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My Pregnant Stalker [Part 1]

By Jackal Entente

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Smashwords Edition

"...and this is where I win," Cross said, arching the ping-pong ball in his fingers. With a jolt of his wrist, the ball sunk into the last cup. The crowd erupted with drunken cheering. He had effectively won his third game of beer pong. He slapped the hand of his partner and gave them a victory hug. The young man jokingly curtsied to his opponents, mixing their laughter into the noise.

"That's how it's done!" he bragged, slapping the table, and deciding to get a victory cigarette.

He waded through the crowd, his hand deadlocked on the flimsy plastic cup. As he rounded the corner, he felt his face slam right into bountiful cleavage. The accident plus his inebriated state made him repel back onto his rear. He looked up to see one of the curviest girls he had ever laid eyes on. Cross was tripped up, but all she was doing was smirking from ear to ear. "Uh, sorry," he managed to say.

"Don't be silly, cutie. I'm *a lot* of woman. Hope my 'girls' didn't scare you." she frankly retorted, adjusting her bra, the breasts in question catching his eyes and with a wink, she asked, "What? Do you like it down there?"

If he wasn't so preoccupied with her chest, Cross would have seen her extended hand. "Oh, yeah, yeah," he replied, somehow making it weirder for him. It didn't seem to faze her. She probably thought it was cute. He grabbed her hand and stood up. The effects of playing that much beer pong seemed to hit him all at once. Maybe he was just infatuated with her physical appearance.

He scanned her body. It was like a ridiculous exaggeration of an hourglass. Cross started by perceiving that she was taller than him, which wasn't a shocker. Most people are. At five feet, five inches

tall, he was a short guy. This woman's height clearly showcased her booming figure. He estimated that her bust had to be beyond triple D. They could be F cups. Below that was a thin waist, which quickly broadened into the widest hips he had ever seen.

The young man finished his full body scan of her by discerning that her legs were thick yet toned. Her whole body seemed to be fit in certain areas. The anatomy was accentuated by her outfit. A black tube top barely contained her great bosom, leaving the stomach bare. The hips are easily the biggest part of her body, and the yellow track pants highlighted how sexy her lower body was. To top it all off, her creamy white skin was matched by thick and long red hair. Her alluring face donned a growing grin.

"Shit. I got to say something..." he spoke aloud, unintentionally. He recoiled back. It was too late. She was already bursting with laughter. He was too drunk for this. The fool should just walk away. He was about to when she firmly grabbed his hand.

"You're coming with me. We are going to have so much fun," she conveyed in a sweet caramel voice. It only made her more attractive. He could do nothing but silently let her lead him.

He must have blacked out for a short time. The next thing he knew was that he was on a couch, and for some reason, rubbing her belly. He also had a raging hard-on. *-What the hell is this? What am I doing?-* he thought, coming into full consciousness. Cross looked around to see he was in a room full of sports memorabilia. He expected to still hear the party noises, but all he could distinguish was her soft moans.

They were on a high-quality futon and the lights were dimmed. He saw his reflection in one of the glass cases. It caught him by surprise to see her tube top off. He turned to look at her glorious naked breasts. They were quivering as she moved her body to his touch. Staring at her chest made him lose focus, subsequently ceasing the rubbing of her belly, the whole situation coming to light. "Don't stop! Don't stop! KISS IT!" she ordered.

He obeyed, leaning his head down and planting a few smooches. It made her moan even louder, her hands running through his hair. This was unusual, but he decided not to question it anymore. He was too sloshed to think straight. All he knew was that he was most likely getting laid. She removed his head and tore off her pants. *-Oh, hell yeah.-* he excitedly thought. This was going to happen.

Cross went back to kissing her belly. This was obviously what would lead to it. This wasn't the strangest sex act he had done. Everyone had their kinks. He wasn't going to judge, feeling lucky enough just to even get her attention. She was easily a ten, so why pick him? It wasn't like he was a disgusting troll. He was a decent looking guy, but he had to admit she was a bit out of his league.

