

Hitched from Hitch hiking

Written by ***Song of the Swollen***

Inspired by the Art of ***Bun in the Oven***

Sara let out a beleaguered sigh as she stepped out of her old Volvo 850, her small arms straining a bit as the rusty door groaned in protest. The young Asian girl shivered against the cold and zipped her jacket up over her large belly, the girl had been knocked up some six months ago. The virile seed had planted itself more than once in her womb, causing the doctor to laugh and make some remark about 'birthing a litter' when she went for her ultrasound.

Sara had not found it amusing.

Her long lashed, dark brown eyes narrowed at the sky above, almost as if she could pierce it through willpower alone before she cast them down to the steaming hunk of metal she called a car. Her jeggings stretched in protest across her bubbly ass, as she lifted the hood up and bent over it, her unknowledgeable hands touching one thing or another before she threw her hands up in distress. "I don't know what any of this is... a flat tire I may have been able to deal with..." She said to herself, ebony silky hair spilling out of her wool hat.

The light of her phone illuminated her soft features in the failing light, as she dialled roadside assistance. "Sorry little lady," was the response on the phone, "snowstorm's got everyone holed up 'till it passes, I'm sure you can flag someone down." The feminine form cursed and kicked her tire, her large breasts jiggling in the process.

Jacob was on his way home, warily eyeing the dark storm clouds on the horizon. He shook his head, knowing the storm would be bad. But, he would be home soon, at his ranch, so he just sat back, humming along to the Country music playing in the radio. His lean, six foot three inches tall body was clad in jeans, and a button down black shirt, as his gray eyes watched the road before him. He did not want to hit a patch of ice, or anything else, and be stuck out on the road, when the storm hit. As he rounded a bend in the road, he saw a cute, and very pregnant girl by the side of the road, next to a car that was clearly in trouble. Pulling off the road, he moved over to the big bellied pregnant girl, smiling kindly, as he said, "Hi, Miss. You seem to be having car trouble. Do you need help?"

Sara's ears perked up as the telltale rumble of an engine started coming up the lonely stretch of road. She hoped they would stop, she'd do anything to get off this asphalt and warm up! However, she was quite surprised that her knight in shining armor would be so handsome... that was fairy tale stuff... wasn't it? Biting her lip in her nervousness she stood up on her tip toes in order to rest her heavy rack on his window sill. Her jacket left just enough unzipped to see the beginning dip of her cleavage, a dark valley the country boy was probably more than willing to get lost in.

"H-hello... sir." She said shyly, her eyes travelling from his boots to those steely grey eyes that rivalled the sky. "I... yeah... car trouble." She looked back at the Volvo wagon sadly, "She finally gave it up, I think. Could you take a look?"

Jacob just looked at the girl for a moment. From a distance, she was cute. Up close, she was gorgeous, sexy, and hot! Her eyes were all warm and bright, her lips full and soft...slender face, a face that was model quality beautiful to him, framed by flowing, black, hair. Man, if the rest of her looked this good, any man would be lucky to have her in his life!

At her question, Jacob made himself focus. He was about to say her car was a lost cause, when a rush of cold wind and freezing rain poured down on her, and into the truck a bit, making him curse. He leapt out of his truck, rushed around to the passenger side, and all but lifted the girl bodily into the truck, to get her out of the icy rain and wind. Then, rushing back around, he

jumped back in the truck, and handed her his coat, to help her warm up. A moment later, they were driving down the road again.

Sara winced while clutching on the windowsill, her eyes screwing shut and the bare flesh leading down to her cleavage getting goose pimples. "Nnn, th-that's cold," she whimpered. She cursed her life again... or at least her car. Her life hadn't been going too well since her long-term boyfriend left her. With quite a few presents to deal with, she thought. When she opened her eyes, she was surprised to see her good looking rescuer moving about the front of the truck and lifting her up as if she were a doll. Her face turned red as he carried her up, and sat her on the bench seat, thighs pressed tightly together, and seatbelt safely nestled between her two mounds.

The rain lashed against the windows as they drove, punctuated by the windshield wipers slapping back and forth. She pulled his coat around her and breathed into her hands, trying to warm them up. His scent permeated the fabric, a working man's jacket that he likely wore every day. She glanced sideways at him, making sure his eyes were on the road before she closed her eyes and took a long draught, relishing the musk. She shook her head and straightened up a bit, drawing even more attention to her burgeoning belly. "So..." she started, not really sure what to say. She had been broken down on the side of the road one second, and was now going gods knew where with someone she had just met. Play it safe. "I-is there a mechanic close by or...?"

