

She'd been so terrified.

As she'd sat on the toilet, staring down at the little piece of plastic in her hand, she trembled on the seat. The double bars told her all that she needed to know. What should have been a joyous moment in her life instead filled her with the worst dread imaginable. There was nothing she could do now to avoid the head-on collision with the consequences of what she'd done.

Clara Evans, the little dachshund, had betrayed her husband. She'd gone behind his back in such a terrible way! There'd be no way he'd ever forgive her! How could he after what she'd done to him? After what she'd done to their marriage?

Now that she was pregnant, she didn't... She'd been so sure of herself, desperate to have a baby. Now that there was a baby growing in her belly the pain and anguish of being childless was absent. It was like waking up after a hard night of drinking, the feeling of being sick to your stomach and ashamed of all the things you'd said and done while downing another awful bottle of liquor.

She'd sat in the bathroom that day for over an hour crying silently to herself. It'd taken her several days after that to collect herself enough to tell her husband.

Gregory would...

The idea of getting it aborted had occurred to her, to try and walk back everything she'd done, but killing her baby wouldn't make her any less of a whore in anyone's eyes. She'd spent so many times crying in the bathroom at home, her car, in whatever secluded place she could find at the hospital...

Gregory wasn't going to believe her!

What lie could she tell a man who'd been told that in no uncertain terms was he ever going to have a child of his own? When the day came when she knew she couldn't put it off any longer, she did it by text.

She'd sent him a text from work telling him that she had really important news to share with him, and that she was afraid he'd be upset. Since they were both at work that day it was an off and on-again conversation where he kept asking if they should do a call instead, but she told him text was better, because she knew she could talk to him easier that way.

Clara kept telling him that she loved him, and that she was just afraid of what he'd say when she told him the news.

She didn't know if that was what she should do. Clara had even lied to all her coworkers. She'd spoken to two of her fellow nurses that she'd known for years, confessed that she was pregnant. Clara lied, claiming that ever since Gregory was diagnosed as infertile, they'd stopped using birth control. That part was true. The part that was a lie was where she told them that she started having strange symptoms until she became suspicious and took a pregnancy test. It was positive.

Gregory had gotten her pregnant after years of trying, but she was terrified that he wouldn't believe her.

Her friends both told her that she had to tell him, and that they were such a good and happy couple. They told her she wasn't the kind of woman that would cheat on her husband, and she'd just started crying right then and there in front of them and she had to tell so many more lies about how afraid she was because she loved him and knew he was the father, when she damn well knew he wasn't! They both believed her. She saw it in their eyes, and that was the moment she understood she was betraying everyone that knew her.

She was the not the woman they thought she was. She was an awful disgusting creature that didn't deserve her husband's love.

When she got home, he was waiting for her. The expression on his face was grim. She knew he suspected something terrible, but he was trying to be stoic as he greeted her in the living room. She hugged him, squeezed him tight, and he returned it in kind. She didn't want the hug to end, she thought it would be the last time he ever held her like this.

Gregory asked her what was wrong, what was the news she had to share.

There was no sugar coating it.

"I'm pregnant."

His face was so hard to read. He didn't look surprised, he looked... She just started sobbing right there, she couldn't contain it! She swore to him it was his, that she didn't know she was pregnant until a few days ago after she'd started getting sick. She confessed how scared she'd been to tell him, promised him it was his, that he was her one and only, her husband, the only man she'd been with and begged him to believe her, please believe her, she loved him!

Clara had thrown herself against his chest and clung to him, and he remained silent for so long that she knew her marriage was dead. She'd killed it!

"I- I believe you."

When he finally broke his silence, she was stunned, and then he repeated it, and he kept repeating it while he rocked her in his arms. Each time he said the words the more it sounded like he believed it until she started to believe it too. By the time they were finished they were both sitting on the floor holding each other with Gregory smiling for the first time that afternoon, kissing her and telling her that they'd have to empty out the guest bedroom and start decorating it for a third time.

For the first time in days her sobs were tears of joy. They were going to have a baby!

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"That's wonderful news, Clara!" Dr Maxwell told her, the smile on his face big and bright.

He clapped his hands over her shoulders and drew her in for a tight hug. The Doberman held her close and rubbed her back before letting her go.

She felt obligated to tell him the news.

"Thank you, I thought you should know." She replied, but her heart wasn't in it this time.

Now that her husband knew, and believed the baby was his, she'd started spreading the good news. Every time she did her heart seemed to sing, with every passing day putting the dark secret further behind her until there were moments in the day when she could almost fool herself into believing her own lies.

