it was nothing more than sex. They connected well on a physical level and they didn't want anything else out of their relationship. It was perfect for both. Rich and Elaine, however, were a different story.

“I was thinking about it,” the dark-haired woman said as she completed unbuttoning her shirt and tossed it aside. The moment she did Andrea's jealousy level went down because the other woman was obviously not in as good a shape as her. She had a bloated stomach that Andrea wouldn't wish on anyone. “Is there room for another?”

“There's always room for one more,” Conrad said, inviting her into the bed.

“Um, do I have any say in this matter?” Andrea said angrily, pushing Rich aside and uncoupling her pussy from Conrad. It had all been going perfectly, she told herself as she scrambled over to the side of the bed where she had seen most of her clothing go. She started to let her anger get the better part of her emotional control. Getting naked with two guys had been incredibly difficult for her, even if it was something she wanted, but adding in a strange woman wasn't something she desired. “If you two want to fuck the fat girl, go ahead.”

“Andi,” Conrad began, sliding off the bed as well and grabbing her arm. “It's not what you think.”

“Oh really, what is it that I think?” she snapped at him.

Her outburst made Elaine laugh even as she unzipped her pants and dropped them to the floor, revealing that her belly might have been larger than perfect

and rounded, it wasn't exactly from overeating and a lack of exercise. Upon a second good look Andrea realized that Elaine was obviously pregnant.

"What are you laughing at?" Andrea continued, embarrassed at the whole situation now, not believing that she had let herself get talked into fucking two guys. She spotted her blouse on the floor and snatched it up, covering her nudity even though it didn't really seem necessary at the moment.

"You looked like you were having such a good time," Elaine said magnanimously. "I was watching from the door for a minute. I can't believe you're walking away from two perfectly good cocks. I mean, when these two used to fuck me, it was fantastic. They really know what they're doing, especially when they do it together."

"Maybe I would have enjoyed myself, if I wasn't interrupted," Andrea retorted.

"Good point," Elaine agreed. "I wasn't invited. But I'll point out that I am extra horny. It's been too long." She stood there in her matching bra and panties and right away Andrea saw why Rich and Conrad had taken the other woman to bed. She was gorgeous, even if right now she had a pregnant stomach. Everything about her seemed perfect, or nearly so. Maybe her thighs were a little thick and maybe her tits were a little bigger than normal, but she was a treat for the eyes—and probably other organs as well. "This is the time when Rich and Conrad and I would...well, you've already figured that out, haven't you. They haven't changed at all. They love sharing a woman. I was hoping to surprise them."

"You surprised us," Rich chimed in.

"You surprised Andrea as well," Conrad added.

"Not funny," fumed Andrea, but she didn't get dressed. She simply stood next to the bed with her shirt covering her tits and not much else. Elaine wanted to point out that she could see that Andrea was a natural redhead, but that didn't seem prudent at the moment.

"I can leave," Elaine said. "I wasn't invited, after all. And I'm sure you two have been plotting this all along, finding a new trollop to bang like frat brothers. I won't stand in your way." She knelt down on the floor and picked up her pants. Her stomach was just large enough that she couldn't easily bend at the waist and she wasn't certain of her balance because of her rapid weight gain during the

first half of her pregnancy.

“Plotting?” Andrea asked, a bit confused and perturbed. Suddenly it all fell into place for her. Clutching her shirt with one hand now she pointed her finger back and forth between Rich and Conrad. “You two have done this before, haven’t you? I can’t believe you!” She was fuming now. Certain she knew that the two men were good friends—after all how many unmarried men over the age of thirty still lived together like they were still in college?—but she had thought that the decision to have a three-way was something that was new to them. Meeting Conrad in the gym had been a thrilling bit of accidental dating, but now she was reevaluating that. Did their few dates come about because he was interested in her, or because he was procuring a woman to double-team with his best friend? “I’m the second woman you two have fucked together?”

The men were silent a long second but before either of them could say a word, Elaine snorted and started laughing. “Hon, you’re hardly the second. I was hardly the second. If I’m lucky, I was number nine.”

Elaine’s bit of information all but devastated Andrea. “I can’t fucking believe you two!”

By now the men’s cock’s had gone fully limp and Elaine felt bad for them. They had been having a lovely time—a lovely first time apparently—with the pretty redhead, and then she walked in to interrupt the good time. Guilt filled her psyche, the sort of guilt she never felt when she was cheating on her husband. The guilt of having spoiled someone else’s fun because she just had to involve herself as well. And now she couldn’t leave the house because if Andrea did she would have to pity fuck the two men—not that she minded doing that because she had been intent on fucking the both, but still.

Elaine was shaking her head at them. “I told you two, a little honesty would go a long way with other women. Why do you two think it’s a good idea to make every woman you seduce think it’s the first time you’ve been in a three-way?”

“We don’t want her to think we’re gay,” Rich blurted.

“To make her feel special,” Conrad said, a half second behind his friend.

Still shaking her head, Elaine carefully stepped around the bed and rested her hand on Andrea’s arm. “I’m so sorry about this. I’ll leave. Go back and get in

bed with these two. They might act like sixteen year old boys discovering their dicks for the first time, but they are wonderfully sweet and fun in bed. Enjoy yourself. You don't need a pregnant woman spoiling the fun."

