

Title: The Cube Farmer

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By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

Cube farmers get to overhear all sorts of conversations, given the lack of privacy that comes with working in a huge open office. A whisper, a giggle, a private phone call overheard can open doors or something a lot more enjoyable.

I was in my mid-20s, happily dating women my age, and working at a semi-challenging job that I hoped would lead me onward and upward.

My office was a typical gray-walled cube on the third floor of a midrise building in an office park filled with similar buildings and cube farms. A boring locale, in other words, but there were compensations.

Ashley was one compensation. She was in her late 30s, easy on the eye, always helpful, and sometimes a bit flirty. Quick with a wink or a joke, she kept staff meetings lively. We became good office friends.

I'd occasionally join Ashley and other office friends, male and female, for a drink or two after work, and sometimes on a slow day a group of us would eat lunch together at a nearby T.G.I. Fridays or Texas Roadhouse. But that was about the extent of our relationship. We were office buddies, nothing more.

Then one day I overheard Ashley asking her friend Lauren if she'd help her pick out a sperm donor from a catalog she'd ordered. She said her biological clock was ticking and she couldn't wait for Mr. Right to come along.

"Why don't you ask Matt, your ex? I'm sure he'd be glad to accommodate you."

Ashley exploded. "That bastard? That's why I'm in this mess. He didn't want to have kids in his 20s, didn't want to be tied down. When he turned 30, and 31, and 32 it was always 'Let's wait till next year.' By the time he turned 35 it was 'I'm too tired tonight.' Then he left me for that slut and knocked her up within three months. The bastard!"

I couldn't help myself, so I quit pretending I suffered from cube-induced deafness. I stood up and leaned over the partition separating our desks. "You really want a test-tube baby? Really? I mean, when your kid starts asking about daddy, are you going to say he was number 4851 in some catalog, and you don't even have a decent photo of him?"

Lauren scowled at me. "You're an asshole, you know that. Are you volunteered to jerk off in a cup for Ashley? If not, shut up!"

"Uh, no, that's not my style." I heard a "Humm" from Ashley as I returned to my seat, a bit red-faced.

A few weeks later, when a bunch of us were having drinks after work, Ashley

took me aside. "So, Dave, what is your style?"

"Huh?" I replied.

"You told Lauren jerking off in a cup wasn't your style. What is your style?"

"Oh," I replied. "Uh, I don't know. I mean, donating sperm is a big deal. Legal responsibilities and all that."

"That's just legal crap a good lawyer can resolve." Ashley looked me straight in the eyes and patted my ass. "I wanna know, Dave. What is your style? Missionary? Doggie? All of the above?"

"All of the above," I replied. "With the right woman, of course."

"How about me?" Ashley asked. "I'm not kidding. My clock is ticking fast, and I really need to get pregnant ASAP if I'm ever going to have a kid. You're young and smart and I assume you're virile. Would you be interested in knocking me up?"

I thought for about half a second. I was dating Taylor, a blonde I'd met six months before at a pool-side mixer in the apartment complex next to mine. Things were going well, and I wasn't about to dump her for some sack time with Ashley. "You know I'm going with Taylor, don't you?"

"Of course I do. You can't shut up about her..."

I didn't remember mentioning Taylor to Ashley more than once.

"...and I have absolutely no intention of being your girlfriend. God forbid! You're way too young. I just want your baby stuff, not a boyfriend."

I gently rubbed her hip. "I really am interested," I replied, "and I'd love to oblige, but I think the legal ramifications are, well, insurmountable. And what's in it for me?"

"Oh. Well, in that case..." and she rejoined the group.

About a month later, as I was leaving work on Friday afternoon, Ashley hailed me from the hallway. "Got a moment?"

"I saw a lawyer after our chat at the bar. I'd like you to come over to my apartment so we can talk about it, and so you can look at an agreement she drafted. Are you free now?"

I was utterly surprised. I thought I'd closed the door on Ashley's proposal, and even though our cubes are next to each other, I hadn't had an inkling she was still pursuing the matter. "I'm supposed to meet Taylor at 9:00."

