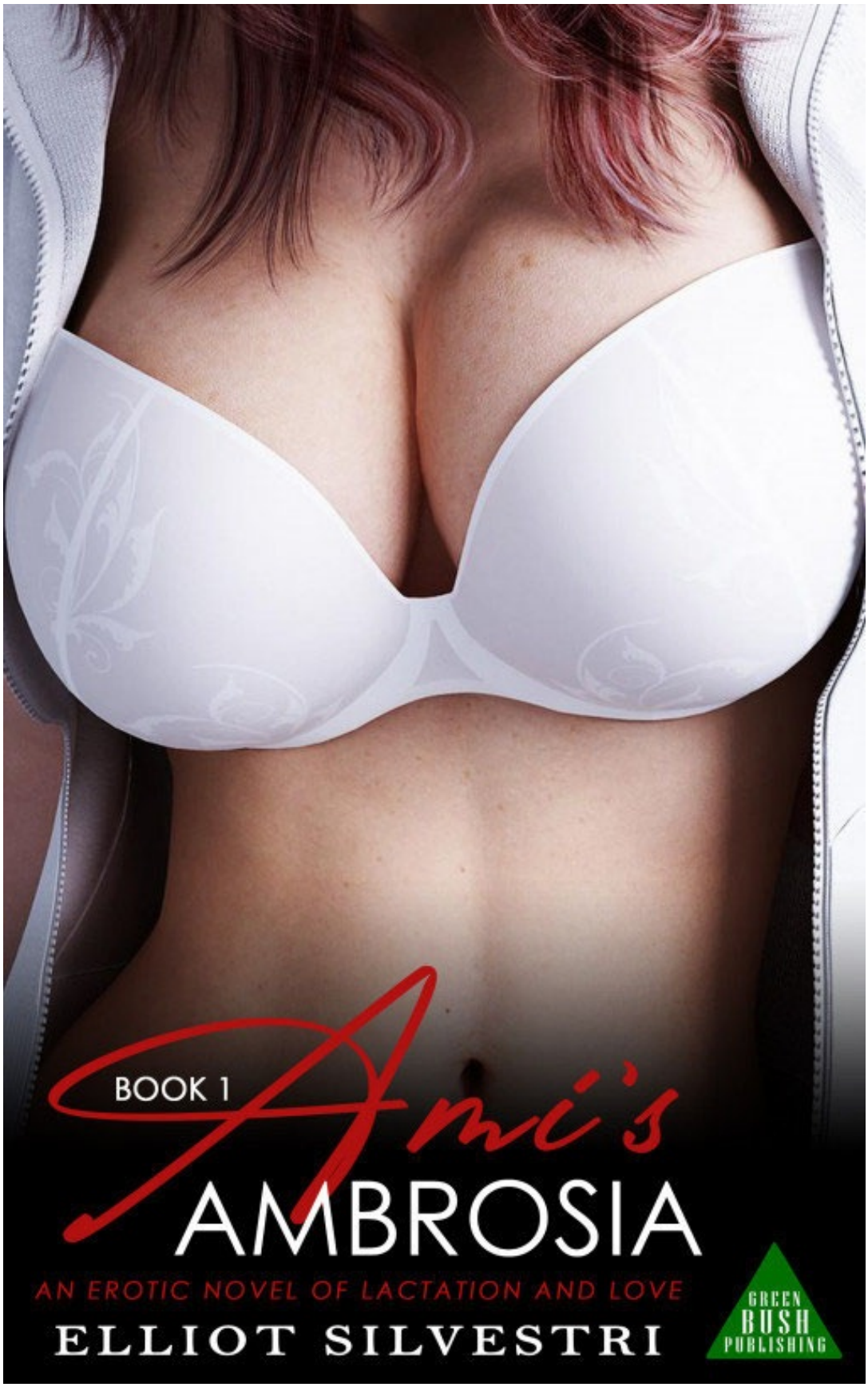
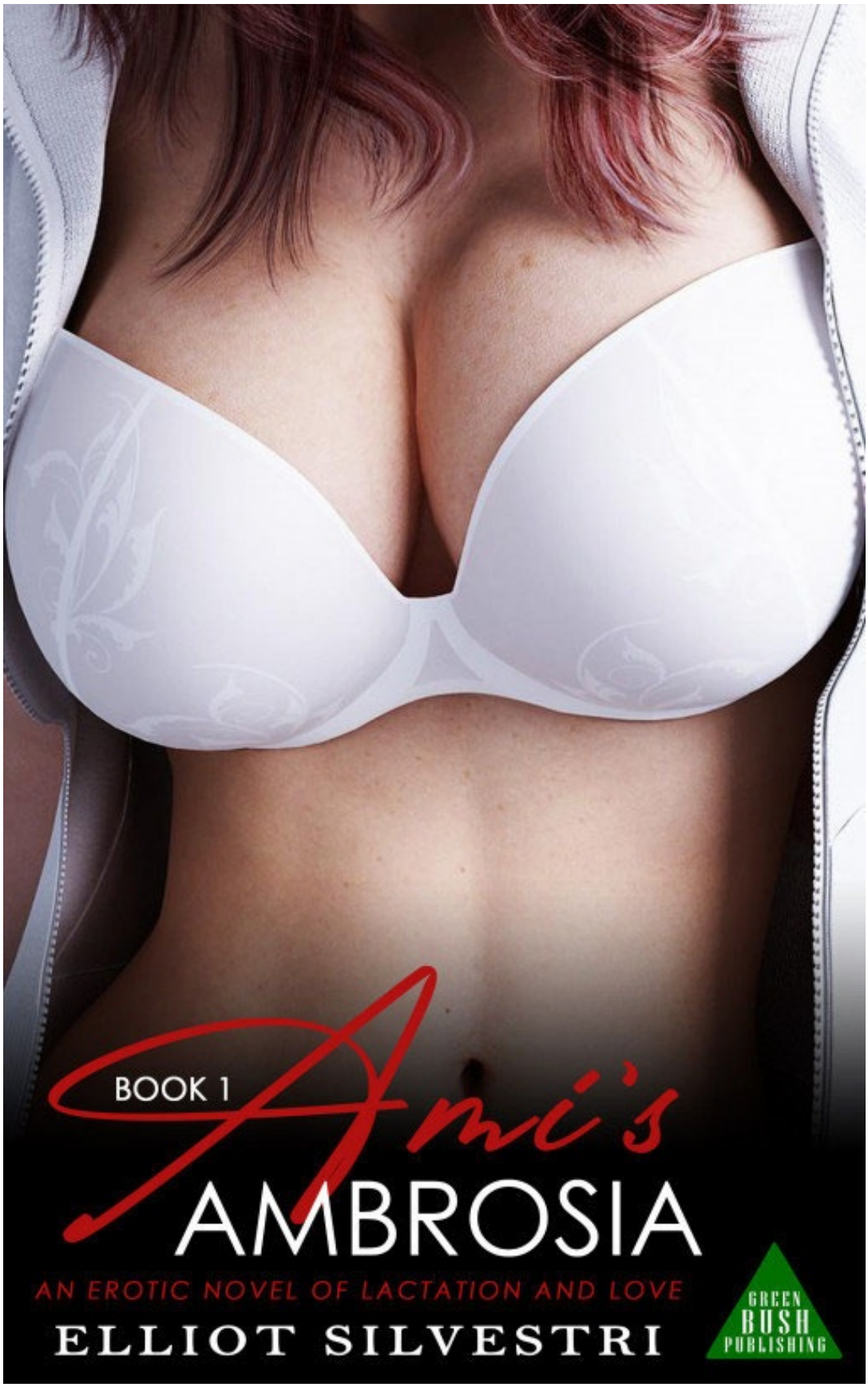

BOOK 1
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
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Ami's Ambrosia 1

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Love

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Ami's Ambrosia 1

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There are two liquids that make the world go around: alcohol and milk.

Chapter One

Geneva had invited Amelia to her house after work on Friday because they got along well and Amelia was new to the area and didn't really have any friends. The younger woman had moved to the city for a new job and Geneva had been assigned as her orientation guide and nominal trainer.

Working in a biochem lab wasn't exactly exciting, but the women got along well.

After complimenting her apartment and eating a hasty takeout meal they got down to the evening's business: drinking.

Geneva poured Amelia a generous shot. "It's the finest Irish whiskey," she assured her new friend. "My very Irish and very proud grandfather would insist I only serve the best to a guest."

"Well, it's not Scotch, is it?" Amelia asked, tossing back her curly red hair and then tossed back the shot. "Smooth," she gasped out and Geneva laughed and downed her own drink. Both women laughed and Geneva headed to the cabinet where she stored her supply of alcohol.

