

XXII - Family Matters

Mikaella

Mikaella really needed to get out of the house after the social catastrophe that was Saturday night. Luckily for her, the perfect excuse dropped right into her lap: a Russian nesting doll of family emergencies.

Tita (Auntie) Mia fell ill and needed someone to look after her, so Mia's daughter, Kristine, got called in to help. But then Kristine needed someone to watch her baby boy, Daniel, and her husband was currently deployed with the navy, working inside a nuclear submarine that was submerged somewhere in the Pacific. So, Kristine called in her cousin to babysit for a couple days.

Mikaella practically jumped at the chance. She'd always liked babies, but growing up without any siblings left her very few chances to babysit until her older cousins started having their own kids. This was her favorite thing about having a large extended family: she got to play with the cute babies for a while and give them back to their moms before the responsibility could exhaust her.

Sunday went by like a breeze: just a full day of playing, tickling, reading those little baby books, feeding and changing. It was all very routine stuff for Mikaella, but she delighted in every little moment.

Is it just my cycle, or is little Daniel even cuter than I remember?

The way his eyes lit up when Mikaella entered the room, how he didn't even cry when his mommy walked out the door. He held her attention effortlessly. Every moment she spent with him was a welcome vacation from the absurd drama of K-Town. She hardly looked at her phone for hours at a time, except to take pictures for Kristine when Daniel did something extra cute.

Unfortunately, Monday proved much more difficult. She woke up after just a few hours, but couldn't go back to sleep. Her breakfast and coffee tasted unusually bland, but she choked them down anyway. Whenever she lost focus, her teeth started to grind. She couldn't escape the feeling that something was missing from her morning routine, and she had a pretty good idea what that was.

Yet the sound of Daniel yawning through the baby monitor was a shot of espresso right into her veins. It helped distract from her ever-growing irritability, and she was able to muster up the energy to change, feed, and play with him until it was time for his afternoon nap.

The moment he fell asleep, that rush of maternal energy left her, and she slumped onto the living room couch like a puppet with her strings cut. Thankfully, all Mikaella had to do was keep the

baby monitor close while she watched trash TV and, for once in her life, ignored all incoming texts. Unfortunately, her favorite reality trash, *The Bachelor*, did not improve her mood. Something about a harem of girls competing for the affections of one man seemed sadder now. Mikaella's other favorite show was this K-drama Vicky had gotten her into, but she'd gotten more than her fill of Korean drama the other night. The last thing she wanted to see was another beautiful Korean woman living her best life with some handsome, rich guy.

In lieu of something light and romantic, she put on a true crime documentary, letting it fade into the background while she scrolled through her socials.

Mikaella's peace and quiet was interrupted by increasingly loud footsteps descending the stairs: an unwelcome reminder that she wasn't the only adult in the house.

"Daammmmn, Mikaella, Kristine mentioned she did your highlights but didn't mention the rest of you. It's like you're looking finer and finer every time I see you."

"Gee, thanks." She made sure not to look up from her phone, putting on her best disaffected-teen-face.

This was her least favorite thing about having a large extended family: creepy uncles. Though technically not her uncle by blood (or maybe precisely because of that fact), Ezekiel was the worst of them all. Too irresponsible to watch his own grandson, and too dumb to take a fucking hint. She'd been fortunate enough to not cross paths with him yesterday, but it seemed her luck had run out.

"Seriously, girl, you used to look so skinny, like a little boy. But you've grown into a real woman, more like your mom." He cupped his hands over his chest, in case that was too subtle for her. Amateur creepy uncles might make an inappropriate comment here, or they might stare a little too long there, but not Tito Ezekiel. It took a real pro to creep on both his daughter's cousin and his former sister-in-law in the same sentence.

Gross. Of fucking course, he noticed me going up one fucking bra size, ugh. fucking perv. Should have brought pasties.

Mikaella hadn't packed a bra either; yesterday she'd tried on two and found both uncomfortably tight. That should have been something worth celebrating, but Ezekiel had ruined that too. She pulled her knees up to cover her chest, only then to realize most of her legs were completely bared for his pervy gaze. Her suspicions were confirmed when she looked up to find him staring at the point where her shorts barely covered her ass. "Can you not?"

"What? I'm just trying to give you a compliment, damn. Don't dress like that if you don't want men to notice."

God, if this is how he leers at me in a t-shirt and shorts, he wouldn't fucking last a day in that house. One look at Vicky in her karaoke dress, or god forbid Kate in an overstuffed tank top and he'd probably die of a heart attack. If only...

But wishing didn't make it so, and Ezekiel refused to take her non-response as a hint. "What'd you get all dolled up for anyway? Does your mom approve of you wearing that kind of makeup?"

My mom doesn't give a fuck about anything, asshole. "I'm not wearing any makeup." She wiped under her eyes and held up her unstained fingers as proof.

His eyes grew wide with disbelief. "You tattooed that on?"

Mikaella actually had no idea why her makeup stained her face like this, but that was far from the strangest thing she's seen the human body do recently, and she had no desire to discuss her appearance with Tito Creepito of all people.

"What's it to you, anyway?" she snapped.

"Geeeeeez, girly. Just curious is all. Don't gotta get all pissy about everything."

She decided that the silent treatment was her best chance at getting him to shut the fuck up. She turned the TV up, and he just shrugged, abandoned whatever PMS joke he was probably trying to come up with, and went into the kitchen to microwave some of the food that Kristine prepared before she left. Because, of course, Ezekiel was useless when it came to "women's work," which basically meant anything he didn't feel like doing around the house. The ceasefire only lasted the few minutes it took him to plunder Kristine's kitchen. He walked back into the living room with a plate of reheated spaghetti and resumed his petty, pervy interrogation between noisy bites.

"So, you a working girl now?"

She rolled her eyes. "Yes, I have a job," *If Vicky hasn't already stolen it...*

"Well, it's nine a.m. on a Monday, and you're here watching TV."

"So? What's your fucking point? It's not that kind of job."

"Oh yeah? Then what kind of job is it? You know, I heard some rumors about you. Nasty rumors. Maria thinks you're stripping, but Angela says you're out there whoring. And now here you are, tattooing that whore makeup onto your face... Doesn't look like a normal nine-to-five to me."

Tita Maria and Tita Angela should keep their puta mouths shut.

"So what if it isn't? I'm paying my own way. And I'm here babysitting *your grandson*, because Kristine doesn't trust *you* to take care of him by yourself."

"Hey! You better watch that mouth of yours, little girl. This is my house! You can't talk to me like that when you're sitting on my couch."

“I’ll watch my mouth when you watch your grandson.”

“Why you little...” His face scrunched up.

Mikaella wasn’t about to back down, “Why do you care so much about how I make my money?”

