

Title: The Lieutenant's Widow

Summary: A young widowed mom wants to have a second child quickly, and chooses a bereaved dad as her inseminator. The inseminator's wife joins the fun, too. 100% fiction, of course, and don't read if you are not of legal age.

Note: I initially posted this on ASSTR.ORG in three parts. To reduce clutter in the ASSTR directory, I've now combined the parts into one file.

Codes: impreg, lesbian, threesome, MFF

By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

I'd always liked Christmas, but that was before the wreck that claimed my daughter and son. Jessica was a junior in college, and Tyler was just starting his career after graduation. They had come home for the holiday and, on Christmas Eve afternoon at 2:26, a drunk driver with two DUI convictions to his name and a bottle of vodka in his belly, had crossed the center line and killed them both. One horrible, awful "bam!" and two lives were snuffed out before they had barely begun. The drunk lived on for a few days, and then he died, too. It didn't make me feel any better.

At age 56 I was suddenly childless, my wife, Deidre, was post-menopausal, and we had been looking forward to traveling a bit now that the kids were raised, not at starting another family. And how the hell could we? Deidre couldn't have any more kids, and while we could try to adopt, that could take years. Sure, we could try to hire a surrogate, but frankly, we were too damn old to be changing diapers and getting up in the middle of the night with a screaming baby, and I sincerely doubted that Deidre would be enthusiastic at the idea of quitting her job to raise some other woman's child simply to give me another chance at genetic immortality.

I've always kept myself in pretty good shape, but I gotta admit, I'm a middle-aged guy. Sure, I jog, and I push myself away from the dinner table before I'm tempted by seconds, but I'm not the sexiest guy alive, believe me, and there's no way I could squeeze into my college jeans, even if I still had them. So I was more than flattered one Saturday morning when, while out for a jog, a neighbor on the next block who couldn't have been more than 22 or 23 waved cheerfully at me as she pushed a baby carriage out her entranceway and onto the sidewalk. I simply had to stop.

"Hi! I'm Steve. Steve Alfson. How old's your, uh, son?"

"Rachel's 4 months old, and definitely a girl, Steve."

Shit. I'd put my mouth in gear before noticing the pink clothing on the kid. But hey, the baby carriage was blue! The young woman didn't look perturbed, though, and surprised the heck out of me when she put her hand on mine, lightly, and smiled broadly. "It's OK, Steve. You're not the first person

to mistake Rachel for a boy. I shouldn't have borrowed my cousin's baby blue baby carriage. And by the way, my name is Megan Kirpen, and I'm glad to meet you."

The conversation picked up after that. I quickly learned that Megan was a war widow and former college soccer player. She'd married at age 21, when she was two months pregnant and three weeks away from exiting college with a degree in marketing. Her brand-new ROTC husband, Michael, was commissioned as a lieutenant and almost immediately found himself in Afghanistan, where a renegade Afghan corporal turned his gun on a bunch of Americans, killing Michael and a couple of other guys.

I began to tell Megan how the drunk had killed my children when she interrupted, "I heard about your troubles, Steve, from your next-door-neighbor Mrs. Hickson. She and I got to talking yesterday, when I was walking Rachel."

Mrs. Hickson was one of the neighborhood gossips, so I wasn't all that surprised that she'd told Megan. "Oh," I said. "Well, my troubles are nothing compared with yours. If there's anything I can do for you, please let me know."

Megan looked at me, smiled, and said, to my utter surprise, "Actually, Steve, I could use your help now, if you've got a few minutes. Please come inside with me, if you don't mind." She turned and headed back into her house. I couldn't help but notice as she walked into the house that she'd nicely recovered her shape after childbirth. I pegged her as 5-foot-5 or -6, maybe 120 pounds, with B-cup breasts and perhaps natural blonde hair, though I've learned never to assume that a blonde is really a blonde.

"Steve, I've got a problem," she said as she picked up Rachel and rocked her in her arms. "You see, I'm bound and determined not to raise a spoiled "only" child, and I want my children to be close enough in age to one another so that they can really grow up together. And yet, I'm not dating, I don't have any immediate prospects, and I can't stand the idea of artificial insemination.

