

Lesbians Get Babies: The Impregnation of Annie and Mary

[Annie and Mary Part 2]

by Big Billie

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Greetings, dear reader, and if you have already read Part 1 of this story, *Severed Frenulums Aplenty*, welcome back!

After our return from Africa my amorous relationship with my boss deepened, and after a few months we announced the same-sex union of Doctor Mary Scott and Miss Annie Smithers.

The ceremony at Bournemouth Register Office was a small, low key affair, Neither of us has siblings, so there were no brothers, sisters, nephews or nieces to invite. After the formalities, we returned to Mary's home (which by then was my home as well) for a small open air garden party on a fine summer day.

The festivities were tense. For the first time I met Mary's father. He was a top lawyer by profession. He had started out as a barrister in London and now, in his late 50s, was a High Court Judge in the criminal courts. Mary had from time to time mentioned her father to me, and I could see why the two of them did not get on. Nathaniel Scott, as befitted a High Court Judge, was outwardly stern and aloof. He exuded an overpowering aura of gravitas and authority. When Mary was a young child he was not the man to dangle his little daughter on his knee or to play peek-a-boo. He was bound up with his career, he paid her little attention, and he never properly bonded with her. Then, during Mary's teenage years, her father resented her ambition to become a doctor. For him there were three professions, the Church, the Army and the Law, and of these the only one he thought suitable for his daughter was the Law. And then, when Mary came out as gay, and even more so when she announced her same-sex union with me, the old boy got even more annoyed.

And yet, dear reader, never underestimate the power that a pretty young girl can exert over a lonely old man. I picked up very quickly that Nathaniel Scott fancied me. And, although he was more than 30 years my senior, I did not find him unattractive. I will divulge at greater length as this story unfolds.

Also in our garden on that sunny summer afternoon was Mary's mother, Penelope. She was about fifty years old, the daughter of a baron, very well dressed and glamorous. She wore an expensive summer frock and a large flowery hat, both of which might have graced Royal Ascot on Ladies Day. Penelope had divorced Mary's father when Mary was a teenager, and she was now squired by her second husband, the Hon. Montague Beaumont. He, like his wife, was a scion of the minor aristocracy. The Hon. Monague and Mrs. Beaumont were detached and perfunctory towards Mary and me, and

at the first opportunity they left, presumably to re-engage with the high society set in London. Mary later told me that she and her mother were now estranged. Penelope had moved on with her life, and the child she had borne in her youth was a social embarrassment.

My own mother had some flowers delivered to us by Interflora together with a card wishing us well. But she was not at the party. When she re-married after her divorce from my father her new husband whisked her off to Queensland, Australia, where the couple had begun a new life that largely excluded me.

My dad, Fred Smithers, turned up, though. He is a Dorsetshire man, a car mechanic who owns a motor vehicle service station in nearby Boscombe. He is not the most competent of householders, but, after my mother absconded when I was ten, he did his best to look after me and to get me a good education. I felt sorry for my dad that afternoon; a working man, he was surrounded by people who were decidedly middle class. He was out of his social depth and he struggled to make polite conversation. Mary, though, was kind and gracious to him, and they had a long chat about me as a child, me as a medical practice nurse, and so on. My dad married young, and I was born when he was eighteen years old. He was now in his early forties, about ten years older than Mary.

Three months later Mary and I were luxuriating in bed on a Sunday morning. We had just enjoyed a breakfast of bacon, fried eggs, fried bread, toast, marmalade, orange juice and coffee. We both lay naked under the bedclothes and snuggled into each other.

"Mary."

"Yes, my love?"

"I think I would like some babies."

"Yes. We have discussed this before. We both would. But how could we arrange that? I am afraid, Annie, that childlessness is the price we must pay for the path we have chosen." And my lover heaved a sympathetic and melancholy sigh. Then she gazed into my eyes, at first wistfully but then, when she saw the expression on my face, quizzically.

"Hey, Annie, what's afoot? I know that look. What is going on in that devious little mind of yours? You're up to something aren't you?"

The following Saturday, as we lounged around on the settee drinking coffee after dinner, Mary was checking her emails on her mobile phone.

"Oh, damn! My father's invited himself here for next weekend."

