

Exhaling

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It's summer in the city, and Mindy still has no long term plan for life. Someone else does, however.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/exhaling.aspx>

Last summer, I'd been living in the City since the previous fall, and was finally used to the noise and bustle. I worked at the Big Bean slinging coffee, spending my pay as it came in on rent and fun. I went to casting calls when they came up, and was avoiding deciding whether I was going to try college the coming fall if the stage didn't end up calling my name, or if I would roll another year. I had a roommate I rarely saw, some friends, even a couple boyfriends. Most of the time I felt like I was holding my breath, waiting for something.

I woke up to a painful pulling on my arms. I shook my head to clear it and squinted through foliage into the sunlit sky. I was outside, in a wood, somewhere away from the city, by the sounds and smells. More alarming and confusing though - I was in chains. Large metal bands, clasped just above my ankles, held my feet, a little more than shoulder length apart, to large stakes in the leaf-covered ground. A my cuffed wrists hung from chains attached to a head-level tree branch about a yard in front of my feet. I had to sway my weight and catch hold of the branch with one hand, then the other to pull myself up from the sagging, hanging position I'd been in. Now I leaned far forward to hold onto the branch so that the cuffs didn't pull or dig.

Still groggy, trying to remember what had happened, I was taken completely by surprise when a hand grabbed and pulled at my long hair, forcing my head back to look through branches into the cloudless sky. Simultaneously, a mouth connected with my pussy lips, a wet tongue snaking between my dry labia to begin an intimate and unwelcome dance. I shrieked at the shock of it, not having even been

fully aware of my nudity or its implications until that point. I tried to move away from the oral attack, and got my hair yanked for my efforts. When that didn't deter me, another hand entwined with my pubic hair, grabbed it, and pulled to hold me steady. I gasped at the additional pain and held mostly still, realizing there was no way I could truly escape.

The mouth was very talented, and my pussy's own lubrication quickly joined its copious saliva. The tongue would pass over my clit and send shocks of unwelcome sensation through me, but my fear and confusion prevented true arousal - for a while. Wet slurping and smacking sounds accompanied and punctuated the cunnilingual assault as my inner and outer lips were nibbled and sucked. The tongue teased my inner thighs, and dove into my slit. The random attacks on unexpected targets forced gasps of surprise and alarm from me.

After some time, I realized my knees were bent, my body lowered, my thighs spread wider. I'd unconsciously opened myself to the molesting mouth. On the purely physical side, I could not deny that it felt good. It felt better than good, in fact. I was still confused and scared, and morally repulsed at the liberties my unseen 'partner' was taking without my consent. But as the minutes slobbered on, far too soon for my moral comfort, I found myself caring less about where I was or how I got there. All I wanted was for that tongue not to stop. My eyes began tearing from shame and inner conflict as I felt an orgasm building. How could I let that happen? How could I not? I had tried to fight and failed. It didn't seem like I had any choice, and the pressure - the pleasure being forced upon me - was relentless.

Then it stopped. The hands released me. The tongue began to trail up over my mound to my belly. Frantically I looked down, a protest on my lips. I don't know whether I would have made a demand to be let go or a plea for the other kind of release, because all words failed me when I saw the soft red curls of the head at my stomach, licking up between my breasts, green eyes rising to meet mine. A woman. A woman had been doing all that to me.

I recognized her. She bought coffee sometimes at the Bean. We'd never spoken or interacted beyond the transaction before, but now I responded robotically for a moment as her mouth rose to mine, my taste all over her lips and tongue. Confused, afraid, turned on, I pulled away, looking at her, and stopped again with the jolt of memory. I'd been helping her get a large takeout order to her car. It was had been just before the morning rush - almost broad daylight! It was the last thing I remembered before coming to here. The look in her eyes now was the same as what I'd seen just before... Her face was beautiful, as was the rest of her. She was naked, too.