"I was wondering what to do when I heard about your children's tragic deaths, and Mrs. Hickson told me how you'd talked about how you'd like another family but were too old, and, well, Steve, that got me thinking. If I got pregnant now, today, Rachel would have a brother or sister only 13 months younger than she is." Again, Megan placed her hand on mine and, looking straight into my eyes, she asked, "Are you interested, Steve?"

Hell yeah I was interested, and the sudden bulge in my pants was ample proof. I gulped and smiled and barely croaked, "I'm absolutely interested, but, uh,..."

"Steve, listen to me. I'll find a new husband my own age eventually, and we'll raise kids together. I'm not asking you to support me -- I've got Army life insurance that's more than enough for now, and I already do some marketing work from home for a local ad agency -- and I'm not asking you to raise my

children, I'm only asking you to give me your love so that Rachel can have a brother or sister nearly her own age. How about it, Steve?"

A wise man would have said no, or if weak in the groin, at a minimum discussed it with his lawyer. If gutsy, that wise man would have attempted a meaningful discussion with his wife, even though her shouting "Absolutely not!" and slamming a few doors would be the likely outcome. That's what a wise man would have done. But I had a fullbore erection.

Suavely, I leaned forward to kiss her, and reached for her shoulders. She shook her head almost imperceptibly, and deflected my arms. "This isn't about romance, Steve," she said, "this is about sperm donation. You ejaculate and I get pregnant, and everyone's happy. And you better be quick about it, since you are supposedly jogging and your wife is probably expecting you back home soon."

With that, she leaned over, put Rachel in a playpen, walked into the kitchen, kicked off her shoes, pulled down her jeans and panties, stepped out of them, and leaned over the breakfast table. "Fuck me, Steve. Fuck me!"

I dropped my jogging shorts, admired a fancy "M" tattooed on her butt, and reached for her vulva. She was sopping wet already, and no sooner had I touched her than she said, softly: "That feels great, Steve, but we don't have time. Just stick it in and fuck me."

So I did.

A young cunt, even one that's given birth a few months earlier, is a heck of a lot tighter and wetter than my wife's 54-year-old much-fucked tunnel. My dick was in heaven as I entered her and began pumping. I'd like to say that I lasted for a long time, and that we both climaxed together, but it was not to be. "Go ahead, cum in me, cum in me. Quick! Do it!" she said, and she helped matters along considerably by repeatedly clinching her cunt around my dick, and she began stroking, teasing, tickling my left thigh with her hand.

I hadn't had a fuck like that in years. Soon I felt the familiar swelling deep in my balls, and I climaxed, pumping shot after shot of spunk into her cunt. "Thank you, Steve. Thank you!" she said, and kept clamping her cunt tighter and tighter, or at least it seemed tighter as my dick swelled and pulsed.

Then it was over, and she pulled away from me and knelt down on the floor, as if praying to Mecca with her head on the rug. "I'm gonna stay like this for a while, Steve, to make sure it doesn't leak out. You better get going."

"Before you go, though, you'd better clean yourself up with that dishrag by the sink, so you don't smell like sex when you get home."

I pulled my jogging shorts up and knelt down to kiss her. She still wouldn't kiss, though, so I settled for rubbing and patting her ass few times.

"Steve, we need to fuck as much as possible over the next few days. It's now a bit before 9 a.m. Can you come by in a few hours, say 1 or 2, so we can do it again?"

"I'll be over here," I replied. I sure as shit wasn't going to pass up another poke at her young cunt, and I figured that even at my age, I'd be able to perform again in a few hours.

"Great! Oh, and Steve, you need to swing by this evening and tomorrow morning, too. Are you up for that much fucking?" Megan looked up from the floor, where her head rested on the carpet, with a broad, sexy smile on her face. "Are you, Steve? Can you fuck that much at your age?" She wiggled her ass and giggled.