"No, that's okay," Andrea quickly replied. "I think I'm done here. You can stay if you want, but I'm leaving." She bent down and quickly snatched up the rest of the clothing, then stepped around Elaine. She had almost made it to the bathroom where she intended to get dressed, when suddenly Elaine was right behind her, pushing her inside for a short private chat. The two men had been crestfallen and Elaine—strange as it might sound—was actually sympathetic toward them. True, they behaved like sixteen year old boys, but they were polite sixteen year old boys at heart who also truly knew how to please a woman.

"What are you doing?" asked a very annoyed Andrea as Elaine locked the door behind them. She had now been pushed to her limit.

"Having a girl-to-girl heart-to-heart," Elaine said while brushing a few of her black curly hairs out of her face. Andrea felt a little imposed upon, partly because Elaine's swelling belly made the bathroom seem all the smaller. "I'd really appreciate it if you didn't up and leave right now."

"Why not? You've going to get what you want. Those...boys," she couldn't compel herself to call them men, "are going to fuck one of us, so it might as well be you. You've done it before, haven't you?" The last question was supposed to be an insult, but Elaine didn't rise to the bait.

"Why not the both of us?" she asked quietly as Andrea pulled her shirt on over her head, ignoring her bra. The shirt didn't come down low enough to cover Andrea's pussy and Elaine found herself glancing once more between the pretty redhead's legs to verify she was indeed a natural redhead. The freckles all over her face, shoulders, and upper chest were a dead giveaway, but Elaine still felt the need to check.

"I don't go that way," Andrea said, but she didn't make any motion to put on more clothes.

"I'm not saying that you do. But you certainly were enjoying yourself being the beneficiary of both their attention. They know what they're doing. And I know it's your first time with them, but trust me, the two of us with the two of them, it'll be fantastic and the payoff in the end will be phenomenal."

“I’m not bi,” Andrea clarified, as if Elaine were the least bit hazy on the subject.

“I understand that. But when men have the choice of two women, they go crazy. And I think you’re looking for a little bit of crazy in your life, aren’t you? Otherwise, you wouldn’t be here in the first place.”

Andrea turned away and looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. The other woman had known her for less than five minutes and already she knew her too well. As much as she wanted to run away, there was a stronger pull on Andrea to bring her back into the bedroom to see how the two men would use her. She wanted to be used...and she wasn’t the least bit ashamed to admit that showing off in front of pregnant Elaine quickened her to the core. “You interrupted,” she said to Elaine’s reflection in the mirror.

“And I’m sorry for that. But maybe we should just set that aside for the moment and get laid instead?”

To that Andrea nodded yes, but still didn’t look directly at Elaine. She stepped around her belly and unlocked the door before she sauntered with great confidence into the bedroom. Conrad and Rich were still on the bed, quietly discussing what to do when the women came out, but immediately ceased their conversation when Andrea appeared, pulling her shirt up over her head. She was doing a lot of dressing and undressing today. “Get back to work, boys,” she ordered as she climbed onto the bed and took Rich’s cock in her hand. “You two need to make me cum before you get to fuck...” she trailed off and looked over her shoulder at Elaine who was still in her bra and panties. “What’s your name again?”

“Elaine.”

“Before you get to fuck Elaine.” She glanced at Conrad’s soft cock. “Maybe you’d better get him hard so he can fuck me,” she said to Elaine as she lowered her mouth on Rich’s cock.

With a wide grin, Conrad indicated that Elaine should go down on him. She gave him a sour look, but started fellating him anyway. Elaine had always enjoyed oral sex, both giving and receiving, and taking a familiar cock into her mouth wasn’t in any way a chore. The only cock she had sucked on in months was her husband’s, and that was nowhere near the level of variety she needed.

It only took a few sucks and some gentle manipulation of his balls before Conrad was fully hard and ready for Andrea's pussy. She was busy stuffing Rich's manhood down her throat, so Elaine reasoned it was unlikely that the redhead would mind her helping Conrad mount her from behind. Once he was inside her Elaine's able assistance, Elaine sat back and watched the beautiful and natural process of two men fucking a woman.

She might have been nervous, but she was also keyed up from her earlier encounter with the boys. Getting fucked from behind by Conrad while sucking on Rich's cock was a fulfilling experience she never dreamed would actually happen. Making another woman wait for the same experience was also satisfying, but she couldn't voice that particular thrill at the moment—mostly because her mouth was full of cock.

Orgasms had never come hard to Andrea; she couldn't understand women who were anorgasmic and was certain something was emotionally wrong with them. When she started cumming on Conrad's cock she had to take Rich's out of her mouth so she could cry out while she came. Her fist closed tightly on his shaft but he didn't seem to mind. Her pussy tightened down on Conrad and she became incredibly hot inside. A moment later he was cumming as well, filling her pussy with his cum, not caring about anything else in the world other than the intersection of their bodies.

When she and Conrad were both done cumming, Rich lifted up her chin to look him in the eyes. "Where do you want it?"

"Want what?" she asked, pondering exactly what he meant. Her mind was whirling from the thrill of the climax.

"My cum. In your mouth or your pussy?"

While she might not have been above swallowing or even taking a load of cum on her face, Andrea preferred sex in the all-natural way. "My cunt," she declared, uncoupling wetly from Conrad and shakily turning around on the bed to present Rich her wet and cum-dripping pussy.

Some men might have been put off about fucking a freshly filled pussy, but both Rich and Conrad had shared enough women over the years, that this was an old ritual for him. Entering Andrea's well-prepared pussy was like coming home to a home he had never been in before. She was warm and wet, and wet not just from

her juices, but from Conrad's cum.

