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Gillian stood in her kitchen leaning against the counter top in her short bathrobe and nothing else. She fumed silently as she drank her coffee and ate her toasted bagel with cream cheese. The twenty-eight year old wife and mother-to-be looked once again at the note from her husband Tom telling her that he and their three year old Yellow Lab would be out fishing all day. The young brunette had been looking forward to spending most of the day in bed with her husband, but he had said nothing about being gone that day.

“Asshole,” she mumbled to herself.

The young brunette was sixteen weeks along in her first pregnancy. She was thankful the morning sickness was over, but the raging hormones kept her horny as a cat most of the time. That morning was no exception.

Gillian, or Jill as her family and friends called her, was quickly becoming furious with her husband for leaving her high and dry. Her next thought was that she would still probably be so horny when he got home that she would still give him the fuck of his life even though he'd left her wanting all day. That thought almost drove her into a rage. She tried to calm herself by taking three slow deep breaths, only partially succeeding.

“Exercise, that’s what I need. Maybe it will take the edge off,” she said after eating the last bite of the bagel and drinking the last mouthful of coffee from the extra large mug.

The young woman walked into their exercise room, soon to be nursery, and shed her robe. She preferred to exercise in the nude, not only to not add to the always growing pile of laundry, but also so she could watch her bare form exercise in one of the two walls that were covered with mirrored tiles. She found seeing every physical flaw increased her incentive to exercise, even though she was the only one who could see them.

Gillian tied her auburn hair up in a scrunchy and ran both hands over the noticeable and ever growing baby-bump while looking in the mirror. She turned and watched herself caress her pregnant belly in the side profile.

“Wow! I’m getting so big. I can almost see the difference from yesterday,” she said softly to herself as she marveled at her changing body and how it was affected by the child growing within her.

Her hands wandered up to her slightly itchy swelling breasts, her ‘fun-bags’ as Tom liked to call them. They had gone up one or perhaps two cup sizes in the last eight or nine weeks. Gillian frowned slightly at the stretch marks that were beginning to appear on her body. She sighed and thought that there wasn’t anything to be done about it except continue her exercise regime during and after her pregnancy and to continue eating a healthy diet.

“I sure hope one day you will appreciate the things I do for you kiddo,” she said as she looked down at her belly and ran her hands over her bump once more.

With that thought, she knelt down and began her yoga routine. Once that was complete, she went to the barbells and kettle-bells. After that was finished she thought of her husband leaving her alone today of all days and moved to the punching bag, where she took out her anger on the cotton stuffed canvass. After ten minutes of working the bag with her fists, feet, and shins she was breathing hard to be point of being winded. Gillian held onto the bag while she caught her breath and watched herself in the mirror. She looked the same except that her long hair had mostly worked loose from the scrunchy and she was covered with sweat.

She was no longer angry, but found that she was still horny. The young wife picked up a towel from

the stack and wiped the sweat off. When Gillian reached her smooth waxed sex, she found that she was practically dripping, not just with sweat, but also from arousal.

“Fuck it. Time for my second workout, then a shower,” she said to herself as she put her robe back on and once again put her hair up.

Gillian walked into her bedroom still holding the towel and retrieved her favorite toy from her nightstand. She walked down the stairs into their living room. She glanced around to make sure all the blinds were closed so no one could see her watch porn and get off. She laid the slightly soiled towel on the leather couch, sat down, and removed the robe. The young wife turned on the big-screen television and navigated to their porn collection on the attached hard drive.

She moved to the more hard-core folder in the anticipation that a kinky video would inspire her to orgasm harder than the more vanilla porn. A few light orgasms wouldn't end her torment of sexual hunger. Gillian selected one of her favorites. The video showed a trim middle aged blonde woman walking into a room with a German Shepherd following her. As the woman on the video undressed, Gillian picked up the cordless Hitachi wand and turned it on. She moved the vibrator around her swollen boobs, lightly grazing her quickly hardening nipples. When the blonde woman knelt in front of the Shepherd, the young wife moved the vibrating head over her swollen belly and her pierced belly button towards her glistening clit and labia. The vibrations were already working her clit by the time the blonde woman and Shepherd were French kissing on the big-screen.

“That's it dog-fucker. Take that tongue into your throat,” the young wife whispered to the screen.