"It's only 5:30," Ashley said. "There's plenty of time." Ashley gave me her address and told me to meet her there in about an hour, as she had a quick errand to run on the way home. I went to my apartment, showered and changed, and then headed over to Ashley's. She didn't live far from me, and I found her apartment complex easily.

It was about 7:35 when I rang her doorbell. At-home Ashley looked a lot better than at-work Ashley. She'd also changed clothes. She'd let her

brunette hair down, wiped off the professional-at-work makeup, and – damn – she looked *good* period, never mind that she was 37 years old going on 38. She gave me a hug, her hair smelling wonderful and clean. “Thanks for coming over.”

“No problem,” I said.

She showed me to her living room, where some legal papers were neatly piled on her coffee table. “Look, I hope I’m not coming on too strong, but I really, really need to get pregnant sooner rather than later. Please, take a look at the papers. Please?”

“OK,” I said, while she went to the kitchen to get some iced tea for us. I started reading, and quickly learned that the lawyer she’d hired had been nothing if not thorough.

The sperm donor’s role was spelled out in dry but explicit language. The donor’s coupling was specifically described as not “to be in a romantic manner” but rather “solely for the injection of viable sperm at the cervix at the female’s monthly peak of fertility.”

The donor agreed to relinquish all parental rights, and the mother-to-be agreed to relinquish all claims to financial assistance. Any child born of the coupling was not to be told the name of the sperm donor without the donor’s express permission in writing; a form for such permission was included in the stack of papers, however.

Ashley had signed the papers, and had entered my name in the appropriate blanks. She was sitting across from me and watching silently as I read. When I was on the last page, she spoke up: “I’m clean, Dave, in case you’re wondering. I got tested after that bastard Matt left me. He must have been fucking around for quite some time, and I wasn’t taking any chances. And in case you’re wondering, I haven’t had sex with anyone other than my vibrator and shower wand since the asshole left. How about you?”

“I’m clean,” I replied. “Taylor is a stickler for that kind of thing, after getting a dose of clap from some ex-boyfriend. She made me get tested before we slept together.”

“Smart girl!”

“Yeah, she is, and like I said, I’m not about to dump her.”

“Didn’t ask you to. All I want is your baby stuff.” She paused and looked at me steadily. “So what about it? How about we fuck now?”

Talk about an offer that was tough to refuse. “Like I said, I’m meeting Taylor at 9, and I’m still not sure this is a great idea. And I don’t want her to know I’ve just been with another woman.”

“You’re right. It ain’t a great idea, but it’s either fuck you or some other local guy, or order pricey mail-order sperm and pay some doctor or nurse to shoot it up my cervix. Frankly, I’d rather get laid, and I like you, and I think you’ll keep your mouth shut. Plus, you’re cute.

“As for Taylor, she has nothing to worry about. I’m not after you. And she doesn’t need to know.” With that, Ashley started taking off her T-shirt. “I just showered. I’m not wearing any makeup, any lipstick, or any perfume, so

I'm as plain-jane as any woman can be. There's no way Taylor will know anything.

"Weeks ago, you asked what was in this for you. Well, how about this?" Ashley's boobs popped into view as she removed her bra. They were a large C or a small D, her areolas were small, and her nipples stood proud.

"You like?" she asked, as she swung them to and fro a couple of times.

"I like a lot, and you just convinced me."

"Good!" Ashley unsnapped her jeans and dropped them to the floor. "There's a pen over there. Sign the damn papers and let's get to it. I should be fertile about now."

I signed half a dozen times on various pages marked with colored tabs as a naked Ashley fingered herself across from me. "Let's see what you've got," she said in a husky voice as I signed the last page.

My dick was standing at attention, painfully struggling to get out, and I swear it rejoiced as I kicked off my shoes, dropped my jeans, and peeled off my underpants. The clock on the wall behind Ashley read exactly 8:31. I'd need 20 minutes to get to Taylor's, and a couple of minutes to dress. That left me ... what ... about seven minutes to warm up Ashley, pump, and dump.

Ashley must have read my mind. "You don't have much time. I'm already wet, Big Boy, so just plug into me and fire." As she spoke, she leaned over a couch arm and wiggled her butt, an invitation I wasn't about to ignore.