"We're going to do this. We are going to make me so pregnant!" she proclaimed in between moans. She removed his head and ripped off her panties, tossing the fabric to the side as she forced his head back.

This time, he didn't comply with the kissing. -*Wait...what?!*- he thought, confused. This was why he should control his drinking. A red flag was already searing his brain. He felt a deep need to get up and leave, like how he should have earlier. Then, again. What was the big deal? She had to be drunk as he was. He guessed it was the sole reason he got this far. Cross had to roll with whatever this was.

With the kissing halted, he could see over the armrest, spotting a bottle of Macallan whiskey. No wonder he was fucked up. She brought out the really good stuff. He grabbed the shot glass next to it and poured one. He quickly downed it. Cross then made another shot and tried to hand it to her.

"Look at you. Forgetting already. I told you that I don't drink. Now get those clothes off. You promised me a belly." she ordered, with a seriousness in her tone. She gently pushed him off the couch, laying her extensive body across it, and giving him a look that made him instantly stiff again.

He kicked back the second shot, the smooth alcohol crawling down his throat, and burning away his better judgment. Cross was going to ignore what she just uttered. If she wasn't drunk, then she had to be on something. He assumed it was some roleplay thing. He would play along. "You're right about that. Let's give you...a thousand of them! In that...belly of yours." he acted, feeling like he was doing a terrible job.

Her reaction said the opposite. She got up and wrapped her arms around him. She kissed him feverishly, pulling him in tight. "How did you know?! That's exactly how many I want inside of me. And, you're going to give me that." the redhead desperately let out.

Cross didn't respond. He kept returning her kisses, his hand exploring her bountiful, large knockers. He then pushed her against the wall, continuing to kiss her as he grabbed her crotch. It was soaking wet, making it easy for him to slide a few fingers in. This made her stand up straight. It made him realize just how tall she was. He felt a little submissive, realizing she had to bend down somewhat just to sexually engage him like this.

She must have sensed this, picking him up, and burying her tongue deep into his mouth. He was dominant when it came to sex, but he could tell she was the same. It made his dick harder in realizing this. This would be great. A war between two doms always made some of the best sex he ever had. His last girlfriend was. It was why he immediately knew what this would be.

The tall babe continued taking the lead, switching positions. This time, he was off his feet. She was holding him up with one hand around his throat, using her other hand to stroke his erect member. Her sheer strength made it lengthen further. "That's right. I want you so hard and engorged. Give me every last molecule of that baby batter." she commanded.

He was let go, catching him swiftly under his armpits. She turned and dropped him onto the futon. His body went limp from the move. He was belly side up. Before he had a chance to react, she was on top of him. She grabbed his rigid dick and stuffed it into her hot love box. She used both of her hands to grip the top and bottom bars of the furniture.

Cross utilized her huge hips to steady himself, grinding back and forth. There will be bruises

tomorrow. Luckily, he was too intoxicated to even feel it. He sure did feel how hot this was. All the intercourse he had before was child's play compared to how she was handling him. This was exactly how he wanted it. And so did she, but for very different reasons. He couldn't hold it in. The combination of it all overwhelmed him. The removed inhibitions, this sexy female, and the animal way they had sex made him explode.

She squeezed him painfully, cumming herself. He gushed inside of her, the warm seed flooding into her. Cross groaned, feeling like his sounds tainted the sweet moans that spilled from her mouth. As he felt himself finish, she leaned down to give him a couple of kisses. He tried getting up, but she reacted by only using her pelvic power to keep him down. He was still inside her. "Silly, we aren't done yet. I want it all. Every last drop. There are a thousand eggs in there and I want them ALL fertilized." she stated, determined.

He didn't object. She could say whatever crazy bullshit that came to mind. If it meant more of this, then he would let her have her fun. It was obviously working for her. The urge to flee then kicked in. He dismissed it for the last time. Their grinding was in sync as they readied to burst her with more life. He didn't know, but this was the beginning. The first day of the rest of his life. This woman, Monica Sterling, would be the end of him.