

Title: Fathering

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By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

My entry into fatherhood came the year after I graduated from college, when I was working near my alma mater.

“Sean, do you remember that party at the lake junior year?” Ande was toying with her raven-black hair and looking straight at me across the table at Starbucks.

“You mean the one where Mike climbed on top of his car, and then fell on the hood?”

“Yeah, that’s the one. You were almost as drunk as Mike, and you told me you’d love to be my sperm donor some day.”

“I said that?”

“Yeah, you did. Did you mean it?” Ande was staring at me, her mouth wearing an odd, almost elusive smile.

“Uh, where’s this conversation going?”

“Kristina and I are getting married next week, in San Francisco. And when we get back, we want to start the next step: having oddles of kids. We’re thinking four, but maybe even more.” The words were pouring out of Ande so fast, I was having trouble keeping up. “...and we’re planning on taking turns being preggy. We flipped a coin, and Kris won, so she’s going to have the first kid.”

Like Ande, Kristina was a young engineer. Ande had her degree in structural engineering, while Kris was a civil engineer specializing in sewage treatment plants. Both had found great jobs near the college and both were well paid.

And if they were ever “made redundant,” always a possibility in today’s relentless corporate world, with their training they’d never be unemployed for long. They could afford a large family, no question about that.

I’d known them since freshman year, when the three of us had been assigned to the same mathematics class. The professor skimmed over

the early material, which was fine for the two math whizzes but not for me. I was struggling and would have flunked, had they not come to my rescue. Thanks to their tutoring, I'd ended up with a 91 as my final grade!

And thanks to the many hours of tutoring, I'd learned in detail about them and their way of life. Turned out they'd been lovers since sophomore year in high school, when they'd met during phys ed, checked out each other's body, and followed their gaydar and lust. One thing led to another and now, thanks to the recent California Supreme Court ruling, they could legally get hitched in San Francisco.

"Well?"

Ande's question brought me out of my recollections. "Well, will you be our sperm donor, our one and only sperm donor?"

I was getting interested, and my dick was getting hard at the thought. "Maybe. Why me?"

"Because we both love you – not physically, of course – but we love you deeply. You're smart, you're handsome, you've got a nice bod, and we know we can count on you to come through for us when it's time for a baby." Andrea's smile was now wider, and she was grinning.

"In other words, when we need some cum, we know we count on you and your tool. Right?"

Ande – Andrea on her driver's license – looked every bit a dyke lesbian. She had ink, piercings, hairy pits, and a short, short haircut. I had no idea whether she was an A-cup, B-cup, or maybe even a C-cup, for she kept her boobs tightly bound. Her chest never, ever bounced.

She was 22, stood 5-foot-10, and kept her body trim and taunt. She'd taken up boxing a couple of years earlier, after running cross country since junior high. You wouldn't mess with her in a dark alley or, for that matter, a well-lit one.

Despite the raven hair, Andrea had green eyes. And a pug nose. And dimples in each cheek and on her chin. Her lips were full and her smile was wide. She was damn cute, but I don't recall ever seeing her flirt, not even when sloppy drunk and saying sweet nothings to her partner.

Ah, Kristina! Kris was gorgeous and feminine and prone to giggling fits. She stood a mighty 5-foot-3 and had a pair of knockers that looked a size too big for her slender frame.

I'd seen her more than once in a bikini and, more than once, I'd felt

the need to hide the bulge in my pants. She was a goddess in miniature, blue-eyed and blonde, with straight hair that descended as low as her nipples.

“Right?”

“Right,” I said, my tool growing at the thought of knocking up Kristina. “What are the legal ramifications?”

“None in this state. Even an informal donor is a donor, not a father.”

“OK. How do we do this?”

“I’ll call you after we’re back from San Fran. Bye!” With that, she emptied her coffee and headed out the door. That was Ande. Direct, almost abrupt, and never one to dawdle.

As Ande walked out of sight, I wondered whether I’d said “OK” too quickly without considering the consequences, short and long term.

Short term, what would my current girlfriend say? That was easy; I wasn’t about to tell her. We got together a couple times a week; she didn’t need to know what I did the rest of the week.

Long term, what if I got married in a couple of years and then Ande called for some cum? I drank the rest of my coffee and headed out the door, determined not to ‘buy trouble’ by thinking about such matters.

One evening three weeks later, I found myself summoned to Ande and Kris’s front door. A white and yellow wreath proclaimed “Just Married!” Kristina let me in. She was wearing a white kimona, pink bunny slippers, and the faintest of makeup. “Hi, Sean!” She leaned forward and gave me a decorous hug with an air kiss at my left ear. “Thank you for agreeing to help us.” She was blushing as stood aside to let me in.