I walked up to Ashley's rear and felt her sex. Her cunt was so wet there was a drop of white nectar at the bottom of her slit. As my dick neared her hole, a helpful hand came between her legs to guide me home. A tiny motion of my hips, and I was in!

Having never birthed a baby, Ashley's vagina was probably as tight as a non-virgin, 37-year-old vagina could be. Not loose, not tight, but nicely in between. I start humping vigorously and reached under Ashley to feel her tits. She was groaning and moaning and thrusting her hips backward in perfect harmony with my pumping. Suddenly, her vagina tightened around my dick, and I knew she was cumming, and then I was, too.

What a quickie! My prick pulsed and pulsed and pulsed, and I shot what seemed like a gallon of cum into her welcoming sex. I could almost feel her cervix slurping it up, greedily sucking it deep into her womb so one of my guys could get very lucky indeed.

"That was great!" she said. "Just what I needed!" She dropped to the floor, stuffed a pillow under her ass, and lifted her legs so they were on the couch. "I'm going to lie here for half an hour, to keep the baby juice in. Will you hand me that book over there? I need something to read."

I handed her the book – on caring for a newborn – and quickly got dressed and headed out the door to my car. I was 10 minutes late getting to Taylor's. We were going to a comedy club across town, and then to a late dinner. Thanks to my fucking Ashley, we'd end up with a crappy table at the club, so I was prepared for an evening of bitching. Oh, well.

As it turned out, Taylor wasn't quite ready when I arrived, so the bitching

never happened. Even better, Taylor spent the night at my place and my johnson happily perked up for the second fuck of the evening and, the next morning, for a leisurely stupe before we showered together.

Mid-morning, the phone rang. I answered to hear Ashley said, "I need some help ASAP. Can you come over?"

"I think you have the wrong number," I replied.

"Is Taylor within earshot?"

"Yes, this is Dave, but you really do have the wrong number."

"Come over if you can. I'll be here till 1." The phone went dead.

Taylor needed to do some errands – some grocery shopping, getting dry-cleaning, and the like – so she headed out. We arranged to meet at 6:00 for dinner. I headed over to Ashley's at 11:00.

"Finally!" she said upon opening the door, wearing nothing but a robe. "Let's hit the bed. Best if you keep me filled with fresh cum all weekend."

"Not sure I can," I said. "Taylor and I..."

"Let me guess, you've fucked and fucked."

"Well, yeah. Once last night and once this morning."

Ashley grimaced. "Boys! Can't you keep it in your pants for the real thing? Of course not! Could you fake orgasms so you'll come to me fully loaded? Of course not! What's a girl to do?"

I was formulating a reply when she grabbed my hand. "What this girl's gonna do is fuck you regardless. Surely there's some baby juice left."

We had plenty of time for me to replenish the sperm knocking on Ashley's cervix and roaming her womb.

She led me to her bedroom and bed, a duvet sea on which floated too many pillows. She pulled back the duvet, sending the pillows sailing to the floor, and turned her attention to me.

She removed my shoes and shirt, and dropped my jeans. I'd be lying, and bragging, if I said my dick was hard and ready to go by the time she cradled my genitals in her hands. After all the fucking I'd done, my prick wasn't totally exhausted, but it certainly wouldn't do much pricking. Until, that is, Ashley's tongue and lips went to work.

When I was hard, she let the robe drop from her shoulders and climbed onto the bed, lying on her back and spreading her legs. As I got ready to mount her, she coated my dick with K-Y. I slid in easily and started pumping. I pumped and pumped, but my empty balls failed to respond. Then I visualized my last fuckfest with Taylor, and my testicles drew up. I ejaculated with a groan, and my dick shriveled immediately.

Ashley and I fucked off and on over the next couple days, and then her fertile peak was over – and the fucking stopped. Spared of donor duties, I was able to devote my spare time to seeing Taylor often, and I thought the

relationship was going well. I even visited a few jewelry stores, thinking that maybe this relationship was going somewhere.

The next month – that is, Ashley’s next cyclic month – we started fucking as soon as her fertile period neared. Midway through, Taylor suddenly broke off our relationship. She wouldn’t give a reason, but I eventually heard through the grapevine that she thought I was too “flippy” – one day I’d be lovey-dovey, the next day I’d be distant. And the sex, she confided in one friend, was fine at times but then I acted as if I were just going through the motions.