Jacob gave the girl a crooked grin. "I am afraid not, and this storm has potential to be a bad one, so no one is going out who does not have to. But, my ranch is just up the road a bit." He gave the girl a kind smile. "There are four bedrooms, so there are three for you, and they all lock from the inside." He held out his hand to the girl, "I'm Jacob by the way, Jake to my friends, and..." He gave her a playful wink. "...beautiful girls I rescue."

She couldn't help but giggle at him. Perhaps it was nerves or his laid back attitude, (or even early onset Stockholm Syndrome), but he was warming her up almost as much as the 6.7 Cummins diesel that roared up the highway without a care in the world.

"I- uh-," she started, "there probably won't be any need for- er... thank you, sir." She placed her hand in his, his tan digits contrasting with her golden tone fingers. "I'm Sara... Hashimoto... it's Japanese." She met his momentary gaze and she did find herself a bit lost in the stormy clouds of his eyes.

"So.... many normal questions. What do you do besides pick up poor girls on the side of the road and own a house that's too big for you?"

Jacob grinned, though he was surprised at the almost electric feeling that happened when the girl touched his hand. Her touch was like her eyes; warm and vibrant, and left him wondering what it would feel like if more of her was against his skin. He actually had to take a breath, to calm himself, before he smiled. "Sara...doesn't that mean "vibrant flower" in Japanese...beautiful name for a beautiful girl."

He ducked his head almost shyly for a moment, fully aware of how that sounded. Dang, but he was bad with girls!

He broke off with a self-conscious smile. "The ranch has been in my family for 7 generations. So, when my parents died, I inherited it and, now, I own and run it." He smiled at Sara, feeling oddly unsure, as he said, "I hope you like it."

A moment later, as the snowfall increased, Jacob pulled the truck down a long drive, until they came to a sprawling, two storey, ranch style house, set across from a big, red, barn that looked ancient and strong. Pulling the truck to a stop, Jacob nodded to the house. "Here it is....home sweet home."

Sarah had noticed that the blizzard was coming ever closer now, like a celestial tidal wave that was chasing them down. Her thighs rubbed together again and she looked down at her feet, "Th-thanks again... I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come up the road." As the truck pulled up to the ranch, she couldn't really hide her amazement. Being a bit of a city girl, she didn't

expect so much room. As her dark eyes wandered over to the barn she grinned and looked back at him, a hint of mischief in her eyes, "I guess it's a little too cold for a roll in the hay, eh?"

Jacob had a coughing fit for a moment, trying to hide his shock. Was Sara flirting with him? Was she coming on to him? He was not overly experienced with woman. Horses, definitely; some said he could tell what a horse was thinking just by looking at it. But women were very, very different! He could not tell if Sara was just teasing him, or actually flirting with him!

"Uhhh....yeah....it is....though.." He smiled at pregnant girl warmly. "With the right company, you can keep real warm in the hay."

He got out, came around the truck, and helped Sara out, letting her keep his coat as extra warmth. He kept a hand on her back, supportively, as they went up the stairs as well. Then, he opened the front door, to reveal a rustically homey, open concept living room, all decorated and furnished with handmade chairs and sofas, as well as hand sewn pillows, rugs, and throws. Again, feeling oddly nervous that Sara would like it, Jacob said, "Welcome to the Double Shoe Ranch."

Sara giggled when he stepped over his words, glad the confident man had a bit of awkwardness to him to match her own. As his hand slid down her back, however, she felt herself becoming strangely submissive, as if she had a button there. She let him lead her on up the stairs and into the ranch. The blast of warm air from entering the home almost made her sigh in contentment, like slipping into a warm bath. The pregnant girl bit her full bottom lip as she thought about some warm water running over her body. She clutched the jacket tightly about her, putting on a bit of a show. "Um... could I, perhaps... trouble you for a shower?"

For a moment, an image of Sara naked, all pregnant and sexy, in the shower flashed through Jacob's mind. It was so hot, so tempting, his body reacted as any red blooded male's would.

He got an erection.

In his pants.

A big bulge.

In front of Sara.