"I think I have some Scotch in here," she mused.

"I didn't plan on getting drunk tonight," Amelia commented.

"That's what I tell myself every night I start drinking," replied her older friend as she produced a bottle and poured them both drinks, this time cut with soda.

It didn’t take long for the alcohol to work its magic on the both of them.

“I’m so jealous of you,” Amelia heard herself saying. “You’re so pretty and...fuck it...I’ll say it. You’ve got boobs that every guy at the lab stares at.” She looked down at her flat chest. “No one stares at me like that.”

Geneva laughed. “That’s because you don’t see them staring at your ass.”

Amelia’s face, already red from the drinks turned bright red. “Do they? Shit!”

“Maybe you shouldn’t wear your scrubs so tight.”

“I need to get some more sets.”

“Don’t bother. I like staring at your ass too.”

Amelia laughed because she didn’t know how else to respond. They had moved from the kitchen to the living room and had flopped onto the couch where it was more comfortable.

“Don’t tell me that,” Amelia said.

“You brought up my boobs. I know they stare,” Geneva grumbled to herself. “Sometimes I like it; sometimes I don’t.”

“I wish mine were bigger,” Amelia repeated.

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Don’t tell me they’ll grow. I’ve heard that since I was eighteen. I’m twenty seven. I’m done growing unless I get fat.”

“I’ll give you twenty of my pounds,” Geneva half-joked.

“Only if it goes straight to my tits.”

“There are ways to make that happen.”

Amelia shook her head. A stray red curl flopped across her cheek. “I’m not getting implants. Nope. Not for this girl.”

“Wait until you get pregnant. They’ll grow.”

“I don’t see that happening any time soon.”

“Mine got bigger,” Geneva said.

“When? When were you pregnant?” she blurted out and then realized she didn’t know everything about her new friend and maybe the question was off base.

“All it takes is the judicious application of some hormones and physical stimulation,” Geneva revealed.

Amelia blinked. In her slightly inebriated state, she didn’t know what Geneva was talking about. “I don’t get it.”

“Any woman can get bigger boobs, Ami. It’s just a matter of what you’re willing to put up with.”

“What?”

With an exasperated sigh, Geneva explained, “If you’re willing to deal with the milk, you can just induce lactation and your tits will grow.”

At the moment, the only thing that grew on Amelia was her eyes. “You’re kidding.”

“I used to be a C,” Geneva replied and hefted both her breasts under her usual casual wear of jeans and a sleeveless blouse. This one was black and showed off some of her ample cleavage. They both looked down at her large chest. “Now I’m easily a D. Sometimes a double D.”

“You’re...um...lactating?”

Geneva nodded, a sloppy smile on her face.

“Get out of here!”

“Nope! I am. And this is my home. You get out!”

The two laughed uproariously at the revelation that wasn’t that funny.

“But are you serious?” Amelia had to know.

“Yup.” She felt her boobs through her shirt and bra. “And it’s getting to that time of day where I need to drain them.”

“What?”

“The milk builds up all day, hon,” Geneva told her. “I need to pump it or my tits start to hurt.”

“Oh.”

“And worse, if I don’t do it every day, it starts to dry up and then my boobs will shrink and then where will I be?”

“You need to pump now?” Amelia asked.

“Yeah. They’re getting kind of achy.”

“Should I leave?”

“No. I can just do it in my bedroom. It’ll only take a few minutes. You can watch TV or whatever.”

Not believing she was asking the question, Amelia said, “Would you mind...I can’t believe I’m asking this...would you mind if I watched?”

Geneva laughed. “What? Why?”

“I’ve never seen it before. Maybe I should do what you do. I’d love to go from an A to a B.”

Stifling her giggles, Geneva said, “Sure. Why not? It’s only tits and milk, right?”

She jumped up from the couch and ran, unsteadily, to the bedroom. A minute later she returned carrying a device that Amelia, through the haze of alcohol, quickly surmised the purpose of.

“You put those cups on your boobs and it extracts the milk?” Amelia asked. It was one of the advantages of working in a lab. What she saw in front of her wasn’t all that difficult to figure out.

“Bingo.”

Showing absolutely no shame, Geneva undid the top two buttons of her blouse and then pulled it over her head. Underneath she wore a practical bra, even if it was black and constructed to maximize her cleavage.

Amelia stared at her friend’s tits and felt jealousy unlike she had felt since eighth grade when all the other girls had developed cute little buds and she was still as flat as a board.

Geneva didn’t bother with the clasps in the back of her bra. She just lifted it forward and let her tits fall out before pulling it over her head and tossing it aside.

It was as if Amelia’s mouth was a desert. Watching Geneva evaporated all the moisture in her mouth and deposited it in her pussy. But she didn’t give that away to her friend.

That would have been weird.

Geneva plugged in the device. “Sometimes I watch TV while I’m pumping,” she explained away the ease she had in creating the setup. From there it was simple. She switched on the pump which gave off a low hum along with the hiss of rapid airflow and then pressed one of the cups to her large breast, carefully aligning the nipple to the collection point, before letting it hang there a moment so she could attach the second cup to her other breast.

Intellectually, Amelia knew what to expect, but to actually see little streams of milk erupt from Geneva’s prominent nipples was a thrill unlike she had ever experienced.

“Mmm,” Geneva moaned. “God that feels good.”

“It does?”

“Yeah, the release. Too much pressure and letting it out feels good.”

Geneva settled back into the couch and closed her eyes to focus on the sensations.

For her part, Amelia continued to watch closely. There was a steady beat to the mechanism of the pump. Her nipples would be drawn forward, the milk would come shooting out, the nipples would be released, Geneva would let out a little groan of relief and there would be a moment's pause before the cycle repeated.

The milk pooled at the bottom of the suction cups before sliding down the drain to a collection bottle near the pump motor.

"Wow," was all Amelia could say. She wished she had seen Geneva's breasts before she had started lactating. They were large right now, huge even, but to see them from their starting point would have been perfect.

Her own little breasts, even if they had a small increase in volume, would do wonders for her self-esteem. She was certain of it.

"Mmm," Geneva moaned again and shifted on the couch. "This is getting me warm."

"You're already topless," Amelia pointed out. "How hot can you be?"

Opening her eyes, Geneva smirked at her friend. "Not warm like that. Hot and horny."

Amelia's eyes, already wide open with surprise and thrills, opened even wider. "Oh!"

"Sometimes I play with myself while pumping," Geneva offered.

"You do?"

"Oh yeah. It's the best. Better than just using a vibrator. Do you mind?"

Amelia shook her head. She didn't know what to think but she didn't want to stop the fun.

Working quickly, Geneva unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, wiggling them down over her hips and then to her thighs. She didn't bother pushing them beyond her knees. She was in too much of a hurry.

Underneath she was wearing a pair of practical red panties that still managed to

be silky and sexy. These she pushed down with her jeans, leaving them around her knees.

Amelia couldn't help herself and stared at the other woman's sex. It was bare. Not a hair was in sight. That frustrated her because she wanted to know if Geneva was a natural blonde. After all, she was a natural redhead.

She didn't get much of a look at Geneva's pussy because the blonde woman immediately started masturbating with absolutely no shame. Amelia watched intently as Geneva laid back, spread her legs as much as possible, and pleasured herself.

It was fascinating and Amelia didn't know what to think.

Was Geneva making a pass at her?

Was Geneva drunk and not in control of herself?

Did pumping her tits make Geneva so horny she couldn't help herself?

Was it an invitation?

The last thought was what Amelia needed. She couldn't help herself either, she reasoned, and pushed down her comfortable yoga pants along with her pink underwear. Maybe Geneva didn't even notice. They were at opposite ends of the couch.

Dipping her fingers into her wet pussy, Amelia got down to business. She didn't want to match Geneva's motions, because that was weird, and she didn't want to get herself off as quickly as possible either because she wanted to watch, which wasn't normal, but nothing about any of this was normal.

How many other opportunities would she have to witness something like this?

If Geneva noticed that Amelia was jilling along with her she gave no indication. Or maybe she did notice and her silence was tacit approval. It didn't matter; the two women were enjoying themselves. Amelia had come to have fun, but she hadn't expected to have this much fun.

It was the show that she was enjoying the most. Masturbation was all well and

good, but watching Geneva pleasure herself, with both her fingers and her breast pump, was what really fascinated and interested Amelia.

Much to Amelia's delight, it was Geneva who peaked first. Her orgasm wasn't quiet. It was bordering on violent which shocked Amelia. She had been with some men where the sex was vigorous bordering on violent, but Geneva's reaction was almost like an epileptic fit.

