

# Milking

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# 1 Milking

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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## Job Site

“Matt,” the homeowner called out to me, “can you give me a hand hanging these pictures before you leave?”

It was 6:30 and I was exhausted and sweaty from working on the second story extension to Mr. and Mrs. Snow’s low-slung ranch. Mr. Snow was traveling on business and the lovely Mrs. Kimberly Snow was alone.

I headed into the bedroom and found Kimberly naked on the middle of the bed with only a small translucent scarf over her crotch. At 23, I had been working in construction since age 15 and getting a bit of pussy from the women on the job was not at all uncommon.

I dived in with abandon, my own wife be damned.

“MATTHEW,” Kim called out as I pumped my massive cock into her pussy fucking her with a passion that her straight-laced accountant husband never provided.

Three orgasms for her later and one for me, I headed out. Eight o’clock already, I was going to be in hot water with Melissa.

Melissa is beautiful, don’t get me wrong. But she is already mine and all of the voluptuous women on the job sites have the allure of danger.

Home at eight, Melissa had left my dinner out with a note. After eating, I found her in the bedroom, and we showered together, but my energy was not fully into fucking her in the shower.

In bed, Melissa started: “Matthew Card, I’ve overlooked your sexual dalliances for the past three years, but we are no closer to having a child. If you want to stay married there are going to be some things you need to do for me. I have a doctor coming to our house tomorrow to help us with our fertility efforts.”

I started to open my mouth and Melissa interrupted me, “Not a word Matthew, be home by four and try not to stick your dick in Kimberly Snow before you get home.”

My first day at the Snow's had been easy, actually most days I had at construction sites were "easy". That was because as a 23-year old construction worker who was also a pretty boy, there was no shortage of women who I fucked on the job.

Today was going to be different, I had to leave early and keep my dick in my pants. As I arrived, I mentioned to Kim that I had to leave early for a doctor's appointment with my wife. Kim grinned at me impishly.

Around eleven, Kim called up from the ground to me wearing only a thin robe and carrying a pitcher of lemonade. "Matt, you thirsty?"

I came down the ladder and Kim threw her robe onto the ground. We fucked in the grass. I could not resist.

## House Call

I got home at four on the dot. There was an Audi TT in the driveway. I parked my truck on the street and came into the house.

"Matt, come back to the bedroom," Melissa called out.

I walked back to the bedroom and found both Melissa and a strange, but incredibly beautiful woman wearing a striking leather outfit that left very little to the imagination.

My cock involuntarily stiffened. "Matthew, this is Dr. Margaret Mandegarian, she is going to be helping us with our fertility issues."

I gulped.

The Doctor started, "Please call me Margaret." The voluptuous doctor approached me and brought her hand down to my crotch and rubbed her gloved hand against my crotch. "I will need you to strip naked for the exam."

I nodded meekly and got naked, my rock hard cock was sticking out a full 10 inches in salute and Margaret was now openly gripping it and running her gloved hand along its thick and massive length.

Melissa commented, "go take a shower first too."

Margaret nodded in agreement and led me into the bathroom by my dick. There was a large, bulging red bag hanging from the shower rod. "Let's clean out your insides too," she commented as she put a dab of lube onto one gloved hand and then slid a nozzle into my ass.

"Just relax," she said calmly as she continued to stroke my cock and then began to allow my ass to fill with a warm liquid.

"Mr. Card," the doctor continued, "your wife has explained your problems in helping her conceive a child and in order for me to help you will both have to turn yourselves over to my instruction."

I nodded meekly and struggled to stand still as a half-gallon of water filled my anus. Margaret continued to stroke my cock gently.

“I can see why you are popular with the ladies Matthew,” she commented as she pulled the nozzle from my anus and put me on the toilet to expel the fluids. As I let loose a massive bowel movement and the enema fluids, she filled the bag for a second go.

“Did you fuck Kimberly Snow today,” she asked as she reinserted the enema nozzle for round two.

“Yes ma’am,” I responded softly.

“Speak up Matthew,” she said.

“Yes ma’am.”

“Say it in full, say ‘I fucked Kimberly Snow today.’”

I noticed that my wife was standing in the doorway. I was standing naked with two scantily clad women, my dick erect, and my ass filling with water.

“I fucked Kimberly Snow today.”

Melissa just stared at me.