Hoping he moved fast enough that the sexy Japanese girl had not noticed, Jacob tried to keep his cool, as he pointed down the hall to the right. "Uh...sure....ummm....first door on the right. And, I will get you some dry clothes too, if you like."

Sara flashed him a smile, her eyes lighting up at the prospect of getting steamy hot after the ordeal she had. She was about to make her way toward the door when she spotted the tent he had pitched.

"Thank you so much, I'll jus- well, hello there," the girl's smile turned into a grin. She shrugged off his jacket and slowly unzipped her own, letting her breasts and belly fall out, straining against her tight t-shirt. She sauntered over to him and stood on her tip toes to whisper in his ear. Her hand moved down his belly to grasp onto his growing member.

Her voice was husky with lust, warmly inviting, "I can help you with that later, sugar. But, I have to get clean before I can get dirty," she giggled, removing her grasp of his prick and flouncing over to the bathroom, her bubbly butt swaying in those tight jeans. "Some of your clothes would be wonderful."

Jacob just stood there, stunned, shocked, and aroused beyond belief! His mind tried to sort out what had happened. He had picked up a cute girl by the side of the road, a pregnant one at that, she had turned out to have a very warm, fun, friendly personality, had flirted with him, and now...now she had just groped him, and said words that promised more to come! Had he stepped into a movie, someone else's story? This kind of thing did not happen in real life...did it? But, he

could not deny it was definitely happening now! His eyes tracked Sara and the sexy sashay of her hips, the roll of her round, perfectly formed, buttocks, as she moved down the hall and into the bathroom. He was so tempted to follow her, and to join her in the shower! But, he was still not great with girls, and a bit unsure about things. He wondered if he was reading things wrong, and decided to play it safe.

So, taking a quick shower himself, he pulled on black sweat pants and a black sweat shirt. He found a blue flannel shirt that was a little big on him, along with a pair of grey sweat pants, which he quietly laid on the bathroom sink counter for Sara, making sure not to look toward the shower as he did, then stepped out. He made his way to the kitchen, and, seeing it was past supper time, set to work making a meal for them. All the while, he kept wondering what was going on, if this was all a dream and, if it was a dream, hoping he would not wake up!

Sara sighed as the steam filled the bathroom, obscuring her form if Jacob happened to glance that way. The shimmering water cascaded down her body, rivulets swirling across her peaks and valleys. She did wish for some girly soap, but would have to make do with the rancher's hygiene kit. Her sleek thighs slid against one another as the suds flowed down her body, her smooth skin making her legs tingle in delight.

What was I thinking? Sara berated herself as she massaged her scalp. I really shouldn't come on to him... he shouldn't know about... her black hair whipped about as she rinsed it. But he was so nice...

The silence without the water running was almost deafening, she slipped on his sweatpants, filling out the waist nicely given her literal, child-rearing hips. The large, flannel shirt clung to her slightly wet form, and the girl was so warm she had to leave the top three buttons unbuttoned. Her stomach was another issue entirely; it was so big she couldn't button at all. She was forced to tie it up under her chest like some cowgirl in a porno, leaving her belly exposed.

With steam pouring out of the bathroom she stepped out, her bare feet padding across the hardwood to the kitchen. She leaned against the entryway, watching Jacob cook with one hand holding her arm behind her back. "T-thanks for that..." she said. The position did make her pregnancy all the more obvious. "What are you making, hm?"

Jacob tended to kind of get in a "zone" when cooking. He enjoyed it, and often did it to music, country music, losing himself in the process. Tonight, he had really let that happen, as so much was going on, he felt his mind needed a break from trying to understand things. Sara had come into his life in a very unexpected way, and he had feelings for her that were much stronger than they should be, after knowing someone for only an hour or so! Was it just hormones? Was there something more here? He was hoping for the more! Still, for the moment, he had lost himself in the process of making biscuits and chicken stew. As such, he had not heard Sarah come into the kitchen. When she spoke, she startled him so much, he spilled a bit of flour onto his shirt.

"Whoa! Ah...oh....." He had a self-conscious smile on his lips, as he turned to face her, flour stains on his shirt. He ran fingers through his short, dark hair, as he chuckled at himself.

"Ummmm....hi...you....you startled me." He looked at how Sara was dressed and, dang she was hot, felt the bulge come into his pants again. "Wow...those clothes never looked as good on me as they do on you!"

Sara blushed a bit, the pink hues rising to her cheeks as he praised her. She gave him a bit of a twirl and winked, "It's a shame you don't have a pair of cutoff's to complete the getup." The flannel was the only thing supporting her large, perky breasts, which became obvious when the girl's nipples hardened and began to show. She made a show of sniffing the air appreciatively, "I smell biscuits!"

♪Girl you make my speakers go boom boom, dancing on the tailgate in the full moon...♪ The speakers played, that gruff male vocalist making her flush.

She walked over to the stove and bent over the stock pot, smelling the chicken soup, "Mmmm....and just the thing to warm me up, you're so sweet." She looked up at him, her dark eyes excited. However, they soon grew a bit bashful, "I'm sorry I grabbed you earlier... I'm not usually that forward but..."

She really didn't know what to say here. I want to jump your bones? Probably not. I'm strongly attracted to you? That's safe... Stay silent.

Jacob grinned, shrugging, not sure what to say. But, her being this close to him, smelling fresh and clean, looking so cute and sexy, yet so maternally sensual and fertile, was making it hard, literally, to not just take her in his arms, kiss her, and plow her all night long! Still, she was apologizing, so was she not really interested in him? Again, his inexperience with women was making Jacob unsure how to read the signs. So, he decided to play it safe. He gave Sara a warm, kind smile, even as the big bulge swelled his pants even more, and shrugged his shoulders, trying not to show how much she was turning him on, and just by being her!

He barely kept his voice steady, as he gently teased, "Well, I mean, I did respond to how you look, how good you look, in a kind of obvious way....umm....let's chalk it up to pregnant hormones?" Sara could have taken the easy way out, blamed it on something else. But she pressed up against him in the kitchen, her belly and breasts smooshing against him. She stood on her tip toes to kiss him on the lips, one of her slender hands riding up underneath his sweater to run along his chest. "We could blame it on that," she said, breathlessly when their lips parted, "could have a wild night and just say it was hormones."

Her eyes flashed, "or-" Her other hand grasped his package none too gently, her fingers tapping the underside of his balls. "You could work real hard on trying to knock me up again." She couldn't deny it now, she needed him inside of her, to finally warm up from the inside... and he had just the tool for the job. "After all, it seems like you could use some relief... it's the least I can do."

Jacob looked into those beautiful eyes, those beautiful warm eyes, and knew he was lost. Sara had him and had him good. He may have known her for only a couple of hours, but he already wanted her more than any woman before. He looked into her eyes, and saw their children, lots of children, looking back at him. But, was she just in it for a quick fuck, a night of fun, or more. He had to know. So, taking a deep breath to calm himself, even as he shivered from Sara's light caressing of his erection through his pants, he said, in a voice rough and thick with need and desire.

"Sara....I...I want you more than any other woman I have ever wanted in my life." He put his hand down, to cup and caress her swollen belly gently, in slow, sensual circles, as he looked into her eyes, his own showing her a warmth and care that went deeper than desire, as he said, "But, I am not a one night stand kind of guy. I do not screw and run. If...if we are together, it will be because we are both wanting to be in this for a very, very long time..."

Sara went from sultry and sensual to a bit nervous, she was pretty confident, but wasn't expecting him to match her earnestness. *He wants it as much as me... * she thought. She didn't run into that often, and the last guy to mean anything to her had cut and run the moment she became pregnant. She grasped his hands and moved them up to her breasts, making him grope her. Her nipples pushed against his palms, hard as diamonds. "Jacob, if... if you'll have me, I'm more loyal than a dog..." she smiled in playful sensuality, "...and probably a better lay."

"I do not want a dog." Jacob said, leaning down to kiss Sara slow and deep, his lips as warm as hers, and surprisingly soft, as they met, pressed together, and let each other feel how the other felt, as their lips met. He moved a hand to cup her belly, caressing it slowly, gently, sensually, as his other moved to cup her face, her cheek with his strong, but gentle hand and touch. He wanted her, oh how he wanted her, but he also wanted her to know it was not just sex. So, he did not touch her sex parts yet, but gently caressed her cheek, her belly, as they kissed the slow, deep, lovingly passionate kiss of true lovers. His voice was soft, but strong, sure, warm, caring, as he gently broke the kiss, and looked into Sara's beautiful eyes. "I want you....all of you.....as my

lover....mother of my children...confidant....all that you will give me, for as long as you will give yourself to me....Sara.."

Sara's hands roamed his body, pressing into his pecs, running along his deltoids, feeling under his sweatshirt so much she wondered why it was ever there. Her body quivered as he held her stomach, almost as he held her in complete control right then. She looked up at him, unable to resist a good joke even in this dramatic moment, "I don't know, a leash and a collar look great on me."

The storm raged outside, large snowdrifts threatening to reach the bottom of the windows at the ranch, an igloo of lust that kept their tryst far from the realities of the world outside. Within, in their own little world, they were soon both naked, eagerly so, as Sara gave soft sounds of pleasure. She pressed her hand against Jacob's member, squeezing it to life and full hardness. "Oh, sweet thing... you shall have me any way you want."

Jacob just smiled, kissing Sara even more passionately, pressing against her hand eagerly, so she could feel just how hard, how aroused, he was for her and by her. As he kissed her, his free hand tangled in her hair, then moved down to cup one of her lovely, round, butt cheeks firmly, as soft, low, rumbling, sounds of passion came from his chest; primal sounds like he had never made before, with any woman, no matter how aroused he had been. But Sara did this to him; aroused him in ways no female ever had before, fired his passions, warmed his heart, and just made him want to be with her like mad!

Outside, as the storm increased in power, high winds and heavy snow and ice caused a power line, several miles away from the ranch, to separate from the support, split, and fall to the ground in a spray of electric sparks. As a result, power was lost for miles around, including at the ranch. Inside, just as things were getting good, and passionate, the whole house went dark. Completely dark, night time dark, as the power was cut and lost in an instant.

Sara rubbed at his baby batter injector, the turgid member pulsing with life and wanton need. Who knew how long it had been for him. But judging by the weight of these... she lifted and weighed his large sack in her smooth hands this was quite the breeding stud.

"You sure you're not descended from horses?" She jokes as she rubbed up and down his length. Her other hand had stripped him of his sweater, glad to feel at his masculine form, pet his chest hair, run her nails down his back tenderly.

When the room went dark, a girly, mousy squeak of shock emitted from her soft lips, and Jacob would feel her instantly cling to his muscular arm, her chest and belly pressed up against him. "W-what was that?" The fear in her voice was palpable, she was a child with a monster in the closet again.

Jacob instinctively held the shaking, scared girl, as he looked around for a moment. His body was tense, ready to act, as he looked about warily for moment, his need to protect Sara powerful and energetic, even as he held her close in a warm, gentle, protective embrace. Then, after a moment, he relaxed, chuckling slightly, as he looked down at the quivering girl in his arms. His voice was a calm, warm, rumble, as he gently said, "It's okay, Sara. It is just a power outage, and not a big deal. If needed, I have a couple of generators I can use to give us power again. But, for now...." A playful tone came into his voice, as he smiled down at the lovely girl, knowing she could sense what she could not see, "...how about a warm fire, toasted marshmallows, warm blankets, and some cuddling in front of the fire?"

As he said the word "cuddling," the tone of his voice suggested much more than gentle cuddles were intended.

As the warm, brassy rumble of his voice reverberated in his chest the girl couldn't help but sigh a little, her body relaxing into his chest as he held her. She felt safe, perhaps for the first time in her life.

"N-no... the dark seems comforting suddenly." Her face pressed against his sexy pecs, closing her eyes as she breathed in his scent once more. She brightened up at the mention of a fire. "That sounds lovely!"

She parted from him and moved to the hearth, as hard as it was to do so, and lay across the bear pelt on her side, back to him. She crossed her legs and pressed her thighs together, drawing focus to her rotund rump. She smiled up at Jacob, as he came around in front of her.

Jacob took a moment to just enjoy the sight of Sara, on her side, looking hot and sexy in the dim light coming from outside. Her belly was big and round, full and firm with pregnancy, her eyes fairly glowing with loving passion and desire, breasts full and fat, lips looking soft and kissable, and all lit and softened by the light coming from outside. He felt she was a sensually pregnant spirit, an otherworldly form that was there to seduce him. If so, he was more than happy to be seduced!

With a grin, he came over to squat in front of her, his fingers quick and sure, as he worked to get a fire going. In short order, a warm, merry, red gold glow, along with waves of warm energy, flowed from the hearth. Smiling, he turned to face Sara, laying down on his side in front of her, his hand moving to caress her big, bare, beautiful belly, as he kissed her softly, and gently asked, "So, who is in here and making you so big, fertile and sexy?"

