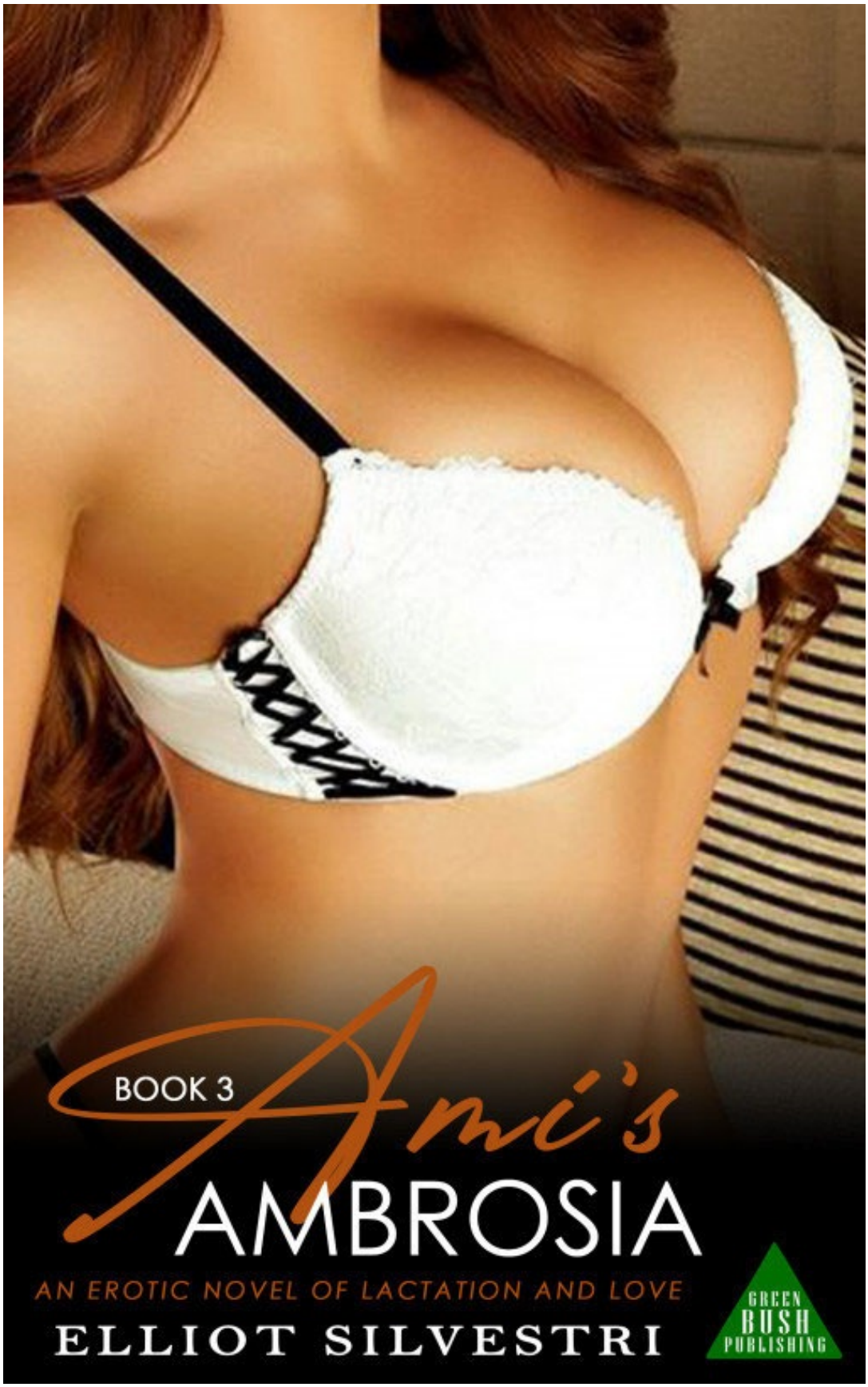