It was hot.

When the moment had passed, Geneva opened her eyes and looked at her friend.

"Your turn."

Amelia knew what she meant and pushed her panties down her knees, spread her legs for easier access, and rubbed herself while she squeezed her eyes shut. The resulting orgasm swept through her and she was relieved she could climax with another woman watching.

The sound of the pump being switched off made her open her eyes.

Somehow through her thrashing about the collection cups had managed to stay adhered to Geneva's tits through the vacuum pressure. She now detached them with an audible sucking noise. Amelia looked at the collection bottle that was nearly full.

Geneva removed it with a practiced hand.

"What...what do you do with your milk when...when you're done?" Amelia asked.

Shrugging, as if the answer didn't matter, Geneva replied, "Sometimes I dump it. Sometimes I share it." She held the bottle out to Amelia. "Would you like to try it?"

With trembling fingers, Amelia accepted the bottle. The lid wasn't on. She could feel the warmth of the recently expressed milk through the plastic bottle.

"What does it taste like?" she asked, hesitating.

“Try it and see. It’s very sweet.”

Amelia didn’t ask how she knew that, but simply brought the bottle to her lips and sipped delicately.

It was sweet liquid heaven.

Chapter Two

Even though she knew it was a bad idea, Amelia still wore an inappropriate and sexy flowered thong under her scrubs when she went to work on Monday. While she was tempted to simply wear a thin camisole under the scrub top, she thought better of it and went for a more practical bra. She only wished she had enough of a chest to actually show off her tits, which were practically nonexistent.

Before she finished dressing for the day, she made sure her scrub bottoms were appropriately tight. They clearly outlined her firm rump, which was her intention after spending the previous night with needle and thread tailoring the bottoms to accentuate her ass.

Amelia was certain that Grandma Jeannie had never envisioned teaching her how to sew just to show off her assets.

To say that she was nervous about walking into work was an immense understatement. It wasn't because of the thong and tight pants she was wearing.

It was facing Geneva.

While it was fine and all to drink and discuss sex with a friend, she was certain they had gone too far on Friday.

She had loved it, but they had still gone too far.

So why the hell was she dressing like a secret slut?

Her nerves were put to rest when Geneva greeted her in the hallway, stopped her and gave her a quick hug.

“Morning. I want to talk to you later, during lunch or whenever, okay?” Geneva asked her.

“Uh...sure.”

“It’s something you’re going to love,” Geneva promised with a wink and then walked away.

Amelia was distracted—and vaguely aroused—by Geneva’s large breasts pressing up against her chest. She tried not to think about what those tits

contained and what Geneva had to be doing during the weekend. Not that the thoughts disgusted her but because they turned her on.

When she walked away from Geneva, she forced herself to keep her eyes forward. She didn't want to look over her shoulder and see if Geneva was checking out her ass...because she wanted Geneva to check out her ass.

"You're getting a lot of stares today, Amelia," Geneva said later as they sat across from each other at the small lunch table. Amelia had to keep reminding herself not to stare down at Geneva's chest and admire her cleavage.

"Please call me Ami," she said. When Amelia had started the new job she had introduced herself using her full name because she wanted to be professional. The only people who had ever called her Ami were her family and her too few lovers. "And why do you think people are staring at me?" Her brow furrowed.

"Well then, you can call me Genny, but not in front of all the men who work here. We're close friends now, right? And the men are staring at you because your scrubs are too tight on your ass. Are you wearing a thong?"

Amelia's face went bright red, which was intensely obvious because of her pale skin. "Is it obvious?"

"Obvious? No. But anyone who spends more than a few seconds staring at your ass knows what you're wearing."

"Shit."

"Hmm. I would have thought that you did it intentionally," Geneva mused. "You know thongs aren't really permitted by our dress code, right?"

"I know. That's why I wore it." Amelia smiled at her friend over her water bottle as she sipped from it.

"Who are you looking to hook up with?" Geneva asked quietly, her eyes darting around the half-filled lunch room.

"No one in particular," she replied. "I'm just...looking."

"Naughty girl. But look, I've got a proposal that might interest you."

“What?”

“You seemed to enjoy yourself on Friday.”

“Yeah…” Amelia said cautiously and tried not to think about their mutual masturbation session along with drinking Genny’s milk. She carefully avoided thinking about what the milk would taste like if she were to try it right from the source, fresh and warm and sweet.

“Are you looking to get bigger boobs?” Genny asked again, dropping her voice down to the point where she was barely audible.

“Is it obvious?” Ami asked.

“No, but I could tell.”

“I don’t want to get surgery or anything like that. I just want them to grow.”

“I can help you with that.”

Ami knew what her friend meant. There wasn’t a magic solution, but there was a scientific one.

“How?”

“Come to my place after work. We’ll get you started.”

Ami nodded. That was all that was necessary.

As she worked through the afternoon, Ami was distracted. She couldn’t think about anything but her boobs, and yet at the same time, she knew that the guys were staring at her ass.

It was quite the dichotomy.

Randall was the one who approached her first. He was the only one of the men in the lab to have the courage to approach her.

“I know this is awfully forward of me,” he said, grinning a winning smile, “but I have to know if you are open to the idea of dating someone you work with.”

Amelia looked Randall up and down very quickly, as if seeing him for the first time. He was handsome enough, in a nerdy way that was only enhanced by the thick glasses that he wore. It was impossible to size him up under his baggy scrubs, but regardless Amelia tried to imagine what he would look like naked. All she could imagine was that he would be incredibly hairy, based on his stout forearms that were carpeted in thick, curly hair.

She didn't like hairy men.

"I'm open to it," was Amelia's cool reply.

"Well then, how about I take you out for drinks and whatever tonight?" He grinned an impish grin that had probably melted other women's hearts. It did nothing for her. She didn't need a childish man trying to make time with her.

"I'm busy tonight," she said, not lying because it was the truth. Maybe she should have just flat out said no, but she also wanted to keep her options open. "But maybe later on."

His grin didn't diminish at all. Maybe Randall was used to rejection. Maybe he hit on every woman he saw that vaguely interested him.

"Sounds good," he replied. "That's not a 'no' so I'm marking that down as a win." He winked at her and walked away with more confidence than he had any right to possess.

She wondered if she had made the right decision.

Later, after she got out of work and was walking up to Genny's apartment door, she wondered what the hell she was doing. Going out on a date with Randall was probably the smarter thing to do but she was drawn to Genny's place because...well, what Randall was offering, any man could give her.

Genny was offering something that no one else had thought to propose.

Once she was inside she started to have serious second thoughts about her choice to turn down Randall and experiment with breast milk and boob size with Genny.

"No alcohol tonight," Genny told her when she opened the door. "Just fun

drugs!”

“Uh...what?”

Laughing, Genny produced a pill bottle that was either borrowed or stolen from the lab.

“What’s in there?” Ami asked nervously.

“Nothing unsafe. And nothing mind-altering,” her friend promised. “Just some hormones.”

“I don’t think I want to go mucking about with my hormones.”

“They’re designed to induce lactation,” Genny swore and popped open the top, shaking a few out into her hand, and tossing one in her mouth, dry swallowing it. “Ugh. Too big.” She bolted for the kitchen and grabbed a glass, filling it with water before downing the entire glass in one go.

“Holy shit,” Ami breathed.

“I was popular at the fraternity parties in college.”

“I bet. But you’re already lactating, why would you take more?”

Genny shrugged her shoulders. “What’s a little extra milk?” She offered a pair of pills to Ami.

Before taking them out of Genny’s hand, Ami considered, once again, what the hell she was doing. What were the risks? What were the rewards? Why the hell was she even considering this?

And then she grabbed the pills and the glass of water, downing both as quickly as she could so she couldn’t overthink it any further.

“Now onto the important part,” said Genny, grabbing her friend by the hand and all but dragging her to the apartment’s bedroom. There was a jumble of medical devices on the bed and Ami was fairly certain what that meant.

“I don’t need to watch you pump your breasts again,” Ami said quickly.

Although she wanted to watch it again because deep down Ami was convinced she was a pervert which was especially bad for a woman, and did as much as she could to cover that up. “One show was good enough.”

“Oh hell no, once is never good enough. But you’re not going to watch me pump. I’m going to watch you pump.”

“What?”

“Breast and nipple stimulation is key to inducing lactation. Without lactating, you’re not going to get bigger boobs.”

“Oh.”

“Come on, Ami! This is just basic biology. Take off your top and bra.” She looked at the younger woman expectantly.