Sara grinned as he squatted in front of her, her slender hands coming up to cup his balls and begin to stroke his shaft as he worked on the fire. "Such a big, strong caveman," she teased, sticking her tongue out as he turned around. His chiseled form silhouetted by the fire made her sex ache with desire, and she lazily ran her digits up and down his chest as he massaged her belly. His tan skin was flecked with auburn as the flames reflected off his form.

"...My ex's." She sighed a little bit, happy to be carrying children but the topic was a bit daunting, "he left me with twins..." She placed her hand on top of his on her belly, "but I wouldn't trade them for the world."

Her silky soft thigh pressed between his legs, into his rock hard cock. She slowly moved it back and forth, keeping him nice and ready for her. "I-I'm... only six months pregnant... so I have a ways to go yet."

Jacob smiled, kissing Sara gently, tenderly, as he kept caressing her big baby bump. His eyes looked into hers, as he gently said, " Well, I have two things to say to that. One, that gives us time to turn one of the bedrooms into a nursery. And two...." He paused for a moment, then, softly, said, "...if you will allow me,these are no longer his.....they are mine....my children...from now and forever.....if you will let me..."

Sara could see the truth in his eyes, the earnestness in his voice. She couldn't believe this man had come into her life and claimed her as his. She had never felt so wanted, so coveted. Truly, he must have been a knight in shining armor... or this was a dream. She bit her fat, bottom lip, wondering what to say next but also assuring her she was in reality. She reached forward and grasped his hard on.

"Only if you christen them then, make them yours. I need you inside of me." The Japanese girl leaned in and kissed him deeply, her tongue swirling around his. She wanted to have his children, and not just these ones, but a multitude. A few tears of joy rolled down her cheeks while she smiled, "My children and I are yours." The fur ran across her skin, sending little of lightning bolts coursing through her body. The fire radiated heat, both her heart and soul filled with warmth.

Jacob smiled, kissing Sara back with loving passion, loving the heaviness against his chest, her nipples hard against his hairy broadness, as he let his tongue slip between her lips, and into her mouth, so it could dance erotically with hers, while they kissed. He held her as close as he could, her belly pressing against his now free erection, as that low, primal, rumbling, sound came from his chest again. His lips moved from hers, to her neck, as he slowly kissed his way lower down, his hands moving to caress her big baby bump, loving how big and firm it was with life, as his other palmed and groped one of her breasts in his roughly gentle working hands, all the while, pressing against her in wonderful, sensual, desire filled desire. He craved her atop him, taking him

deep inside her, wanted to be able to watch and see her she took him deep inside her. She was his, and he was hers, as the power of their passion matched the power of the storm raging outside.

Sara giggled through the kisses, a giddy feeling flowing over her as they kissed. Their passion had caused a multitude of endorphins to release, her head going fuzzy with lust and pleasure. She sucked on his tongue, perhaps even a little painful in her eagerness.

Her hand pushed his prick against the taut skin of her stomach, taking his pre and lubing up his hard dick. Her back arched, pressing her fat mammaries into his palm.

After what seemed like an eternity in paradise of the two gyrating, she straddled him, knees pressing into the fur as she dangled her wet slit over his member. She smiled at him as she teased the tip at her entrance, letting it barely push in before pulling away. She teased the both of them until they couldn't take it anymore, then began the long process of pushing that fat, mushroom head past her rosebud and into her hot, squeezing passage.

Sara moaned, one hand supporting her stomach while the other teased at her nipples. She lowered herself ever so slowly, feeling it stretch her open and every one of his veins pulse in lust and love for her. "Fill me up, darling." She asked, quietly, breathlessly.

Jacob had never experienced love making like this! It was hot, passionate, living, exotic, and so sensual and sexy on so many levels! Sara was all fertile, erotically ripe, curves and swells, every inch of her peak feminine perfection to him. Her tightness was wet, firm, and squeezed him like none had before. And as she looked down at him over the gravid swell of her belly, how her eyes smouldered with love and passionate desire for him, would have made any man aroused beyond belief. But, she was his, all his, his lover, mother of his children, his domestic goddess.

Reaching forward, as Sara rode him, Jacob moved one hand to the small of her back, to help support her, as the other moved to start groping and palming one of her full, warm, breasts in his strong but gentle hand.

"Yes....." Jacob rumbled, his eyes on Sara's, "...fill you....make you mine...."