"No he hasn't. I invited him."

"You what!"

"Yes. I emailed him. I was chatting with him on the day of our wedding and the poor old chap told me that he gets really bored at the weekends and when he is not working."

Well, Mary did not much like the idea, but we did indeed entertain Judge Scott over the next weekend; and since then he has become a regular visitor. I usually pick him up from the railway station late on Friday afternoon and drive him to catch a train back to London either on Sunday evening, or, if he has no legal duties, sometime on Monday or Tuesday.

The Honourable Mr. Justice Scott's first trip to Bournemouth was rather awkward. I met him at the railway station, ran up to him, threw my arms around his neck and enthusiastically kissed him on the cheek.

"Greetings, My Lord!" I cried. (In the courtroom "My Lord" is the correct form of address to an English High Court Judge; I used it now as an initial indication of deference.) "Welcome to the south coast!"

Then I (rather cheekily) linked arms and escorted my father-in-law to my car.

Throughout that weekend I continued my touchy feely antics whenever I could. I not only linked arms with Judge Scott, I embraced him, I kissed his cheek, and I was outrageously saucy and suggestive in some of the innuendos that I threw into our conversations. I took a calculated risk. I am a lowly, poorly paid NHS nurse. I stand at about 5 feet 4 inches tall. The Honourable Mr. Justice Scott is among the most powerful judges in the land, and at about 6 feet 2 inches he towers above me physically. It was a gamble. I tried it on with him and I sensed that I had succeeded. His Lordship seemed to lap it up. As we say in England, "There is no fool like an old fool." Mr. Justice Scott is not the first elderly gentleman to have fallen into the clutches of an attractive, pert and willing young female in her early twenties.

On Friday evening we ate at home. We drank dry sherry as an aperitif. There followed a bottle of dry white wine with the fish starter. Then Mary produced a magnificent boeuf bourguignon which we swilled down with copious quantities of claret. Finally there was port with the cheese and biscuits to finish off. Nathaniel Scott and his daughter Mary both got very drunk. I, however, abstained from most of the alcohol. I was fairly sober, wide awake and ready for mischief. As we sat on our big three seater sofa after the meal I positioned myself in the middle seat and blatantly kissed and cuddled both father and daughter. I was careful not to take things too far, however, since I did not want to compromise my long term plan by being over forward.

On Saturday morning we took a walk along a section of the National Coastal Path. It was mid-October, the sun shone, and Autumn was at its magnificent best. The tourist season was drawing to a close and at lunchtime we found a public house with a free table. Mary and Nathaniel were formal and subdued. I surmised that they had embarrassing recollections of our hanky panky on the previous evening; but they opened up a little during our meal.

It was on the previous evening, while he was blind drunk, that I started to refer to the High Court Judge, My Lord The Honourable Mr. Nathaniel Scott, as "Nattie." Now I decided to try it on as my ongoing epithet for him.

"Nattie, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course, my dear. Fire away." (Good, I thought. My father-in-law is prepared to answer to "Nattie.")

"What is your honest opinion of your daughter's civil union?" (A cheeky one this, but I needed to get the discussion down to basics; and again the Judge did not seem to object.)

"The government has enshrined civil partnerships into law and it was correct to do so. An open and democratic society must allow its citizens to make their own free choices on these matters."

"Yes, but I did not ask about the general principle. I asked about the specific case of the choice that has been made by your daughter."

"Can I be honest, Annie?"

"Of course."

Well I have only one child. I wanted more but it did not happen. I would have liked Mary to bear me grandchildren. But that is not to be, and it makes me sad."

The next day was Sunday and Judge Scott asked me to drive him to the railway station immediately after lunch. On Monday morning he was due in court to preside over an important case and he needed to read through his paperwork in preparation.

I did not merely drop our guest off. I parked my car and walked with him to the railway platform. Then, as the train pulled in, I threw my arms around his neck, bade him farewell, urged him to revisit us soon and planted a kiss onto his lips. It was not a French kiss; but my lips lingered on his for just long enough to indicate an amatory interest. It was another gamble but, yet again, the judge seemed to like it.

That Sunday afternoon Mary and I went to bed for a kiss and a cuddle.