The older blonde woman in the video then got onto all fours and dropped her shoulders to the floor. Her furry mate went behind her and scented her arousal wettened sex. The German Shepherd licked her wetness on the high resolution screen. Gillian moaned under the effects of the vibrating wand on her clit and labia and the playing video. The tension in her pelvis quickly built in a way that Gillian knew from experience would lead to a powerful orgasm. On the video the Shepherd had stopped licking the blonde woman and was crouching down to mount his human bitch.

“That's it boy. Fuck some puppies into that bitch,” Gillian said quietly just as the Shepherd mounted and covered the blonde woman on the screen. She felt her cunt spasm at the fantasy of carrying puppies instead of a baby.

Two things happened in quick succession that stymied Gillian's anticipated orgasm. First the batteries on the cordless Hitachi wand died, leaving the whimpering young brunette to grind the no longer vibrating head into her labia and clit. Then five seconds later, the doorbell rang out twice which stopped her building orgasm in its path.

Gillian hastily stopped the video and turned off the television with the remote. The doorbell rang out twice again.

“God damn it! That had better not be Linda,” she muttered in reference to the noisy neighbor across the street that often dropped in uninvited.

The young brunette rapidly stuffed the lifeless Hitachi wand under a cushion; put on her robe; and tied the waist band around her pregnant belly.

“Just a second,” she shouted towards the door while dreading a visit from the boorish and noisy neighbor.

Cautiously she looked out the side window beside the front door and saw a tall man carrying a white

cane with a red section towards the end accompanied by a Yellow Labrador seeing eye dog controlled through a harness held by the tall man.

Gillian opened the door while grasping her robe and asked, "Yes, can I help you?"

"Yes ma'am. I hope you can. If you can spare five minutes of time that would be of great help," the sunglasses wearing handsome man said.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"My name is Richard Smith, but I mostly go by Dick. And my friend here is Charlie," the unexpected guest answered.

"Well Dick," Gillian said suggestively. "I'm Jill Baker and it's nice to meet you and Charlie. If you don't mind my asking; what is your business?"

"I don't mind at all. I'm a volunteer helping to raise money for America's VetDogs. The organization raises and trains seeing eye dogs for disabled veterans like myself. I'm just going door to door in your neighborhood looking for kind-hearted people like you, who want to help disabled veterans," Richard answered.

Gillian eyed the tall handsome man hungrily. The glint from a wedding band on his right hand caught her eye.

"Please come in," she said as she moved out of his way to give them an unobstructed path. Closing the door after they entered, she said while walking into the living room so they could easily follow, "I think it's wonderful what you're doing. My husband's Uncle Harry was blind the last few years of his life from glaucoma. He and his guide dog lived with us during that time since Tom was the closest living relative who was in a position to help."

"Sounds like Uncle Harry was lucky to have you and Tom," Richard responded as he let Charlie guide him to a chair and he used his cane to find its location exactly. "Is your husband here? I'd like to talk to both of you if possible."

Richard let loose of Charlie's harness and the Yellow Lab sat next to his master.

"No, Tom and our dog went out fishing early this morning and won't be back until late," Gillian answered as she returned to her spot on the couch. "Can you believe my husband was so selfish as to leave his pregnant wife home alone all day?"

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'd never leave my wife alone in those circumstances, still I'm sure your husband has his reasons. Sometimes a man just needs to get away for a while," Richard countered. "What kind of dog do you have?" he asked trying to change the subject.

"We also have a Yellow Lab. We fell in love with the breed while Uncle Harry lived with us. His guide dog was a Yellow Lab. They're wonderful dogs. Our dog's name is Rex," Gillian answered.

"Sorry Charlie. We'll find a girlfriend for you one day," Richard said as he scratched Charlie behind the ears.

"I might know of someone with a bitch in need of breeding," Gillian countered as she undid her robe and shook it off her shoulders. She then leaned back and began lightly stroking her clit and smooth nether lips.

"I'll be sure to give you my number before leaving then," Richard responded.

Charlie could scent the aroused female in the room and began whimpering. Gillian reached over and turned the television on, but turned the volume all the way down. She hurriedly navigated back to the movie she'd been watching before and resumed playing where she had stopped. The German Shepherd had just started fucking the blonde middle aged blonde woman. The brunette housewife made kissing sounds to Charlie.

"You don't mind if I pet Charlie do you Dick? I love dogs," she asked with special emphasis on 'love.'