Ande came out of the kitchen carrying a tray with three small crystal glasses and a decanter of something that looked potently alcoholic. She poured a wee drop into each glass, then motioned for us to take one. “A toast to the successful conception of our first baby!”

Whatever the stuff was, it was tasty – and strong. “And that,” said Ande, “is the last alcohol to go past my darling’s lips till after the birth.” Kris blushed again, and Andrea kissed her. “Now let’s get started.”

Ande led us to the master bedroom. On a bedside table was an insemination kit the two women had bought over the Internet. On the other side of the room, next to the wall, someone had set up a cot with a “husband” pillow. Beside the cot was a stool and a tray with

various lubes and lotions.

Kris sat on the bed, an odd expression on her face. Ande kissed her, whispered something in her ear, and once again Kris's face blushed bright red in a fine imitation of Rudolph the Reindeer's nose.

Andrea walked over to me and gently took hold of my hands. "I want to be as much a part of Kris's impregnation as I possibly can be. Which means, I plan on undressing you and doing the wanking – if that's all right with you, of course."

"Of course."

"Sit on the cot." I sat and Ande began taking off my shoes and socks. That accomplished, she had me stand and carefully lowered my jeans and underwear. My johnson was sticking straight out, and my balls, having anticipated this moment for days, were aching to be emptied. Ande gave my johnson a gentle swat and watched closely as it swayed from side to side. "You know," she said, looking up at me, "I've never touched a penis before. Never. It's not exactly what I expected."

I made an "ummm" sound, as I hadn't the faintest idea of what to say.

"Sit," she said, and then gently pushed me down, my head and shoulders resting on the husband. As she pushed me, I found my voice: "Please, skip the lotions and whatever. As you can see, I'm uncut, one hundred percent natural. Don't need no lube."

Ande was visibly surprised, almost startled. She walked over to the bedside to get the semen container next to an AI syringe. On her return, she sat on the stool and gently began pumping me.

"I won't take long," I said.

"Horny, eh?" Ande said, and smiled. She then turned toward the bed. "Sweetie, get ready."

Kris swiped an iPhone connected to a music player, and something by Melissa Etheridge filled the room. She then stood and, looking straight at me with a smile on her face, in one smooth motion untied the kimona and let it drop to the floor. She was fucking gorgeous! And she was blushing again.

She began lightly playing with her nipples, swaying to the music, and blowing me air kisses as Ande increased the tempo of her strokes. "Get ready," I said, and barely had the words left my mouth than I started spurting cum, spurt after spurt after spurt.

Ande missed a bit of the first spurt, but most of the rest was safely captured in the semen container. As my johnson deflated she pulled

her hand away and licked up a few dribbles that had landed on her hand. "Interesting flavor," she said.

"We'd like you to stay and watch. So we're all involved in the conception. Just lie here and observe."

Kris was now lying on the bed, her legs wide apart, her hands still busy with her nipples. "Yes, please, stay and watch."

Ande sucked my cum from the container into a syringe, which she placed on a towel beside the bed. Then she leaned over Kris and kissed her intently intently before crawling between her legs and feasting on her cunt and clit, teasing her with tongue swipes down to the anus, tickling her with hand strokes on her inner thighs and lower belly.

My johnson was getting hard again, and I reached down and began stroking myself. Ande scooted to the side of the bed and grabbed a plug-in massager from underneath. She turned it on and soon Kris was writhing and then climatic. Kris was still writhing from the climax when Ande picked up the syringe, gently slid it into Kris, and pushed the plunger at the very entrance to her cervix.

"I'm going to cum again," I said loudly, my fapping sounds competing with an Ani DiFranco song.

"Coming!" said Ande, who arrived just in time to catch my second contribution of the evening. She immediately filled the syringe and added its contents to the goo already deep in Kris's sex. Ande wedged a couple pillows under Kris's ass, so her thighs were pointing upward.

A half-hour later we were all sitting in the living room, munching from little bowls of popcorn. I was dressed and Kris was wearing her kimona. Ande had never undressed. Her jeans were faded and ripped, the t-shirt wrinkled from the bed crawling.

"So that's it for tonight," Ande said. "Tomorrow, more of the same. As I mentioned when I called you last week, we want you to make donations for the next nine days, to straddle Kris's ovulation. The night before we expect ovulation, we'd like you to spend the night, so we can, ah, milk you several times the day of. We're taking that day off. Can you?"