It was one thing to get partially naked when drunk and the other person in the room was already undressed, but it was another thing entirely to do it when completely sober while Genny was dressed.

Still, she wanted it much more than she wanted to admit. The only thing to do was pretend this was a medical procedure and Genny was her nurse.

Nurse.

Turning slightly away from Genny, Ami pulled her scrub top off and tossed it aside. Her bra was plain beige and hid her small tits effectively. There was no reason to unhook it. She just reached up under the chest band and pulled it over her head as well.

Genny looked with some jealousy at the younger woman’s breasts. They were as close to perfect as she could imagine. Yes, they were small, but they stood proudly on her chest, perfect projections forward, capped by little pink nipples that were begging to be sucked.

Somehow Genny controlled herself and managed not to attack her friend to feast upon her dry breasts. Ami noted Genny staring at her boobs and started to bring up her hands to cover herself, but somehow managed to find the courage she needed to let herself be admired.

“I got out my old pump,” said Genny. “You can have it. It’s probably best to use it twice a day, once in the morning and once at night. It’ll hurt a little at first, but you’ll get used to it.”

She offered the small collection cones to Ami who stared blankly for a minute. They were smaller than the pump Genny had used on Friday. That same pump was on the bed right now.

The only thing to do was to accept Genny’s gift—it was polite and Ami was raised to be polite.

Genny offered a quick explanation on the particulars of operating the pump and she encouraged Ami to press the collection cones to her breasts. Ami did so, because it gave her a modicum of modesty.

When the pump was switched on, there was a gentle tugging sensation at her nipples. Genny was watching closely and said, “Looks like we need to up the pressure.”

She adjusted the dial and the gentle tugging went to a firm pressure and then to an insistent desire.

Ami gasped at the pleasure she unexpectedly received.

Genny nodded. “Uh-huh. That’s just right. It’s not painful, but it feels so good, am I right?”

The expression on Ami’s face was one of confusion and delight. She didn’t know how to process what she was feeling. And then the pressure on the pump suddenly released and her nipples contracted back to their normal state.

“Holy shit,” she breathed.

“Isn’t it great?” Genny asked in the tone of a teenager introducing a friend to alcohol or marijuana or sex.

Definitely sex.

Then the pump started up again and Ami gasped. A second later Genny was placing Ami’s hands on the collection cones and going to the bed. Ami could

only stand there and watch her little nipples be abused.

The other pump suddenly buzzed to life and she looked over to see Genny on the bed, both collection cups pressed to her large tits, it only took a second for the first streams of milk to fill the cup and start to dribble down to the bottle.

“I’ve never had someone to do this in tandem with,” said Genny. “This will be great.”

Ami nodded, only half hearing what Genny was saying. While she expected to feel the pump on her breasts and nipples, she hadn’t expected to feel it in her pussy. It only took a minute and she realized that she was soaked between the legs. The thin thong she was wearing did almost nothing to hide her desire.

The strange part was that she couldn’t figure out if that was good or bad.

There was little to do or say at that point. Through the clear plastic of the cones, Ami saw her little nipples pleasantly abused. It was fascinating and oddly erotic. She stumbled from where she was standing to sit on the bed next to Genny. That gave her an opportunity to surreptitiously squeeze her thighs on her pussy and stimulate her clit. Not that she needed all that much stimulation; she was close to the edge already.

She could see that Genny was watching her. Genny clearly wasn’t as affected by the breast pump as much as Ami was, but that was to be expected. Ami’s eyes were half-hooded and she couldn’t say anything. She wanted to cum so badly but didn’t think it was appropriate to do.

Which made no sense. It had only been a few days earlier when they had shared orgasms together.

“Go ahead and cum,” Genny encouraged her. “I can see you’re nearly there.”

Ami’s eyes snapped open and she looked at her friend. She needed friction that she wasn’t going to get. Even so, she started rotating her hips on the bed, looking for that blessed friction.

As much as she tried to say something, no words would come out, just a few heavy sighs and some unnatural noises.

When she finally came, she felt it in her entire body. Normally her orgasms were focused on her pussy and clit, but this one she felt not only there, but in her stomach, her thighs, her chest, and like they were little pinpricks, in her nipples.

Her entire body shook and she felt a heat wave pass through her, resulting in sweat suddenly coating her skin. There was no way for her to remain upright and she fell back to the bed.

She didn't even have enough energy to pull the cones from her small tits. The pump busily kept at its work, sucking on her abused nipples causing little spikes of pain that she didn't want but didn't want to stop either.

It was Genny who thoughtfully switched off the device and pulled the cones away from Ami's small breasts. The seal to each was broken with the sound of air rushing into the vacuum. The absence of pressure was a relief, but at the same time she wanted it back.

"You came," Genny said.

"Uh-huh."

"You're very pretty when you cum."

"Thanks…"

Genny switched off her own pump. The collection bottle she was using was only half full. The last time Ami had watched her, the other woman had easily filled the bottle.

"Do they hurt?" she asked, gesturing at Ami's breasts.

Ami clutched her tits. They hurt a little, but it was a good sort of pain, like she had just run and won a race and her body was exhausted, but it was worth it. "A little."

"I can help you with that," said Genny as she leaned over her friend.

For a second Ami wasn't sure what was going to happen. She could have stopped Genny, but there didn't seem any real reason to say no.

Genny’s warm lips and mouth surrounded Ami’s small nipple.

Ami sighed. It was exactly the sort of soothing relief she needed.

She tried not to think about what it meant for another woman to be sucking on her nipples.

Even if it felt incredibly good.

The moan that escaped her lips let Genny know she was doing exactly what Ami needed. Ami couldn’t decide if Genny was trying to have sex with her or if she was just soothing her; it didn’t matter because she was enjoying it and had no intention of telling Genny to stop.

There was only one way this was going to conclude.

Ami couldn’t help herself and slipped a hand down into the bottoms of her scrubs and into her thong. Her pussy was wet. Sopping. The thong was soaked through and she was certain that her scrubs were wet as well.

That wasn’t any reason to stop. She started rubbing her clit in time with Genny’s sucking.

Genny didn’t mind it at all. If she had been asked, she would have encouraged Ami to do exactly that.

Since she was already excited by her previous orgasm, getting to a second climax was easier. After Ami had discovered, back when she was still in high school, that she could give herself multiple orgasms, it had only become easier and easier for her to reach those multiple peaks. Ami knew it wouldn’t take long for her to cum again.

And again if she wanted it.

There was no reason to resist. She masturbated as quickly as she could and when the second peak came while Genny was happily sucking away on her tits, she had to twist away from the other woman and curl up into a little ball while her body processed the overwhelming depth of sensation that flowed over her.

“I bet that felt great,” was Genny’s comment.

“It did,” Ami agreed softly. She was facing away from Genny, ashamed at what had just happened. She didn’t want to do this again—Friday had been an aberration caused by too much lust and too much drink—but she was again doing something kinky with a woman.

“Are you okay?” Genny asked.

“I don’t know.”

“Well...do you need anything?”

Ami rolled back to face her friend. Her first instinct was to kiss the other woman. That was wrong. They didn’t have that sort of relationship.

Did they?

She had to do something because she didn’t know what to say. Ami did what came naturally to her. She reached out and gently caressed Genny’s wonderfully large and soft breasts. At once her nipple contracted and stiffened.

Genny adjusted her position and Ami knew what was going to happen next. She could have stopped because she was the one in charge of the situation, but she didn't want to stop.

It was easy to lower her head and take up Genny’s firm nipple in her mouth.

“Yes,” Genny said softly. “Please.”

That was the permission that Ami needed. They weren’t doing anything wrong.

Right?

It was natural for her to start sucking. Not only was it natural, but she wanted to do it.

All she had to do was suck on Genny’s large, firm nipples once and then twice before her mouth was flooded with the now-familiar sweetness of Genny’s milk. It should have been wrong to taste and drink Genny’s milk—because human breast milk is for babies—but it felt right and natural and perfect. And she wanted it. The milk was delicious.

Genny moaned lightly as Ami settled in to do what she wanted. In its wrongness, the action of nursing from Genny was much more a sexual and kinky act than should have been considered.

Handling Genny's tits was strange to Ami. Her breasts were so much smaller compared to her partner's. It was strange but delightful as well. But Ami didn't want to limit herself to just touching Genny's tits. She wanted more.

She wanted it all.

As Ami happily nursed from Genny's life-giving breasts, she also slowly slid her hand down Genny's body. Since Genny didn't object, she didn't stop. In just a few seconds Ami's fingers were at the top of the other woman's elastic waistband of her scrubs.

