

Whispered Words

Chapter 5

I stepped through the door, let out a low whistle.

"Damn man," I said with a shake of my head. "How in the hell can you afford all this shit on what we make?"

A house that, from the outside, made mine look like a hovel by comparison. An interior decorated with fine art and tapestries and ornaments, paired with fully-integrated smart-home tech. The man hadn't even needed to use a key to unlock his front door, the thing had a fingerprint scanner! Fingerprint!

Behind us, stepping in after me, an older couple. Martin and his wife Beatrice. The woman looked around the open entry space with a wide, wondrous smile. The man rolled his eyes.

All three of us turned to Duke.

"Be honest," I grinned. "You're dealing drugs on the side, aren't you? Or is it fraud you're in to?"

"No!" Duke blushed, "nothing like that. I'm—"

"A hitman," I said, nodding my head confidently. "I knew it."

Martin chuckled as Duke sighed.

"My wife," Duke said, cheeks pink. "She, uh, makes more than I do."

"A lot more," I whistled. "If you guys can afford all this."

"Now, now," Beatrice scolded softly. "Nothing wrong with a woman making more than her husband. Times have changed."

"The main living room is just through there," Duke said, pointing towards a closed door. "Make yourselves comfortable, I'll just go let the nanny know I'm home."

"Wait," I said as Duke retreated upstairs. "Did he just say 'main' living room. Did he say 'nanny'?"

I shook my head, turned to a bemused Martin.

"If that man thinks I'm ever going to be the one buying beers from now on..."

The three of us made out way into Duke's 'main' living room.

It was a large, open space. Three sofas and a large, glass coffee table between them. There were bookshelves and cabinets, and a large flat-screen on one of the walls – probably with some fancy, fingerprint-scanning remote laying around somewhere.

Me and the older couple took seats, made small-talk while we waited for Duke to return.

As we chatted, my eyes roamed the room.

There, over a mantelpiece, a family photograph. Blown up and framed like a portrait. Duke, a woman, and their two kids – a young boy and a newborn baby. The picture was probably a few months old; Duke's paternity leave had been almost a year ago now. But that woman...

Dark haired, smiling, hair in a professional bob cut.

She was *beautiful*. A thin, angular nose. Sharp jaw. High cheek bones. The kind of face that could've belonged to a model or actress. And, from what I could see of her body...

When Duke finally entered the room, I stood up.

"I just remembered," I said, rubbing the back of my head and smiling apologetically, "I've got something I really need to do today. Do y'all mind if I take a rain check?"

There was some soft complaining. This was meant to be a group thing, the four of us working together. But we were all adults, knew that things didn't always go to plan.

As Duke walked me out of the living room to his house's front door, I turned to face him.

"Sorry about this," I told him. "It's a shame I won't be able to meet your wife."

"You could stay," Duke shrugged. "She should be home any minute."

Perfect.

"Nah. I've really gotta go," I said, raising my hands and clapping my palms together.

"Alright man. See you tomorrow!"

I stepped back as Duke opened the front door, waited as nobody walked through it. My friend waved at thin air, then shut the door. He walked back to the living room, and I followed – clapping again as we entered. Duke took a seat, began chatting with Martin and Beatrice about the 'project'. Namely, what we were going to do for our colleague and their upcoming wedding.

I sat down, put my feet up on the coffee table, waited.

When the house's front door slammed shut, I perked up.

It'd only been a few minutes, but the talk of the wedding 'project' hadn't exactly been riveting.

A few moments later, the door to the living room opened and a woman's head popped in. *The woman.* Duke's wife.

"Hey!" She smiled to the elderly couple sitting opposite her husband. "You must be Duke's co-workers. I'm Olivia, Duke's wife and- Huh. Didn't you say you'd be bringing three people, honey?"

"Something came up," Duke shrugged. "Maybe next time."

Olivia frowned for a moment, her eyes criss-crossing as they passed over where I sat. She blinked, shook her head, smiled.

"I'm just going to go ahead and get changed. I'll be right with you!"

I stood up from my seat, followed Duke's wife out of the living room and upstairs – taking all the time I needed to in order to fully appreciate the woman's figure.

She was in a business suit. All professional and neat, with trousers instead of a skirt. Her hair was tied back in a formal bun, make-up light and understated. Wearing black, inch-high heels and carrying a briefcase instead of a purse or bag.

An hourglass. From how her clothes hugged her body, it was plain to see. This woman had an amazing body.

I followed her into her and Duke's bedroom, stood back and watched as she quickly began stripping out of her work clothes – opening and looking through drawers as she sent her business suit sailing through the air onto the bed.