His tightened lips stretched into the creepiest, toothiest grin.

“Just askin’ if you’re really in business is all.”

Ewww... Mikaella decided she preferred him angry.

“Even if I was that kind of girl,”—and she was—“there’s no way you could afford me.”

“Try me.”

“Yeah? You think Kristine would be happy if she heard the shit you’re spewing? Huh?”

Ezekiel’s face turned beet red at the mention of his daughter. His eyes narrowed to daggers.

“Why would she believe you, huh? You better not say shit!”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “Or what?”

“I’ll tell your mom what you’ve been up to!”

“I’m fucking shaking. Go ahead. Tell her something she already knows.”

“Christ, the mouth on you...”

“Wouldn’t you like to know, banyak!” *Perv!*

His face went from red to purple. “That’s it! Gagang puta!” *Dumb slut!* He stomped towards her with tense shoulders and clenched fists.

Thankfully, before Ezekiel could do something they’d both regret, the baby monitor went off. Daniel’s cries stopped his grandfather cold. Mikaella took that as her excuse to get the fuck out of this room, practically flying up those stairs to the nursery.

“Heyyyyy, don’t cry! I’m here!” She picked up the crying boy and bounced him up and down in her arms. “Thanks for the save, little guy. Just promise me you won’t be like your grandpa when you’re all grown up.”

Thankfully, it was only a few minutes before she heard the front door slam shut. Ezekiel had left the building.

Thank god. I hope someone flattens his dick with a tire iron.

Mikaella had spent so much time living with the girls (and Alkim). She'd almost forgotten how stressful and dangerous things could get when you had to interact with the vast majority of men; how gross and violent they could get out of nowhere. Just the idea of touching that creepy old bastard made her flesh crawl. Given the choice again, she still would have picked the beating. Even her last sugar daddy had the decency to solicit sex from a random karaoke girl instead of his daughter's nineteen-year-old cousin.

Blech!

The sad thing was, he was probably right about her not telling. Mikaella had already inherited her mom's reputation; one slip up could mean inheriting her mother's banishment as well. If Ezekiel could get Kristine to believe him about Mikaella stealing jewelry, or being on drugs, that might be the end of it. Then no one would invite her over for Christmas or let her play with the babies ever again. She decided it wasn't worth the risk.

She spent the next hour soothing Daniel back to sleep. Once he was down, she reheated a huge lunch for herself—what used to be a full day's allotment of food—and restarted her show. Unfortunately, her mind was back in K-Town, back in that room. Before she knew it, the little guy's nap was over, saving Mikaella from further self-pitying introspection. She fed him a bottle of formula in front of the TV, letting the true crime program continue to drown out her thoughts, until she heard the key jingle in the lock and shut off the TV.

A few seconds later, the door opened, and Kristine walked inside.

“Hi Mikaella! Hi baby!”

“Hey.”

“Wait, wait, wait! Don't move, I wanna get a picture of you holding him like that!”

Kristine set down her bags by the door and walked over to the couch where Mikaella sat with Daniel in her lap. Mikaella forced a smile, and Kristine took their picture.

“Aw, you look so cuuute together!” She turned her phone around so Mikaella could see.

Awww, it actually is a really cute pic...

Daniel was squirming and giggling with excitement from his mom's return, and his adorable smile came through perfectly. Mikaella was almost reluctant to hand him back to his mother.

“Hi babyyyy! How are you?” cooed Kristine. She picked up her son, kissed his forehead, and started bouncing him in her arms. “Thank you soooo much for babysitting on such short notice! Did my dad help with him at all?”

Mikaella shook her head.

“*Pfft*. Figures. Did he at least behave himself?”

“... He mostly stayed out of my way.”

Kristine rolled her eyes. “Figures. But little Daniel wasn’t too much trouble for you? Did you give your aunty a hard time?”

“No, he was good.”

“You sure? You look a little tired.”

“Um, yeah, a little. Wasn’t his fault, he didn’t wake me up or anything, I just didn’t sleep very well...”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Well, you’re more than welcome to take a nap and stay for dinner, or you could spend the night if you’d like.”

“It’s okay, you don’t have to do all that.”

“Oh yes I do! I never get to see you anymore, and I was too busy with customers the other day to catch up with you.” Kristine sat down on the couch, baby in her lap, and patted the space next to her. “How’s everything been? Are you still living with those karaoke girls in K-Town?”

Reluctantly, Mikaella sat down next to Kristine. “Uh, yeah. Same house, same girls.”

“Do people still have house parties in K-Town? Or do you all just go clubbing together?”

Mikaella tried to keep her tone neutral. “*They* went Saturday night, but I couldn’t go with them because I’m not twenty-one.”

“You don’t have a fake?”

Mikaella shook her head.

“Well, maybe next time you could swing by and borrow my I.D for the night?”

Maybe ten years and twenty pounds ago... “I’m okay, thanks. They promised to make one for me soon.”

“Nice, nice. Soooo, meet any cute guys lately?”

“Nope.”

“Aw come on, Mikaella! You gotta give me more than that! Please? I never get to go out anymore,” Kristine nodded down at the baby boy in her arms currently grabbing at his mother’s hair, “It’s all diapers and Mickey Mouse’s clubhouse over here. I’m dyyyying for some real drama.”

Mikaella sighed and gave in. “Fiiiine, you win. There’s a guy.”

“Ha! I knew it! I knew there was a guy when you asked for highlights and a makeover! Did it work? Did he like them?”

“He did, yeah.”

“Pictures! Come on, whip 'em out!” Kristine slapped her hand on the couch between each word.

Daniel had no idea what they were talking about, but he added his little arms and baby babbling to the chant anyway.

Mikaella groaned internally until she remembered how bare Alkim’s social media was. *Fuck it. Kristine could cyber stalk him all day and come up empty handed.* So, she scooted closer to her nosy cousin anyway and pulled up Alkim’s Instagram page.

“Oh wow, he is cute. Nice body. Wow, even his teeth look perfect. He looks kinda... huh...” Kristine’s brow furrowed, “... actually, what is he? He doesn’t look Filipino.”

“He isn’t.”

“Oh. Is he... Mexican? I honestly can’t tell. What’d you say his name was again?”

I didn’t. “Alkim Wong. He’s really mixed. I thought he was just Wasian or something for a while but apparently he’s half Chinese and half Muslim or something, I think that’s what his first name is supposed to be. He might be part white too, but I’m not really sure about that. I’d have to ask him again.”

“Oh wow, I didn’t know they made ‘em like that.”

“Yeah, Kristine, it’s the twenty-first century.”

Kristine’s head tilted in confusion, “Wait, did you say he’s not Christian?”