Genny didn't object when Ami's fingers burrowed under the elastic. She didn't encourage Ami. She wanted to see how far this would go.

It took Ami a second to coordinate between nursing and exploring, but she didn't hesitate when she found the other woman's underwear. Ami kept pushing forward and went into Genny's panties.

Going all the way between Genny's thighs she found the other woman's smooth skin and hairless vulva. Was she freshly shaved? Waxed? It was hard to tell. Once Ami started her exploration Genny lifted up her hips and used her hands to shove down her underwear and scrubs.

Inhaling deeply and swallowing all the sweet milk that she had been holding in her mouth, Ami put her hand back between Genny's legs and found her pussy.

It was wet.

Extremely wet.

Ami was certain her pussy had never been that wet in her life.

Her finger easily found Genny's slippery lips and then it plunged into the blonde woman's pussy.

Genny moaned for Ami's benefit.

Ami hadn’t intended to take it this far, but she wasn’t hurting anyone. In fact, Ami was making Genny feel really good.

Along with herself.

She continued to finger Genny in the way that she liked. Having her first female lover was confusing, but exciting. She just went with it, learning along the way like she had with every man she had gone to bed with.

Genny loved having her tits sucked. That was obvious. Ami found herself mutually distracted by fingering the older woman’s hot pussy and sucking on her tits and drinking her milk. It was almost too much to process. She wasn’t going to cum again from pleasuring Genny, but she was determined to make the other woman cum.

While it might have been strange to be finger fucking a woman, it wasn’t all that different from giving a handy to some random man. In fact, it was better because Genny wasn’t a stranger, she was a friend.

And now a lover.

Genny arched her back and let out a loud moan of pleasure as she came. Ami found her hand trapped between Genny’s thighs as the other woman thrashed about before her climax expired.

“Thank you,” Genny said. “I needed that.”

Ami pulled back her hand and surreptitiously wiped her hand on her scrubs. She didn’t want to seem rude. “You’re welcome. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for this to go this far.”

“I’m not sorry at all,” Genny replied. “I loved every minute of it. Didn’t you?”

She looked expectantly into Ami’s green eyes.

“Um...yeah. I loved it. It was just...unexpected.”

Genny laughed and caught Ami by the chin, pulling her face up and closer before they kissed.

With a man it would have been a meaningless kiss. With Genny—a woman—it was a significant gesture that implied so much more.

“Thank you again,” Genny said.

Ami laughed nervously. “I don’t know what we do now.”

“Well, you sucked about all my milk out, so I don’t have to use my pump to finish draining my boobs. I’m going to clean my pump and pack up the other one for you. I should probably get dressed as well.”

Looking down at her small breasts, Ami wondered what the hell she was doing. Laying down, they were barely more than little bumps on her chest. She wanted to have big ones like Genny, but was it worth it to have to use a breast pump and take hormones to make her tits grow?

She watched as Genny moved about, packing up the two devices they had been using. Her tits bounced and swung about in a most pleasant manner. She quickly decided that yes, it was worth it. Maybe she wouldn’t be as big as Genny, but she could have a nice set of boobs that would entice any man who wanted to fuck her.

“How long will it take for the pills and pump to work?” she asked Genny. “I’m not expecting results overnight, but…”

“It depends. A few weeks at least. It’ll hurt for the first week. Trust me. But after that...I don’t think I could ever give up lactating. It feels so good when I’m nursed.” Her bright blue eyes went dreamy.

“Yeah...when I was using the pump and you were...I had an orgasm like never before.”

“Nipple orgasm?”

Ami wasn’t sure about that, but it sounded reasonable. “Yeah. Maybe it originated there, but it felt completely different. I’ve had clitoral and vaginal before, but this one...I want it again.”

“Stick with me, kid, and you will.”

Ami hoped that was a promise she could count on.

“I have to ask, because you said it, but you said that it feels good when you’re nursed.”

“Mmm-hmm. That’s right,” Genny agreed.

“Well, who is nursing you. I mean, I just did it and you’ve been using your pump, but nursing isn’t the same, right?”

Genny affixed Ami with a look that accused the other woman of being a raging idiot.

“My boyfriend, of course.”

Chapter Three

Back at her apartment, Ami reflected on what had just happened at Genny's place. It was one thing to have her first real lesbian experience—even if she wasn't a lesbian and didn't consider herself bi either—but apparently Genny had no qualms at all about having sex with other people behind her boyfriend's back.

She knew she needed to find out more but up to the moment that Genny had revealed that she had a boyfriend, Ami hadn't the slightest indication the other woman was in a relationship at all.

That only made her own relationship that much more complicated.

When she opened Facetime to talk with Craig, she wasn't sure what she should tell him, if anything.

"One hundred and seventy four days," he greeted her. As always, Craig had his lopsided grin on and his sandy brown hair was swept across his forehead. His boyish good looks always made her nervous because she was certain that some other woman would steal him away from her.

Even though they were on a break.

Even though it had been her idea to have a break.

"Six months," she replied. "That's six months."

"Almost six months," he corrected her. "That's when I'm moving to see you."

"You're seeing me right now," she said, dodging the issue.

"In person," he said. "Less than six months before I see you in person again."

"Are you seeing anyone else right now?" she asked evenly. As much as her relationship with Craig was fraught because of their history, this was the one question she needed to have an answer to.

"No. You know that."

"I don't know that," she all but snapped at him.

"Are you seeing anyone?" he immediately replied.

She knew he was going to ask that question and she had prepared her answer. They both had been unfaithful in the past which had led to this situation of her moving away and calling a break to their relationship.

And yet they still couldn't quit each other.

"No," she said, not lying, but not telling the truth. All of her previous indiscretions had been with men. Did women count? All of Craig's previous side-fucks had been women—as far as Amelia knew—and she didn't want to think about what else he had been up to.

But she hadn't really had sex with Genny, had she?

What was sex, really?

And wouldn't Craig like her bigger boobs? He had always said the one thing he would change about her was her bra size.

"Why did you say 'no' that way?" he asked.

"What way?"

"The way you just did."

And this was how all their arguments began. It was the little things. The sex was great, but they were both leery of trusting the other because of both of their previous behaviors.

Amelia winced and rubbed her forehead. "I don't want to have an argument. I'm tired. It was a long day. I was thinking about my new friend when I said no."

"New friend?" Immediately he was suspicious.

"New friend," she repeated. "Geneva. Genny. She's very nice and she's ten years older than me and she's a work friend and she's showing me around here. Is that to your liking?"

Craig didn't want to argue either. He wanted Ami—his former girlfriend and former fiancée—to be happy. He knew he had to trust her.

“No. It’s fine. You’re right. I need to grow up and be more mature...and trustworthy.”

She sighed. “We both do.”

“I had an argument with my boyfriend last night,” Amelia told Geneva as they had lunch together.

Geneva’s eyebrows went up. “I didn’t know you had a boyfriend. And you had the energy for an argument after you left my place?”

Ami smiled a little. “It wasn’t quite an argument. It was just another of our ongoing discussions. And what we did at your place last night gave me more energy than I knew what to do with.”

The two women smiled, sharing a secret.

“Tell me more about your boyfriend,” said Genny.

“He’s not really my boyfriend,” Ami began.

“Oh? Friend with benefits? Ex-boyfriend? Married guy you’re fucking because you just can’t help yourself?”

Ami winced. “More like an ex-fiancée.”

Geneva wanted to rub her hands together. “Okay, I need to know the whole story.”

“It’s a long story.”

“We’re not going anywhere.”

“We’ve got ten minutes before we need to be back in the lab.”

“So dish.”

“I’ll give you the short version. We’re on a break because we both can’t stop

ourselves from cheating on each other. I got this job so I moved and now we're four hours apart but we decided to give it at least six months before we changed things again."

"So do you want to get back with him?"

"I don't know," Ami all but whined and pushed her hair out of her face. "The sex was great, so why did we both cheat? I don't know. I love him, but we drive each other nuts. I need to figure out a way to keep him and not cheat on him at the same time."

Genny grinned at her friend. "Well, you've found that solution already, you know."

"What?"

Shaking her head, Genny asked, "Did you use the pump I gave you this morning."

Ami's blush was obvious on her pale skin. She lowered her voice. "Yes."

"Good. You're on the path then."

"What?"

"Men love lactation," Genny confided in her. "Get your milk supply going and fuck him. Well, have him drink your milk and he'll never want another woman."

Ami goggled at her friend. "You have to be fucking kidding me."

"Nope. Just ask my boyfriend."

"You have a boyfriend?" she said it much louder than she intended. Luckily, no heads in the lunchroom turned their way.

