



## From Surrogate To Wife

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*My Girlfriend's Daughter Went from Surrogate To Lover To Wife*

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I met Arlene on a business trip to Denver about two years ago. She was the secretary to the division

chief of the department I was doing business with. She was one of those kinds of women who every man wants. She had a sense of sensuality that one couldn't put their finger on; it was just there and oozed out in every direction and turned the head of every man within sight. Maybe it was a pheromone thing. Whatever it was, she attracted every man around.

Arlene had dark brown hair and large brown bedroom eyes. Guys know what I mean by that. Bedroom eyes are an indefinable quality found in only a select number of women. They can use them to say, "You are a real hunk," or "I would love to have sex with you," or if you're not so lucky, she can use them to say, "Give it up. I'm not interested in your advances," while at the same time saying, "You should come back and try again."

I watched those eyes and their effect on her male co-workers for several days before deciding to give it a try. "What the hell" I thought. "Nothing ventured; nothing gained."

When I walked up to Arlene at her desk, she looked up, smiled, and said, "Yes Bill. Can I help you?" Those bedroom eyes definitely said, "I've been waiting for you. What took you so long?" At least I thought they said that.

"I haven't had a chance to talk to you since I arrived and was wondering if you'd have lunch with me...in the cafeteria of course."

"Cafeteria?" (Her eyes said, "I can think of better places to eat lunch.") "Sure. We should go at twelve...after the rush."

"Sounds good. See you then."

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That lunch turned into a two-hour, very interesting meeting. I learned that Arlene was divorced, had three grown kids and one seventeen year-old girl, Joanne, still living at home. The most surprising information was that Arlene was sixteen years my senior! That in itself didn't matter to me. Arlene was so sensuous, so alluring, so...so...sexual that I was hooked. I could see myself making love with her for hours and was determined to do so.

As it turned out, my determination was not necessary. Arlene made it clear that she wanted me while we were in the elevator after lunch.

"So Bill. Would you like some company this Sunday afternoon; say around one o'clock?"

My knees went weak and I'm sure I blushed, and I couldn't respond either.

"What? Cat got your tongue?" She said as she ran her finger down the front of my shirt.

"Uh. No. I've just never been propositioned before."

"Well, gather your courage and give me your answer by the end of the day."

\* \* \* \*

Needless to say that Arlene and I had a two-week affair while I was in Denver. In bed she was insatiable; willing to try any position; climaxing so many times that I would lose count. But surprisingly, after being married for twenty-five years and having four kids, she had never performed oral sex! When I mentioned it the first time she got really quiet and didn't want to talk about it. So I dropped the subject.

Four months later I returned to Denver and we took up where we left off. We spent every night in bed making love, then she would quickly run home around two AM.

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This romance with Arlene went on for almost a year at which point I asked her to marry me. She said "Yes" and I moved her and Joanne back to Boston with me. That trip across country in her car with Joanne in the back seat was unforgettable. Arlene would sit as close to me as she could and rub my leg until I had an enormous erection, then whisper in my ear something like, "I wish I could suck you right now."

I would whisper back, "But you don't want to do that."

"Well, I do now...if you'll teach me."

"I can do that."

\* \* \* \*

With Joanne in the next room, our sex life was a bit curtailed and subdued. However, Arlene did indeed want me to teach her how to give oral sex.

Her first attempt stopped short of her mouth actually touching my cock. She said, "I just can't. I've

never done it before.”

“It’s okay. Just take your time.”

She tried again and took my cock in her mouth about two inches. She slowly started to suck it and put more into her mouth. I guess she decided that my cock in her mouth was not all that bad and became more vigorous, and actually began to give me a great blowjob.

After about five minutes, it became obvious that she was really enjoying herself and was getting aroused, too. So I put my hand on her head and pushed it down on my cock so that almost my entire eight inches were in her mouth. She gagged once or twice, but didn’t fight me. When I released her head, she kept my cock almost down her throat and took my balls in her hand and massaged them gently.

Little did Arlene know that such action would drive me to a quick climax. Against my better judgment, I put my hand back on her head and pushed it all the way down on my cock until her nose was against my stomach. She gagged several times, but didn’t try to pull away.

I immediately started to cum in her throat as she gagged and coughed, but did not try to pull away. I couldn’t believe that on her first blowjob, Arlene was giving me deep throat and taking my cum! It was such a fantastic experience.

Afterwards, she said, “I can’t believe I did that! I can’t believe I was even ABLE to do that!”

“You were fantastic! Your first blowjob and you achieved the ultimate.”

“Whatever you say.”

\* \* \* \*

After that, Arlene got the desire to blow me in any situation she could dream up. She blew me in the car on the way to work AND on the way home. She blew me whenever Joanne was out. But her favorite thing to do was to kneel down on her knees in the kitchen late at night when Joanne was asleep, pull my cock out of my pants, and give me a deep throat blowjob. I guess the chance that we would be discovered turned her on.

\* \* \* \*

Even though we never got around to getting married, Arlene wanted to have a baby with me and I

wanted to have one with her. The only problem was that after her fourth child she'd had a hysterectomy. So her solution was for Joanne to be our surrogate. We talked to Joanne about it and she agreed after a long discussion and a lot of persuading.

The plan was for me to give Joanne my "sample" and she would use a syringe to deposit it in her vagina. This required her to monitor her temperature every morning and when it was at its highest in the month, I would masturbate into a medicine cup and give it to her.

This plan worked, sort of, for two months, but she didn't get pregnant. I was finding it difficult to climax knowing that Joanne was in the next room waiting...aware of what I was doing. It just wasn't a turn-on for me.

On month three I came out of the bathroom and said, "Joanne, this is not working. I can't do it on demand like this, especially knowing that you're in here waiting."

"What do you suggest we do?"

"Well, you'll think this is weird, but why don't I try it while here in the room with you? You can sit there on the bed with your back turned. I'll dream up some fantasy about you. Maybe that will work."

"Hmm. That is weird. Why a fantasy about me?"

"Because you are a very attractive girl and you're sitting right there."

"Well okay. I guess we can try it."

So Joanne turned around and I dropped my boxers, the medicine cup in one hand and my cock in the other, the size of which had grown already.

As I stroked myself, I moved closer to Joanne and pointed my cock at her head, imagining that I was going to shoot large streams of cum into her gorgeous black, wavy hair.

It took only a few seconds and I was shooting my load into the cup.

"Wow! That didn't take long," Joanne said as I handed her the cup.

"I didn't think it would."

"Do you want to watch me insert it?"

“Really?”

“Sure. Why not? It will be your baby after all.”

“Okay.”

So as I watched, Joanne removed her panties to reveal a nicely groomed pubic area. She retrieved the syringe and filled it with my warm sperm. After lying back on the bed, she spread her legs, smiled up at me, and inserted the syringe into her pussy. As she pushed the plunger down, it made a squirting sound as the sperm was ejected into her.

“There. Hope that works,” she said with those beautiful green eyes looking up at me.

“I hope so, too.”

\* \* \* \*

Joanne and I repeated that procedure the next day to be sure, and for two days the following two months, but she still did not get pregnant.

It was now the fourth month of our new procedure and we were both feeling like it was hopeless.

Joanne said, “Can I watch this time?”

“What? NO!”

“Why not? You watch me. Why can’t I watch you?”

“Because I’ll be too embarrassed!”

“Don’t be silly. I’ve never seen a man do that before and I think it would be sexy.”

I had to think about that. Could I beat off with her watching me? The answer was a definite YES.

“Are you really prepared to watch me?”

“Oh yes. I am.”

“Okay.”

As Joanne sat on the edge of the bed with her legs crossed, just two feet away, I dropped my boxer shorts to reveal my already engorged eight-inch cock.

“Oh my God!” she said, obviously impressed with the size of my member.

With medicine cup in hand, I began to slowly stroke myself, imagining that Joanne was about to give me a blowjob. As she leaned forward to get a better look, I thought that she actually was going to.

Only seconds later I began to shoot off and had to quickly aim at the cup to avoid spurting my cum on Joanne’s face.

“That is amazing! I’ve never imagined it would look like that,” Joanne said, her eyes wide with amazement.

A few drops of cum were still dripping from my cock as she bent forward, took it in her hand, and sucked the drops into her mouth.

“Mmm. I’ve always wanted to do that, too.”

I lost control and reached out my free hand, placed it on the top of her head, and pushed my cock into her mouth almost all the way.

“Mmm!” Joanne protested, more surprised than anything. She didn’t try to pull away, but let me slowly thrust into her mouth. The slurping sounds of her wet mouth and the warm feel of her lips and tongue were getting me aroused again.

“Wait. Wait. I’m not ready for that.” Joanne said as she pulled her head back.

“Sorry. I got carried away. You’d better use this while it’s warm,” I said as I handed her the cup of sperm.

“You’re right.”

I watched again as she injected herself with my cum, smiled, and said, “Part of me hopes this won’t work.”

“Yeah I know. Part of me hopes it won’t either.”

\* \* \* \*

The next day we planned to try again as we always did, thinking that two days in a row would increase our chances of success. Again Joanne sat on the edge of the bed and I stood facing her, cock in one hand and the medicine cup in the other.

As I started to stroke myself, Joanne slipped to the floor on her knee and licked the head of my cock. I was so surprised that I stopped and was about to say something when she reached up, removed my hand, and took my cock into her mouth, then pulled it out with a long, slow suck.

“God Joanne! That is SO GOOD!”

“I knew you would like it.”