"Not sure you liked it, Mindy?" She asked gently mocking, "I think you did." Of course she knew my name, it was on my tag at work. One of her hands settled on my mound, fingers stroking my wet outer lips. At the touch, my hips pushed forward of their own volition, before I jerked them back away. I

knew I was blushing at my body's reaction, and doubly embarrassed when her quick, knowing smile told me she knew exactly what was going on in my mind and body. She patted my mound lightly, as if soothing a pet, then continued rubbing.

I tried to stutter some protest, or explanation, or demand, but she cut me off.

"It's OK. Everything will be just fine. There's plenty of time to see about that. Perhaps, for now, you would prefer something else?"

With those words, 'something else' slid between my legs. It was thicker, hotter, pushing between her fingers and my outer lips, sliding up along my slit. I looked down to see the flared head rub up over my clit and into my pubic patch. I shuddered and moaned a confused protest.

"I know, dear girl, your pussy wanted to cum for me, but I'm sure you'll have fun with the more... conventional approach as well."

The long shaft drew back and sawed forward again, bathing in the mixed saliva and intimate fluids that coated my thighs and pussy. I stood on my tiptoes trying to get away, but that didn't improve things any. I tried to close my legs as much as possible and hunch my lower body forward, but that just pushed my crotch harder into her hand. My heart beat faster and adrenaline sang in by blood as the feeling of being truly trapped sank in.

"Of course, I would love nothing more than getting you off a few times. You taste so sweet."

She took her hand from between my legs and raised it to her lips. She sniffed it as if testing a perfume, then licked her fingers while looking right at me. I didn't think I could blush any harder than I was. Her eyes, and the now well-lubricated shaft sliding between my legs made me shiver. After tasting me on her fingers, she returned her saliva-cleaned hand to my mound, turning small circles in my pubic hair. I wasn't being restrained other than at the wrists and ankles at the moment, but I had stopped my fruitless attempts to avoid the intimate touches. Like a deer in headlights, the warring physical and emotional sensations had me momentarily paralyzed. Then she sighed and spoke again.

"We could play for a long time, you and I, and we will... We will. But for now we really should be about the task of getting you pregnant."

As I stared at her in shock, not believing my ears, two strong hands grabbed my hips as the shaft drew back one more time and changed angles.

Too late, I tried to jerk away. The hands held me steady and all I could do was scream as the cock plunged up into me.

Stunned, I stared into the lust-filled eyes of my female tormentor as the cock crammed in, filling me. Her right hand rubbed gently down my belly to splay over my mound, index and middle finger V-ing open to slide across my split labia, letting the cock pass between them into me. As the shaft pressed deeper and deeper, she pushed at me to rotate my hips back, better positioning me to receive the full length. My mouth and eyes widened as the hot poker of flesh kept on coming. A muscled, hairy crotch pressed her fingers against my body as the cock bottomed out inside me. I was stuffed so full I almost couldn't breathe. Still holding my gaze with hers, she reached her left hand underneath and cupped the heavy balls now hanging below my impaled entrance.

"Yes. This will do nicely. I'm sure he has enough to do the job."

I tried to protest, to say that it wasn't the right time, as much to reassure myself as to convince whomever these insane people were. The cock pulled out and shoved back in faster and harder than the first time, changing my plea into an undignified shriek. Her next words made me shudder.

"Oh, no. Don't you worry, Mindy. You're as ready as you can be. We've done all the necessary checking. We've been planning this for a while."

The shaft pulled out and plowed in again. I moaned in anguish - and arousal. My stomach felt light. The shaft pressed in towards my center and there was nothing I could do to stop it. However unwillingly, the woman's mouth had excited my body a great deal, and the sexual heat had not completely faded despite the many shocks of the last few minutes. The sliding friction of the cock now beginning to fuck me summoned those erotic feelings back, heedless of my distress.

As the hot cock pulled out once more, the fingers on my pussy began to rub again, moving up to tease and massage my clit. The other hand rose to my hanging breasts, to grope them and pinch at my nipples. Her green eyes kept staring into mine.