“Ok, we are going to leave that enema in while we shower you,” Margaret commented as she removed the nozzle and substituted a butt plug.

“Melissa, keep him erect as you shower him,” Margaret ordered as she guided me with one hand on my dick into the shower.

Transfixed by their sexy outfits I was just letting them control me.

The plug was uncomfortable, but having my wife of four years clean me like a baby was devastating to my ego. Only her hand on my cock kept me erect.

When the shower finished she dried me off and then removed the plug and let me empty the second enema on the toilet.

Melissa had me stand up and then guided me by my now mostly flaccid penis to the bedroom. “Lay down on your back,” she said.

I complied.

Margaret and Melissa then restrained my hands to the headboard and propped my head up. T-shaped I was at their will.

Margaret spoke next, “We are going to install a device to help with your issues now. I would prefer not to have to sedate you. Once we install the device we will collect the first batch of semen for use in impregnating your wife.”

Margaret pulled a small device that was barely an inch square from a bag. She then removed her black gloves and put on surgical latex gloves. “This goes in your ass, lift your legs or we’ll do it for you.”

I complied.

Using both hands she worked the device past my sphincter and ignored my protestations. After a few minutes more of fiddling she announced she was done. She stripped off the surgical gloves and put her black, shoulder length gloves back on.

“You see Melissa, men *are* easily controlled by their dicks.”

The two of them unzipped their sexy outfits and began to touch each other passionately. I could only watch helplessly as my wife and the sexy fertility doctor made love to each other in front of me.

The sight was arousing, but with my hands restrained face up there was nothing I could do to stimulate myself.

The sex between them lasted two hours and much of it was on the floor, out of my sight. I could hear the noises and the repeated orgasms. Over and over again.

I woke up the next morning still restrained with my naked wife and the doctor pressed against either side of me.

“Wake up sweetie,” Melissa said to me, “we are going to collect your sperm now.”

Suddenly I felt this intense electrical sensation and pressure inside my anus. I noticed that Margaret had slipped a condom onto my cock head.

“Matthew after I am pregnant we are going to make you gay and force you to live here. Margaret is so much kinder to me and she already has her own cuckold husband. The two of you will make a pretty couple.”

I tried to flail my legs, but found them solidly restrained.

“Tsk, tsk,” Margaret said as she licked my nipples, “you will learn to love Ephram in time. Meanwhile we will be ending your control of your sex life using the prostate stimulator-punisher I installed last night and a chastity belt. It took me only a month to break Ephram and make him gay. You will probably take a bit longer.”

Melissa smiled broadly at me and with both of them licking my nipples and the prostate massage in full force. I released a torrent of cum into the condom. Margaret quickly pulled it into a syringe and injected it into my wife.

But the worst part was that the orgasm was completely unsatisfying.

## **Belted**

Despite a massive torrent of cum, my cock was rock hard and I was horny as hell and angry as well.

“Now to demonstrate the punishment aspects of the device,” Margaret remarked. Suddenly my body was penetrated by a searing pain emanating from within that caused me to almost black out.

Melissa was laughing at me as she got into her skirt to go to work. “Thanks love,” she said to Margaret, “he is supposed to be working on the Snow’s house today will he be able to?”

“That will depend on whether he gives me any problems as I belt him. If he fights me the second pain dose will likely knock him unconscious.”

Having tasted the first level of pain, I mumbled that I would cooperate through my tears.

“Good boy,” Margaret said, “I think you will find that if you keep a positive attitude then the next month will be less painful for you.”

My wife kissed Margaret passionately with tongue before leaving and commented to me that she felt confident she was pregnant and that yesterday I had fucked a woman for the last time.

Margaret pulled a metal and leather device from her bag. “This is a tollyboy<sup>1</sup> chastity belt,” she explained, “until your conversion to homosexuality is complete it will be your most hated companion.”

She slid the tube over my flaccid cock and then attached it to the front shield and then fastened and locked the belt.

“Ok, that will do you, you can go to the bathroom still sitting down. Now go get ready for work since you are already an hour late for Mrs. Snow.”

Dismissed like a child I watched Margaret throw on one of my T-shirts and sweatpants and walk out leaving me alone in the house to contemplate my situation.