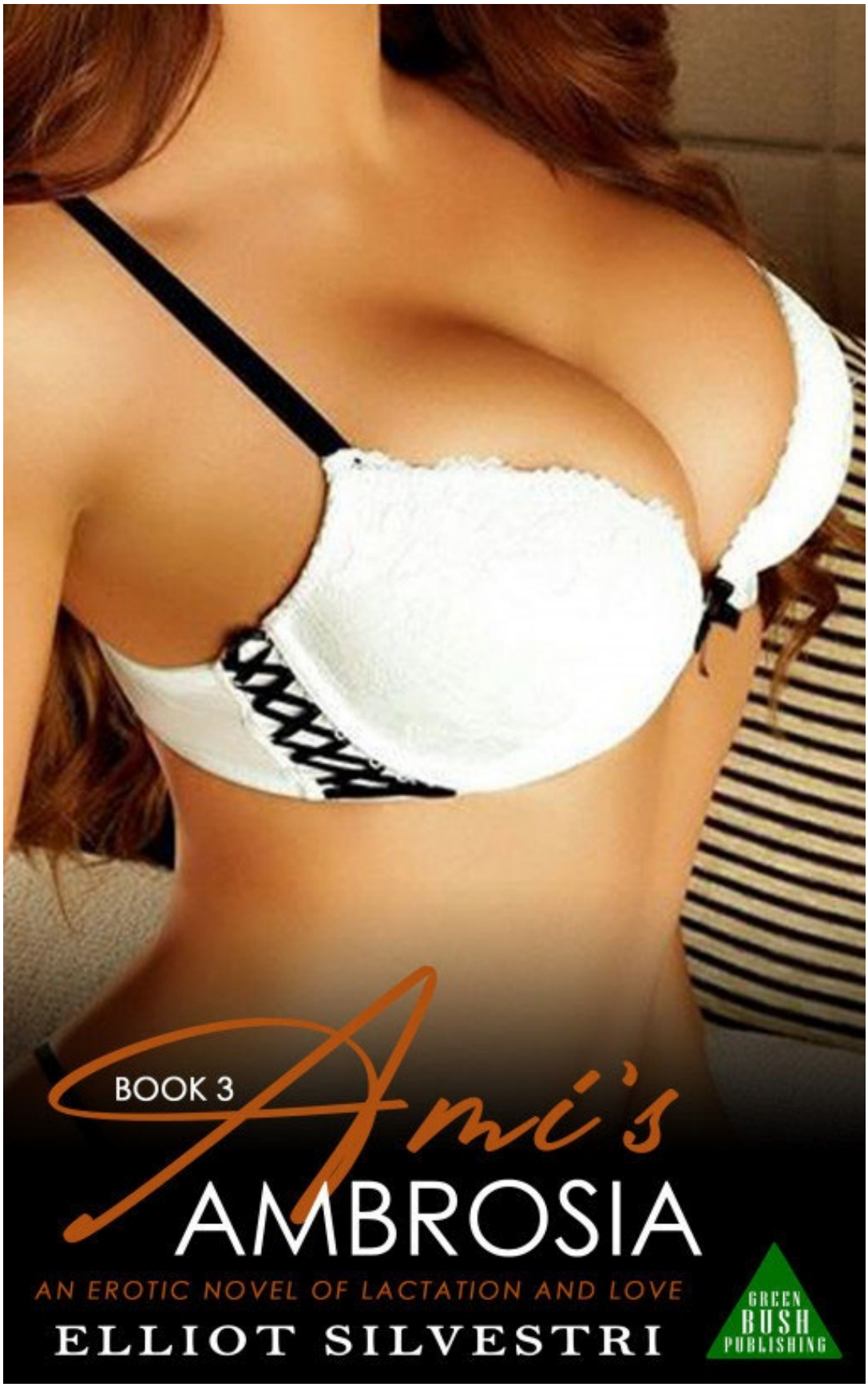

