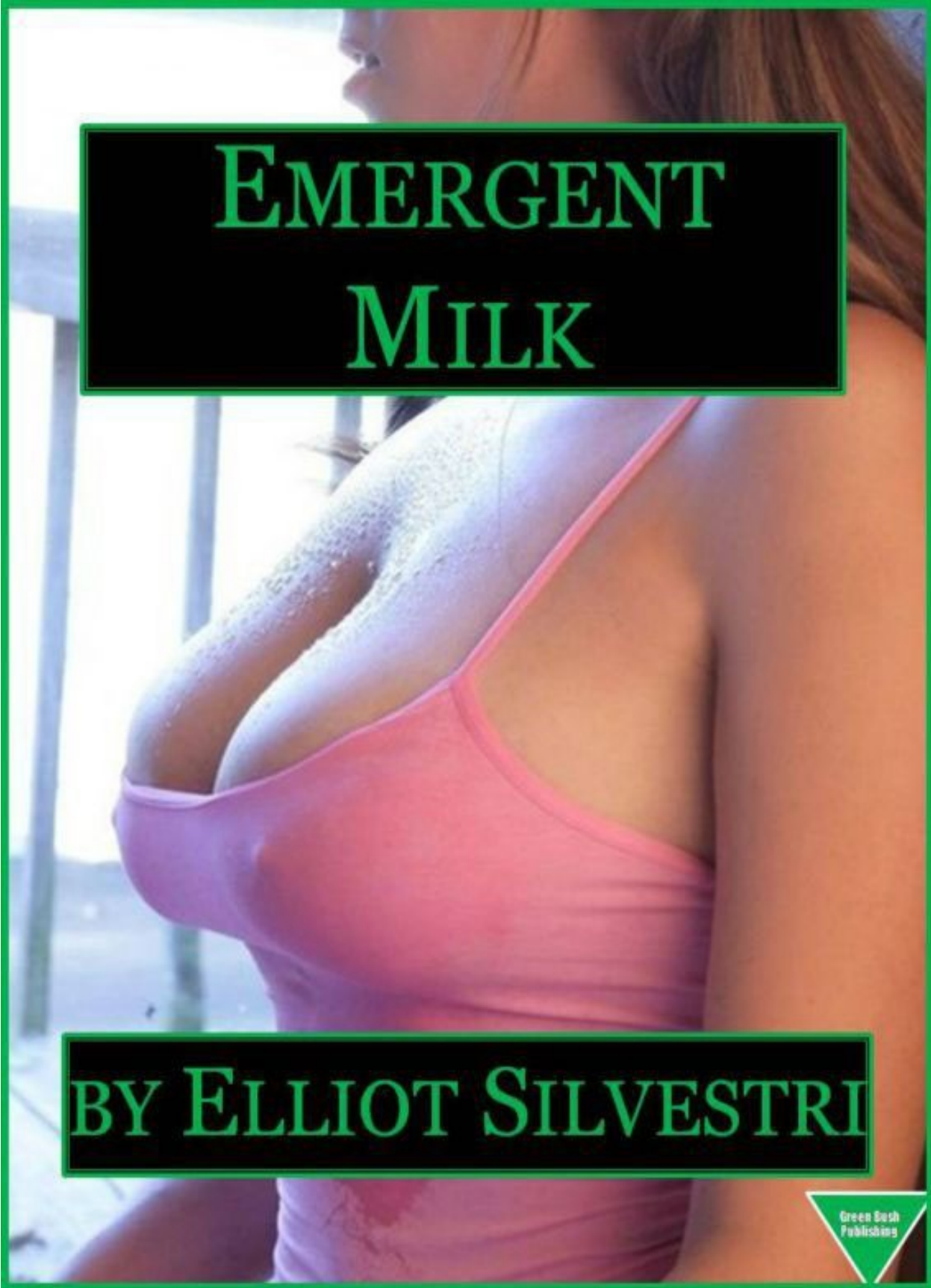
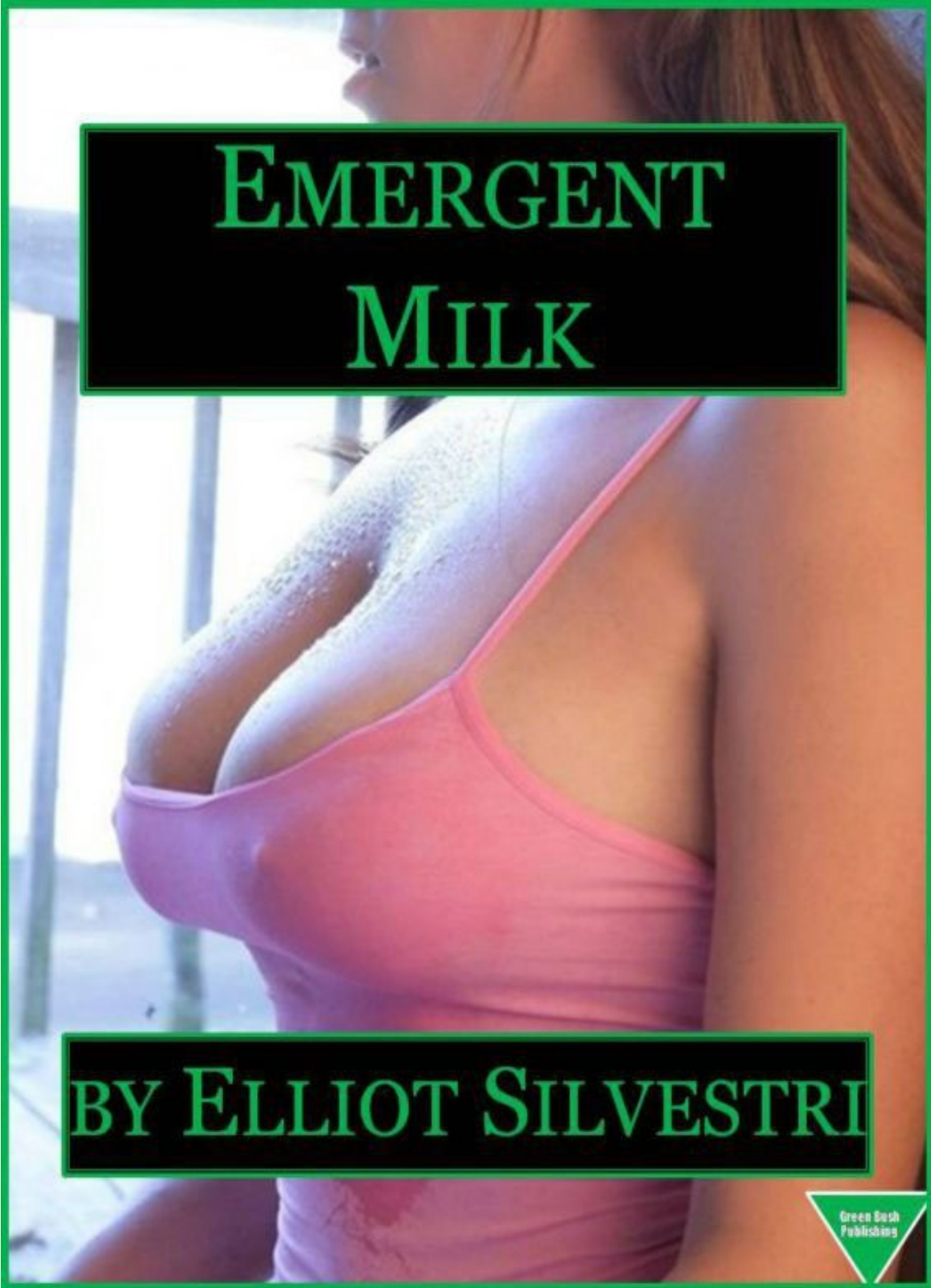


A photograph of a woman from the chest up, wearing a pink tank top. Her skin is wet and glistening with water droplets. She is looking slightly to the left. The background is out of focus, showing what appears to be a balcony railing.