"Is that what my face looked like when you two used to fuck me?" Elaine softly asked Rich, pressing her lips against his cheek in a gentle kiss. Andrea's face was one of rhapsody; her eyes were unfocused and her expression was one of a woman high on drugs, but she had no outside chemical stimulants, just the natural chemicals her body produced.

"Yes," he told her, turning his face to kiss her on the lips. His cock was tired, but just her closeness and the familiarity of her scent, her warmth, her presence was enough to make it start to stir. He wouldn't get hard right away, but that was fine. He had some time. "Yes, wait, no. You looked a lot like that, but only more beautiful. You were always the most beautiful when you were cumming."

"Liar," she told him as his hand went behind her back and loosened the hooks to her bra. She let him struggle a bit, watching Rich and Andrea fuck for a bit more, but then eventually he sprung the hooks and her breasts swung free of the restrictive material. He palmed them, feeling the nipples harden against his fingers. Elaine was always ready and responsive. It had been a great blow to his ego when she had stopped seeing him, apparently preferring the company of her husband. That hadn't turned out to be the case. She had just been eager to get pregnant, and only by her husband's cock, not his or Rich's, which was understandable.

"They're bigger than I remember," he told her.

"Everything is bigger about me," she said. "You must have noticed my belly is bigger, haven't you?"

"Mm-hmm." The noise he made was non-committal. No words were spoken because his mouth was now around one of her hard nipples, drawing it into his mouth and sucking it with relish.

She shivered, feeling the thrill run from her nipples down to her pussy and then to her toes. Even in the middle of pregnancy her body responded as usual. All it took was a few seconds of nipple sucking and her pussy and panties were awash in wetness.

"My tits are bigger, my belly is bigger, my thighs are bigger, my ass is bigger." She laughed lightly and threw back her head as Conrad continued to suck on her

nipples while slipping his fingers into the waistband of her panties, searching down further, looking for her pussy. “Of course my bra is bigger, and so are my panties.”

She grabbed his hand and drew it away from her thick waist around behind her to cup her buttock. Always before when she went to bed with Conrad and Rich, she would only wear a thong or G-string. Today she was wearing perfectly presentable and ordinary bikini panties. She was disappointed in herself, but they were the only style that felt comfortable to wear now that she was pregnant. She still didn't give him much time to play with her body. Instead she went down on her hands and knees on the bed to take Conrad's slowly stiffening rod in her mouth.

He didn't complain he couldn't touch her ass or pussy any longer. Her lips wrapped around his cock was heaven. She eagerly licked him, tasting the mélange of pussy and cum. It was a flavor she loved but didn't get as much of it as she felt she deserved. She always wanted more. Taking a brief break from his cock she looked up at him and asked, “Are you going to fuck me from behind, like you did her?” Elaine nodded toward Andrea he was now emitting a series of grunts timed with every thrust of Rich's cock.

“Hell yes,” he told her as they repositioned their bodies, Elaine with her head down and ass up. She was now kneeling next to Andrea, except she was facing the bed's headboard and Andrea was facing the footboard, their bodies parallel to each other. The two men were essentially facing each other, grinning in admiration as they fucked their two willing women.

It had been a while since Elaine had had either Conrad or Rich's cock, but when Conrad entered her, it was a wonderfully familiar sensation. They moved together easily, already knowing each other's likes and preferences. It was only when Conrad leaned forward to cup her breasts did he fully realize how her body had changed in just a few short months. He appreciated her bigger tits and she responded well when he lightly pinched her nipples. Neither did he mind her rounder bottom and thicker thighs, but when his hand traveled down to her stomach he was momentarily disturbed to realize how swollen it had become. It felt strange, but he didn't pause there, he kept going down lower until he found the top of her slit and the little protruding button of her clit.

“Oh, fuck yes,” she moaned. “Up and down. No circles.”

He remembered that and did exactly as she asked. Elaine loved it when her body was manipulated and she didn't have complete control over herself. It didn't take her long to quickly climb the mountain to reach her peak. Her climax came before Andrea's and that greatly satisfied her. As she started coming down from the high, she reached out and interlaced her fingers with Andrea's, encouraging the woman along to her own orgasm.

"Oh that was good," Elaine groaned as she slowly slid down to the bed, pulling free of Conrad's rapidly shrinking cock. She had to lay on her side because her bulging stomach no longer allowed her the stomach sleeping position. "We should do this more often." She looked over at Andrea who still had an expression of odd contentment.

Rich grinned at the randy dark-haired woman. "You're insatiable as always, Lane."

"That's why I was always willing to fuck the two of you. It takes two men to satisfy me. Barely satisfy me."

Conrad laid down, spooning her, cupping her breast while Andrea listened in on their conversation, fascinated. "Is that what we're calling sluts, now? Insatiable?"

She grunted once, acknowledging his assessment of her sexuality. "It's worse since I got pregnant. I've had to use the magic wand two or three times a day and that's still not enough."

Andrea piped up with a question. "You get horny when you're pregnant?" The idea boggled her. She was younger than Elaine by a few years, and it seemed to her that once a woman got pregnant, that was the end of that phase of her sexuality. There was little enough of interest at that point.