"I didn't mention that?"

"No!"

"Well, you didn't mention yours either," Ami pointed out.

“Jim’s not an ex-fiancée,” Genny countered.

“What is he then?”

“Um...a friend with benefits.”

Ami had an intense curiosity. “Does he...does he do what you and I did last night?”

Geneva’s eyes went dreamy. “He sure does.”

Ami gasped.

“He lives for it.”

Ami gasped again. Genny couldn’t tell if she was overacting.

“I’ll be honest with you. I think the only reason he sticks with me is because of my tits and milk.”

“Get out!”

“Well, there are other reasons. But the only reason I invited you over Friday and Monday was because he was busy.”

“I can’t believe I’m having this conversation.”

“I’m sure he’d love to meet you,” Geneva offered.

Ami’s eyes narrowed. “Why?”

“Well, if you keep at it, you could double his supply of fresh milk.”

Ami blinked and wondered if Genny was serious.

She hoped her friend was serious. What would it be like to have someone nurse directly from her tits? Not just the sucking, but the feeling of milk leaving her nipples.

Right then she wanted to experience that more than anything else in the world.

“Would using the pump more than twice a day make my milk come in faster?” Ami asked her much more experienced friend.

Genny smiled. “Yes. But don’t increase the number of pills I gave you. Fucking up your body like that isn’t a good idea.”

Chapter Four

Amelia found the regimen that Geneva was putting her through to be excruciating. Get up. Take a pill. Pump her breasts for at least fifteen minutes, preferably thirty. Drink as much water as possible. Go to work. Keep drinking as much water—and running to the bathroom—as possible. Go home. Pump right after walking through the door. Make dinner. Eat dinner. Drink more water. Pee again. Take more hormone pills. Masturbate furiously with a vibrator while thinking about Craig. If that doesn't work think about Genny. If that doesn't work think about Genny and Craig and Jim. Realize her breasts were sore from the pumping and nipple pinching and twisting. Pump her breasts one last time before going to sleep.

Repeat.

More than anything Ami wanted to invite her friend over to her apartment, if not for sex then some mutual masturbation and breast pumping.

But she wouldn't have turned down sex.

She would have eagerly nursed on Genny's breasts just to taste the other woman's milk again.

When she hinted around that maybe it would be a good idea for the both of them to get together again, heavily implying that pumping, milking, nursing, mutual masturbation, and sex were all on the menu, Geneva demurred.

"I'm busy tonight," she politely turned down her friend. "Jim has the evening off."

"Oh. Sorry. I didn't know."

"Shall we schedule something for Friday night, or Saturday?"

Ami perked up. She could feel a throbbing in her clit and her nipples at those words.

“Both work for me.” A throbbing in her nipples wasn’t something new. It was a now familiar sensation from near-constant use of the pump.

She liked the throbbing.

“Friday then. Don’t plan on getting home early.”

When Friday rolled around, Ami went home after work and pumped her tits but only for ten minutes. She wasn’t sure how she should dress, which was a bizarre thing to ponder about because she was fairly certain she was going to be mostly, if not completely, undressed for the bulk of the evening. If she had been going on a date with a man, Craig or someone new, she would have gotten out some of her fancy lingerie that enhanced her ass and made it look like she had a decently sized set of tits.

She decided to wear something fancy anyway. The two women had already messed around enough that Ami knew she would have sex with Genny if she was willing.

Was she really that horny?

When she strapped on her fancy yellow flowered bra that was more lace than material she was disappointed that her breasts hadn’t grown. She had hoped that after a week of hormones and pumping, she would have had some sort of growth. Even just some swelling to make her feel better about herself.

But no.

Ami was used to having small tits, but starting the process to get bigger ones was annoying when she couldn’t see any real improvement. It had been only a week, but was still frustrating as hell.

Over her lingerie she wore a casual shirt and jeans. There was no need to get too dressy for what might just be a bitch-fest with wine.

And she didn’t want to come off as desperate.

When she finally arrived at Genny's apartment she was surprised when a man answered the door. For half a second she thought that maybe she had gone to the wrong door, but then she heard Genny's voice coming from within.

"That's going to be Ami," she called. "Let her in!"

"Hi," Amelia said as she sized up the man at the door and tried not to let her feeling be obvious.

He was fucking hot.

Maybe his shirt was a little too tight, but that only served to better show off his muscles. He wasn't musclebound, but he had plenty of definition that she could admire, especially his forearms. They were just the right mix of size and display. Ami felt her panties getting wet and didn't mind it at all.

His black hair wasn't exactly her preference, but his piercing blue eyes were. She wanted to see what he looked like naked, but that wasn't going to happen because this had to be Jim, Genny's boyfriend.

And then she realized that for all her preparations, she probably wasn't going to get what she wanted from Genny tonight. Not unless Jim left the two women alone.

Ami was disappointed and angry. She was also horny. Those three emotions together were not a good combination.

"Hey," he greeted her. "I'm Jim."

"Yeah, Genny told me all about you," she said before realizing exactly what she was saying. Once the words hit her brain, there was no controlling the rush of blood to her face. While she loved her bright red hair, Ami wasn't such a fan of the pale skin that accompanied it; far too often her emotions were on display.

Jim was more measured in his response. "Huh. She mentioned you but told me almost nothing."

"Stop teasing her and blocking the door," Genny said, appearing at Jim's side and shoving him to allow Ami a chance to enter. Genny greeted her with a casual kiss on the cheek and put a drink in her hand.

Needing something to calm her nerves, Genny sipped the cocktail and was immediately appreciative of the strong burn of alcohol down her throat. “So what are we doing?” she asked the happy couple.

Jim looked to Genny. “I think I showed up at the wrong time,” he said and then looked back to Ami. “I wasn’t invited over. My schedule changed.”

Geneva laughed. “It’s fine. It’s not like I keep a lot of secrets from Jim.”

“How many secrets do you keep from me?” asked Jim.

She winked at him. “Just a few.” Turning to Ami she asked, “Did you pump yet tonight?”

Ami had been so worked up and worried about her date with Genny that it hadn’t even occurred to her to pump. She turned bright red and said, “Just a little. I wanted to hurry over here.”

Genny thoughtfully bit her lower lip and said, “We can help you with that.”

“You can?”

“Take off your top,” Genny instructed.

Jim looked on expectantly, a grin on his face.

“Stop creeping on the girl,” said Genny as she swatted her boyfriend.

“Sorry,” he apologized to Ami. “Do you want me to leave?” He seemed sincere in his question.

“Uh…”

“I can make him leave,” said Genny. “Just a girls night.”

Ami didn’t know what to think. She had prepared herself for all sorts of antics with Genny, but hadn’t factored in Jim, or any man, being there. But she was also attracted to Jim, as wrong as that was because he was Genny’s boyfriend. In the back of her mind she was also thinking about Craig and what he would think.

That made her angry. Craig didn’t have any control over her and she wanted to

prove that to him as much to herself.

Without a word, after putting down her drink, Ami took off her shirt, but left on her lacy bra.

“That’s very pretty,” said Genny, reaching out and running her finger along the fancy material.

“Thank you.” They both looked down at Ami’s small breasts. Her nipples were hard and prominent, clearly outlined under the material. They were the palest of pinks so were barely visible, but that only made it better.

Finding her courage, she dug her fingers underneath the lacy bra and pulled it up and over her head, boldly baring her breasts.

“Nice,” was Jim’s comment.

Genny slugged him in the arm.

“They’re beautiful,” she told Ami.

“Thanks. Where’s the pump?” she asked and realized she probably should have asked that before taking off her clothes.

“In the bedroom. But we won’t need the pump tonight,” said Genny.

“What?”

In response, Geneva grabbed Ami’s hand and drew her to the living room couch. Not knowing what to do, Ami went along with her friend. Before she knew it, she was half-slouched on the couch and Geneva was pressing her face to Ami’s breast.

Her hot breath was a shock to her nipple. Genny didn’t tease or play. She drew Ami’s hard nipple into her mouth and sucked.

Ami shivered.

She opened her eyes and looked at Jim who was watching them intently with a lopsided grin on his face. Ami found that being watched by an appreciative

audience helped her relax.

And then Genny sucked hard on the nipple in her mouth causing Ami to gasp. Genny backed off. “You like that?”

“Will it help my milk come in?”

“Yes, everyone knows that oral suckling is the best way to stimulate lactation. It’s a hundred times better than a pump.”

“Then why...why did you give me the pump?”

Genny just grinned before turning to Jim. “Want to join me?”