"Let's see if we can make you cum before he does..."

She cut off my protests with her mouth on mine as the cock fucked in again, harder and faster.

I tried to fight. I tried to cry out, to scream "NO!" To ask why. Her lips and fingers, his driving cock, made it so hard to speak and think.

"Why? Are you trying to ask why?" She asked after pulling back momentarily. Sobbing, and gasping

with each deep thrust, I could only nod.

"Its simple really, Master and Mistress want a baby."

My confusion must have shown through everything else. She spoke as if explaining something to a child.

"My dear husband, Master, and I, Mistress, want to have a child. And I... well, I can't."

The matter-of-factness of the words were completely at odds with the events they were describing. Despite the rhythmic overfilling-emptying sensation in my pussy, the sheer absurdity of it all almost made me laugh - almost.

"I lost my chance a long time ago. An unfortunate illness took my ovaries, and almost my life." A shadow crossed her features briefly - a flash of longing and regret I never saw again.

"Besides," she continued quickly, "I like my belly nice and flat," she continued, rubbing her stomach and mine with her hands. "Like yours is, too, for now." I could only grunt in reply, as a particularly hard thrust jabbed my pussy.

"We knew going into our partnership we wanted children, and given our... bents... we'd been thinking of something like this from the beginning. Oh, sure, we were also considering adoption, and it was a real possibility, if we hadn't found you. Why just have a child when we can have a pretty baby _and_ get a sweet playmate for the both of us? We both agreed that I'd pick. I looked for someone we would both like, someone we knew we could make play with us. We watched other girls, even auditioned a few."

I couldn't understand half of what she meant. Perhaps it was because half of my attention was diverted to the continual stuffing and vacating of my pussy, and the dance of her fingers on my skin. She was still talking.

"Yours went the best. So we watched you closely, learned more about you, your habits, your potential. And, in the end, I picked you." Her words were breathy. She was aroused herself. But - audition? None of my casting calls were ever anything like this! I'd never even considered doing a "couch call" like some of my acquaintances had done to get into a production.

"We'll take care of you, of course. Anything for the mother of our baby." She was rubbing my pussy and breasts again, slowly, almost reverently. I shivered as if freezing, though the sun through the trees was warm on my sweating body. I was NOT like... whatever the hell she meant! I couldn't be.

But somehow, while she'd been speaking, my legs had bowed again. My ankles strained against the cuffs and my toes dug into the soft forest litter. My turned-up rear end and arched back made the angle perfect for 'Master' as he pulled me to him, burying his full length in me over and over. I moaned desperately, unable to move myself away.

Somewhere inside me, deeper than even the long shaft could reach, something was clicking, turning. A part of me I never knew I had, or never dared think about except in nearly forgotten lurid dreams, stirred. Like the exhalation of a long-held breath. Something in me was opening - and 'Master' and 'Mistress' were here, filling it - filling me - with themselves, literally, as well as figuratively.

I lost track of the time. Resolve and resistance had no use or meaning, so they melted away. The fear that I thought would keep me above and safe from the morass of lust was still there, but it had merged into a disturbing melange of combined sexual foreboding and fulfillment. The strange new emotions flowering in me threatened to drown everything else out. And the cock wouldn't stop. God, it filled me so completely! And the fingers tickling my clit, teasing my breasts, the tongue on my hard, aching nipple... A higher pitched cry escaped me as I fought to catch my breath.

"Ohhh. You're going to cum. That's so sweet. You're going to cum for Master. And me. Go on. Let him know you want it. Let your body tell him. To make a baby inside you. You feel it. You can do it."

I sobbed, trying to deny it, but 'Mistress' was right. I was rapidly rising to climax. God help me. While he fucked me hard and fast, pulling me back onto his every long stroke, her fingers rubbed side to side over my clit. Her left hand was busy with one breast, while her mouth returned to suckling the other. My mouth was free to plead and cry and moan and I did it all to no avail. Then, I felt the telltale fluttering in my belly and drew a deep gasping breath, tightening agonizingly for a terrifying final release. As the tingling spread across my body, I heard Mistress' voice once more.

