Due

By RejectReality

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Alyssa is very thankful for her assistant Sarah during her pregnancy, but the best is yet to come

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Alyssa braced herself for the effort, and then stood up. She cradled her swollen tummy – and the life growing within – taking a moment to rest before heading to the door of her office. She pushed an errant lock of dark brunette hair away from her eyes and gathered up her purse.

“Why didn’t you wait for me to help you up?” Sarah asked. Her dark-haired assistant wore a scowl as she stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips. The expression couldn’t remotely mask the young woman’s beauty. If anything, it made her all the more attractive.

“I’m fine,” she protested as she gathered up her purse.

“I don’t know why you’re still coming to work. You’re due in a couple of weeks.”

“Because I can, and because I’m not looking forward to cleaning up the mess Terrance will make while I’m gone. The longer I stay, the less I have to pick up the pieces.”

“Well, I can’t argue with you there.” Sarah walked over and picked up the briefcase Alyssa was reaching for.

Despite saying otherwise only moments before, she was grateful for the help. “What have I gotten myself into?”

Sarah laughed and said, “A little late to be thinking about that now.”

“I knew. Well, at least I thought I did. No matter who tells you about how uncomfortable it is, and the nausea, and the aching boobs, and the constant peeing...”

“It’s nothing compared to the real thing, huh? You amaze me. I don’t know if I could carry a baby for someone else.”

Alyssa rubbed her tummy and felt a kick. Her sister and brother-in-law had tried for months with no luck, only to discover that while her eggs and his sperm were fine, scar tissue from an accident when she was a teenager made it difficult if not impossible for her to conceive. When the doctor listed surrogate as an option, the decision was easy.

“She’s my sister. Once the results of the fertility tests came in and I saw the look in her eyes, I had to do something. That’s another reason I need to work as long as I can. The part of the bill I took on isn’t cheap. But, nine months of inconvenience for a lifetime of happiness is a fair trade.”

Carrying the briefcase, Sarah walked at her side, ready to help if necessary. “At least you won’t be the one up at all hours of the night feeding and changing diapers.”

“Amen to that. Well, other than the first few feedings, and then pumping these *things* for a while.”

Sarah giggled. “They are rather large and in charge now.”

“They’re *huge*. I don’t know how some women walk upright.”

“Better than my problem.”

Even as Sarah rolled her eyes, lamenting her small breasts, Alyssa had to fight off the urge to look at them. As far as she was concerned, they were perfect. It was something she’d struggled with since hiring the gorgeous young woman. Sarah was a marvelous assistant – and even better friend – but she had to wonder how much her attraction had played in the initial decision to hire her.

Sarah nodded toward the door. “Well, let’s get you home so you can relax.”

Having Sarah bring her to work and drop her off was the only reason she could still come in. Driving was simply not an option with the size of her pregnant bump. After a slow journey to the parking lot, they were finally on the way.

“I just thought of something,” Sarah said after a few blocks. “Do you think I could change at your place? I’m supposed to meet Trent, and going back home would be out of the way. I picked up my dress from the dry cleaners on lunch.”

“Well, sure. It’s the least I can do since you’re chauffeuring me around.”

“Great. Thanks.”

Soon enough, they reached Alyssa's apartment. Once inside, she gestured and said, "You can use my room. Unfortunately, I need the bathroom – quickly."

Sarah laughed. "Okay, thanks."

Alyssa hurried to the bathroom to answer the urgent – and all too frequent – need. As usual of late, wiping around her tummy proved cumbersome. On top of that, there was the embarrassing hair she'd always kept smoothly shaven. It was impossible to see and not much easier to reach between her legs, and the effort was simply too much.

Still, it bothered her, and she seriously considered facing the discomfort before it was too late. Before long, she would have doctors and nurses down there as she delivered the baby. She decided that one way or another, she was going to do so without a bramble patch between her legs.

Sarah walked out of the bedroom just as Alyssa sank down on the couch. Turning toward her assistant, her breath caught in her chest.

Sarah was dressed in a slinky black dress that hugged her every curve. She was wearing higher heels than usual, which accentuated her incredible legs. When the younger woman did a pirouette, Alyssa got an eyeful of her friend's perfect, tight little bottom. She felt her nipples stiffen as a chill shot all through her.

"What do you think?"

"You look incredible." She knew as soon as she said it that she'd let a little too much of her arousal show in her voice.

A crooked grin decorated Sarah's face for a moment or two, then she said, "Thanks. Trent called, and he's going to meet me here, if that's okay? We can take one car, and then come pick his up tonight."

"Of course."

"As long as I'm here, do you need anything? A drink? Something to eat?"

Barely able to keep her eyes off the sexy young woman, her thoughts were even harder to control. *You look good enough to eat.* "No, I'm fine. I'm going to relax for a while, then I have something ready to heat up. My sister makes meals and drops them off to make things easier."