That all ended as soon as she'd started walking towards Dr. Maxwell's office. It hadn't even been a full month since she'd seen him last, but when he saw her step into his wing of the hospital, he had this knowing look on his face. He knew why she was coming to visit him three weeks after they'd last spoke.

"I'm glad you came to tell me. One of the best highlights of my profession is when a patient tells me that I was able to help them conceive. I really am happy for you Clara! Have you told your husband the good news?" He asked her, his voice warm and gentle.

"I..." She began to say, to try and speak like her normal self around him.

"Clara, I actually had a patient cancel on me, so I've got some time for you in my office if you want to talk?" He told her warmly, a strong but gentle hand on her shoulder.

She nodded. This wasn't the first time she'd ever been invited into his office without her husband present.

He took her back through his department and into his office. Once they were alone, he offered her a seat, and once she'd sat down, he grabbed the rolling stool and slid it towards her to sit down himself.

"What did he say?" He asked her.

"He believed me when I told him it was his, but I think... I think he didn't believe me at first. I had to try so hard to convince him when I told him." She replied, the memory of that terrible day bringing tears to her eyes.

Dr Maxwell reached out his hands to cup her cheeks so he could rub his thumbs beneath her eyes, wiping away the tears. His touch was gentle and kind, the warm smiling face of the Doberman was comforting.

He was always this way, a warm voice, strong hand, gentle bedside manner. Clara had trusted him enough to confide in him many times since she and Gregory had used his practice to try and have a child. Though Dr Maxwell had failed to help them conceive on their own, he'd made sure that if they ever wanted to try again or needed referrals, he'd do it for them in a heartbeat.

When she got desperate to become pregnant, she'd gone to him, and asked, practically pleading with the man for any answer that would solve her anguish. Her desperation for a child was driving her to the brink, and she didn't know how much more she could take, it was driving her crazy!

She'd been such an idiotic fool! Why couldn't she have just... She could have been like her husband! She watched what he went through! He'd been so depressed, she'd been terrified it would destroy their marriage, but with therapy and her help and support, Gregory had managed to claw his way out of his depression. He found happiness with her again.

Why couldn't she have done the same? Why couldn't she have just told him how she felt inside instead of bottling it all up? Clara could have gone to therapy; they could have done something! They could have even tried adoption! Anything but what she'd been driven to do by desperation!

"Given his condition that was unavoidable, Clara. But you two have been married for a several years now, and you've been a loving wife to him that whole time. That always counts for something, and I'm sure that after his initial shock he came around." He assured her.

"I'm afraid he'll find out." She replied, sniffing, and trying to get her emotions back until control.

He patted her on the cheek before pulling his hands away to clasp them in his lap. She looked at his hands, remembered how strong they could be. The absence of a ring on his finger always bothered her.

Dr. Maxwell always seemed like the sort of man that would have had a loving wife, but he'd apparently never married once in his life. She remembered asking him why he never married.

"I spent my better years working 70- and 80-hour shifts." He'd told her back then. No sensible woman wants to marry a man she never gets to see, at least that's what he believed.

His medical career had started when he began his first residency at San Fernando Grand Memorial Medical Center. He began as a regular doctor there, general practice, then switched to working in the ER for several years until 'he'd had enough' of dealing with the dead and dying. He wanted a career change to something more uplifting; he'd told her. He switched to working in the maternity ward until he made his last change in specialty, which was to fertility.

Dr. Maxwell was almost 53 years old, if she remembered his birthday right. He'd been working at GMMC for more than thirty 30 years and was a respected member of the hospital faculty whose list of patients served was one of the largest in the hospital. He'd saved lives, eased other's pain, helped the dying pass with grace, helped bring new life into the world, and helped countless couples conceive when nature had failed them.

He was also the man responsible for making sure Clara Evans fell pregnant.

"Without a paternity test, I don't see why he ever will. Look at us, Clara." He told her warmly, reaching back out to her and taking both her hands in his.

He turned her palms up, then held his own next to them. She knew.

Their fur was nearly identical in color. For some reason God felt it wise to make Dobermans and Dachshunds have the same color pelt, and not only that. When she looked up from their hands to look into his eyes, she saw a face much like her own smiling warmly back at her. The pattern of black and brown fur matched her own right down the two little spots of brown next to her eyebrows.

The only difference was the ears, but that wasn't genetic. Dr Maxwell had gotten his ears cropped as a young man like a lot of Dobermans tended to. It had been a fad back in his day, but not as common now.

"I know. But there's always a chance that something might happen. I don't know what to do!" She confessed, feeling relief in being able to confide in someone she didn't need to lie to.

He took her cheek in a single hand and caressed her. In her heart she knew she shouldn't be allowing him to touch her like this, but... he was the reasons he was going to finally have the baby she'd always wanted. Dr Maxwell both hurt and healed her every time she thought about him.