Even at the time, I realized that I was the one who’d fucked up, literally. It’s hard to be in a meaningful relationship and, at the same time, keep secret a ball-draining donor relationship of near constant fucking for one week each month. Of course, if I’d told Taylor, I’d have been instantly out the door, and maybe nursing a welt on the cheek from one emphatic slap. Such is life for a philanderer.

So here was my situation: Ashley’s fertile interval was over, and she let me know it by closing her thighs. She’d meant it when she said she wasn’t interested in a relationship with me. No fertility, no fuckee. With Taylor now history, I was horny and on the hunt for a girlfriend. My balls were used to be emptied regularly, and it had been nearly two weeks since I’d been laid.

“Good morning!” Ashley said the next Tuesday morning, her voice loud and spritely, as she arrived at her cube. She dumped her pocketbook on the desk, walked to my cube, and whispered in my ear: “I’m pregnant, Daddy.”

I smiled at her, got up and gave her a hug. “That’s great news, Ash! Absolutely great news.”

She said in a low voice, “I’m not the only girl around whose clock is ticking. Are you interested, if the conditions are the same?”

“Depends,” I said. “I have standards, you know.”

“Her name’s Sara Duncan, and she’s a friend of mine. Why don’t the three of us meet after work tonight?”

“OK. Texas Roadhouse?”

“How ‘bout we grill some burgers on my apartment patio?”

“Sounds like a plan.”

We agreed to meet at 7:00. I picked up the burgers and other ingredients at the local grocery, and arrived at the appointed hour.

Ashley opened the door for me, and pirouetted with an arm outstretched. She was pointing at a trim blonde, maybe 5-foot-7 or -8, standing at the back of her vestibule. “Sara, may I introduce Dave the Donor? Dave, here’s Sara.”

Other than having a large nose, and being in her late 30s, Sara was just about perfect. Had she been 15 years younger, I would have tried to pick her up had I met her at some party.

Within a few minutes, Sara told me her story, as Ashley prodded her to fill

in a few blanks. Sara had one child, an 20-month-old boy from a failed marriage, and absolutely did not want to raise an "only." As Ashley had mentioned, Sara's clock was also ticking and she no immediate marriage prospects.

"And when Ashley described you, it all clicked. She said you looked a lot like my ex, and I was already thinking about getting pregnant with mail-order sperm from a look-alike, as I want my kids to look like siblings."

Sara had read through the legal papers before I'd arrived. She'd also had a recent STD test that came back negative and had sworn off dating for now, to make sure she stayed clean.

"So, are you interested?" she asked. "Do I pass inspection?"

"Absolutely," I said. "But are you sure you want to do this? Raising two kids as a single mom won't be easy."

"My mother helps some, and my younger sister helps a bunch. She's already a stay-at-home mom and doesn't mind helping out. Plus, I pay her childcare, and extra money's always welcome at her house."

"Then let's sign the papers. I'm between girlfriends and I'd love the opportunity to, uh, do some donating."

Sara guffawed and said: "I'll try to make the donating memorable."

We filled in the blanks and signed two copies of the papers, so we'd each have an original.

"What now?" Sara asked.

"You don't know how to make a baby?" I asked, winked, and smiled.

"Don't be silly," Sara said. "Your place or mine? I should be fertile about now."

"How about mine?" Ashley asked. "Sara, you've got to pick up your son from your sister's in an hour, so you don't have much time."

"I couldn't," Sara said. "It wouldn't be right."

"It's OK. I changed the sheets just yesterday, and I think the bed's lucky. At least that's where I got lucky." As she spoke, Ashley patted her tummy.

"Well, it's OK by me, I guess," Sara said. "Are you OK with, uh, doing it here?"

"I don't see why not," I said. With that, I reached over to Sara, who was sitting next to me on the couch, and took her hand. I helped her up, and guided her to the duvet sea.

We sat on the bed, and she leaned in and up for a kiss. One kiss led to another and we lay back on the bed and kissed some more. Some women enjoy kissing, some don't; some are "ladylike" kissers, some are super-smoochers who really get into it. Sara was one of the latter. It had been years since I had'd had a kissing session like the one I was having. The more we kissed, the bluer my balls became.