The brief toot of a horn sounded, and Sarah turned toward the door. "That's Trent."

“Have fun.”

“And you take it easy. See you tomorrow.”

With that, Sarah made her way to the door. When it opened, Alyssa saw Sarah’s boyfriend, who was also dressed up for a night on the town. Muscular and handsome, with dark, wavy hair, he inspired a doubling of the arousal she already felt. With her hormones elevated from her pregnancy, the dual temptation right in front of her nearly had her squirming on the couch.

Snapping out of the excited trance, she levered up from the couch with the hope that making something to eat and watching television would help the surge pass. It worked, and the effort of getting in the shower later combined with putting off shaving yet again had turned her mood the exact opposite way as she prepared for bed.

Headlights brightened the window as she passed on the way to the bedroom, and she peeked out through the curtains. Trent and Sarah both got out of her car, sharing a long, impassioned kiss. Before he walked to his car, Sarah reached between his legs and squeezed, hinting at things to come.

Like the flipping of a switch, the scene instantly turned her on.

Walking away from the window, she continued to bed. Fantasy took over, causing her arousal to build. As she lay in bed, she teased her stiff nipples, and her breathing quickened. It was only when she let her hand move between her legs and encountered the obstruction of her belly that her fires cooled.

The angle was awkward, and orgasm was elusive the last few weeks. Despite feeling as if she was in heat half the time, the frustration of fighting to reach a peak usually put her off trying – and tonight was one of those nights.

Though she drifted off into a fitful sleep, her dreams picked up where her fantasy had left off.

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The next day, Sarah once again drove her home. Alyssa liked spending the extra time with her young assistant, even though it was almost torture at times. Today, an entirely different torture was on tap.

Seeing her fidgeting, Sarah asked, “Are you okay?”

“I think I should have gone to the bathroom before we left.”

“My place is only a couple of blocks away. We can stop there.”

With the urgency building at an alarming rate, Alyssa nodded. The emergency pit stop proved wise, because she barely made it to the bathroom. Cleaning up afterward was another reminder that she’d put off the effort of shaving yet again. That thought led to what made it difficult, then to what *else* was too difficult, and the frustration of waking up from a passionate sexual dream about Sarah this morning.

As she walked out of the bathroom, Sarah said, “Okay, I have to ask. What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean?”

“You haven’t been yourself all day, and you’re scowling.”

“It’s nothing,” Alyssa answered, and then shrugged.

“It has to be something.”

Afraid of offending her friend by saying nothing, but still not confident enough to reveal the true source of her bad mood, her mind whirled. Latching on to an errant thought, she tried to turn it into a joke and defuse the situation. “Let’s just say that the doctor might need a machete before anything else in a couple of weeks.”

“Oh,” Sarah said, obviously catching on. “Too hard?”

She nodded.

“Well, why don’t you let me?”

Alyssa’s heart pounded in her chest at the thought of Sarah between her legs – though shaving had nothing to do with it. “I couldn’t ask you to do that.”

“Well, you’re not. I’m offering.” The beautiful young woman flashed a smile. “I know it would drive me crazy. It’s stressing you out, and you don’t need that right now. If not for you, then for the baby.”

“You don’t think that will be a little strange for us tomorrow at the office?”

“We’re friends. You’ve done so much for me,” Sarah continued. “At least let me do this one little thing for you.”

She knew she shouldn’t. It didn’t help.

“If you’re sure?”

“Come on. I just need to get my things from the bathroom.”

Excitement bubbled within her as she followed her young friend – eyes drifting of their own accord to the way Sarah’s hands moved as she walked – so flowing and graceful. This was a bad idea, but it was too close to what she really wanted, and desire was short-circuiting her common sense.

Sarah grabbed two towels first, and then bundled up everything else she needed inside them. She turned and said, “Take this into the bedroom while I fill up a bowl with some water, then get comfortable.”

“That’s going to be a trick.”

Sarah laughed. “At least as comfortable as you can.”

After putting the bundle down on the bedside table, Alyssa slowly sat down on the bed. A shiver rippled through her body as she thought about Sarah and Trent sharing the bed – and each other. A moment later, Sarah walked in carefully carrying a bowl, which she sat down on the table next to the towels.

While pulling a chair over to the side of the bed, she said, “Okay, skirt and panties off.”

The matter-of-fact tone set Alyssa’s ears to burning, momentarily overshadowing her desire. Sarah unrolled the towels, sat everything within on the table, and then held one of them out. “Come on now. Chop, chop.”

“It’s just a little unnerving,” she said as she reached for the zipper on her skirt.

“Don’t be ridiculous. You’ve had a bikini wax before.”

“This is a little different.”

“Not that much.”