Elaine laughed at her. "Of course! I get horny all the time. Why wouldn't you get horny when you're pregnant, especially with all the hormones that flood into your body?" The girl wasn't thinking logically, and Elaine was too focused on her need for sex. It took all of her willpower not to reach out and caress the pretty girl's face. At this point, still riding the wave of lust generated by Conrad's cock and her general state of mind, Elaine would be open to any new experience.

“I guess that makes sense,” Andrea said with some uncertainty. To her it was more than just a little odd to be in this situation. She had fucked two men in short order while in front of another woman—a former lover of both of them. It was almost too much for her to process; it certainly wasn’t how she had expected this afternoon to go. While she had been expecting a sexual adventure of her lifetime—being double teamed by two attractive men—she hadn’t counted on the involvement of another woman.

“I’ve always had a high sex drive,” Elaine continued on, starting to relax more. “Back in college I would date—sleep with really—three or four different guys. It didn’t occur to me until after college that I could sleep with them simultaneously.”

“Right,” Andrea agreed. She hadn’t been a slut in college, but now wished that she had.

“And as soon as I got pregnant, it was like Mike lost all interest in me.” She looked away briefly, an angry flash on her face, but then quickly recovered. “Maybe he doesn’t go for pregnant women. I don’t know. But I was practically wearing out my Magic Wand the way I was using it all the time.”

“I thought it wasn’t safe to use a vibrator when you’re pregnant,” Andrea said.

With a shrug, Elaine said. “I don’t know. I guess I’ll find out in a few months.” She turned her face to look up at Rich. “Are you going to fuck me or not?” she asked. “I’ve only gotten Con’s cock. I need yours as well.”

He laughed and nodded. “I’m not sure I’ll be able to get it up again so soon,” he said.

She shook her head and started to crawl around Andrea’s prone form. “Let’s find out.”

Once more a bolt of jealousy hit Andrea in the solar plexus. For a long moment she couldn’t breathe as she watched the pregnant woman lower her face to Rich’s crotch, took his wet, limp dick into her mouth, and started sucking. Once more what was supposed to be an encounter between her and the two men, had turned into a little festival to honor Elaine’s self-indulgence.

For just a moment she was certain the Rich wasn’t going to be able to rise to the

occasion, but that might have been semi-wishful thinking on her part because Andrea's stomach was slightly soured by the sight of Elaine sucking on a man's cock that was covered with not only his cum, but that of Conrad as well, along with whatever juices she had left behind on his shaft. It was almost too much for her, but Elaine seemed to relish that she was acting in a completely depraved manner in front of the three of them. A pregnant woman should have a little more dignity, in Andrea's opinion, but it didn't seem to bother Elaine that she was a slave to her own sexual appetites.

Andrea was more than just a little bit jealous.

"Fuck me like a lady," Elaine told Rich when his cock was sufficiently rigid to initiate penetration.

Rich half-chuckled and said, "You're no lady. And I doubt you'd be able to take me in that position."

She all but ignored his request and rolled over to her back, spreading her thighs wide open to invite him in. "Not traditional missionary," she told him. "You're going to have to sit up."

It took them a minute to get their bodies correctly arranged. Rich was kneeling with his mostly-erect cock pressed to Elaine's pussy, while her legs were draped over his thighs, bringing her buttocks and hips up higher than normal. It caused a slight blood rush to her head, but Elaine liked that. Her belly pointed up at the ceiling and Rich could have hunched over her body, holding himself completely above her so as not to crush her unborn baby, but they opted not to. Instead he used his fingers on her spread open pussy, teasing and rubbing her clit. It made her clutch the sheets and moan. It didn't take much to get Elaine revved up, but after getting fucked by Conrad after the long, slow tease of watching Andrea getting fucked, she was on the edge the moment Rich's cock slipped up inside her.

"Fuck me, make me cum," she begged softly.

Rich didn't alter his technique at all, slowly fucking her wet, cum-filled pussy while rubbing her clit. "You've already cum," he reminded her.

"I need to cum again," she cried out, nearly on the edge of tears. "You need to make me cum!"

At that little command Rich abruptly started rubbing her clit hard and fast. She found herself gasping at the strong sensations sent through her body and wanted to tell him to stop, but her voice failed her. She couldn't do anything. Her body wasn't hers to control until suddenly she was cumming, her whole body shaking like she was having an epileptic fit.

"That can't be good for the baby," Andrea commented.

"Whenever I cum, she goes to sleep, so I think she must like it," an exhausted Elaine answered.

Andrea found that outrageous, but said nothing. She didn't know what to say.

Chapter Two

AFTERWARDS WHEN THEY were all done, Andrea retreated to the bathroom for a shower before she left the men's apartment. She hadn't fully embraced her new slutty nature and couldn't compel herself to go home without showering. The need for her to get Rich and Conrad's cum out of her pussy was too strong to ignore.

The boldness that Elaine displayed upon walking in and looking through the semi-translucent shower curtain chilled Andrea even though the water was pulsing hot. "I don't usually shower after getting fucked," she said as she watched Andrea run soap all over her body. Andrea had turned her body just enough so that she wasn't facing the naked pregnant woman full-on, but she was still uncomfortable enough even after their fairly intimate encounter. "I like to go home with the smell of other men on my body, but unfortunately I can't do that today." She smiled apologetically. At once Andrea understood that Elaine was waiting for the shower but wasn't actually willing to say that she wanted her to hurry.

"Why not?" was all Andrea could think of to say even though she didn't want to get sucked into a conversation with Elaine.

