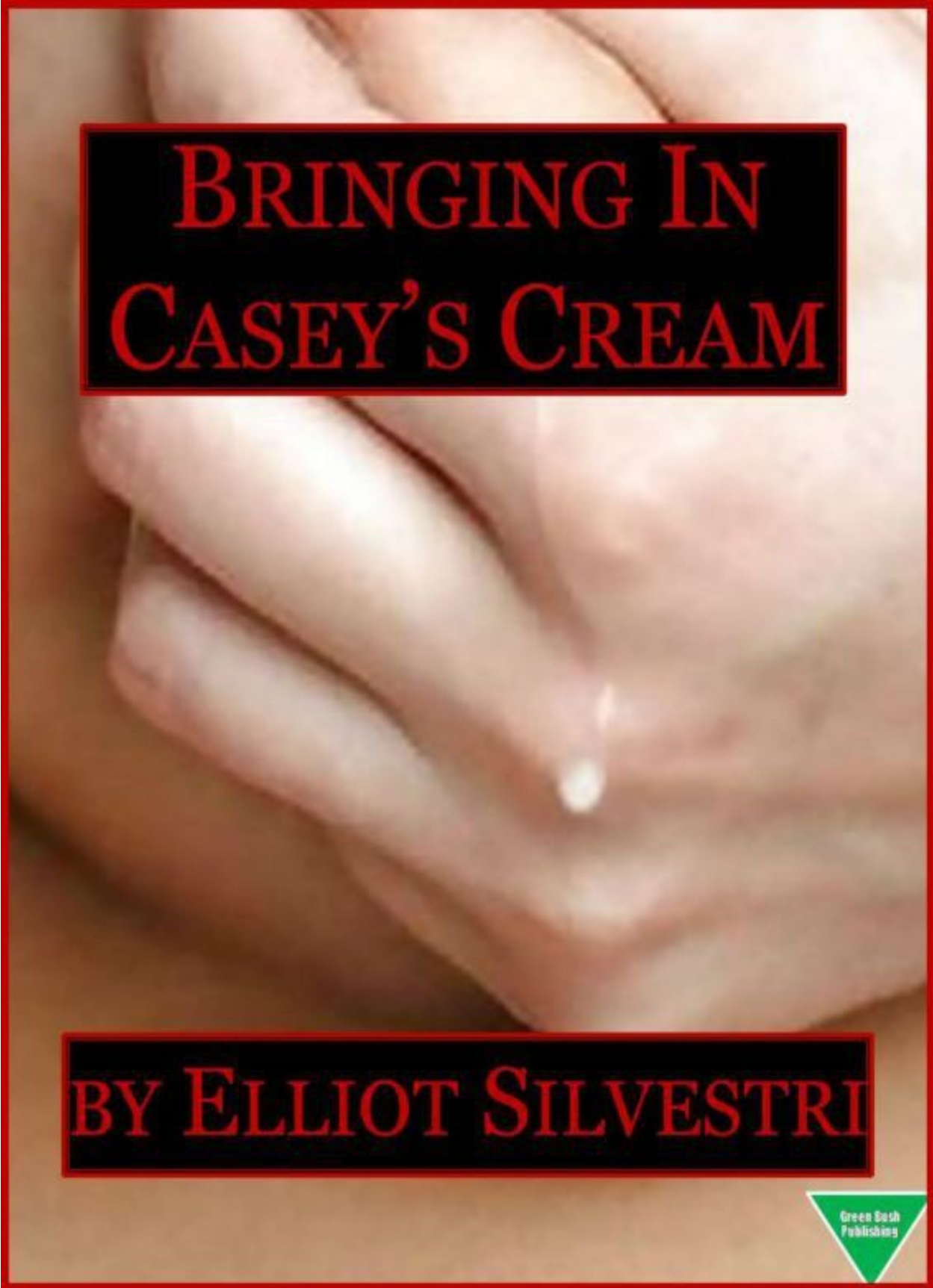
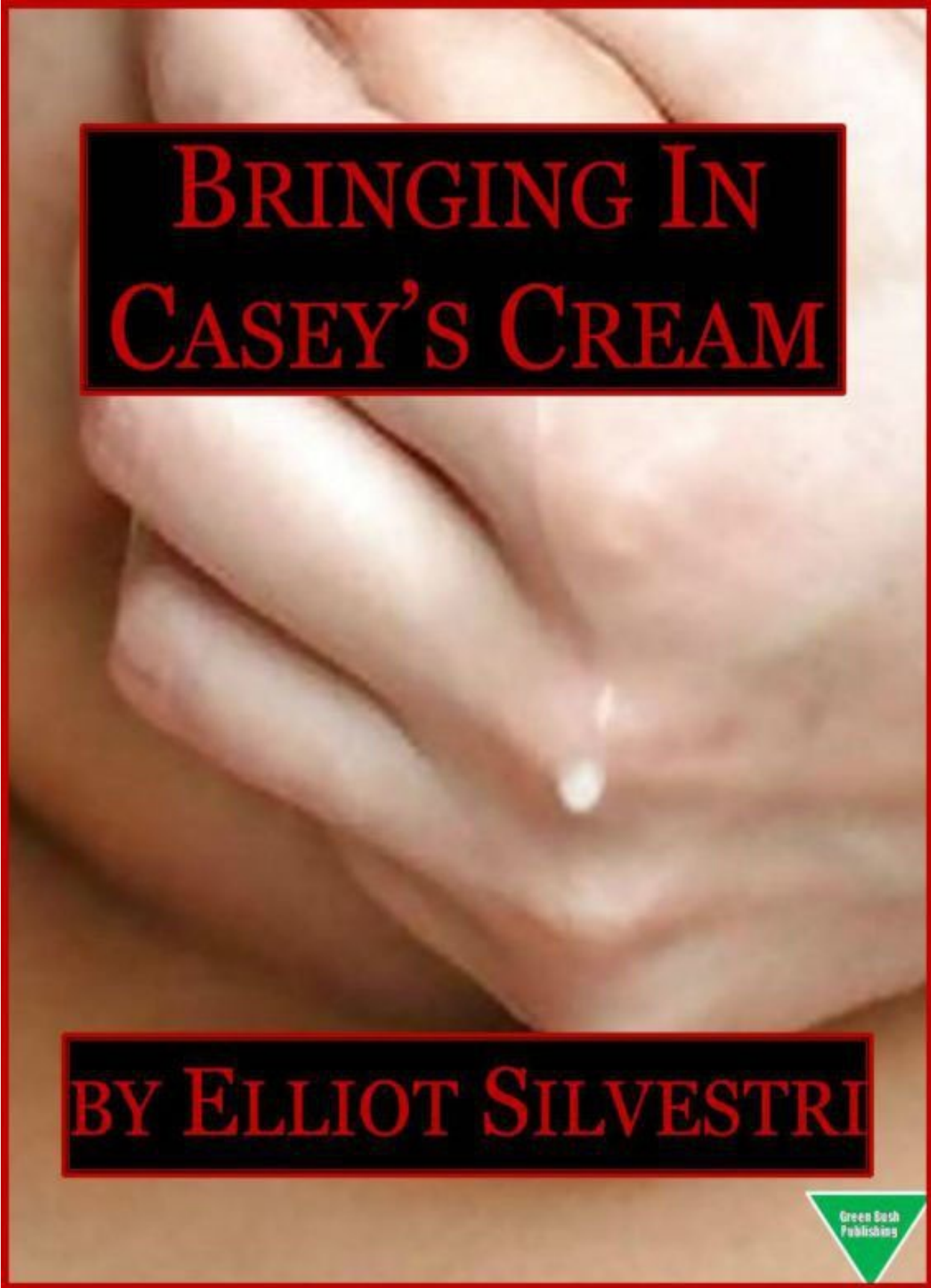