She didn't take off her bra or panties.

The panties were fine. Plain and ordinary, but cute. The bra, though? It was a padded, bulky monstrosity - in an ugly shade of cream-white that looked antiquated and hideous.

"Best to swap bras," I whispered, stepping up behind her – my mouth inches from her ear. "This one's been bothering you all day."

The woman reached behind her back, unhooked her ugly bra, took it off.

Two massive, wonderful breasts came free. If tits could breathe, those mountains would've breathed a sigh of relief at not being suffocated any longer.

"Such a busy day, and you're in a rush. It wouldn't surprise anyone if you forgot one little thing."

My words sank in. Unheard but obeyed.

Olivia slipped into some comfortable sweat-pants, pulled on a loose, v-neck shirt. Casual, comfortable clothes.

She reached behind her head, undid the bun and let her hair fall free into a messy bob-cut. Then, not wasting a moment more, she rushed back downstairs to join her husband and his friends.

I followed right behind her, enjoying the sight of her butt bouncing down the stairs.

"This one," Olivia said, turning her tablet so everyone could look. The older couple had to

lean in to see it properly. "It's not too expensive, and is right next to the sea. It has a pool too, which is always a plus!"

"I don't know," her husband hummed. "It's still pretty costly."

"They're all going to be 'pretty costly', unless you go the *real* tight budget route and put them in a run-down shack for a week."

"Let's keep looking," old Beatrice said. "I'm sure we'll find somewhere nice."

All four of them turned their gazes down once again – looking at tablets or phones, searching through listings.

No. Wait.

Not all *four*. Three of them did. But not Martin. No, that sly old bastard was looking at Olivia. Stealthily, of course. He was *pretending* to be searching through hotels like the rest of them. But I could see it. I could tell what he was doing.

Every few seconds, his eyes would drift up to Olivia's chest, her ever-so-faintly protruding nipples.

I allowed myself a little chuckle, walked around the room so that I stood behind Olivia.

"it's getting pretty chilly in here, don't you think?" I whispered. "Not cold enough to get up. But cold all the same."

The woman shuddered, ignored the sudden chill she felt, continued looking through hotel listings. Save for the occasional comment or suggestion, the group was mostly quiet.

I watched, smiling, as the woman's nipples began to harden under her shirt. Before long, those barely-noticeable protrusions became *very* noticeable indeed. Obvious little nubs for the old goat to enjoy gazing at while his wife sat right next to him.

"You're so engrossed in what you're doing, you won't notice your body's reaction to the cold," I whispered into Olivia's ear.

Chances were, I didn't need to do that. Of all the people in the living room, she seemed the most excited by this whole, dumb idea. So excited, in fact, that I doubted she'd have noticed her rock-hard nipples even without my words of encouragement.

Still, better to be safe than sorry.

"Planning a surprise honeymoon holiday," I added with a smirk. "It's just so fun! Even if you don't actually know the people getting married."

For the next few minutes, I did nothing but watch.

At different points, everyone in the room but Olivia herself noticed her hard, now-large nipples poking out under her shirt. Her husband seemed embarrassed for her. Beatrice promptly looked away when she noticed, an amused smile tugging at her old lips. Martin, though? That man was practically *salivating* as he stared at Olivia's chest and nipples.

I walked around the room, whispered in different ears – making sure neither Beatrice nor Duke would notice or say anything about Martin's staring. Then, I gave Martin a little whisper too, let him know it'd be perfectly fine for him to stare as much as he wanted – that no-one would notice it.

Then it came time to whisper in Olivia's ear again.

I stood behind her sofa, looked down her loose top, considered the options before me.

"Something feels off. You can't quite place it."

The woman's lips pursed, she looked up and opened her mouth to speak. Her eyes caught Martin staring at her. Whatever she'd been about to say died on her lips.

Olivia looked down, saw her nipples poking out under her shirt.

In an instant, her face turned red.

I could see the cogs in her head turning. The confusion, followed by a sudden realisation. She'd forgotten to put on a bra! Her husband's friend was *staring* at her! I could see the conflict. The question, and the flurry of options. What should she do? How should

she react?

"He's not doing any harm," I told her softly. "No need to bring attention to it and make everyone uncomfortable. Much better to ignore it, embarrassing as it might be."

Blushing, shuffling awkwardly in her seat, Olivia forced her eyes back onto her tablet – continued looking at hotel listings.

"There," I smiled, speaking quietly. "If you're not looking at him, you can almost pretend he's not there. Not staring. Almost."

I walked around Olivia's sofa – one she had all to herself – and sat next to her. No one saw me, nor did Olivia notice the sudden shift of weight on the sofa. One of the perks of being effectively invisible to them. They couldn't perceive me in any way.

"Focus on the task at hand," I whispered to Olivia, my finger extending towards her chest. "Ignore everything else as best you can."

I slid my finger into the 'v' of her top, gently began tugging it down and to the side.

Across the coffee table, Martin's eyes bulged.

When I pulled my finger back, one of Olivia's colossal tits was fully exposed – nipple puffy and inviting.

"Beatrice," I whispered loudly – better than getting up and moving just to speak into her ear alone. "Why don't you make some small talk?"

"So," Beatrice said, looking up from her phone and turning to Duke. "When're you two gonna try for lucky number three?"

"Number three?" Duke asked, confused. "Oh! You mean kids? No. We're done with that. Two is more than enough for-"

Duke stopped speaking the moment his eyes fell upon his wife and her exposed tit. He blanched, pointed at it, said her name. Which, in turn, drew Beatrice's and Olivia's attention to it simultaneously.

"Oh my," Beatrice said, looking away and covering her amusement.

Two words that I barely heard over Olivia's yelp of surprise.

She covered herself quickly, face red.

For the first time in several minutes, Martin had the decency to look away with a blush of his own.

I sat back, smiled as an air of pure awkwardness filled the room.

"I can't wait," Olivia sighed, "to stop nursing."

I grinned, continued to suckle on her puffy nipple, drinking down milk as it came. Not as full and filling as Hayley's milk – there definitely seemed to be less of it coming from Olivia's jugs – but delicious all the same.

"Just a few more months and the lil' one will be on solid-foods only. No more lactating for me!"

"It can't be that bad," Duke said, sitting down on the sofa opposite us. "Every woman does it, right? Or, at least, *can* do it. Physically, I mean. Under the right circumstances and-"

"I know what you meant," Olivia giggled. She patted my head as I sucked on her milky nipple. "And yes, it *is* that bad."

"Oh well," her husband smiled. "Only a few months now. Weeks, really."

"And then I'll never have to breastfeed again!"

"Hooray!" Duke cheered. "Though, it is a shame that your breasts might shrink a little..."

"Oh god, not this again."

I reached up, began squeezing Olivia's tit – milking her like a cow. Her flow of milk had thinned to a dribble. That couldn't be all, surely!

"I'm just saying, bigger is better," Duke said with a firm nod of his head. "You can't blame me for wanting the best."

"You're right there," Olivia muttered, gently stroking my hair. "Bigger *is* better. Unfortunately for me."

"Hey!" Duke laughed. "That's not very nice!"

Olivia cracked a smile, said nothing.

"I'd have thought," Duke said, his own smile twisting cheekily, "that you'd have wanted bigger boobs too after today. The bigger they are, the less likely they are to slip out of your top 'n' all..."

"Oh god!" Olivia choked, cheeks turning pink. "Do *not* remind me! I don't know what happened. I-"

I sighed, spat the woman's nipple out of my mouth. Stood and walked away from the sofa.

"-have no idea how that happened."

"Just like you haven't noticed it's happened again?" Her husband said, nodding to his wife's exposed tit – the one I'd been drinking from.

"Oh my god!"

"You can feel and perceive everything – except me," I said, walking to the living room door. It was getting pretty late, I couldn't stay here forever.

"You wanna maybe cover up again?" Duke chuckled. "It would appear that I've married a closet exhibitionist. Truth be told, I'm more okay with this deep, dark secret of yours than I perhaps should be."

"Oh *shush*," Olivia muttered.

She paused, stared down at her breast and nipple, frowned.

"Are those *teeth* marks? No, they can't be..."

"Everything okay, honey?"

Olivia stared down at herself for a few moments more before shaking her head, smiling at her husband.

"Yea, I'm fine," she said, pulling the neckline of her top back up to cover herself again. "Just really sore and achy for some reason - like I've been using the pump for too long or something. Except I haven't. How odd."

Duke wiggled his eyebrows, opened his mouth.

"No," Olivia stated firmly. "I do not want or need your help 'massaging' my breasts better."

I opened the living room door, slipped out.

A few minutes later, I was on the road – driving home with the aftertaste of Olivia's milk on my tongue.

Truly, it was a shame she was weaning – her tits and their nectar slowly drying up. If only there was some way for me to convince my co-worker's wife to keep breastfeeding and keep herself lactating, restoring that diminishing supply of milk she had.

"Lucky number three?" I said, glancing at my reflection.

It'd certainly do the job...