Jesus, almost forgot who I was talking to here... “Uhhhhh, no, he’s not.” *Hard to see god when he can’t suck his own dick. Fuck, if Kristine knew even ten percent of what we did in that house she’d probably call in an exorcism for the whole place...*

“Who’s that girl with him? Why aren’t you in any of these pictures?”

Mikaella shrugged. “Those are all his college pics; he doesn't really post much.” *Unless you count our sex tapes.* “See, there’s him and his friends in their, uh…”

“Caps and gowns.”

“Right, yeah. He just graduated a few months ago.”

“Ohhhh, he went to UCLA?”

“Mhm.”

“Was on a scholarship, or could his family actually afford that?”

“Uh, I think his parents paid his tuition. Out of state, actually.”

“Wooooow! So you’re dating a nice rich boy, huh? Is he trying to be a doctor or a businessman?”

Does being a rich doctor cancel out being a heathen? “Doctor or scientist or whatever. I don’t know. It doesn’t really matter anymore.” Mikaella sighed and laid back against the couch cushions, “I’m not sure if it’s really gonna work out between us.”

“Why not? Did something happen? Did he cheat on you?”

Mikaella sat back up and crossed her arms. “No. Well, not exactly—it's complicated.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? Either he cheated on you or he didn’t, what’s complicated about that?”

Oh, Kristine, where to begin? He went partying without me, came back without telling me, and I found him in bed drinking milk from my supposedly lesbian housemate’s giant cowtits, while my other definitely-not-a-lesbian housemate was spooning him.

The image was still burned onto Mikaella’s retinas. “He didn’t exactly cheat on me because I’m not really his girlfriend. Like, we never went exclusive.”

“He sleeps around?! Girl, how is that not a dealbreaker for you?”

Mikaella shook her head. “I don’t really want to talk about it anymore, you wouldn’t understand.”

Kristine placed her hand over Mikaella’s. “Then help me understand. Tell me what you like about him so much that you’d let him walk all over you like that. What’s stopping you from committing to each other?”

Pro: he’s got a great body, a deep voice, he’s educated, he cooks for me, he has all these great ideas like starting a porn site together, his dick tastes like pure perfection, he makes me cum so

hard I go fucking cross-eyed from swallowing, and whenever he calls me his fuckdoll or cumslut I get butterflies in my stomach...

Con: I don't know if he even believes in romance, I'm literally glued to his dick whenever he wants but it's still not enough for him, he was always more into my other housemates, and now one of them is literally feeding him with her gargantuan titties...

Before Mikaella could think of a toned-down version of events to give Kristine, her phone rang. “Hang on a sec.” It was an unknown number, but she picked it up anyway—*anything to get out of this conversation*—and to her relief it wasn't a scammer, but the free clinic calling with her blood test results.

She got off the couch and said to Kristine, “Sorry, I gotta take this.”

Kristine nodded and turned her full attention back to Daniel.

Mikaella ran upstairs to the guest room, shut the door, and confirmed her identity to the nurse. Once that was done, the nurse informed Mikaella that she was STD free.

Yes! We can do it raw! I may not be Vicky hot, but I can do this for him!

“When can I schedule the appointment for my IUD?”

“Well, unfortunately, we can't insert an IUD at this time. There was a complication with your test results...” the nurse trailed off.

“Huh? But you just said I was clean?”

“Yes, you are not carrying any sexually transmitted diseases.”

“Then what's the complication? Please, I just wanna get this done now.”

There was a short pause from the other end. “Can you remember when you last menstruated?”

“My last period? Uhhhhhh, like five weeks ago. Why?” Understanding crushed her like a pallet of bricks. *OH! Shit!* “Wait, you think I'm pregnant! But I can't be pregnant?! We haven't even had sex yet?!”

“Are you saying you've had no sexual contact recently?”

“No sex! Just blowjobs! And fingering! I swear, that's all we did!”

“Mhm. And at any time during these sessions did your or your partner's fingers come into contact with any ejaculate before insertion?”

“Just precum!” *It just felt sooooo goood in my pussy!* “There was no real sex! He never actually came inside me, so I can’t be pregnant!”

There was a long pause from the other end, “Miss, are you aware that precum contains sperm?”

“WHAT? YOU CAN GET PREGNANT FROM PRECUM?!?!?!?”

“... Yes, precum contains sperm, and can still lead to pregnancy.”

“SHIT! SHIT! FUCK!”

The nurse waited for a lull in Mikaella’s frantic swearing before she spoke again, “Miss, would you be interested in a referral for counseling and family planning services? There would be no charge for you, and you’d be able to discuss your options with trained professionals.”

“I-I don’t know...”

“We can circle back to that. There were some other anomalies with your blood test I would like to go over. Are you participating in college sports or anything of that nature?”

“What? No!” Mikaella’s ears glazed over as the doctor went on and on about “blood doping,” or whatever. The whole pregnancy thing was a bit more pressing than something about weird hormones. She declined to schedule another test and hung up the phone. Within seconds she got an automated text that was basically a brochure for what the nurse had already mentioned: family planning, adoption, and abortion talks. Then, a couple seconds later, she got yet another text asking if she was satisfied with the service she’d received and if she could just fill out a survey about it.

Mikaella started to cry, torn up with the unfairness of it all, mourning the life she could have had, rage at her mother for not signing the sex-ed permission slip, and regret over not just fucking Alkim’s magical cock if she was going to get pregnant anyway.

Her only consolation was that she’d lasted two years longer than her mother as a free woman before she was knocked up by the first guy she’d ever even liked.

Fuck! What the hell do I do now?!

The only thing she knew for certain was that she couldn’t stay here. If she stayed she would want to ask Kristine for advice, and that would mean confessing that she was pregnant out of wedlock. *Just like mom.*

Besides, she had a good idea what Kristine would want her to do, and Mikaella wasn’t ready to make that call yet. Plus, there was no way anyone in her family could keep a secret like that.

If the family knew I was pregnant, and then I didn’t keep it...

Mikaella didn't even want to think about how they might react. She couldn't take that risk, she had to act like there was absolutely nothing wrong. She grabbed a pillow off the bed and screamed into it until her lungs were empty and burning. When she threw it down, she saw the wet spots where her eyes and lips had met the pillow formed a crude face, like her screams were locked into the fabric. She slowed her breathing, stifled her tears, blew her nose, washed her face in the adjoining bathroom sink, and checked her appearance in the bathroom mirror. Thankfully, since she wasn't wearing makeup, there was no real evidence that she'd been crying besides some redness to her eyes, which she covered up with sunglasses.

She grabbed her overnight bag and went back downstairs.

"Everything okay? I thought I heard yelling." Kristine stopped fussing with Daniel's hair, looked over to Mikaella and noticed her bag. "Oh, heading out already?"

"Yeah, gotta get going. There's some stuff I have to do. Like, right now."