"Please!" Kris added. "Pretty please!"

"I'll try," I said, "but this is a busy time of the year where I work. I might not be able to get the day off."

"Try hard," Kris said. "Try real hard. If you do get the day off, how about if I join Ande in the milking?"

"That'd be great," I said, and I could feel my johnson pulsing in agreement.

The next three evenings were much the same as the first, though Kris amped up her gyrations as Ande pumped my johnson. And on the third night, Ande shed her top, so I could enjoy watching her bouncing boobs for inspiration as her hands worked on my knob. Turned out she was a B-cup with long nipples. I tried to fondle them, but she slapped my hand away, saying they were for Kris and Kris alone.

The fifth night, the sleep-over night before Kris's predicted ovulation, was a night to remember. I took a gym bag with essentials, and when I knocked on the door, Ande was the one who answered. She was wearing Kris's kimona and her own bunny slippers. These bunnies were blue, not pink.

"Open your mouth," Ande commanded. I did and she popped in a pill. "That's your first dose of Cialis, to help keep you in good form all night. Now swallow."

I spit the pill into my hand. "I'm 22, not 82. My dick gets hard and stays hard."

"We know, but Cialis should help with the refractory period. Translation: We'll be able to milk you more often. So take the damn pill."

I shrugged and swallowed the pill. I have no idea what, if any, difference that pill or the one I was ordered to swallow at 2 a.m. made in the course of those 24 hours. Certainly I was able to cum again and again, but with two young women doing their very best to amuse me, I was only doing what nature intended for a man in the prime of life when it equipped me with balls and a dick.

Instead of a kimona, Kris was wearing nothing at all when she walked into the living room. "Hi, Sean. You ready for the big night?"

"Yep."

"Let's get to it and have dinner after." Kris grabbed my hand and led me into the bedroom. She unbuttoned my shirt, removed my shoes and pants, and then pushed me onto the cot. It had been moved away from the wall, so Kris could be on one side and Ande the other.

Kris began playing with my dick, which was rising to the occasion. It was the first time she'd touched it and, like Ande, said it was the first time she'd ever touched a penis. Ande's hands joined hers and began fondling my balls.

"This is fun," Kris said. "I'm entirely Ande's, but I don't see the

harm in your playing with my boobs. That is, if you'd like to. And if it's OK with Ande."

Ande shrugged. "They're your tits."

I took that as a 'yes' and began gently playing with her left tit, the closest one to me. I traced circles around the outer areole, then gently stroked the nipple itself. Meanwhile, Ande took over pumping duties with a vengeance, leaving Kris to tickle my sack. Ande was getting good at milking me, and I quickly had that fleeting feeling of inevitability.

"I'm ready...here it comes..."

Kris caught the flying white stuff in a collection tube, and seconds later Ande had it loaded in a syringe and, after a quick cunt feast and clit licking on the bed, fired it up Kris's twat. Under Kris's ass went some pillows, and Ande and I retired to the kitchen. She was still wearing Kris's kimona; I was wearing a t-shirt and sweat pants.

"Do me a favor," she said when we were out of Kris's hearing. "Keep your damn hands to yourself and not on my wife's tits. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

After dinner, we talked a bit, played some charades, watched a little TV, and headed to bed early, I to the guest room, Ande and Kris to their bedroom. They woke me promptly at 1 a.m., duo jerked me off again – I kept my hands to myself this time – and after Kris's cum injection, had me take that second Cialis pill.

I was sound asleep at 7 a.m. when Ande burst into the guest room and pulled the covers off the bed. "We nailed the ovulation," she said. "The thermometer doesn't lie. Now's the time." She grabbed my hand and pulled me to the door.

"Can I at least piss first?"

"Quickly. We need you."

I wore a towel into their bedroom. If I were a braggart, I'd say that my johnson was at full mast, ready to go, aching to go, and that my balls were full of regenerated cum. They weren't. They were drained and, after the past few days, my libido and manhood were starting to flag, despite the 1 a.m. Cialis.

Kris looked at the towel when I entered the room. "You're not exactly Mt. Rushmore this morning, are you?"

"'Fraid not."

"Here, put this powder under your tongue and let it dissolve."

"What is it?"

"Powdered Viagra. It will go to work almost instantly."

And so it did. I lay back on the cot and admired Kris's naked form, as she danced ever so slowly, so sinuously, so sensually to soft music now filling the room from her iPhone. My flacid penis rose slowly until once again it was a prick ready to fire a volley at the stars.

Ande was gently pumping me, softly stroking my prick's underside. "You can touch my tits if you want," she said softly. "Just this one time, though."