She certainly was having fun teasing me, and unfortunately she was right to have some doubts. A guy in his 50s can do a lot of things, but round-the-clock fucking might not be one of them. "Uh, I'm not sure, but I'll give it all I've got," I replied.

"Do and your wife usually screw on Saturday nights, like a lot of couples do?" Megan asked.

"We do, actually," I said hesitantly. I must have looked even more worried that I felt, for Megan laughed.

"That's OK, Steve. You'll be fine. Mommy-to-be has some helpers." She directed me to one of the kitchen cabinets, where I found several bottles of 50mg Mexican viagra. "You should be fine "au naturel" for the first fuck every morning, Steve, but go ahead and take one pill about an hour before you come over here in the afternoons and evenings. And Steve, be sure to take two the hour before you try screwing your wife, or chances are you'll have some explaining to do."

I grabbed the bottles, wiped my dick with the dishrag and headed out the door, not believing what had just happened.

As I left Megan's home I turned to the right and began jogging, away from my house to a jogging path that led to the river. I needed time to think, to figure out how I was going to make this arrangement, this delightful brief interlude of baby making, this unexpected fuckfest, how I was going to make it work well and to not let it drag me screaming into marital and financial hell.

I wanted more of that pussy. I wanted to fuck it and suck it, lick it and stroke it. I wanted to get at Megan's nipples and tits. I needed to stroke them, kiss them, nibble them; I needed to bite them, suck them, enjoy them. I wanted to get at her asshole, too, to lick it, tease it, and to stroke and tickle the flesh around it.

I wanted to give me, Steve fucking Alfson, at age 56, something to remember. I wanted to give Megan something to enjoy and remember when her new child was acting up and making her life miserable. Perhaps most of all, I wanted to relive and revive the glorious days of my youth, when young women were flirty and easy and fucked like bunnies.

I wanted it all, but I also didn't want to destroy my marriage and sever our memories -- Deidre's and mine -- of our children. In some way, in some fashion, Jessica and Tyler lived on in our memories, which we sometimes shared when something reminded one of us of our children.

Those memories were important, very important to me -- but also important was the fleeting chance that Megan had given me of creating a new child. I didn't want to recreate Jessica or Tyler, but I did want to create a new life, a legacy of myself for future generations. And, I wanted to cum in a young, willing, and wet cunt as often as possible.

As often as possible indeed, and it was already 10:30. I turned around on the jogging path, felt in my pocket for the Mexican viagra -- it was reassuringly still there -- and headed home. I got in the front door at a little after 11 and jumped in the shower. Deidre gave me a "hi" and "bye" as she headed out shopping. "I'll be back about an hour before dinner," she said. Ah, that made the mid-day fuck easy to arrange!

At noon I took the viagra, and almost precisely at 1 p.m. I knocked on Megan's door. For a minute or two I waited, then peered in the window. I saw no one. What was going on? I had no idea, but no sooner had I turned to leave than Megan drove up with Rachel safely secured in an infant's car seat and groceries spilling all over the front "shotgun" passenger seat. I rebagged the groceries and carried them inside while Megan cooed at her baby. She set Rachel in the playpen, smiled at me, and said, "Why don't I lean over the coffee table this time, Steve?"

I nodded as she dropped her jeans, kneeled on the carpeted floor, and leaned over the little table. But I had no intention of fucking her doggie style once again. I unbuckled my jeans, stepped out of them and my drawers, and then, grabbing Megan's shoulders, I lifted her a bit off the table and rolled her onto the floor. "Steve," she said steadily, but loudly, "what the hell are you doing?"

"We're going to fuck missionary style, so I see your face when I come."

"No, we're not," she said. "That's too damn intimate. You're my donor, not my lover." While she protested, I was exploring her labia with my right hand and scooting my left hand underneath her blouse. "Steve, damnit, stop it, just stop it!"

While she protested, I stopped caressing her vulva, reached down and freed her left leg and foot from her jeans, and then assumed the age-old breeding

position between her legs. "Oh, all right," she said. "Go ahead."

