

## Infertility Assistant

The news was humiliating to me but it was positively devastating to Kaki. My 24-year-old fiancée was convinced she was ready to get pregnant, and the fact that my sperm couldn't do the job, and that her own fertility was also marginal at best, came as a shock. We sat there with the doctor, reeling from the news, our marriage itself in jeopardy, I feared – as getting pregnant was kind of the whole point, to her. She'd been saving her gorgeous body for our wedding night, and was driving me insane with the hot outfits she would wear, like right now – her tight little curvy body packed into a cropped shirt, hip huggers, and heels, which I could tell were distracting the doctor from the seriousness of the situation.

She asked him about options. He mentioned artificial insemination, and she shook her head. She couldn't have a baby that way. She considered a moment, and squeezed my hand reassuringly, as she said, "What if we had a donor, and did it more... naturally. Is it possible? What are the chances?"

The doctor responded evenly that it wasn't with me, but depending on the... donor... she might be able to get pregnant. "Like, if he had a really high sperm count," she offered.

He nodded. "Well, yes, that for sure..."

"Are there other things... that we'd have to look for?"

He was clearly squirming now. She was serious, looking for answers. She recrossed her long legs, oblivious to the effect this had on him. He blushed as he began: "Well, the way we would do it artificially, and your best chances in any case, would be with a fairly, uh, deep... insertion, plenty of lubrication, and a high volume of seminal fluid, deposited with a healthy momentum behind it." He'd said it as tactfully as possible, but the meaning was clear. I wanted to jump out of my skin with frustration and shame.

Kaki, however, wanted to make sure she had the facts straight: "So if we went with a donor, it'd be best if he had a really big cock, and shot a lot of fluid, with a lot of power. And, I guess, it would help if I was turned on to grease the pathways."

The doctor was full on blushing now, and glanced my way briefly with what I presumed was sympathy. He met Kaki's huge brown eyes again to say, "Yes, that would be one way of putting it."

As we left the doctor's office, I half expected her to want to go trolling for such a guy right away, but to my great relief, she was sympathetic, tactful, and clear that she wanted to go through with the wedding. The only painful moment came when she mentioned that one of her exes, if he hadn't been such a jerk, would have fit the bill. There was no way I was going to follow up on that, but I didn't need to: "He was huge, and powerful," she said. I really wanted to smash something right now. Not only was I not "huge," but she had barely even seen my average-sized cock in action – because the most contact she'd had with it to date were a couple of hand jobs while we were making out – so exciting to me that they were over in seconds, their results not something she paid much attention to, and which I quickly cleaned up. She seemed to sense my uncomfortableness. "But he was an asshole," she said. I couldn't help but remember that she'd told me how long they'd been together. Like a masochist, I had to ask:

"So why'd you stay with him six months?"

She glanced over at me. The look in her eyes was heart-breaking. I knew the answer. And there was no way she was going to say it out loud. It was at least in part (a large part) because of his attributes.

So you can imagine I was in no mood at all for the arrival into town, a couple weeks later, on the week of our wedding, of an old college housemate who was that same kind of guy – arrogant, a jerk to women, but good-looking, well-built, and, to hear him brag about it, well-hung. Kyle had always been a magnet for the hottest girls on our campus. I didn't expect him to come to the wedding, but there he was at a party we threw a few nights before it, as cocky and chiseled as ever, with a sexy young thing named Ryan on his arm.

I don't think Kaki was even aware how much her sparkling eyes lit up when she took her first look at him. He was across the bar, taking off his sport coat, underneath which a tight t-shirt displayed his bulging and shredded arms and torso to full outrageous effect. When I reluctantly introduced them, Kaki seemed to lapse into some sort of primal feminine persona, in the way she stood, moved, giggled, or repeatedly tucked strands of golden hair behind one ear, revealing that much more of her tanned bare neck and shoulder to his masculine gaze.

Within a few moments, we'd moved on to talk to other people, and I'd all but forgotten about him and his hot date, but Kaki hadn't. She'd run into the girl in the ladies room, and came over to tell me so. Apparently Kyle had been saying it was a shame we didn't have more time to catch up, and Kaki took the liberty of inviting the two of them over for a drink after the party. They were staying in a hotel and didn't know anyone, and she knew how I loved to show off my gorgeous home. If I wanted, I could even offer them the guestroom.