Finally, I'd had enough, and I'm sure Sara must have too, for the stubble on my chin made the skin around her mouth look red and raw. I stood her up and, in one motion, pulled back the top sheet and the duvet, and once again most of Admiral Ashley's pillow flotilla sailed off the bed and sank to the floor.

Sara was over-dressed for the occasion, I thought, as I unzipped her dress and lowered it over her hips. She stopped me from removing her bra and, instead, relieved me of my shirt and jeans. My underpants sported a handle in front, one that she gently stroked as I released her tits. Fine looking tits they were. Like the tits of any woman in her late 30s, hers sagged, but it was a controlled sag, not the floppy sag of fun bags well past their prime.

She reached down and lowered my underwear, and promptly knelt and sucked every so gently. I didn't want to risk an early explosion, so pulled her up, pulled down her panties, and placed her on the sheets. My fingers confirmed that she was wet and ready, so I rolled on top of her, letting my hips position my dick at her entrance. I started probing gently, teasing her with my little head, entering, withdrawing, re-entering, withdrawing. After nearly a dozen in-and-outs, she grabbed my ass and thrust her hips upward, then locked me in place with her legs.

"Do me, please. Make me a mommy again. Please. Please!"

Her finders dug into my ass and ran up my back. I started humping hard, harder and faster, then slower, then hard and fast again, then slow and steady, until finally my balls could wait no longer and my gun fired, again and again, and baby juice filled her tunnel.

As I rolled off, Sara kissed me and asked, almost plaintively, whether we could get together the next day, as if she was entitled to only one donation from me. "We can get together as often as needed," I replied. "I'm only too happy to oblige. I could come over to your house tonight, after stopping at my house to pick up some things, so we can try again in the morning and maybe even later tonight."

"I'd like that," she said. "I should be fertile for the next few days, so if you could do me in the morning and at night..."

"I'll be honored to do you again and again," I replied, and I leaned in and kissed her deeply.

That's how I ended up spending the next five overnights at Sara's house, fending off dirty scowls when her younger sister found us together on the living room couch one evening (no, not THAT together) and an even nastier scowl one morning from her mom, who dropped by unexpectedly and found us in bed together. Fertile periods come to an end, however.

I was enjoying my first evening alone at home when the phone rang. "How they hangin', Stud?" a female voice asked.

"Who's this?"

"Who? Ashley, of course. How many pimps do you have?"

"Uh..."

"I understand that Sara's kicked you out of her bed."

"It's not like that. Her fertile time is over and so..."

"And so you're free to make some other mother wannabe very happy. In fact, two other mother wannabes. Interested?"

"You *are* turning into a pimp!"

"Of course I am. I'm pregnant, I'm moody, I'm puking and nauseated every morning, and I have this irresistible urge to see other women just as miserable as I am. Now, are you interested in knocking up two more?"

I thought for a moment or two. A double knock-up was a challenge, and it was a challenge I wasn't about to walk away from. "Of course I am. But like before, I do have my standards."

"Yeah, OK. I know one of the women, and I'm sure you'll be happy to put her in the family way. The other, I don't know. She's someone Sara knows."

"Sara? Why didn't she talk to me about this?"

"She's shy, and she didn't know how to approach you. Seems her friend is a lesbian, and she didn't know how you'd feel about that."

"What? I'm not about to jerk off for some lesbian!"

"The friend doesn't expect you to. But there's a twist: Her partner wants to be part of the process. Correction: Demands to be part of the process. She would warm up the wannabe mom, and then you'd fuck her. You'd have to do with maybe zero foreplay. In-out-repeat-ejaculate, period. Still interested?"

"Maybe. Could be kinky and fun, or it could be downright yucky."

"Agreed. But here's the thing: Both women want to get knocked up ASAP. Like yesterday. Do you think you could handle two women at the same time? As in, screw one in the morning, the second in the early evening, then the first one late at night, and do it all over the next day? That's three times a day."

"It'd be a challenge, and I like challenges, especially when it comes to, ah, donating."