"Do you trust me, Clara?" He asked her.

She drew in a deep breath before letting it on, and when she nodded into the caress of his large hand, he smiled down at her, then stepped closer to draw her into a hug. His embrace was powerful, but gentle. His bedside manner was well known, his voice confident and reassuring. It was easy for her to draw in deep breaths, inhaling the scent of his cologne, before letting it all out.

When he began to gently stroke the small of her back she sighed, as this was the side of Dr Maxwell she admired most. He was a wonderful doctor.

As Clara felt his hand drift lower down her back until he was cupping her rear in his palm, she shivered. She wished he was always like this, instead of having his other side. Dr Maxwell had shown her that other side of himself when he'd given her a baby.

It was like a switch had been flipped in him.

He'd been so calm and patient with her, easing her along through her stressful journey, giving her as much time and space as she needed. He was so patient with her as she battled with herself, struggling to make the decision. When the time finally came for the two of them to do the deed, Dr Maxwell had...

"Do you know if your husband will be away again sometime soon?" He asked.

Her heart trembled in her chest. He must have felt the quickening of her pulse because he withdrew his hand from her rump and wrapped both arms tighter around her chest, holding her firmly in his grasp.

"I don't know." She replied. Clara never knew. His job did not always give him early warning about when he needed to go somewhere. Sometimes it was last minute, though it wasn't very often. It could be next week, or next month. Any time.

"You should let me know if he's ever away. I'd like to keep you company again if he is." He told her, and her heart began to beat faster.

She couldn't!

"I can't." She replied, into his chest, muffled back his white coat and button-down shirt.

"You're the mother of my child. Let me enjoy your company a little more, at least during the first trimester. It'll be safest that way." He told her, now rubbing her shoulders gently.

“Safest?” She asked, voice still buried in his chest. If she spent time with him now, how would that be safer? His husband could find out at any time during her pregnancy! She buried her face deeper into his broad chest.

“You remember how large I am. I wouldn’t want to make love to you after the first trimester as a precaution.” He replied, and she froze.

His hand drifted to the back of her head where he began to stroke her hair.

“At least think about it and let me know. I want to spend more time with the mother of my child.” He told her.

“We can’t!” her voice, shrill with panic, but still muffled by his chest.

“When we were together last, I was just a doctor helping a patient. The next time we’re together, I’ll be a father making love to a mother. Our child deserves to have parents that know how to love each other, even if it’s only for a little while, before its born. After that, our baby will have you and your husband to love it instead. I won’t be a father anymore after that.” He whispered to her, putting his lips close to her ear, then dipping his head to nuzzle at her affectionately.

She shuddered, her heart beating so quickly. She didn’t know what to say!

“Just think about it. Can you promise me that much, Clara?” He asked her.

After a very long moment she finally nodded her head. As soon as she did, he squeezed her tight, then broke the hug.

“We should get back to work, before too many people notice we spent so much time together.” He warned her, and she suddenly cold all over now that she was free of his warm embrace. She quickly agreed, and then they said their goodbyes.

As she left his department and made her way through the hospital, she felt so cold all over, and the only thing that made her feel warm was when she thought of Dr Maxwell. The memory of his hand reaching down to her rump made her feel hot, too, but for reasons that left her feeling ashamed of herself.

She thought the world of Dr Maxwell, but when they were together... Clara was afraid of the type of man he became. Thinking of him, as he acted like such a lecherous old man, the shame she felt burned white hot, but what made it all the worse was that the more lecherous he acted the more callously she betrayed her husband. The memories of the things she’d done and said in that bedroom were no worse than what Dr Maxwell had done. She was just as guilty!

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Clara sat on the couch in an empty house. She was the only one home.

Yesterday, Gregory had left with two of his coworkers to fly to Boston. It was an early flight, so she'd gotten up as soon as he did and drove him to the airport to drop him off, and then she went to work as usual. She'd been given permission to leave early, one of her friends in her department volunteering to cover the rest of her shift.

She'd been up for so many hours yesterday that when she finally went to bed, she just crashed hard. It was a blessing, since it made it easier to forget what she'd planned to do while her husband was away.

It was like the universe was conspiring against her!

A few days after she'd spoken to Dr Maxwell her husband told her he'd have to fly to Boston for a conference. The two colleagues he was traveling with were from their business development group, and they were hoping to get some new contracts signed. It was a very important trip, and her husband seemed excited about it.

And now she was taking advantage of Gregory, using his absence to tell Dr Maxwell that he could come and see her tonight. The clock on the wall chimed that it was now ten o'clock, and he was due to arrive any time now. She stood up and made her way down the hall to the bathroom.