"Married life. I don't think my husband suspects, but he would be offended if he knew what I was doing in my free time. But you," she said with a smile, admiring the redhead's very fit body through the shower curtain, "you have the luxury of enjoying the scent of a man—or in this case men—all over you for as long as you want."

"I don't think I'm ready for that," Andrea admitted. There was a certain temptation to what Elaine was saying. She lived alone and didn't have a boyfriend—Conrad wasn't yet up to that status yet and after seeing him fuck the black-haired woman she wasn't certain she would ever meet that threshold—so there was no need for her to be perfectly presentable when she went home. And yet she still did. The way that Elaine let her eyes roam over Andrea's body disturbed her. The need to lash out was too strong. "I can't believe that you are having sex with Conrad...and Rich... and you're married and pregnant!" It came out like an insult and even though Andrea meant it as an insult, she still felt bad about it.

Yet Elaine didn't take the poisonous words as an insult. She seemed proud of

what she had done—what she was doing. “If you saw my husband’s small cock and knew how lousy in bed he was, you’d understand. Ten years ago...well, I made a bad decision to get married because I thought I had to. I’ve learned a lot since then.” She smiled. “There’s nothing wrong with playing around, hon, you’ll learn that about a year after you get married.”

Andrea couldn’t believe the words that Elaine was throwing at her. It angered her even though it was none of her business...or wasn’t her business up until she had added the marriage addendum. “Are you sure the baby is your husband’s?” she asked, turning off the water and grabbing a towel, happy to have something a little more substantial to hide behind besides the thin shower curtain.

“Pretty sure,” Elaine said with breezy confidence, knowing her words and her attitude had struck a nerve. “I used to have a diaphragm I used with Con and Rich, but I have to admit that it feels even better when they cum in a completely bare pussy. What about you? What do you use?”

There was no reason to lie. Elaine had seen her fucking the two men bareback. “I’m on the pill.”

Elaine made a face as she stepped around Andrea who was vigorously drying her skin and turned on the water. “I hated hormone birth control. I felt like my emotions were being controlled by some foreign entity. Maybe you don’t get that, but I did. You might want to look into a diaphragm or an IUD. They’re more fun for everyone.”

Andrea nodded and exited the bathroom. She was half upset that her words hadn’t distressed Elaine and was half considering what she had advised. She wasn’t a fan of being on the pill, but she had initially done it at the insistence of her old boyfriend who wanted to have her ready at any time. But it hadn’t mattered to him if she wanted to have sex or not. He would just take her when he wanted her; she didn’t have a choice in the matter.

By the time Elaine returned from the bathroom, freshly showered and clean, Andrea was gone, though Rich was still lounging in the bed. “Where’s Andrea... and Conrad?” she asked with a little lilt in her voice, implying the two were off on their own.

“He went back to his room.” The two men switched bedrooms on a regular basis, Elaine knew, each taking advantage of the larger one for a few months at a time.

Like their women, they shared everything, including bedrooms. “She left.”

“Oh,” said Elaine, disappointment in her voice.

“Why so sad? You just got laid in the best way. It was probably the best you’ve had in months.”

“True,” she acknowledged. “But I was hoping for a little more play.”

He grinned and said, “Slut.”

She shrugged and smiled. “I can’t help it. I am what I am and with all these hormones, I am more than I usually am.” She started putting her clothes back on and paused, “Still, we have to do this again.”

“We do?” he asked. “I don’t think that Andrea enjoyed you walking in on us.”

It took Elaine a moment to properly position her panties around her hips and under her ever-growing gut before she answered. “Well then, next time you’ll have to make sure she’s the one who walks in on us. Now help me with this bra. Men think bigger tits are the greatest, but they are an awful pain in the ass to carry around when you’re not used to them.”

“Pain in the chest,” he said as he heaved his body off the bed. “Pain in the ass would be your bigger ass and bigger panties.”

“I’ll wear something smaller and sexier next time.”

Chapter Three

CONRAD WAS RELUCTANT to go along with the plan that Rich and Elaine had concocted. To him, the entire plan was ridiculous beyond silly. “It’ll never work,” he pointed out.

“You just don’t want to do it because you think it’ll scare away Andi,” Rich pointed out. “Don’t worry about her. There’s plenty of other women out there.”

“It’s always a pain in the ass to find them,” he grumbled.

“I’ll help you find them,” Elaine reassured him.

“You should,” he snapped at her, “because it’s your fault she all but ran away, plus you left us for your husband.”

The last part of his statement was so self-centered, so unaware, that Elaine couldn’t help but laugh at him. “You want me to leave my husband to get fucked by the two of you because you two can’t decide what’s a normal sexual and romantic relationship. Maybe I shouldn’t fuck you any longer.”

That shut up Conrad and he decided to participate, though he was certain the plan would fail.

When the text from Conrad came Rich and Elaine were on the couch, he was rubbing her feet. While she was glad off all the changes her body was going through, sore feet was one of them she could easily do without. Glancing at his phone, he said, “He’ll be here in ten minutes.”

“Think you can fuck me for that long?” Elaine asked as she stood up and started taking off her clothes. She needed to turn around and have him help her open up the plain beige nursing bra she was wearing now. She didn’t need the flaps just yet, but the support and size it gave her was exactly what she needed. It might not have been sexy, but it served its purpose perfectly.