"No, I don't mind at all. Go ahead Charlie. Go to the nice lady," Richard responded.

Charlie stood and walked to the young pregnant woman. He scented the remaining sweat on her legs. He licked the salty grime off her smooth skin. He worked his way up her thighs to her tight pussy where he found a more enticing flavor. Gillian reveled in the sensations of the strong rough tongue on her skin and sex. She could barely hear Richard giving his pitch about America's VetDogs.

Gillian alternated between watching the video playing on the television and watching Charlie licking her sex. She bit her lower lip to keep from moaning from the pleasure the Yellow Labrador gave her. Her right hand traveled to the top of Charlies broad head. The silky fur beneath her fingers and palm delighted her sense of touch. The fingers of her left hand tweaked her erect nipples The eager dog pushed his tongue into her open pussy in search of the nectar's source. She spread her knees to the maximum to give the canine full access to her flower. She could feel his teeth glancing over her clit and the fur of his jowls spreading his slobber over her outer labia.

"Oh god Charlie, that's so good," she said in a half whisper that was still loud enough to come to Richard's attention.

"What did you say? What are you doing to Charlie?" he asked.

"I'm not doing anything to Charlie, but wow! He is really doing something to me," the young brunette answered.

"What's he doing to you?" Richard asked sensing a salacious tone in her voice.

"Dick, Charlie is licking and tonguing my pussy and he's fucking wonderful at it. Oh fuck! He's going to make me cum soon," Gillian answered enthusiastically.

Richard felt his cock engorging at the thought of this woman getting licked out by his best friend. He stood and unbuckled his pants and let them fall to his ankles. He pulled his polo shirt up his toned muscled abs. He reached for his hard cock and began lightly stroking the base as he listened to Charlie tongue fuck the woman opposite him.

"What's happening now?" Richard asked huskily.

"Oh Dick, your dog is tongue fucking my pussy and he's going to make me cum," she answered. Gillian playing along continued verbalizing what she was feeling. "Oh god! Charlie you're such a good boy. Tongue fuck your bitch!"

Gillian moved her right hand from Charlie's head to her clit and instantly began stroking. She could feel the tension build towards a good orgasm. Richard continued to stroke his fully erect eight inch thick cock while flexing his Kegels, breathing deeply, and trying to relax to delay his own orgasm. He listened to the panting of Charlie and Gillian's keening whines and moans.

"Oh Charlie! I'm almost there," she whispered as she made circles over her clit with her fingertips. "Nnnnnnhhh! Nnnnnnhhhhhh! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" Gillian said breathlessly as the orgasm she'd been waiting for all morning broke over her consciousness.

Her back arched; her eyes squeezed shut; her stretched out legs trembled; and her toes curled under as each crest of her orgasm broke over her. Richard stopped stroking his cock and took several deep breaths to stop his own orgasm. Charlie continued to tongue fuck her cunt until Gillian became too sensitive and stopped him. He then backed off and licked her juices off his jowls. The young housewife gently floated down from her orgasm and looked down gratefully at the Yellow Lab. She noticed for the first time the effects her antics had on both males in the room. She sized up both and decided that although the handsome man probably had a longer cock, he didn't have a knot. She decided to suck Dick's dick and get fucked by Charlie.

The young housewife and mother-to-be slid off the couch, being sure to bring the pussy juice and dog slobber drenched towel with her. She crawled on all fours to the front of Richard's chair being as quiet as she could be with Charlie dancing around her and trying to mount his bitch. She was soon in front of Richard's chair with the towel beneath her knees and her hands on his hairy tanned thighs. He gasped at her touch. She noticed his Speedo tan lines. Charlie was eagerly licking her pussy once again and also her upturned exposed asshole.

"How can I thank you for bringing Charlie to me in my time of need? Your wife won't mind if I give you a blowjob will she?" she asked sluttishly.

"Yeah probably. I'm pretty sure she's getting some side dick though. Seems only right that I get some side action as well. What she doesn't know won't hurt her. You're not wearing lipstick are you?" the handsome dark haired man answered and asked.

"No. I'm not wearing lipstick," she answered as she reached out for Richard's prick with both hands.

The young brunette rolled down Richard's foreskin and lightly stroked the spongy almost purple head. Gillian kept stroking the shaft and head until most of the shaft and all the head glistened in Richard's copious pre-cum. She moved forward to engulf his manhood with her mouth, but before she could do so Richard had reached out with his strong hands and gently touched her face with the flats of both hands and his fingers. Gillian closed her eyes and experienced the gentle caress.

"My god! You're beautiful. You're husband is a fool for leaving you alone and in need," Richard said softly and sincerely. He could feel Gillian smile beneath his palms.

She reached up and held each wrist. Gillian gently kissed each palm before pushing his hands away. She spread his knees with her elbows and reached back with one hand to smack one of her ass cheeks.

Charlie needed no further encouragement. He stopped tonguing her holes and mounted the willing bitch. Charlie tried several times to find the entrance to her pussy, but the angle was all wrong. She reached back to help but they were still unable to connect. Charlie jumped off her in frustration.

"The angle is all wrong. I can't get Charlie's cock in me and give you a blowjob with you sitting in the chair," Gillian explained.

"Oh my fucking god! You're trying to fuck Charlie while giving me a blowjob at the same time? That's the hottest thing I've ever heard. Just tell me what I need to do," Richard responded.

"Just get down on the floor with the rest of us animals either on your butt or kneeling," the young

housewife instructed.

Richard hastily removed his boat-shoes and lifted his bare feet from his pants. The blind man felt the hardwood floor under his feet and decided to lie down on his back to spare his knees.

"Is this a good spot to lie down? I'm not near anything am I?" he asked.

"That spot is as good as any," Gillian answered.

Richard laid down on the floor and spread his legs while lifting his knees. Gillian crawled between his feet and knees until her face was over his crotch. She then placed the towel once again under her own knees. She could hear Charlie moving around behind her. He was soon once again lapping at her holes. She reached for Richard's prick and gave it a few strokes until it returned to full hardness.

Gillian reached back with her other hand and lightly smacked her ass cheek. Charlie once stopped licking her holes and attempted to mount. This time with Gillian on her knees and elbows the angle was just right. Charlie found her entrance with the first thrust and was instantly balls deep and pounding the bitch.

It wasn't Gillian's first time getting dog-fucked. She knew very well what to expect. As Charlie developed his rhythm, the young pregnant brunette bent down and engulfed the turgid head of Richard's erect cock with her mouth. Gillian could taste the pre-cum coating the handsome man's prick as she pushed her mouth down the prick while using your tongue on the bottom side to guide the man's cock toward her throat. She felt the Yellow Lab's red rocket swelling and the knot beginning to form at the base of Charlie's doghood. The thin fur on the inside of the dog's hind-legs and belly felt like warm satin on her inner thighs and ass. His ball sack smacked her clit hard when Charlie bottomed out in her cunt. Those same thrusts caused her swollen breasts to pendulum back and forth beneath her. She sensed his determination to thoroughly breed her from the tightness of his fore-legs around her waist. Those legs were firmly seated in the groove created between her broad hips and belly-bump. The wet fucking sounds between the brunette and his Yellow Lab synchronized with her moans. Those sounds were accompanied by Charlie's metronome like panting. All those sounds harmonized into lurid music for Richard's ears.

"Oh my fucking god! Charlie is really fucking you isn't he?" he asked.

"Oh yeah! This dog can fuuuccckkkk," she groaned after rising off Richard's cock.

The pregnant brunette knew that it definitely wasn't Charlie's first time having sex with a woman. Gillian went into auto-pilot in sucking Richard's cock so she could focus on the sensations of the fucking Charlie was giving her. Meanwhile Richard enjoyed the tightness of her throat as Charlie buffeted her back and forth around his manhood.

Charlie arched his back and drove his swelling knot into his bitch one last time and held it there. He laid his chin on Gillian's right shoulder and panted into her ear. His huffing caressed her cheek and moved her auburn hair. She felt his knot swell and re-arrange her guts as it stretched out the walls of her pussy and pushed against her opening. Moments later the Yellow Lab began spurting his hot seed deep into her.

The regular twitching of his knot over her g-spot each time puppy juice pulsed into her drove Gillian crazy. She rose off of Richard's cock.

"Charlie is cumming so deep in my pussy. He's painting my insides with dog-cum. He's trying to fuck

a puppy into me," she told him.

"Oh fuck! I'm going to cum," the handsome man exclaimed as the depravity of her words overwhelmed his attempts at control.