"Oh, yessss.."

Her hot mouth was back on my nipple as my climax hit. It was worse than I could have imagined. My entire body rocked in a seizure of pleasure. My internal muscles squeezed the shaft hard as it speared deeply, slowing it little, but doubling its fantastic wet friction inside me. My body released and clenched again, every muscle straining, senseless sounds coming from my mouth. My pussy gripped at the retreating cock as if trying to keep it locked inside, which I desperately wanted and feared in equal measure.

Fingers pinched my clit and one nipple; a mouth bit lightly on the other. I screamed with my third spasm, the mild pain churning and blending into the avalanche of pleasure and fear. My pussy squeezed the returning cock. It seemed even harder, hotter, longer now that I was totally focused

inward. It slammed fully into me with a slap of wet flesh on flesh. Then, a shudder, throb, and surge deep within me. He was cumming too!

The first gout of sperm erupted into me as I released and clamped down. I didn't so much feel it as simply _know_ it was happening. The cock swelled, a second jet creaming the entrance to my womb to my cry of despair. I came thunderously, helplessly around Master's discharging cock, my contractions syncopated with his ejaculations. In the ultimate betrayal, my pussy milked the pulsing shaft, coaxing it to empty all its seed into me, blinding me with shuddering waves of pleasure. His vice-grip hands held me pressed and locked back against his body, trapping his shaft completely within me. Gush after gush spurt into me as the cock remained buried to the hilt. I felt the pressure of the accumulating semen grow inside me, the fat pulsing shaft plugging my stretched pussy, preventing anything from squeezing out, leaving only one direction for the millions of sperm to go. And, for a nightmare instant, I wanted it more than anything in the world...

I found I was staring into green eyes. She'd released my breasts, her hands now resting lightly on my chest and belly, feeling my racing heart and tensing abdomen. As I cried out helplessly, her eyes alternately looked deeply into mine, then past me, presumably to Master. Her face flushed and amazed as she stared, her breathing ragged.

"Oh, god, oh god, oh god..." It was as if she was cumming too.

Sensation overwhelmed me as the straining cock trembled and throbbed a final few times, emptying its last laden drops into me. My sounds of ecstasy and despair drowned out Mistress' whispers and Master's grunts. And then, finally, it was over. I collapsed, still jerking and shuddering with aftershock. My hands slipped from the branch and the cuffs bit into my wrists. I didn't care. My legs gave out and I hung, held up only by the chains and the strong hands on my hips. I was only dimly aware of the tinkling sounds of unlocking, of falling forward into arms of the woman I could no longer see because I'd closed my eyes.

Feminine hands rubbed my belly, "That will do, I think. Excellent work. Knocked up that little cunt nice and deep. And she liked it."

I barely heard the words, but I trembled and sobbed quietly knowing they were true.

More metal clanking and one of my legs was free, leaving only one ankle loosely chained to the last stake. The hands at my hips pulled forward and drew slowly me off the still-hard cock. A river of sperm poured from my open, taken pussy and ran down my legs. It only took one, though.

I was lowered gently to the ground, where I curled up into the fetal position, wishing it all away.

"You liked that, my studboy, didn't you? Show Mistress how much. Fuck me. Fuck and tell me how it felt to make a baby."

"Yes, Mistress." His first real words were low and harsh to my ears.

I dimly heard the sounds of sex begin again, grateful that I wasn't the target this time, and amazed that Master was still able after what he'd just done to me. They talked dirty between grunts, and I knew I was being referred to several times. Mistress was loud and foul-mouthed, cumming more than once as their bodies slapped together. I thought maybe I could get away while they were distracted - if I could pull the stake from the ground. I couldn't muster the strength to move, much less try to escape. Could I run? Where? Could I fight them if I had to? Did I really want to?