Rich was excited to be playing this game, but not so excited he was automatically erect. When he sat back down on the couch, she took him into her mouth for a minute to get him hard.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked her when she sat up and brushed her long black hair out of her face. As excited as he was to fuck Elaine once again, he didn’t want to hurt her and he wanted to make sure she stuck around as long as possible. When she had disappeared for those few months because she wanted to get pregnant, he and Conrad had grown bored. The two of them had become so accustomed to having her whenever they wanted, when she was gone, they had to start hunting for a third again and it was much harder than they remembered.

“Me on top, riding you,” she said as she started to straddle his legs. “Face to face. I’m not that pregnant yet. We can fuck like normal people.”

Rich was amused by her use of the phrase “like normal people.” Everything he had ever done with Elaine was the complete opposite of what any sane person would consider normal. Meeting for an affair, thinking he would have to talk her into a three-way with Conrad but then having her jump at the chance, finding her in bed with Conrad once when he was stuck at the office, her willingness to play with toys and be used by them however they wanted, her flaunting her affair in front of them and going home to her husband with obvious signs of sex on her body. He didn’t know how she did it and managed not to get caught. Maybe some of what she told him was an outright lie, but it was enough to keep him more than just a little interested. The only things he hadn’t done with her was meet her husband—something she had voiced on many occasions because, she told him, she wanted to see her lovers together—and watch while she had sex with another woman. Elaine had said back in her wild years—and those years had to be out of control if her current status was any measure—she had slept with a few women. Maybe now he’d get that chance. Something he had never counted on was fucking a pregnant woman, but here she was now doing exactly that, and willingly.

Their bodies fit together perfectly and their motions were smooth and practiced, maybe she was a bit heavier, but her larger ass was a pleasure to grip and her large tits invited a friendly sucking. He indulged in both. It was no surprise that he didn’t hear Conrad and Andrea enter the house and start to walk through the living room.

“Jesus Christ, Rich! Could you at least fuck her in your bedroom?” Conrad’s acting wasn’t the best, and he his face was rosy from a couple of drinks, but he was playing his part correctly.

Andrea wasn't completely blitzed, but she wasn't steady on her high heels. Conrad had taken her out on a formal date and the last thing she expected when she returned to his place was to find her new nemesis having sex with Conrad's roommate on the living room couch. "Randy little slut, isn't she?" Andrea asked, mostly of herself.

Elaine turned her head to look at the interloping couple and smiled at them, but it was Rich who spoke first. "Sorry bud," he said to his best friend. "I'll take it to the bedroom."

"I thought you were done with her," Andrea said, staring with fascination at Elaine's round stomach and full tits. She wasn't jealous, she told herself, even though she was, but she wasn't sure exactly what she was jealous of.

"I don't think I'll ever be done with this sweet pussy," Rich commented as he made to get up, but Elaine didn't move. "C'mon, Lanie."

"You're not going to the master bedroom, are you?" Conrad asked.

"Of course we are. Where else are we supposed to have sex?" Rich pretended to be angry at the question. Elaine wasn't sure where in the rotation they were for bedroom primacy, but it wasn't any of her business at the moment. "You don't expect the pregnant lady to have sex on the small bed, do you?"

Conrad was about to protest, but Andrea spoke up. "It's okay, Con. We can go to the other bedroom." She pulled at his arm.

He shook her off. "No, they're using the living room. We can have the big bed."

"It's fine," Elaine said. "We're having a good time here." She gave them a look trying to express the feeling that it was more effort to get up and move than it would be to just continue on where they were.

The moment the other couple started moving away, Elaine started riding Rich's cock again and began moaning as loudly as possible, letting them know what they were missing by not joining in.

Once they were alone in the king sized bed, Conrad and Andrea quickly started removing each other's clothes. Before she knew it his face was buried in her pussy and he was rapidly getting her ready. There weren't any words spoken to

confirm what the other wanted, they just moved together waiting for the correct response from the other.

He had an exceedingly talented tongue. More than anything she wanted his cock inside her, but it was almost too easy to lay back and allow his tongue to explore her folds. When he licked her long and hard, she shook and without realizing how quickly the anticipation had built, she shivered and shook with a small climax. “Stop, stop, stop,” she begged, pushing his face away from her sex. “I need more than your mouth.” Not giving him more than a moment to think, she scooted down the bed.

Andrea relished taking off his pants and revealing his already erect cock. There wouldn’t be any prep work needed at all. Still, she couldn’t let him go without a touch of attendance. She licked him from his velvety soft sack all the way up to the tip of his crown, circling her tongue just underneath the little ridge. “Now,” was all she said as she laid back and opened up her legs. In a flash he was on her and sinking his cock all the way into her depths.

Rich knew this wasn’t exactly the plan, but sometimes plans changed and the situation had to be adapted. Just down the hall he could hear Elaine moaning with passion; he wondered how much of the noise she was making was an act.

Though he filled her up and started pumping away, after just a few second Andrea realized something was missing. She knew what it was but she didn’t want to admit it to herself. The first thing she tried was moving her fingers down to her clit, but they were in missionary position and it was too hard to get her hand in between their bodies to rub the little nodule that always made her cum. It was just a dodge anyway; the idea had been in the back of her head for a week, since the last time she had been with Conrad...and Rich.

“I need another cock,” she begged, whispering in his ear.

Conrad momentarily paused largely because he couldn’t believe what she had said. According to Elaine it would take some effort to convince Andrea to try a group session. Apparently she was wrong. All he had to do was show off his roommate fucking another woman and Andrea suddenly wanted them both again.