BOOK 3
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
BUSH
PUBLISHING


BOOK 3
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
BUSH
PUBLISHING

Ami’s Ambrosia 3

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 3

Copyright © 2020 Green Bush Publishing

Cover design by Millie Godwin

Version 2

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Caged and Milked

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

Cream In My Coffee

A Cuck In Hand

Cuckold Cheat

Cuckold Vacation

Cuckquean

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Even If I Did Hate Her

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Geoffrey the Bard and the Golden Phallacy

Geoffrey the Bard and the Good Knight's Rest

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Honeysuckle

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jackie Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Key holder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Waterski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Love Sweet Sex Magic

Lover's Milk

Luke's Milkmaids

Margaret Over Billy

Marge Known As

Manage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk and Honey

Milk Bar

Milk Fever

Milk for Free

Milk Girls

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

Milk Slave

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Mike & Cookie

Milking the Alleyways

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Mentally Milks Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odets Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Perfectly Average

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sexy Preg

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarcane Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Sweet Treats

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Bibs

Total Lockdown

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Unicorn Hunters

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

The Urge

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Why She Cheats

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Preview

About the Author

[3]

Chapter Ten

Genny got right back to work on nursing from Ami's tits. She was more interested in her friend's milk than she was in watching Craig jerk off to the two of them.

Ami was already not paying attention. The stimulation she was getting from Genny's busy mouth wasn't just causing her milk to let down, but it was exciting her as well. She loved how she was able to cum from nipple stimulation alone, but wondered how long that would last.

Before she closed her eyes, she had one last request for Craig. "Show me your cock, baby. I want to see you jerk it for me."

The only thing Craig could do was pull out his rock hard manhood and do what she ordered.

Never in a million years would Ami have guessed that she would have been in this position even a few weeks ago.

She watched him as he jerked off and he watched as Genny nursed from Ami. It wasn't quite the full-on lesbian show that he wanted, but it was close. Maybe it was just the beginning.

Craig was fascinated that Ami could get so much enjoyment out of having her tits sucked. He remembered that she liked having her nipples played with, but this was on a much higher level.

It only took a few seconds for her to start moaning in pleasure from Genny's attention.

"So sweet," the blonde woman commented, mumbling her words into Ami's small tits. She glanced over her shoulder at Craig, who had his dick in his hand. He wasn't pumping away like a maniac, but he felt like she had caught him doing something he most certainly should not have been doing. "You like what you see?" she asked him.

Craig only nodded.

"Your girlfriend's milk is so sweet."

“I know,” he croaked and Genny laughed at him.

“I’m not his girlfriend,” Ami insisted while Genny went back to work.

It occurred to him that if Genny kept nursing from Ami, she was going to get all of Ami’s milk because the pretty redhead didn’t have all that much milk to start with.

Where had that thought come from? Was he really the sort of guy who engaged in this sort of kinky behavior?

Apparently he was.

Ami started struggling under Genny’s eager mouth. Craig’s mouth went dry but his hand didn’t stop moving on his cock. He knew what was going to happen and he wanted to see Ami cum, but at the same time he didn’t want to cum. It was next to impossible to stop his hand.

He couldn’t see all that much compared to if he were watching porn. Ami was topless, but he could barely see her one exposed breast, and even that was mostly covered by Genny’s hand. She was writhing around and making lovely noises, but that was only so good. What he was able to focus on was Genny’s rotund ass. It was curvy and perfect.

She had hinted that maybe she would let him fuck her, but what would Ami think of that? Would it ruin what they had been trying to fix?

And he couldn’t forget that Genny—according to Ami at least—was also lactating. If Genny completely emptied Ami’s tits, would Craig be allowed to nurse from her?

If Genny was making the offer to let him fuck her, maybe nursing was just understood in the offer.

Or maybe that was considered too intimate.

Or maybe it was going to be reserved just for Ami.

That would be hot, watching Ami suck on another woman’s tits. And maybe go down on her.

As Craig was getting distracted by his own train of thoughts, jerking his cock, and watching the women together, it happened for Ami.

She climaxed.

She writhed around and clutched Genny's face to her chest.

It was beautiful.

When she was done Genny pulled back and wiped her lips with the back of her hand, then looked pointedly at Craig. "I'm afraid I drank her dry. There's nothing left for you, big boy."

"He's not that big," Ami said.

He wasn't sure if she was referring to the size of his cock or his general height.

The pause in the action was enough to get Craig to stop jerking off.

"It's a nice looking cock, though," said Genny. "Can I fuck him?"

"Well, he is my boyfriend—"

"Ex-boyfriend, you said."

"Ex-fiancée," Ami corrected her friend. "But I suppose in light of what's already happened…"

It was like they were discussing him as a piece of meat.

He sort of liked that.

He knew he could perform to their satisfaction.

He waited anxiously for Ami's answer.

"I suppose you can fuck him," she said after a long, uncomfortable pause. "But I need to watch. I don't need you stealing him away from me."

Craig wasn't sure if they were teasing him.

It seemed an odd thing to tease about considering what had already happened, but he continued to stand there with his dick in his hand, not knowing what to do.

Genny rolled off the couch and stood up. Completely casually as if she were undressing in a locker room or in the privacy of her home alone, she unzipped her jeans and wiggled them down over her substantial butt.

She was wearing bright yellow panties underneath the jeans. They were mostly lace and were riding up to the point where it would have been better if she was just wearing a thong.

Craig didn't have long to stare at the two beautifully decorated and jiggling globes. As soon as her jeans were on the floor, she quickly yanked down her panties, leaving her naked from the waist down.