Gillian saw his cock swell slightly and quickly took his cock-head back into her mouth just in time to catch the first blast of Richard's cum. She was being filled with seed from both ends of the debauched spit-roast. She relished and swallowed each powerful shot of Richard's ball emptying climax while Charlie continued to spurt his thin opaque dog-cum into her sex. After milking the handsome man's cock and balls of all he had to give, she let the softening spit covered dick slip pass her lips and laid her head on Richard's thigh. Gillian reached back with her right hand and began stroking her clit in tight circles with her finger tips.

"That was amazing Jill. Is Charlie still in you?" Richard asked as he tried to get his breath back.

"Mmmnnnnhhhh," she moaned. "He's still cumming inside me. I'm just working my clit with my fingers," Gillian answered.

"Let me help with that," Richard offered.

Richard moved away from Gillian and walked on his knees towards Gillian's and Charlie's point of connection. The blind man felt his way down the joined couple. He rubbed Charlie with one hand and groped Gillian's swollen breasts with the other until he was well positioned to assist Gillian. He knelt there and with his right hand found the base of Charlie's cock where it was in the pregnant woman's entrance. His fingers soon replaced hers. Gillian laid her shoulders onto the floor and turned her face to the side. She reached back with both hands and held Charlie by his back legs to keep him from turning or pulling away.

"That's it Dick, work my clit while Charlie's pumping his load into me," she said encouragingly.

Gillian started slightly working herself back and forward over the Yellow Lab's cock and knot. This motion caused Charlie to start fucking her again, but with short strokes.

"Good boy! Good boy! Fuck your bitch. Make me cum!" Gillian whispered.

The pregnant brunette closed her eyes and focused on the sensations of the renewed fucking and of Richard working her clit. After about ten seconds Charlie stopped actively fucking his bitch and once again rested on her back, panting from the exertion. Gillian delighted in the symphony of sensations from the panting in her ear; the feelings of his fur on her skin; Richard's fingers working her clit; to the throbbing of Charlie's hot cock in knot in her snatch. She would dwell on each for a few seconds until another intruded into her awareness, but through it all was the growing orgasm.

"Rub my clit faster Dick. I'm about to cum," Gillian begged.

Richard strummed her button faster and harder.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD! I'M GOING TO CUMMM!" the pregnant brunette shouted as she felt the butterflies in her belly flutter.

Suddenly a tremor and hot flash ran through Gillian. Her orgasm caused her cunt to contract and milk Charlie's cock and knot. He whined piteously. Her cute stubby toes curled and the skin on her neck and chest flushed red. Richard stopped working her clit and palmed her sex to feel her contractions around Charlie's doghood. Her body convulsed as wave after wave of her orgasm

washed over her until the last one.

“NNNNnngggggghhhhh!” she moaned inarticulately.

Through it all Richard listened and experienced her orgasm through his sense of touch. His erection was returning from the eroticism of the moment. Richard’s left hand stroked Charlie’s back. He stroked his cock with his right hand to bring on and maintain his erection.

“Good boy. Good boy! Stay. Stay!” the handsome man said encouragingly to his dog.

The three of them remained in position as Charlie continued to coat Gillian’s cervix with his seed, pant, and drool on her back. The pregnant brunette knelt there waiting for Charlie’s knot to shrink as Richard slowly stroked himself. After a few minutes Charlie began to fidget.

Gillian lifted herself onto her elbows and stated, “I think he’s ready to get off me now.”

Richard, still on his knees, backed away while continuing to wank his prick. Charlie quickly dismounted his bitch. A gush of dog-cum followed Charlie’s cock and knot. After giving her slightly gaping pussy a few licks, Charlie retreated to the fireplace, laid down and began licking his pussy juice flavored meat.

Meanwhile Richard reached out and laid his left hand on Gillian’s left ass-cheek. He knee walked behind the kneeling brunette. After finding her entrance with a finger-tip, he lined up his prick and pushed into the pregnant brunette.

“God, your pussy is so hot and wet,” Richard exclaimed.

“Yeah? Fuck me Dick. Take Charlie’s sloppy seconds,” Gillian responded.

Richard fucked her loose pussy. The twenty minutes or so she and Charlie were tied had left her loose and gaping. Richard grabbed both of her hips and thrust as hard and fast as he could in imitation of Charlie. He was using this bitch to get his nut.