“I’m not enough for you?” he said to her, slowing his hips but not stopping the thrusts.

“I want more,” she admitted, unable to look him in the eyes. Pulling his head down to her neck where he could kiss her and whisper in her ear was the only way she could handle the moment of emotional weakness, acknowledging she needed something perverse to be fulfilled.

“You want to fuck Rich?” he asked her, wanting a definitive answer. He changed the angle of his thrusts, dragging the length of his shaft right along her hidden ridge inside her pussy. She shivered again

“I want to fuck you and Rich,” she panted.

“You know I’m fine with that, right?”

She nodded into his shoulder, relieved he wasn’t upset even though she knew wouldn’t have been. “Can you go ask him for me?” she begged.

He paused and chuckled in her ear. “You want me to stop fucking you right now and ask another man to fuck you?”

While she knew she was being ridiculous, she still said, “Yes.”

Conrad stopped fucking her and pulled his cock out leaving just the tip inside, just enough for her to feel it and nothing more. “No,” he told her. “If you want to fuck my roommate, you’ll have to go to him right now and ask him to fuck you. Is that what you want?”

She paused and then realized if she thought about it too much, it would only be to think up a reason why not. “Get off me,” she said abruptly, pushing on his shoulders. “I’m going to ask him.” Not a second’s thought was given to what Conrad might want at the moment. Frankly, he didn’t care because he was getting what he wanted as well—it would just take a little longer.

Pulling out completely allowed her to get to her feet—albeit a little unsteadily—and head for the door. Before she disappeared down the hallway he asked her, “What are you going to do about Lanie?”

Andrea barely even paused at the door. She just threw him a wicked smile and sauntered down the hallway, swinging her athletic hips back and forth. She was thinking with her pussy and not her brain; she knew that. She also knew that Elaine wasn’t really a problem; getting her to relinquish Rich for a few minutes

would be easy, but undoubtedly there would be a payment to be made for her cooperation. Andrea was willing to pay dearly for what she wanted.

Arriving in the living room she saw Elaine and Rich still on the couch naked and coupled. She had heard them all the way down the hall and it sounded like Elaine was on the brink of an orgasm. Not wanting to interrupt another woman's pleasure, she waited respectfully at the end of the hallway watching. Feeling a bit like a teenage boy spying on his lusty neighbors, she couldn't help but play with her pussy a bit while the couple continued to fuck. And they continued and continued much to Andrea's annoyance. Seeing that she would have to interrupt, Andrea tried her best to be sultry with a dash of sweet innocence.

"Want to come to the bedroom to join me and Conrad?" she asked them abruptly.

Her words were too loud and brought their action to an immediate halt. Elaine looked over her shoulder and complained, "I was almost there! Why would you do that?"

"Why would we want to join you?" asked Rich. He had one hand on Elaine's ass and the other was massaging her tit.

"Because four is better than two?" she suggested.

"A naked scrum?" asked Rich, slowly easing Elaine off his cock. Her frown said everything about her opinion on the change of situation.

"Exactly," promised Andrea. She held her hands out to them

"Why the change?" he asked taking a hand and indicating that Elaine should do the same.

"I figured out I needed more cock than Con could provide." She led the way back down the hall to the large bedroom. As they passed through the door Andrea dropped Elaine's hand, but pulled Rich along. Conrad was waiting for them on the bed, naked and sprawled out. His cock was lying limply on his thigh, but it started to twitch the moment Andrea reappeared. She didn't give him a chance to do anything and simply got on the bed on her hands and knees to take his cock in her mouth.

Rich followed along as well, kneeling behind Andrea's upraised ass, but only

after looking to Elaine. She gave him a nod of permission, and he slipped his still erect cock into the redhead. She focused on the idea that Rich's cock had recently been inside Elaine and was undoubtedly smeared with her juices. That gave her a little thrill of excitement, as if she were stealing the man away from Elaine. It was what she needed.

"Is this what you want, honey?" Elaine asked as she seated herself on the edge of the bed. She pushed back Andrea's long red hair from her face so it was easier to catch her eye. At first Andrea kept her eyelids closed, but Elaine's proximity and the intimate gesture of moving her hair forced her eyes open. She looked sideways at the strong, dark-haired woman but didn't remove Conrad's cock from her mouth, that way she wouldn't have to actually speak.

"Uh-huh," she moaned around Conrad's cock as her body started shaking from Rich's thrusts.

"You need two cocks to make you happy?"

She made a sound that was supposed to be "yeah". There was a blissful expression on her face.

"You're just realizing you're a slut, aren't you?" Elaine asked her. "You're going to need more and more, you know, to keep you satisfied."

Once more Andrea nodded in agreement.

"Do you like anal?" Elaine asked giving her a soft kiss on the cheek.

While she didn't shy away but a slight shake of Andrea's head indicated no.

"You'll learn to like it," Elaine promised. "You'll learn to love it."

Andrea wasn't so sure but she didn't stop sucking cock or pull away from Rich who now slowed his pace and slid his hand over her muscular buttock, placing his thumb lightly on her exposed anus. She shivered, knowing she could stop the action at any moment, but not wanting to because she wanted to see what would happen next. She wanted to experience that epic climax that would make every one before it a shameful imitation of reality.

"You need more, I know," Elaine continued on. "You need more and more and

new and different to get where you want to be. It's okay. It's fun to chase that goal. All you have to do is forget what you've learned and give yourself over to your body."