Kristine pouted theatrically and dangled her son at eye level, "Awwww, you hear that, Daniel? Your auntie's a very busy girl, yes she is!" She looked back to Mikaella, "Some other time then. Want me to give you a ride back?"

Mikaella shook her head, "I'm good, thanks. See you later."

"Alright. Next time then. Say 'bye Mikaella!'"

Daniel just giggled adorably while Kristine waved his arm for him.

It was unbearably cute, cuter than Mikaella could stand for another second. She gave Kristine a curt "Bye," and was out the door before she could be slowed down by any more polite small talk or adorable baby babbling. By the time Mikaella's shoes touched the sidewalk, her mind was already a million miles away.

What if the doctors fucked up the test? They probably fuck up all the time! I need to get a second opinion.

She marched straight into the nearest drugstore and bought a box of pregnancy tests, but had to check four more stores before she found a public restroom. She ripped the box open, skimmed the instructions, hiked down her shorts, and tried one of the tests.

Positive.

She tried another one.

Also positive.

Come one, third time's the charm...

Still positive.

“Fuck!”

Mikaella chucked the rest of the box into the trash and ran outside. Halfway down the block, she saw a boba shop and went in to order a large drink just so she could get one of those big, fat straws to suck on. It was a poor substitute for Alkim’s magic dick, but she was willing to try anything that might help clear her mind.

Sucking a straw did jack shit. She was almost to the point of tears all over again when her phone vibrated.

If it’s about that fucking survey again I’m gonna kill them!

It wasn’t the survey: Alkim had finally texted back.

Mikaella’s heart skipped a beat.

Alkim: Hey!

Alkim: Just finished a run

Alkim: Sorry I didn’t reply Saturday night

Alkim: I passed out like right after my last message

Alkim: Didn’t wake up until 4pm yesterday

Alkim: And I had to rush straight into something else

Alkim: loool

Alkim: It’s a crazy story

Alkim: To crazy to text it all

Alkim: Where are you btw?

Alkim: Can I come pick you up?

This was her water in the desert, her relief from torment, her Hail Mary. Still, she hesitated.

What the hell do you even say to your man after you saw him sucking breastmilk from your housemate’s massive udders in his sleep, AND you just found out you’re carrying his child?! What would Dr. Phil say???

She had no idea, yet even the mere suggestion of getting back to Alkim was enough to set her off. Her skin flushed with heat, her thighs squeezed together, while her mouth and pussy wetted for a dick that wasn’t even present. Her mind was already clouded, her emotions cranked up to eleven, and now she was maddeningly horny on top of everything else.

She needed answers; she needed comfort; she needed that magic dick in her mouth.

Without further debate, she texted Alkim her location, and he immediately replied that he would be there in a few minutes. So, she waited in front of the boba shop, sucked on her straw and tried not to cry.

Six and a half minutes later, as promised, Alkim's convertible pulled up in front of Mikaella's table. Without wiping her face, she hurriedly opened the passenger side, slid into the low seat, and slammed the door behind her.

"Maaaaan, you're not going to believe wha—hey, is something wrong?"

The moment she locked eyes with him, two days of mounting cock lust, and one thousand years' worth of relationship drama spilled out like water from a broken dam.

"IS SOMETHING WRONG?! You said we would record something when you got back! You said you would text me back! You promised I could blow you! Then I find you sleeping with Vicky AND Kate! Oh yeah! KATE WAS BREASTFEEDING YOU! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?"

For the first time in weeks, Mikaella found herself short of breath.

Alkim just sat there with raised eyebrows, processing her tirade for several seconds before letting out a simple, "Wow."

"Wow? That's all you have to say? WOW?!"

"Okay, damn! I'm sorry! I just didn't know Kate did that... while I was sleeping."

"Seriously?! The hell you didn't know!" *Oh my god! He said she asked him for sperm before! Shit!* "Wait! Is that why Kate's tits got so fucking fat! Did you seriously knock her up! I've been-MMFH!"

Before Mikaella could fire off an artillery barrage of questions, Alkim wrapped his strong, sweaty forearms around her back and pulled her body tightly against his own. The sudden, jerking motion caught her off-guard, and her hands instinctively tried to push against his chest. Yet she was instantly sapped of all resistance the instant their lips made contact.

His tongue slipped past her defenses with ease, while his hands wiped her face clean of any remaining tears, simultaneously mixing his scent into every breath she took.

Mikaella's surprised yelp cooled into affectionate purring. She tried to hold onto her emotions, to her righteous anger, but the fury, confusion, jealousy, and sadness all fell from her mind, replaced by the usual mixture of calm and lust that Alkim always seemed to bring.

Her body sagged against his muscular frame. She started to reciprocate, kissing him back with feverish need, leaning into him, groping the skin under his sweaty tank top. They stayed locked together swapping spit for what seemed like hours before Alkim abruptly pulled away, releasing the dumbstruck Filipina with a wet "pop" before casually wiping his lips clean on the back of his hand. Without his support, Mikaella sagged back into her seat.

“Feel better now?” Alkim asked while paying more attention to his side view mirrors.

“*Mhm*,” she sighed, flying high as a kite. Alkim had smothered all her feelings and questions oh so easily. Even the weight of the baby she carried faded away like a dream.

“Good. Seatbelt, please.”

She didn’t put on her seatbelt, but Alkim started driving home anyway, filling the silence with his recounting of last Saturday night.

“I’m really sorry you walked in on that last night without any context. That must have been pretty... shocking. And I’m sorry I didn’t text you back until today: I probably did that ADHD thing where I accidentally clear all my notifications without reading the messages, then forget about them. Or I was just too wasted.” He raised his fingers as if to say “whoops” without taking his palms off the wheel. “Either way, my bad. Things got so crazy that night, you wouldn’t believe it. I’m not even sure where to begin...”

He just... forgot?

Alkim’s carelessness should have been infuriating... but Mikaella just couldn’t seem to get mad at him. The pressure was all gone, that valve couldn’t blow again. Still, the absence of anger left room for other feelings. The kiss had helped to calm her down, but like eating a snack after a long fast, it only reminded her of how hungry she was.

The calm that washed over her had also washed away any concerns she may have once held about public indecency laws. Without ever deciding to, her body began to lean down over the center console, lowering her head to his crotch. Her well-practiced hands reached for the half-hard cock in his shorts, as if it already expected this move.

Alkim twitched in surprise, but caught on almost as quickly as his dick. “Really? Right now? Can you just wait a few minutes?”

She didn’t say anything, just tugged his elastic shorts and underwear down to free her prize. Once she pulled them partway down his dick slipped up and out, waving back and forth like it was saying “hello.”

I missed you too!

