

MARITAL AID

Chapter Four

Kallie

Clea had just about everything she'd ever wanted.

For years now, she'd harbored a crush on her boss, Isabella. Knowing full well that Isabella was both straight and married had done nothing to stop the pining, and Clea had spent more hours than she could count daydreaming about what it might have looked like if they'd somehow had a life together. And now, thanks to Clea's hypnosis files, they did. Isabella had accepted that she was a lesbian and that she was in love with Clea. They were in a relationship. Isabella was leaving her asshole husband for Clea. They even had a fulfilling - and ridiculously hot - kink dynamic.

Clea couldn't have asked for more. She had everything.

But it wasn't enough. Clea still wasn't happy.

She wasn't happy because Isabella wasn't happy. Even though Clea had made absolutely certain that Isabella wanted and had chosen everything that had happened, a low, heavy mood had descended on her new girlfriend. It had started right after

Isabella had broken things off with her husband. She'd told him that she was a lesbian, that he'd been an awful partner to her, and that she was leaving him for good. It wasn't surprising to Clea that an impending divorce had taken its toll on Isabella, of course. She'd been ready to support her girlfriend through that. She'd even made sure that Isabella could move into her apartment immediately so that Clea could be there for her at all hours of the day.

It hadn't been the idyllic domestic life Clea had been picturing - and not for a lack of love or affection. Being with Isabella was wonderful, and Clea could tell her girlfriend felt the same. They loved spending time together; kissing, holding each other, making love. The sex was incredible, and Clea knew there was absolutely no doubt in Isabella's mind that Clea and lesbianism were what was best for her.

And yet, still, Isabella was depressed. She cried a lot. She spent long hours curled up in bed, doing little more than staring at the ceiling. It was taking its toll on her work, too, which was the worst part. Isabella had always been on top of her game at the office, and Clea loved her for it. Now, the older woman was always tired. She made mistakes. Her heart wasn't in it anymore. And Clea's was breaking.

She was doing everything she could for Isabella, of course. Clea was as diligent a girlfriend as she was a secretary. Both at work and at home, she happily attended to Isabella's every need. Isabella always greeted her attention with a smile, but it was like the smile of a ghost. It flickered and faded as easily as the light changed. Kink didn't help either. When Clea dominated Isabella, both of them could lose themselves in fantasy, but only for as long as the scene lasted. Isabella clung to Clea's dominance like it was a life ring. She wore the collar Clea had given her like one every moment that they were alone together. But in the end, as the tide waned, she was still left stranded out at sea.

“What can I do?” Clea asked quietly, as she perched next to Isabella on their bed and rested a hand on Isabella’s shoulder. She’d run out of ideas.

“I don’t know,” Isabella replied. She turned to smile at Clea, but she sounded defeated. Her eyes were red from crying.

Clea squeezed her shoulder tightly. The air between them was thick. Words came slowly.

“I heard your phone,” Clea ventured. “Was it him again?”

They both knew who she meant. Robert, Isabella’s husband. He’d taken to calling her every now and then - always angry, usually drunk - so that he could demand she ‘come home’ and rant about all her perceived deficiencies when she refused. Clea was pleased he was showing his true colors and proud of Isabella for always standing up to him, but she could see the calls were taking their toll.

Isabella just shook her head.

“If it was, you should tell your lawyer,” Clea encouraged. “He can use it in court. Get a restraining order, maybe. Or at least speed things along. Your ex won’t be able to keep dragging his feet about signing those papers if we can show a pattern of sustained harassment and-“

“It wasn’t him,” Isabella said, firmly enough that Clea believed her.

“OK,” Clea said slowly. “Sorry.”

The silence dragged on for a long moment. This was one of Isabella's bad days. Yet again, Clea contemplated what she might be able to do to address whatever Isabella was feeling. It shouldn't have been difficult. With her hypnotic videos, she had a direct line to Isabella's subconscious. Even now, the older woman listened to them diligently. Introducing her to another would be easy. And Clea could tell her...

What? What, exactly? That was the problem.

Clea simply didn't understand what, precisely, was burdening Isabella so terribly. It didn't make any sense to her. After all, thanks to her, Isabella was a lesbian. She was desperately attracted to Clea, both romantically and sexually, and those feelings were entirely reciprocated. She craved submission to Clea, and Clea was satisfying that need too. It was a better relationship than she'd ever had with her husband. Clea just couldn't figure out the root of the problem.