The last question brought me up short. Everything had happened so quickly, so easily. Did this one event, however traumatic, have power over the rest of my life? Had it changed me? I felt hopeless and defeated. But that wasn't the whole of it. I felt somehow, also, kind of... complete? My mind and body shuddered at the implications. It was scarier to think that something dark and twisted had always been in me and just been let out. Traumas you recover from over time - but can you escape your true nature? Should you? It was too much to grasp. Too much to think about. Maybe I was what Mistress had said I was. Maybe I always had been and didn't know it. Whatever else I was thinking, or fearing, or wondering about myself, I wasn't moving to try to get free. And maybe that was the answer to all my questions.

"Oooh. God, Master. You are such a fucking man. Uuuhmmmm. MmmHmMMM. Getting ready to shoot again?" Her words were clipped and gasping because of the pounding she was taking. A growl from him sounded in the affirmative.

"Don't waste it in me. Put it in our little Mommy. Go on, now."

The words had barely sunk in when I felt his hand on my leg. He grabbed my calf and rolled me onto my back. The chained ankle stayed put as he pulled my other foot away from it, spreading my legs and kneeling between them. I saw him for the first time. Master was gorgeous - a tall, muscular, Adonis. In a flash, I realized I knew him, too! There had been a casting call! A real one, months ago, for some production I'd never heard of. I'd gotten the flyer in the mail - I'd thought from one of the lists I'd signed up for. There had only been a few other girls there, and the scene had been from some period drama where a domineering nobleman was ordering the servant girl around. There had been no sexual overtones to the audition at all - that I had been able to tell.

His cock was thick and long, veined and throbbing. I had trouble believing I had taken it all the way

into me once. But here it was lowering to my messy, semen-bathed pussy a second time. He filled me in one smooth, deep stroke, as if coming home to rest, his smiling groan of appreciation a counterpoint my wail of denial and protest, no less sincere for the thoughts whirling in my head. The reality of him in me felt so right and perfect, but so wrong and unwelcome at the same time. The instincts of society gave me momentary resolve and I tried to reach up and push him away, but Mistress took hold of my wrists and raised them above my head, looking lustily down my body as her lover took me a second time. I refused to acknowledge the wisps of relief when my ability to resist was taken away.

"Go on. Fill her up. Give us twins." She chuckled at her own joke as Master began to fuck me again. My free leg flailed uselessly as he raised and lowered onto me, his pelvis slapping against mine, his hands supporting him on the ground either side of me, holding him up high enough for Mistress to watch every thrust leading up to my second insemination. My whines weakened and quieted as my strength and will failed. I was helpless under them. I was going to have their child.

"You recognize Master? I thought you would. We saw you sneaking glances at him during the audition. We both thought yours was the best. Not because you're such a great actress, which I'm sorry to say you're not. It was a good thing for us, though - it made your natural submissiveness that much easier to see. You fit the role well, but because of what you really are, rather than due to your acting skill. You virtually told us you were the one. And, of course, Master and I thought your hot little body would be a great fuck. We were both right, weren't we darling?"

An enthusiastic grunt was the only reply. His thrusts became stronger and more erratic as he began to really lose control. He sounded more like an animal than a man now, rutting harder, mating from pure instinct. My mind and body jolted with each impact of him against and in me. I want to say I was numb from it all, but I would be lying. Raw and used as I was, my insides churned with memories of orgasm, and with the stirrings of new pleasure.

"That's it! Fuck her! Cum in her! Yes! Kiss me!" She commanded as he let out a guttural cry. Their mouths met above me as he slammed brutally forward one last time. His grunts and pants escaped their dueling tongues as his cock exploded in me again, ejaculating a second load of semen into my unprotected body. Neither of them were in any state to realize that I was cumming again, too. My pussy clenched weakly around the steel shaft. They didn't notice, but I did, and I was mortified. My body answered the questions my mind had balked at. Not that it mattered. Master surged and poured into me, and finally, finally subsided. They continued kissing as he slowly softened within my overfull, overused pussy.