She continued to suck me in and out of her mouth as though she had been giving blowjobs her whole life.

I threw the cup on the bed, took her head in my hands, and pumped her lovely warm mouth until my cock was so hard that it felt like it would explode from the internal pressure. The head felt like it grew to twice its normal size and was rock hard.

“Mmm. You’re so big! I can’t take all of you.”

I pushed my cock back into her mouth and kept pumping until my cum started to spurt into her mouth. Joanne didn’t stop, but let me finish my climax, and then swallowed every drop.

“That was so nice. I’ve wanted to do that to you ever since I saw Mom doing it to you in the kitchen one night.”

“Really? I was afraid that you might see us.”

“Well, I did, and it really turned me on. I guess I won’t get pregnant today.”

“I guess not.”

\* \* \* \*

Joanne again failed to get pregnant that month. It was now month eight and we were about to try

again.

“Maybe we should try to make a baby in the normal way this time.”

You could have blown me over with a feather! Joanne wanted to have sex with me to get pregnant!

“Are you serious? You’re saying you want to have sex with me?”

“Well, yes! Is that so terrible a thought?”

“No, not at all. You are a very lovely girl, but you are my wife’s daughter!”

“Well, you and Mom are not really married and she doesn’t have to know that we did it anyway. She’ll just know that I got pregnant.”

I looked at the beautiful nineteen year-old teenager, her long black hair streaming down her back; her green eyes looking up at me from the bed. My thoughts started to go there; to go where I had not allowed them to ever go before. Was I going to have sex with gorgeous little Joanne? Could we really keep it a secret? Did she REALLY realize the implications what she was suggesting?

“Bill, I’ve had fantasies about you since the day we met. I was jealous when you were dating my mom. I really do want to make love with you. Please think about it.”

“Right now is the best time of the month to do this.”

“I know,” she said, those seductive green eyes looking up at me. Her mother could do that so well.

Without saying a word, I started to unzip my pants and drop them to the floor. Joanne was wearing only a tank top and panties.

As I dropped my boxer shorts to the floor, Joanne slipped her panties off and lay back on the bed, her hands over her head as if to say, “Take me.”

My cock was standing at full attention, something that she didn’t fail to notice.

“Wow! You’re ready! And I’m a virgin, so be gentle with me.”

My heart was beating so fast and so hard that I thought it would jump out of my chest as I crawled into bed and lay down beside her. She reached out and pulled me to her body and moaned when she

felt my cock against her leg.

I slid my hand under her top and gently fondled one of her ample breasts.

“Ooh! I’ve never felt so aroused before. I’ve never let a guy go this far with me.”

“Joanne, you are so gorgeous and so lovely. Are you sure you want to do this?”

She arched her pelvis up against my cock and said, “I’m sure.”

I could feel that her pussy was already wet and ready, a good sign that she was ovulating.

I moved my hand slowly down across her flat stomach to her wet pussy as we French kissed passionately. She pushed up against my fingers as I moved them around her wet, virgin pussy.

“Make love to me. Please! I’m so ready.”

With those words of encouragement, I rolled on top of her, guided my cock to the entrance of her dripping pussy, and slowly pushed myself into her.

“Mmm. That feels nice.” She also flinched when I penetrated her.

So I pulled out a bit and pushed myself back in...just a few inches, giving her time to adjust.

“Oh Bill. Give me more. I want you so much! Give me more of your cock.”

I didn’t know that Joanne could talk that way. She always seemed to be so straight laced .

So I pushed my full eight inches into her and she moaned with pleasure.

It didn’t take me but a few minutes to start cumming deep inside her. She loved the feel of my pulsing, thrusting cock and started to thrust up to meet my movements.

“Oh my God! I love it! I love it! Don’t stop!”

Little virgin Joanne was having her first orgasm and loving it.

When she was finished, I rolled off of her and pulled her close, kissing her gently on the top of her head.

“Oh Bill, that was so nice! I loved it.”

“Me too. I guess if you don’t get pregnant, we’ll have to do this again every month.”

“Don’t be silly. I want to do it every DAY!”

\* \* \* \*

Joanne and I made love every month right on schedule...and many other times as well. Every time her mother went out to the grocery store, I would push Joanne face down on the kitchen table and fuck her from the back. I would hold her hands behind her back and pretend that I was forcing myself on her. She would protest and eventually “give in” and let me have my way with her. That was our favorite way to “play” and we would always climax in just a few minutes.

Arlene eventually figured out that her daughter and I were having an affair and took a transfer back to Denver. She said that it was a mistake to have ever gotten involved with me and that my affair with Joanne was proof of that.

Joanne stayed with me and we got married a few weeks later. She eventually got pregnant and we now have a beautiful little girl. And she still loves to give me the occasional blowjob on her knees in the kitchen, just like her mom did.