It was tempting to try anyway. That seemed preferable to doing nothing. Except, what if whatever she did made Isabella's depression even worse? That was Clea's worst fear. The fear that truly haunted her.

What if all this was her fault? What if, all along, she'd had no idea what she was doing? What if she'd ruined the woman she was in love with?

That fear, that uncertainty, was paralyzing. Clea just didn't know what to do. And so, day after day, they sat like this, in heavy silence. Isabella was right there, in Clea's arms, but somehow she just couldn't seem to reach out and touch her.

"Actually, it was my parents," Isabella offered, eventually.

Clea blinked. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

That was unexpected. It was even more unexpected that a call with her parents would have left Isabella like this. Clea felt she needed to get to the bottom of this.

"They aren't... supportive?" she asked. "I thought you said they were pretty progressive?"

"It's not..." Isabella sighed. "They are - at least, about some things. They aren't bigots. I'm pretty sure they have absolutely no problem with me being a lesbian."

"Then, what?" Clea couldn't keep herself from sounding a touch impatient.

"They're Catholic, Clea!" Isabella told her. "They don't like that I'm getting divorced. That's what they have a problem with."

"Oh."

Clea slumped. Inwardly, she was cursing herself. She should have thought of that. She should have considered that Isabella's older, Hispanic parents would be Catholic and take issue with divorce. After hearing from Isabella that they were accepting of gay people, she'd simply put them out of her mind. How could she have been so thoughtless?

"It doesn't help that I'm further than ever from having kids," Isabella added miserably. "At least, that's how they see it. I've tried telling them about Robert, but... I

guess they never really took it to heart. Or maybe they just thought he'd come around. They've always wanted grandchildren."

Hearing that stung a little. "We can give them to them!" Clea insisted quickly. "When we're ready, I mean. I've been looking into it. Artificial insemination. Fertility treatments. It's all extremely, extremely possible. We can do it, Isabella. We can have a family."

Isabella looked at Clea and smiled. The happiness on her face was real and it warmed Clea's heart - but, as usual, it didn't seem to last. After merely a moment, Isabella sunk back into her sullen, heavy mood.

"Thank you, Clea. I want that with you. I really do. Nothing could make me happier. It's just..." Isabella looked down and sighed again. "I don't know. The way they talk about divorce. It's like they see me as a failure now. And... I know I couldn't stay with Robert. That's just not who I am. I'm a lesbian. I'm attracted to women. I'm in love with you. But... still." She reached up and buried her face in her hands. "I can't stop feeling like they're right. Like I really am a failure."

At that moment, Clea could feel her heart being ripped in two. She threw her arms around Isabella and felt the older woman's body being wracked with heavy sighs and half-sobs. The depth of the pain in Isabella's voice was moving her to tears. She wished, more than she'd ever wished for anything else, that she could figure out what she needed to do to make Isabella right.

And then, suddenly, it dawned on her. Inspiration.

Clea had made sure Isabella was a lesbian. She'd given her all kinds of desires, and

had tipped the scales to make sure the older woman gave in to them. But through all that, she'd been missing something. Isabella had spent her whole life thinking that divorce was wrong. That leaving her husband for Clea was wrong. Accepting that she needed to do it didn't mean all of that internalized shame and torment was erased. There was something critical Isabella needed to bring her psyche back into balance.

Pride.

It seemed so simple now. It was all Clea could do to keep herself from smiling inappropriately.

"Hey," Clea said, voice tender. "Look at me."

It took Isabella a moment, but she obediently turned her face up towards her girlfriend. She seemed surprised when Clea kissed her, deeply and gladly, but soon melted into the embrace. Through all her depression, Isabella was more in love with Clea than she'd ever been with her husband. Clea always enjoyed the way she could taste that love on her lips.

"Don't worry," Clea told her, as she pulled back. "It's all going to be OK." Now, she could say it with such absolute confidence that she could see Isabella surprised to find herself believing it. "I know exactly what to do."

You are a lesbian, Isabella.

The suggestion washed over Isabella with perfect ease. Even her subconsciousness barely registered the words as they worked their way through her mind, pressing on her with a gentle, irresistible pressure, like the way the tides steadily shaped the shore.

Why bother taking notice? The music video was just telling her what she already knew.