EMERGENT MILK

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Emergent Milk

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

The first time Millicent felt it was when her high school boyfriend slipped his hands around her body while she was washing dishes at the sink. The moment he touched her breasts through her dress she shivered and her knees went weak. She wasn't stupid, she knew her breasts and nipples were extremely sensitive to any stimulation and Gary had used that against her many times before. He pressed his body close, pinning her against the sink. She felt his hard cock pushing against her buttocks. It was all she could do to keep the glass in her hands from slipping free and falling.

"What's the matter?" Gary asked as he burrowed his face around her long brown curls and kissed the side of her neck. That made her knees weaker. Her body trembled.

"Don't do that," she whispered. Her parents were out for the evening and wouldn't be home for hours. Probably.

Gary started unbuttoning the top of her dress, exposing her cleavage which was impressive for any woman, but especially for an eighteen year old high school girl. "You like it," he said.

"Uh-huh," she absently agreed. The brief seconds his hands were away from her tits gave her a bit of respite and she almost managed to get control of her body but then his fingers were once again cupping her breasts. She could feel the warmth of his hands through her thin bra and her nipples stiffened against the tiny stimulation.

"Want more?" he offered as he gently rubbed the little nubs pressing through the material. For a girl of large breasts her light brown nipples and areolas seemed positively undersized in comparison. Still, not one of her boyfriends had ever complained about their appearance.

She tried to speak but could only shake her head no.

Gary ignored her request to stop. It wasn't easy but he forced her breasts out of

the bra cups, leaving them free and dangling over the warm water in the sink. Millie was now grasping the glass in her hands to the point where it threatened to collapse into a million shards. Her body trembled under Gary's manipulations.

It wasn't really even a pinch, it was more like a firm squeeze. It was hardly any playing at all, but when Gary pinched her little nipples between thumb and forefinger it was like a hot wire had been ignited running from her tits to her clit. She pressed her thighs together and squirmed. There was no resistance—she came and cried out in terror and pleasure. The glass dropped from between her hands and shattered in the sink.

“What's the matter?” Gary shouted, startled at the falling glass.

Millicent managed to recover herself slightly. “You made me cum.”

That caused Gary to laugh uncomfortably. “You're kidding.”

She shook her head. “No. You made me cum?”

“Just by touching your nipples?” He was stunned.

“And rubbing and playing with them,” she said.

“That's fuckin' cool!”

“Sure,” she agreed staring at the broken glass in the sink. “It's really cool being at the mercy of your nipples when they're being molested by some guy.”

“Sorry,” he apologized suddenly realizing she wasn't exactly happy about the surprise orgasm.

“I need to clean up this mess,” she said reaching for the glass's remains decorating the bottom of the sink. No sooner did her trembling hand touch the first piece than she sliced her finger open. “Fucking hell,” she cursed and snatched her hand back to place it in her mouth and suck the blood away.

“Cut yourself?” Gary asked.

“What do you think?” she snapped at him. The sight was somewhat comical, Millicent standing next to a sink of dirty dishes with her dress opened up and tits

hanging out while sucking her finger.

“Let me see,” Gary said, snapping into action. He plucked her finger from her mouth, quickly inspected the wound, and immediately wrapped it in a paper towel he grabbed from next to the sink. “It’s not too bad, won’t need any stitches at least.”

Millie looked doubtfully at the white paper towel that was quickly being soaked by her blood. “Are you sure?” she asked.

“I have my Boy Scout badge for first aid,” he replied. “You keep your stuff in the bathroom like everyone else, right?” he asked, but before she could reply he was already walking away leaving her in the kitchen, tits exposed. Gary was back in a minute carrying a small first aid kit. “Don’t worry,” he announced. “I’m a doctor, I know what I’m doing.”

“No you’re not, and no you don’t,” Millicent told him sourly.

“Should I just leave you like that?” he asked, pointing to her breasts and finger. “Good luck not getting blood all over your dress.”

After heaving a huge sigh she held out her finger to him. “Fine. Fix it then.”

“Should I put your breasts back inside your bra first?” he asked.

“No! Just slap a band-aid on my fucking finger!”

“Yes ma’am.”

With that he set to work. While Gary might be sweet and polite and a little sex crazed, she had never figured him for anything other than base competence in anything that didn’t involve hockey. In less than two minutes her finger was expertly wrapped in gauze and carefully taped up. “It’s probably a bit of overkill,” he said, “but that won’t come off until you cut it off. The cut was very neat. It’ll heal nicely. I put plenty of ointment on it so it won’t get infected. Keep it dry for at least twenty four hours.”

She flexed her finger slightly and felt a throbbing that mirrored her heartbeat. “It hurts,” she complained.

He searched through the first aid kit and found some pills. “Non-aspirin,” he said handing them over with a glass of water filled at the sink. “I wouldn’t want you bleeding to death.”

“Ha ha,” she commented before swallowing the ibuprofen. “I don’t have any rubber gloves to keep my hand from getting soaked.” She pointed to the dirty dishes.

“Not to fret, my love,” he said airily. “I’ll take care of that. Except...” he trailed off.

“What?”

“Do you need help with your bra?”

She rolled her eyes and carefully tucked her flesh away inside her bra which was almost too tight but she didn’t want to ask her mother to go shopping yet again for new bras because she’d outgrown her current ones. She didn’t bother to button up the dress. “Is that better?” she asked.

“Sort of,” he said. “You look better, but I’m sad they’re hidden again.”

“What about the dishes?” she asked ignoring his comment.

“To work!” he announced and then began carefully cleaning broken glass out of the sink. He dropped the pieces carefully into a tin can scavenged from the garbage can. After that it was easy work to finish washing the dishes from their shared meal.

“You’ll make someone a wonderful housewife someday,” she commented when he was done. She had perched on a stool at the breakfast bar and watched while he worked, feeling glum because of her sliced finger.

“Thank you,” he said graciously accepting her sarcastic compliment. “And now, will you be needing any assistance undressing for the evening, my lady?”

“What if I don’t feel like it?” she asked.

An expression of disappointment flashed across his face but he quickly moved on. “I’m certain you didn’t invite me over to have dinner at your place just so we

could share a quiet meal together,” he said picking up her good hand and leading her out of the kitchen. Millicent didn’t want to resist. Her small orgasm from a few minutes earlier was merely an enticement for more. She was having trouble balancing her lust with the pain in her finger.

Still, it was a short trip up the stairs to her bedroom and she was happy to be led by Gary. “Let me help you undress,” he told her and proceeded to unbutton her dress the rest of the way to the waist. From there it was easy enough to slip her arms out of the sleeves and get her to step out of the skirt leaving Millicent in just her bra and panties.