Sara's eyes rolled back as he hilted fully inside of her, his virile rod throbbing against her silken walls. The fire light flickered off of her full belly as it began to move up and down rhythmically, a strange, erotic, vertical pendulum. Or, Sara thought looking about her surroundings, an oil pump. Oh, was she going to milk that load out of him. He could feel her heart beat within her breast, pulsing in time to his own as the two were lost in mutual bliss. Her hands slid slowly down his body as she began to hump into him. The inertia of her tremendous girth making Jacob feel like he were fucking a wrecking ball... in a hot way.

"Unf. Yes, sugar. To the brim! Leave me, ha, dripping for days. Oooo." Her hips gyrated, swirling her love tunnel around his needy cock. "Y-you are mine. I am yours."

Jacob was beyond words, moving his hips up and down to thrust himself into Sara even more, to go as deep as he could, fill her as much as he could, to satisfy her as much as he could. His hand gripped her ripe cheek firmly, almost painfully, but not quite, as he pushed up into her.

Then, he moved his hand from her breast to her stiff clitoris, pressing and stroking it firmly, as he looked up at her with loving passion. He could feel how she throbbed in need and, he hoped that, by doing this, he would show her even more, how much he wanted her, wanted to please her, pleasure her, and make her happy.

Sara gasped, as she felt Jacob's fingers on her clit. None of her boyfriends had ever done that before!

"Y-you don't have to-" She was so used to saying it, so used to never getting off. In that moment she realized that he didn't have to...he wanted to. He wanted to pleasure her! Oh....this man was such a dream come true!!!

Sara fell forward, her hands groping and massaging all over his body, hoping to impart on to him even a fraction of the bliss she was feeling.

Jacob groaned in pleasure, a sound both primal and powerful. Sara was everything he could want in a lover, and so much more! She was too amazing, too wonderful! Her sex clenched, and squeezed him so perfectly, he could not resist for much longer. The happy, impassioned, look on her face, the sounds she made, the way her head tossed about, silky black hair clinging to her sensually perspiring cheeks, all made the lovely girl so hot he knew he could not hold off much longer.

But, he would try to hold off until she came.

If he could!

"Yeah....Sara....baby...do it....cum for me....baby..."

Sara slammed her clenching, hot, wet, sex up and down on his cock, her skin rippling like ocean waves. He filled her completely, stretching her to the limit as his member pulsed with life and love. The firelight on her black hair emblazoned a halo around her head. She pressed her hands onto his shoulder and twerked even harder, slamming those wide hips into him.

"I-I'm gonna-" she began, words quickly escaped her, replaced by pleasurable burbles and moans. Her jaw went slack, eyes rolling up into her head in bliss. Her slit practically vibrated as she came, her sex spraying quite the pent up load onto his chest. "F-fill me up, honey!" Jacob smiled through his pleasure, loving the look on Sara's face as she came. She was a sensual pregnant woman like he had never known before, and he intended to keep her happy and loved, for as long as he could!

He started pounding Sara in hard, fast, sharp thrusts, bouncing her atop him, before giving out a groaning growl, as his thick cock pulsed and throbbed in her, sending his seed pulsing into her eager body in thick spurts.

Sara's eyes rolled back as the warmth bloomed in her womb, marking her for Jacob. Her walls continued to contract around his rod, almost trying to drag him even deeper. She could feel each jet of baby batter travel up his long length and explode with the force of a geyser within. After a few blissful moments, Sara collapsed on him as he continued to cum, her spent clit and belly squelching lewdly into her love juices. Her hands ran through his hair, down his chin, down his toned arms. "Y-yes, make me yours."

"I think I just did." Jacob chuckled, kissing the top of her head, as he delighted and enjoyed the feel of Sara's fertile curves pressing into him with their life giving warmth and weight. He was still amazed that, in one night, he had met, been with, and seemingly gained, a woman like none he had ever known before, who seemed happily eager to be his wife. How did this happen?!!! He really did not care, and just hope it was real!

Softly, he kissed the top of Sara's head, as he said, "So, feel like sticking around for the next 40 or 50 years?"

Sarah's body glistened with sweat as she lay across him, hands absent-mindedly playing with his hair. The fire crackled happily, a metaphor for their newly kindled love. She snuggled into his chest, sighing. She was the lucky one, to have such a caring man who accepted her. "50 years? Try 200."