It was the last thing I wanted. I didn't really like Kyle, and I always felt a little less-than, physically, and in terms of masculine confidence, in his presence. Kaki's reaction to him didn't help matters at all. But I didn't want to show any of that in front of her. And my mind didn't go to our fertility issue, which she had dropped in recent days. I was just aware of some level of understandable attraction between them, and it made me uncomfortable. I quietly agreed to the one drink, planning to make it stop at that.

A half hour into that one drink (her fourth or fifth of the night), Kaki was suggesting a dip in the hot tub, and wouldn't you know, Kyle and his date said they had their luggage in the car and had packed swimsuits. Oh, great. Now I would get to see animal magnetism on full display between she and him with almost no clothes on, and his awesome body easy to compare to my average one.

Well, the humiliation party hadn't even begun to start...

I was in the hot tub first, neck deep, not eager to show off my body to the group. Ryan was next. She was an exotic brunette, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, with a gorgeous body bursting out of a tiny black bikini. But the real moment of "wow" came a moment later, when Kaki and Kyle emerged from the back door of our house. They reached the double doors at the same time, exchanging pleasantries, and him gesturing for her to go first. She did, and he placed a hand on her back softly, as if she were his date, escorting her toward us – and letting it rest there a moment longer than I thought protocol allowed. Of course, Kaki didn't protest.

If it were a movie, they would've been walking in slow motion, as I drank in the perfection of both of their bodies. She had put on the most outrageously skimpy two-piece suit she owns, showing off the maximum amount of real estate on her smoking hot, super-tight little body, her long legs stunning atop six-inch wedges, with her voluminous blonde locks piled atop her head fetchingly. If I wasn't mistaken,

she'd applied new, sexier lipstick to her wide, full lips, and was basically looking like she was ready for a photo shoot.

As for him, well, the torso bare was a tad bit more impressive than under a t-shirt. The man had the most shredded physique I'd ever seen, with a killer eight-pack, huge pecs and delts, and massive but super-cut arms. He wore loose fitting jams and I tried not to think about the pipe swinging behind them – but for the first time, the horrible thought of her following through with her "insemination" plan in the very near future landed sickeningly in my consciousness.

We had another drink in the hot tub, and heard a bit about how Ryan and Kyle had met a couple weeks ago, as she snuggled her outrageous body into his and he let his hand absently stroke the side of her breast, right there in front of us. She was jet-lagged as well as worn out from "last night" with him, and thought they should head back to hotel so she could go to bed. But Kaki, without asking me, offered up our guest room, and within minutes, Ryan was excusing herself to hit the sack while her new man opted to have one more drink with us.

We got out of the hot tub and moved to the living room, everyone still in their swimwear, and Kyle told us stories about his special forces days, and some of the tricks he learned. My girl was curled up next to me on the sofa, Kyle in the chair opposite us. He stood up. "Come here," he motioned to me. "Let me show you something."

Warily I rose, and Kyle, who towered over me at 6'5", grabbed my wrist, twisted it behind my back, and pushed me face first into the carpet. "See, that's a quick takedown," he explained to Kaki, who watched wide-eyed as Kyle pulled a zip-tie out of his overnight bag and looped it around my wrists, which he was holding behind my back. He pulled the cord tight and my wrists were bound together and immovable.

"What the hell are you doing?" I demanded.

"Then, if we really want to keep them in one place, we do the ankles," he explained, pulling my ankles together and zip tying them, as Kaki giggled!

"Take them off Kyle, come on, this isn't funny," I protested.

"Then, if they're doing too much talking, the standard item is a cleave gag..." he grabbed a rolled-up bandanna from his bag and pulled it over my head, and between my lips, pulling it tight and then tying it behind my head. I now couldn't speak, and could barely even make noise.

"Wow," Kaki marveled. "Pretty impressive."

He sat down next to her, in my old spot, leaving me lying there on the floor, face down, helpless.

"Are you going to undo him?" she asked.

"In a second." She didn't budge from her place, her legs curled up under her, sipping a drink, totally comfortable with him sitting there, and his time frame for undoing what he'd just done to me.

"You know, I'm full of energy right now."

"You're not jet-lagged like Ryan, I guess."

"She's not jet-lagged. Just worn out from last night."

"What happened last night?"

"I fucked her like an animal for hours."

Kaki opened her mouth in feigned offense, but she was tipsy, and clearly open to such talk.

"Quite a mouth you've got on you."