"I can't do this wearing a shirt," she said and then pulled her cleavage-baring shirt up over her head. Looking over her shoulder, she addressed Craig. "Give me a hand with the bra, big boy?"

Mechanically, Craig moved forward. He was still fully dressed except for his cock poking out from his pants. With trembling fingers, he grasped the back of her bra. She gave him a winning smile over her shoulder. "You know what you're doing, don't you," she asked skeptically.

He nodded. Craig liked to think of himself as rather accomplished when it came to helping women out of their clothes and especially their lingerie.

Getting slack in the bra's back band was easy. The hooks slipped free and a second later the bra was on the floor, leaving Genny naked, but Craig hadn't seen anything of her body other than her ass.

"Want to make a fantasy of mine come true?" asked Genny.

Craig was about to answer, when he realized that Genny was talking to Ami. Again, he was just a prop, but he was happy to be a prop.

"Sure," Ami answered.

"Good. I need your boyfriend to fuck me while you empty my tits. Think you

can do that?”

This time, Craig knew for certain that she wasn’t talking to him.

“Of course I can do that,” Ami replied. “How do you want to do it.”

“Uh...I think it’ll be easiest if Craig starts fucking me first. And then...and then you’ll get your treat.”

“You really want me to fuck you?” asked Craig. He couldn’t believe his good luck. This couldn’t really be happening.

“Sure. Why not? It’s just sex, right?”

“Right,” he was quick to agree. Still, he was unsure because he knew this was going to backfire somehow and ruin his life. Turning to look at Ami, he carefully asked, “Is this okay with you? I mean…”

“Fuck her,” Ami said, her hand between her legs, rubbing at her pussy. “Don’t you want to fuck her?”

“Yes,” he said carefully.

Ami reached out from her position on the couch and grabbed him by the cock and started stroking him. “Why are you not fucking her right now?”

“Because you’re holding onto my cock.”

“No...why are you being so...reluctant?”

“Because...because...because I don’t want to fuck this up.”

“You know how to use your cock. Don’t worry about it.”

“Are you two ready? Or are you going to waste my time playing wary lovebirds?”

Craig had no response to that.

“Do we want to do this here?” Ami started to ask, but Genny was already on her hands and knees, half bent over the coffee table, and reaching out to grab Craig’s

cock.

She wasn't the least bit hesitant or squeamish about taking another woman's boyfriend's cock in her hand and leading him around to her ass.

It was too good an opportunity to waste. Craig made the decision that no matter what else, he would have the story to tell that his relationship definitively ended because he fucked his ex-fiancée's best friend in front of her.

As he knelt down behind Genny, he was worried about her being ready for him. It was an unfounded worry. She guided his cock into her pussy and the moment he touched her lips, he realized she was soaking wet.

How the hell did that happen?

Not wanting to look askance at his good luck, Craig pushed forward easing his cock into her pussy. It took a couple of strokes, but eventually he sank all the way into her depths.

"Oh fuck that's good," he sighed.

"Mmm-hmm," Genny said absently. "I need your mouth, hon."

Once again, Craig realized that she wasn't talking to him.

Ami was eager. She had been in the middle of taking off her pants but stopped to rejoin with Genny and Craig. She lay down on the floor and scooted underneath Genny's voluptuous body. Craig could see the blonde woman's big tits were hanging down practically to the floor, but that didn't stop Ami.

He wished for a better view, but that wasn't going to happen. Still, he could tell that Ami was sucking on Genny's tits. He could hear Ami's mouth sucking eagerly on the blonde's fat nipple.

Genny moaned as he started fucking her. He was certain that she was moaning because of Ami's mouth, not his cock.

"Ooh, that feels so good, hon," Genny moaned. "Keep going. Keep fucking me."

Craig could do that. He liked how each time he thrusted into her, a little wave

went through the flesh of her ass. It was sexier than he would have imagined.

Looking up, he saw Genny stretch out her hand and run it down Ami's body. Her pants were halfway down her hips so it was easy for Genny to push her hand into the redhead's underwear and begin manipulating her pussy.

This was much hotter than Craig had anticipated.

He couldn't help himself. Between jerking himself off, and watching the women together, and the opportunity to fuck a new and attractive and sexually adventurous woman in front of Ami, he was right on edge. He couldn't hold back.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…"

Genny solved the problem for him. "Cum in me. Fill me up."

That was all he needed. A second later he was cumming, shooting his load deep into her hot pussy.

Genny laughed. It was half pleasure and half humiliation for him.