I wasn't waiting for her to change her mind or start screaming and summon the neighbors. I plunged straight into her cunt, and we rutted. God, she felt good. She turned her head sideways so I couldn't kiss her straight on the lips, but I went ahead and kissed her face, her neck, her exposed ear, her chin, and I nuzzled her cloth-covered tits.

The more we fucked, the more responsive she became. "Oh God, Steve, oh God, oh God, oh God! Fuck me! Fuck me! Oh, shit, fuck me!" I felt her tensing, her hips bucked more strongly, and then suddenly her cunt was squeezing me like a sopping-wet fist. She came, and came, and then I came, and came.

We lay there for several minutes, my dick's pulses slowly dying away as the last of my sperm left my groin and entered hers. Megan turned her head away from the carpet and looked at me straight on. Her hands grabbed the back of my head and pulled me to her, and we kissed and kissed and our tongues danced together as moments earlier our bodies had.

Megan giggled. "Well," she said. "I tried to keep this relationship simple and straightforward, but you had to go and fuck it up." I just grinned and kissed her.

That evening, I took a dose of viagra at 6 and resolved to nibble at my dinner, so that the magic pill would be sure to dissolve and actually enter my bloodstream. After dinner, I "remembered" that I had to gas up my car and then promptly drove over to Megan's, intent on filling her vaginal tank as quickly as I could.

I told Megan we needed to be quick. "OK, boss," she said, and bent over the back of her sofa. To inspire me, she took off her blouse -- at last! -- so that I could grope her tits as we humped.

Her pussy was still creamy from the day's two earlier fucks, and I slid in easily. But I swear that since giving birth she must have done Kegel exercises nearly non-stop, because her cunt grabbed my penis tightly. Her squeezes matched my strokes, and that familiar feeling quickly arose in my balls and I shot a few tepid streams into her. The day's fucking had pumped me nearly dry!

After I pulled out I leaned over and kissed her, and she kissed me back. Her earlier reluctance to do more than just fuck was gone. "You are one hell of a lover, Mr. Alfson," she said. "If you were twenty or thirty years younger, I'd be dragging you down the aisle." I smiled, kissed her again, patted her ass, and washed my genitals with her dishrag once more, hoping that my wife wouldn't notice the lingering smell of young cunt when we got in bed that night. Off I went to a local gas station and paid cash for a few gallons to top off the tank.

I was about as horny as a bowl of Jello, but Megan had been right about one thing: My wife and I almost always screwed on Saturday night, and I needed

to perform on schedule. Frankly, I was dreading it, and so I took Deidre to see the longest movie I could find in the online listings, and then to a late-night restaurant where we had deserts and coffee. Deidre thought I was being romantic, which unfortunately guaranteed that I would absolutely have to perform nobly between our sheets.

It was 12:45 when I swallowed two of the viagra tablets, and 1:30 a.m. when we got to bed. I engaged in foreplay for many minutes, kissing and french kissing before switching my focus to Deidre's ears, then to her neck and tits and nipples, then moving lower to her butt and labia and, finally, to her clit, to give my balls and prostate as much time as possible to get ready.

I need not have worried. I was un-horny mentally, but physically I was so pumped up with generic Mexican viagra that I rode Deidre for a long time before finally my balls responded and shot out some semen. The ejaculations actually hurt! It was a once-familiar pain I hadn't experienced since my teen-age years, when marathon masturbation and, later on, all night fucking sessions were often the norm.

Deidre was sweaty by the time we finished, and her neck was flushed. "You are one hell of a lover, Mr. Alfson," she said.

What the fuck! What the hell did she say? My heart didn't skip a beat, but my mind did. I concentrated on remembering exactly what Megan had said, and yep, my memory told me she had said precisely the same thing after our evening fuck session. I was a worried man as I drifted off to sleep. If I hadn't fucked myself silly throughout the day, I'm sure I would have experienced a restless night, but I was so thoroughly sated that I slept straight through till morning.