“Don’t just throw it on the floor,” Millicent said. “It wasn’t cheap!” Though she wasn’t much into fashion she did know what made her body look good, and it was only extreme luck that she had found this item that fit her nearly perfectly off the rack.

“Of course!” he said happily, fished a hanger out of her closet, and hung it up for her. “Are you just going to stand there, Lis?”

Many people hated the name their parents saddled them with. Millicent was her great-grandmother’s name, a woman who had died before Millie was even born. She didn’t like her full name or the common nickname of Millie, as a consequence she started asking people to call her Lis. It wasn’t much better, but it was better.

In response to his question she kicked off her shoes and turned around presenting him with her curvy backside. Like too many young women she thought she was overweight with a too-full pair of buttocks. Gary didn’t think she was anything other than perfect. “Unhook my bra,” she ordered.

“Yes ma’am,” he obeyed. He had to pull on the strap a bit to get the slack he needed, but then proceeded to disable all four hooks holding the heavy-duty brassier in place. Lis allowed it to fall from her shoulders and then pivoted around to show her large tits to her boyfriend.

“You like ‘em?” she asked playing the innocent young girl which she most definitely was not.

“Why wouldn’t I?” he asked and lowered his mouth to her breast. His hands went around her waist and she inhaled sharply as his lips touched her nipple and

then again as he sucked her hard teat into his mouth.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned.

“You like that?”

“Yes...let’s get on the bed.” It took all of her will to pull away from him and fall to the bed, but it was for the best. He followed and continued sucking on her tit, supporting his weight on one elbow as he lay down next to her and using his free hand to hold her other nipple.

It was only a few seconds of play before she started crying out, “No, no, no... stop.” Frightened at the rejection Gary pulled back. “No, no,” she complained. “Don’t stop!”

“You just told me to stop,” he said.

She was confused and full of lust. “No, I was going to cum too fast. But I don’t want you to stop.”

“What?” Now Gary was truly puzzled.

Instead of continuing the argument, Millicent pulled his face back to her breast. “Just suck on me,” she ordered. “No matter what I say, just suck until I cum.”

While he wasn’t exactly sure how he’d know for certain when she’d cum Gary set back to the task she had given him. Her nipple once again hardened under his tongue and she arched her back up in pleasure. When he put his hand to her other breast he discovered her fingers were already there, twisting and pulling at her nipple. She grabbed his hand and pushed it down her body.

It was easy to take that hint. His fingers burrowed under her green panties, searched through her thicket of dark brown pubic hair, and slipped up inside her wet pussy. That elicited another grunt from her. “Harder,” she ordered.

He wasn’t sure if she meant for him to suck harder on her nipple or to finger fuck her harder. Just to be sure, he did both. Apparently he had chosen the correct option because not a minute later her hips lifted off the bed and she squealed in pleasure. It was easy to figure out when she orgasmed.

When he attempted to remove his fingers from her pussy, and the inside of her panties, her hand clamped down on his wrist. “No, not yet. Let me recover.”

“Okay.”

Millicent’s eyes were still closed and she breathed heavily trying to get control of her body back. Every third breath she would inhale with a shudder. For too long it was uncertain if she would start hyperventilating, but finally the long recovery ended.

“That was amazing,” Gary said to her.

“You can’t do that again,” she told him.

“Why not?”

“I can’t have my nipples and pussy played with at the same time. It’s too much.”

“But...you enjoyed it didn’t you?” he asked with a glint in his eye.

“Yes,” she said warily.

“I’ll make sure you enjoy yourself again, then.”

Her silence was telling. Then she abruptly asked him, “Do you want to have sex?”

Though she was naked and his hand had been up in her twat just minutes earlier, he knew exactly what she meant. In their relationship they had only ever had oral and manual sex. Never had his cock entered her pussy. She wanted to end that now.

“Well, yeah, sort of...but I don’t have condom with me.”

Lis emitted a sigh of frustration. “How could you come over here without a condom? You knew my parents weren’t going to be here tonight!”

The truth was that Gary was too afraid to actually buy condoms in a store and he didn’t want to embarrass himself by asking a health or gym teacher for one either. It was stupid, he knew, but he’d almost rather remain a virgin than have to

go through the shame of actually buying a piece of latex.

“Sorry. I just wasn’t thinking.”

“Fuck. Fine. I’ll borrow one from my brother.” She made to get out of the bed but Gary held her back.

“Trent? I’m sure he doesn’t want you stealing from him.” His brow furrowed.

“How do you know he even has condoms?” Gary was also afraid of Trent. He was five years older than Lis and had always been polite and friendly to Gary, but he still feared the man who could act the role of the professional older brother at times. And why was a man a year out of college doing living at home while working part-time in a bank?

She gave her boyfriend an even glare. “He’s got condoms. Trust me. And he’ll be happy to give one up rather than see his little sister get knocked up while still in high school.

Gary didn’t let go of her wrist. “I don’t think we should.”

“I think we most definitely should,” she said and broke free of his grip by rotating her arm around and skipping out of the bed. She returned a minute later waving the foil packet at him. “Get your pants off,” she requested.

It didn’t take him long to get naked and when Millicent slithered down his body to suck his cock to a full erection he realized she was still wearing her green panties. He wanted to strip them off her and bury his face in her soft pubic hair, inhale her womanly scent, and make her cum again and again with his tongue. That wasn’t going to happen tonight. Instead she got him hard and expertly rolled the condom down the length of his shaft. He wondered where she had acquired such a skill, but then she was on her back next to him.

With a practiced motion she tossed her legs into the air, toes pointing at the ceiling, and skinned her panties off her hips. For a long moment the crotch of the silky garment clung to her moist pussy, but then it pulled free. The underwear tangled for a moment in her ankles, she laughed and kicked them free. “C’mon, big boy,” she invited him, teasing. “I really want you now.”

He shouldn’t have been reluctant, but Gary got between her legs, her knees bent and feet firmly on the bed. It wasn’t exactly how he had pictured himself losing

his virginity, but Lis guided him into her pussy. “Go slow,” she told him.

It was that moment he realized she had never really told him if she was a virgin or not. He wanted to believe she was. Once inside her pussy, things went easier. The thrusting wasn’t at all difficult. It was almost just like in the porn clips he’d watched too often and beat off to. Lis made the right moaning and squealing noises. Though he didn’t know it, her wounded finger was throbbing in time with her clit. She came again—partly because of his cock thrusting into her tight pussy—but mostly because he was groping at her tit with one hand while she pinched her other nipple.

All in all, Gary decided when they were done, it wasn’t a terrible way to lose his virginity.

Millicent decided she’d had better experiences in bed with other boys and dumped him three weeks later, a month before the end of their senior year. She was happy to be free to go off to college a single woman.

Chapter Two

When Millie kissed Robert she could taste the beer on his tongue. That was okay. She was a bit drunk too, but she'd been drinking bourbon from her hip flask she's snuck into the party. She didn't like beer. At least to drink it. She could get a buzz on much quicker with bourbon. It was classier too. Beer was gross.