Pulse racing, Alyssa pulled down the zipper, and then reclined on the bed. She pushed the material down, lifting her bottom, and somehow found the courage to slip the skirt below her panties.

“Let me help,” Sarah said, first taking off Alyssa’s shoes, and then grabbing the skirt, pulled it down past the knee-length black stockings. She put the skirt at the foot of the bed, and reached for her friend’s panties.

Sarah’s fingers slipping beneath the waistband of her panties was almost too much. She was thankful that she’d chosen a blouse and bra that she was sure hid her stiffening nipples, but a tingle between her legs reminded her that wasn’t the only giveaway she had to fear.

She barely had to lift her butt up from the mattress, and in the space of a breath, her panties joined her skirt at the foot of the bed. A spark of desire made her want to part her legs wide, but she pulled her knees together instead.

“Are you comfortable?” Sarah asked as she reached for a battery powered trimmer.

“Not really,” Alyssa responded, punctuating it with a nervous laugh.

Rolling her eyes while she pulled a chair up next to the bed, she said, “You know what I mean.”

“I’m okay.”

“Well, you’ll feel a lot better in a few minutes.” She pushed the button on the trimmer a couple of times, making it hum. Then, she pushed on one of her friend’s knees and said, “Let’s get started.”

Despite her desire, it took a great surge of willpower to overcome the shame that tried to keep her legs tightly clamped together. Breaking through the barrier, she drew her knees back and out, parting her legs.

“It’s no wonder you’ve been grumpy,” Sarah said – smiling – and turned on the trimmer. “It looks like you had a landing strip. Do you want to keep that?”

“I... Yes,” she answered. Oddly enough, Sarah’s businesslike attitude was helping to calm her.

It didn’t last long.

The tiny vibration coming through the trimmer's comb as it slid over her skin was more than enough to force her to hold her breath against a moan trying to escape. She had to direct her eyes to the ceiling because the sight of the beautiful woman between her legs summoned every fantasy she'd ever conjured up.

Sarah went about her task quickly, and with skill. Every touch of the younger woman's fingers manipulating her labia and legs to reach creases sent electric pulses shooting through her body. She wasn't sure whether to be relieved or disappointed when the trimmer shut off.

"That should be short enough for the razor now," Sarah said as she put down the trimmer and picked up the shaving lotion.

The feeling of Sarah's fingers gliding over her skin to spread the lotion was even more intense than the vibrations. Her nipples were pebble-hard and aching to be touched. All the tingling between her legs culminated in a twitch of her intimate muscles that she knew had to be plainly visible – and obvious. Sarah stuck to her task, and picked up the razor.

Again, Alyssa endured the wonderful torture of her friend's fingers touching her while trying to focus her gaze on the ceiling and her thoughts on something else. As if they had a mind of their own, her eyes kept drifting down to watch Sarah between her legs. Her need grew stronger – more desperate – by the moment.

Sarah shaved her with practiced skill, which made Alyssa consider that this might not be the first time her assistant had shaved another woman. She wasn't sure whether to be disappointed or relieved when Sarah put down the razor and used a damp washcloth to wipe away the last of the lotion.

"There we go. All done," the younger woman said as she put the washcloth back into the bowl of water. Before Alyssa could react, Sarah stroked two fingers over the newly smooth skin and said, "Doesn't that feel good?"

Oh god yes! Alyssa thought, and she shivered, sucking in a short gasp as well. She stiffened immediately afterward, knowing how her reaction had to look. Her lips parted to lie that the touch had tickled, but two things brought her up short. Sarah hadn't stopped stroking her fingers over the smooth skin, and had actually moved closer to the center. The younger woman also wore a half smile, and was looking directly into her eyes.

Not breaking eye contact, Sarah said, "If it's difficult to shave, I bet *other things* are pretty hard too."

"What do you mean?" Alyssa asked in a whisper, not sure if her voice was even audible.

“Is there anything else I can help you with?”

The younger woman’s fingers stopped teasing and glided the full length of Alyssa’s nether lips with feather-light pressure. Reeling with pleasure from the touch, Alyssa’s back arched up from the bed and a sharp moan escaped her.

Eyes closed, Alyssa felt Sarah moving on the bed. She opened them just in time for the younger woman to recline next to her.

“I was pretty sure the first time you interviewed me,” Sarah confided, looking deep into her eyes. “I’ve seen a few signs since then, but now I’m sure – and I’m glad.” She moved closer, her lips parting.

Alyssa gasped, and then moaned as Sarah kissed her. The kiss was soft and the tip of the younger woman’s tongue tickled her lips.

“How long has it been since you had an orgasm?” Sarah asked, her lips still only centimeters away.

“Weeks,” Alyssa answered in a breathy whisper.

“Mmm... Then I won’t tease you and make you wait. You need to come now. I can kiss you all over some other time.”