Sunday morning found me, once again, as horny as that bowl of Jello. I was just plain fucked out, and yet Megan would be expecting me and my dick in an hour or so. She had expected that I would not need the Mexican viagra, but lying in bed, I wasn't so sure. Instead of a morning hard on, I had a flaccid piece of flesh attached to my crotch.

I decided to take some viagra. Where had I left it? Right, in my pants pocket, but then I vaguely remembered throwing the pants in the laundry basket and, omigod, Deidre did the laundry on Saturday mornings.

Just then, my up-early-in-the-morning wife walked into the bedroom carrying the bottle of viagra gingerly between her fingers, as if it were a used condom.

"Whatcha been up to, Honey?" she asked, only it wasn't really a question. I must have turned beet red.

Deidre laughed. "I never know what I'm going to find when I check your pockets before doing the laundry." She laughed some more and reached into her

housecoat, pulled out her phone, and pressed the call button. I heard a cell phone ring downstairs, but I didn't recognize the ringtone. "Megan, you better come up here," Deidre said into the phone.

Oh, shit!

Just seconds later Megan appeared at the top of the stairs, carrying Rachel in her arms. She obviously had been downstairs for some time, but I hadn't had a clue. "Hi, Mr. Sperm," she said as she made her entrance into our bedroom.

I was sitting up in bed as Megan entered, but at that moment the comfy bed felt like cutting block, and I was the slab of meat about to be chopped up. I had tried to get up, but Deidre had shaken her head and said, firmly, "Don't you dare move," and she had remained standing there, clutching the viagra bottle and smirking.

Now that both women were in the room, I was more confused than ever. They evidently knew each other very well, and there was no anger between them, not even the tiniest spark. They stood there, grinning, and looking at me as if I were a prize rooster at some state fair.

"I guess you're wondering what's up," my wife said. I nodded. "In the months after Jessica and Tyler died I was totally lost. Many an evening I spent hours on Facebook, looking at what their friends were doing, and I struck up some friendships of my own. Meanwhile, Megan was searching, too, after her husband died. Somehow, we made an online connection. That's the thing about the Internet: Age and appearances don't matter very much in cyberspace.

"Also about that time, I realized that you really wanted more children, and Megan confided that she wanted to get pregnant quickly, to avoid Rachel's being an only child, or being the older sister to a much younger sibling. And I thought, well, why not give you what you really wanted -- and make it a thrilling, exciting adventure for you?"

"You guys set me up?" I asked.

"Yeah, it was a set-up," Megan replied. "That's why I moved to this neighborhood.

"Don't misunderstand me, Steve," she continued. "Yes, I want a husband my own age, someone to raise kids with, and grow old with, and share the memories of a lifetime with.

"But Steve, all that said, you are my chosen sperm donor, our age differences be damned. I have really and truly wanted to fuck you from the moment I first saw your photo. I don't know why. I really don't. Maybe I just wanted my next baby to have your smile and your eyes. Or maybe I just wanted to do a favor for Deidre, my new friend.



"What I do know for certain is that at this exact moment I'm fertile, and it's time for me to get laid." With that, Megan handed Rachel to my wife, peeled off her clothes, and climbed into bed. "Have fun, you two," my wife said. She closed the door as she left the room.

This Megan was very, very different from the Megan of the morning before, the one who wanted to be fucked, and only fucked. This Megan practically attacked my dick with her tongue and mouth, and she was good, very good. In no time my prick was at full attention as she firmly sucked on it and gently raked it with her teeth and took it deep into her mouth.

I was getting ready to explode, and told her so. She pulled me out of her mouth, smiled, and said, "Maybe later I'll suck you dry, big boy, but right now I need that milky white stuff somewhere else." With that, she mounted me, and we fucked cowgirl style.

I stroked her ass and her back with my hands, and tried to kiss her nipples with my mouth, while she flaunted her tits and let them bounce just in front of my face, barely out of tongue range. All the time we were doing this I was slowly poking my dick up her cunt, and she was rising and falling in slow rhythm with my fucking.