“Uh, Mikaella?” He waved a hand in front of her face. “Hello? Seriously, are you okay?”

She heard him but replying was not a priority for her, not with his dick occupying her entire field of vision, the tip already glistening with her favorite and apparently-sperm-filled fluid. Two days of abstinence had been pure agony, an agony she resolved to never endure again. But now it was here, and it was all hers.

She opened her mouth wide, dropped her head, and inhaled the upper third of that dick in one fluid motion. Her lips sealed shut, while her tongue coiled around his girth like a snake.

“Oooohhh, goddaamn, girl... You know I love this enthusiasm, but could you give me more of a warning next time?”

She continued to ignore his words, sliding her mouth further down, past the halfway point, and brought her right hand around to jerk him off from the base.

The dual stimulation was almost too much for Alkim. “Oh, fuck! Mikael-AH!” He bucked up into her mouth, bashing his cockhead into the opening of her throat. “Do you want us to get caught?”

Still, Mikaela did not relent. The cock appreciated her efforts, and granted her a powerful spritzing of precum, enough to coat her mouth. She hummed in gratitude and hollowed out her cheeks to slurp up even more. There were so, so many things she loved about Alkim’s dick: the taste, the size, the way it made her cum, and the way it got her high. But her favorite thing about sucking this dick had to be the way it immediately rewarded her efforts to please it. She could literally taste his satisfaction in every drop.

“Ah! You know, if this was a manual, you could have gotten us killed... blocking the stick like that... mmm...”

Then I would have died happy... mmmm...

Whatever Alkim’s feelings may have been about the inherent dangers of road-head, he couldn’t hold her back with his hands on the wheel and his feet on the pedals.

“Can’t you wait until we get to the house?”

HELL NO! She shook her head and growled around his boner. *Like I’m gonna let Vicky or Kate steal one drop of this load?*

He seemed to take her meaning. “Fuck! Ooooooh! Alright... you win, just keep it slow until I can pull over. I promise, if you just let me take us a couple more miles first, then you can suck it as hard as you want.”

Ugh, fiiiine. Reluctantly, she slowed her cock worship so that he wouldn't cum until they got back to the house.

“Ahhhh, good girl, just like that...” He gave her hair a nice long pet.

Oh my god, yessss. I loooove being his good girl...

Mikaela hadn’t realized just how much she’d been waiting to hear those two words until she literally vibrated with glee. That sudden injection of dopamine was almost enough to ramp her

back up again, until she remembered that specific “good girl” was her reward for slowing down and not trying to get him to cum in the middle of traffic. His good girl had to hold his approved pace, and so she did.

As it turned out, the additional mental bandwidth was just enough for Alkim to drive and talk despite his suckslut’s expert edging.

“Oh yeah, I never told you what happened the other night. Literally, right when I was going to text you a picture of that guy Hannah was flirting with, I saw him spike her drink with something.”

“Frglrllr?” *For real?*

“I tried to warn her about this guy, but she wouldn’t believe me. Trusted me less than some random asshole at the club.”

Ugh, fucking Hannah!

Mikaella did her best to growl in anger, but even her baseline hatred of the blonde thief was temporarily muted. All she managed to do was Alkim’s dick a nice little hummer that resulted in yet another spurt of calming precum.

“I know, right? Didn’t think Hannah hated me *that* much.” He petted her hair for a second before putting his hand back on the wheel. “Ahhhhh, just like that. Anyway, I was pretty wasted by that point, and I figured, ‘Fuck it! Hannah doesn’t believe me? Fine, I’ll prove he spiked it!’ So, I drank it. I drank the whole fucking roofie.”

“Glargh?” *What?*

Alkim sighed. “I know, I know. Not exactly my smartest moment, but I was crossed enough to think one roofie wouldn’t be that big a deal for me. I mean, I’m me: I don’t vomit, and I don’t black out. Ever. But that was pretty much the last thing I remember. Vicky and Kate had to fill me in on the rest: they took me home and stayed with me to make sure I didn’t throw up in my sleep and choke to death, pretty good thinking on their part. That’s why you found us all together.”

Ooooooh, so that’s why they were sleeping with him... God, I can’t believe Hannah made him do that to himself! Fucking bitch ruined everyone’s night and I was mad at Alkim? Stupid! I should have known he wouldn’t break his promise without a good reason. Guess I should thank Kate and Vicky for keeping him safe... Wait, no, what about the milk?

Vicky finding some flimsy excuse to get a little handsy or grindy with Alkim was old news; that happened almost every time they got drunk together. But Kate’s lactation wasn’t so easily explained away. Mikaella tried to ask about it, but all that came out were more sputtering, cock gargling sounds.

Thankfully, Alkim guessed where her mind was.

“Right, the breast milk. I can see why that must have come as a surprise.” The car stopped temporarily, and he rubbed her back affectionately until they started rolling again. “To answer your question from earlier, no Kate isn’t pregnant, she just has some hormonal imbalance that caused her to start lactating the other week. I know there’s a medical name for it, just can’t remember right now... *Mmmm*. I’ve been helping her deal with it, showed her how to use a breast pump.”

No fucking way... Hormones? Could it really be that simple?

Mikaella tried to puzzle it out without ever stopping her increasingly sloppy blowjob, but she was missing a lot of critical information, and she couldn’t exactly ask him anything while her mouth was occupied. She’d never heard of a girl just spontaneously lactating on her own. But then again, it’s not like there was ever anything normal about Kate, or those huge fucking tits of hers. Besides, she had no reason to doubt him about science stuff.

I guess if anyone could start lactating out of nowhere, it would have to be Katie-cow.

For his part, Alkim just kept on talking and driving, completely oblivious to her internal turmoil.

“So far she’s been pumping them once or twice a day, but I’ve sucked the milk out of her a few times. No lies, it’s fucking delicious. *Mmm mmm*. I’m getting thirsty just thinking about it.” True to his words, Alkim reached over Mikaella to grab his protein shake from the cupholder and took a long swig.

Ugh! Seriously? He actually likes the titty monster’s milk? Blech!

Even the girl that drank Alkim’s cum by the mouthful still found the idea of drinking Kate’s breastmilk too bizarre and taboo (though, not bizarre enough for her to even consider ending the blowjob early).

“So we’ve been doing that for a bit, but I honestly didn’t know she did that the other night until you just brought it up. If I had to guess, Kate must have needed to milk herself, but she had to make sure I didn’t vomit in the night. I’ll have to ask her later. Huh, I guess that explains why I woke up without a headache: Kate kept me hydrated all through the night.” He shrugged nonchalantly, like none of this was even that big a deal. “You can ask her if you want.”

Better believe I’m asking her...

“But maybe don’t tell anyone else without Kate’s permission, okay? You know how she is about her image.”