"I'm sorry that you do not get on with your dad. I like the old boy."

"Well you made that obvious. Your hands and your lips were all over him."

"He didn't seem to mind though."

"No. He loved it, the randy old goat."

"Mary, are you jealous?"

"Yes, I am. What made it worse was that the dirty old sod encouraged you."

"Mary, can we talk about this?"

"Of course."

"Well I don't love your dad, not the way I love you. But for a gentleman in late middle age he really is quite attractive. Mary, will you let me say something? Will you promise not to interrupt me?"

"I promise."

"I really want babies. I do not want to grow old with just the two of us waiting for death. 'Chanting cold hymns to the pale fruitless moon,' as Shakespeare puts it, is not for me. In Greek mythology the huntress Artemis was goddess of the moon and she was forever chaste and childless. In my old age I want to be surrounded by children and grandchildren, by laughter, chatter and noise. But you are correct. My love for you, and the lifestyle that I have freely chosen, make that difficult. I have more to say but I will pause there. What do you think so far?"

"I'm interested. Please carry on."

"Mary, I have been looking into the book of Genesis in the Old Testament. In particular I have been studying chapter 19 which tells the story of Lot and his two daughters. Do you recall the narrative?"

"No. I am afraid not. I am a medic not a divine."

"Well, the older girl tells her sister: 'Our father is getting old, and there are no men in the whole world to marry us so that we can have children. Come on, let's get our father drunk, so that we can sleep with him and have children by him.' The daughters then get their father Lot drunk with wine and have sex with him. Lot is so drunk that he does not know what is happening. The girls get pregnant and each bears a son, one named Moab (father of the Moabite tribe) and the other Benammi (father of the Ammonites). Now, are you still with me? May I carry on?"

"I am gripped. Please continue to the punchline."

"Well, if we pulled a stunt like that on your dad we could leave out the incest bit and give him sex with me but not with you. He seems to like me and we may not have to get him all that drunk. Indeed, with any luck he may even quite like it and go on to give me more children."

"Oh, he would 'quite like it' alright. And the rest. The dirty old sod."

"But Mary, I am not doing it on my own. I love you and I will never betray that love by having a one-to-one affair with anyone else. We either go into this as a two girl team or not at all. And, in our gleesome threesome, you do not need to do anything sexual to your dad."

Leave that to me and I guarantee to blow the old boy's mind. I think I know just what buttons to press."

"I bet you do!"

"You just work on pleasuring me and, although somewhat otherwise occupied, I will do my best to pleasure you. If all goes to plan I will bear a beautiful little baby, we will have a son or a daughter, and you will have a half brother or sister."

I paused and silence ensued.

"You have been thinking long and hard about this haven't you, Annie?"

"Somewhat. Guilty as charged."

"And I thought I was marrying a sweet, innocent little girl! Still waters run deep! Look, we need to talk this one through. Let's leave it for now and enjoy the rest of our Sunday together. We can discuss it at length over the next week or so."

And Mary embraced me and gave me a delicious French kiss.

Over the next few days Mary and I discussed my pregnancy plot and we decided to go for it. The plan was to get Nattie to visit us in mid-November, in early December during Advent, and, finally, over the Christmas season. I would pursue an escalating flirtation with my father-in-law. My efforts were to culminate between Christmas and New Year, when I would use all of my feminine wiles, and all of my physical charms, to entice the old boy into bed with us, where, with Mary joining in, we would create a "gleesome threesome" and I would, as many times as possible, seduce him into sexual intercourse with me.

Well, our plan worked like a charm, and from Christmas Day to New Year's Eve I gave Judge Scott the time of his life. I teased him, I tickled him, I goaded him, and I drove him to distraction. During those days I was at my most fertile time of the month, and I gave my father-in-law no rest. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," was what I demanded, and it was what I got; and when the old boy began to flag Mary was there with Viagra and Cialis from our medicine cabinet to put the lead back into his pencil. By the time we welcomed in the New Year I was a very well fucked young lady.

My regret, however, was that, for the present at least, the threesome with Mary did not work. She lay to the right of me in our big double bed, with Judge Scott to my left; and she did her best. She tickled, rubbed and slapped me as best she could. Indeed, in some of my most intense moments of passion she slapped my bare bum for me very hard with the flat of her right hand. Ouch! It really stung and tingled!