My bladder was so full, I eagerly sat on the toilet and pissed a massive stream of urine. After about ten minutes of fiddling, I determined that while I could probably get the belt off with some of the tools on my truck, I would probably hurt myself in the process if I did it alone.

And it was quite a humiliating predicament so I could not exactly go to my dad or brother—both contractors—for help.

I skipped work and brooded around the house the whole day. Margaret was home at noon and scolded me for not having gone to work. Then the pain started.

I came to, tied to the bed in the guest room. Margaret and Melissa were naked at my side. “This is your new bedroom. Since you misbehaved you were punished. Ephram will be in to milk you shortly.”

Melissa and Margaret left me. Frustrated, emasculated and in some pain, I was also noticing that I was surprisingly horny. My cock was straining against the unyielding metal tube that ensconced my cock shaft. I was now into my first period of twenty-four hours since puberty probably without having had at least one, if not two or three orgasms.

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<sup>1</sup><http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/tolly.htm>

## Ephram

After about five hours in darkness, the door opened. A thin, white man just shy of 6' entered. Scrawny, yet solid he was probably only 140 pounds and I could easily have taken him.

Of course I was tied down to the bed, wearing some sick chastity belt and there was some device inside my butt that could knock me unconscious with pain.

"Matt," the man said, "I'm Ephram."

"Get away from me fag."

"Look, I've got your dinner and the only shot in hell you have of getting an orgasm tonight in my hand. Now try that again."

I could hear Margaret's words in him.

"Hi Ephram, I'm Matt."

"Nice to meet you Matt," he responded and stepped into the room carrying a tray. After he put the tray down he turned on the light. I could see he was wearing a matching chastity belt to the one I was wearing.

"Margaret said I can let you sit up to eat your dinner if you promise to behave."

I nodded submissively. I had not eaten in almost thirty hours.

Ephram unlocked the wrist restraints, only, and let me eat without talking. I could tell he was looking me up and down, his green eyes molesting my body. Tempted as I was to tell him to fuck off, my hunger over rode my desire to curse him out.

After I finished my dinner, Ephram asked me politely to lay back down to be restrained again. I begged him to let me go, but he shook his head. I lay down and he fastened me back to the bed.

"Margaret already milked me today," he commented as he inserted a small object into my ass. "This is your first time with the prostate massager<sup>2</sup> so let me give you some suggestions. Just try hard to relax after it goes in. This has been modified to activate and enhance the surgical implant in pleasure mode."

"The belt?"

Ephram laughed, "I've been trapped in this for five months now, I get fucked in the ass daily by her male nurse now and then if she is feeling kind. She has been promising me a boyfriend of my own ever since she seduced Melissa in the office and saw a picture of you."

"I'm not a fag."

Ephram stood up to walk out.

"WAIT!"

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<sup>2</sup><http://www.highisland.com/>

“So you do want some release?”

“Please,” I begged.

“I will be responsible for reprogramming you into a homosexual. Margaret reprogrammed me in a month and I haven’t had even the faintest sexual interest in women since. When I am done with you, you will not just be a homosexual Matthew Card, but you will be my *faggot* boyfriend.”

I bit my tongue, I was horny as hell and no sissy was going to turn me into a faggot.

“Now ask me nicely to help you have some relief Matthew.”

“Ephram, please let me have a prostate massage.”

“Good,” he said and kissed me on the lips. I fought the instinct to spit on him or react in disgust. Ephram laughed gently, “see you already understand the power I have over you.”

His green eyes lit up mischievously as he began to kiss other parts of my body. Horny, exhausted and confused, I focused on relaxing and trying not to show how revolted I was to be kissed and touched by another man.

After a few minutes, he said “Ok, you’ve earned your release.” Then straddling my chest, our belts clinking gently he slid the massager into my ass. The sensation was subtle and pleasant at once. He then removed the massager.

“No need for the low tech thing since Margaret wired you up,” Ephram said with a smile. He proceeded to work my nipples as the massage intensified and my caged cock was helpless to expand.

The sensations were pleasant, but also unsatisfying. With my cock untouchable and trapped the release was muted. As soon as the release occurred the sensations quickly subsided and Ephram stopped licking my nipples.

“Ok one more kiss so I can report favorably on your progress to Margaret,” Ephram said as moved up on me and kissed me tenderly.

“Please let me go,” I begged.