When she looked at herself in the mirror, she hated what she saw. Inside, she felt disgusting, guilt ridden, ashamed. But the woman looking back at her in the mirror looked excited. The way she wrung her hands was bipolar. If she looked down at her body to watch as her hands nervously wrung each other, she knew she was anxious with guilt.

Then she looked back up at the mirror and the other woman was excitedly rubbing her hands, playing with the ring on her finger like she wanted to take it off. Clara suddenly felt cold from head to toe and broke her hands away from each other to clap them on to the countertop.

For a brief moment she almost burst into tears, the thought of ever having to take off the ring Gregory had given her made her sick. She collected herself, drawing in deep breathes before letting them out. She had to calm herself down.

When the doorbell rang, she about jumped out of her skin, eyes wide and alert. She hurriedly left the bathroom and jogged down the hall to reach the front door. When she opened it, Dr Maxwell was standing there waiting for her. Her heart was pounding in her chest, her body alight with excitement even as she loathed what she was allowed herself to become, hating what she was letting herself do.

"Good evening, Clara." He smiled at her, and she welcomed him inside.

"Good evening to you to, Dr Maxwell." She almost called him William. The only time she'd ever said his first name out loud was when he was getting her pregnant, and here she was about to say it at her doorstep...

"We're not at the hospital anymore, you don't have to be so formal." He chuckled, stepping inside, and closing the door behind him. "You can just call me William if it's just the two of us, you know?"

"I, I'm sorry. It's just habit." She told him.

He approached her, putting his hands on her shoulders, and when he leaned in to kiss her, she was trembling. Their lips touched, and then she felt his tongue enter her mouth, and she didn't stop him. The larger dog pulled her into a hug, and he squeezed her tight, kissing her long and deep the entire time until he finally broke the kiss.

"Let me see." He told her.

In her confusion, she asked what he meant. Dr Maxwell gently grabbed the bottom of her blouse and began to lift. She thought he was looking for her breasts, but he stopped short, and instead looked at her stomach. He started stroking the fur of her stomach with the back of his fingers.

"No bump yet that I can see, but it's still early." He told her.

Her heart fluttered, her hands reaching for her stomach to feel herself. She felt a new wave of guilt wash over her, assuming that he'd been after her breasts, but she'd been wrong. He wanted to see the first signs of the baby they'd made together.

"When do you think I'll begin to show?" She asked him.

"You're a petite woman, so maybe sooner than most. By the end of the first month, I'd expect to see something begin to show." He told her.

He removed his hands and brought them up to her cheeks. Dr Maxwell cupped her face in his hands before leaning down to give her another kiss. When he was done, she was excited, her body felt warm all over.

"Though I'm going to try my best to make sure you're showing a lot more by the time we go to bed tonight. I've been saving it up for you." He told her, and she felt her face flush red beneath her fur. She knew what he meant without him needing to say anything more.

He knew where to go, so when he began to lead her down the hallways and to the guest room she didn't resist. He was the father of her child, and she couldn't bring herself to refuse him the chance to make love to her one more time. Even as she was led through the doorway, the bed only feet away from her, she kept telling herself that it would just be this one time. For Gregory's sake, for their marriage, it could only be this one time.

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His hands were roaming her belly running his hands around the slight bump he'd put there. She was starting to show now, her pregnancy still in the first trimester, but...

"I could do this all day." He whispered into her ear, the larger dog standing behind her in the elevator as they traveled to the garage level of the hospital. Her car had suffered an engine light earlier in the week, and it was now in the shop as the mechanics waited for a part to come in. Her car wasn't new, and it hadn't been a very popular model, so it was difficult to find aftermarket parts for it.



They needed to save money so the mechanic was holding onto her car to wait for a cheaper part which hopefully would arrive before the end of the week.

"He comes home at four, William." She whispered, patting his hands with her own.

"I know. It'll be fine." He told her, and even though she wanted to believe him, she still worried.

Letting the father of her child drive her home was such a huge risk, but Gregory didn't know who she was riding with. He'd been the one to drive her to the hospital every day, dropping her off earlier than she'd normally be there. She'd gotten rides from different coworkers, but today William volunteered to drive her home, but only if she didn't mind leaving much earlier than usual...

She agreed.

Clara enjoyed spending time with him. Her secret was safe with him, she felt comfortable with him. With him, she could be honest about her pregnancy. They both knew who the father was.

They reached the garage, and she was led to his Lexus. She took a seat in the familiar red sedan, a vehicle she'd seen plenty of times now, having been inside it enough times to know where everything was. Those other times, the memories coming back to her as she breathed in the scent of the air freshener hanging from the rear view, and his favorite cologne. His scent permeated his car, and it was nice and warm.