Jim nodded. “Hell yeah.” He took a step forward and then paused. “That is, if Amelia doesn’t mind.”

Ami didn’t know what to think, but then Genny sucked on her nipple again. A hard knot formed in the pit of her stomach and if she had been standing she knew her knees would have given out. It occurred to her it would feel twice as good with two mouths rather than one. “I don’t mind at all.”

“See?” Geneva said smugly to her boyfriend. “She wants it desperately.”

While Ami wouldn’t say she was desperate to have two people—one she had just met—sucking on her nipples, she found that she couldn’t really speak at the moment. Having two mouths on her tits wasn’t twice as good, it was ten times as good as one mouth.

“Mmm,” she moaned as she relaxed into the couch. It was a little crowded with the two of them on top of her, but Ami wasn’t going to complain. She just wished she could move her hands down to her jeans so she could masturbate while being nursed. That would be heavenly.

The two of them worked well in tandem and Ami started to get desperate for some relief. She managed to moan out, “My pussy…”

Genny took a quick opportunity to say, “Don’t worry about your pussy. Focus on your tits.”

They weren’t pinning her down and Ami definitely wanted to be in this unusual situation, but at the same time she still wanted to jill off. She was so close to orgasm she thought of pushing them off her and finishing herself, but Jim was too big and she didn’t want to offend Genny.

All she could do was lay there and moan and take in the pleasure and rock her hips in a desperate effort to get some friction on her clit.

It was wasted effort. But it wasn’t a wasted encounter.

Ami felt like a sex goddess and two people on top of her was what she needed.

The full body orgasm from just nipple stimulation took her to a different plane of existence for just a fleeting moment.

“See?” said Genny. “She’s a horny little tart, isn’t she?”

Genny was talking to Jim. Her question made him laugh. He replied by giving her a kiss. Ami felt used. They had used her.

And it had been wonderful.

“Your tits are still dry,” Jim told her.

“They are?” She looked down at herself and saw a little bit of saliva on her nipples. They weren’t soaking wet, but they weren’t dry. She ran a finger over the wetness and displayed it to the both of them. “No they’re not.”

“He means your milk, Ami. Your milk hasn’t come in yet.”

“Oh.” She sighed. “Yeah. That. Sorry.”

“I’m not sorry,” said Jim. “You’ve got great tits. Beautiful and firm.”

“Thanks?”

“Genny said you have a boyfriend. Have you been getting him to nurse on you? That’ll bring your milk in faster.”

Apparently Jim was a human breast milk connoisseur.

Genny, annoyed at her partner's lack of sensitivity, gave him a shove. "Shut up!"

He was genuinely puzzled. "What did I say?"

"She's trying to spare my feelings," said Ami. "I'm currently on a break with Craig."

"On a break?" Jim was intrigued.

Ami didn't want her relationship with Craig to be a discussion between Jim and Genny so she turned the conversation. "I thought I was going to get to spend some alone time with Genny tonight," she said. "What are you doing here?"

Jim laughed nervously and Genny answered the question for him. "He can't stay away from me."

"Because you're so sexy, baby," he said and turned to his girlfriend, giving her a kiss. Ami was a bit jealous.

She was interested in making him jealous.

Or turned on.

"That's not why," Genny said after the kiss. "He can't stay away from my milk."

"It's your fault!" he protested and laughed.

Despite having been intimate with the two, Ami found she was uncomfortable in knowing the details of their private life. Still, she couldn't help but want to know more.

"What do you mean he can't stay away from your milk?" Ami had to know.

Genny looked at her lover with eyes that expressed both love and obsession. "He's addicted to it."

"I wouldn't say addicted," Jim mused.

"I would," Genny declared. "You can't keep your hands or your mouth off my tits!"

“To be fair, that’s true of any straight man.”

Ami giggled at his reply.

Genny gave her a dirty look and then quickly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her large tits, barely contained by a bra that wasn’t sexy.

That disappointed Ami. She had been hoping for some sexy time with her new friend and seeing that Genny had worn a bra more appropriate for work than a date made Ami rethink what she was seeing in their relationship.

Then Genny turned around and presented her back to Ami. “Unhook me, hon?”

For just a second Ami was certain that Genny had gotten confused. Her gesture was intended for a significant other. Jim was the person who would help the woman in his life undo her brassiere. But no, it wasn’t a mistake on Genny’s part. The blonde woman was looking to her side, directly at Jim, holding her hair up and arching her eyebrows.

This was entirely intentional.

With trembling fingers Ami reached up and tugged on the bra’s back strap. It was impressively large. There were at least four hooks on the back. Ami didn’t own a bra that had more than two hooks. It took a bit of effort and skill, but eventually Ami freed her friend’s tits.

Genny whipped back around, her tits jiggling and shaking. Ami was mesmerized. She knew it was intentional and Genny was doing it just to excite and annoy and possibly even seduce her.

It worked.

“Do these make you jealous?” Genny asked. Her hands were still on the back of her head, holding up her hair. She was displaying her tits like a professional model. Maybe the older woman was a bit past her prime, but her curvy body was still impressive and she certainly had the good looks to match a model.

Or maybe she was just a shameless exhibitionist.

Ami blushed harder. “Yeah. A little.”

“They’re full of milk. I haven’t pumped tonight and I didn’t give Jim a chance with them before you came over. He doesn’t deserve them.”

“Hey!” Jim protested but Genny ignored him.

“Would you like to taste my milk again?” Genny asked.

Ami silently nodded. She wanted to reach up and caress the other woman’s tits, but she didn’t dare. That seemed like a step too far even though Genny was all but inviting Ami to fuck her.

“Again?” asked Jim. “What have you two girls been up to?”

“Quiet, you,” Genny said softly. “Well, let’s go to bed, shall we?” she asked Ami and dropped her hair to stretch out a hand to the red-headed younger woman.

A hundred different things told Ami she shouldn’t do this. Common sense. She wasn’t that sort of girl. It was just plain crazy. She wasn’t a lesbian. She didn’t do kinky stuff.

They were all lies.

She knew the sort of person she was.

When she took Genny’s hand she hoped the blonde didn’t realize how hot and sweaty her hand was. If she noted or cared, Genny didn’t say a word. The two women walked, hand-in-hand, to the bedroom. Jim followed behind.

By the time they got to the bedroom, Ami decided she needed to be in charge. She was the one to push Genny down onto the bed. She was the one to aggressively latch on to Genny’s breast and start nursing. It only took a second for her mouth to be flooded with Genny’s creamy sweetness.

It was just natural to bring up her other hand and toy with Genny’s other nipple.

The blonde moaned appreciatively. “Is this the show you wanted?” She wasn’t talking to Ami. She was talking to Jim.

Ami spared a glance to see that he was rubbing himself through his pants. She could see the bulge of his erection and was curious.

“I was hoping for more than just a show.”

“Dinner and a show?”

“I could be a fire eater for the night,” he nodded, grinning. Ami didn’t know what that meant so she just kept nursing from Genny.

When he moved to join them on the bed, Genny kept him at arm’s length. “They’re all hers tonight, hon.”

“What!” he protested.

“You’ve had your chance.”

Ami smiled as she suckled. In the back of her mind she was certain that drinking the other woman’s breast milk was only helping her own tits. It was probably magical thinking, but it was doing wonderful things for her pussy.

She pinched Genny’s nipple as hard as she could making the blonde gasp in surprise, only then did she release Genny’s dark pink nipple from her mouth.

“That’s right. She’s all mine tonight...but you can watch.”

Ami lowered her mouth back to Genny’s breast.

“Oh, you can be sure I’m going to watch,” said Jim.

To Be Continued

Preview

Lover’s Milk 2

It wasn’t exactly a nightmare and it wasn’t exactly a wet dream. Kirk couldn’t remember the last time he had a sex dream. College? Maybe. He had been around a lot of young, attractive girls back then, but he had been having a lot of sex back then too. High school? That seemed the likely answer.

He was glad that when he woke up he hadn’t shot a load of cum in his boxers. His cock was rock hard, but that wasn’t all that unusual for him when he woke up in the morning. Even though he had just fucked Jessa the night before he briefly considered jerking off before getting out of bed.

Instead, he grabbed his phone from the dresser and thumbed through it until he found Jessa’s contact info.

It was undoubtedly a bad idea to text her when he was horny, but that didn’t stop him.

I just woke up and I had a sex dream about your milk.

He looked at the message. It was a terrible idea to send it. It had been a one-time thing with her. She had made a bad decision—a series of bad decisions—and so had he.

It would be a worse decision to keep going.

He sent the text and immediately regretted it.