A close-up photograph of a hand, likely a palm, with a single drop of white cream or lotion on the skin. The background is a soft, out-of-focus skin tone. The entire image is framed by a thin red border.

BRINGING IN CASEY'S CREAM

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing



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Bringing in Casey's Cream

By Elliot Silvestri

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Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Casey unbuckled the strap from around her wrist and pulled off the restraint while Owen finished unlocking her wrist restrains from the bed frame. She loved the four-poster bed she had insisted they buy shortly after getting married. It was both ornamental and functional; the heavy wooden posts in the four corners were the perfect anchors for the straps they used to tie her down when she needed a good spanking followed by a good fucking. Face down and cuffed by both her ankles and wrists she was helpless to suffer under whatever torments Owen could inflict upon her.

She had been embarrassed and terrified when she revealed to him that she needed to be tied up, spanked, and roughly fucked on a regular basis. She had already accepted his offer of marriage and they had only played at what she called baby bondage games up to that point in their sex life. Marrying Owen made her happy; getting tied up and spanked made her happy. She hadn't yet brought the two together, but she knew she couldn't have the one without the other.

Happily—luckily—he had indulged in her request and was both fascinated and exited by it. Instead of driving them apart her kink had brought them together. Owen was nearly everything a kinky woman could dream of after fifteen years of marriage...except he was a little too vanilla for her tastes. This had been something she had resigned herself to; Owen was more than willing to go along with whatever weird request she had in bed, but he never asked for anything special beyond a blowjob. That was too easy.

“You were a little bit quiet tonight,” Owen commented as he dropped her restraints into the bottom drawer of the nightstand.

“I was screaming into the pillow,” Casey replied. “Can't wake the kids.”

Their kids were on the other side of the house and one floor up asleep in their bedrooms. Unless a fire truck drove through the house nothing would wake the pair.

“Okay,” he pleasantly agreed. Casey rolled over and sat up, crossing her legs and hugging them to her chest. Her bottom was a little sore from the paddling he had given her earlier, but it was just a little bit red. It wasn’t anything she wasn’t used to or desired. “Need any salve for your ass?” he asked. Paddling Casey was what Owen claimed to be his favorite activity in their sex life; treating her minor injuries from those paddling was what he claimed was his second favorite activity. She didn’t mind in the least that he would rub salves and ointments into the soft skin of her ass for an hour if she asked it.

For a woman pushing forty Casey considered herself in good shape, especially after birthing and breast feeding two kids. Sure, her ass was getting a little wide and her stomach wasn’t nearly as flat as it was in her early twenties, but if Owen minded, he didn’t say anything. He could have been in better shape himself. Although he hadn’t lost much, if any, of his hair, his stomach had started to bulge with a bit of a middle-aged paunch.

“What do you want?” she asked him.

“I want to get in bed and go to sleep,” he answered as he walked out of their attached bathroom. He was wiping of his cock with a wet washcloth that he proceeded to toss into the laundry hamper.

“No, that I know. What do you really want?” she asked as he slipped under the covers. She barely moved. She wasn’t angry, but she wanted an answer.

“What do I really want what?” he asked. It had been a long day. Tying up his wife, spanking her round ass, then fucking her good and hard while she couldn’t do a thing to him was enjoyable but exhausting. Normally they fell asleep shortly after their play session and he was looking forward to exactly that.

“What do you want to do in bed?” she asked for what seemed like the thousandth time, though it might have been the ten thousandth.

“I want to tie you up, paddle you, then fuck you,” he mumbled. The light on his side of the bed was already off and his eyes were closed.

Casey sighed. “We do that all the time. I like it, but I want to please you.”

“You already please me.”

“I want to indulge you,” she said with every ounce of earnestness in her voice she could muster. “I want to play a kinky game that you think up and I don’t really want to do but I do anyway because I love you.”

Somehow Owen managed to crank open one eye. “I’m dull and vanilla,” he reminded her. “I indulge you and that’s what I like in my life.”

“I want to play new games,” she said. Already his eyes were closed again.

“Think up a new game and I’ll play it with you,” he said. “I’m game for anything.”

“You won’t like my games,” she said.

But Owen was already snoring lightly. She sighed, climbed off the bed, pulled a nightie out of her dresser and pulled it on. Casey contemplated her sleeping husband a long time before turning off the light and climbing into bed next to him.

The next night Owen reached into the bottom drawer of the nightstand for Casey’s restraints. “Not tonight,” Casey said. She had on a pair of bright purple satin pajamas that were decidedly sexy but not in her usual kinky mode.

“Oh?”

“Tired,” she complained. “Long day. I hate working this time of year.”

“Do you want to just have plain sex?” he asked while putting back the leather manacles and straps.

“No. Just sleep.” Casey turned off her light and closed her eyes. A minute later her breathing went soft and she was asleep.

Owen wasn’t especially tired, nor was he especially horny. It was his wife that had the stronger sex drive. He considered looking up some porn on the computer but instead opted for a half hour of reading before turning off his light and going to sleep.

The following night Casey was at a late meeting. Owen made dinner, made sure the kids had their homework done, cleaned the kitchen, tossed in a load of laundry, folded what was in the dryer, wasted half an hour watching a stupid sitcom as he laid in bed waiting for his wife.

He was asleep when she got home. Casey turned off the TV, stripped off her clothes making sure her moist panties were half-hidden at the bottom of the laundry hamper, contemplated herself in the bathroom mirror for a long minute, critically evaluating her tits and bare pussy, before putting on pajamas and crawling into bed next to her husband.

“Not tonight, dear, I have a headache,” Casey said when he asked her if she wanted to have sex.

“It’s been three days since we had sex,” Owen complained.

“That doesn’t mean you automatically get what you want,” she told him.

“You can just lie there,” he said grumpily. “I’ll fuck you and you can just enjoy it.”

“Just moving my head makes it worse,” she stated. “Go jerk off if you need it that badly.”

“Never mind,” he said. They turned off the lights and she went to sleep as he stared at the ceiling in the half light seeping through the drawn curtains.

“Okay, what gives,” he said on the fourth night. “We’ve never gone this long before not having sex...except when the kids were born.”

“What do you want?” she asked him again.

“I want to have sex.”

“What kink do you want me to indulge in?” Casey asked pointedly.

“This again?” he complained.

“No pussy for you until you come up with a weird fantasy that I can indulge you in.”

“I don’t have any weird fantasies.”

“Then no pussy.”

“I’d just be making something up to appease you!”

“That works for me.”

Silence grew between them.

Finally Owen said, “Fine. I want you to lactate.”

Casey replied to that with silence, then opened her mouth and replied with more silence. Finally, as Owen waited patiently for a response, she managed a confused, “Umm...”

Owen sighed. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Forget I said anything.”

Those words caused Casey’s brain to kick back into gear. “No, wait. I was just... surprised. I was expecting something like a three-way or maybe pegging. I don’t know. I wasn’t expecting...that.”

“Which is why I never said anything before,” he angrily replied. “Just forget it.” Owen yanked off his shirt and rummaged through his dresser looking for pajamas. He couldn’t stand to look at his wife at that moment. He was ashamed at himself and angry at her and there was nothing he could do about it. He cursed himself for saying anything; he knew he should have made up something, anything that would be considered a normal kink that his loving wife would have been delighted to indulge in for him, but he stupidly went ahead and blurted out what he wanted and now regretted it.

“You know, this is something I can make happen,” Casey said.

“Uh-huh,” Owen mumbled as he kicked off his khakis and pulled on his sleep pants.

“It’s not like my breasts don’t work,” she stated. “Don’t be a shit now that I know what you’ve been hiding for...years?” She stopped and considered what he must have kept a secret for so long. Like so many men Owen showed more than casual interest in her—and many women’s—breasts, but she couldn’t think of a time when he was totally obsessed with them. She couldn’t think of any special interest he had in sex at all. Was he that secretive or was she so self-obsessed that she never noticed? “Geez, how long have you had this interest?”

Owen didn’t say anything and let the silence fill the room as he rolled into the bed. “I don’t know. A while.”

“How long?” she demanded in that tone that she used when she wanted him to give her some special abuse while she was tied up. He was never able to resist her voice of authority

“Probably since shortly after the kids were born.”

“What? That long?”

“It’s not like I woke up one day and decided, hmm, I need a kink to spice up my sex life.” He snapped his fingers. “I know. I’ll choose sucking on my wife’s tits while they expel milk. That sounds nice and normal and sane and completely within the realm of what all suburban couples do in the privacy of their bedrooms.”

“You don’t have to be angry,” she said trying to calm him down. Following his lead she started pulling off her clothes and getting ready for bed. She talked while she stripped. “I just didn’t know and you took me by surprise when you gave me your answer.”

He snorted and she ignored the noise.

“I can do this for you,” she told him.

“Really.” It wasn’t a question. It was a statement of doubt.

“Well, tell me about it. I know a little about breastfeeding—I do have two

healthy kids you know—”

“I know,” he muttered under his breath.

“And while I’m not willing to get pregnant again just to fulfill your fantasy, I can certainly make a good try to make it happen.”

“You’re willing to try?” he asked. He was still facing the wall away from her. Casey had poked through her dresser and found an old nightie that tied in front under her breasts. It wasn’t anything special, but it was low-cut and accented her tits. There was a matching pair of shorts she pulled on as well. Owen didn’t see any of this as she slipped into bed. For just a moment she was worried. While being in good shape she didn’t have a model-perfect body, but had never heard a word of complaint from Owen about her ass, thighs, tummy, or tits. Her breasts were good sized—neither huge nor tiny—and were rather plain. They didn’t ride high on her chest like a teenager’s, nor did they hang down pendulously low. For the most part Casey didn’t give her tits much thought, they were there, they served a purpose, and it was nice when Owen played with them, but that was it.

Now Owen wanted to put them back into play.

“Of course I’m willing to try,” she said with a touch too much saccharine sweetness. “You do so much for me, tying me up, spanking me, fucking me so hard that sometimes I want to pass out because the orgasms are so powerful, why wouldn’t I be willing to get my boobs to lactate for you?”

It sounded strange on her tongue, but she said the words. They were honest. Casey truly loved her husband and if she could make him happy trying this, then her role as a wife was fulfilled. If she made every bit of his fantasy come true... then so much the better.

Owen just grunted again.

“What do we need to do to start? I know some women who adopt babies want to breast feed so they go on hormone regimens to lactate. Is that what you want me to do?”

“You’ve been watching too many Lifetime movies,” he said to the wall, but he then rolled onto his back and glanced at her. Casey was half sitting up, her back against the headboard. It took him a moment to notice her nightie.

“I’m a girl,” she said, “all girls are required to like Lifetime movies.”

“Uh-huh. Well, there’s lots of ways to induce lactation, but the simplest and easiest one is just to have someone suck on your nipples. It can take a while, but eventually your milk should come in.”

“You sound like you know more than a little bit about this,” she teased him.

His mood finally turned and he raised his eyebrows slightly. “Just don’t look at the browser history on my computer.”

“Right,” she agreed. “You just want to suck on my tits and then—poof!—magically my milk starts flowing?”

“It’ll take a few weeks, if not months,” he told her. “And we have to do it at least twice a day. Preferably three times. Ten minutes per breast.”

She blinked at him. “Wow. You have given this a little thought.”

“And research,” he added. “Want to start now?”

“Now?”

“Why not?” he asked, suddenly eager. His eyes actually lit up with excitement when it seemed she was going to go along with his little adventure.

“Sure, why not?” She pulled the string on the front of her nightie and let it fall open. Owen reached over and pushed exposed more of her skin, letting a breast fall out. Immediately he latched on to it with his mouth and sucked gently. It was the same thing he must have done to her a hundred times before. While her preference for sex was to be tied up and spread eagled, they had plain vanilla sex much more often. Owen had played with, pinched, twisted, and sucked on her nipples and tits many times before. Examining those moments in the past Casey couldn’t help but assign some other significance to them that hadn’t been there in the past.

Getting her nipples sucked was nice, it didn’t exactly turn her on but there was nothing wrong with it either. Owen played with her nipple in his mouth quite a bit, sucking hard, then soft, letting the heavy breast fall out of his mouth, but lightly biting the nipple before it completely slipped away, and then sucking hard

on just the nipple. She closed her eyes and focused on her breast. It was enjoyable. Owen's hand slipped across her body to cup her other breast. She pushed her top open a little more to allow him easy access. Once she did he shifted his grip and cupped her boob with three fingers while he used his forefinger and thumb to lightly pinch her nipple. That was nice too.

Before she knew it he announced, "Time to switch." And just like that he let her left breast fall out of his mouth to lean across her body and take up her pinched nipple. When he sucked on the right nipple she felt a small rush to her breast that hadn't been there a moment before. Getting induced to lactate wasn't so bad after all she thought to herself.

That was her last thought as she drifted off to sleep with her husband's mouth on her breast.

In the morning she woke up with Owen's mouth on her breast suckling her. For a moment Casey thought she had just dozed off for a moment, then saw the change in light and realized that Owen was on the opposite breast. "What are you doing?" she mumbled, still half awake.

"Nursing," he mumbled into her soft flesh.

"It's a little early in the morning for that," she complained but didn't push him away, mostly because she wasn't fully awake yet.

There was a moment's pause as he let her nipple slip from his mouth so he could talk. "Every morning and every night," he said. "We have to train your breasts to give milk."

"Yeah, yeah," she tried to say coherently but was distracted by his lips and tongue touching her nipple again. If nothing else it felt wonderful when he sucked on her. There were worse ways to wake up in the morning.

They passed a few minutes in relative silence broken only by Owen occasionally sucking too hard and making slurping noises as he stimulated Casey's tits. Casey went from being sleep-numb, to wakefulness, to horniness, to sudden realization it was a weekday and she needed to get up, get showered, get dressed, and get out of the house. "We don't have time for this, Owen," she half complained as

her pussy steadily moistened as he focused on her breast. “Work. School.”

“Sex,” he mumbled into her tit and felt between her legs. She was still wearing her pajama bottoms but he could feel her heat and moistness through them. There was an awkward struggle for a moment as he tried to wiggle his fingers into the elastic waistband and feel her pussy. She wanted to let him, but then realized there was a growing painful pressure in her abdomen.

“Shit, no, not now,” she said. That wasn’t working. She wanted to fuck him and he was more than ready. His cock was pressing up against her leg. There was nothing to do but try another tack. “I need to pee,” she said. “I don’t want to pee the bed.”

His mouth detached from her tit. “Fuck,” Owen said but this was a complaint, not a request. His hands retreated from her body and Casey rolled out of bed and all but ran to their bedroom. She dropped her pants and sat on the toilet to empty her bladder. She was still horny but when she glanced at the clock mounted on the wall she knew they didn’t have time for even the briefest of quickies. Going back to the bedroom was too much of a risk. Instead she flushed the toilet and turned on the shower.

Owen knew his wife had abandoned him, but he was happy enough. Her tits had been stimulated for the morning and she hadn’t been upset with him for waking her with nursing. His cock stood erect under the bed sheets and he wondered if he had time to jerk off while she was in the shower. After giving himself a few tentative strokes he reconsidered and got out of bed to try and fuck his wife in the shower, but as he walked into the bathroom she was already getting out.

Casey gave his rampant cock a brief glance. “You weren’t planning on using that on me this morning, were you?” she asked.

His eyes went wide and he placed a hand lightly on his chest to take an attitude of innocence. “Who? Me? Never. Look at the time.” He pointed at the clock. They were already running ten minutes behind on their morning schedule. Stepping carefully around her he entered the shower and turned on the taps. After a moment of warm water he closed his eyes and forcefully turned the cold all the way up. For a minute he stood shivering under the freezing water as his erection wilted away. It would have to wait for the evening.

By unspoken agreement Casey and Owen retired to their bedroom earlier than usual, telling their children to get to bed at the usual time, there couldn't be a rushed repeat of this morning's scramble to get out of the door and catch buses and get to work on time. If they knew what their parents were up to, the kids gave no indication; modern media was too great a distraction on their developing brains.

Casey didn't even bother with a pajama top. She just undressed and pulled on a pair of oversized boxers. Owen was quicker to get into bed than his wife and spent a minute arranging the pillows to his satisfaction. When Casey curled up next to him they had to re-arrange all the pillows again to find the most comfortable positions. Finally the process was completed and Owen pressed his lips to her nipple and sucked it in. A sharp intake of breath from Casey caused him to stop mid-suck.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked.

"No," she said pulling his head and face back to her breast. "I've been waiting for this all day. It felt good when you sucked on me. Do it more."

He didn't need further encouragement. Breathing through his nose he sucked steadily and happily. There was no milk in her breasts yet, but the stimulation Owen gave her had already made her a convert to whatever he wanted to do to her. After a few minute Owen released her first breast and switched to the second. There was the frightful moment when her tits were free of any stimulation and she was certain she would die, but then he made contact again and her body was flooded with the stimulation she needed.

As he tried to feed off her tit, Owen moved his hand down her body, slipped it under her shorts, and cupped her pussy. It was already wet. Lifting her leg just a bit, pointing the knee at the ceiling, Casey encouraged him. "Keep going."

That was all he needed to slip a finger into her pussy. She half-moaned as he did so and started thrusting the digit in and out of her body. "Don't stop."

He wasn't sure if she meant to not stop sucking on her tit or playing with her pussy. It didn't matter, he kept doing both. Normally Casey needed a lot of stimulation to cum, that was why she had discovered so early in her sex life that she had to be tied up and spanked and fucked hard. It was next to impossible for her to cum without a lot of warm up combined with a spanking or a hard fucking

and strong clit play. It had taken her years to find the right vibrator that could reach the right spots on her body and stimulate her to the point of pain she needed to cum the way she liked. All of that made them both shocked when her body suddenly rebelled and shook with an unexpected orgasm. Her thighs clenched together and she soaked his hand as she came with a small gush of girl cum.

“Wow,” he said.

“Wow indeed,” she confirmed when the orgasm ebbed away. “Thank you. I didn’t expect that.”

“Neither did I,” he confided in her.

A wicked grin played at her lips. “You didn’t get to cum yet, did you?”

“No.”

“Let me help.” She kissed his lips, then his neck, then his chest, and then gave up all pretense of being subtle and moved all the way down his body, yanked off his underwear to reveal his rock-hard cock. She licked her lips and took the head into her mouth.

It took her less time to make him cum that he needed to please her. When he erupted in her mouth she did him the great honor of swallowing his cum. After all, it was only polite, she reasoned.

“Can you tie me up and nurse from me?” Casey asked. It had been a few days since they had gotten out her restraints and she was starting to feel a strong need to be taken in hand. Owen’s tit sucking was fantastic, but she still needed her old standby as well.

“While you’re tied up?” he asked.

“Yes. Of course.” He looked at her dumbly a moment. “What’s the matter?” she asked with a sigh.

“I guess I wasn’t expecting this.”

“Expecting what?”

“Having to restrain you.”

“I thought you liked to tie me up?” she asked a wink and grin. She knew that he did and didn’t consider otherwise.

“I do, I guess,” he said glumly.

Casey rolled her eyes up to the ceiling; it was a bad habit she had developed as a teenager and had never shed. She had already stripped down to her panties and

was anxious to get tied up, spanked, nursed, fucked, and be put to bed. It wasn't all that much to ask was it? "Out with it," she said. "C'mon, we haven't got all night." The kids were in bed and she wanted some kink satisfaction.

She knew he didn't want to tie her up tonight. He wanted his kink indulged but that wasn't going to happen without some reciprocity. He needed to be pushed. Casey dipped into the nightstand and pulled out her restraints. She didn't give him a choice and started to strap the leather bands around her wrists. "Tie me up and then nurse me. Give me a good spanking, then fuck me," she told him. "Everybody wins."

"Fine. As soon as I chain you, I'll suck your tits." His voice was strangely intent but she dismissed his tone. A minute later she was spread-eagled on their king sized bed, wrists and ankles bound to all four corner posts. Owen was still dressed, but he didn't undress or nuzzle up to her. Instead he went to the closet where they kept the sex toys used infrequently. Casey picked up her head from the pillow and wondered what her husband was doing. When he came out of the large closet he hid the treasure from her eyes.

"What are you doing?" she asked. There was a little thrill of fear in her voice. She liked it when sex became a little dangerous.

Owen didn't answer her, he just dropped the items he was carrying on the floor, but retained one toy. This he quickly slipped around her neck and buckled the collar. The collar and a few other restraints came with the set they had purchased a year ago. Casey wasn't a big fan of the collar—she found it a bit degrading—but didn't resist this night.

"Feeling dominant tonight?" she asked him. Oddly, though she played the role of the submissive, Casey was the one in charge of their sex life. Even though he was supposed to be her tormentor, Owen only abused Casey's body at her request and direction.

He didn't answer. The next item gave her the answer. The ball gag wasn't that effective. It should have been a little larger—Casey literally had a big mouth—but it served the purpose. Owen just dangled it over her face until she willingly opened her mouth to accept the gag. He shoved it behind her teeth and quickly buckled it behind her head. Her eyes went a little wider. She liked being in charge regardless of her position and the gag along with the collar took away so

much of her authority.

Finally he pulled up the leg spreader from the floor. This didn't terrify her at all. The straps went around her legs just above the knees keeping them spread wide and her sex exposed. It really wasn't necessary because her legs were already forced open by the ankle cuffs, but there was no reason—and no way—for her to protest.

Once she was finally trussed up, Owen lay on the bed next to her, arranged a pillow, and took her breast into his mouth. He suckled long and hard on her. She didn't protest; she didn't want to. Casey enjoyed every moment of being the object of his kink. After a long while he climbed over her body and suckled on her other breast. As he did so he reached up and absently rolled her wet nipple between thumb and forefinger. There was no way for her to adequately convey to him how he was exciting her body. A small but steady stream of her juices seeped out of her cunt. But he took no interest in her needs at the moment, that was part of the game.

When he was done playing and sucking on her tits, Owen released her breast and got off the bed. He half considered blindfolding his wife for the next part, but seeing what was about to happen to her was half the thrill. He stripped off his clothes and let her see his semi-erect penis. There was no hurry tonight. He took his time. She expected him to flip her over on the bed, spank her ass, fuck her, and then be done with their sex games.

For just a moment she was confused when he released both her legs but not her arms. Casey was fairly flexible, but when he pulled up her right ankle to chain it to the bedpost holding her right arm, she was bent into an uncomfortable position. Her comfort wasn't increased when he did the same to her left leg. This left her half-pretzeled on the bed with her pussy and ass fully exposed. She had been placed into this position before and didn't particularly like it, but she was eager to see what Owen would do next.

She wanted a spanking. She didn't get it, exactly. She liked the feel of Owen's hand on her ass when she was spanked. Flesh on flesh. The sting and the heat and the sensation. Occasionally Owen would slip on a pair of thin black leather driving gloves and give her an extra bit of sting. Tonight he reached down to the side of the bed and produced a yardstick. For just a moment Casey didn't understand, and then her eyes went wide and she struggled a bit to get away

from Owen, but it was a useless struggle. She knew it and quickly gave in to accept her punishment.

Whenever Casey had been bad as a child her mother had given a bare-bottomed spanking with a wooden yardstick. The yardstick Owen now wielded was the exact same sort her mother used to use. Casey regretted telling Owen about that particular detail of her past. She couldn't say for certain if her many spankings as a child—for she had been a wild child—had sent her down the path to her precise kink, but it certainly hadn't driven her away from seeking out the right level of pain to activate her sex drive.

The first blow stung the worst. It always did. The second and third blended together. She knew her ass was acquiring red stripes that would stick with her for several days. Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down the sides of her face but she didn't scream out in pain or terror. That was part of the game too. She had to endure. She had to enjoy the pain. There were several times when Owen's aim was slightly off—intentionally so?—and the sharp edges of the yardstick landed on her exposed anus or her open pussy, and twice on her aching clit. Each of these made her jump and moan behind the gag.

Finally it was over. Owen put down the yard stick and she prepared herself for a good fucking. More than being tied up, more than getting spanked, Casey loved to be fucked after those two preliminaries. He had warmed her up good. Her ass was all but literally on fire. From out of the nightstand drawer he pulled a bottle of lube. Casey wanted to tell him that lube was unnecessary at this point, she was a sopping mess. Then she felt the cool liquid being poured on her anus, not her pussy. She tried to catch Owen's eye to let him know her objection. He ignored her and slathered a good dose of the slick lube on his erect cock. Briefly Casey tried to struggle against her bonds, but they held her firmly in place.

It wasn't that she didn't like anal sex. Actually, she didn't especially like it. It was just a strange treat she indulged in on rare occasion. She didn't want that treat tonight. Owen didn't ask her opinion. His cock slowly penetrated her. There was a bit of resistance as he pushed in but nothing he couldn't break through. Casey knew if she pushed back and defied him, he'd just hit her some more, perhaps play with her clit, until she begged to be buggered. She endured instead.

He fucked her slowly and luxuriously. Her ass hurt the entire time. When he was sufficiently worked up he deigned to reach between her legs, find her tiny clit,

and give it a nice rubbing. Unexpectedly her orgasm came quickly when he started rubbing, surprising even Casey. Owen nodded and then came in her ass.

It took him a few minutes to free his wife from all the bondage gear. When she was free and able to pull the ball gag out of her mouth she asked him, “Why? Why fuck me in the ass?”

“You weren’t expecting it,” was his answer.

Two days later Casey was sitting in a meeting at her office bored out of her mind. She was wearing a herringbone jacket over a black turtleneck sweater with a gray skirt that fell to her knees. She was the picture of corporate dignity. Her ass didn’t hurt any longer from the beating Owen had administered, though her breasts were vaguely achy from his near-constant nursing while they were alone in the bedroom. Diagonally across the table from her was Justin. He had given a short presentation half an hour earlier and was not only half paying attention to the ongoing discussion.

Casey tried to keep herself from making eyes at him. It was hard to resist. He was generically handsome in a forgettable way. That’s why she liked him. Easy on the eyes and easy to forget. They had fucked a dozen times before. She wondered if they’d get the chance in the next few days while he was in the city dealing with her company. It wasn’t an affair, not really, she had no intention of having an ongoing relationship with him. She just had sex with him in his hotel room on his visits.

Finally the meeting ended and Casey lingered a bit to pass him a note with her phone number. He accepted the note with a nod and kept up his conversation with David from marketing. David was old and gay; Casey liked him but he was being an awful cock blocker at the moment.

She had barely returned to her desk when her phone beeped with a message. She only registered slight surprise—and much excitement—when she saw it was from Justin summoning her to his temporary office on the other side of the floor. It took her less than thirty seconds to walk through the door. She closed and latched it behind her. The office was somewhat drab, it was full of generic corporate furnishings and had little more than a desk and a few chairs along with computer access lines.

“You didn’t need to call me in,” Casey said. “You could have just texted me your hotel and room number.”

Justin shook his head sadly, but he was grinning. “Sorry. I’m leaving tonight. No time for a rendezvous, but I wanted to see you.”

“No problem,” she said and double checked the lock on the door. It would hold. She walked across the floor, bent down to the desk and supported her weight on her forearms. The first thing she noticed was how her breasts swung freely in that position. Every day she noticed her breasts more and more due to Owen’s attention. She spread her legs wide and felt the cool air waft up her skirt. Justin was sitting on the other side of the desk. If she had been wearing a button up blouse he could have looked down her shirt. Casey immediately regretted her choice in the sweater, though it did show off the curves of her tits very nicely.

“You expect me to have sex with you right here and now?” he asked.

Casey looked him right in the eye. “Yes. Shall I take off my panties or do you want to do the honors?”

“You can’t expect me to react like a machine and fuck on command,” he protested as he stood up from the chair. Casey checked out his crotch. He was already sporting an impressive piece of wood.

“I can,” she told him. She waited patiently as he walked around the desk and observed her hips and buttocks on display. Justin reached down to her knees and slowly lifted her skirt to expose the lacey green panties that weren’t quite large enough to be bikinis and not small enough to be a thong. He tossed the hem of her skirt up her back and lowered her panties. As he did so she brought her legs together so he could pull them all the way off. The sound of his zipper sliding down moistened her cunt even more.

“Your ass is striped,” he commented as he positioned himself behind her.

“My husband got a little too excited when he last tied me up and spanked me,” she said dismissively. “Are you going to fuck me or not?”

In response he took his cock in hand and probed for the entrance to her pussy. A moment later he slid into her. “You’re still as tight as ever,” he complimented her.

“Just fuck me,” she requested and rested her head on her arms. His cock was bigger than Owen’s, but she’d never tell either man that.

“I’d like to watch your husband spank you some time,” he commented.

Casey groaned at that idea.

“And then I’d want to cum all over your face and tits,” he said.

That caused Casey to have a premature orgasm; it was small and unsatisfying.

“So quick?” he asked her.

“Uh-huh.” She wanted to reach down and frig her clit, but she also wanted him to make her cum hard.

“This is going to be short and sweet, baby. I don’t have time to screw around today. I need to catch a plane and fucking you wasn’t on my schedule.” He wasn’t really humiliating her, Casey reasoned, he just wanted to make her cum. Or maybe he was into humiliating his partners. She didn’t know Justin all that well. All she really knew about him is that she liked him to fuck her.

Justin leaned forward, pressing his body against hers, his belly curving around her ass. Just as she had hoped his hands slid up under her sweater and pushed aside her bra. He cupped her breasts, feeling them like a high school student discovering his girlfriend’s tits for the first time. “Maybe I’m remembering wrong, but your tits feel bigger,” he commented, squeezing her nipples a bit. She shivered at the slight thrill of pain. Then he pulled his hands back out and started fucking her in earnest. She wanted his hands back on her skin.

And then his hand came down on her ass with a resounding smack. For just an instant she started to panic, thinking the noise would be heard through the office. Then the pain and resolute sensation spread to her pussy and clit and she ignored everything else. “Again,” she moaned.

Several more times his hand came down. Each one stung her ass. She yelped at each blow. It was impossible for her to determine when her full orgasm shook her body; maybe it was right after he came inside her, maybe it was with one of the slaps. It didn’t matter. Her body trembled a little bit each time his cock spurted its jism inside her cunt.

When he was done Justin pulled out and wiped his cock on her ass. “Was it good for you?” he asked her.

“Yes,” she mumbled into her arms.

“Good. I’ve gotta go. Clean up yourself before you leave the office.” With that he tucked his cock back into his pants, zipped up, grabbed his bag and coat, then walked out the door. Casey had just enough time to step off to the side so no one in the outer office would see her bent over naked at the desk.

On the credenza behind the desk she found some old takeout napkins and wiped her pussy as clean as she could, pulled her panties back on, waited the appropriate amount of time, glanced out the small window next to the office door, then quickly exited. Casey was fairly sure no one saw her. She knew it was more likely someone did and would start spreading rumors through the office. Her heart started pounding with excitement at that thought. She couldn’t tell if her panties were getting wetter from the thought of from Justin’s cum leaking out of her.

That night Casey was all over her husband the moment the bedroom door shut. She didn’t give him the chance to nurse first. She pulled off his clothes, gave him a quick blowjob to get his cock hard, then mounted him, riding him to another orgasm that made her try to crush his body between her thighs.

“What’s gotten into you tonight?” Owen asked when they had both cum. He opened up her shirt and unhooked her bra so he could nurse from her tits.

“Nothing,” she said. “Justin horny.”

He didn’t catch her intentional verbal slip.

It was several weeks later when Aniela called and announced she was dropping by for a visit. “Why didn’t you tell her ‘no’ if you don’t want to see her?” Owen asked his wife.

Casey sighed. “She’s my best friend from college. I just can’t tell her no.”

“Even though you get pissy after every time she visits,” Owen said.

“Only because you have sex with her,” she complained.

“We have sex with her,” he corrected. “And I thought you liked having sex with Aniela? You certainly seem to enjoy yourself when we’re all in bed together.”

“I do,” Casey replied with her traditional eye roll. “It’s just...argh! It’s hard to put into words. I’m jealous and turned on at the same time.”

“If you don’t want to...”

“No, I want to...” she trailed off. “She just said she had big news and wanted to say it in person. And do we have to tell her about your new obsession with my tits?”

“No, we don’t,” Owen conceded. “But I still need to nurse from you.”

“Fine.”

When she arrived on Friday night the kids were thrilled to have dinner and talk with their favorite Aunt Aniela. Casey immediately pressed for the big news, but Aniela demurred, telling her “after dinner at the union”. It was their understated code for not in front of the children.

When the kids were finally settled down and put to bed, Aniela was installed in the guest room and the three adults temporarily retired to Casey and Owen’s bedroom with a bottle of wine and three glasses.

“You don’t need that to get me into bed,” Aniela laughed when Owen popped open the bottle.

“It still works wonders on you,” he commented. She accepted a glass but didn’t immediately drink. Casey was lounging on the bed and looking her old friend over very carefully. Aniela had always been a bit of a jock and had the most beautiful thighs and tight little ass. Her light brown hair was kept short and neat, the better for outdoor activities. The last she knew Aniela had kept her pussy shaved clean, the better for other outdoor activities. Next to Aniela Casey always felt like the dumpy housewife. The one area where she did feel superior was facial wrinkles. Aniela spent too much time in the sun and had the laugh lines to show for it. Casey was always careful with sunscreen and moisturizer.

But tonight she was positive Aniela had been putting on weight. Her breasts were definitely bigger, that was for certain. Aniela's had always been smaller, but now she was approaching Casey's bust size. And Aniela was wearing baggy clothes that didn't show off her athletic body. Casey realized she was disappointed at this.

"What's the big news?" Casey asked after a healthy swallow of wine. There were several possibilities. Aniela had always been the friend who couldn't settle down and had a series of semi-serious boyfriends since college. She was expecting this to be another "I'm in love" announcement with hopes of an upcoming proposal.

Silently Aniela set down her wine glass on the nightstand and pulled up her baggy sweater and oversized t-shirt. It took Casey a moment to understand that Aniela's bulging belly wasn't simple weight gain from laziness and too much food.

"Ohmygodyou'repregnant," she blurted out at her friend all in one breath.

Aniela smiled ear to ear and nodded happily.

"Whoa," was Owen's only comment.

They stared at Aniela's pregnant belly a moment in silence and then Casey asked, "How far along are you?"

"A little over four months."

Casey nodded thoughtfully. Aniela had been pregnant once before and had miscarried at three months. She had been devastated. It had been after she was determined to have baby regardless of the consequences but had been without a serious boyfriend at the time. Owen had stepped up to the plate to help her out. At the time Casey thought it was a loving gesture that she was allowing her husband to impregnate her best friend, looking back she wasn't so sure. Not that it mattered now.

"Wow," Owen said reaching out to touch her smooth but slightly stretched skin. He asked the question that Casey was thinking but couldn't bring herself to voice. "Who's the father?"

Casey wracked her brain trying to remember the name of Aniela's current paramour. Roger? Harry? George? David? James? Edward? They all seemed familiar and wrong. "Are you even seeing someone right now?" she blurted out, not thinking.

"Not really," Aniela said. "A couple of guys. I'm not seeing anyone. I think the father is Trent but I'm not really sure. He's uncertain if he wants to be the daddy or not." There was a certain sadness to her voice, but as she and Casey had discussed many times before her clock was ticking and if she didn't have a baby soon it might not ever happen for her.

"Congratulations!" Owen burst out. "I guess you won't be needing this," he said picking up the wine glass from where she had set it down.

"Nope," she agreed. "But I did come here to celebrate." And then she pulled her sweater, shirt and bra all the way up over her head and dropped them on the floor. Even with her swollen belly her body was perfect, at least in Casey's eyes. Casey licked her lips and wanted to suck on Aniela's pretty tits. She restrained herself and glanced at her husband.

"And how did you want to celebrate?" Owen asked. He already knew the answer. He just liked hearing Aniela express her desires.

"I want you and Casey to fuck me," she said as she unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down along with her ever so practical plain white underwear. Casey's pussy moistened as she looked at her fertile friend. Aniela had stopped doing a complete shave of her pussy and was now leaving a neat triangle of light brown curls decorating her crotch. Winter was approaching and her tan lines had all but faded away. It didn't matter, her body was still beautiful.

Owen didn't need a further invitation. He stepped over to Aniela, took her in his arms, and kissed her deeply. The other woman started pulling at Owen's clothes as Casey looked on, jealous and aroused at the same time. By the time Aniela had pulled off Owen's shirt they had broken their kiss and Aniela looked at her old friend. "Don't you want to join in?" she asked Casey.

Casey heard herself asking, "I've never had sex with a pregnant woman before."

"I have," Owen commented, "and it is the best. They are so horny."

Aniela laughed. “That’s half the reason I came to see you guys. I’ve been masturbating twice a day and it’s not enough. I need a special kick.”

Owen removed the rest of his clothes and pushed Aniela down on the bed, but carefully, making sure her belly wasn’t roughly handled. He rolled her to the side and lay down next to Aniela, kissing her, caressing her firm hip, sliding his hand over her swollen tummy. Casey watched and unconsciously slipped her hand inside her yoga pants to play with her pussy. She wasn’t aware of what she was doing. She liked watching her husband have sex with her friend. It hadn’t happened often enough, but she was just enough of a voyeur to enjoy every minute of it.

As they continued to kiss Owen’s hand slipped between Aniela’s legs. She opened up her thighs and let him penetrate her with his finger. She groaned when his hand landed on her clit. “More,” she gasped as he started playing with her pussy.

Owen kissed his way down her neck to her tits. Without thinking he took her ripe breast in his mouth and started sucking as if he were with Casey. Aniela didn’t realize what he was doing at first, she enjoyed the sensation his mouth and tongue was inflicting on her body, and then there was a strange thrill in her body. “Oh God!” she called out as her body shivered with pleasure. “What was that?”

“Just my finger,” Owen mumbled into her breast.

“No, it was in my tit.”

“Just my mouth,” Owen laughed. “It’s very talented.”

“Fuck it felt good.”

From her perspective Casey knew what had happened. She couldn’t help but interject with a question. “Did it feel like you were having a little orgasm in your boob?” she asked Aniela as Owen resumed sucking on her nipple.

“Yeah, it felt really good.” Aniela couldn’t keep her eyes open. She held the back of Owen’s head, pressing him into her breast.

“Uh-huh,” Casey absently agreed as she removed her hand from her cunt and went over to her occasional lover and squeezed the tit that Owen wasn’t nursing

from.

“Hey!” Aneila half-heartedly protested. Casey ignored her and squeezed the other woman’s breast several times stroking upward towards the nipple. She handled the breast roughly and Aneila’s first instinct was to stop her friend, but the rough treatment felt just as good as Owen’s mouth. It took a minute, but Casey finally produced a small white liquid bead on the tip of Aneila’s pink nipple.

“You’re starting to lactate,” she told her friend.

“I’m making milk!” Aneila was genuinely alarmed. “I thought that didn’t happen until the baby was born!”

“Pre-milk, actually,” said Casey. “Colostrum. You won’t get your real milk in for a few more months. This is just your breasts getting ready to make milk.”

From his vantage point sucking on her breast Owen watched and listened to their conversation. “I thought I tasted something from her,” he commented and went back to sucking.

“This is so weird,” Aneila said. “Shouldn’t you stop?” she asked Owen.

He shook his head and sucked harder.

“He’s been trying to make me lactate for a few months now,” Casey commented casually to Aneila and she continued playing with her friend’s breast, essentially milking her to see if she could produce more of the precious liquid.

“What? Why?”

“Because it’s delicious,” Owen mumbled into her breast.

“And I do like it when he sucks on me,” said Casey. A series of miniscule beads formed on Aneila’s tit, joined together and slowly slid down the gentle slope of her breast. Without thinking about it Casey dipped her head down and licked the thin milk from Aneila’s soft skin. “Oh, wow, that is sweet.”

“It certainly is,” Owen agreed as he continued to suckle from Aneila.

Casey continued to suck as well, letting the rich liquid slid on her tongue before swallowing. She relished the softness of Aneila's breast in her mouth and reveled in the naturalness of the entire process.

"This is weird," Aneila repeated. "I shouldn't be breast feeding my friends," she half laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation.

"It's perfectly natural," Casey said. It hadn't seemed so to her yesterday, but tasting another woman's breast milk had changed her mind. They repositioned themselves, Aneila laying between the married couple, each sucking on one of her breasts.

"It doesn't feel natural."

"You'll get used to it," said Owen. What little colostrum had been in the breast he had nursed from was gone so he glided his hand over the little hill of Aneila's tummy and down to her manicured pussy. She happily opened herself up to him but then there was a little battle when Casey wanted to finger her friend as well.

"Careful, guys, there's only so much of me to go around," Aneila complained when the hand fight got a little intense. She could easily handle a couple of fingers stuffed in her pussy; it was the competition for teasing her clit that was annoying.

"Get up on your hands and knees," Owen ordered, pulling his hand away from her cunt. "I want to fuck you."

Jealousy reared up inside Casey once again. Owen was going to give Aneila something she couldn't and Aneila was more than willing to allow Casey's husband to fuck her. She realized she was fully dressed and there was something Casey could offer her sometimes girlfriend that Owen could not. Happily Aneila rolled over and put her ass up in the air. Casey climbed off the bed and watched as Owen sank his cock into Aneila's wet pussy. Another pang of jealousy ran through her and excited her further. Her clothes came off quickly and she got back on the bed.

Owen had a question for Aneila. "Is it okay if I cum inside you?"

Aneila laughed. "I can't get any more pregnant, can I?"

Casey didn't give her friend any option but simply wiggled down in front of her and presented her pussy to Aneila. It wasn't something either of them hadn't done before. They locked eyes. Aneila smiled and lowered her face to her friend's cunt. "Oh, that's good," Casey sighed as Aneila ran her tongue from Casey's taint up to her clit.

Of the two of them, Aneila was the more fully bisexual. Casey had never actively sought out another female partner other than her old friend. She found women beautiful and desirable and wouldn't have turned down the right proposition at the right time, but it was Aneila who had spent two years living with another woman after she had gone through a particularly hard breakup with another boyfriend. All of that didn't matter once Aneila's tongue was where it belonged on Casey's clit.

She locked eyes with her husband as they both enjoyed their friend. Owen grinned at her. "I'm not going to last long."

"Fuck her hard," Casey ordered him and then laid her head back on the pillow. "Make her cum, fill her up."

She felt Aneila's body shake with each impact of Owen's thrusts. It wasn't long before he grunted and gave a strangled cry announcing his orgasm. Even when he came Aneila didn't stop eating Casey's pussy. Casey lost track of her husband until many minutes later when Aneila stuck a pair of fingers up her cunt and stroked her g-spot as she sucked on Casey's clit. That made her cum. When she opened her eyes up she saw her husband passed out and lightly snoring on the bed next to them. She laughed out loud.

"Only Owen would have the opportunity to fuck two women at once and fall asleep after fucking the first one," Casey giggled.

"To be fair," Aneila said as she lifted her wet face from Casey's sopping pussy, "he did fuck me good and hard."

"Did you cum?"

"Uh-huh!" she declared. "Like, three times. They all started blurring together."

"It's good to know my husband's cock hasn't lost its magic." She cupped her friend's chin in her hand. "Can I ask a big favor of you?"

“Bigger than eating your pussy?”

“Yes.” She took a deep breath and asked, “Will you suckle me tonight. Owen hasn’t gotten to them yet today.” At that moment Owen made a particularly loud snoring noise. The women giggled and Casey prodded at him to make her husband roll over and quiet down.

“You’re really serious about lactating for him?” Aneila asked, incredulous.

“Yes!” she said a little too emphatically. “I’m jealous of you.”

Aneila’s eyes went wide. “Really? I’ve always been jealous of you. Husband, kids, great tits and ass.”

“Yeah, well, I’m without milk right now and that’s what husband dear wants out of me. And if I get my tits sucked every morning and every night it should start coming in.”

“I’d love to,” Aneila told her with a sly smile.

It took them a few minute to reposition themselves but eventually Aneila found the right position to curl her body and big belly next to Casey so that she could indulge her friend. Casey absently stroked Aneila’s hair as her lips gently kissed, then sucked on her erect nipple. There was something so beautiful about having a close friend and lover be so intimate and loving with her body. “I can’t wait for my milk to come in,” she commented absently to Aneila. “Owen will be so happy.”

“I can taste it already,” Aneila said quietly to Casey’s breast.

Casey laughed. “No you can’t, but thank you for the compliment. It’ll be months before it comes it.”

“That’s what you think,” Aneila said, breaking her lock on her friend’s breast. “Mine came early.”

“Hormones. And I’m not pregnant. If I’m lucky it’ll be here by the time your baby is born.”

“Then we can both breast feed Owen and the baby,” Aneila laughed and licked

her lips. “Wouldn’t you like that?”

Casey pulled her friend’s mouth back to her breast. “What I would love is for you to nurse from me a little more.” The two women curled up against one another and slowly drifted off to sleep, Aneila’s mouth on Casey’s breast, Owen sleeping next to them.

About the Author

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