He took his position in the driver's seat and cranked the car.

"We'll be there in no time, sweetie." He said warmly and started pulling out of the parking spot that had been reserved for him. The clock on the dash read 1:30. Much earlier than she'd normally leave, but it was safe today. It wouldn't take very long at all to get home at this hour, traffic was always good around the hospital in the early afternoon.

"I know." She replied, and reached out to put her hand over his, holding onto him gently as he worked the stick shift. He drove a manual.

Feeling him work the stick shift made him that much more attractive. The way his hand and wrist flexed under her own as he gripped the shift tight, pushing and pulling.

She was already trying to calculate how much time they'd have together once they got home.

"Did you have any plans today?" He asked her as they pulled out onto the interstate.

"Make love to me in the shower." She told him.

It was the safest place for them to have sex. They wouldn't have to worry about making a mess or leaving behind anything that might reveal their secret to Gregory. And when they were done it would all wash down the drain like it'd never been there at all.

William was so messy; it was the only way. He was nothing like Gregory, who could only give her small squirts compared to what she was now accustomed to getting from William.

"Of course. Would you suck my cock for me first?" He asked.

She patted his hand affectionately.

"You know that I will, William." She told him with a smile.

He finished taking her home, and once they were inside, she had them both undressed by the time they reached the master bathroom upstairs. She sucked his cock, and then he pressed her against the wall and made love to her until she couldn't see straight. The alarm William set on his phone sounded while he was still finishing inside her. That alarm was a warning of when they had to stop.

William had to yank his knot from her, which was easy to do now that he'd already put it in her several times over the past few weeks. Clara had become its second home. If his cock wasn't hiding in his fuzzy sheath then it was deep inside her, throbbing.

He wiped his cock clean and forced himself back inside his pants, leaving her in the shower stall with a deep kiss and a warm goodbye.

After he'd left, she started running the shower and began to rinse herself off. As the afterglow of her reunion with William faded, a renewed clarity came to her mind. She looked down to stare at the cum slowly being washed away down the drain, and then she began to cry. Softly at first, but then the guilt reached its peak. Now she was sobbing, Clara fell to her knees as the showerhead spilled water over her filthy body. She couldn't stop herself from shivering under the warm stream.

She'd done it again!

It was only supposed to be the one time, only the one time. Why did she keep doing this?

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Clara slipped his cock inside her, settling herself down completely onto him. It was a Friday afternoon, and she was on her way to pick her husband up from the airport again. Business was booming for him, his company doing so well after all the extra projects Gregory's department had been picking up. They'd begun sending him out more to help headhunt new work, expanding the department to have enough people to do all the work they were bringing in.

But his flight wasn't due to land in a few hours. Clara had taken off early from work to run some 'errands' before making her way over to the airport.

The 'errand' she was running wrapped his hands around her face and pulled her down to him for a kiss. He'd taken off work early, too, and she had followed him all the way to his house so they could enjoy each other's company for a little while before she needed to grab her husband. The baby bump, much larger now, pressed against his stomach as she leaned forward, their lips touching. He started tonguing her, and she welcomed it.

"The most beautiful mother I've ever seen." He rumbled warmly to her.

She was already rocking her hips in his lap, her knees pressed into the seat of his couch as she made love to him in his living room. Clara loved it when she was able to park his cock home inside her, she'd grown to miss it so much whenever she and William weren't together. It was so wonderful having him fill her up so much, her velvet embrace now the perfect size for him after all the times he'd made love to her.

He started gnawing at her neck, nibbling, and nipping through her fur until she started bouncing in his lap, the wet noise of his cock squelching in and out of her in the otherwise silent room. That noise used to humiliate her, leaving her quaking with shame at what she was doing, but now she knew better. William was the reason she had two little boys growing in her belly, and she grabbed him by the face just like he did to her and pulled him in for a kiss.

Her affair hung heavily on her soul, but her heart was beating for three people now, and she had her affair to thank for that. She couldn't feel guilty forever, especially since her husband would never find out. It'd been months now, and he was the happiest man he could be, excitedly planning DIY projects for the baby room and their back yard.

Whatever suspicions he might have had when she told him she was pregnant were long gone, and that made her heart sing with a carefree spirit.

If William wanted her to indulge him for a couple more months, making love to the mother of his children, then she'd gladly let him. She'd long accepted his excuses. She knew he had a side to him that was like a lecherous old man, wanting to paw at her body and feel her from head to toe. If she'd known this before he'd given her children, she would have rejected him, and it would have been her loss.