Before she could even process those words, her young assistant sat up and scooted back to the edge of the bed. Alyssa’s heart pattered in her chest as Sarah sat down in the chair again and licked her lips. Alyssa parted her legs wide, her need now far outstripping any thoughts about consequences, and sucked in a sharp breath as Sarah leaned in.

A warbling whimper and a full body shiver accompanied the soft, moist touch of Sarah’s tongue. The younger woman moaned, then planted a kiss directly over Alyssa’s hood.

“Mmm, you’re so wet,” she said after the kiss. Without waiting for a response, she stiffened her tongue and swiped it the full length of Alyssa’s nether lips.

“O-o-oh god,” Alyssa cried out as her pleasure centers fired with an intensity that made her feel light-headed.

“Feel good?” Another long lap that ended with a wiggle beneath her clit.

“God yes.”

Alyssa could do little more than whimper and quiver at first. Too long denied, her body was alive with energy as the younger woman lapped her. Sarah teased with the tip of her tongue, wriggled it, and sucked on the fragrant folds – all the while moaning in delight.

When the delicious shock faded enough for her to open her eyes, Alyssa said, “Oh yes,” as she looked over her rapidly rising and falling breasts at the beautiful woman between her legs.

Sarah switched to darting, feather-light touches of her tongue that seemed to be everywhere at once. Suddenly feeling stifled, and with her nipples aching, Alyssa desperately tore at the buttons of her blouse, legs and hips moving in slow, serpentine motions beyond her control.

Some small part of her not consumed by the steady rise to a peak that Sarah was driving her toward rejoiced in the decision to go ahead and start wearing front clasp bras to contain her enlarged breasts. A quick snap of her fingers freed the heavy globes and she cupped them, pressing a finger down over each turgid nipple.

A sudden, deliberate swipe of Sarah’s tongue that lifted her hood and rolled her clit caused Alyssa to yelp as her back arched. She released her breasts, letting them spill to the sides, and slapped her hands down to the bed, fingers curling into claws.

It was but a prelude. Sarah attacked her clit with ferocious hunger, causing the hot knot of pressure behind Alyssa’s mound to rapidly swell. The younger woman kept up the assault for what felt like eternity, then moved away to tease with the tip of her tongue. Just as Alyssa sucked in a breath to beg for more, Sarah obliged her by darting back to the swollen bud. The brief respite made the return all the more intense, and she cried out, “Yes!”

Rushing headlong toward the brink, Alyssa let out a series of whimpers that built in volume and pitch. She could hear her rapid heartbeat pounding in her ears, and feel it in her chest, nipples, and clit. As she reached the cusp, ready to tumble over into sweet oblivion, Sarah’s lips latched onto her hood.

The whimper trying to escape Alyssa caught in her throat, and her mouth dropped wide open. She trembled, trapped in the instant of release by Sarah’s sucking lips and soft tongue attacking her naked clit. On and on it went, making Alyssa feel as if she might burst into flames or fly apart. Then, finally, she tumbled over the edge with a loud, weepy cry.

For a time, she knew nothing other than the shockwaves of chilly orgasmic bliss crashing through her body. As her other senses snapped back into focus, she saw Sarah looking into her eyes, licking lips

that glistened with wetness, and it set her off again.

The younger woman crawled up in the bed next to her, and they shared dozens of brief kisses between Alyssa's gasps for air. Finally, a kick from within ended the relentless waves of aftershocks, causing Alyssa's eyes to pop wide open as she cried out and snapped a hand to her tummy.

"Are you okay?" Sarah asked.

One leg still trembling uncontrollably, Alyssa wearily chuckled. "Wond... Wonderful. Someone didn't like all the squeezing and fluttering."

Sarah leaned over her tummy and said, "Sorry."

Alyssa couldn't help but laugh, which earned her another kick.

"Mmm, it's been a long time since I did that. I've missed it," Sarah said as she reclined on the bed again. "I was nervous about telling Trent, and only got up the nerve about a month ago."

"I haven't been with a woman in three years," Alyssa admitted. Drifting in the afterglow of her orgasm, there was something surreal about her assistant – still dressed for work – lying next to her with her lips and chin glistening with juices.

"And a guy?"

"A little over a year, and that wasn't very good."

"I can't believe I was afraid to tell Trent. We had the most mind-blowing sex when I finally summoned up the courage." Her lips curled into a crooked grin. "You know what we were talking about right before he rocked my world?"

"What?"

"You."

That set off an aftershock that caused every muscle in Alyssa's body to tighten for a second.

"Apparently, he'd been hiding big-time Milf and pregnancy fetishes. As soon as I told him I was into you, he let it all out. He wants you *bad*." She leaned in for a long, passionate kiss. "Interested?"