"He barely lasted...lasted a minute," she informed Ami.

Ami said nothing. Her mouth was full of milk and breast. And she was distracted by Genny's very busy fingers into her pussy.

It only took a few more seconds and then she was cumming again. Craig was happy to see his girlfriend—or whatever Ami was—enjoying herself. He wondered what was going to happen next.

This was the sort of debauchery that destroyed a relationship or cemented it.

"Keep going," said Genny. "It feels so good when you drain me."

For a second Craig thought that she wanted him to keep fucking her—an impossibility since his cock had already gone soft—but then realized Genny just wanted to be nursed by Ami.

Taking the initiative for the first time in the evening, Craig asked, "Can I...would

you mind if I nursed from you too?”

He hated the way his voice sounded so submissive and deferential. But he was thrilled with the answer.

“Of course. I have plenty of milk to share. Get down there next to Ami.”

He had to shove aside the coffee table, but he was happy to join Ami on the floor and crawl under Genny’s body. He took her free breast in his hands, found the nipple with his mouth, and started nursing.

On the second suck, her milk let down and filled his mouth. It was just as sweet as Ami’s, if not sweeter. But there was more of it. Much, much more.

He had to swallow and suck and swallow and suck and he could barely keep up with how the milk flowed.

Maybe if things didn’t work out between him and Ami, maybe Genny would consider him.

But he was getting ahead of himself. In the moment, he was happy just to be nursing.

And then Ami wrapped her hand around his sticky, wet cock and he wanted more.

He was certain he wouldn’t be able to rise to the occasion because he had just cum. The only thought going through his mind was that Ami was doing it as a gesture of ownership and perhaps affection.

It didn’t really matter because as they were happily nursing from Genny she was moaning in appreciation of their attention.

To his disbelief, he started getting hard. As much as he was thrilled by this change of events, he didn’t know what to do with it.

He didn’t do anything other than to keep sucking at Genny’s breast. Her milk was so incredibly sweet and there was so much of it.

How had he fallen under the spell of sweet breast milk so quickly? Was it like

when he and his high school girlfriend had first had sex and then they had to have sex every day and sometimes twice a day if they could manage it? Was it just a temporary obsession?

Maybe the speed of sex had decreased, but he still wanted it...and he wanted it all the time it seemed.

Then Ami kissed him on the cheek. He opened his eyes to look at her. She was licking her lips, leaving Genny's breast bare.

Genny's hand was down between her thighs and while she wasn't furiously masturbating, after a second's reflection it was obvious what she was doing.

When Genny made a little noise, he looked up at her, but didn't stop sucking on her nipple.

"I need to cum," she said. She was almost pleading.

He let her nipple slip from his mouth. It dripped a little bit of her milk. "I'm not hard enough," he said, looking down at his cock in Ami's hand.

Genny smiled. "I don't need your cock."

Ami pushed Craig out of the way. He watched—thrilled—as she moved down Genny's curvy body as the blonde slouched on the couch. Genny opened up her thighs as wide as she could while Ami knelt on the floor. He got a quick glimpse of Genny's pussy before Ami put her face where his cock had so recently been.

"Ooohhh...yes," Genny moaned as Ami got to work.

The fact that Ami had let go of his cock and was ignoring him only helped to harden his cock. Unable to help himself, he started jerking off as he watched the women.

This was perfect. This was more than he ever could have dreamed for.

"Don't waste it," Genny told him.

"What?"

Her eyes were barely focused, but she managed to indicate his hard cock. “Don’t waste it in your hand. Stick it in Ami’s pussy.” That was all the instruction he received before she went back to focusing on Ami’s busy tongue.

What the hell. He didn’t have anything to lose now. Pushing the coffee table further back, he got between Ami’s knees as she knelt on the floor. She didn’t help him at all, but her pussy was more than wet enough to slip inside.

There was almost no reaction from Ami as he fucked her. She was too focused on Genny’s pussy. He didn't want to spoil everything and kept his fucking of her slow and steady. He wanted the blonde to cum first. He wanted to do this again.

Making Genny cum either wasn’t that difficult or Craig’s former fiancé had been honing her previously hidden cunnilinguist talents. Although she needed to use her fingers, Ami made Genny cum in short order. Genny came with a loud groan of relief.

That was the permission that Craig needed and he came inside Ami’s pussy. She barely turned her head to acknowledge his second orgasm. “Are you done?” she asked him.

Craig could only nod. He was exhausted.