She knew him better now, more intimately than she even knew her own husband. The ways they made love to each other were so intense that it was like they were opening up each other's souls to the other. They'd both seen their light, and their darkness. If William was a lecherous old man that had lusted for her womb, then she was the slut that was desperate for his wonderful cock.

Clara started riding him harder, feeling his knot nestle up against the lips of her pussy, spurring her to begin grinding and rocking forward and back. He growled into her mouth before breaking the kiss.

"God, your pussy is so perfect." He told her, and she gave him a feminine growl right back.

"Your pussy." She told him.

She went back to bouncing on him, the wet slapping of her cunt on his knot sounding so delicious to her ears that it made her ache that he wouldn't knot her. Just as he'd promised, he wouldn't knot her after the first trimester, and the absence of this massive bulb just left her so needy that it hurt! She hadn't felt him tie her in more than two months and she was shamelessly excited for her babies to be born so that William could...

Clara bit her lip, trying not to let herself commit to going that far, her guilt had been quelched like water over a flame, but she knew better. Gregory might have come to believe her the first time, but he was a smart man. So smart that she was living in a real-life miracle that he'd not realized what she'd done.

He would know if she got pregnant a second time, and with how potent her William was she didn't know if contraception could be trusted. Certainly, never a condom. No piece of cheap plastic could ever contain him, he was too much, too virile, too needy.

Suddenly, he growled possessively at her, squeezing her tight and she clamped her pussy in reply. He stood up, carrying her up with him while her legs fell to dangle at his sides while he left her perched on his cock like a wet rag on a hook.

"You keep trying to talk me into knotting you." He growled again.

"I've said no such thing, baby." She cooed at him, panting now, feeling his knot strain at the lips of her cunt as her weight settled over his knot. His hands held tight to her backside as he turned and began to walk towards the stairs that led up to his bedroom.

"Your cunt keeps beginning for it. It should know better." He told her back.

"I told you I don't know how to shush it." She giggled, licking him across the nose as he began to walk up the stairs. Each footstep shook her, bouncing her lightly on his cock. It felt so wonderful!

When they reached his bed, he gently pulled her off his cock, the sudden absence of him leaving her to moan and pout. William sat her down on the bed, then pushed her backwards, her back hitting the bedspread while the big, handsome dog leaned forward.

He hovered over her smaller body, eating her up with his eyes, admiring every naked inch of her while one hand touched her swollen stomach, filled to the brim with two of his healthy children.

He knelt down on the floor, then put his head onto her stomach. She quickly reached out to him and began to do for him the same thing she'd do for Gregory. She began to play with his hair, running her fingers through it until she found his ears. Gregory loved it when she played with his ears while he listened to her tummy, and so did William.

They were both good daddies. One was good at giving her babies, and the other was going to be great at raising them. Her pussy was winking, clamping down on nothing, just thinking about the strong older man listening to her grow his babies. She had no idea this would turn her on so much, that being pregnant could be an experience so fulfilling, so all consuming, that... She just never thought that people were being serious that pregnant sex was a thing, and that it was fantastic!

She could not be any more in love with the man in front of her right now. These were HIS babies, and she was going to remind him with her own body each and every time they made love.

"I want to make you cum." She told him sweetly.

"I know you do." He replied, rubbing her tummy gently until at last he lifted himself up and moved himself to the bed.

He sat down, and she lifted herself up to hug him, the pair kissing for a while until she slipped herself off the bed to kneel on the floor in front of him. William was already spreading his knees for her, and she dipped her hose down to press it against his balls.

When she drew in her next breath, she took it in through her nose. The scent of his manhood filled her to the brim, and she felt herself shiver. She stuck out her tongue and started licking him.

First, just his balls. These were the precious, heavy orbs that had gotten her pregnant. She'd fallen in love with his nuts, had become more than willing to worship them as her tongue lapped at them, drenching them in her spit until her nose was nuzzled up right into the crook of fur between the underside of his sheath and the top of his sack.

Her face must have been coated with the scent of him now, but if she wasn't she wanted to make sure she was by the time she finished. She lifted her muzzle and touched her tongue to the underside of his swollen knot. William was so huge; it took her over a minute to finish licking his knob all over just as she had his nuts.

He'd earned this love, this silly devotion. He'd knocked her up and so of course she had to do this. That lecherous side of him that had sweet talked her into sleeping with him again and again was right. He'd made her a mother, and she was going to thank him endlessly for the pair of gifts sitting warmly in her tummy.

She moved up his shaft, drawing her tongue wetly up the underbelly of his cock. He was so much larger than Gregory, so much so that giving him head was an exercise. She'd done it enough that the ache in her jaws had become a welcome, familiar sensation. It was just as welcome to her as the ache she'd feel deep in her pussy, or the backs of her thighs, from how roughly he used to fuck her before she got too far in her pregnancy.