And besides, Isabella didn't notice anything else, either. She didn't notice the soft, familiar, reassuring texture of the bed sheets beneath her skin. She didn't notice the faint ache in her back from the way she was propped up against the headboard. She didn't notice the gleeful, triumphant grin on Clea's face as her girlfriend held her phone up in front of Isabella to show her the new music video she'd just made for her.

Isabella was far, far too deeply hypnotized for that.

It had struck her as a little strange when, right after comforting her, Clea had run out of the room and declared that she needed to work on one of her videos. It was hardly out of character, though. Isabella had come to accept that part of Clea - the part that was seized by inspiration at wildly unexpected moments. She loved it, just as she loved everything else about Clea.

Besides, she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. She loved the files Clea made for her. They always left her unbelievably, blissfully relaxed - and that feeling was more precious to her now than ever.

So, even though she hadn't really been in the mood, Isabella hadn't argued when Clea had insisted that she lie down and watch her latest creation.

Now, her mood was completely immaterial. It was a thing of the past. It had dissolved like mist. Isabella felt nothing at all, and she was thinking of nothing but the screen in front of her face. Strange, lurid, spiral patterns dominated her vision, and deep, pulsing, binaural beats dictated the rhythm of her mind. It had taken effect instantly. Isabella had been conditioning herself to be unbelievably susceptible. Resistance was a thing of the past. And beneath it all, Clea's voice whispered suggestions that carved themselves indelibly on Isabella's heart.

You are a lesbian.

That one passed by without notice. Isabella accepted it completely and totally. She was a lesbian. She always had been. But hearing that yet again, helped to lull Isabella into a state of calm, placid acceptance.

Yes. That was right. Clea's voice was always right. Clea knew best for her. All Isabella needed to do was listen.

You are comfortable with people knowing you're a lesbian.

That didn't go down quite so easily. Isabella had to turn inward and ask herself if that was how she truly felt. Was she truly comfortable with people knowing she was a lesbian? Maybe. There was no reason not to be. Not that Isabella could think of. It wasn't like it was anything to be ashamed of. And yet, there was something...

No. No, she was comfortable with people knowing she was a lesbian. The more she dwelt on it, the more Isabella found herself sure. All her doubts were simply vanishing.

You are confident in coming out as a lesbian.

Under Clea's watchful gaze, Isabella twitched, just a little. She was confident in coming out? Isabella wasn't so sure of that. She was comfortable with people knowing, of course. But coming out - that was a different matter. Coming out was such an event. A declaration. She'd had to, with her ex and her parents, but it hadn't felt particularly good.

And yet, she was confident in coming out as a lesbian.

She just was. It was beyond doubt. Even if it didn't feel good, Isabella was confident. She took the bad with the good - hadn't she always? To her, something standing in her way was always a challenge to overcome. That was how she'd come so far in her work life. Why would her sexuality be any different? Besides, if she was happy with people knowing, surely it stood to reason that she was happy coming out to them.

A slight smile dawned on Isabella's face as she accepted it. She was confident in coming out as a lesbian. The only mystery was how it had taken her this long. She needed to start telling people.

You want to make new friends who accept you as a lesbian.

She did? Isabella wasn't so sure about that. Make new friends? That goal hadn't been on her radar at all. After all, she was perfectly content in her current circle of friends. Except...

They weren't lesbians. They were all straight.

That wasn't a problem, of course. They were straight, but they weren't prejudiced. Isabella was sure they'd be comfortable with the fact that she was a lesbian. But then, why had she held off on coming out to them? Not for lack of confidence, obviously. She was perfectly comfortable with people knowing, and perfectly confident in coming out to them. It didn't make much sense.

Except it did. It was because Isabella knew it would change things between them.

Once that realization appeared in her head, the rest of it fell like dominoes. Yes, that was it. She hadn't come out to them because, after that, their friendship just wouldn't be the same. After all, so much of the time her friend group spent together was spent talking about men - venting about their husbands, complaining about their exes, sharing their dating woes. Suddenly, Isabella would be set apart from all that. It wasn't her world anymore. She was a lesbian. She could try talking to them about what she was going through in turn, but even if they'd be sympathetic, they couldn't possibly understand.

And that was why Isabella needed new friends. Friends who really, truly accepted her.

Now that she'd thought about it like that, she wanted it so badly.

You are proud of being a lesbian.

At that, Isabella almost woke up. Her brow furrowed and her eyes trembled, as they registered the intense, inward conflict raging inside of her. A little color and life returned to her face and she began to twitch and stir - all of that, because Isabella was troubled by the fact that she couldn't seem to answer one simple question.

Was she proud of being a lesbian?

There was a correct answer: 'yes'. Isabella knew that. She was supposed to feel proud. But it just wasn't that simple. Isabella was proud of some things, of course. She was proud of being Clea's girlfriend. But overall, being a lesbian had been as much anguish as joy. She'd spent years lying to herself in a pointless, awful marriage, and now she had to navigate a messy divorce, the judgment of her peers, and the disappointment of her parents. And their disappointment was as much a part of her as anything else was. They were her parents. They'd raised her. She'd lived with their opinions their entire life.

Though she never would have said so out loud, deep down, Isabella knew that she didn't feel proud of being a lesbian. If anything, it was the opposite.

That settled the question. Did it?

Somehow, though, that didn't sit right with Isabella. It just itched at her.

Wasn't she proud, in her own way?

She couldn't seem to shake that conviction. In fact, it was growing and growing. As the soporific tones of Clea's music video kept playing in her ears, Isabella found herself rationalizing, not questioning.

She was proud. Wasn't she?

If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so comfortable with people

knowing she was one? If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so confident coming out? If Isabella wasn't proud of being a lesbian, why was she so eager to make new friends who accepted her?

When she thought about it like that, it all seemed incredibly simple.

"I'm... proud..." Isabella sighed in a faint, dreamy voice, as acceptance came to her, "proud... of being... a lesbian."

Her reward was a sudden rush of serotonin. It was like she had been completely unburdened. For the first time in weeks, her heart felt light and free. Isabella felt like she could do anything.

"Good girl," Clea murmured, although Isabella barely heard her.

Finally, Isabella, you need to marry Clea and have her children.

Isabella felt no resistance to that. There was no reason for her to doubt or question it. Especially not now that she'd realized how proud she was. Isabella felt like she could finally embrace Clea with her whole heart, and that meant making a place for her in all her deepest, most important dreams - her dreams of family. Who better than Clea? The woman she loved, and the woman who was best for her.

It was easy to accept. But that didn't mean it didn't have an impact.

Wanting or hoping for those dreams was one thing. Needing them was another. Finding pride had made Isabella feel complete, but already, she was discovering an emptiness within herself. A deep, gnawing, yawning emptiness. It needed to be filled.

She needed to be filled.

She needed to marry Clea. She needed to have her children. It was in her body.

“There we go,” Clea murmured. “I think that should do, for now.”

Isabella blinked, suddenly disoriented, as the screen that had become her entire world disappeared. It took her a very long time to realize that Clea had simply put her phone down. Noticing how confused she was prompted questions: what had she been doing? Why was her head so foggy? Why did she feel so different? What had been happening for the past few minutes?

Then Clea squeezed her hand, and it didn’t matter. Isabella found herself smiling at her girlfriend in utter contentment.

Clea was here. Clea knew what was best for her. That meant she was safe and that everything was perfectly OK.

Except one thing. Isabella *needed*.

In her body, she needed. It was hard to put her finger on why, exactly, but just as Isabella’s mind was ready to succumb to a warm, sleepy, loving daze, her body was rousing itself with an awareness of just how desperate she was. And somehow, Clea seemed to know.

“Hey,” Clea said, her tone suggestive. She reached down and rested her palm possessively on Isabella’s abdomen. “I really, really need to put a baby in you.”

Isabella gasped. Suddenly her need had a form. A shape. The growing arousal in her body started flowing to her chest and her lower half. She needed that so badly.

“Y-yeah,” Isabella panted. “But... how...?”

“I told you, there are ways.” Clea smirked. “But for now, we’ll just have to make do with this.”

Clea reached down over the edge of the bed and then under it, groping around for something. Once she found it, she showed it to Isabella: a long gift box, nicely made, clearly left there just for the occasion like a present under a Christmas tree. In a slow, teasing way, Clea lifted the lid to show her girlfriend what was inside.

A brand new, huge, realistic, lovingly-sculpted strap-on.

Isabella let out another gasp, this one thick with anticipation. There was no mistaking what this was for, or why Clea was showing it to her now.

Or how much Isabella wanted it.

“I need to make you mine,” Clea said, once she saw the eagerness in Isabella’s gaze. Kneeling on the bed, she raised herself up on her knees and started fastening the harness around her hips. “I need to make you feel it. Inside and out.”

Isabella just nodded, and let out a slight, reverent moan. As Clea busied herself securing the strap into the harness, she was all but hypnotized by the sight of that huge, silicone shaft bobbing up and down in the air, jutting out proudly from Clea’s athletic, feminine figure. It was making her drool, and filling her belly with heat.

She and Clea hadn't explored this facet of lesbian sex yet. It was all new to Isabella. She'd heard of strap-ons, of course, but she didn't know how they might feel. Penetration with her husband had always been so disappointing, but Isabella suspected that, as in all other areas, Clea would prove far more skilled.

Certainly, her tool was much, much bigger.

"You need this," Clea told her, stroking one hand experimentally along the shaft of her new, silicone cock.

Isabella nodded her head in mute reverence. It wasn't a question. They both knew it was true. Isabella needed to have Clea's children. Those words kept echoing in her head, even though she wasn't sure where they came from. Having Clea's children would mean more than just sex, of course - but her body didn't know that. Something within her - a deep, primal, biological urge - had been activated, and it craved exactly what Clea was offering.

"You need this," Clea repeated as she advanced on Isabella, crawling towards her, looming over her. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Isabella breathed. She reclined as Clea advanced on her, resting on her back, raising her legs and parting them, inviting Clea to reach out and lift the skirt of her dress. "I need it."

"Good girl," Clea grunted. Hearing those words made Isabella's soul shiver. "Wider."

Isabella obeyed, letting her knees fall down and to the side, whimpering as she

exposed herself to her girlfriend.

“Good.” Clea reached out and hooked two fingers into her panties, slipping them down and out of the way. She smirked when she felt how wet Isabella was. “Wow. You really do need this.”

Isabella moaned again. Whenever Clea was like this with her, dominant and teasing, it just made her head go blank. It was desperately embarrassing to be so weak to being treated this way by a younger woman. “Y-yes! Please...”

“Don’t worry.” Clea was grinning wildly as she lined the head of her strap-on up against Isabella. “I wasn’t going to make you beg.”

She pushed forward with her hips and thrust the huge dildo all the way inside Isabella.

Isabella saw white.

She was already so wet that it didn’t hurt, but the sheer intensity of being filled by Clea’s strap set every nerve in her body on fire, and drew from her a ragged, shocked scream that transcended both pain and pleasure. Isabella’s whole upper body heaved as she fought for each breath, and when Clea pulled back and thrust into her a second time, it again forced all the air out of her lungs.

Then, as Clea found her rhythm, Isabella realized it felt better than anything she’d ever experienced before.

It went beyond simple pleasure. It was the kind of deep, raw satisfaction that came

from having her deepest wishes finally fulfilled. This was what Isabella had been craving. This was what she needed to fill the emptiness inside her. Clea. Clea's cock. Isabella wrapped her legs around her girlfriend's body, wielding all of her strength to draw her in and encourage her.

More. Deeper. Harder.

"You like that?" Clea grunted. Her voice was thick and gruff with exertion as she plowed into Isabella.

"Yeah," Isabella moaned. That one word was all she could manage.

Clea grinned. "Better than your husband?"

That got a derisive snort out of Isabella. "F... fuck yeah," she laughed.

Not even close. It was night and day.

Clea laughed too. She bent over Isabella and redoubled her pace. "Tell me what you want me to do to you," she growled into Isabella's ear.

There was only one answer. Isabella felt it deep in her body. In her womb, in defiance of reason.

"B-breed me," she begged.

Hearing that seemed to fill Clea with a surge of energy, but she pulled back, eliciting a whimper of disappointment from Isabella.

“I want you on your hands and knees,” Clea purred. “I want to see your ass bouncing up and down while I knock you up.”

Isabella’s disappointment vanished instantly. Clea saying that was so hot it had her seeing stars. She had fully embraced the role-play. She wanted to be fucked however Clea wanted to fuck her. Clea knew best. Her legs were weak from pleasure, but even so, Isabella managed to roll over and scramble up onto her hands and knees, ready for Clea to take her from behind.

“You know,” Clea said. She sounded distinctly smug. “This strap-on isn’t the only new toy I had lying around.”

Isabella was confused about her meaning, until she felt Clea reach around her and clip something into the D-ring of her collar.

A leash.

She had just enough time to realize how hot that was before Clea pushed her silicone cock back inside Isabella’s cunt and, at the same moment, jerked back on the leash. The sudden, sharp yank made Isabella yelp and clench down, and she was rewarded with a shock of pleasure that eclipsed even what she’d been feeling before.

Then Clea really started fucking her.

With Isabella collared and leashed like that, Clea could completely control the pace. She mastered Isabella utterly, coaxing her into tightening up, or bucking her hips, or arching her back - all with the slightest touch on the leash. It was incredible. For

Isabella, being so thoroughly controlled like that was the ultimate fantasy.

She was Clea's. Her body was Clea's. Her pussy was Clea. Her womb was Clea's.

The older woman matched Clea thrust for thrust, her moans battling with the obscene slap of Clea's hips against her ass, turning their bedroom into a temple to lesbian pleasure. Part of the thrill was that Isabella couldn't see what Clea was doing, couldn't tell what might come next, but just from her girlfriend's moans, she knew that Clea was enjoying this every bit as much as she was. That, as much as anything else, filled her with a strange, gratifying pride and brought a delirious, horny submissive smile to her face.

This was perfect. Being fucked like this was beyond Isabella's wildest dreams. It was an experience she never even could have imagined mere months before. But one burning, boiling impulse soared above everything else, until it was only thought left in Isabella's head.

"Please!" she begged through her moans. "Breed me, Clea. Please, please, I n-need it! Breed me!"

Clea smacked her ass. The unexpected pain mixed with the heady pleasure Isabella was already feeling, and she howled in both ecstasy and delirious confusion.

"Mistress," Clea said firmly, tightening her grip on the leash. "I think it's time you started calling me 'mistress'."

"F-fuck!" Isabella quivered at the sheer power of the word. It would mean so much. Another threshold crossed. Their relationship cemented as dominant and submissive.

It was perfect. Perfect for a submissive lesbian like Isabella. "Y-yes, mistress!"

"Good girl!" Clea sounded just as high on the moment as Isabella. There was a kind of wild joy in her voice, like she was all but overwhelmed by the dominant power she held over Isabella.

It was really, really hot.

"Breed me, mistress!" Isabella cried, eager to drive Clea even further into that savage, dominant headspace. "Please - please, I need it! Breed me! Breed me, mistress!"

In response, Clea just snarled. She quickened her pace yet again, pounding her strap-on in and out of Isabella's body with all of her strength. Isabella's arms gave way and she collapsed face-first into their bed, only just barely able to keep her ass propped up in the air as Clea wished.

"I'll breed you," Clea growled. "I'll knock you up. I'll make you mine. Inside and out. Mind and body. All mine. I can't wait to see you with a big, round, pregnant belly, all because of me. My wife. My submissive. Mine. Mine, mine, mine!"

An image flashed through Isabella's head, as clear and vibrant as daylight - herself, naked, kneeling beside Clea, with a collar and leash around her neck, a ring on her finger, and a huge, full, swelling belly rounding out her figure.

That pushed her over the edge. She came.

Isabella screamed as the orgasm hit her. Clea screamed too, caught up in the shared

energy. She didn't stop thrusting, though; she pounded Isabella until their screams died, then drove the strap-on into Isabella all the way to the hilt. They were both imagining the same thing: Clea filling her, painting her insides, turning her into the mother she'd always craved being.

Eventually, Isabella's legs gave way too. She slumped flat against the bed, limp and twitching, her collar still tight around her neck, lost in dreamy fantasy. Clea collapsed next to her and managed to get Isabella's head nestled into her arms even as her strap-on was still inside the older woman. For a long time, neither one of them said anything. They were just basking in the afterglow.

This was usually the moment Isabella dreaded. The moment the endorphins that sex provided started to fade, and the bleak thoughts started to return.

This time, though, it wasn't happening. The glow just went on and on, and she was blanketed by thoughts of the warm, happy future she and Clea were going to have together. Jubilant, Isabella turned to look at her girlfriend.

"We should do this again," she said, a touch shyly. "M-mistress."

Clea giggled like she couldn't believe her luck. Then, she stretched forward to kiss Isabella's forehead.

"Every single day. You bet your ass. And let's look into setting up those fertility treatments."

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