"It's my huge cock that wore her out."

I couldn't believe him! But she just laughed, flashed her thousand-watt smile, playing along: "Is that right?"

"Well, I guess you could be the judge."

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" She was totally not protesting where he was going.

"I think you would."

"That's so funny, because my man and I were just talking about... huge cocks the other day."

"He loves them too?"

She slapped him playfully on the chest. "Stop! You're awful."

"A lot of guys secretly do."

"Is that true?" she asked me. Of course I couldn't answer. "You really have to let him go," she said unconvincingly.

"I don't know," he said. "It might be good that he's restrained when his bride to be is about to see the biggest cock of her life."

"Oh, is that what's about to happen? I have to warn you, I've seen a few... only in movies, of course." She giggled.

He stood up. I was in shock. He was really going to do this! In one swift motion, he pulled his jams down to his feet and stepped out of them.

His cock was totally soft, but its length hanging down was already the size of my erection. She acted unimpressed. "That's all you got?"

"Well, it's not hard. I might need a little assistance."

"You wish."

"You taking your top off would probably help."

She looked up at his face. Then at me. "Well, I am curious. I'm sorry honey. We just have to give him his moment of glory." She reached behind her back and untied her bikini top. She took a moment, milking it, holding her hands over her tits, then let it fall. It never ceased to amaze me how beautiful Kaki's breasts are – how high and round and full, and when her nipples were engorged and pointing forward and just slightly out and up like this, well... Kyle and I both started to get hard.

But of course, the attention was all on him. She sat there, watching, as he laid his rising and lengthening shaft in the palm of his hand, staring back at her. She cupped her tits in both hands and made a pouty porn face, then giggled. But damn if his cock wasn't responding like she was about to be his!

We both watched, open-mouthed, for the next few seconds, as the blood engorged his monster cock, until it finally stood proud at its max length of just over 11 inches (he claimed, and I don't dispute), with a magnificent oversized helmet, and a thickness that was truly weapon-like and intimidating. His nuts were similarly outsized, a pair of limes in a shaved sac the size of a grapefruit.

Kaki just stared. "So, do I top your record?" he asked playfully. She nodded.

"Jesus Christ, that's a big cock," she said.

"Told you."

She looked over at me. You could see the wheels turning.

"Can you imagine what it feels like?" he asked. She didn't answer. She was imagining, all right.

"Damn, now you got me all revved up and nowhere to go," he grinned, starting to grab his jams.

"Sorry. I guess you could go take care of yourself."

"You won't even give me more help?"

She rotated her torso around, causing her firm breasts to jiggle a little – teasing him. He took a couple steps closer.

"You probably want a closer look before I put it away."

She looked at me, smiling as if this was fun game we were both participating in. "Well, we're not married yet, right? I guess I can get a closer look."

He walked over toward her. She was now in a kneeling position on the couch, legs tucked under her, as he approached. He didn't stop until he was standing right in front of her. In this position, the massive head of his cock was just about at nose level for her. I was squirming, out of my mind with rage and hatred and jealousy. And yes, a little turned on.

"I'm not going to touch it," she said, looking up at him.

"Nobody said you were."

"I bet you get a blow jobs with a cock this big," she guessed. He was breathing heavy now, enjoying her touch.

"Yeah, a few."

"Girls are probably scared of the size but fascinated and want to see it in action, see if they can make you cum, see how much you can shoot."

"That's normally how it works."

Too curious to turn away this opportunity, she took one petite index finger, capped with a long French nail, and brought it toward his crown. She made contact, tracing around the helmet for a moment. Next, she took the whole hand, and wrapped it around the base of his shaft. He was so thick her finger tips couldn't meet her thumb. "Jesus," she said. But she didn't remove her hand. She looked up into his eyes.

"I bet they all want to show you what a porn star they can be, and let you cum all over their faces and in their mouths."

"That's right."

"I bet you really wish I was going to be one of them right now."

"I do."

"Most of them afterward are probably just too curious and turned on, and have to let you fuck them anyway."

"That's right."

I was watching this, rapt, unable to stop it, hoping she was finished with him. But instead, she now let the point of her tongue reach out and flick at the head of his cock. His cock jumped in her hand.

"You like that?"

"Yes."

"I bet you're really feeling like the alpha male right now, with my fiancée down there, and me here."

"Kind of."

"I bet if you came in my mouth that would really complete the picture."