"You're working so hard." He rumbled down at her.

"I want you to cum." She told him.

She slipped his tip into her mouth and began to devour his cock, forcing him as deep down her throat as she could go. With the experience Clara had now, she could go all the way down until her nose pressed against his knot. It had taken a lot of effort and practice to get this far, and she was proud of how far she'd come.

William had worked so hard to talk her into letting him inside her, worked so hard to convince her to cheat on her husband. She'd forgiven him for that. Knowing that she was safe, free of the fear of being caught, she couldn't help herself. Live in the moment, bask in the glow, revel in the joy of creation.

Creation had already happened; it was living in her belly. What they were doing was an encore, again and again to celebrate that first success.

"Stand up for me, Clara. I want to ruin you." He told her, putting a hint of growl in his voice.

She popped her mouth off his cock, letting her drool and his precum oozing off her bottom lip to drip messily over the floor.

"But you promised you wouldn't fuck me." She teased him, reminding him of the rule he imposed on the two of them.

"You know what I mean, missy. On the bed." He told her, and she planted a kiss at the end of his cock before standing upright.

He reached out to extend his hands to her, and she took them. When they stood, they swapped places, with Clara now crawling onto the bed, William holding to one of her hands as he played the role of a gentleman, guiding her onto the bed like her father had once guided her down the aisle to marry Gregory.

William was... He might have been old enough to be her father. She felt her pussy clench when she thought of it. Being knocked up by a such a man, someone this old and wise, someone so handsome and virile. Her pussy clenched down again on nothing. She wanted him inside her so badly!

She could let him. Just wait long enough to get the twins out of her, and then they could celebrate again, relive that first time! The thrill and fear of being caught fresh and new!

But she couldn't!

Clara couldn't let herself do that, not again. She'd already done enough to Gregory, and it was such a blessing that she'd made it this far without facing a single consequence. This was too perfect, and she was dancing that thin line every time she touched a single fingertip to William's own.

She sat down on the bedspread, and with her hand in William's, he instructed her to turn, face away from him, and then she laid down on her back so that when she was flat... Her head hung off the edge of the mattress. His massive cock hung over her face, twitching in the air, glistening wet, so eager to do the job it'd done once before.

He was going to ruin her other end this time, the end that loved to moan his name and shout in ecstasy. She felt her cunt clamp down in reply to her own twisted thoughts of what William was going to do to her.

"Good girl." He told her warmly, wrapping his fingers around his bunched-up sheath. With a hand wedged between his engorged knot and his soft stomach he angled himself down and she dutifully opened her mouth wide to let him slip inside her.

His tip brushed across her upper lip, sliding past her teeth. When she tasted him glide across her tongue she wrapped her lips around him, reaching hands up and behind her head, groping at his crotch until she caught one of his nuts in each hand.

When William started thrusting, she carefully clung to his wonderful balls, watching through squinting eyes as his sack rocked and jostled in her grip as the handsome stud worked his hips. He was using her mouth like a pussy, a warm hole, and she smiled around his cock knowing how much he loved using her body.

The Doberman loved her body, made love to it so intensely that each union between them felt like a new and unique experience that she could never have with her Gregory. Her pussy clamped down on nothing again, her excitement alone was enough to leave her sodden tunnel flexing with anticipation.

William reached his hand low, grabbing her behind the head. He took a firm grip of her hair, tight enough that it made her scalp begin to ache. She started humming around his cock in reply, a sultry moan of happy acceptance. Clara was his little toy now, eager to please him, eager to satisfy the loving father of her future children.

"Oh, Clara. That's it." He cooed down to her.

He leaned forward, felt a hand fall to the mattress beside her hip as his weight settled over the bed.

As the mattress sagged, it also began to shake. He was thrusting into her mouth, faster now than before, her moans turning into quiet gags. His hand gripped her tighter by the back of the head, her hands carefully cradling his nuts as they swung heavily underneath him.

Clara could feel his nuts drawing tighter in her hands, the little Dachshund happily gagging and grunting on the bigger dog's cock as he neared his peak. She wanted him to cum, wanted to swallow down his precious seed, wanted to pick up her husband with a full stomach! Her hands massaged his balls, gently but with quick strokes, rubbing her palms across his pendulous orbs to excite him more and more.

William was grunting, rocking his hips faster into her mouth, down her throat, liquid jets of slick pre spitting down and rolled deep into belly. She couldn't see his face, only saw the balls swinging in her grip through her squinted gaze. But she knew the noises he made; she knew them well.