Kristin was Ashley's friend, Eren was the lesbian, and Eren's friend was Pamela, presumably another lesbian. I met Kristin and Ashley after work at a local Starbucks. Kristin was OK but not a knockout. Maybe 5-foot-4, bleached blond hair with dark roots, a few pounds overweight, a slightly crooked smile, and small tits. Ashley had brought the legal forms. Kristin and I signed them, and the two of us left together in my car.

I drove to her place, a townhouse condo on the outskirts of town, in an area known mostly for not-so-great schools but a nice park.

"How do we do this?" Kristin asked.

"This is complicated," I said. "Ashley said she told you about Eren needing my services at roughly the same time, right?"

"Yeah, she did." Kristin had a dour look on her face as she said it, and her hands were clinched tight around her pocketbook's strap.

"So why don't I spend the next few days and nights at your place, so we can get together often while you're fertile, and then when Eren is ready, I'll shuttle between your place and hers? It's not ideal, I know, but Ashley either has a weird sense of timing, or she likes playing games with me, like a cat with a mouse."

For the first time, Kristin quit looking like she was sitting on sharp rocks. "OK. I can cope with that." Then she added, "I think Ashley's on a power trip with me, too. But that's OK. It has its benefits." She looked at me, smiled, and blew me an air kiss.

Inside, her condo surprised me. It had that decorator look: everything was coordinated, and in this case, everything said *jungle* and *Africa*. The lamps were made of twisted wood, her ceiling fans had rattan blades, prints of monkeys, giraffes, parrots, hippos, and other such critters climbed the walls. The throw rugs were fake animal furs, from zebras to tigers, from giraffes to lions.

"I like coordinated room schemes," Kristin said as I looked around. "How do you like it?"

"Wow!" was all I could muster. Fortunately, that seemed to satisfy her.

"I'm going to change into something more comfortable," she said, and headed to her bedroom.

I didn't know what to expect. Would she come out in a Tarzan Jane outfit? I prepared myself so I wouldn't start laughing. When she did appear after 20 minutes her hair was still a bit damp from a shower, and she was dressed in a white terrycloth bathrobe. She walked up to me and patted my butt. "We should start now, to ensure success." She grabbed my hand and led me to her bed.

More jungle animals stared at me from the walls, and the bed wasn't to be believed. It had fake elephant feet and a leopard print headboard. God help me! I wondered if I was in for a session of Jungle love.

What happened next wasn't what I expected. Kristin took off my clothes in a rather businesslike manner, dropped her bathrobe onto the floor, then lay back on the bed. She had nice tits and a relatively flat tummy but a full bush that looked like it had never been trimmed. "OK, please proceed," she said.

I tilted my head when I looked at her. She looked at me and nodded. "Proceed, please." I lay down on the bed, brushed a hand over a tit, and moved my head toward hers for a kiss. She gave me a cousinly kiss on the cheek and repeated, "Proceed, please."

I lowered my head to her breasts and started licking and playing with her nipples. My free hand drifted lower and lower and started playing with her slit and clit. Gradually, I penetrated her with one finger, then two fingers, and started moving my head toward her triangle. I had moved maybe six inches south when Kristen grabbed my head. "Don't," said she. "Come up here."

Reversing course, I moved up to her head. She kissed me lightly on the lips, then said flatly and firmly: "Please, I don't want any misunderstandings. I don't want to make love. That's not why I agreed to have you stay the

weekend. I want you to impregnate me. Please, just do it. And no oral sex. That's not my thing."

"I'm not a machine," I replied. "I don't get instantly 'in the mood' three times a day. A little encouragement goes a long way."

"Of course," she said flatly. "How about if I play with your penis?"

"That's a good start," I said. So she gently stroked and tickled my dick and balls while I lay on my side and caressed her. There was no doubt: She was *really* not into it, so after I felt nicely hard I said, "Enough," moved on top, and mounted her.

Kristen reminded me of the witness in court who, when asked if she were sexually active, responded, "No, I just lie there." That's what Kristen did: She lay still, with her eyes closed, and kept her legs spread. Since she wasn't helping one iota, I grabbed a pillow and wedged it under her butt to get a better angle. Then I started fucking.