Mikaella rolled her eyes.

There's no way she's a real lesbian. Letting a guy suck the milk from your tits has to put her somewhere in the middle of that... K-something scale. She's gotta be secretly bi. That, or that's his mouth just feels that good on her nips... oh. Oooooohhh... Damn, maybe Kate's not as crazy as I thought.

“So yeah. That’s what happened Saturday night. I didn’t wake up until four in the afternoon on Sunday, and I had to go meet with someone about... something.”

Someone? Something? Who is she?

“HUUH?” She gargled while trying to ask for clarification.

Those weren't really words, but he seemed to get her anyway. “Can you keep another secret?” He asked.

She nodded.

Alkim grunted and shook his head, “I can’t tell the difference between you nodding for yes and you bobbing your head because you’re sucking my dick. Can’t do that whole ‘blink once for yes, twice for no’ thing either while I’m driving. Hmmm... Okay, how about you tap my leg once for yes, twice for no.”

Fuck, that's soooo smart of him...

She tapped his leg once.

Alkim smiled and briefly caressed her cheek with his right hand without looking down. “Okay then. For now, just keep what I’m about to say between us. I’ll tell everyone in the house when the time is right.”

Mikaella felt the car turn and come to a halt.

Alkim had to reach under her chest for the stick to put the car in park before he could turn off the engine. He took the moment to squeeze her slightly enlarged tits, then pulled his keys from the ignition.

“If it’s all the same to you, I’d rather not get any cum in my car.”

Then he grabbed a fistful of Mikaella’s hair and began pulling her up and off his dick.

NOOOOO!!!

Torn between compliance and her desire for more cock, cocklust won out. She whined and tried to stay locked down, but he was so much stronger than her. It also probably didn’t help that this show of strength made her weak in the knees and wet in her panties. All she could do was keep on sucking up his shaft as she went, and hope that she didn’t spill any precum.

“Damn, Mikaella, would you please just relax? I promise, we can finish this inside.”

Even with his promise, she still couldn't let go of his dick on her own, though she was able to stop resisting the tugging on her hair. Only when the seal was broken and every drop of precum was swallowed could Mikaella finally use her words.

“Hurry uuuuupppp! Pleeeeease! I've waited sooo loonggg!” She whined like a puppy with her bone taken away.

“Alright, alright, just stay calm.” He pulled up his shorts, grabbed the shake bottle from the cupholder, and got out of the car.

Mikaella followed him like a thirsty shadow. It was only after he unlocked the door that she noticed the porch they were standing on was both unfamiliar and far more expensive than theirs. She looked around in befuddlement, and realized they were in a much nicer neighborhood altogether.

“Wait, where are we? How do you have a key to this place? Oh! Is this an Airbnb? Did you rent us an Airbnb?”

Alkim grinned, “All part of the surprise.” He turned his hand, the lock clicked, and the door pushed open.

More cum-hungry than curious, Mikaella rushed inside and began throwing off her shoes before the door even closed. By the time he'd locked it, her shirt and shorts were already on the floor, while her sodden panties were halfway down her legs. While she waited for Alkim to shed his minimal clothing, she took in the living room, with its white walls and plain, yet moderately pricey, furniture, bouncing in place all the while.

Nice couch too... a perfect dick-sucking couch. Ugh! Fuck!

She hugged his side and rubbed his hard cock through his shorts. “Please, please, pleeeeeease! Don't make me wait anymore! Just let me suck it alreadyyyy!”

Alkim shook his head, as if *she* was the one being unreasonable. “Alright, alright.” He set his bottle down on the coffee table, emptied his pockets, threw off his shorts, settled onto the black leather couch, and spread his thighs. “You can-OH!”

Mikaella did not need to hear the rest of that sentence: she'd been patient for far too long, and now she was going to get what had been denied to her for what was now two days and *several* agonizing minutes. She dropped to her knees on the carpeted floor, right between his legs, and picked up right where she'd left off. Her lips slid down, and down until her mouth had enveloped more than half of his dick. She savored that feeling of fullness for a few seconds before she began bobbing her head with near dizzying speed.

“GLUCK! GLUCK!”

Her work was not unappreciated: Alkim sank deeper into the couch, slid his legs forward, and released another hit of precum for her to gulp down greedily.

“MMMHHMM!” *More! More!*

“*Aaahhh...* I know it’s only been two days, but damn if I didn’t miss that mouth of yours... *Mmmmm...* Fucking hell, where was I? I finished Saturday, right? Oh yeah. Have you ever met Ania, the landlady?”

She was so absorbed in her task, so taken by her cravings, that she didn’t register his question for several seconds.

Ania?

Mikaella remembered meeting her a few months ago, just before Alkim moved in, when she came by the house to inspect a broken shower. Mostly, she remembered the older woman's insanely expensive jewelry and her massive ass, which Mikaella assumed was surgically enhanced.

She tapped once.

“Well, she wants to put our house up for sale, and last week she gave us a three-month eviction notice.”

Three months??? Why the fuck did I not know about that? Why the fuck didn’t he tell me sooner?!

They hadn’t agreed on the number of slaps for “What the hell?!” meaning Mikaella was limited to gargling and whining around his shaft in surprise.

“I know, right? The bare minimum legal notice. What a fucking bitch...” Alkim started petting her hair while she worked. “But yeah, she offered to show me some other property of hers that we could rent. This place.”

Wait, this isn’t an Airbnb?

He laid back into the cushions while Mikaella continued to blow him with almost mechanical efficiency, utilizing every technique in her ball-draining arsenal to get him off as quickly as possible. She noisily slurped up and down his length while her hands jerked him off with that twisting motion he loved so much. After a minute of this, she shifted to massaging his giant cum factories with one hand, while she swallowed his shaft down to the root. Thankfully, her gag reflex had been eliminated weeks ago, and the clenching spasms brought her no real discomfort.

Every time she took him to the base, her chin pressed into those fucking balls of his. So huge, so warm. All the cum she could ever want, just beneath the surface. But she had to please the cock first. Thankfully, the cock loved it, showing its approval by regularly basting her throat in dense precum, and Mikaella hummed in delight with each miniature release, each one larger than a lesser man's entire load.

“Oh fuck, yeah, just like that. *Mmmm*, good suckslut...” He pet her hair lazily, lightly, so as not to get in the way of her cock worship. “Anyway, Ania suggested the tour with a lot of innuendo. I'm honestly not sure if her offer for this place was ever serious, or if she only intended to coerce me into sex and then quote me a price I'd never be able to pay. But I wasn't going to let her take advantage of me—of us. So, yesterday, we met up here, and she gave me that tour. One thing led to another, and I fucked her brains out.”

WHAT??? “GLAHAT?”