His grunts, his breathing, the fact she could feel his spit drip and drool over her pregnant stomach, Clara knew he was getting close. He was hunched over her, eyes shut, focusing intently on his need to breed, letting his heavy balls draw up right in her hand.

He was in control, but she sucked him, swallowed around him, gulping as much as she was gagging, his balls at last tight against his body, the subtle contour of his veins exploding taut under her palms as his orgasm began to rumble up from his two beautiful nuts.

When William started snarling, she started swallowing madly, as fast as she could, the underbelly of his cock expanding in her mouth as his knot inflated. She couldn't see his balls anymore, her vision full of his angry red knot, frustrated that it wasn't locked tight in her cunt.

The Doberman stopped thrusting, holding his cock down her throat while his cock surged, throbbed, jumped inside her. And Clara didn't miss a single drop. She'd given him oral too many times to make an amateur mistake like that. His seed was too precious to waste. If her sweet William was to spill his seed then every drop must go inside her loving body, either to breed to her or to give her a meal.

When his body finally began to sag on top of her, she felt so full, her stomach already swollen with children, but now with an entire day's worth of her lover's cum. She felt so warm and loved, that when he slipped his cock from her to lay himself down on easy on top of her, she pressed her face to his cock and balls.

She nuzzled him warmly, just as he nuzzled her. His hands were stroking her stomach, his cheeks rubbing against her inner thigh.

When he started eating her out, she began to cry. Had she known how wonderful motherhood was going to be she'd have cheated on Gregory so much sooner.

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After she left William's house, she had to struggle through traffic to make it to the airport where her husband was waiting for her. His flight had arrived a half hour early, and traffic added an extra hour to her drive. By the time she had arrived both of them were exhausted, albeit for different reasons.

"I'm so sorry I'm late! There was an accident on the road that tied everything up." She told her husband after he'd loaded the trunk with his bag, now taking a seat in the passenger side.

"It's fine, you doing ok?" He asked her, leaning over towards her.

She noticed, and leaned in his direction to meet him and they shared a kiss, the strong flavor of mouthwash and gum protecting her husband from the truth.

"I'm doing good! Just more tired today than normal, and sick of driving. How was your trip?" She asked him.

He buckled himself up and started telling her about the trip, much of it about things she wasn't knowledgeable about. From the sounds of it the trip wasn't going to be fruitful for his company, and therefore good for him and their new family. This made her smile.

"I'm really happy for you, Gregory." She said a few minutes after he'd finished giving his recap.

"What's that?" He asked.

"Things have been going so good for you this year!" She told him cheerfully.

"We're going to have children, and your work is treating you so much better!" She added.

He smiled, nodding.

"Yeah, things have been going pretty good this year, haven't they?" He replied.

"They have! We're going to have to really get started on the baby room though. Can't you take a day off? I know I can schedule one for myself if I know when you can. We've still got to get the crib built." She reminded him.

The baby room was a cluttered mess of boxes of unopened baby goods, the new crib was unbuilt in its own box. They'd both been so busy between work, the doctor's visits, and her own secret affair that the room was hardly ready to support a newborn, let alone two of them.

He nodded in reply.



"We've been so busy; I don't know when. I'll ask next week, maybe I can pull out Friday. Think we can get it set up in three days?" He asked her, the Dachshund smiling, thinking dirtily of how William never pulled out.

"I'd hope so. It's only one room." She replied.

"Call your mother tonight and ask if she and your dad can come over next weekend. Don't tell them we're setting up the baby room." He suggested.

"Oh, that's mean Gregory." She laughed.

"We'll get the room setup in a single day though, especially with your mother there telling us what to do." He replied.

She laughed again, knowing he was right. With her car being an automatic, she only needed one hand on the steering wheel now that they were sitting in traffic to make their way home. She reached her hand over and touched his arm. This prompted him to take her hand in his and they held each other for the rest of the way home, making small talk about his trip or her day at the hospital, about future plans and things they needed to do.

"So, what's for dinner? Cooking?" He asked.

Before she could answer she hiccupped, suddenly tasting the flavor of cum in her mouth. She smiled, swallowed, then giggled.

"I gorged myself a bit at lunch today so I'm not that hungry. How about some take out?" She asked him.

"I could go for Chinese, yeah." Gregory told her.

"Call them now and place an order, we can pick it up on the way home." She told her husband, licking her teeth and savoring the lingering memory of William on her tongue.

Once, months ago, she'd felt as if her back had been put against the wall, but no longer. Holding her husband's hand, knowing her secret was safe, Clara couldn't wait for the day her baby boys entered the world and fell into her arms. She smiled, knowing that nothing could possibly go wrong.