"No. I'd have to do more to you than that. And maybe cum in his mouth, too."

"Oh, is that what you're into?"

"No. I bet it's what you're into. I'd do it, for you."

"You think I'd like that?"

"I don't know. Would you like to see your fiancée suck my big cock?"

"I think that would be too cruel. This is bad enough."

"What this? This conversation?"

"No. This."

In one quick, shocking motion, she engulfed his cock head in her pretty mouth. She bobbed on the first couple inches of his cock for a moment, then pulled off, and began kissing, licking, wrapping her tongue around his shaft. Victorious, relieved, but having expected this to happen, he triumphantly placed one hand on the back of my fiancée's head, holding it there. And she let him. One of her hands was stroking his shaft, the other playing with his huge nuts as he emoted about how good it felt.

"Oh, yeah, baby, suck my big cock," he enthused, glancing over at me, grinning. I writhed on the floor in agony. I might have killed him right now if I'd had a weapon. Good thing I didn't. Instead, I watched him offer his to my girl's loving mouth, who was clearly not planning to stop any time soon. I tried not to watch, but it was an incredible sight, I had to admit. And she milked it for all that was worth. She kissed and licked and sucked on his huge cock for what seemed like an eternity, causing him to moan and groan in absolute ecstasy.

"I'm not going to let you cum in my mouth," she said between soft kisses to the underside of his shaft just behind the crown. He was clearly getting close.

"Why, cause you want to see it?"

"No. Well, yeah, I kind of do..."

"Are you like those other girls... too curious to stop at a blow job, too turned on?" he managed to speak.

"This is just a crazy, tipsy, 'I'm not married yet,' freak show. Don't get any ideas."

He pulled out of her mouth, her hands still on the base of his shaft and balls, one of his holding a clump of her hair, the other on the business end of his cock. Her mouth was closed but she was grinning, and not looking away. Was she going to let him cum on her face?

The answer was yes. Suddenly, his cock went crazy. A MASSIVE rope of cum shot out of him, right over her head and onto the wall behind the couch. The next hit her on the cheek, and her pretty closed lips. Which she then opened. Loving life, he then blasted onto her outstretched tongue and deep into her mouth, stopped only by the entrance to her throat. She kept her mouth opened wide, moaning in approval as he proceeded to shoot thick streams of cum deep into her mouth and all over her pretty face. She even let him re-insert his crown and clamped her lips around his monster as he pumped his fluid right into her and down her throat. She swallowed it all. He finally pulled out.

I stared in shock. Seeing another man's cum dripping off those bee stung lips of my angel as she lapped

up more fluids, and kissed his cock all over and painted it with her tongue, was the most electrifying and awful thing I've ever witnessed. She must have cleaned his cock with her tongue for ten minutes, patiently covering it from balls to crown, letting him scoop gobs of cum off her face with the head and then feed them to her eager little mouth.

Finally, she was done. "Yeah, I think you should let my man free now and go to bed." He pulled up his shorts, came over, bent down, cut the cords on my ankles, and then on my wrists. And without saying a word, retired to the guest bedroom. I got up on my knees, in shock, and reached back to untie his shirt and remove the gag.

"Come here," she said. She was still sitting on the couch. I stared at her with unbelievable hurt, shock, fury, a million emotions mixed. "Come here," she said again, lovingly, hopefully. I came. I sat. She took the back of her head in one hand and brought her lips to mine. I could see evidence of his cum on her face, but still I let her kiss me. She opened her mouth found my tongue with her tongue, and I tasted his cum. It was fascinating, awful, and exciting all at once.

"Take off your shorts," she said between kisses. I complied, not sure why or what I was doing or what I should do. This was all uncharted territory. My cock was soft. She noticed. "You get it up and I'll suck it," she offered. But I was too humiliated. It wouldn't move, even when she touched it, even when she climbed on my lap and thrust a gorgeous nipple into my mouth. She whispered in my ear. "He's the one. He's the one I want to make our baby with. I'm going to fuck him and that big dick of his over and over again until he plants his seed in me. You are going to watch me do it every time and watch me cum violently on that gorgeous cock. I dearly hope you are okay with this, because I want to spend the rest of my life with you. My cock betrayed me. It slowly started to rise to her seductive taunting. We made love right then and there. Her on top of my throbbing member slowly riding up and down, smearing her sexy covered torso and face all over me.