"You are enjoying this too much, bitch!" she cried, and she was half joking, and half jealous and resentful of the pleasure that I was giving and getting with her dad. But old Nattie lapped it up.

"Yes! Yes! Smack her bare bottom!" he cried ecstatically. "Smack it hard! The tempting, teasing hussy! The titillating young minx!"

So thus it was that Mary's best attempts to curb our passion instead served to intensify it.

The same was true of Mary's running commentaries directed at her father during his copulatory exploits. As a new born baby Judge Scott was very tightly and very messily circumcised, and for this Mary teased him mercilessly right through the sex act.

"Where's your foreskin, old man? It has been cut off! You have been very, very tightly, and very, very messily circumcised! The flesh on your stiffened cock shaft is as tight as a drum skin! It is so tight that it gleams and glistens! And where's your frenulum? Not a vestige is left! That has been cut off as well and it serves you right! All you have left is a beat up, battered cock resplendent with stitch tunnels, skin flaps and a thick ugly scar."

The effect on the old boy of all this ridicule and mockery, however, was the opposite of what was intended. It merely served to lather him into an even more furious and frenzied state. "Yes! Yes! It's tight! It's very, very tight! Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" At which point he was wont to ejaculate into me with great force.

When the Christmas festivities were over, and the judge had returned to London, I discussed our Yuletide capers with my spouse.

"Do you want to call a halt to all of this, Mary? You seemed very jealous and uptight while your dad was making love to me."

"Well the old bastard infuriated me. He was really triumphalist about it. He was like the cat who got the cream. He was shagging a lady 35 years his junior and he was loving it, the dirty old sod. And you! You were lapping it up too, weren't you, you hot arsed little minx? You were enjoying yourself far more than you should have been. Why couldn't you just lie there passively and take it for England?"

"Well, Nattie was on top form. He gave me the time of my life. I really enjoyed it."

And so our conversation continued, and it reaffirmed what we both already knew. At that stage in our relationship Mary was an out and out Lesbian. She was attracted to women and she disliked men; worse, if she could cause men hurt or discomfort, by, for example, circumcising them, she did it. (See *Severed Frenulums Aplenty*.) I, on the other hand, would describe myself as bisexual. I was amused by our foreskin chopping capers in Africa but I did not share Mary's passion for the work. I like men, and if Mary had not come along I would most likely have married one of them. In our civil partnership I have pledged my life to Mary and I will faithfully hold to that pledge. Mary was correct about her father's cock. It is very tightly and very messily circumcised. It is gnarled, it is pitted, it is chopped and it is scarred; and at each and every

opportunity Mary mocks, goads and teases the judge mercilessly about it. But I like Nattie's cock, and I like it inside me. And if I can get a bit of slap and tickle, and a bit of sexual hanky panky, with the Judge I will go for it. So there was and there is a tension there between Mary and me.

The tension has been partially resolved, to Mary's satisfaction, in the following fashion. At Mary's request I went onto the internet and purchased a French style martinet whip. It has a round wooden handle about 10.5 inches long. Securely nailed around the end of this handle are 12 leather thongs, each roughly 13 inches long, half a centimetre broad and half a centimetre thick. The whip came from amazon.co.uk and it cost GBP 7.10 including postage. Now, during our gleesome threesome sessions, if Mary thinks that Nattie and me are getting over excited she applies the whip, with some vigour, across our bare bums. Ouch! It really stings and tingles, but at the same time it sexually excites us and it frequently drives Nattie over the edge, into frenetic and violent ejaculation. So the martinet does not curb our sexual antics; but it does in part reconcile Mary to them.

Judge Scott visited us again in January and when he arrived we broke the news to him. I was pregnant, and he was the baby's father.

Six months into my pregnancy, on a Sunday morning in June, I was lying in bed, rubbing my bump and feeling smug about my baby, and my future life as a mother, when Mary arrived with a pot of tea, a jug of milk, two teacups, and two plates containing buttered croissants with jam on them.

"How are you two on this beautiful Sabbath morn?"

"Fine, thanks. Our little personage is very active. I am getting quite a kicking."