Gradually, a sense of longing arose in my dick and balls, and I thrust harder and harder, and her cunt squeezed me tighter and tighter, and then I erupted. She rolled over while clasping me tight with her legs, so that the final spurts of semen were delivered deep in her cunt while I was on top. She kissed me avidly, her tongue dancing inside my mouth. "Oh, God, you were wonderful," she said, hugging me tight with both her arms and legs.

"You, too," I said. "You, too."

Megan gradually relaxed her legs, and I rolled out of her saddle and onto the bed itself. "You know," she said, "tomorrow morning will be the end of my fertile period, or rather the end of my fertility peak. I think I should spend the night here, so that we can fuck in the morning before you head off for work."

"OK," I said somewhat innocently.

"And then," she continued, "we should cool it till the next peak. Of course, if your gun has knocked me up -- while saying this she reached over and stroked what remained of my erection -- then that'll be the end of our fucking, Mr. Sperm."

I did a bit of a double-take. My brain knew that this pussyfest could not last, but I didn't want to think about that eventuality. Megan looked at my stunned expression and grinned. "Then again, when a girl's pregnant, she gets awfully horny, and I'm sure Deidre wouldn't mind sharing you now and then."

Megan climbed out of bed, opened the door, and called out to my wife. "Hey, Deidre, can you come up here, please?"

Moments later, my wife entered the room, patted Megan's ass, and enquired, "Did you guys have an enjoyable and successful interlude?"

Megan looked at her own crotch, which was oozing sex juices, and pointed at it. "Oh, my," Deidre said. "You have been busy, Steve, haven't you?" I nodded.

Looking at me, and then Deidre, Megan said, "I mentioned to Steve that if he'd knocked me up, that would be the end of fucking me. He looked soooo crestfallen, I thought I should cheer him up and mentioned that pregnant women get horny. And since I don't have a boyfriend, I told him that maybe you wouldn't mind sharing him now and then."

Deidre frowned, but I got the impression that the frown was a put-on. "Oh, my," Deidre said. "Are you suggesting we make this arrangement permanent?"

"Not at all," Megan said with mock horror. "Not at all. I was just thinking that if, say, you were out of the house at the grocery store, you wouldn't mind Steve's rocking my world. I mean, I think he's demonstrated that he's capable of fucking more than once a day, even though he is really, really old." Megan winked at me.

"In that case, sure," Deidre said, "but I want to test out your discovery first." She grabbed the viagra bottle, which was sitting on my nightstand, opened the top, and shook out two pills. "Take these, big boy, and I'll be back in an hour to see if you really can handle two women at your age."

I took the pills, swallowed them, and wondered what I had gotten myself into. Megan threw on her clothes, and as she and Deidre were leaving the room together, Megan turned and said. "Don't have performance anxieties, Steve. I'll give you a hand in an hour."

Once again, I was left wondering what was up. I was also grubby and needed a shave, so I headed off to the shower.

The hour passed slowly as I waited for Round Two of that morning's adult entertainment. I was freshly shaved, didn't smell like day-old sex, and had changed the sheets on our bed. I had also had time to eat a light breakfast and coo at Rachel, who was in a traveler's playpen. Megan had headed to her house for something or other, and my wife was doing laundry and working on the week's dinner menus.

Megan reappeared at the door. Apparently she, too, had showered. She certainly had changed clothes. In her hand she carried a small pink briefcase. "I'm all ready," she announced.

"All ready for what exactly?" I asked.

"For our threesome, duh," she replied, and slowly stuck out her tongue and circumnavigated her lips with it. My dick hardened slightly and twitched. The viagra, and Megan, were bringing it to life once more.

"I heard that," Deidre called out from the kitchen. She sashayed into the living room, grabbed first my hand and then Megan's, and asked, "Will Rachel be OK in the playpen?"

"Sure," said Megan, and the three of us climbed the stairs to the master bedroom. But who was the master and who wasn't? I had no idea.