I fucked and fucked and fucked, but at no point did Kristen's vagina tighten even the littlest bit to indicate arousal or, heavens forbid, an orgasm. Finally I ejaculated, but I'd rate the experience only slightly above jerking myself off. As I pulled out, Kristen said flatly: "That was OK. Thanks."

The next morning there was a repeat performance. Fortunately, we both had jobs to go to, so I could skip the midday repeat. After work, before heading back to Kristen's, I stopped at the nearest mall and picked up a genuine Panasonic massager and, just in case, an extension cord.

Kristen had a takeout dinner ready for us – specifically, rotisserie chicken from a supermarket, salad, and sauced mixed vegetables – but the first order of business was a trip to the elephant-footed bed.

While she was in the shower getting ready, I found an empty plug in her room, hooked up the extension cord, plugged in the Japanese wonder worker, and hid it under the bed, ready and able to put some wowwie in her sex life.

A few minutes later there she was, dropping her bathrobe at her feet. She undressed me and, this time, fondled me until I was hard. Then she lay on the bed and spread her legs, waiting for me to start massaging her pud. "What's that?" she exclaimed when, instead of fingering her, I fired up the Panasonic and began using it on and around her clit.

"Relax. It won't bite."

"Oh. OK." She lay back and closed her eyes. Then, miracle of miracles, her hips started rising. Then they started thrusting. When I figured she was about to climax, I turned off the Panasonic and climbed in the saddle.

What a difference a good vibrator makes! The dead-fish fucking was gone and Kristin was *into it*, and I mean *into it*. "Oh God, oh God, oh God...fuck fuck fuck...shit shit...I'm cuming!" Her cunt was squeezing my dick hard, the tenons in her neck popped into view, and her gut muscles contracted until her mouth was almost at my nipples. "Arrgghh!" Her scream was loud and long, and then she collapsed and pushed me off her just moments are I, too, had climaxed.

"That was, that was, that was wonderful!" Kristen said, and french kissed me. Seconds later she was fondling my dick and asking was it too soon to go

again.

After the arrival of the Panasonic, I never again had a lousy fuck session with Kristen. Turns out she'd never tried a mains vibrator before, and the battery-operated kind just didn't have the oomph to really get the deepest, buried portion of her clit moving.

The time had come, however, to turn my attention to lesbian Eren and her partner Pamela. I don't know what I expected, so I can't say I was surprised when I met them at their house in an upscale neighborhood with its own giant gazebo, walking trail, and aerated lake filled with paddle boats.

The house was huge, Eren was quite the looker, skinny with long, purple-streaked blond hair and not a day over 30, while Pamela was carrying about 25 pounds extra pounds on her frame and must have been in her early 50s. It wasn't hard to figure out who owned the fluffy bank account.

"We're delighted you've agreed to help us," Pam said the evening I went to their house. "You'll have a good time here, we promise. But first things first: We've got to sign these tacky legal papers."

After the papers were signed, and after handing my copy to me with a wink, Pam turned to Eren and said in a nicely faked Southern accent: "Please lead the way to the bedroom, my love. Let's show our gentleman caller that he can expect some really good loving."

A walk into their bedroom was like a journey into a high-end erotic art gallery discretely selling adult novelties on the side. As I was to learn, dildos, strap-ons, whips, and flails were arrayed on shelves hidden by the artworks and a couple of extra-large photographs. A gentle tug and the artworks and photos swung into the room on hinges, revealing the hard goods behind. The king-sized bed was heavily accessorized with hidden attachment points for restraining devices.

Eren pointed at the bed and asked, smiling: "Ready to try it out?"

"Absolutely!" I took a step or two toward her, but Pamela blocked my way.

"I've got a question: Why the hell are you doing this? We're not paying you, and you're not spreading HIV or AIDS or some other disease. You're a good-looking young man. Are you in it simply for the sex, to spread your genes far and wide, or do you have a fetish for older women, or"

"Hey!" Eren interjected.

"Sorry, Honey," Pam said, and kissed Eren on the cheek and let her hand drift down to rub her ass. "Sorry."