"Good! That's no more than you deserve, you shameless hussy."

"Hey! Old Mattie took the news of his forthcoming child very well, didn't he? And now he is closely following the course of my pregnancy."

"Oh, yes. He's delighted, the dirty old bastard. He never knew he had it in him."

"Mary, I have something that I would like to say to you. Will you promise not to interrupt me until I have finished?"

"Oh dear! I remember the last time you opened a conversation like that. But carry on. Do your worst."

"I have invited my dad to drop around to see us over next weekend."

"Ye...ee...s?"

"Well I think he fancies you."

"Oh no! This isn't going where I think it's going is it?"

"Oh come on, Mary. You're a beautiful lady and you're still in your early thirties. You are in top breeding condition. Lots of men would love to make babies with you. You could take your pick of any number of healthy males. But my dad is available, and he is quite handsome and attractive. I think that he would jump at the chance to impregnate you."

"Yes. I bet he would. The bastards are all the same when it comes to getting into your knickers."

"Come on. It wouldn't be that bad. You got on very well with my dad at our wedding reception. You might even enjoy a bit of sexual hanky-panky with him. Mary, please don't abandon me and make me do all of the child-bearing on my own. I need a soulmate to share the agonies and ecstasies of pregnancy and motherhood. We are a two girl team. We should do these things together."

Well I was expecting a lot more opposition to my cheeky and salacious proposal than I actually got. Mary was not yet completely won over but she did agree to my dad's weekend visit, and she added that, if I liked, I could do a bit of preliminary match-making on her behalf.

Well, I can be a bold and a saucy little madam when I want to be. Mary had given me an inch and I resolved to take a mile.

My dad drove to our house from his automobile service centre after he had finished work on Friday afternoon. He brought a suitcase since he was to stay with us until Sunday evening. We ensconced him in the guest room and asked him to come down for dinner at 7.30 p.m. Soon we were tucking in to our starter of smoked salmon.

"So how is my little grandchild coming along, Annie? The bump is noticeably bigger than it was the last time I saw you."

"Mother and baby are fine. From the kicking I'm getting I think we have a future professional footballer on our hands."

During the meal I made sure that both Mary and my dad drank plenty of booze. There was dry sherry as a pre-prandial snort, a bottle of dry white wine with the smoked salmon starter, two bottles of Mercurey (a red wine from Burgundy) with the beef Wellington main course, a sweet white wine with the dessert. and port with the cheeseboard. Finally, we all finished off with an Irish coffee which, for my dad and Mary, I made sure had lots of whisky in it.

As when we seduced Judge Scott, I contrived to drink as little as possible, and at the end of the meal I was sober enough to get up to mischief. The same could not be said of my dad or of Mary, however, and my dad, in particular, was well gone.

After we had retired to the lounge I contrived to arrange things so that the three of us were sitting on the sofa with my dad in the middle and

Mary and me on each side of him. Then I snuggled into my dad, in the way that affectionate daughters do.

"Daddy, have you got yourself a girlfriend yet?"

"No, Annie. I think I am finished with ladies. Your mother taught me a lesson that I will never forget."

"That's a shame. It's lonely being an only child. I would love some little brothers and sisters."

"I'm sorry, Annie. Even if I wanted too I don't think I'd be up to it. I was always very shy and awkward with ladies, and your mom's antics crushed out of me whatever little bit of confidence I may once have had."

"Oh, fiddlesticks, daddy! You are a really handsome and sexy man. With a bit of training and support you would do just fine, wouldn't he Mary?"

"Hey, leave me out of this."

"No. Come on. I tell you what. You can help."

Upon which I pulled Mary from of the sofa and stood her next to me in front of my dad.

"Come on, Mary. I'll be the man and you play the part of the lady. Let's show my dad how ladies like to be kissed."

And I insinuated my lips against those of my spouse and gave her a gentle, delicate French kiss. Then, when our lips had parted, I kissed her again, this time fiercely and passionately, forcing my tongue, with some vigour, past her lips and into her mouth; and at the same time my hands wandered all over Mary's body. I squeezed her breasts, I rubbed and slapped her bottom, and I caressed her tummy, her inner thighs, and her crotch. Then I withdrew my tongue from between her lips, looked into her eyes, smiled, and embraced her around the waist in a close, tight hug. And Mary, in her tipsy stupor, reciprocated my efforts, kissing, hugging and squeezing me with passion and vigour.