“Yup.” He tucked away some stray hairs and stroked her cheeks again. “Does that bother you? Me fucking her, right here, in this very house?”

Are you fucking kidding me? Asshole!

This time she slapped his thigh. Though probably nowhere near hard enough to cause him any real pain, it was all the rebellion she could muster with his dick in her mouth.

“I guess that's fair enough, but we never really talked about exclusivity. Still, I think once you hear my reasoning you'll agree it was worth it.”

Why the fuck does he think I'd be okay with that? Do all guys think “technically not cheating” means “fuck all the sluts you want”? Ugh!

“Can you taste her on me?”

Mikaella shouldn't have taken that as an instruction to look for residual pussy juices, but her tongue immediately began lashing against every square inch of that cock, seeking out any imperfections in the taste, the aroma, the mouthfeel, and came up empty.

Mmmmm... no... tastes as perfect as ever...

Mikaella tapped his thigh twice.

Alkim grinned down at her. “I was just kidding about tasting her on me, I showered after.”

Dick! Mmmm, dick... She swallowed his full length again.

“There's nothing I could say or do that would make you want to stop blowing me, is there?”

Fuck, he's right...

Once Mikaella got a taste of him, stopping became completely unthinkable. Her mouth was only hers so long as it wasn't occupied in service of that fucking cock. It just felt too good to stop, and now they both knew it.

Two more taps. That earned her some affectionate hair petting from Alkim. "Good. I'm glad we both get to enjoy this."

Mikaella still didn't know if she should be angry that Alkim fucked someone else, jealous that yet another much curvier woman had jumped ahead, or if she should be turned on by his studliness. She settled for feeling all of them at once, which only made her want Alkim's load even more, which caused her to intensify her oral activities.

"Do you remember—*ahhhh*—the second time you blew me? When you said cumming a lot was my superpower? That you could have it every day and never get sick of the taste?"

Of course, I'll always remember.

She tapped once.

"I didn't really believe you at first. I mean, I knew it wasn't normal cum just by the amount, but superpowers? That just didn't seem possible. I just thought that you had a serious cum fetish or something."

Just the word "cum" from his deep voice spurred Mikaella into higher gear, and she started fucking her own face on his stationary cock, letting his cock punch in and out of her throat once a second.

"Oooooohhhh goddamn... I understand why now: it's not just a fetish for you, it's a *need*. An addiction. You're addicted to my dick."

It wasn't a question, but she tapped yes all the same.

"I'll bet that even if a fucking cop pulled us over, you would have kept sucking."

Tap.

Alkim grabbed a handful of her hair, even when he didn't need to control her movements. The attention sent waves of pleasure down Mikaella's spine that made her shudder in place. Maybe she was addicted to that too.

"*Ahhhhhh!* Fuck, you've gotten so fucking good at this! *Mmmmm!* Ania's not half as good as you."

Yesss! Fuck you, old cunt! I'm still the best suckslut!

“Yesssss, just like that... I owe it all to you, Mikaella, Truly.” He rubbed his knuckles down her sunken right cheek as she sucked and sucked and sucked away. “Well, you and Kate; the two of you opened my eyes, showed me my real potential, taught me that my body is... special.”

I knew it! He really is magic!

Mikaella squealed and slapped yes in agreement, sucking down another shot of that special precum.

“Mmmm, good girl. And now, thanks to Ania, I learned that even first timers love the taste like nothing else.”

Fuck! The secret's out! Now I'll have to shaaaaare! Ugh!

Mikaella slurped even harder, determined to at least have this load all to herself.

“Jealous, are we?” He chuckled. “Well, Ania went fucking crazy for it, begged me to fuck her. One evening, that’s all it took: one time, and I got her to agree to rent us this much better house at a very, *very* steep discount. All she wanted in exchange was a couple of hard dickings every week.”

Wait, what? He used his dick to get us this bigass house?!?

“Oh, fuck! I’m so close! Keep going! Don’t slow down!!”

While Mikaella’s mind was reeling with that information, her body didn’t miss a thing. She sucked even harder, faster, until her tongue thrummed from that telltale twitching, while her hands felt his enormous seed factories lift. Without an audience to please, she was free to consume this load in the most efficient way possible. She swallowed down more and more dick, until the fat cockhead was pulsing against the opening of her throat, then sealed her lips tightly around the base of his shaft. Her long nails dug into his thighs for traction.

“Oooohhhhh yesss, here it comes... come and get your cum, slut... *Ahhhh!*” Alkim groaned one last time before loosing his monstrous load down his suckslut’s throat.

Mikaella felt the first sprays splatter against her throat and instinctively held her breath while a nearly continuous stream of pure energy poured into her, soothing and coating her esophagus the whole way down.

There was no drug on Earth that could compare with the taste of pure, undiluted Alkim. Its effect was overwhelming, and it kicked in almost instantaneously, more like a snorted line or an IV than a drink. Her vision went cloudy, her brain turned fuzzy, her pussy flooded, and her clit twitched sympathetically, even though nothing was touching it. Her inner walls clenching madly for a cock that was plugging up an entirely different hole.

YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!YES!

As he came, so did she: a moaning, mewling, twitching, messy orgasm that was equally incomparable to anything she'd experienced from anyone or anything else. Love and lust became indistinguishable within her cumdrunk mind, and that love and lust was directed at the only one who could ever make her feel this good.

Each throatful of seed felt better than the last. Two days of cravings were satisfied in less than two minutes. When his cock finally stopped twitching, Mikaella pulled up with continuous suction whilst simultaneously massaging the shaft with her hands, like she was squeezing out the final globs from a tube of toothpaste. For her devotion, she was rewarded with one final spoonful of cum right on her tongue.

“Mmmmmmm,” she hummed with unambiguous delight, swishing it around until it coated every tastebud. It was a wonderful gift, but far too wonderful to savor for long. She swallowed that last morsel almost immediately, and only after her tongue had licked the entirety of her mouth clean did she finally unseal her lips from the head of Alkim's cock.

There were no leftovers in the corners of her lips, and not a strand connecting her mouth to Alkim's cock. There wasn't even any drool on her chin. She had cleanly and completely sucked down his entire load; not a single drop had escaped her.

“Feeling better now?” asked Alkim.

“Yesssss,” Mikaella purred. She climbed up from the floor onto his lap and rested against his strong, hard body, his cock slowly softening against her ass. She felt like a new woman again; happy, balanced, sated, like she could finally relax in peace without her brain screaming at her to acquire some cum.

Alkim smiled and leaned over to kiss her forehead. “I'm sorry I kept you waiting for so long. I should have known missing a day would be really uncomfortable for you. I promise I won't let that happen again.” Then he reached past her to grab his protein shake off the coffee table and started chugging it down.

“I forgive you,” she whispered under her breath.

He finished the shake with a satisfied “*ahh*,” set the bottle on the table, then swept his arms up towards the high ceiling. “So, what do you think?”

“Huh?”

“This place? Pretty swanky, huh? Hell of an upgrade over our current space.”

“Oh.” Now that her vision wasn't occupied with her lover's dick and balls, Mikaella was able to take in the living room of this two-story place and had to admit it was indeed one hell of an upgrade. “Woooooow. Yeah, it's, like, twice the size of my cousin's house. I've never lived in a place like this before.”

“And now you can.”

“Can we really afford it?”

“I said so, didn’t I? Got Ania to give us a discount.”

“How big?”

Alkim grinned, “Guess.”

She looked around the living room and tried to estimate the regular monthly rent of this place. Only, this whole neighborhood was so far out of her experience, she had no idea how much it would have to be discounted before she could consider living here.

“Thirty percent?”

Alkim shook his head, “More.”

“Fifty?”

“More.”

Oh, wow. “Uhhh, seventy-five?”

“Even more.”

No fucking way it’s... “Free?”

“Ding, ding, ding!” He drummed his hands on her ass with each ding. “We have a winner!”

Mikaella was stunned. Of course, it should have been hard to believe that any sex could really be worth that much, especially for someone that made her money renting out property. Yet after all she’d seen and tasted of Alkim, it really wasn’t that much of a stretch.

Would’ve been the easiest decision of my life... if I had a whole extra house to burn.

“But what if she changes her mind?” asked Mikaella.

She didn’t know if that was even possible after tasting Alkim, but she did know that rich landlords didn’t just give up on easy money without a fight. This was an awful lot to rest on one dick, even on a dick as perfect and magical and super addictive as Alkim’s.

“I thought about that too. But while we were talking, she let slip that her husband was really the one with the money, and that she was still scared of what would happen if he found out about us.

So, just in case Ania ever decided to go back on our arrangement, I took some blackmail pictures while she wasn't looking."

Oh fuck. Wooow. That's... actually really fucking smart of him... damn, why didn't I ever think of that?

"Wanna see?" he asked, excitement and pride written all over his face.

YES! YES! YES! SHOW ME THAT FUCKING SKANK! "Sure."

Alkim smirked and turned his phone towards her. The sight took Mikaella's breath away: it was for sure their landlady, only the rich bitch was almost unrecognizable with so much of that precious cum splattered all over her face, neck, breasts, spilling out of her mouth. The experienced cumslut had no trouble recognizing the look of unrestrained ecstasy on Ania's face, though it still hurt to think of so much cum going to waste like that.

Bitch better not have washed it off!

Mikaella felt her thirst returning already and barely choked down a throaty moan. But that wasn't all; Alkim swiped further on, and she saw even more pictures of their landlady lying senseless on the bed, only this time her pussy was exposed and overflowing with pure, white gold.

This time her lusty moan slipped free despite all attempts at keeping her cool. *Gooood, why can't that be meeee!*

"So, where were you these last two days?" asked Alkim, apparently bored with the topic of mind-blowing, house-buying sex.

Mikaella was still lost amidst thoughts of intense, sweaty, raw sex, and didn't even register his words for several seconds.

"Huh? Oh, I was babysitting for my cousin, Kristine. Y'know, uh, the one who did my highlights."

"Oh cool. I love babies. How old?"

"He's about eight months—" Suddenly, the fact of her own pregnancy and the words from his mouth crashed into her like a truck. A sudden vertigo took her, while her hands instinctively clutched her belly. Yet, beneath it all, hope blossomed. "Wait, you do?"

"Hmm? Do I what?"

"Love babies? Do you really?"

"Oh yeah, love them. Probably more than adults sometimes. That's probably what I miss most about home; babysitting, playing with all my little cousins, answering their endless questions

about dinosaurs.” He smiled at the memories and kept rambling while she was stuck processing this revelation. “Actually, when I was volunteering in that hospital last year, the first rotation I signed up for was the post-partum, I mean, the maternity ward. I mostly watched over crack babies, since the healthy ones would just be with their mothers. Some jaundice babies too. Got to hold them, feed them, sing to them, that sort of thing. Just wish I could’ve done more.”

Oh my god!

As desirable as this information was, it was hard to reconcile with his drug-dealing party boy reputation. Mikaella had to know for certain.

“Would you ever want to have kids of your own?” *Ugh, stupid! That made me sound like a baby-crazy ho!*

Thankfully, Alkim suspected nothing, “Oh yeah, definitely, kids have always been part of my life plan. At least two or three.”

Mikaella melted with relief.

Wow, he'd want me to keep it? Huh... maybe having Alkim's baby wouldn't be so bad? He's got good genes for sure. REALLY good genes... We could make a beautiful, mixed, smart... special baby, who could grow up into a very, VERY, special person. And Alkim's already provided a home for us. Hell, he's already done more for me than my deadbeat dad and all my sugar daddies put together, and he did all that with nothing but his dick! What more could I want in a baby daddy? Or maybe even a husband?

It was a better deal than any woman in her family had gotten, and that wasn't even counting the dick that made her see God. Mikaella's mother always spoke of her missing father in dismissive, venomous tones. Pure hatred, that's all she'd ever felt for her own baby daddy. Mikaella didn't think it was possible for her to ever hate Alkim like that, to hate someone that made her so happy, so safe, whose cock was so perfect she couldn't help but drop to her knees every time she saw it. This was a totally different situation. For sure. Still, Mikaella knew she couldn't keep him to herself with just her mouth to pleasure him. He had Ania's pussy on speed dial, and Kate's giant, milky tits on tap.

Wait... She cupped her hands around her swollen breasts. If I keep the baby, they'll get a lot bigger than this. Is that what he wants? Would he want to fuck me more if my tits were big and milky like Kates's? If my ass was fat like Ania's?

Decades of internalized fat shaming were flipped in an instant. After all, what was the point in counting calories and skipping meals when the only man that mattered liked his women thicker. All her concerns about being a nineteen-year-old mother were sidelined in favor of more important things.

Oh gawwwwd, I NEEEEED to feel that dick in my pussyyyy! I need to keep up! I can't let that fatass-rich-bitch cut to the front of the line! I deserve my own magical creampie!

“Oh! Speaking of babies!”

Alkim just stared at her quizzically.

Wait, no! Fuck! What am I saying?! Mikaella slapped her forehead. “Ugh! That’s not what I meant! Not babies! The opposite!” Mikaella stopped and took a deep breath to right herself before she embarrassed herself further. “I meant to say that after babysitting, I got an IUD today!”

Alkim’s eyes and smile widened. “Oh, shit! Really?”

“Yes!” she lied. “So will you just fuck me already!”

Not like I can get a double-pregnant!