“That’s it! Fuck me like a bitch,” Gillian ordered.

Richard began to sweat from his efforts. Gillian reached around her belly-bump and vigorously rubbed her clit with her finger-tips. The handsome man and pregnant brunette both grunted in unison with the wet smacking sounds of flesh striking flesh. It took only a few minutes before both were cumming together. Richard from the thought of fucking the dog-lover kneeling in front of him and Gillian from the handsome man’s fucking and from her own efforts. Richard shot his second load into Gillian. The two of them collapsed on the floor, panting and covered in sweat and other fluids.

“You are an amazing woman. Your husband is a lucky man even if he is a fool. He doesn’t deserve you,” Richard said breathing heavily to catch his breath.

“You weren’t so bad yourself. Neither was Charlie. That dog can really fuck. You said your wife was getting some side dick and I think I know where,” Gillian said looking over at Charlie with a big grin.

“Really? You think so?” the handsome man responded to her words.

“I know so. Your wife and Charlie are definitely fucking,” she answered.

“She and I are going to have to have a talk when I get home,” he said as he cupped her nearest breast and pinched her nipple. “But for now, I have more houses to stop at for America’s VetDogs.”

Gillian watched Richard gropingly make his way back to his clothes where he grabbed his pants.

"Just a second. Your cock is covered in cum and my juices," the pregnant brunette informed him.

She crawled over to Richard and mouthed his flaccid but still impressive cock; cleaning it the best she could with her mouth. After cleaning his cock and balls from everything but her saliva, she grabbed her robe and wiped his lower abdomen, thighs, and junk.

"There you go. You're all clean now. Let me help you get dressed," Gillian said as she took his pants from him. "Raise one of your feet."

Richard raised his right foot. Gillian fed his right foot through that pant leg.

"Now the other one," she instructed.

Richard raised the other foot and Gillian fed the raised foot through the other pant leg. As Richard lowered that leg raised the waist-band up his legs. She leaned forward and kissed his cock one last time before finally raising the band over his waist; buttoning the pants; and zipping him up. While Richard tucked the hem of his polo shirt into the waist band, Gillian placed his boat-shoes in front of his feet.

"Your shoes are two inches in front of your feet," the pregnant brunette informed him.

Richard eased one foot forward and slipped one on and then quickly did the same with the other. Gillian stood up and pressed her body into Richard's. Their lips met in a long kiss. Their tongues danced from one mouth to another.

Richard straightened and softly said, "I have to go."

"Okay. I hope you remember me," Gillian answered.

Richard smiled and nodded. He picked up his cane from where he left it and called for Charlie. After grasping Charlie's harness, he headed for the door and let himself out. Once the door was shut, Gillian headed upstairs to the long anticipated shower.

Gillian stood relaxing under the hot water. The heat drove away the soreness from her workout and the vigorous sex with the Yellow Lab and the handsome man. She didn't hear Tom come into the house. She was unaware of his presence until he opened the shower door and hugged her from behind and kissed the nape of her neck.

"Mmmm," the pregnant beauty moaned. Don't tell me you still have any strength after this morning. Where's Charlie?" she asked.

"Can't a man just hug his wife? Charlie's downstairs probably sleeping in his doggy bed. I think you wore him out," Tom answered then stuck his head under the water.

"Do you think Uncle Harry would have cared about us using his cane and guide dog harness for one of our little games?" Gillian asked pensively as she turned and looked into her husband's blue eyes.

"I suppose it's okay to tell you now since he's gone. While Uncle Harry lived with us, I drove him to his frequent 'dates' with high priced escorts downtown. So I don't think he would have cared," Tom answered with a chuckle.

Gillian laughed in surprise, "really? That old dog. Good for him." The mother-to-be paused for a

moment and said, "I was so angry when I thought you'd left me all alone today. I'm sorry, I should have known better."

"There's nothing to forgive," Tom said with a smile. He then leaned down and lovingly kissed his wife and mother of his unborn child. "What do you want to do with the rest of the day?" he asked.

"Spend it in bed with you," Gillian answered softly.

"Good, I'd like nothing better," Tom answered as he gently began washing his pregnant wife, paying extra attention to her baby-bump. Then Gillian washed her husband, all the while both simply loving one another and their budding family.

They spent the rest of the day either making love, talking of things to come, or resting in blissful sleep.

The End