In seconds, the bed was a jumble of arms and legs and tits and a single, and very erect, dick. My cock and balls were delightfully aching in anticipation of the cum to come, even though I had cum in Megan's cunt just over an hour earlier. That's an endorsement for Mexican viagra, if you needed one!

Megan began kissing Deidre squarely on the mouth and caressing her breasts, while I moved between Deidra's legs and began kissing, tickling, and licking my way toward her cunt and clit. Soon, Deidre was moaning, and then she said, urgently, "Fuck me, fuck me, oh, for God's sake, fuck me. You guys are driving me crazy."

I crawled up the bed and got in position for a missionary-style bonk, when Megan pushed me back. "My turn, Steve. I haven't done any fucking since college, when I overnighted with the soccer team." With that, she leaned over the bed, opened her pink briefcase, and pulled out a strap-on dildo. Quickly she put it on, got between Deidre's legs, and rubbed the phalus up and down my wife's slit. I sat back and watched.

Deidre began pushing her cunt into the air, trying to impale it on Megan's plastic dick. "Fuck me, please! Fuck me!" Megan turned and smiled at me, and then slowly lowered herself into Deidre. "Oh my God. Deeper, please. Deeper! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me." Suddenly, Megan began humping for all she was worth. Deidre grabbed her shoulders and wrapped her legs around the small of Megan's back. They were truly a single beast with two backs. I reached for Megan's buttocks, and my fingers found her anus, and I slipped a finger in. Megan began humping harder and harder, and then Deidre screamed. "I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Judging by her face, Megan was cumming, too. The humping gradually subsided, and Megan rolled off my wife.

"Your turn, Steve," she said, and I climbed into position and drove my cock deep into Deidre's cunt. Deidre tried to milk my dick, but the years have made her cunt sloppy. Still, a warm cunt is a happy place for a very hard dick, and I was so turned on that soon I was shooting pulse after pulse of spunk into my wife's now-barren womb. After I pulled out Megan's mouth cleaned up my dick while Deidre's lips and tongue explored my face.

"I love you both," Deidre said. "I really do."

I could sense that these were dangerous waters we were entering, so I said nothing. Megan must have felt the same way, but rather than leave an unbearable silence, her mouth left my dick and began kissing Deidre tits. "You guys are absolutely wonderful," Megan mumbled between kisses. "Absolutely wonderful."

Megan's ass was swaying in the air while she was kissing my wife's tits, and there was nothing I would have rather done than prong it once again. Perhaps if I were younger my dick would have risen for a third time, but no, there was nothing left in the tank. I stroked that ass, I pinched it a few times, I kissed it, and I tried to give it a hicky or two, but there was no way I was going to fuck it, at least until mid-afternoon at the earliest, but more likely late evening would arrive before significant erectile and ejaculatory powers returned to my worn-out penis.

Eventually we all tired of the hugging and stroking and kissing, and so just before noon we began taking showers and getting dressed anew. Rachel had let us know that her diaper needed changing, and Megan had left the tangle of bedsheets first. Deidre kissed me deeply after Megan left the room and said, "Steve, that really was wonderful. I've never been with a woman before, but Megan has been teasing and tempting me for weeks, and I'm glad she did. I never imagined a threesome could be so exciting. Everything seemed so natural and perfect, as if ordained by the Gods." I told I agreed completely.

Megan stayed with us the rest of the afternoon, and toward 6 o'clock she took me upstairs, and with the aid of another double-dose of viagra, I managed once again to shoot my little canon into her sex hole. Late that evening Megan climbed into our bed as Deidre and I put ourselves down, but despite yet another double dose, I was unable to perform. Megan tried jerking me off, but all that did was make my dick sore and worsen an unpleasant throbbing in my balls. The next morning was a different story, though, as sleep had revived me. Deidre remained in our bed when Megan joined us, and added words of encouragement as I humped and erupted into Megan.

As Megan's peak fertility was now over, we didn't fuck again for several days. We did, however, have a quick rut on the following Friday afternoon, when I came home early and Deidre was delayed at her job. Megan said the fuck was "just to keep the pump primed," but I'm pretty sure she was horny. I know I was, even though Deidre and I had done the deed the night before. There's nothing like the thought of more fresh young pussy to keep one's genitals focused on fucking.

I received a failing grade in Impregnation 103, as Megan had her period despite our fuckfest. The next humping spree was different, however, as I had a full week to plow her field. Deidre joined in more than a few times to help move things ago, and -- bingo! -- Megan's period never arrived and the drugstore pregnancy test told a tale of successful breeding.

Megan toasted the pending arrival of Rachel's sibling with ginger ale, while Deidre and I enjoyed champagne. Now what, I wondered. If I thought that I wouldn't get to fuck Megan as much, I was only half right. There were no more week-long binges, but we did fuck regularly, and from time to time Megan would suck me to climax. After all, she no longer needed my spunk to find an egg inside her.

When Jenny was born, we had to quit fucking for almost two months, but I was hardly deprived, as my fuck sessions with Megan had revved up Deidre's libido. We were now regularly fucking four times a week, on average, while before we had tapered off to three and sometimes only two times a week. Before our marriage, it wasn't unusual for us to get it on five nights a week, and four was the norm.

Jenny was about six months old when disaster struck: Megan suddenly had a love life that didn't include me. A friend of hers and her late husband's, who had also been in ROTC and had also been sent to Afghanistan, returned to the city after a stay in a military hospital, looked up Megan, and one thing quickly led to another. They were married when Jenny was a bit over a year old. By then, seven months after our last fuck, I figured I would never sleep with Megan again. Wrong again!

I was busy mowing the yard one Saturday morning, and Deidre was busy weeding some plant beds, when Megan and her new husband, Fred, stopped by. "Hi, Steve," Megan called out as she and Fred drove up in a late-model SUV with dual child seats in the rear. "Have you two got a minute?"

"Sure," I said, a thought seconded by Deidre's "Yep."

"Here goes," said Megan, grinning at both of us while hugging her husband. "Fred's a great husband and a wonderful father, but there's more to the story than you know."

Fred spoke up and filled us in. "A roadside bomb can do a lot of damage, or it can 'merely' maim you. Well, I was maimed, if that's what you call having your balls shredded by shrapnel. I'm still a man and all that, but my balls can't produce sperm, or at least can't produce enough sperm to make a baby."

"And he wants to raise a son or even two," Megan said. "To play football and basketball, and all that kind of guy stuff. That's where you guys come in. Steve, are you willing to knock me up a couple more times? Deidre, would that be OK with you?"

I said nothing while waiting for Deidre to speak. It was a wise decision on my part to keep my mouth shut, I think, as that way I didn't drool while thinking of fucking Megan many, many more times.

My wife smiled and looked Fred up and down. "How about a trade?" Deidre

asked. "While you're bonking Steve, I get to amuse myself with young Mr. Fred?"

Megan looked at Fred, whose face had turned bright red. "Uh, ma'am, uh if that's what, uh, you'd like, then, uh." Fred couldn't get the words out.

"It's a deal, isn't it, honey?" Megan said. Fred nodded, his face turning a brighter shade of red.

Everyone looked at me, and then it was my turn for a red face. While hugging her husband with one arm, Megan had ostentatiously reached for my groin and rubbed. "How about it, Steve? Can you still get it up for me?"

"Absolutely," I said, and grabbed her arm. "Are you fertile now?"

"Of course," she said.

"Let's go inside," I said.

"I thought you'd never ask," she said. As we walked in the front door, I noticed that Deidre had a firm hand on Fred's arm, and was pushing him toward the cargo compartment of the SUV. It's a good thing, I thought, that the SUV has heavily tinted rear windows, and then I gave Megan's ass a gentle whack as we started climbing the stars.

Megan leaned into my ear and whispered, "Fuck me, Steve. Fuck me like the first time we fucked. Please."

I can happily report that's exactly what we did.

THE END

Any comments? Email me at: [Angler77@Safe-mail.net](mailto:Angler77@Safe-mail.net)