"Want to come back to my place?" she whispered in his ear when she broke the kiss. Robbie had that classic dark and brooding look that so many drama majors tried to achieve. His black curly hair was cut short, but perfectly styled and he kept a fashionable stubble of beard on his face. The leather jacket he customarily wore was retro enough to be stylish especially when paired with a plain white t-shirt and faded jeans like he was wearing now. The entire look made her go wet in her panties.

Robbie moved his hand up from her waist to discretely cup her heavy breast. The moment his palm moved over her nipple she melted against him. Even though he was feeling her up through a sweatshirt, her regular shirt, an undershirt (for warmth), and her bra, she still felt the electric shock of his groping. It was nearly magical.

"Are you drunk?" he asked her as she all but collapsed against him.

"No," she giggled. "Well, a little. Just having a little trouble staying upright."

"I hope you have that same trouble in your room," he chuckled with her. "At least, I think so."

They laughed a bit more, kissed a bit more, then realized that even in the discrete corner of the fraternity party, there was no way they could have sex without someone noticing. They weren't that drunk that they wanted an audience.

Together they walked out, ignoring the catcalls of friends and strangers alike. Robbie kept his hand around her waist as she leaned into him on their five minute walk back to her dorm room. His was on the other side of campus, too

far. Hers was convenient. Both had been dancing around the issue of asking the other out on a date since the second week of the semester. Neither had the courage to say the words. It wasn't just blind luck that placed them at the same party on a Friday night. They had been keeping tabs on one another for a long time. Meeting wasn't a concurrence of the Fates smiling upon them, it was mutual lust scheming to get in each other's pants.

"I've gotta say this while I've got a buzz on," he said as they stumbled up the back stairs to her dorm.

"Why do you have to say it when you're drunk?" she asked.

"Because I'm a coward. And I don't want you to think any less of me after I say it." His reasoning had seemed sound at the beginning of the evening, but now the logic seemed fuzzy.

"Well, what is it?" she asked trying to fit the key into the lock of her door. No sign of Tiffany her roommate. Good. "But once you tell me, I'll know, so maybe I'll judge you anyway." She opened the door and flicked on the lights. Still no Tiffany, not even sleeping in her bed. Good. Maybe she was hooking up with some boy. Or something.

"I want to fuck you," he said.

She giggled and remembered that she hated the way she sounded when she giggled. "I want to fuck you too," she said and turned to him, pressing her body against his to kiss him. Their tongues battled back and forth a minute in their mouths as they stumbled about trying to land on her bed.

When they fell together on the sagging mattress that the college had supplied the kiss broke and Robbie added. "I wanted to fuck you the first time I saw you."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"It was because of your big tits," he confessed.

"I'm going to remember that in the morning," she told him as she tugged the hem of his t-shirt out from the waistband of his jeans. With his jacket and shirt off his chest was revealed. It was smooth and muscular. Not muscle bound, but lean and firm. She wanted to lick his nipples but constrained herself to a simple

kiss on his collarbone.

“You don’t mind that’s why I was attracted to you,” he said. “At first,” he quickly added.

“S’alright,” she slurred. “You aren’t the first guy these girls have attracted.” She rolled atop him and he pulled at her sweatshirt. It was baggy and oversized making it easy to tug over her massive explosion of brown curls on her head. It came off with her shirt and undershirt, leaving behind just her bra. Robbie grinned at her massive tits being tied down by the industrial strength bra. “If any woman tells you having big boobs is what they always dreamed about as a little girl, they’re lying,” she told him, but arched her back anyway to show them off to him.

Her cleavage was impressive. The pendant to her necklace was half-hidden in the crevice between her breasts and Robbie was mesmerized by the disappearing and re-appearing act it was putting on.

“Wow,” he said.

“Thanks, but I’m looking for more than just amazement.” She lay back down on him, her breasts pressing into his chest. They kissed and he reached around her back, to struggle with the four hook strap that held her bra in place. She let him struggle for a while. That was fun. Finally frustrated with his struggles, she reached up behind her back and, even half-drunk, deftly unhooked the closures allowing the restraining device to slide from her body.

Now topless, Lis was able to make Robbie speechless. “C’mon,” she said. “I like the leer of admiration, but I’d like something else as well.”

He nodded and brought his mouth down to her breast, searching eagerly with his lips until he found her nipple and sucked with determination.

She inhaled sharply and arched her back against him; this pressed his face into her generous breast and they collapsed to her bed. He didn’t lose his position at her tit during their fall. As he continued to kiss and caress her breasts she set to work pulling his clothes. It was easy because he was as eager to fuck her as she was to get him in her pussy.

Before she knew it he was naked and on top of her. His weight was a nice

heaviness against her skin. Her hands kept roving over his back and went under to his chest but she couldn't reach low enough to cup his cock and balls. She still had her jeans on and wanted them off. "Get me naked," she told him to move things along.

He looked up from suckling at her tit, stunned. "Oh, right," he agreed and kissed his way down her tummy and unbuttoned then unzipped her jeans. "Ready?" he asked to her crotch.

She answered anyway. "Oh, yeah."

It took a few tugs to move the material along but then he had her jeans sliding over her hips and down her legs. Robbie dragged her panties along with the jeans and together they pulled them free. With that she was gloriously naked and opened up her legs for him to inspect her cunt.

She was proud of her pussy. She didn't have any reason to have any shame and therefore kept it well groomed. Millie preferred to trim her pubes to a conservative length and shaved them into a neat rectangle about three inches wide, perfectly vertical, that covered her labia and went all the way up to her natural hair line. Maybe it wasn't as aggressively shaved or blatantly sexual as some women, but she liked to be demure...at the right time.

"You're pretty," Robbie said before pushing her legs wider and placing his face in her cunt.

Cunnilingus was perfectly all right with her, it was the perfect way to get her started before sex—after sucking on her tits. Robbie was perfectly adequate in his pussy eating skills. He certainly wasn't shy about using his lips, tongue, fingers, and face but he wasn't that fantastic either. She'd had better, but she didn't mind him either.

At that point there was little to do other than to lay back and enjoy it. Millie lost herself in the moment and allowed herself to enjoy Robbie's efforts. It was a small surprise that she came so quickly and easily. Robbie wasn't completely drunk or unaware. He raised his face from her pussy and asked, "Did I just make you cum?"

"Yes," she said with some contentment.

“Can I fuck you?”

“Yes.” She knew she should immediately insist on a condom, but instead of moving up on her body and trying to plunge his cock in her, Robbie instead sat up and crawled up her body to straddle her torso with his legs, placing his knees on the bed. For a moment she thought he was going to ask her for a blowjob. She wasn’t opposed to that; she liked giving head to the right guy. Maybe she had misunderstood him. Had he asked to fuck her face? She hated that expression but was willing to set it aside for the moment.

When she opened her mouth to receive his cock he didn’t move nearly close enough. Instead of trying to reach her face, Robbie instead laid his cock down between her breasts and used his hands to press her big boobs around his shaft. “You like this?” he asked as he began to thrust himself into the cleavage he had created.

“Yeah...” she replied vaguely. In truth it didn’t do much for her at all. She felt a bit humiliated.

“Do you have any lube,” he asked after a bit. “That would make this feel fantastic.”

“Yeah,” she said again and indicated the small plastic container next to her bed where she kept a variety of beauty products and her small supply of condoms. And a bottle of lube. He scrabbled through the box, pulled out the lube, smeared some between her tits and along the length of his cock. He then proceeded to thrust happily away.

To her shame she found herself enjoying the way he handled her tits in this rude fashion. It wasn’t long before a little thrill of another orgasm ran from her breasts down to her clit. She wanted to reach her pussy to play with herself for a little additional relief but his thighs blocked her reach. It didn’t matter in the end because Robbie couldn’t resist her womanly charms and came shooting heavy strands of his semen over her neck and a few globs onto her face.

She didn’t mind the way he treated her because it made him happy, even if she wanted to get properly fucked.

Their relationship didn’t last beyond the end of the semester. While getting tit-fucked didn’t bother her, when she counted up all of their encounters she figured

out that Robbie's cock spent more time between her tits than in her pussy. That's not the type of relationship she wanted, even if his treatment of her was good.

Chapter Three

It sucked being the most junior member of her company; Millie got all the lousy assignments and wound up working more late nights than she wanted. That would be true of any new college graduate but she was still unhappy with the extra work...until she was assigned an account that had her partner with Lee.

He was a few years her senior, loud and boisterous, but most of his clients seemed happy to work with him. He was full of life and fun. It wasn't a surprise to either of them that they quickly fell into an affair that started with a late evening encounter in his office. She wound up bent over his desk with her skirt hiked up around her hips and her panties around her ankle. It was hard for him to enter her pussy until she stepped out of panties, leaving them on the floor.

"We shouldn't be doing this," he grunted as he thrustured into her.

"Uh-huh," she vaguely agreed trying to do some calendar math in her head. She should be safe, she figured. Ovulation was long past and as long as Lee wasn't carrying any diseases there would be no problems.

Except for hiding their little indiscretion from the rest of the office.

But that was for tomorrow. For the moment Lis just arched her back and accepted all of Lee's hard thrusts into her cunt as she braced herself on his desk. He hadn't even lowered his pants. After they had a too quick and intense make-out session, he spun her around and yanked up her skirt. She pulled down her panties and helped guide his cock into her well-manicured pussy.

"You've got great tits," he told her. It wasn't much in the way of bawdy talk, but it was better than nothing. It wasn't anything she hadn't heard before.

"You like 'em?"

"Fuck yeah." His hands pulled at her blouse and managed to open it up to the point where he could get his hands inside. From there it was a simple matter of yanked her bra out of the way and letting her tits dangle free. "Nice," he

complimented her palming them.

Her nipples hardened under his attention.

“Pinch them,” she said huskily as her eyes closed and she went into a half dreamlike state.

“You like it rough?” he asked, but didn’t bother to wait for clarification. His fingers clamped down on her sensitive nipples and she wailed a keening noise that was half a cry of pain and half the announcement of her orgasm.

“Did I just fucking make you cum?” he asked. Never before had he ever made a girl cum just by playing with her tits. That was amazing.

“Uh-huh. Do it again.” She needed to be fucked. She needed her body abused. It had been too long since she had had sex with anything besides her hand and vibrator.

He did. It was harsh treatment and almost uncaring. The pain was excruciating. She loved it. She came again. And then once more when he exploded inside her pussy. It was faster than he liked, but he found he liked abusing her tits.

Thus began their semi-secret affair in the office. After that first night they wisely decided no more sex in the office. No kissing. No hand holding. No lingering looks. Any sex would be in their apartments.

When she came over to his place he liked her to take off her top and walk around with her breasts exposed. She liked do that for him. While it wasn’t perfect Millie liked her body for the most part. He was enamored of her tits and that helped to keep him in line. It was a game they played. Sometimes she’d make him wait while she masturbated just by teasing her nipples.

He liked to watch. He liked to cum when fucking her from behind and pinching her nipples. It took her a little while to get used to that rough treatment, but there was nothing wrong with it, she reasoned, because it made her orgasms more intense.

They were laying together on his bed. She was on her side and he was toying

with her breasts, alternately sucking on the nipples to soften them, then releasing and blowing on the wet nipples to make them shrink and harden. Each time he did it gave her a shiver down her back and edged her close to an orgasm. They had already fucked once that night and at this rate she would need to be fucked again...or at the very least he'd have to go down on her.

"They're beautiful," he told her.

"You tell me that all the time," she said absently. She wanted to reach between her legs and jill off, but contained herself.

"But it's true," he insisted.

"Uh-huh," she said as he began sucking again. "Don't stop until you make me cum."

"You are a truly remarkable woman," he said defying her request and stopping his sucking. She groaned in frustration. "You're the first one I've ever been with that can cum just from having her nipples sucked."

"I'm sure I'm not the only one," she said and pulled his head to her tit. He got the point and sucked eagerly while rolling her other nip back and forth between his fingers. The other hand drifted down to her pussy and she opened her legs to his exploration. There was no need for him to enter her slit. In another minute her body slightly jerked and jumped with the orgasm that had been impending for far too long. "Oh, that's good," she declared.

"Really?" he asked letting her heavy breast slip from his mouth.

"Yeah," she said. Having her breasts sucked always relaxed her. She laid her head down on a pillow and started wandering off to sleep. "Do you want to fuck me?" she offered, but with only half a heart.

"No, I'm good for the moment. Maybe in the morning." He lifted her breasts and inspected her light brown nipples. There was a bit of teasing to see if they would harden again. They did after some light stimulation.

"You want to suck me more?" she mumbled.

"No, that's okay. I'm wondering if we should get you nipples pierced."

“Ha ha,” she said.

“No I’m serious. They’re so sensitive; you might be walking around on the verge of an orgasm all day.”

She shook her head. “No, I don’t need that.”

“I’d like to see them pierced,” he said.

She shook her head again. “Nope. Not going to happen. I don’t care what you like in the porn you look at.”

He couldn’t convince her to poke holes through her beautiful nipples—“Rings will make them more beautiful!” he insisted—but that didn’t stop Lee from bringing home a present for her.

“What is it,” she asked before opening the box.

“It’s half for me and half for you,” he said, explaining nothing.

After lifting the lid it only took Millie a moment to figure out what the device was. “Oh, you have to be kidding me,” she said exasperated.

“Give it a try. It’s not like you don’t enjoy artificial stimulation,” he said. “You still use your vibrator all the time.”

“Not all the time,” she said sulkily pulling the chain from the bed of cotton on the box’s bottom.

“You like a little stimulation to your tits, you like a little pain,” he told her. “Give it a try?”

She rolled her eyes. “Fine.”

A few minutes they were naked and she was sitting on the edge of the bed. The foot long chain connected the pair of nipple clamps and Lee spent a few moments carefully adjusting the tension on the clamps trying to judge the size of her nipples without actually applying the clamps. Lis merely sat on the edge of

the bed and breathed slowly and carefully in anticipation. She had to admit it, but what he was about to do to her body actually excited her. There was certain to be a moist spot on the sheet when she moved away.

“Just tell me if it hurts too much,” Lee said as he knelt in front of her and handed her one end of the chain. “Hold this.” Then he was pressing the cold metal clamp to her nipple. It shriveled up and hardened with made it easier to put on. He kept increasing the tension waiting for her to cry out in pain. When she didn’t and he judged the clamp was in place and wouldn’t slip free he let go.

“How does it feel?” he asked.

Her eyes had started to glaze over and a burning sensation was starting to spread from her breast. It wasn’t terrible. It was an odd mélange of pain and strain and pleasant stimulation and firm pressure that felt like her body wasn’t completely hers. “Good,” she managed to say.

“Excellent, let me do the other one.”

She willingly handed over the second clamp and he set to work. When this one was applied she immediately felt the difference and pain came rushing over her body, but that was immediately followed by pleasure and she inhaled deeply and relaxed. Her body flopped backward on the mattress and she moaned. The cold chain raised goose bumps on her skin and she didn’t know what to do with herself.

“Does it hurt?” Lee asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes,” she whimpered and brushed away a tear that was leaking from her eye. It was hard to admit to herself that she was a slave to her body, a slave to this type of abuse that was wrong.

“Get on your hands and knees,” he ordered. “I want to fuck you.”

She looked at his cock jutting up from the curly nest of blond pubic hair. It was hard and he was ready with no foreplay. But then again so was she. Her pussy

was wet and open. She rolled over to her hands and knees. Every motion tugged on her nipples and make it that much harder, that much better to move and feel.

He entered her easily from behind, grabbing her hips and sinking his cock deep in her pussy. They both grunted as they started fucking. The swaying, tugging motion of her chain hurt her nipples, but she didn't want him to stop. Not even when he reached around her body and tugged at her chain. She winced at the pain.

"Stop," she hissed.

"No." He tugged harder and she came with a cry. Real tears slid down her face. The orgasm hurt—not just her nipples and breasts—but her pussy and clit as well. Her body was on fire and then Lee came inside her and she started bawling out loud.

She didn't notice when he removed the clamps. It didn't matter. It was still the best orgasm of his life.

He died two weeks later in a car crash on the way to meet a client.

Neither of them knew she was pregnant when he died.

Chapter Four

Millicent's life plan never included being a single mother. Although, truly, what woman plans on being a single mother? Still, her company was largely supportive and no one officially asked who fathered her child. She ignored the—correct—rumors that the now deceased Lee was the culprit. When she was confronted once by a particularly nosy family member she simply stated the baby was the result of a one-night stand from an old high school boyfriend who subsequently didn't want any involvement in fatherhood.

Her biggest disappointment was the sad reality that mothers did not attract new candidates to her bed. There was a small cadre of creepy guys who propositioned her more than once, but only seemed obsessed with her pregnant tummy, completely ignoring the rest of her body—especially her breasts—and worse, her mind. It was far too easy for her to retreat to a single life and single woman pregnancy with only the solace of her trust vibrator. To give herself the illusion of a more exciting sex life than she actually had Millie purchased an additional vibrator during her pregnancy and then another as a reward after Kristina's birth.

She knew her breasts would swell and become sore when Kristina started nursing. Millie was even ready for her breasts to get bigger—and they certainly did. At times she felt like she was merely a body hauling around a pair of feedbags for her daughter and she couldn't wait for Tina to stop nursing so she could get some semblance of her body back.

"I bet you don't remember me," the slightly dweebish man in an ill-fitting suit with a too-loud tie said to her. She hated the supposedly optional but most definitely mandatory after work cocktail parties. Maybe they brought in new clients and kept some of the current ones. Her boss had started insisting she show up for at least some of them. He said too many old men were getting drunk and making asses of themselves. She knew he really just wanted her there so clients could leer at her cleavage and wonder what she was hiding under her clothes.

She'd much rather be back at home where her mother was watching Tina. Her back her and her breasts were sore and full. She needed a reprieve from the dull

ache. The glare she gave the man approaching her should have withered him. Either she was out of practice in turning down unwanted advances or he was immune. “No, I don’t,” Lis said bluntly.

“High school,” he prompted her. “We had a few classes together. You are Millicent Gregory, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” She wasn’t really interested in his line. Whatever he was about to say was probably pure bullshit.

“You probably don’t remember me. Derek Lowen.”

She blinked once at the name. Oddly, it was one she remembered and it did match the face—a bit.

“Oh, hello,” she said politely. “I don’t really remember you all that well, I’m sorry to say.”

“Don’t worry about it. I was one of those kids that faded into the background. Easy to do with five hundred kids in our grade. Sorry, my grade. You were a year ahead of me, but you had five hundred in your class too, right?” His grin was lopsided, but he seemed earnest. There was nothing outward in his appearance or demeanor that made her put her guard up.

“Right. I’m sorry if I don’t remember you, I guess I had my own little circle of friends.”

“And you were a year ahead of me.”

“You were in my French class, right?” she said with a burst of inspiration.

“Correct.”

“You were a lot shorter back then.”

“I grew,” he said, his grin never fading. “Finally. I think puberty really kicked in for me the first day of freshman year...in college.”

“That must have been rough.”

“Well, I wasn’t the only one in my class who had braces in college.” He grinned again showing off his straight white teeth. From what little she remembered of Derek in high school he was non-threatening. A conversation wouldn’t hurt.

“So what are you doing here tonight, looking for clients or trying to avoid them?”

“Both,” he replied. “I think we work for rival firms. But let’s forget about that for the moment. Can I be blunt?”

“Sure.”

“I’d like to take you out on a date. I noticed you weren’t wearing any rings on your left hand so I figured you were possibly available.” He wasn’t particularly smooth in his delivery but she was taken with his boldness.

“I’m currently unattached,” she said evenly. Then she pressed the issue. “What about tonight?”

“What?”

“Tonight. Drinks are free—on my company I believe. Get me drunk and maybe I’ll go home with you.”

He laughed. “My therapist said I needed to be more forthright. I don’t think he’ll believe what you just said.”

“Therapist?” Now she was worried.

“I was diagnosed with severe social anxiety disorder my senior year—of high school. He—my therapist that is—made me come here tonight. He told me I needed to get the phone numbers of two women or ask one out. I’m already successful.”

“Mm-hmm,” Lis said taking two glasses from a passing waiter’s tray and handing one to Derek. “Tell me more about your social anxiety disorder.” She wasn’t sure if she was intrigued or bored.

“It’s sad really. SAD. It’s an acronym.”

She looked at him blankly.

“I shouldn’t start conversations with puns. Sorry. I have trouble relating with people. Truth is I have a rich fantasy life in my head and that makes it difficult to relate to people in reality because they don’t react like I expect them to.”

“I see,” she said. For all his supposed emotional problems he seemed stable and outwardly normal. “How are you expecting me to act?”

“I was hoping you’d proposition me and we’d...well, I don’t want to be crude.” His grin wavered. “That’s the problem with a fantasy life.”

Unexpectedly she grabbed his tie, yanked him forward and kissed him. “I don’t want to bother getting drunk, but I do want to get laid. Where’s your place?”

They didn’t even make it to their cars in the parking lot. She was leading the way up the stairs and he couldn’t his eyes off her ass swaying back and forth in front of him.

“You have a great ass,” he blurted out. He wasn’t sure if it was from the drinks or from his lust or from his anxiety.

She turned around and peered at him. “Thank you. What are you going to do about it?”

“What do you want me to do?” he asked freezing up.

She just stood there expectantly. Deciding to take a chance he reached out and touched her black stocking covered knee, touching she soft crevice at the back, and slowly moving upward. She didn’t stop him. He kept going, feeling the smooth nylon beneath his fingertips steadily going up until he touched the hem of her skirt and since her objections never appeared, he kept going.