Ephram’s green eye’s twinkled back at me, “I can’t Matthew, I’m madly in love with you and I know in a few months you will feel the same way about me and we can both be unbelted and have wonderful normal orgasms with each other for the rest of our lives.”

I turned away in disgust as Ephram left the room.

Around midnight, Melissa visited me naked and led me to the bathroom. She commented, “Ephram is quite a pretty boy, I’m sure if you behave you will get through this quicker.”

The next morning Ephram was in bed with me when I woke up. He kissed me tenderly and unlocked me to get ready for work. Melissa was already gone by the time I was in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee before heading out to the Snows.



## **Mrs. Kimberly Snow**

My sense of pride kept me from getting help so I went to the Snow's, apologized for not showing up the day before and tried to work.

It was not easy. The belt was restricting my flexibility and mobility. But more distracting was the intense horniness. I was two days from the last time I had gotten pussy and despite two milkings, I was completely unfulfilled and unbelievably horny.

I came up with some excuses for Kim Snow about why I could not have sex with her. But she persistently taunted me. In the end I agreed to eat her out. It was very satisfying for her, but did very little for me due to the steel belt.

As I cleaned myself up Kim commented, "how soon will this fertility thing be over?"

I shrugged and went back to the job.

That night Melissa and Margaret were scantily clad at the dinner table while Ephram and I had to stay fully clothed. The two of them were shameless at the table and as they gradually removed more and more clothing and made love, Ephram sat silently. I opened my mouth to protest and found myself curled up in a ball on the floor in pain.

Ephram carried me to the bedroom after my punishment ended and the women were out of the room.

"Look Matthew, why make it hard on yourself? Margaret and I got married a year ago and she was already hot and heavy with Melissa for some time."

"How long?"

"Years, before you and Melissa got married. They were best friends, Margaret went to medical school and you married Melissa."

I nodded.

"So why me and you then?"

"Melissa and Margaret always wanted a kid, two misfires. You were sleeping around so much you never gave Melissa enough sperm. So thus you got pulled into this."

"FUCK, Ephram, are you saying that if I had just gotten her pregnant, I would be free."

Ephram nodded gently.

"So what about you?"

Ephram simply looked down, "I don't want to discuss it."

## **Training #2**

"Let's clean up the kitchen," Ephram said as he stood up and closed the conversation. I helped clean up the kitchen and do the dishes for the first time in my life.

I was a cuckolded male fuck toy to my wife and her lesbian lover.

Ephram put on some gay porn and instructed me to come sit next to him on the couch and watch it. “Margaret insists that I watch at least an hour of gay porn a night.”

As we sat together on the couch I found myself getting hornier and hornier despite the fact that I was watching two guys go at with each other. After the tape ended, Ephram took me back to the bedroom and offered to let me fuck him with a strap on dildo.

We shared a single prostate massager to start our guns going and then I screwed the dildo into the tollyboy and fucked him facing him so our faces were nose to nose. It felt empowering to be able to fuck someone, even if it was a guy. The prostate massage was intense for both of us and Ephram seemed to especially enjoy being fucked with the dildo.

Ephram “shot his wad” first for what it was worth. Without any contractions it was just a fluid release and something to leave him hornier. I was only two minutes behind and collapsed in exhaustion on top of him. Hornier than hell but flushed of cum and unable to be erect, I was learning a new role.

After I pulled out the dildo we both went to the bathroom and then lay down in bed together. Ephram insisted on spending time kissing me and I let him.

The next morning, Margaret and Melissa were standing over the two of us naked. Margaret was mocking me openly, “see Melissa, just two days in the belt and your beefy heterosexual husband Matthew Card is already cracking.”

Melissa said, “Are we going to milk him twice a day to keep him under control?”

“Ephram is responsible for making sure that your husband is milked again this morning before he leaves for the Snow’s.”

With that Margaret grabbed Melissa’s bare breast and began to fondle her. I was jealous and angry and Ephram’s body weight on top of me was the only thing preventing me from attacking Margaret. Of course if I tried to fight back, Margaret would leave me unconscious from pain.

“Melissa,” Margaret said, “I bet Matthew would enjoy watching me fuck you with the strap on, did you bring it in?”

Melissa smiled at me and nodded and then handed a strap on dildo to Margaret who then propped my wife on the dresser and fucked her to orgasm in front of my face.