They broke their kiss. Master leaned over to my left side, and I heard metallic sounds as my ankle came free of the last of the restraints. Mistress's words echoed my own thoughts as I sobbed quietly.

"I don't think she's about to go anywhere now." Master's strong hands moved again to my legs, sliding under my knees to lift and bend them towards me. "Hold these," he told her, then he slipped his flaccid length from me.

She'd moved forward, straddling my chest with her naked, wet crotch to take hold of my legs. My arms stayed stretched above my head where she'd left them. The way I was positioned now, my abused pussy was turned upward to her gaze. Nothing would be spilling out of it now.

"Oh, you poor dear." Her words were of mock pity. "Your poor cunny's so red and raw. Was Master too rough on you? Let Mistress make it better."

I could barely muster a groan as her mouth descended to me. Her lips and tongue grazed my inflamed sex. I didn't believe that anything could have touched me now without hurting, but she was gentle, delicate, even soothing. I could not suppress a sigh of relief. The fact it was a woman doing these things was just another drop of rain in the storm.

She blew gently over my sensitive, fevered skin, and I shivered at the cooling sensation. "That's better, isn't it? See? We'll take care of you. I promise. We'll show you things you've never dreamed of. You'll never want to leave us."

She shifted her weight on me, settling in to gently nuzzle and lick my sloppy sperm-soaked pussy. I realized her pussy was poised nearly over my face. Though my half closed eyes, I saw it was wet and still open from her recent copulation with Master, and I was both repulsed and intrigued by its folds and scents. I'd never seen a vagina this close before.

A hand obscured my view. Master was sliding something cool around my neck, gently snapping it in place. It was a metal choker of some kind. A collar, I thought, and shivered from more than just the tongue and breath on my pussy. Master's hands caressed around Mistress' rear, then one moved to cup her mons. A middle finger slipped between her labia and delved into her steamy slit. I felt her quick exhalation of breath on my own pussy.

"Ohhhh, Master, you dirty boy."

"Yes, Mistress," he chuckled. "Don't mind me. Just clean up our new Mommy now."

"Yes, Master"

I was too tired, too far gone to care about their new game. I closed my eyes. Mistress' ministrations,

the lightest of touches, felt good. I let it carry me away from all that had happened, from all that I didn't know about what would happen next. Now was all that mattered, feeling good was all that mattered, rest was all that mattered. Dimly I heard her moaning into me. Gentle waves of pleasure radiated from my vagina, washing over me, carrying me away, a sweet taste on my lips.

A few days later, they helped me break my sublet contract and move out of my apartment, to the "guest" room in the back of their big old brownstone in the posh Park district. Surprisingly, I still had my job at the Big Bean. Mistress had called in for me, saying I'd been sick. The twinkle in her eye hinted she might have persuaded my boss in other ways as well.

Master and Mistress - I learned their real names eventually, but never used them except in public - had me each night, every morning, sometimes in between. No matter what else they did, they always made me cum for them. Even those first days, when I was still trying to convince myself I could resist them, that I wanted to break free, it always ended with me shaking and crying in ecstasy at their hands, or tongues, or on his cock.

I didn't run when I finally had the chance and the strength. I didn't go to the police or my doctor. I didn't tell anyone. I went out with my old friends and said nothing, and my friends treated me no differently. Either I was a better actress than Mistress had said, or my friends were better than I could tell.

Sometimes Mistress made me lick her while Master fucked me. I learned how to make another woman cum while getting stuffed from behind.

I phoned my mom on the weekend, like always, and said nothing, even when they made me call her once sitting on Master's lap, with his hot shaft buried and throbbing in me.

Master always came in my pussy. Except when Mistress said she wanted to 'her try,' then he would jerk off into a wine glass or something, and Mistress would slurp the white juice up into a turkey baster or other implement and squeeze it into me, fingering herself with her free hand, and talking bright-eyed about the baby she was putting into me.