"Uh-huh," she mumbled around Conrad's cock. He was getting hard and wasn't that far from climaxing so she slowed down. Rich was happily pumping away, watching the interaction between the two women. The one-sided conversation between them excited the men more than actually having their cocks inside Andrea's body.

"Do you want me to make you cum?" Elaine offered.

Andrea gave her a quizzical look but said nothing. She wasn't sure what Elaine was offering because the two men should have been more than enough for her—but even so she knew that it wasn't. Elaine was promising all sorts of things—every depravity in the word it seemed—and all she had to do was say yes, to make the decision to change herself and become a different person.

In the end it was easy to say yes.

Smiling, Elaine circled her hands under Andrea's body and found her soft nipples that hardened the moment Elaine's fingers touched the sensitive flesh. Andrea realized that Elaine knew exactly what she was doing and she just had to go along with it. Elaine didn't play at all, she just pinched Andrea's nipples, gently at first, and then harder as Rich resumed fucking the trapped redhead. "You need to cum," Elaine instructed her. "I'm not going to stop pinching until you do." She pressed Andrea's tiny nipples harder and Andrea realized exactly what was going to happen. She tilted her hips to give Rich a better angle and focused her thoughts on how upset her parents, her old friends, her coworkers would be if they knew what a slut she had become.

The shame was better than what her three lovers were doing to her. When she came, there was a jolt of pain and then a red flash behind her eyes as her body released all the pent up energy she didn't know she had.

"Good girl," Elaine complimented her, stroking Andrea's hair as she came down from her sexual peak. "It was good, wasn't it?"

"Yeah..." Somewhere in the middle of her orgasm Andrea's mouth had come off Conrad's cock. He hadn't minded; he knew he would be getting off before the

evening was over. Andrea wiggled her hips a bit and realized that Rich must have cum because he had left behind the familiar stickiness of spunk in her pussy. His cock was no longer hard nor was it inside her.

“And you still want more, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” Andrea was almost afraid to admit it, but if she couldn’t be honest with the three of them about who and what she now was, she would only be hiding from herself. “Is Con going to fuck me now?” she asked, begging.

“No, no, no,” Elaine chided. “Nothing so common. I’m going to teach you something new. You’ve never had sex with a woman, have you?”

“No,” Andrea told her, but they all knew the answer already.

“You’ll like it,” Elaine promised. “You need something new, something exciting to keep your interest up, right?”

“Right.”

“And you’ve been the beneficiary of all this attention we’ve been giving you. You’re going to earn back what you’ve gotten.” She pushed Conrad aside and took his position in front of Andrea’s face, her back against the pile of pillows on the bed’s headboard. She opened up her legs, unashamed at showing her pussy just inches from Andrea’s nose. The redhead looked up at the swell of Elaine’s belly and her large breasts. It was obvious what she wanted and Andrea needed to make a quick decision as to whether or not she was willing to do what Elaine obviously wanted.

“It’s been too long for me,” Elaine explained, as she placed her fingers under Andrea’s chin, pulling her forward ever so slightly. “Con and Richie are good—very good—but they are men. It’s good to have the touch of a woman every now and then. And it’s been too long for me.” She leaned forward awkwardly from the pillow pile and kissed Andrea who happily kissed her back, their tongues exploring each other. Andrea had already made her decision and wasn’t looking back. As Elaine settled down against the pillows, Andrea didn’t ask, didn’t question, didn’t look back at her old self. She just kissed Elaine once on her round tummy and then quickly delved lower, running her tongue over the other woman’s curly black pubic hair, and then parted the labia with her tongue before rubbing it against Elaine’s clit.

There was nothing wrong with oral sex—or any sex—with another woman, especially if what Elaine was promising was real. Rich and Conrad swapped places; Conrad sank his cock into Andrea's wet, used pussy. Rich cuddled up next to Elaine. She smiled and kissed him as he cupped her heavy breast. "More," she urged.

Andrea focused on what she thought Elaine wanted. Since she had never eaten pussy before she didn't know exactly what to do, but she knew what she liked and tried to focus on doing that to Elaine. As her pussy tongue played with Elaine's clit, she slipped a pair of fingers into her pussy to give the dark-haired woman a little extra stimulation, the sort of stimulation she liked.

Rich moved his mouth down to suck on Elaine's tit. All the oral attention was quickly building Elaine up to where she wanted to be. The introduction of a cock to her pussy wasn't going to happen right away, so she had to be happy with what she was getting. They had to properly seduce Andrea to make sure she kept coming back for more and more.

"You're sweet tonight," Rich said, breaking away briefly from Elaine's breast.

"I'm always sweet, honey," she told him.

He grinned and went back to tonguing her nipple while reaching for her other breast. There was a wetness there that wasn't sweat. Pulling his hand away he rubbed the liquid between his fingers. "What's this?" he asked her.

Elaine's eyes went wide and she looked down at her breast that was slowly dripping thin white milk. "My milk's come in," she declared happily. "Keep sucking," she told him. "It feels soooo good." She pulled him back down to her tit. She had known her breasts were swelling, preparing to make milk for her baby, but this was early and unexpected...but totally welcome. "Wait until you see what else my body can do." She looked down between her legs and locked eyes with Andrea who continued to busily explore Elaine's sex while Conrad fucked her.

Being pregnant and cheating on her husband was, Elaine realized, the best choice she had ever made.

End Part One

Part Two

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.

End

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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