"There you go, daddy. It's easy. Come on. Take over from me."

Well, drunk or sober, what lusty, healthy male, with a beautiful, sexy lady within his grasp, could resist an offer like that? Soon I had hoisted my dad off the sofa, positioned him next to Mary, sat down on the sofa myself, and invited him to practice the art of courtship on the lady standing next to him. Soon my dad and Mary were locked in a passionate embrace, and Mary was enjoying it as much as he was. I left them to it for a short while. Then I slipped off upstairs to our bedroom, and pulled back the sheets on the bed. Next I went downstairs where I discovered that my dad, like the bridegroom in the George Formby song *When I'm Cleaning Windows*, was "doing fine."

"Come on, you two, time for bed," I asserted, in as authoritative a voice as I could muster. "Up the wooden hills for you."

And I bundled the lovebirds upstairs and into our big double bed, where I did my best, with very little opposition, to remove their clothes. Soon both Mary and my dad were stark naked and lying next to each other in a big, comfortable, double bed.

"There you go. You two get to know each other. I'll sleep in the guest room. See you in the morning."

OK, ladies. I admit it. Most of you could almost certainly have acted as matchmaker with greater skill and finesse than I did. My efforts were crude, unimaginative, and vulgar. But they worked. The secret, I think, was the alcohol. As the ancient Romans used to say, *in vino veritas* (literally, "in wine is truth," or, to paraphrase, "what we do when we are drunk is what we really want to do.") What sexually frustrated man worthy of the name of man would spurn the pleasures of sleeping with a beautiful, sexy, naked lady? And there are many beautiful, sexy ladies, even some who self-identify as votaresses of Sappho, who accept the urgent amorous advances of handsome, sexy men; and, thank goodness, one of those ladies is my Mary. The next morning, when they had sobered up, both Mary and my dad were sheepish and ashamed of themselves. But by then the battle was won. They had tasted the sharp, intimate delights of each other's bodies, and they both wanted more.

A few nights later Mary and I were lying in bed together.

"So is it OK with you if I invite my dad to stay here again?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"What do you mean, 'You suppose so'? My dad gave you a really good time, didn't he?"

"Yes. I suppose so. Annie, can I ask you something?"

"Yes, of course. Fire away."

"Do you know what your dad's circumcision status is?"

"Yes. He is entire and uncut."

"Exactly. I inspected him thoroughly, and that, indeed, is what he is."

"So?"

"So that irks me. You have not forgotten, have you, how, during our trip to Africa, we chopped off about 2,600 foreskins and frenulums from the cocks of our victims?"

"No. I recall our exploits most vividly, and with some shame."

"Well the reason that I did that was because I dislike men and I want to reduce their sexual pleasure as much as I can."

"I gathered that. You're a spiteful, kinky Lesbian bitch."

"Yes. Thanks for the compliment. Guilty as charged."

"So?"

"So I am thinking of denying your dad access to my bodily treasures unless or until he takes the chop. At present he is enjoying me far too much and I need to ration and curb his pleasure. I have some PrePex kits left over from our trip to Africa and I am aiming to fit one onto his cock."

"Now listen up, Mary Scott. I love my dad and I will not let you do that to him. He seems to be very fond of you, and rather than lose carnal access he would probably agree to be chopped. But if you enforce circumcision on him I will never forgive you."

"Oh! It's like that, is it?"

"Yes it is. And your suggestion is not in your own interests either. My dad can give you considerably more pleasure with a full set of wedding tackle than he could ever do with a sawn off shotgun. Besides, it will do you good to take the full Monty. What you did in Africa was wrong. It was way over the top. To take an uncircumcised cock up your love tunnel is the perfect punishment, poetic justice at its best and most precise."

Well to my slight surprise and great relief Mary did not argue with me on that one. My dad continued to visit us regularly. Every time that he did he and Mary ended up in bed together, and Mary enjoyed it as much as he did. Within two or three months Mary found herself pregnant, and soon both of us had given birth to our first child.