"I kinda fell into it by accident. First Ashley, who works in the cubicle next to me, needed some help, then her friend Sara needed the same, and now Kristen and, of course, Sara asked Ashley to have me help out Eren. I never planned any of this. It just sorta happened."

"So Eren's an unintended fuck toy?"

I grimaced. "That's not what I meant. Maybe I should leave."

"No, no, no," said Pam. "Not until we have some fun and Eren's sticky

inside.”

“Yeah,” said Eren. “Let’s get me sticky now.” Saying that, she removed the blouse she was wearing and unfastened her bra, kicked off her shoes, and aimed her C-sized tits at me. They were nicely shaped indeed, and I felt a stirring as my little head awakened.

Pamela finished undressing Eren and pushed her onto the bed. “Sit in that thing over there,” she commanded me, and pointed to what I discovered was a sex sling in the corner. “Keep your clothes on. This is my time with Eren.”

Eren lay on her back, with her arms and legs spread like DiVinci’s drawing of a human. Pam pulled on a painting to reveal a host of small whips and flails. She chose a pink-colored whip with multiple tentacles about eight inches long, then started teasing Eren with it. She dragged it over Eren’s body from top to toes, jiggling it over her breasts and pussy.

“Roll over!”

Eren rolled onto her back, and Pam repeated the teasing, paying special attention to Eren’s buttocks and crack.

“Roll back!”

When Eren was on her back again, Pam blinded Eren with a pink bandana, and proceeded to tie her arms and legs to the bed. Once Eren couldn’t move, Pam stuffed a pillow under her butt and positioned herself between Eren’s legs. She started licking and fingering, and soon a large drop of white girl juice formed at the bottom of Eren’s slit.

Pam caught the drop on her fingers, moved up to Eren’s head, and ordered her to lick. Then she started kissing Eren and playing with her breasts and occasionally her clit. Eren was writhing and moaning.

“Dave, get undressed and help us out here. Now!”

I stripped and approached the bed from the other side, expecting to lick some nipples. “What do you think you’re doing?” Pam asked. “Fuck her now.” So I moved between Eren’s legs and started gently fingering her. Pam hit my hand with the whip. “Stop that! I’m the one who plays with Eren. You’re here to fuck her, and that’s it.”

Perhaps I should have gotten dressed and walked out, or maybe I should have pushed Pam off the bed. Instead, I did what I was told. I aimed my dick at Eren’s opening, and pushed my way in. Eren screamed with delight and humped back as hard as she could, straining against the straps. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. That’s it! Fuck me. Cum in me.”

As I humped Eren, Pam was playing with Eren’s tits and tickling her with the pink whip. “Climax for us, please, Honey! Let him know you like it.”

I liked it. I liked it a lot, and though I should have been drained from fucking Kristen again and again, my balls felt as full as they had a dozen or so years earlier, when I masturbated for the first time. Finally I erupted with “I’m cuming,” and Eren thrust her hips high and hard.

We stayed coupled for several minutes. Pam let me nuzzle Eren’s tits and, as I withdrew, kiss her on the lips. Eren stayed on the bed, butt in the air,

for maybe half an hour as Pam tried to ensure she'd get pregnant. We then shared a light dinner, and off I drove to Kristen, to fuck her at bedtime. I then drove back to Pam and Eren's so I could fuck Eren in the morning. It was a tough routine, but I managed with a smile.

That all happened five years and maybe forty pregnancies ago. For a while, Ashley continued acting as my pimp and organizing gatherings of my offspring so she and the other moms could compare notes. But Ashley gradually faded from the scene, as did Sara and Kimberly and Eren and the other women I knocked up in the early years.

Now, I'm 30 years old myself, and the women I'm helping out aren't that much older than I am. I haven't dated a woman my own generation since Taylor split. I just haven't had the time, and my balls certainly haven't had any spunk to dump in an infertile cunt.

Eren wasn't the only lesbian I've impregnated, but mostly I'm still screwing single heterosexual women whose clock is ticking. I have, however, done a couple of women whose husbands were sterile. One of the husbands, like Pam, insisted that he do the warming up. I was happy to oblige him. After all, I'm the one who ejaculated swimmers into a fertile womb. In nature's view, that's the main role of a man, and who am I to argue with Mother Nature?

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Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net