Ephram held me down to the bed to keep me out of trouble. As soon as they walked out he pointed out the time and suggested that I let him milk me so I did not get punished for skipping work.

I reluctantly agreed. My pride was starting to give way and I was tempted to talk to my dad to get the belt off and get out of the situation. But then Ephram crushed me, “just so you know, Margaret has video tape of all of the sex between the two of us. She keeps it for blackmail. I learned that about two months after marrying her and finding myself in the chastity belt.”

“Just start milking me Ephram,” I said exasperated and recognizing how hopeless my situation was.

Ephram insisted on getting kisses with tongue from me before he allowed the milking to begin. As unsatisfying as the milkings were they beat just having a completely unreleased hard on.

## Hypnosis

After work, I found Ephram sitting in my truck. “Did you lick her carpet again?”

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

“Answer me Matthew,” Ephram demanded. The threat was unspoken.

“Yes,” I responded.

“Let’s go to Margaret’s office,” he said and then rattled off a set of directions.

In the waiting room there were about four other guys, Ephram and I joined them until Margaret and Melissa stepped out in the same outfits that they had worn the first night I had gotten roped into this mess.

“Come boys, let’s get you checked out.”

All of us trooped into a large exam room and when the other guys and Ephram started undressing, I followed suit.

All of the guys were belted with Tollyboys. “Melissa,” Margaret instructed, “these four have been belted for two weeks, Ephram and Matthew will need to help express them into the collection jars.”

Melissa attached a dog collar to Ephram’s neck and then positioned him kneeling in front of the first belted guy. Melissa unlocked the tollyboy and handed Ephram a sperm collection cup.

The guy was so fixiated on Ephram’s wife and my wife scantily clad that having a guy bring him to orgasm hardly mattered. Ephram delivered the goods quickly and was allowed to stand next to me again. The formerly belted man was excused from the room and the collected sperm placed on a cart.

“Your husband’s turn now.”

Ephram put the collar on me and tried to lead me to the second guy. I made the mistake of fighting and found myself being jolted painfully until I cooperated.

Margaret kept commenting as she had Ephram lead me, “your new boyfriend needs to learn to suck cock so I won’t let him pass out from the pain.”

Ephram gently pushed me to my knees and warned me not to swallow. Melissa unbelted guy number two and I quickly got my first taste of man cock. A strange black man’s massive

cock in my mouth. Ephram gently couched me on how to suck it and pulled me off and put the collection jar up to ensure the man's freedom.

As with guy number one, the second man was released.

Melissa made a suggestion, "I think Matthew should suck the remaining two off." Margaret nodded and Ephram made me stand up, walk to the next guy and then kneel. Three blow jobs later, I was disgusted with what I had become and angry with myself for giving in.

"Ephram," Margaret said, "go show Matthew how to clean himself up and then I want him to watch the video. It is all set up in the programming lab."

Ephram nodded and took the pain giver control from her hand. "Up," he ordered as he shocked me intensely with a jolt of pain.

"Ephram, let me go, please," I begged.

He shocked me more intensely, "you are going to be my lover. The video you will watch will help with your reprogramming. I used to be straight, now I can't live without man cock."

Ephram strapped me into a metal chair and turned on a video monitor. The video screens filled with seemingly random images and Ephram began talking to me. I found it hard to hear what he was saying, but also had the strange sense that whatever he was saying was quite important.

I woke up to see Margaret standing next to Ephram with a pendulum in her hand and his eyes transfixed with hers. I managed to pretend to be asleep for a bit and overheard her comments.

"You did quite well today Ephram, I'm sure you can see that Matthew Card is the only man for you and it is very important that you keep helping him see that you are the only man for him."

Ephram's face was totally blank as if he was in a trance.

"Now Ephram, I expect you to bring Matthew here every day until you are certain that he is queerer than a three-dollar bill."

Ephram nodded absently and Margaret walked out. Ephram unstrapped me from the chair and woke me up. "Hey Matthew, how are you doing?"

"Ok," I responded noncommittally.

"Did you like the video?"

Instinctively, I found myself quickly and excitedly saying, "yes."

"Great, let's come here after work and watch it again tomorrow."

I nodded enthusiastically.

Ephram helped me out of the chair and we walked down to my truck. We were alone at my house and this time *I* suggested that we watch some gay porn before going to sleep.