I was tempted to ignore the tits inches from my face, as payback for some of Ande's previous behavior, but my lust had returned and I greedily reached up and stroked them. "How about a lick?"

"Don't push it." I thought I heard a guttural laugh from deep within her, but with Ande you never know.

Kris wasn't helping pump this morning, but she was contributing. She pumped her fingers deep into her snatch, then held them up to my nose and wiped her nectar on my lips. "Can you smell it? Can you taste it? I'm in heat, like a bitch dog. I'm ready to be bred."

I sniffed and I licked, and I was in heaven. There's something primal about a woman's nectar on ovulation morning, something indescribable, something that cannot be denied.

And then I was at the edge, my hips and thighs tensing. "Here it comes." Kris caught my donation and handed it to Ande.

I had expected a repeat of the previous mornings: A cunt feast, a clit licking, and then a syringe between Kris's thighs. But no. While Kris lay down and spread her legs, Ande stood up and removed her panties.

I was seeing all of her for the first time, and I approved. Despite her hairy pits, her crotch was smooth with nary a post-shave pimple. Above her slit was a small tattoo that said "Kristin's Playground" in florid script, framed on either side with images of a tiny licking tongue.

From a bedside drawer came a leather harness that Ande stepped into, one leg at a time, and then out of another drawer came a red dildo with a stump for attaching to the harness and a small button that I calculated would press into Ande's clit each time she pumped deep into



Kris.

Ande smiled at me as she unscrewed the base of the dildo and slide out the inner workings. "See," she said, holding the inner part of the dildo inches from my face. "This is what lesbian engineers do in their spare time with 3-D printers, circuit boards, and a servo." The rear of the dildo's innards held some electronics; the front end was empty.

As she said this, she picked up a syringe and loaded it with the cum I'd just produced. She carefully locked the syringe in place in the front end of gadgetry, slide the workings back into the dick-shaped shell, and screwed the base tight. "This is my kind of loaded gun."

"And here's the trigger," Kris called out from the bed. She was waving her hand, which was holding something the same color as the dildo. "Bluetooth for the red wand."

Ande walked over to the bed, the dildo now firmly strapped on. Kris rolled to the side and fellated the dildo. Ande lay down, they kissed, and Ande's fingers found Kris's tits, then her stomach, then her thighs and cunt. Ande moved lower and began licking deeply, while Kris lifted the thighs higher and higher.

"I can't take any more, Honey. Please, fuck me now."

Ande rolled Kris into the doggie position, then rammed the red wand home. They fucked for five, maybe even ten minutes, until Kris shouted "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Do me hard, Sweetie. Hard! Harder!"

Despite my empty balls I was turned on. My dick was starting to harden when there was a series of clicking noises from the dildo, each click coming faster than the one before. Kris had pressed the trigger. Ande was thrusting as deep and hard as she could when there was a loud final click from the dildo. Obviously, it was firing its load. Ande and Kris collapsed in a tangle of tits, hair, arms, legs, and cunts.

It was all over by 7:30, and I was ready for breakfast. The rest of the day was a whirlwind of powdered Viagra, handjobs, and semen injections in Kris's ever eager waiting cunt. I spent the day munching high-protein snacks and watching lesbian porn on Ande and Kris's living room TV. The girls were, quite frankly, abusing me, and I was ready to collapse by 10 p.m., when I hollered uncle and drove home to my own bed.

The red wand never reappeared during the next four days, and I never got to fondle the girls' tits again, either. I was jaded by all the handjobs and really wanted a blowjob or at least a few tongue licks. I longed for piece and quiet, specifically, a few pieces of my girlfriend's snatch. But that's another story entirely.

I certainly wasn't surprised when, some weeks later, Ande texted me that the deed was well and truly done: Kris was definitely preggy. Turned out the child was a boy. I was surprised, though, when only three months after the fap-a-thon I got another text from Ande, saying it was her turn. I replied I was happy to oblige, but I wanted a much less intensive ordeal.

"OK," she replied. "How bout just a sleepover on night before O-day?"

"Up for it."

Turned out that's all it took, though perhaps the red wand was the clincher. Kris was quite the cockmaster, even though she was five months on. She rammed Ande with abandon, and the wand's click-click-click-CLICK delivered the goods deep into her lover's womb. Turned out Ande's contribution was also a boy.

The girls said they would be taking a two-year vacation from childbearing, to give the first crop of kids time to grow up a little before the next breeding sessions. That meant my fertile dick was at loose ends for a while, but not for long, as word travels fast in the lesbian community.

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