Trying to smarten up, he got out of bed and headed to the shower.

There was a message waiting for him when he came back to his bedroom.

Tell me all about it. The message was from Jessa.

He groaned and sat down on the edge of the mattress and put his hands to his head. His cock had gone soft in the shower. He had forced himself to take a cold shower because he didn’t want to jerk off to memories of Jessa.

And her body.

And her pussy.

And her tits.

And...and her milk.

Without thinking about it he started typing out a message to her.

It wasn’t coherent. Just me sucking on your tits and drinking your milk.

He knew he shouldn’t send the message. He put down the phone and got dressed.

The message was still there on his phone when he came back to pick it up.

He groaned in frustration at himself. He knew exactly how this was going to end and he didn’t know why he was resisting.

Was it because she was a little too kinky?

Was it because it was all about sex and he wanted a real girlfriend?

Was it because they had fucked before they had dated?

Was it because she was married?

He knew it was the last reason. He didn’t want to admit it to himself or anyone.

“Fuck! Fuck and fuck and fuck me and fuck you,” he said right before he hit the send button.

He tried to get out of the apartment before she could reply. As if that would have helped because there was no way he could get away from his phone. It was literally with him all the time.

That sounds hot enough. Do you want to do it again?

He looked at his phone while he sat in his car.

“No,” he said to the empty car.

Yes, he typed back.

In the time it took him to put the phone down on the seat next to him, start the car, and put it into gear, she sent back a reply.

Great! When? I’m not available tonight but what about this weekend?

Kirk put his head on the steering wheel and groaned. He knew he was going to go through with it, so why was he fighting it?

After all the arrangements were made via texting all day, he had agreed to a Sunday morning hookup for sex and milking.

Nursing, he corrected himself. She called it nursing. Nursing was supposed to be for babies...or attractive young women helping doctors in a completely non-sexual way.

And now Kirk was convinced that he had given himself another kink that he didn't want to have under any circumstances.

(What would it be like to suck milk from a woman in a nurse's uniform? She didn't even have to be a real nurse…)

There were dozens of other ways he could have gone about getting laid, Kirk knew that. It might have taken some work and some cash, but he could have done it.

But he didn't want to.

Not because he didn't have the time or the money, but because…

But because he wanted Jessa.

Not because of who she was, but because of what she was offering him.

Not her pussy.

Her milk. She was offering him her milk and there was no way he could get that from some other woman.

Not that he hadn’t tried. He had searched around on all the hookup sites and not one woman was offering or even hinting that she was willing to indulge in lactation play. Or that she was lactating.

Kirk didn’t want to bother asking any of the supposedly many willing women if they were into it.

It was crazy.

By the time Jessa showed up at his door Sunday morning his mind was spinning and he was eager for sexual relief. He knew that he could have just jerked off and calmed himself down, but that seemed wasteful. He had a perfectly willing woman who was going to indulge him and he didn’t want to squander that.

He had worn a tight t-shirt that showed off his muscle definition along with some loose-fitting sweatpants. He wanted to look perfectly casual, like he didn’t need her and was helping her out.

Jessa showed up without any makeup. She didn't need it and when he had last seen her, it was minimal enough so seeing her in her natural state wasn't a shock. To match her state of makeup, she was dressed in form-fitting yoga pants and an athletic top that was loose fitting, but he was certain she had a bra on underneath it.

They were almost the reverse of each other.

"Hi," he said, opening the door.

"Hey yourself." She paused and looked at him. "Are you going to invite me in?"

Kirk winced and realized he was just standing there, blocking the door, staring at her.

"Right. Sorry. Please come in." He stepped aside and she walked in confidently, not like she owned the place, but like she was certain of her place in it.

"We've got enough time, but we don't have all day," she said as she looked around the living room. Kirk had spent some time cleaning up so it looked better than on her first visit. There wasn't clutter strewn about and he had vacuumed and cleaned. He didn't know why he was trying to impress her with his housekeeping abilities.

“What do you mean?”

Without answering Jessa pulled off her top, revealing that she was wearing an athletic bra. He blinked and his brain stopped working.

“I mean my husband thinks I’m at yoga and running errands and shopping. Thank the gods for grocery pickup.” She looked down at her tits that were mostly hidden and then over at Kirk’s crotch where she was certain she had detected some cock swelling. “Do you want to do this or what?”

“Yeah...I want to do this.” He took a step toward her and then remembered to close the apartment door. “I still think it’s wrong for you to be cheating on your husband.”

“And yet here you are ready to fuck me.”

“Actually, I was thinking that I would, you know, just suck your milk today.”

Kirk wasn’t sure what he expected her reaction to be, but bold, brassy laughter wasn’t it.

“You really think that’s all we’re going to do?”

He swallowed. His throat was dry. “It’s a proposal.”

“Did you know I can cum from having my tits sucked?”

“I...I did not know that.”

“I can. So you’re saying you want to suck my tits and then, after I cum from that, you’re going to run away and jerk off in private?”

“I wouldn’t put it that way, exactly…”

With a shrug Jessa pulled down the zipper that closed the front of her athletic bra. As far as Kirk knew, all bras had hooks in the back, except for some fancy ones that hooked in the front. This one had a zipper. That alone was enough to blow his mind.

And then there was a topless woman in his apartment, showing off her tits.

His skull was completely empty at that point.

“Are we going to get down to business or what?” she asked, cupping her tits with her hands and lifting them up just a bit, offering them to him.

It was too much for Kirk. He walked forward and ducked his head to take one of

her nipples into his mouth. She caught his chin before he managed to lower his mouth enough and pulled it up to her lips.

The kiss wasn’t so much a warmup for Kirk as it was a delay. He wasn’t meeting up with Jessa for romance. It was just sex. Sex and milk. Kinky sex and milk. Does kinky sex and kinky milk make sense?

His brain wasn’t working.

The kiss was warm and wet and he couldn’t help but think about what her milk tasted like.

He hadn’t seen her wearing pads, but maybe the athletic bra took care of that? There was no way to stop his hand from coming up and cupping her left breast. As their bodies pressed together she felt his already hard cock against her stomach.

Jessa knew that he wasn’t going to just nurse from her and then go jerk off in the bathroom alone.

She wasn’t going to let that happen.

The kiss progressed naturally to them moving to the couch. Having done this with more than one partner, Jessa seated herself and grabbed a couple of the small throw pillows. Kirk wasn’t familiar with how her tits worked and what her milk could do, but that was a risk he would have to deal with.

She guided him to lie on the couch with his head on a pillow. He only had to turn a little bit to take a nipple in his mouth. He was overeager at first and sucked too hard. She wasn't ready for him, but her tits were.

She let out a little grunt of pain and then the milk started flowing and she felt the familiar sexy, relaxing feeling that seemed to drive her every need.

He tasted the sweetness of her milk and couldn't believe he was doing this a second time with a woman he hardly knew. Sure, he had known Jessa for a few years because of work conferences, but he didn't really know her.

That didn't matter. Her milk was sweet. She cupped her free breast so her milk wouldn't drip all over his couch. He sucked greedily at her. The milk was so sweet.

He barely knew that he was hard until he felt her hand slip under the waistband of his sweatpants. They were heavy enough that he hadn't been pitching much of a tent, but there had to have been a bulge.

Her fingers curled around his cock and held him tightly. He wasn't going anywhere. He felt completely under her control. He loved that feeling.

"Move over," she told him, twisting her torso a bit. It took him a moment to understand, but when her other breast hit him in the forehead he understood. There was a bit of fumbling about, but eventually he got her right nipple in his mouth. Jessa went to cup her breast to prevent leakage, but Kirk had given that

some thought. He reached up before she had a chance to properly align things and he got his hand in before her.

It took a careful bit of pressure, but he pinched the nipple just enough to stop the milk from leaking out.

He also pinched it just hard enough to make her moan a little bit. Kirk was intrigued to realize that the woman with the big and generous tits liked a little pain with her sex.

Seeing that her leaking milk was under control, Jessa used her hand to push down his pants and completely expose his cock. He helped by lifting up his hips. Once that was done, she casually started stroking him. It wasn't a real handjob, but it was more than enough stimulation for him.

It was so much that he forced himself to pull away from her sweet breast milk. "Stop that," he begged.

She stopped moving her hand. "Why?"

"You're going to make me cum."

"But you were going to jerk yourself off, why can't I help you?"

Her hand started up again and he moaned. It was almost a whimper. “Because I want your milk first. All your milk.”

Jessa laughed at him. “I need to save some for my husband; otherwise he’ll know that something is amiss. He nurses from me every night. Did you know that?”

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub