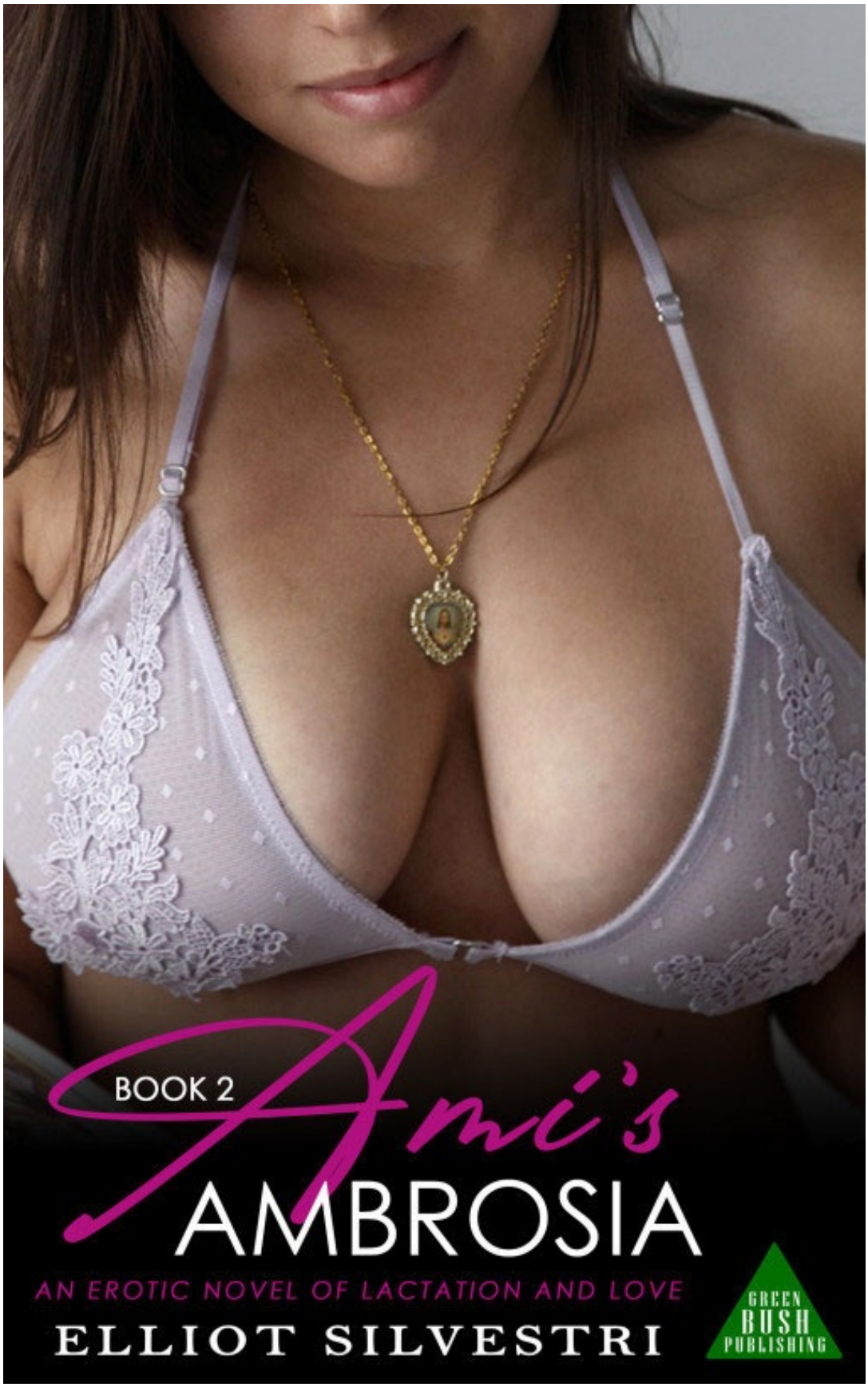
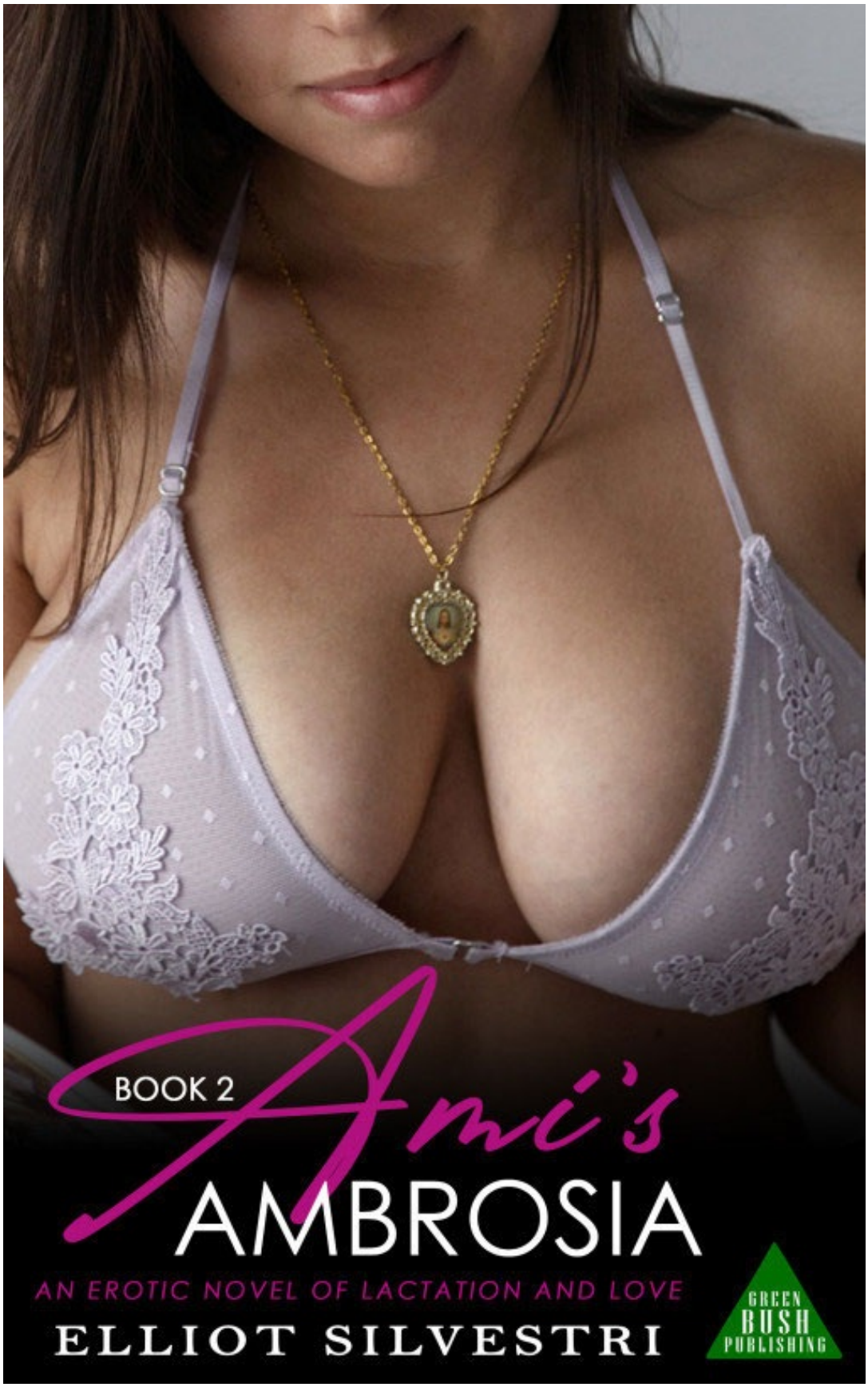

BOOK 2
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Ami’s Ambrosia 2

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 2

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Version 2

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Chapter Five

While it was a little bit unusual to be watched as she nursed on Genny, Ami found that she didn't mind Jim watching.

In fact, Jim watching made it a little more exciting.

Genny's breasts so easily gave up their milk that Ami was truly jealous of the other woman. She had no idea if her tits would get as big as Genny's but she was certainly going to try.

Feeding off Genny wasn't just fun, she had convinced herself that it would help.

After all, Genny had already given her a breast pump to enlarge her tits and get them lactating. Genny had also supplied her with hormones to kick start the process. Genny could certainly share a little milk with Ami to help the process along as well.

While Ami knew that was magical thinking, it didn't stop her from feasting on Genny's tits and drinking her milk.

It was thrilling how easily she had fallen into this little game with Genny. And now her boyfriend. It was exciting and other than cheating on her ex-fiancée, this was the most sensational thing she had ever done in her sex life.

How far was the couple willing to push it? Ami was willing to push it all the way because she was all but drunk on Genny's milk.

Or maybe it was the cocktail that Genny had given her when she walked in.

Or maybe, just maybe, it was Genny's milk.

It had to be Genny's milk.

When Ami slid her hand down Genny's stomach, releasing her nipple, the blonde woman didn't complain at all. If anything, she encouraged Ami in unzipping her pants and wiggling them down to mid-thigh. Ami hadn't been so bold as to take off Genny's underwear because she was uncertain what was happening.

Glancing down she saw that Genny was wearing underwear as boring as her bra.

Deciding that she had nothing to lose, Ami shoved her hand down into Genny's panties and quickly found that the blonde's narrow strip of pubic curls was soaked with her amrita making it easy for Ami to slide her middle finger down into the other woman's slit.

Genny groaned deep in the back of her throat as she was penetrated.

Jim moved from his position on the edge of the bed to the floor, helpfully tugging down his girlfriend's pants and then underwear, leaving her naked.

That gave Ami the opportunity to masturbate Genny while still sucking on her tits.

Maybe she was being used, Ami reflected, but she was happy to be used this way. What was the worst that could happen?

Jim couldn't contain himself. "I wasn't expecting this!" he exclaimed as Ami's fingers got busy in Genny's pussy. The sound of wet pussy being stimulated combined with Genny's deep moans filled the room. Ami realized it wasn't going to take her friend very long to cum.

"Keep going," Jim encouraged them. "Make her cum."

Ami didn't like being directed, especially when it was already her intention to make Genny cum—as if there was any other possible outcome to their play—but since her mouth was full of tit and milk, she didn't complain.

Sex with a woman was new and different and she wanted to do it again and again, if not with Genny then with some other woman. A thousand dirty thoughts filled Ami's head and then she realized she wasn't in control of the situation any longer.

Genny called out and her body bucked several times as she peaked. There was a gush of liquid onto Ami's hand and she grinned around Genny's fat nipple when she realized she was making her friend cum.

"Can I have a turn?" Jim asked when the moment was over.

Genny laughed at him and gestured for him to join her on the bed.

Ami backed away. She wasn't being dismissed, but she didn't want to be up close and personal with the couple while they kissed.

They looked happy together and Ami tried to control her emotions and not think about Craig. She focused on Genny's tits. And then Jim was moving down and the nipple that Ami had been pinching and playing with was in his mouth.

She stared as she felt that Jim was stealing Genny's milk from her.

Nothing could be further from the truth. If anything, she knew she was stealing Genny's milk from Jim.

"Did you like that?" Jim asked his girlfriend, looking up from behind her breast.

"You know I did."

They happily kissed and Jim looked over to Ami. "Do you want to cum too?" he asked her.

"I already did."

Genny nodded in agreement. "She sure did. Nipple orgasms are the best."

Ami agreed.

"Want to cum again?" Jim asked.

"Sure," Ami instantly agreed.

"Take off your jeans and I'll make you cum," Jim promised.

Ami was excited by this sordid turn of events. She had no idea what was going to happen, but wanted to know how this was going to turn out.

She hopped off the bed and unbuttoned then unzipped her jeans to shimmy out of them. Playing to the small crowd, she posed for the couple, showing off her cute panties. She wished that she still had a bra on so that they could see she had been wearing a matching set.

It didn't matter. Jim's eyes went directly to her crotch and he proved he had sharp eyes. "So you are a natural redhead," he announced with a smart grin.

“It’s my good Scottish blood,” she replied, raising her chin.

“Like I said, I’ve always wanted to be a fire eater.”

Once more Genny slugged her boyfriend. “Don’t be crude.” She looked to Ami. “He’s got an obsession with redheads.”

Looking at Genny’s long, blonde hair, Ami asked, “Then why is he dating you, a blonde?”

“Redheads are always in short supply,” said Jim.

Just then it occurred to Ami what Jim had been asking. “You want to eat my pussy?” she asked, her lips twisted to the side.

“Yes!” Jim said with barely controlled enthusiasm.

Genny rolled her eyes. “You wouldn’t believe how many times he’s asked me to dye my hair.”

“I can assure you, it’s the same as every other woman’s pussy,” said Ami.

“Do you mind if I am the one to judge that?” he asked, all but licking his lips in anticipation.

“If it’s okay with your girlfriend,” said Ami, looking to Genny. It occurred to her that she was being used as a toy in their twisted sex games.

She discovered she liked being a toy in their twisted sex games.

“It’s fine with me,” said Genny.

There was no way for Ami to be sure if her friend was just saying that or if she truly meant it.

Turning her body so they could get a view of her ass before she carefully pulled down her panties and displayed herself.

It was hard to tell what Genny was thinking or feeling, but the bulge in the front of Jim’s pants told her everything she needed to about his approval.

“Go ahead,” Genny said with a sigh, moving to the side, making room for Ami. “Live out your rather bland fantasy.”

“Hey!” Jim complained even as Ami took her position on the bed. “We can get kinky later.”

Genny patted him on the head, like she was appeasing a child. “Sure we can.”

Even if he was being humiliated, Jim was still too obsessed with Ami’s appearance to care. “Okay,” he said. His eyes hadn’t moved from the patch of bright red curls on Ami’s mound.

“I can’t believe she’s the first redhead you’re going to be with,” said Genny as she wrapped a thin bathrobe around her body.

“What? I am?” Ami was amused. Jim had to be at least thirty years old and he hadn’t fulfilled this simple fantasy? Furthering Ami’s amusement, Jim actually blushed. His face must have turned as bright red as hers had in the past. “You haven’t?”

He half turned his face away. “I get nervous when I try to talk to redheads,” he admitted.

Genny had left the room, presumably to go to the bathroom, and Ami heard her friend’s laughter. “It’s funny because it’s so very true.”

Briefly Ami wondered if she had been seduced for the sole purpose of Jim getting an opportunity with a true redhead. Now she felt a little objectified, but she also felt that she was being worshipped and sexually pursued because of her physical attributes.

But wasn’t that always the case?

She sidled her body up against Jim’s. Unable to help herself, she asked, “Do you think you’ll want to leave your girlfriend after you fuck me?”

Jim laughed. “There’s only one way to find out.”

“I heard that!” Genny called from elsewhere in the apartment.

Without warning, Jim kissed her. She hadn't been expecting it, but she liked being kissed by him. It was more intimate than anything else they had done up to that point.

Despite the strangeness of the situation and pushing aside all thoughts of Craig, Ami let her hand travel down Jim’s body to cup his cock through his pants.

He was delightfully hard.

But Jim moved her hand away. “No. Not yet. Later,” he promised and then rolled her to her back pressing his own body down on her.

Having the weight of a man on top of her gave Ami a little ache because it had been too long since she had last been in bed with a man. After she and Craig called it quits, it had been her intention to bed as many men as possible, but it turned out that after she moved to the city and befriended Genny, she hadn’t even bothered to go out on a date with a single man.

As she was trying to process all of these feelings, Jim started moving down her body. His mouth briefly teased at her nipples, sucking and biting, but because she had no milk to offer, Jim quickly lost interest in her small tits.

Then he was at her belly button where his tongue flicked at the gold ring she had worn there for years and then at the top of her mound, and then, finally, he was where they both wanted him to be.

Ami had a little thicket of dark curly red hair decorating her pussy. To her it had always been just what she had, but to Jim it was the height of his most desired fetish.

His tongue stabbed at her clit and then went down further, penetrating between her lips and filling her pussy, but only just barely. No tongue could compare to a good, hard cock.

Looking down at him, Ami fully realized what Jim had meant by being a fire eater. With his face pressed into her pussy and her pubes surrounding his face, it did look a bit like he was eating fire.

Before Ami could analyze that and tear the expression to pieces, in her mind at least, Jim’s mouth found her clit and sucked it like he had been sucking her

nipples earlier.

It throbbed.

It felt wonderful.

He did it with uncontrolled need and it startled and excited her. He was being a little rough, but that was fine. If anything, Craig had been too gentle when he had gone down on her.

She liked it when he slid first one, and then a second finger into her pussy. Jim knew exactly what he was doing. He was stroking the front wall of her vag and that made little shivers of pleasure spread out from her sex. If he kept that up she knew exactly what was going to happen and she wasn't sure that would be a good thing or not.

Ami let her eyes close and she focused entirely on Jim's tongue and the wonderful things he was doing to her. She became nothing more than her pussy and her mind.

When the bed shifted she got distracted.

"Is it everything you wanted?" Genny asked.

Ami opened her eyes to answer her friend, but Genny wasn't talking to her. She was talking to Jim.

He nodded his head even as he kept his face buried in Ami's sex. She couldn't believe that Genny was okay with her boyfriend doing this.

It was impossible to resist. She just let it happen. The orgasm he gave her was less powerful than she wanted it to be but it had been so long since she had cum from a good pussy licking that she didn't mind.

It would have been better if he had stayed with her, but the moment she was coming down from her peak, Jim pulled away.

When Ami opened her eyes she was greeted with the sight of Jim stripping off his clothes while Genny looked on. She didn't look the least bit perturbed. When Jim's cock came into view, Ami smiled. He wasn't huge, but his cock was nicely

proportional to his body, thick without being threatening, and slightly curved upward in a way that Ami was certain would match her pussy perfectly.

As he moved down on top of her, Ami suddenly realized exactly what he was going to do and she started to panic.

He wasn't wearing a condom.

She wasn't ready for this.

Genny was watching and this was such a betrayal of her friendship.

Once again she was truly cheating on Craig even though they had broken up.

Jim's cockhead slipped easily between her wet and ready labia. He paused and caught her eyes. "Are you ready for this?"

She wasn't.

Ami nodded firmly. "Fuck yes. Give it all to me."

He barely gave Genny a glance before he started thrusting into Ami's primed pussy. His roughness surprised her, but she found the treatment invigorating rather than upsetting. Ami was already too excited; Jim putting his dick inside her was just the little boost she needed.

Before she knew it, she was cumming. Cumming loudly.

She was embarrassed at how hard she came, but she was no less startled when Jim kept pounding away at her and she never really came down from her first peak. He just kept going. There was another, unexpected and almost unwanted climax, before Jim shot off his load inside her, which wasn't exactly unexpected but she hadn't been planning for it either.

"Doesn't he have a wonderful cock?" asked Genny when Jim was done depositing his seed in Ami.

She had to admit that Jim did have a wonderful cock. Or maybe she was just hyped up by the strange sex that it felt wonderful. It didn't really matter. She didn't regret it at all.

For just a moment.

Then guilt hit her hard. “Ohmighod I didn’t mean to fuck your boyfriend,” she blurted out.

There was a second of awkwardness before Genny and Jim started laughing.

That only made Ami feel worse because now she felt guilty and embarrassed.

“Jim and I have an open relationship,” Genny explained.

“I don’t think I could have an honest relationship that wasn’t,” Jim interjected.

“I feel sort of bad that we both tricked and seduced you into bed,” Genny went on, ignoring her boyfriend’s comment. “I completely understand if you don’t want to do this again.”

Much to her dismay, Ami started to cry. It was just tears. She was still breathing heavily from her double orgasms that the few little sobs she let out were ignored or missed entirely. She wiped away the tears that stained her cheeks. “I think I want to do this every day for the rest of my life,” she admitted.

The situation was mollified when both Genny and Jim kissed her.

The guilt was mostly gone, but she wasn’t sure what she was going to do about Craig.

Chapter Six

Ami suspiciously eyed the translucent plastic bottle mostly full of thin white fluid.

“Is that what I think it is?” she asked Genny. Her friend couldn’t be so bold as to have brought that to the work lunch room, could she?

“I don’t know. What do you think it is?” asked Genny, a sly smile on her face as she stabbed a few bits of salad on her fork.

“I haven’t drunk milk for lunch since high school.”

Genny nudged the bottle closer to Ami’s side of the table. “I’m sure this is much better than the milk you drank in high school.”

Ami was tempted—sorely tempted—by what Genny was offering. It was a twisted fantasy for her to imagine nursing from Genny’s big tits during lunchtime, but she could certainly drink a little milk that Genny had pumped from her breasts, couldn’t she?

There was no harm in it, was there?

“In case you’re wondering, it’s okay in coffee or tea, but Jim says it’s best on its own.”

Unconsciously Ami licked her lips. She wanted to taste the milk. She wanted to nurse from Genny’s tits. She wanted to take Genny to the women’s locker room and fuck her up against the wall.

The last thing she wanted was for her life to go back to normal.

“Go on,” Genny encouraged her. “What’s the harm? That it’ll help you?”

“Help me?” Ami couldn’t stop herself and wrapped her fingers around the bottle. It was cold. Genny must have had it inside an insulated lunchbox.

“It’s got my hormones in it. It’ll help bring in your milk.”

Though Ami had had that suspicion, it sounded so much more convincing coming from Genny’s lips. She wanted it to be true.

“Drink up,” said Genny. “And I want a report about your pumping habits.”

Being told to do it was exactly what Ami needed. She picked up the bottle and sipped it.

Creamy and delicious. It was more fun to taste it directly from Genny’s tits, but doing this in secret in front of everyone in the lunchroom was thrilling as well. Unexpectedly, she could feel her panties starting to get damp.

“Drink it all,” Genny encouraged her.

Ami didn’t need that much encouragement. She finished half the bottle in one go.

“I’ve been pumping every morning and twice at night,” she said. It had only been a little over two weeks but she still wanted her milk now. “I think I got a drop or two last night, but maybe that was just some moisture in the cones.”

Genny gave her a naughty look. “I can’t wait to taste your milk.”

Ami shuddered. “I want to go to the bathroom and make myself cum,” she said in a low voice. She wasn’t too afraid to say it, but she didn’t want anyone other than Genny to hear.

“Finish you milk and go do that.”

“Do you want to watch me?” she asked.

Genny slowly shook her head. “No. I mean, yes. But no. Not here. Not now.”

Ami gulped down the last of the milk and stood up, walking on unsteady feet toward the shared bathroom. She couldn’t believe what she was doing, but there was no way for anyone—other than Genny—to know what was going to happen.

It was exciting and scary. Ami walked with speed and confidence. She was going to do it and she was going to enjoy it and she was going to rub it in Genny’s face.

The lunchroom bathroom was the one in the building that afforded some privacy. It could only be occupied by one person at a time. As soon as she was inside and

locked the door, she yanked down her scrubs and panties.

If someone had been watching, she would have been embarrassed because the crotch was so wet. No one was there. She took her wetness as a good sign. Pressed her back to the cool tiled wall, Ami put her hand between her legs, got her fingers wet, spread it around on her clit, and then got to business.

It didn't take much to whip up a demented fantasy in her mind. Jim and Genny sucking on her suddenly huge tits while she lactated and fed them both. Genny's hand and then Jim's between her legs, licking her. Genny's face between her legs, sucking her clit. Craig suddenly between her legs licking. Craig suddenly drinking her milk. Craig kissing and fucking Genny in front of her.

That's what made Ami cum.

She struggled to stifle her groan of relief. Hopefully no one would hear her. Or maybe someone hearing her would have been exactly what would snap her back to some sort of normal behavior.

Right now she didn't want to do anything normal.

It would have been normal to use the toilet and wash her hands, but Ami didn't feel any need to pee. She wanted to have the scent of her pussy on her hands until at least she went back into the lab.

Pulling her panties and scrubs back up, she felt a vague ache in her tits. Not even giving it a second thought, Ami pulled up her shirt and the supportive camisole under it, exposing her small breasts. Looking in the mirror over the sink, she saw they looked normal. They felt normal when she lightly squeezed her soft flesh, though maybe she was firmer than usual.

Her nipples were sensitive and just idly touching them made them harden. Unable to help herself, she squeezed both nipples and breasts. It felt wonderful. She squeezed and squeezed, trying to make herself cum again, but what happened was better than an orgasm.

A few drops of milk slipped out of her right nipple.

She gasped in triumph.

The drops slid down over her fingers. Focusing now on her left breast. She squeezed and squeezed, trying to get it to do the same trick. When she squeezed she caused herself pain because she didn't hold back at all. The result was worth all the self-abuse she told herself. If it had been possible she would have gladly accepted hot needles jabbed into her skin if it meant she could lactate.

Finally, just as she was about to give up, her left breast gave up two tiny pearls of milk that wetted her fingers.

Ami greedily jammed them into her mouth. She tasted pussy and milk. Or she knew she tasted her pussy and she was sure that she tasted her milk.

It was enough to leave her emotionally wrecked and she cried for a minute over the sink, got herself under control, splashed some cold water on her face, straightened her clothes, and took a deep breath before going back outside to face Genny.

"You were in there a long time," Genny commented when Ami returned to the lunch table. Genny had packed up her lunch box and was idly scrolling through her phone.

"I'd let you suck my fingers if the lunchroom was empty," Ami said softly. "I managed to get a couple more drops out of my tits."

That caught Genny's attention. "Nice."

"I can't wait to go home and pump my tits."

"Don't forget your hormones."

Normally the first thing Amelia did when she arrived home was get out her borrowed breast pump and let it work on her tits for at least fifteen minutes. Sometimes she went as long as thirty minutes if she masturbated while the pump was working.

Today she got out the pump and attached it to her breasts. After giving it a minute to firmly adhere to her tits, she steeled herself with a deep breath and

pulled out her phone.

The one thing she liked about the pump was its relatively quiet operation. It wasn't silent, but she had talked to her sister on the phone while the pump was running and her sister hadn't commented about the background noise at all.

"You're calling early," said Craig when he answered the phone. She hadn't been bold enough to use Facetime, but that could be easily switched if needed.

"I was in the mood," said Ami.

"In the mood or in the mood?" Craig asked. Ami could practically hear him waggling his eyebrows.

"A little of both," she admitted. The pump was doing its work. She was more than just mildly aroused.

"Okay!" Craig was now much more eager to talk with her.

"I might be amenable to you and me trying again."

"Do tell."

"There's just one thing."

Without trying to sound snide, Craig said, "There always is, isn't there?"

"Do you want to hear it or not?"

"Sure. Why not?" He had already lost interest.

"I think I've developed a kink," said Amelia.

"And you want me to indulge you?" he asked.

"Well...yes."

"Okay, I'm curious. At least let me know what the kink is."

"I developed it because of a friend I've met," she said, avoiding answering his question.

“I thought you said you weren’t dating anyone.”

“I’m not,” Amelia said. “It just happened with Genny.”

“A girl?” Now Craig truly was interested.

“A woman,” Ami corrected him.

“Okay that’s hot!” His demeanor had turned on a dime.

“It’s not what you think.”

“I’m totally down for a threesome if that’s what you’re asking.”

“I’m not,” she half-lied. She knew she was under no obligation to tell Craig anything about what she had done with Genny and Jim, but she wanted to. “It’s something else entirely.”

“Fine. What?”

“Do you know what lactation is?”

“Yeah I know what it—” Craig paused. “You’ve got to be kidding me. What the fuck?”

“What do you think about...about it.” As excited as she was about participating in her newfound kink with Genny—and now Jim—it was another thing entirely to reveal it to Craig. This, she knew, was going to push him away or completely alter their relationship forever.

“What do I think about it? Uh...I’ve never given it a thought in my life.” He sounded more angry than intrigued which worried her.

“What would you say if I told you that was my new kink?” As soon as she said the words, the pumps seemed to do their work. She could feel a thrill running like an electric shock from her nipples down to her pussy.

“I’d say you’ve crossed the link from kinky to freaky.”

It was supposed to be an insult. For whatever reason, it only made Ami’s pussy get wetter.

She glanced down at her tits and was thrilled that she could see a few tiny pearls of milk clinging to her nipples before getting sucked away by the pressure of the pump. She shuddered. While she wasn't about to cum, she knew it wouldn't take much to get her to that point. A few more minutes of pumping. A rub to her pussy. Some dirty talk with Craig.

"Yeah," she breathily agreed. "The question is...do you want to get freaky or kinky with me?"

"How the fuck would I know?"

That wasn't the answer that Ami wanted to hear. She groaned in disappointment. Or maybe she groaned because the pump was doing wonderful things to her tits.

Maybe both.

"Are you jilling off right now?" Craig accused her.

"Nooo…" It wasn't a lie. Her hands were nowhere near her pussy.

"I know that sound from you, Amelia. You're getting off on this. You're going to cum soon."

"I'm not masturbating," she said firmly and then a little noise came out of her mouth. Even she recognized it. It was one of the little moans she made in the middle of sex.

"What the fuck are you doing then, Ami?" he demanded.

"I'm pumping," she answered too quickly. If this relationship was going to go down in flames, she wanted to push the self-destruct button as soon as possible. "Do you want to watch?"

Ami didn't give Craig the time to answer. She just sent him a Facetime request and put the phone back as far as possible, propping it up so she could get her whole upper body in frame, and preparing to see what was going to happen.

They had never really sexted, but Ami was willing to give Craig a full show tonight. It didn't matter now. She had made her choice and she was happy with it. If Genny could find a man who was into lactation, she was certain she could

too.

Craig accepted her request after a few seconds. She was certain his curiosity had gotten to him. Even so, his eyes went wide when he saw what she was doing.

The odd thing was that he couldn't see all that much. Her face, sure. But the collection cones and equipment from the pump hid her tits. If anything, it had to look more than a little strange to her ex-fiancée.

"What the fuck?" was his first response. It took him a moment to figure out what was going on.

"It's a pump," she explained. "It's going to make my tits lactate."

He said nothing for a few seconds, letting the pump run through a couple of cycles. "Is it going to make them bigger?"

"Yeah...it should." She was having trouble focusing; she was that close to the edge.

"But you'll have milk dripping from them like...all the time."

Ami shook her head. "Not all the time. Just when...just when I'm pumping. Or being nursed," she added with a long, low groan.

"Are you going to cum?" he asked her, marveling at how she looked when she was on the edge.

"Yeah...yeah…"

She forced her eyes open to see what Craig was doing. He was staring at her, but she also saw the motion of his shoulder indicating he was jerking off to her image. Seeing that he was doing it, she decided to join in. It was easy to shove her hand down her comfortable yoga pants and in between her legs, feeling the heat and moisture of her pussy against her fingers.

As good as it felt, Ami didn't want to make herself cum by rubbing her clit. She wanted to cum from her nipples alone. It was an almost impossible task, but she resisted and looked directly at her ex-lover.

“Are you going to cum for me?” she asked him.

Craig said nothing but managed to nod. He stared intently at the screen, his arm pumping up and down. Ami couldn’t see his cock. She suddenly felt the need to see his cock.

“Show me your cock,” she ordered. “I want to see your cock.”

It took him out of the moment, but that was good because if he came quickly, he might lose interest in seeing her cum.

Craig paused and adjusted the angle on his phone. It was not pointed directly at his crotch. He hadn’t bothered to take off his pants, he had merely unzipped and pulled out his cock.

It had been too long since Ami had seen his cock. It was handsome. She wasn’t an aficionado of cocks, but it had always been her opinion that Craig’s was nice. Very nice. Probably the best looking she had ever had. Not that that mattered because it wasn’t how it looked, but how it made her feel.

It had always made her feel wonderful.

She wanted it back in her pussy. She was certain what she was doing would get it back in her body.

But did she really want that?

“Jerk it for me, baby,” she breathed. “I want to see you cum.”

Not being able to see his face didn’t take away from the impact of the moment. Craig furiously pumped his hand up and down on his cock, truly looking like he was abusing himself.

Ami slowed her own self-abuse. She wanted to see him cum and wanted it to happen before she came herself.

It was so much simpler for a man. Just pump the cock and wait for it to erupt. Simple. Easy. Men were so easy.

When he came, Ami let out a little cry of delight. The first thick rope of cum

shot into the air and landed on his shirt. The second didn't go so far, but did shoot up into the air to immediately fall down onto his fingers, making them slick with his cum. He kept cumming, but these shots were just little eruptions that escaped the end of his cock, but didn't manage to get airborne.

It was still fascinating to Ami's eyes.

She kept one hand on her pussy, but didn't stroke herself. She wasn't ready, not yet, she wanted to cum, but she wanted more from Craig first.

"That was so fucking hot, honey," she cooed to him.

"Yeah…" he groaned.

"I want to feel your mouth on my tits," she moaned softly. "I want you to make me cum that way."

"The milk…" Craig said, uncertainty filled his mouth.

"You'll love it," she assured him.

"I don't…"

"You'll have to try it," she insisted, her thoughts going wild. "I've had Genny's. It's delicious. I made her cum. She made me cum. I want you to make me cum."

Her eyes practically rolled up into her head and she came. She couldn't help herself. She came. She could feel it in her tits. She could feel it in her pussy. She felt it in her entire body.

Craig watched, his eyes wide and eager as Ami's body quavered with pleasure.

After she rested a moment, her eyes snapped open and she looked into Craig's, assisted by technology, even though they were apart, they were together. "I want you to come this weekend. I want you to fuck me and drink my milk."

Slowly Craig nodded his head. It was the first time she had invited him to see her in person.

Chapter Seven

It was like Craig didn’t know what to do. He had known Amelia for years. They had been in love. Hell, they were supposed to have gotten married. And now, meeting again, it was like they were on a first date.

He couldn’t stop himself from staring at her chest.

She let him. It wasn’t like she could stop him from looking at her.

But she knew he was disappointed.

She had purposely worn a loose fitting shirt. One that showed no cleavage. One that barely even hinted that she had breasts. Under the shirt she was wearing a camisole that flattened her chest as much as possible. She was teasing him and she loved it.

It made her wonder what his cock was doing inside his pants. Was he hard? Was he uncomfortable? Did he just want to throw her down on the table and fuck her hard?

She was okay with that.

They had met at her apartment where she made him dinner. Everything was very polite. At first she thought that she might want to fuck him the moment she saw him—and she did, she did want to fuck him—but somehow Ami had managed to control herself enough so that they could have a proper date.

“You’re staring at my chest,” she finally pointed out. The conversation had been stilted up to that point. Her observation didn’t help.

“Sorry.”

“Like what you see?”

“I can’t see anything. It’s like you’re wearing a burka.”

“Want some dessert?” she asked him.

He looked at the food that remained on the table. He didn’t remember eating any of it.

“Sure…”

“Dessert is supposed to be something sweet. Do you know what’s sweet?”

He already knew her answer, but he still answered her. “No. What?”

“Breast milk. Breast milk is very sweet.”

“How would...how would you know?” Craig asked.

She could feel her milk in her tits. It wasn’t much, but she knew it was there. She had been getting drops all week, waiting for Craig to come visit.

“I told you,” she said softly. “I’ve tasted Genny’s. Hers is very sweet. Do you want to try mine?”

It wasn’t exactly the desert he had been hoping for, but he had been thinking about it for the entire week.

His most repetitive thought was it couldn’t be as bad as he was imagining. He had kissed plenty of women, so he knew he had tasted their saliva. Similarly, he knew what sweat tasted like because he had kissed the face, neck, and body of too many women to count. When he had first gone down on a woman, he had been worried about what her pussy would taste like. Other guys had described it to him—and they might have been lying—but it wasn’t bad at all and there was a certain enticement to cunnilingus. The taste was strange, but he still lusted after it.

Could breast milk be any worse? Ami had assured him it was very sweet, and that made sense because babies liked sweet foods.

But it seemed to foreign to do it. No, it was even worse than that. It was alien and it was breaking every social norm there was when it came to sex.

And yet, from the moment she had mentioned it, he hadn’t stopped thinking about it. Even if he hated it, Craig knew that he had to taste it just to find out for himself.

Would it be like drinking the nectar of the gods?

Carefully, Craig nodded his head. “Yes. I want to try it. I want to know what your milk tastes like.”

Smiling, Ami stood up and untied the string around her neck that kept the top of her blouse closed. Once it was loosened, it was easy to drop it from her shoulders, fully exposing her camisole. She knew he couldn’t see her tits, not yet, because of her camisole, but it was all in the tease.

“Care to help me?”

“Sure…” For some reason Craig felt like he was still being trapped in some way. “How do you want me to help?”

His sudden reluctance made Ami chuckle. “You know how,” she said as she carefully raised her camisole over her head and deposited it on the chair where she had been sitting.

The only thing to do was to stare at her boobs. He knew that she had been pumping. He knew that she wanted her tits full of milk. They had always been perky and small. For the life of him, Craig couldn’t tell if they were any bigger or smaller than when he had last seen her naked.

When had he last seen her naked?

It had been too long.

Her tits were still fantastic. Perfectly pale breasts topped by light pink nipples with small areolas. Why she would want them any bigger was beyond him; they were perfect.

That gave him pause. What he was viewing was perfect and he was comparing them to a memory. Had they not been perfect when he had last seen her naked breasts? Were they more perfect now? Was his memory mutable? Was he going insane staring at this gorgeous woman showing herself off to him?

“Are you just going to keep staring at my boobs?” she finally asked him, shaking him out of his reverie.

“What? Oh. Sorry! Your boobs are gorgeous,” he said, trying to cover up for his mind drifting away.

“Thank you. So do you want dessert?” she asked, turning her body slightly, showing off for him, playing coy but promising so much more behind her smile.

“Yes! Of course! Where’s the bedroom?”

Ami shook her head. “No. This is dessert. You eat dessert at the table, like a well-mannered gentleman.”

She made her way around the table. Not wanting to destroy the moment, he pushed back from the table and allowed her to straddle his legs.

Without realizing it, he was suddenly conscious of his cock. Doubtless she could feel it pressing against her pussy as well. Amelia was a small woman and he was slightly above average in height. It would have been wonderful if her tits had wound up in his face, but he wasn’t that lucky.

Her face was slightly above his and she leaned in, her lips pursed for a kiss, but she stopped, pulling back at the last moment. “This doesn’t mean we’re back together. You know that, right?”

As she asked the question, she shifted her weight, settling on him. He could feel the pressure against his cock. He was certain he could feel her heat as well.

“Right. Of course. This is just...a one-time thing?” he asked cautiously.

“That might be something more if things work out,” she half promised.

Before he could say anything else and screw up this opportunity, Ami lifted herself up, releasing the pressure on his cock, but now he was presented with her wonderfully firm breast directly in front of his face.

Craig wasn’t an idiot. He knew what to do. His mouth captured her nipple right away.

She gave a little moan in the back of her throat.

Her nipple hardened under his tongue. He sucked gently on the little pink bud and it slowly softened at the attention.

It was exactly as he remembered. There wasn’t any strange flavor of breast milk.

All he could taste was her skin and he could smell her perfume. Maybe this was all just some twisted little fantasy she had cooked up in her mind.

Since she seemed to like the attention he continued to suck on her nipple and brought up his hand to cup and massage her other breast. As it turned out it was a sure fire way of getting her fired up. Ami started grinding her covered pussy against his abdomen.

And then it happened. There was no sudden explosion or warning, his mouth was just suddenly flooded with a sweet flavor and it seemed like he was making more saliva than was normal.

After a second he knew that she was lactating and he was nursing from her. Though this was what she told him was what she wanted, he didn't think it would actually occur.

He pulled back, letting her breast fall free of his mouth, and blinked. Knowing that spitting out her milk would be the exact wrong thing to do, he swallowed her offering.

"That felt good," she told him with a smile, looking down at his astonished face. "Did you like it?"

Craig knew that everything hinged on his answer. When the words came out of his mouth, he was pleased to hear that he wasn't lying. "It was delicious."

"I'll take that as a yes," she said, pressing her breast back into his face.

Unexpectedly, Craig eagerly nursed from her nipple. The milk's flavor was sharp and sweet. He couldn't get enough of it. Unfortunately there wasn't a lot of it. He nursed and sucked some more, but her breast didn't have any to give.

That didn't mean that Ami wasn't enjoying his attention. She was. She wasn't right about to cum, but Craig was familiar with her reactions. It wouldn't be that hard to make her cum.

Ami shifted her body, presented her left breast to his mouth. He had temporarily forgotten she had two breasts.

No words were needed. He eagerly nursed from her. At first there was nothing.

The sweetness was lacking. She responded to the physical attention, but Craig, most unexpectedly, was disappointed there was a distinct lack of milk.

His cock was still rock hard. That was good.

Then, just like before, there was a sudden flood of sweetness. They both settled down when she started giving milk. It was, oddly, both relaxing and exciting at the same time. He could feel the heat of her pussy through her yoga pants and his clothing as well. She could feel his hard cock and realized she wanted it as much as she wanted him to nurse from her.

All too quickly her small supply of milk gave out. Craig kept nursing because he hoped that somehow she would have just a little bit more to give.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she cursed. “I didn’t cum. I need to cum.”

Craig picked her up and placed her on the floor. She barely had time to realize it happened before Craig had opened up his pants and got out his cock. She automatically reached out and grabbed him, stroking his familiar curved length. “You think that you can make me cum with this thing?” she asked.

“Fuck yes.”

Ami shook her head. “I want your mouth first.”

She had been using his mouth quite a bit already, but Craig wasn’t going to complain. He went right to his knees and started pulling down her yoga pants and underwear at the same time.

While Craig might have forgotten the exact size and shape of her breasts, he hadn’t forgotten how brilliantly red her triangle of hair covering her pussy was. It was almost too easy to kiss her little furry mound.

Kicking aside her leggings, Ami leaned her butt against the table and spread her legs wide. Craig had to crouch down, but eating her pussy was a delight. After drinking her sweet milk it was the perfect palate cleanser with her earthy, musky scent.

She was already dripping wet. Though Craig had always fancied himself a talented cunnilinguist, he didn’t need very much of his skills with Ami. She was

on edge, literally. He licked and sucked at her clit making her tremble. She braced herself with one hand on the table and the other tangled in his hair to steady herself.

When she came, she wanted him to keep his face between her legs forever.

“You’ve gotten louder,” he commented when her climax had passed.

The words seemed to energize her. “What?” she asked as if waking up from a coma.

“You were never loud in bed, but you were pretty loud tonight.” He leaned forward again and planted another little kiss on her tangle of pubic hair.

In the back of her mind she was hoping her apartment neighbors hadn’t heard her, but that was a concern for later. “Are you still hard?” she asked looking down at his cock.

He was.

“Okay, you can fuck me now.”

Ami turned around and bent over the table, offering Craig her ass.

“We’re not going to the bedroom?

“Just stick your cock into me,” she all but begged. “I need it right now!”

He wasn’t going to tell her no. Slipping his cock into her sopping pussy was easy. Right away he started fucking as fast as he could.

The high quality of the sex surprised them both. It didn’t last long. It didn’t need to. By the time he climaxed, Ami had cum twice more. It was nothing but pure, raw sex.

“I can’t wait to introduce you to Genny,” she told him.

Chapter Eight

For some reason, Craig felt privileged to have spent the night in Ami's bed. That was always his plan. If things had gone wrong, he could have gone to a hotel or driven home. It wasn't that far, but not a fun drive in the dark.

As it was, because he managed not to fuck things up with her, Ami was happy to invite him to spend the night.

He wasn't sure who woke up first, but feeling her warm body against his was a familiar and pleasant sensation. His cock was hard. He wanted to fuck her and it only seemed an appropriate way to start the morning.

Kissing the side of her neck, he slid his hand up her thigh toward her pussy, carefully cupping her heat.

She turned her head and kissed him back, but took his hand away from between her legs. "That's not what I want."

"What do you want?" he whispered in her ear.

"You know."

Craig paused. With all his blood rushing to his cock, he found it difficult to think clearly. "Actually, no I don't know. Tell me."

She laughed at him and brought his hand up to cup her small breast. When she was on her back it was little more than a gentle mound on her chest. "Time for you to nurse," she told him.

"Oh. You want that?"

Ami smiled, slowly nodding her head. "Yes. We're not having sex until my milk is drained."

"Why?"

"Can't you feel? They're full. When they're full of milk, they hurt. It's not painful, not yet, but you need to suck it all out right now."

"Really?"

“Do it or we’re not having sex,” she said flatly.

Craig didn’t know why he was being resistant. He had enjoyed her milk last night so this morning shouldn’t be any different.

“Sure. Why not?”

Ami gave him a quick kiss on the lips and then gently pushed his head down toward her tits.

Craig found her nipple easily enough and started sucking. Like last night, at first there was nothing, just some light moans from Ami along with gentle motions from her body indicating she was enjoying the attention.

After a minute, he tasted the sweetness of her milk and he wondered why he had been so resistant to doing it a second time.

Maybe it was a little bit infantilizing to drink a woman’s breast milk, but Craig wasn’t above enjoying something more appropriate for children. He would never admit it in public, but he enjoyed watching cartoons way too much for an adult man.

It was so easy and so pleasant settling in and nursing from Ami. Her milk wasn’t just a delicious treat, but it was almost like having breakfast in bed.

Plus it kept his dick hard so he knew he was going to get to fuck her when her tits were empty.

As he half pinned her down nursing from her small, supple tits, Ami writhed around in pleasure. She wanted to escape but at the same time his weight holding her in place was exactly what she needed to get forced to her first orgasm of the day. She knew she was going to cum from being nursed, it was just a matter of time.

Plus she could feel his hard cock pressing into her hip.

“You like that, baby,” she cooed to him. “You like my milk?”

“I love it,” he said as he switched from one nipple to the other.

“Make me cum,” she said. “Make me cum from my nipples and you can put your cock in me, but not until then.”

He groaned in the back of his throat. He wanted her to cum for that reward. His cock was throbbing with desire. He could literally feel the precum drooling out the slit and smearing on her soft skin.

Unconsciously he pushed his hand between her legs and she immediately slapped it away.

“No! Just my tits. Make my tits sing.”

Realizing he had screwed up, Craig moved his hand away from her pussy and up her body to her free breast. She didn’t object to that. She didn’t object when he cupped her soft flesh and she didn’t object when he lightly pinched the nipple.

She moaned and a little milk leaked out.

He didn’t think about that. He kept sucking on her other nipple and then started pinching.

She moaned louder. “Harder,” she encouraged him.

He pinched her nipple harder. Her body stiffened under his. He took that as a good sign and then twisted the little nub.

Ami all but screamed as she came. He could feel her milk pumping out of her other breast and down his throat. He could barely swallow fast enough to prevent himself from choking.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked.

“No. Pinch the other one. Make it hurt.”

He did as she asked. Both nipples were now wet, partly from his saliva but mostly from her milk that had leaked out and he hadn’t swallowed. It was a tiny bit difficult getting a good grip on the nipple he had just nursed dry, but once he did, he didn’t hesitate and just pinched and twisted as hard as he dared.

Ami screamed out in pain and he released her.

“OhmygodImsosorry!” he blurted out.

“No, no...it felt good. I needed that?”

“You did?”

“Yeah.” Her eyes opened up and she grabbed his face, pulling it to hers and kissing him passionately. Both her nipples throbbed with pain and desire. The little all-body orgasm he had given her wasn’t enough. She needed more.

Half from memory and half from instinct he climbed on top of her, between her legs and pressed his cock against her pussy.

She wasn’t as soaking wet as she had been before. Craig kept trying to press forward but he had the angle wrong and couldn’t find the entrance.

“Just wait a fucking minute,” she hissed at him and grabbed his cock, sliding the head back and forth between her splayed labia for a few strokes, getting it slippery enough to penetrate.

Once he did so, they both groaned as her moist, soft flesh surrounded his hardness.

“I’ve missed this,” he said as he started thrusting into her.

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned in agreement.

After her little sharp peak of nipple orgasm, getting her to cum a second and third time was easy for Craig. He held off long enough to get her to a fourth peak right before he came.

Once he did, he all but overfilled her pussy. Right away she could feel his cum leaking out of her as he slowly softened inside of her.

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” she said as she gently pushed him off her, “but I don’t want to make a mess of the bed. I need to go shower. Care to join me?”

The bathroom was smaller than the one they had shared at the apartment they had occupied together a year previous, but it did the job. She had fond memories of going down on him in that shower, sitting on the little seat and sucking him

off under the hot water.

That wasn't possible today, but she did allow him the privilege of soaping and rinsing her body.

"What are we planning for the day?" he asked her. The invitation had specified the weekend and other than nursing from her tits and some sex, no other activities had been promised or planned.

"I want you to meet my friend Genny."

"Sure. Why not?" he said before the name struck him. "Is she the one who…" He found that he couldn't finish the question.

"The one who what?" she teased him as she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower to dry off.

"The one who...I don't know how to put this…"

Ami smiled and tilted her head to the side. "If you can't say it, maybe I shouldn't introduce the two of you because she's very forward."

"Isn't she the one who started you down this path?"

"What path?"

He gestured to her chest. Her small breasts stood up proudly and he was once again mesmerized by them. "Where she got you to lactate," he stammered out.

"Yes," Ami agreed. "Do you know what else she got me to do?"

He shook his head.

She laughed. "She was the first woman I've ever had sex with. It was fantastic."

She was watching his cock. He had just cum ten minutes earlier and already his cock was getting hard. He was ready to fuck again.

Ami had already decided they weren't going to fuck again. Not until later.

Chapter Nine

Craig didn’t know how to act around Genny. They had been introduced at Geneva’s apartment for casual afternoon drinks. When the two women greeted each other, he watched them closely. They hugged and gave each other quick kisses on the cheeks, like any other pair of close friends. They weren’t greeting each other like lovers—which disappointed Craig, but it also relieved him because he wasn’t sure how he could deal with his ex-fiancé having a new female lover.

The contrast between Genny and Ami wasn’t exactly astounding, but it was a display of different female body types, both attractive in their own ways. Ami was lean tending toward skinny with tiny—but growing—breasts. Genny was curvy in all the right locations with a huge set of tits.

Craig found himself staring at Genny’s chest, something she had undoubtedly encouraged by the low-cut blouse she was wearing. Her cleavage was on display for him and Ami and the rest of the world to see.

“Do you like what you see?” Genny asked after she handed a drink to Craig. He couldn’t remember what he had requested from her.

As soon as she asked the question, he snapped his eyes up from her chest to look her in the face.

“Uhh...yes?”

Both women laughed at him.

“You don’t sound so sure, Craig,” Ami commented.

“No, I’m sure,” he said, suddenly finding his voice.

“You’ve been staring at Genny’s tits ever since we got here.”

“Sorry,” he apologized as his face flushed red. He was glad to have the drink in his hand and gulped at it, reveling in the burn down his throat.

“Don’t be,” said Genny. “I like it. Did you like nursing from Ami? Did you like her milk?”

Craig didn’t think it would have been possible for his face to get any redder, but somehow it felt like someone had lit his face on fire. “Yes,” he admitted.

“I haven’t tasted her yet,” Genny admitted, which made Ami blush, but just a little bit. “I’m eager to try, though.”

Wanting to change the subject because he didn’t know how to act, Craig mumbled out, “How would you do that? I mean…”

Looking him right in the eye, she said, “I’d take off her top and suck on her nipples until I got that sweet milk. Do you want to watch?”

It was impossible for Craig to answer. His answer was yes. Even if it meant that he’d never get to fuck Ami ever again, he’d say yes. Even if it meant that he’d never get to taste her milk ever again, he’d say yes. After a second of reflection, he didn’t think there was anything to prevent him from saying yes.

“Y-yes?” he strangled out.

Both women laughed at him.

“See?” asked Genny. “I told you.”

“I don’t have much, but I’ve been drinking a lot of water all day,” Ami offered.

“Did you take your pill this morning?”

“Of course. But I’ve been drinking so much water I really have to pee now.”

“Well then go. I can wait here for you. I’ll chat with Craig.”

Ami disappeared down the hall and into the bathroom while Genny eyed Craig. “Excited by this?” she asked him casually as if she were asking him if he liked his drink.

“Why...why would you ask that?” he replied.

“Because I can see your hard cock under your pants,” she said, nodding her head in the direction of his crotch.

Craig looked down and saw the distinctive bulge of his cock outline in the

fabric. He uncomfortably shifted.

“Are you going to beat off while I nurse from Ami?”

Before he could answer they heard the sound of a toilet flushing and the bathroom door opened. A second later Ami reappeared. “I really needed to go.” She looked at Genny and Craig’s faces. “What did I miss?” she asked suspiciously.

“Nothing!” Craig said far too quickly which made Genny laugh loudly and Ami shake her head.

“I think your boyfriend is a little nervous about this,” said Genny.

Ami frowned. “He’s not my boyfriend.”

The words crushed Craig.

“He’s my ex-fiancée,” she added which didn’t help matters.

Ami then casually pulled her shirt up over her head, taking her camisole with it.

Craig felt his cock start to throb.

“Where do you want to do this?” Ami asked. It seemed like a question she should have asked before taking off her top, but Craig wasn’t going to complain.

“Right here in the living room is fine,” Genny replied. “Sit down on the couch.”

Craig followed the women into the living room. The moment that Ami sat down on the couch, Genny joined her, but laid down instead, placing her head on Ami’s lap.

Since the red-headed woman’s breasts were so small, Genny was obligated to grab a throw pillow from the end of the couch and put it on Ami’s lap. That brought her head up to the right height.

It was amazing. Craig couldn’t comprehend what he was seeing. Moving to the side to see Genny’s face as she first kissed Ami’s tiny nipple and then sucked it into her mouth. Ami’s head flopped back as she relaxed and Genny’s eyes closed

as she focused on nursing from her friend.

Ami was closely watching Craig. “Like the view?” she asked. She wasn’t referring to the leaves changing color that he spied through the picture window behind her head.

“Yes…”

“Do you want to jerk off?” she then asked him, staring at the bulge in his pants.

“Yes…” he admitted.

“Go ahead,” she gave him permission.

Genny briefly opened her eyes and looked over her shoulder at the only man in the room. Taking a moment to release Ami’s tiny tit from her mouth, she said, “Go ahead. I’ll make your girlfriend cum tonight. You’re not going to get to fuck her.”

Craig groaned and rubbed at his cock through his pants.

Genny really had to twist the knife now. “Maybe I’ll let you fuck me though.”

It was a miracle that Craig didn’t cum in his pants right then.

To Be Continued

Preview

Lover's Milk 3

Kirk brought Hayley's phone into her. She was still sleeping and he didn't have the heart to wake her. The room was warm which accounted for why she had allowed the covers to slip down her body during the night. Her tits weren't exposed, but the hint of what she was promising made his cock tingle.

But he wasn't going to stare at her like a creep. He slipped into bed next to her. Automatically Hayley moved closer and wrapped her arm over his chest. He fiddled with his phone, looking through some emails and other messages while she slept.

"Most guys would try to wake me up and fuck me," she said, letting him know she was awake enough to be disturbed by his movements.

"Sorry. Would you like me to fuck you?" he asked as a joke.

"Hells yes," she said as she pulled back. "Let me go pee first."

Kirk looked at her flabbergasted as she padded in her bare feet to the bathroom. She had a fantastic ass and that was more than enough to fully stir his cock.

Where had all these women been when he was in high school and college?

He made sure that he had condoms at the ready for when she returned.

While Kirk didn't want to think of himself as ashamed of his body, he didn't have the attitude and confidence that Hayley had when she walked back in after using the bathroom.

She certainly had the body for it. Her tits, though a little small compared to what he was now used to with Jessa, stood up proudly and she strutted in like she was in charge.

If he had stopped to think about it, Kirk would have realized that she was.

"So, the sex last night was only okay," she began as if she had rehearsed a speech, "but we were both a little drunk. Why don't we try again?"

"Sure!"

"Great. Do you have any rope or handcuffs?"

Kirk looked at her blankly. "What?"

“Rope or handcuffs? You’re a guy so I’m guessing that you have a couple of neckties we could use.”

Somewhat recovered, Kirk managed to ask, “What for? To tie you up?”

“No. You.” She pointed at him with one hand resting on her hip and the other aimed somewhere close to his dick.

“On a first date?”

She laughed and tossed back her hair. “Technically this would be our second date. First date was last night.”

“I’m not into getting tied up,” he said carefully.

“You don’t want to have sex then?”

“I’m into having sex but…”

Her hand suddenly went over her mouth. “Oh! I didn’t realize you’ve never been tied up before. Sorry. I just always make that assumption. I mean, who hasn’t?”

Kirk thought that was a bold assumption on Hayley’s part. “Maybe I haven’t.”

Her eyes went wide. “Never.”

“Well, I mean, I’ve played around a little with one girlfriend.” That was an outright lie. Kirk had messed around with Anne back in college. She had wanted him to tie her up to the bed and pretend he had kidnapped her. There were multiple problems: he couldn’t tie knots, the dorm beds weren’t built with bondage in mind, and she was living some fantasy that he had no interest in.

“Great. So you aren’t a beginner.” She cast her eyes about. “Well, do you have rope or are we going to improvise?”

“I’m not sure I want to do this…”

Her expression soured. “You said you wanted to have sex.”

“I didn’t know that was going to entail me getting tied up.”

She looked down at his cock. “You look like you want to fuck.”

His cock, while not completely hard, wasn’t exactly limp either.

“Why do you want to tie me up anyway?”

The way she hesitated made Kirk think she was making up a lie on the spot. Or maybe she was just a terrible actress. “It takes me a while to get comfortable with someone to have sex with them.”

“We had sex last night!”

“Lousy sex. And I was drunk. And so were you. And I’ll repeat: it was lousy sex.”

“Yeah, I got that.”

“Let me tie you up and I promise it will be incredible sex.”

Kirk’s interest was piqued. She could tell that she had him because of the way his cock rose to the occasion.

They both looked at his hard cock.

“Okay,” he agreed.

Since Kirk didn’t have rope or duct tape in his apartment, he was forced to give Hayley several of his ties.

She proved to be surprisingly adept at tying knots that were both firm but didn't cut off the circulation to his hands. Though he hadn't bought his bed with bondage in mind, the wooden frame was more than adequate for her needs.

"My ankles too?" he asked when she was done securing his hands above his head and she had moved down to the foot of the bed to make sure he was completely in her power.

"Yes. You've never had a horny brunette ride you before, have you?"

He allowed her to secure him to the bed. He was reasonably sure that with some effort he could free himself. Looking up at the yellow tie around his wrists he knew he was going to have trouble facing his mother the next time he saw her; she had given him that tie.

"Ready?" Hayley asked.

"Obviously," he said, looking down at his cock. "Wait. No. Not yet. I need a condom." There was no way for him to put it on. "Can you...uh...help me with that?"

"I'm safe," she said. "You don't need a condom with me."

What was it with women thinking they wouldn't get pregnant, Kirk thought. But

then again, they would know. But she was probably lying to him. She was at least a little crazy.

“That’s good to know. But how do you know I’m not disease riddled?”

Giving him an overly elaborate sigh, Hayley picked up the condom packet, tore it open, and expertly rolled it onto his cock.

Other than nursing from Jessa’s tits barely two weeks ago, it was the most erotic thing that had ever happened to him.

“Ready now?” she asked.

“I’m not going anyway,” he said with a grin.

“I hope you like eating pussy,” she told him as she climbed on the bed and sat down on his face.

As it was, Kirk did like eating pussy. He had never had a woman sit on his face before, but Monty Python couldn’t be wrong.

Except for not being able to use his hands to move her around the way he wanted, cunnilingus with her on top wasn’t bad at all. She got to decide where to put her pussy and how much pressure was used and if her clit was to be touched

and sucked and teased. The only moment of panic that Kirk had was when she was cumming.

Hayley easily lubricated and when she started cumming it was like her pussy had turned into a faucet. She wasn't exactly squirting, but her body was ready for so much more than just his mouth. He wasn't going to drown from her wetness, but he might have suffocated when she ground down on him. Luckily she lifted up when her orgasm had passed.

All through the wonderful ordeal, she had held his cock, but hadn't bothered to put in her mouth or even to stroke it. She was entirely in control of the situation.

"You do know how to eat pussy," she told him after getting up to her knees and saving him from asphyxiation.

"Thank you." He could feel her amrita all over his face, especially his cheeks. He wanted to wipe it away, but he was without use of his hands.

"Ready for me to ride you?"

"Please!"

She turned her body around and straddled his hips instead of his face. Holding his still hard cock—he was glad that he hadn't softened at all—she inserted just the latex covered head into her pussy. Hayley paused there just a moment and looked at him.

“Get ready for the ride of your life.”

“I’m ready.”

She lowered herself all the way down. Hayley was as horny as she had advertised. She was a slut and arched her back as she descended, offering up her spry breasts to his mouth.

Kirk was only human, only a man. He turned his head and found her nipple with his mouth and started sucking.

Disappointingly they were devoid of milk but she seemed to like the attention he lavished on her tits.

She used his body as a playground, riding him for her own amusement. Since he had eaten her to an orgasm, she was already primed for more and did only what she liked as she fucked him.

He wasn’t complaining but it was almost excruciating torture to have her ride and use him and see her cum three and then four and then five times while she didn’t give him the opportunity to reach the crest where he could orgasm.

If anything, it seemed like she knew exactly where he was in his orgasmic cycle and made sure to back down every time he was about to cum.

“Please,” he finally begged. “I want to cum.”

“What would you do if I just…” she paused and shrugged her shoulders. “If I just got up and left you here.”

“Beg some more,” he said.

She laughed and stopped moving. “But really?”

“Tear this fucking tie off and beat off so I didn’t get blue balls.”

“You wouldn’t chase after me?”

“Oh. Right. Well...I don’t know now.”

She laughed and let his cock slip out of her pussy.

“I think I want to find out.”

Almost casually she started to dress. It took Kirk too long to figure out she wasn’t kidding around and he started earnestly trying to free himself.

“Stop fucking around, Hayley. It’s cool if you don’t want to fuck any more, but you need to untie me.”

“No,” she said casually. “I’m going to leave you here. You’ll be able to get out on your own.”

“What the fuck, Hayley!” He struggled some more, it didn’t seem like he was going to be able to free himself.

“Would you be upset if I told you this was my kink?”

“I’m already upset!”

She looked around the room and found where he had put down his phone. Taking pity on him, after she finished dressing she asked, “What’s your passcode?”

“What?”

“I’m going to give you your phone so you can call for help,” she said. “Don’t worry. I won’t mess with it or anything. You can change the code after I leave.”

“Absolutely not.”

She shrugged. “Okay, that’s your option.” She started to leave.

“No! Wait!”

Hayley paused. “Well?” she prompted him.

He told her the code. After opening up the phone she fiddled with it for a minute.

“You told me you weren’t going to mess with it!”

“I’m not. I’m just putting my phone number in.” She looked up from the phone and winked at him. “You can either call me for help in an hour or call me the next time you want to fuck. This was fun.”

A hundred things to say filled his head, but he didn’t say any of them as she put the phone into his hand. “If you can’t get out after a while, why don’t you give someone a call to come untie you?” she suggested.

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

“I’m going to go home and jill off,” she told him. “Not because you didn’t make

me cum, but because this is really getting me hot and bothered."

She bent down and kissed him quickly on the lips, so fast that he wasn't certain that it had happened.

"You're fucking insane!" he declared.

"No," she said, shaking her head slowly. "I'm maybe a little crazy and more than a little horny, but I'm not insane. I've seen a doctor. She said I have issues, but I'm not insane."

And with that she walked out the door. Despite his vulnerability and the terror he was feeling, Kirk couldn't help but admire her ass as she left.

"Fucking hell!" he shouted mostly to himself.

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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:

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