To his disappointment she wasn’t wearing thigh highs and garters, but her ass under her stockings was firm and she didn’t stop him. When she abruptly turned around to face him she said, “Kiss my leg.”

Still on the stairs that was easy for him to do. Derek kissed her shin, then her knee, then the bottom of her thigh, then the inside of her inner thigh as he pushed the skirt upward. Lis felt her panties becoming damp as her pussy moistened in

anticipation of what was about to happen.

When he pushed up her skirt around her hips and started moving the waistband of the stockings down over her belly she sighed and steadied herself on the railing. Her panties were almost exposed when the door above them slammed open. Quickly Millie covered herself and yanked on Derek's hand, pulling him out into the parking garage where she pushed him up against the wall and kissed him fiercely. Her hard, hot tits pressed into his chest and she felt his erection jutting up against her tummy. At that moment she wanted to be fucked and she didn't care who did the deed.

"Take me to your place," she hissed in his ear. "I can't stay, but I need to be fucked."

His car was reasonably clean. The drive to his apartment was only ten minutes away, he lived in the artist district where plenty of new professionals found their first place to live. For that reason she hated having to live with her parents still. The drive might have taken fifteen minutes if not for her hand resting on his hard cock.

His apartment was nothing noteworthy. Not that it mattered. All she saw was the hallway and then his bedroom. "Let me get this off first," she told him. "It's too fucking expensive to destroy." She turned around. "Undo my zipper."

With a shaky hand he lowered the zipper from her shoulders to her waist and fell back onto his bed not believing his good luck. In half a second Millie was wearing nothing but her stockings, panties, and bra as she folded the dress over his desk chair. It wasn't that expensive a garment, but she wanted to pose in front of him, tease Derek. She wanted this night to last because she was certain it wouldn't happen again for a long time.

When she turned around Derek's eyes widened and he half-whispered, "My god you have big tits."

Her smile twisted on her lips. "Yes. That's the first thing everyone notices."

He swallowed and tried again. "I mean, they're beautiful," he told her.

That line caused her to roll her eyes. "You haven't even seen them yet." She pivoted on her toes to turn her back on him, and to now display her ass. She

could feel his eyes on her. Millie had become accustomed to being the object of lust for many men. “Unhook my bra,” she ordered.

Instantly Derek was on his feet and working on the industrial strength hooks that held the marvel of engineering together. It took a minute but Derek eventually freed her flesh from the brassiere. As it fell from her body Millie was careful to keep the nursing pads inside the cups well-hidden. His hands reached around her body and cupped her heavy breasts. They were hot and hard under his fingertips. She moaned and pressed her nearly nude body back against his, feeling his still covered cock press against her skin. Turning her head up and back she accepted the kiss that he had wanted to place upon her lips from the moment he saw her at the party.

As they kissed she wished he’d squeeze her nipples, make them hurt a bit. She wanted that bit of pleasure spiked with pain. Her body was lusting for it. But he was too gentle. She knew he didn’t want to go too fast, use her too harshly because he was so shy. She could wait a few more minutes. But then she broke the kiss. “Let’s get on the bed.”

Pulling him over to the rumpled sheets was easy. It didn’t smell like a single man’s bed; that is, it was reasonably clean and smelled only lightly of his scent. They rolled together and she made sure she was on the bottom when they came to a rest. It was only natural to encourage him to move his mouth down from her lips, to her neck, and then to kiss her small and hard nipples.

“Fuck yes!” she cried out after his kiss and a little suck.

He grinned up at her. “You like that?”

“Yes. More!” she insisted.

He bent his head again and started sucking. Waves of delight vibrated through her body. She clutched his head to her breast and insisted he not move away from her. He sucked on her long and hard causing great sighs of relief and groans of joy.

Millie found herself relaxing and her pussy pulsing in time with his every suck on her nipple. Her clit was positively humming.

Then he said, “You taste so sweet.”

“Thanks,” she mumbled. Her body and mind were completely at ease.

Then he sucked again this time on her other tit and played with the nipple he had left wet. He rolled and lightly pinched it, not giving her the pain she wanted, but more of a tease, a slow build up.

“Why are my fingers so wet?” he puzzled out loud.

Lis’s eyes shot open and she sat bolt upright, knocking Derek out of the way, forcing him half off her body. “Shit! Fuck! I didn’t mean to—I didn’t think—”

He looked at her in the dim light of the room lit only by the light streaming in from the busy street outside. Then she understood that he was truly confused. “What’s going on?” he asked, reaching for her flesh once more.

Automatically Lis half-turned away from him. “Okay, I’ve got a confession to make.”

Derek’s emotional problem shouldn’t have affected his understanding of female body processes, but he seemed truly lost. “What confession. Are you an alien? Are you undergoing a sex change?” He paused and sucked in his breath. “Are you married?”

“Worse,” she confided in him. “I’m a mother.”

“What?”

“A nursing mother. My boobs are big because, um, I’ve got a little girl at home and she still nurses. You got some of my milk. The milk that’s for her.” She braced herself for a burst of anger and disgust.

Derek’s only reaction was, “Oh.” There was a long pause between them. “Did I hurt you?”

“No, no. I’m fine. I just kind of forgot—well, intentionally forgot because sometimes I don’t want to be a mother—Isn’t that a horrible thing to say?—and you wound up with a mouthful of breast milk.”

“That’s okay,” he said.

There was another long pause as they sat there not knowing what to do or say.

“It is?” she asked.

He shrugged. “I guess. It was weird, I suppose. I didn’t know what I was getting into.” Pause. “You’re a mom, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“And the father...?”

She shook her head. “Out of the picture. Don’t worry about him. It’s just me and Tina. And my parents.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah. Wow. It wasn’t how I expected my life to go.” She hugged a pillow to her chest. “I’d better go.”

“What? Why?” Derek went into near panic. It had been a year since he had last had a girlfriend—or what could be considered a romantic relationship and he didn’t want this evening to be wasted.

“Do you really want to lay a single mom with leaky breasts?” she asked him sharply.

“Um, well, if you had asked me that at the beginning of the evening, I probably would have said no. But since you’re here and your breasts are beautiful and we were having a pretty good time up to a minute ago...yeah, I suppose I’d like to lay a single mom with leaky breasts.”

Millicent sat still, staggered by his honesty. “Really?”

He shrugged. “Yeah. Why not? We all have our flaws. I’ve got a lot of them. And trust me; having big breasts isn’t a flaw in my eyes. And you’re beautiful. And willing. And fuck I’m coming off like an asshole.”

“No, you’re okay. But I’ll warn you. I have stretch marks.”

“I can’t see them in the dim light. I wear glasses, but I’m wearing contact now.”

“I’ve put on thirty pounds since high school. Probably more.” She winced at the confession.

“I’ve put on ten, not nearly enough of it muscle. And I still use acne cream.”

“I had a slutty reputation in college.”

“I wish I had a slutty reputation in college,” he said with a laugh.

“I haven’t had sex in almost two years.”

“I...actually have,” he said finding a bit of pride in himself that a beautiful woman like Lis wasn’t able to get laid in the past two years while he was. “But I’ve jerked off a lot too. A lot. Too much.”

“I have three vibrators,” she told him.

“Wow. You just keep winning this downer contest. Okay, how about we stop this and get back to the sex.”

She blew a sigh of relief. “That sounds good, but...can you suck on my boobs a little more first?”

“Um...sure, if that’s what you need.”

Her eyes closed with thanks. “Fuck yes it’s what I need. Tina’s weaning herself and she doesn’t take nearly enough milk and that just makes that hard and sore and that makes me irritable. And when a baby weans your breasts are supposed to slow down milk production, but that’s not happening for me at all.”

He put a hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her back down to the mattress saying, “I understand. Really I do. But right now, I’m all about getting back to sex.”

“Right,” she agreed and they settled next to each other. Knowing what was about to happen this time Derek opened his mouth and settled on the breast he had only been fingering. Almost immediately a squirt of milk filled his mouth and Millie sighed. “Yes...more.”

The milk was thin but heavy on his tongue, and oddly sweet. He swallowed and

went back for more. It was hard to think of the milk as delicious, but it was somehow tasty in a way he had never considered before. Once she started flowing, Lis's milk wouldn't stop. With very little sucking he had to swallow again and again. To his surprise he found himself enjoying this intense intimacy—it was certainly something he had never done before with anyone.

“Oh, oh,” she sighed. “That feels so good,” Millie said as she ran her hand through his hair, keeping his head positioned so he would be forced to continue to nurse from her.

The intensity of the moment translated to rising lust for Derek—along with a rising cock. He was eager to fuck her now more than ever, but she was still wearing her stockings and panties. As he continued to nurse Millie took it upon herself to pull at his shirt, undoing the buttons and helping him out of the garment, all the while never letting him break his attachment to her breast. Getting his pants off was harder, partly because of his erection, but eventually they were wadded around his ankles which he kicked free.

Millie's hand absently stroked his surprisingly long and hard cock, just teasing but it was almost too much for Derek. He slapped her hand away and proceeded to press his hand against her still covered pussy.

“Let me take care of that,” she told him, pulling her breast from his mouth with a wet slurp. The silky material was tight on her skin, but she was determined and quickly rolled the obstructing material out of the way. Once she was naked she expected Derek to get on top and fuck her. She didn't care if he had a condom or not. She'd waited two years to be fucked again and the hell with the consequences.

But instead he curled up next to her body and took her breast back into his mouth. His hard cock was pressing against her thigh but she didn't make any motion to stroke it or encourage him to enter her pussy. She was already lost again in the sensation of being thoroughly milked by Derek. And then she felt his hand between her thighs.

She opened her legs and urged him to explore her pussy. He knew exactly what she wanted and when he sunk two fingers into her pussy her contentment was suddenly leavened with lust. They slipped in so easily because her pussy was practically a river of desire. “I should have shaved,” she said out loud not truly

thinking about the words.

“It’s fine,” he mumbled into her tit. He didn’t notice the amount of thick brown curls adorning her pussy. Millie had wished she had thought ahead to at least trim the edges of her pubes and maybe trim back the length. It didn’t occur to her lust-addled brain that at the moment Derek could care less about a marginal bit of grooming that would only have been for a lover she didn’t have at the beginning of the evening. It wasn’t like Millie was particularly hirsute. Her pubes were little more than a rangy triangle.

“Faster,” she hissed at him.

Derek obliged. His fingers flew in and out of her cunt, skimming over her clit, filling up her depth until a sudden orgasm flooded her body and her pussy.

At first Lis thought she had lost control of her bladder and was peeing in Derek’s bed. Then she realized each little squirt of liquid that issued from her pussy shot out in time with each pulse of her orgasm. “Oh fuck, oh fuck,” she repeated as her body did what it wanted to do and she suffered through the somewhat humiliating ordeal.

“Holy shit,” Derek said. “Did you just squirt girl cum?” he asked her.

It was impossible to see in the room’s dim light, but she blushed and owned up to her embarrassing reaction. “Yeah. I think so.”

“You think so?”

“I’ve never done it before,” she said in a very small voice.

“Oh. Wow. Do all nursing women cum like that?”

“I don’t know. I wouldn’t know. It’s the first time it happened to me.”

“Wow,” he said again. “Do you still want to have sex?”

Even though she had just cum Millie was eager to please him—and herself.

“Yes. Oh fucking god, yes. Fuck me.”

He pulled away and she was confused but then he pulled a condom wrapper out

from a box under the bed and she remembered her box in her dorm room and tried not to giggle. She also tried not to open her mouth and insist that he didn't need to fuck in while wearing latex armor. But then common sense hit her. She realized he probably didn't want to be the father of her next kid. He was probably just eager for a good lay, not fatherhood.

Derek was fairly adroit at rolling on the rubber and in a moment he was back on top of her. She was about to insist on some lube before he pushed into her pussy, but then before she knew it, he was inside her. She knew her pussy wasn't as tight as it had been before Tina, but she didn't think she was that loose. Maybe he was smaller than she had estimated.

"You are so fucking wet," he complimented her as he started fucking. That was the true root of his ease of entry.

"Umm," was her response. She didn't know what else to say, but the power of speech quickly left her as he started thrusting into her. Every time he landed his pubic bone all but slammed into her clit. She liked that. Spreading her legs wider she dug her heels into his backside, encouraging him to fuck her harder.

Derek ducked his head down and grabbed a nipple between his lips and started sucking.

Lis saw stars. It was like her brain was flashing pure ecstasy because she was getting fucked and sucked at the same time. "More," she grunted. "More."

"You like that?" he asked. His teeth kept a firm grip on her nipple and he mumbled around her soft flesh.

"More!" she insisted.

He fucked her harder and faster. He sucked as hard as he could on her tit and she came again with hard heaving sobs. She wasn't even aware when Derek came but eventually he stopped thrusting in her and panted heavily on her neck.

"Did you finish?" she asked, stunned at her orgasm.

He laughed at her. "Did I finish?" he asked mockingly. "I fucking finished all right. That was the best fuck I've ever had."

“Thank you,” she said not knowing what else to say.

“You’re more than welcome. I’m not that experienced, but wow. I’m exhausted and completely drained, but I want to fuck you again right now.”

“I’m up for it,” she said a little too eagerly.

He let loose a rueful laugh. “Yeah, but I don’t think I am.” His cock was limp and already slipping out of her pussy.”

“Oh, well maybe later?”

“Certainly. Maybe I can get a little more milk from you?” he asked hopefully.

And that shocked her back to reality. Her milk was supposed to be for Tina, but what her tits had done for her tonight was more than enough reason to cut Kristina off entirely and give her boobs to her new lover. “Okay. Yeah. Wow. Um, I hate to say this, but I should probably get going soon. Motherhood calls.”

The air filled with an uncomfortable silence.

“I understand,” he said softly, sadly. “But I have to ask because I’ll probably never get this opportunity again. Can I, um, can I see you again. And by see you, I mean suck on your breasts and have sex with you?”

At that moment Millicent was glad for the darkness of the room. Her smile was a little too broad for a woman who was supposed to be a demure mother and working professional. “Yes. Oh fucking hell yes. I want that more than anything else in the world.” She slapped her hands over her mouth in shock at her complete honesty. “I didn’t mean it to sound like that,” she said, her voice very small.

“That’s okay,” he said. “It’s what I want more than anything else in the world too.” He reached out and caressed one of her heavy breasts. Then he pinched her nipple. She shivered under his touch.

“More,” she said.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

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