While watching the video, I initiated kissing Ephram repeatedly and we definitely were fooling around with each other.

After the video, Ephram and I made love, with me fucking him using a dildo and kissing him willingly. Only after we fucked pleurably and strained inside the tubes did we activate our prostate massages and simply curl tenderly against each other.

## **Fertility Slave**

Ephram and I were standing naked—except for our chastity belts in front of a room full of young women as Margaret lectured to a small crowd of female patients.

“The main obstacle between you and having a child is your husband’s uncontrolled access to his private parts.”

Melissa stepped out wearing a maternity dress.

“Take Matthew here,” Margaret said pointing to me, “his wife Melissa has been trying to get pregnant for four years without success. But with my special program, he was quickly able to produce the necessary goods.”

The dozen or so women in the audience nodded appreciatively. Margaret continued to talk about fertility treatments for another thirty minutes before inviting the guests to inspect Ephram and me and also talk to her for more information.

I wish I could report that I was aroused by strange women approaching me. But I was simply embarrassed and a bit disinterested. Three weeks of visits to the video room and night after night of gay porn and sex with Ephram had started to change my thinking about faggots. After all, I was one.

Melissa had moved out of the house and Ephram and I had moved back into the master bedroom. We milked each other at least twice a day and Ephram only very occasionally had to discipline me.

Melissa was pregnant and Margaret would check in on her “two love birds” at the clinic when I came to watch the video.

Ephram did make eyes with me during the ordeal and something about his gorgeous green eyes twinkling at me helped me get through it.

After the display, Ephram and I drove home. Margaret had replaced our porn stash with what she called, “harder core” stuff. The video titles all involved spanking and bondage. Ephram and I watched them eagerly and fooled around through them.

After we went to our usual dildo fucking—me fucking Ephram—and then mutual milking. And then the lingering horniness and lack of full satisfaction for being unable to really orgasm.

Another four weeks of daily hypnosis sessions and my interest in women was completely gone. Ephram was the beginning and end of my life. I even looked forward to suck off duties at the fertility clinic.

## Release?

It was not until after Melissa gave birth that Margaret saw fit to set the terms under which Ephram and me would be let out of our chastity belts.

With Melissa holding my daughter, Margaret explained that Ephram and me had to:

- We had grant both of them uncontested divorces
- I had to surrender all claims to my daughter
- I had to support the adoption of my daughter by Margaret
- We had to have a commitment ceremony
- We had to register with the Secretary of State as domestic partners
- We come out to our families as gay

The divorce was easy enough as was the surrender of rights and supporting Margaret's adoption of my daughter. They just all took time.

Ephram was past his one year mark in a belt and I was gaining on it. We had a small commitment ceremony with just Margaret and Melissa on the beach in Santa Cruz just after the divorce went through. We followed it up by registering as domestic partners.

Nine months into my new life as a faggot, I had been completely converted to gay and more than that I had been made madly in love with Ephram.

Coming out was the hard part. Ephram took me to visit his family in Berkeley and they welcome me warmly. My family was going to be harder. Construction folks by trade based on the central valley, their son coming out as gay was not going to be welcome with open arms.

Ephram and I had our only fights about when was I going to be ready to come out so we could get unbelted. My horniness and need for a real orgasm finally overwhelmed me at the one year mark. Exactly one year to the day since the belt went on, I took my male lover with me to Stockton to see my dad and mom.

We did what we needed to do and got kicked out of my parent's home. It did not matter to me though, I was with the man I loved and he loved me back.

We reported to Margaret's clinic the next morning for unbelted and she reviewed our progress in detail and quizzed us heavily before pulling out the keys.

She handed me Ephram's key and Ephram my key before walking out.

Ephram unlocked me first. My cock quickly sprung to attention like an unused organ. I followed by unlocking him and his sprung to life too. I sucked his dick first, then he sucked mine. Finally, I fucked my lover with my own dick for the first time in the year we had been together.

We both orgasmed at the same time with intense full body orgasms that were unbelievably satisfying.

Naked on the floor of an exam room in Margaret's clinic, we giggled like little girls. Ephram commented, "let's get away from these girls once and for all."

We put our clothes back on and left the clinic. It's been another year already and Ephram and I are still madly in love with each other. We haven't seen Margaret, Melissa or my daughter in that time. But we really do not want to either.

## **Write the Author**

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