“Oh my god,” Alyssa whispered at the thought of the gorgeous young man taking her while Sarah rubbed her clit and sucked on her nipples.

“Is that a *yes*?”

“Yes.”

Sarah let out a moan that jumped in volume and pitch at the end. “That makes me so wet.”

Alyssa reached out and ran a fingertip over the younger woman’s left breast. “Oh? Why don’t you show me?”

Moaning again, Sarah hurried to peel off her clothes.

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Alyssa stiffened a little as she heard the front door of the apartment open. No matter how excited she was at the prospect of sharing Sarah’s boyfriend, the reality of him actually arriving home summoned up a swarm of butterflies in her stomach. She was sitting almost nude – Sarah had encouraged her to leave on her stockings – and very pregnant in a nest of pillows, and naturally self-conscious about the much younger man seeing her that way for the first time.

Sitting next to her, still a little flushed from her recent orgasm, Sarah leaned in and whispered, “I can’t wait to see the look on his face.” The butterflies stilled momentarily as the younger woman kissed her. “Mmm, I can still taste me on your lips.”

“Babe?” Trent called from the front room.

Sarah put a finger to her lips and let out an almost inaudible giggle.

“Babe?” he called out again, sounding perplexed this time.

Alyssa heard him walking through the apartment, his footsteps growing closer. Her heartbeat quickened, and the butterflies had to compete with an anticipatory chill.

“Sarah, are you in the...” He trailed off, mouth hanging open and eyes widening as he stepped in front of the doorway to the bedroom. Alyssa couldn’t help a faint blush as his eyes drank them both in.

Sarah slid out of the bed and sauntered toward him. “Welcome home.” Before he could respond, she

reached him and pulled him into a hungry kiss. “Taste anything different, baby?” she asked after pulling back from the kiss.

“So you? Did she?” he stammered, eyes alternating between his lover and glancing over her shoulder at Alyssa.

“Mmm hmm, and oh my *god*, is she good.”

Sarah’s fingers slipped into the waistband of his pants, and she dragged him toward the bed, her hips swaying in an exaggerated strut. Alyssa was torn between the sight of her assistant’s bare, taut bottom, and the hungry look in the young man’s eyes.

Upon reaching the bed, he noticed everything on the bedside table. “Aw man, did I miss shaving?”

“Another turn-on?” Sarah asked. When he nodded, she said, “Well, maybe you’ll get the chance to watch that later.”

She then sat down on the bed and scooted in close. Alyssa moaned as the younger woman drew her into a kiss and slipped a hand between her legs. Sarah kept teasing her new lover’s folds while she turned to her boyfriend.

“Exactly why are you still dressed?”

Without taking his eyes off the scene of the two women caressing each other, Trent hurriedly popped open the buttons of his shirt and shrugged it off. His undershirt followed, and Alyssa gasped as he revealed a muscular chest with just the right amount of hair.

“You like?” Sarah asked.

Eyes fixed on Trent as he unbuckled his belt and kicked off his shoes, Alyssa answered, “Uh huh.”

Mesmerized, Alyssa watched him slide down his pants, revealing boxers tented by the erection beneath. When that final layer of cloth slid away and his cock sprang into view, she couldn’t help a high-pitched, warbling moan.

Sarah leaned over and picked up the washcloth from the bowl, wringing it out. “Come here, baby,” she instructed.

He stepped up next to the bed, and Alyssa leaned forward to watch the younger woman wash Trent’s

hard young cock and balls.

“There we go,” Sarah declared as she dropped the washcloth back in the water. “Now come here and let her have a good look.”

Trent climbed into the bed, knee walking over to Alyssa when his girlfriend moved to make room. As soon as he was within reach, Alyssa wrapped her hand around his cock and groaned. He wasn’t the biggest she’d ever been with, but he was rock hard, and throbbing powerfully in her grasp.

“Do you want to suck it?” Sarah asked.

Answering not with words, but action, Alyssa slid down on the bed and used the convenient handle to draw him to her. He let out a growl as her tongue swirled over his cockhead, and then groaned, “Fuck yeah,” as her lips wrapped around him.

Sarah reached between his legs to cup his balls while Alyssa sucked the head and swirled her tongue over it. “Feel good, baby?”

“Oh hell yeah.”

“Suck it. Make him squirm. It’s making me so hot.”

A burst of flavor caused Alyssa to moan around him as he rewarded her efforts with a tangy drop of pre-cum. She took him a little deeper, head swimming from his manly scent.

“I think she likes it,” Sarah teased.

Alyssa let him pop free of her lips just long enough to say, “Oh yes. So hard.”

Trent grunted and groaned as she sucked him, steadily taking more of his hard young cock in her mouth. Sarah kept his hips under control with squeezes of his balls and a steady hand on his hips. Even though her jaw and neck were both starting to ache, Alyssa sucked him faster.

Sarah chuckled as the pace of his breathing picked up and his grunts grew louder. “Oh my. How turned on are you? Are you getting close already?”

“Yeah,” he answered in an explosive burst, followed by a loud grunt.

“Do you want him to come?” Sarah asked.

Not even slowing down, Alyssa moaned, “Mmm hmm,” around him.

“Do it baby. Come for her so she can share it with me.”

His cock throbbed in her mouth and he let out a long groan. Alyssa sucked harder, continuing to moan around him as he began to grunt with every breath. She knew he was close, and she wanted it – badly.

“Ah shit. Here comes,” he said in a rush, his voice tight.

Alyssa squealed in delight around his pulsing shaft as he erupted, flooding her mouth with hot cum. Despite knowing Sarah wanted to share, she had to swallow that first spurt of thick cream. He had plenty more to offer, filling her mouth again while twitching and making inarticulate sounds that jumped in pitch with every exclamation.

With her mouth full and a dribble running from the corner of her lips, Alyssa pulled slowly back to the tip and let it pop free. She moaned, the sound bubbling a little from her mouthful of cum, and let her head rest on the pillow.

Sarah immediately gave her trembling boyfriend’s bottom a spank and pushed him out of the way with her shoulder. He sat down hard on the bed with a weary grunt – and hot on its heels – a noisy gasp when his sensitive cock slapped against him. Sarah kissed over the dribble of cum that had escaped Alyssa, and then sought her lips.

The two women kissed, sharing his cum between them as their tongues swirled through the thick cream. Their lips stuck together for a fraction of a second as Sarah pulled back from the kiss, causing them both to laugh.

“Oh my. That was a lot. You came hard, baby,” Sarah said.

“A *lot*,” Alyssa agreed.

“It’s going to take him a while to recover, though,” Sarah said with a mischievous glint in her eyes. She suddenly darted in for a lick of Alyssa’s stiff nipple, causing the older woman to gasp. “But nothing’s stopping us, and he hasn’t stopped talking about me going down on another girl ever since I told him.”

Alyssa drew in a slow, deep breath as Sarah kissed her breasts, then moved slowly downward. A still

shaky Trent moved out of the way, letting his girlfriend move between legs that parted in invitation.

His voice a mix of weariness and fascination, he said, “Holy fuck,” as Sarah kissed Alyssa’s hood. He continued to scoot on the bed, trying to find a better angle to watch his lover lap Alyssa’s pussy.

Alyssa whimpered from the touch of Sarah’s tongue slipping over her folds. The younger woman teased with short, soft laps, alternating between quick strokes, and drawn out pauses. Tingling all over, Alyssa caressed and squeezed her breasts with one hand while she pressed the other against the back of Sarah’s head.

Sarah’s partially muffled voice arose from between Alyssa’s legs. “She tastes so good. You like watching me lick pussy, baby?”

“So fucking hot,” he answered.

“And wet,” she added, giving a stronger lap that slipped between Alyssa’s nether lips.

Alyssa writhed slowly on the bed, whimpering and moaning from the touch of Sarah’s talented tongue. As good as the first time had been, it was even more exciting this time with the taste of Trent’s cum still on her lips and the handsome young man watching every moment with rapt attention. Soon enough, the first tickles of an approaching orgasm behind her mound caused her to pinch her nipples hard.

Naturally, she protested when Sarah pulled away for a moment, and pressed harder against the younger woman’s head, trying to force her back down. Sarah held firm just long enough to say, “I know you want to suck on those big titties, baby. Do it.”

Alyssa gasped as a wide grin spread across Trent’s face and he started scooting on the bed. The sound jumped an octave when Sarah dived back in, immediately attacking her clit with flickering, tongue-tip licks. Before she could recover from that spike of pleasure, Trent locked his lips around her nipple.

Hands on the back of both of their heads, Alyssa soared rapidly toward another peak. Sarah added two curled fingers to her lapping tongue, expertly targeting the older woman’s g-spot. Trent read the cues from her voice and fingers tightening in his hair perfectly and sucked her nipple hard while teasing the other with his finger. From the sound of his excited moans, she knew he must be getting a taste of her pre-milk – and enjoying it.

The itch behind Alyssa’s mound reached electric intensity as she teetered on the cusp of sweet

oblivion. Explosive whimpers burst from her lips with every rapid breath. Then, as before, Sarah caught up her clit between suckling lips, tongue swirling over the sensitive bud, and Alyssa came.

No sound emerged from her wide open mouth at first as her fingers fisted in two sets of dark locks. She stiffened, trembled, and finally lurched as she found her voice in the form of a weepy, warbling cry of release. This time, even the protesting kick of her niece or nephew wasn't enough to tame her orgasm. On and on it went, even after Sarah slipped from between her legs to draw Trent into a kiss.

She hadn't even noticed Trent leaving the room, but she gratefully accepted the help to sit up and the bottle of blissfully cold water he'd fetched from the refrigerator. She caught her breath and moistened her parched throat just in time.

"I take it that was a good one?" Sarah asked.

"Oh my god. Mmm," Alyssa answered, and then let out a weak chuckle as she slid down to rest her head on the pillows again.

Sarah sat back and let out a sharp moan of her own. "God, this is making me so hot." A hand crept between her legs to tease her folds, catching the attention of both Alyssa and Trent. Noticing she had an audience, she parted her legs wider and rubbed a little faster.

When Sarah twitched her eyebrows at her boyfriend, Alyssa looked that way to see him using a finger to rub his cock, which was showing signs of life.

"You want his cock, don't you?" Sarah asked.

"Oh yes," Alyssa answered.

Sarah then looked over at Trent again. "I bet it would get hard if she was licking me, wouldn't it?"

"Only one way to find out."

Alyssa started to sit up, but Sarah said, "Stay there." She scooted in close to where the older woman lay, rose up on one knee, and braced a hand on the bed. When she stretched the other leg over and behind her new lover, it took little more than a few wiggles for Alyssa to reach her sweet pussy.

Moaning from the taste of the younger woman's juices, Alyssa pressed her tongue deep, drawing out a whimper. She lapped hungrily, feeling wetness creeping back between her legs because she knew Trent was watching – and stiffening – the whole time.

Sarah pulled away at the same time as Alyssa felt the bed shift. Licking her lips, Alyssa turned her head to see Trent rising to his knees. He was hard again, and his cock bobbed in anticipation as she watched, which caused her to suck in a gasp.

Sarah moved to the foot of the bed and turned so she was on her hands and knees. “Finish me off first, baby. I’m so close. I need your cock.”

Trent was already moving into position before she finished. Alyssa grabbed another pillow and pulled it behind her head so she could sit up enough to watch over her tummy. Trent moved in behind Sarah, put one hand on her hip, and guided his cock with the other.

Sarah groaned as he sank balls deep inside her with one smooth thrust. “Do it. Fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

Taking her words to heart, Trent drove his cock home with jackhammer force. The bed shook and loud claps sounded every time his hips slammed home. Sarah yelped and squealed, her small breasts quivering from the shockwaves traveling up her body.

She had obviously been telling the truth about how close she was, because within a minute, she let out a cry somewhere between a moan and a squeal. Her fingers clawed the bedclothes and her toes curled. Trent thrust a half dozen times more, each one causing Sarah to release a whimper, and then left his cock buried deep in her clenched canal.

“Oh my god. Oh my god,” Sarah said in a weak voice as she let her arms buckle and sank down to rest her head on the bed. Behind her, Trent growled and caressed her ass. Despite the awkward angle, Alyssa slipped her fingers between her legs to assuage her aching pussy.

It took Sarah a minute or two to catch her breath, but then she turned her head to look at Alyssa and offered a weak smile. “Ready for your turn?”

Alyssa’s voice quavered as she answered, “Oh, please.”

Another growl from Trent prompted Sarah to ask, “I guess you’re ready too, huh?”

“Oh, fuck yeah.”

A shiver shook Alyssa upon hearing him say those words while he devoured her with his eyes.

“Do it, baby,” Sarah instructed. Almost immediately, she sucked in a gasp as her eager boyfriend pulled free.

Alyssa moaned at the sight of his rock-hard cock covered in Sarah’s juices. With what looked to be no small amount of effort, Sarah rose up onto her hands again. She stuck out a leg to block Trent, as he was already knee-walking toward Alyssa with his erection bobbing in anticipation.

“Hang on. You’re too excited.” She then slithered up next to Alyssa and said, “Roll onto your side. Spooning, he won’t be able to get too carried away.”

The thought crossed Alyssa’s mind that she was fully prepared for him to get as carried away as he wanted, but she had to think of the baby as well. Nodding her head, she rolled over on her side. Sarah gathered up some pillows, and after a bit of adjusting, Alyssa found a comfortable position lying on her side with one knee bent and her foot resting on the mattress.

After a nod from Sarah, Trent lay down behind Alyssa and scooted up against her. Alyssa whimpered as she felt his slippery erection press against her bottom, and then slide down. Sarah reached between Alyssa’s legs and wrapped her fingers around Trent’s cock. She guided the head into position, and rubbed it over the older woman’s folds.

Absolutely aching with need, Alyssa begged, “Please.”

Sarah grinned, and then wriggled her boyfriend’s cock between Alyssa’s folds.

Alyssa groaned as Trent’s hard young cock filled her full. After so long going without, it felt *huge*.

“Ah, fuck yeah. That’s tight,” Trent growled behind her, and then reached over to cup one of her heavy breasts in his hand.

“Do it, baby,” Sarah said before finding Alyssa’s lips for a hungry kiss.

Alyssa moaned into the kiss as Trent thrust. Not only was his wonderful cock buried deep inside her, but she could feel his muscular body pressed up against her. Sarah scooted in closer as well, until their breasts touched as they continued to kiss.

Sandwiched between the two of them, Alyssa was in heaven. Her pleasure spiked even more when Sarah’s soft fingers found her clit.

“Does his cock feel good?”

“Yes. Oh, yes,” Alyssa whimpered in answer, her eyes pinching closed as a strong ripple of bliss cascaded through her.

“Come all over it,” Sarah said as she increased the speed of her fingers.

The choice of position was perfect, making Alyssa suspicious that her secretary had been doing some research unrelated to work. Trent quickly built up to speed, but could only go so deep and so hard lying on his side. It was more than enough to drive her wild, though.

With the itch of an oncoming orgasm building, a steady stream of whimpers and moans tumbled from Alyssa’s lips. Sarah alternately kissed her lips and neck, never losing the rhythm of her fingers on Alyssa’s clit.

“Come for us.” A kiss on her neck.

“Do it.” A peck on the lips.

“Come for us.” Another kiss and a swirl of the tongue across her lips.

Alyssa reached the point of no return and sucked in a fast, noisy breath. It emerged as whispers, each repetition jumping an octave. “Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god!”

“Are you there?” Sarah said in a rush.

“Y-y-yes!” Alyssa cried out, and then stiffened as sweet oblivion claimed her. Her head snapped back, bumping into Trent’s, and she let out a long, quavering cry of release.

“Ah, fuck,” Trent growled, the hand holding her breast squeezing tighter.

Sarah asked, “You gonna come, baby?”

His voice was tight, following on the heels of several clipped grunts. “Fuck yeah.”

Some tiny part of Alyssa’s mind not reeling in the intensity of her orgasm felt him slow and shift position slightly. She knew he was about to pull out and had just enough breath to beg, “Inside... Inside me, please!”

“Oh yeah,” Trent responded, his voice full of surprised pleasure.

Sarah gasped and said, “Fill her up, baby.”

He managed a few more thrusts, and then slammed his hips forward one last time. Alyssa’s orgasm took on new life and strength as he roared, stirring her hair with his breath.

“Oh yes,” she cried out as she felt him swell and throb, pumping jets of cum deep inside her.

“Give it to her baby. Give her all that cum,” Sarah encouraged her man, though he had little need of the incentive.

Still within the grip of her orgasm, Alyssa’s thoughts vanished into a fog of beautiful agony for a time. It was only when Trent jerked free with a pained-sounding grunt that the world came crashing down on her again.

Sarah’s slippery fingers caressed her butt as she panted for breath amidst yelps caused by aftershocks still rolling through her. She felt the first dollop of cum seep from inside her and slither down her nether lips, where it dribbled onto her leg, and Sarah’s hand moved.

A high-pitched grunt escaped Alyssa as Sarah gathered up the dribbling cream on her fingers, all the way back to its source. A moment later, she brought the cum-coated digits to Alyssa’s lips. Alyssa sucked the mingled juices from the younger woman’s fingers with a moan, and shuddered.

“Good?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“I want a taste too.”

Sarah started slithering downward on the bed and Alyssa gasped. Instinctively, she laid a weak hand on Sarah’s head and said, “Too... Too much.”

Though Sarah affected a pout, she said, “Okay,” and looked over at her spent boyfriend to giggle at him.

“Oh shit,” he mumbled, apparently knowing what was to come.

Alyssa let her bent knee sink back down and rolled into a slightly more comfortable position as Sarah got her taste from Trent’s softening cock instead. It didn’t take him long to push her away from the

sensitive organ, prompting her to giggle once again.

“You taste good together,” she said as she sat up, climbed out of bed, and grabbed one of the towels for Alyssa to tuck between her legs.

Soon after, Alyssa was snuggled between two warm bodies once more, enjoying the afterglow of the most incredible sex of her life. She had nearly dozed off when a brief snore from Trent indicated that he *had*. She and Sarah shared a quiet laugh, and then a kiss.

“Thank you,” Alyssa said as their lips parted.

“Mmm... You’re welcome. You had all the annoyances of being pregnant with none of the fun of getting that way. You were long overdue.”

“Mmm hmm,” Alyssa moaned in response.

Fixing her employer with a sexy stare, Sarah said, “Speaking of... You still owe me a taste of Alyssa cream pie. And I think payment is *coming due* right after work tomorrow.”

Alyssa sucked in a sharp breath and shivered. That was one debt she was going to be more than happy to pay.