Those first weeks were really all just a game. The very first day - the first time - had almost certainly done it. When I missed my period, they didn't stop. Why would they? They behaved as if every ejaculation in me was the one that got me pregnant. Every time Master or Mistress stared into my eyes they saw me conceive their child. They told me so. A week later Mistress brought home a pregnancy test, and the following Friday night they threw a big party. They said it was for a new play

of Master's. Of course they invited their 'boarder' to the festivities. The three of us knew the real reason, and Master and Mistress's private celebration with me continued long after the door closed on the last departing guest.

They were theatrical like that all the time, and I was always the blushing, sometimes reluctant starlet of their little plays. Every few weekends, they'd take me to their cottage out in the country. Late in August, we walked to "Mindy's Tree" for the first time, with the cuffs hanging from its branch and stakes still in the ground. Upon seeing it, I almost broke down and ran. Almost. But instead I found myself named and chained again. Master and Mistress replayed that first day, almost exactly the same. Except my terror and fear were all but memory now, and I came more, and harder, and I reciprocated Mistress' attentions after Master had seeded me the second time.

One evening the week after that, Mistress gave me the fall semester schedule and forms for City College. I was already enrolled and paid for. I could study whatever I wanted. She winked at me and suggested taking some classes in the Drama department. I was due in April, but CC had programs in place for such things. I could even keep my job, with shorter hours, at the Big Bean. Not that I needed it anymore. I thanked Mistress in words, and in deeds. Later, I hummed along with the classical radio station as I filled out the forms, with her musk still on my lips and Master's latest deposit in my cunt.

Master always has a hard cock for either Mistress or me. He is simply amazing. I think he knows just how good he has it, and is extremely happy. Despite Master's attentions, Mistress never seems jealous or angry with me. It almost seems that Master's attention to me just makes her horny for one or the other of us. I don't understand her. Maybe I never will. I've been jealous of her, though, watching him lay into her like a machine on overdrive, or her bouncing up and down on him before they kiss tenderly. They are so much in love. Maybe it's the hormones, but sometimes it makes me cry. But then they open their love to me too, and naturally, Master always finishes in me. And they kiss me the same way they kiss each other. I kiss them back. Even though I am theirs, a part of them is mine, too. Sometimes, fleetingly, when they look at me, its almost as they are in awe. Do I love them? I don't know.

There are so many questions. I still am not sure how I feel about the life growing in me. Even though it has no genetic relationship to Mistress, I know it is hers. I'm smart enough to think about all the implications of bearing another couple's child. Legally - well, legally I had my chance to land Master and Mistress in jail a long time ago, and I let it go. Whether I think of the child as mine or not, _I_ belong to them.

Now, as we nest in the short, cold days of the New Year, Mistress can't keep her hands off my growing belly. I've almost forgotten what it is like to sleep alone - I'm either in their bed, or one or both of them are in mine almost every night. They both say I look beautiful. They tell me I taste even better now, just to make me blush. They're both sucking on my nipples more than ever, trying to get my milk come in, they say. A few days ago, they wrestled me to the drawing room couch the minute I got home, literally tore my blouse and bra off, and began to devour my breasts, slurping and sucking and nipping as their hands rubbed over my protruding tummy. Their words and mouths, the intensity and devotion of their attentions, had me cumming in about five minutes, without being touched anywhere else.

Master says he's going to be careful, but he's promised to fuck me every day until and including _the_ day. They've read that orgasms during labor make childbirth easier. I don't even know if that's possible, and it sounds both scary and exciting. Of course, they'll do what they want. I know everything will be okay.

My friends are asking if I'm feeling well. I haven't had a new boyfriend in months, and haven't acted interested in finding one. I'm going out less, dressing more concealingly in public, and I've put on some weight, they say. I think some of them think I'm depressed. They're so sweet to care, but I'm sure none of them would understand. Maybe Mistress will help me figure out something to say. It's hard to think about it. Every time Little Master (yes, he's a boy) moves inside me, I start to get wet.