Ami turned and pushed him away, but then she grabbed him and pulled him close for a kiss. He could taste Genny’s pussy on Ami’s lips. But he couldn’t stop thinking about the taste of both women’s breast milk.

“This is what I want,” Ami told him.

Unfortunately, he had no idea what she wanted.

Chapter Eleven

“I have to thank you for a great weekend,” Craig said as he held Ami’s hand at her apartment door. It was Sunday afternoon. He would barely have time to drive home and get ready for work the next day. He had nursed from her tits that morning and then he had nursed from her fifteen minutes ago because she had asked him to drain her before he left so she wouldn’t have to use the pump.

“What are you going to do while I’m not here?” he asked.

With a smile she said, “I guess I’ll have to use my pump. That’s okay, women have been relying on machinery for their sexual needs for years.”

He laughed, but he knew she was only half joking. “Maybe we can Skype or Zoom or Facetime while you’re using it?”

“Maybe,” she hedged. “But I might be busy.”

“Busy?”

“I might be busy with someone else.”

“Someone else...oh. You mean Genny.” Despite having fucked just a few minutes earlier, his cock started to stiffen. The thought of the two women sharing milk and having sex turned him on. Why wouldn’t it?

“Sure,” she said too quickly and with a pert smile. “We can say Genny.”

Craig froze and blinked. “Who else…”

“What does it matter?” Her question was both innocent and pointed. “It’s not like we’re dating or serious.”

“Right. We’re not serious. I knew that.” He paused and nodded his head a few times. “What’s his name?”

“What does it matter?” she repeated. “We’re not dating, you and I. And any other man I might date...well, what I do with him...or her...that’s up to me.”

Craig was torn between what he should do. He couldn’t stay. He couldn’t insist that she not see other men...or women.

He wanted to be the one nursing from her. He knew that was fucked up and everything that had happened before between them should have kept them apart forever.

Just because Ami had started lactating was no reason that he should upend his life and want to get back together with her.

But he wanted to get back together with her.

It was just because of the lactation.

But that was a part of it. A good part of it.

Truly not wanting to fuck things up for himself, he just nodded. “Yeah. Right. Understood. But...can I see you next weekend?”

Ami gave him an understanding smile and went up on her toes to give him a light kiss on the lips.

“We’ll see. I have a whole week to get through.”

After Craig left she went to her bedroom and masturbated with her favorite vibrator to images of Craig fucking and sucking her.

She would never admit it to him, but she knew she was weak and would have crumbled if he had asked her back.

“That was quite the weekend, wasn’t it?” Genny asked her at lunch.

Ami wasn’t embarrassed to blush, but she wished that she didn’t blush so easily. “It was,” she agreed. “If you regret doing any of it and want to back off—”

“Want to fuck Jim again?” Genny asked low enough that no one else in the lunchroom would hear her.

Ami’s face turned another shade deeper red.

“Kind of, but I’m thinking of getting back with Craig.”

Genny shook her head. “No. Bad idea. That’s just the milk lust speaking.”

“Well, we had a good time and he didn’t object to you and me—”

Keeping her voice low, Genny said, “What man would object to watching two women have sex?”

Ami lifted a hand, pondering. “A gay man? A superhomophobic man?”

Genny rolled her eyes. “You showed him what type of woman you are. Of course he wants that. But I want you to fuck Jim first.”

“Okay...it sounds like you’re pimping me out,” Ami said, a gentle smile on her lips.

“Who’s pimping you out?” asked Randall who appeared as if from nowhere to stand next to their table.

Geneva frowned. “I am. Ami needs to work with B shift to finish up all the backlog of work we have. What do you need, Randall?”

“Can’t a coworker just stop by to say hello?” he asked, giving her a smile.

Amelia didn’t like or trust Randall, but he was senior in her section so she had to play nice if she wanted her career to keep moving.

“Of course you can,” Amelia said politely. “I know we tend to be a little...insular.”

“Only makes sense,” Randall said magnanimously. “Two women on the team are going to stick together much more than any other subgroup.” He looked around for a chair to sit down in and realized that the closest was too far away to move without making a scene, so he crouched down next to Amelia’s seat and leaned in.

She was uncomfortable with his position, but she didn’t move away. His face was far too close to her chest and she didn’t want him smelling her milk. She could feel it being made in her tits.

She wanted to share it.

She wanted to enjoy it.

But not with Randall.

He was gross.

“I just wanted to invite you, Amelia—and you too, Geneva—to an after work get together at Cece’s Place. We often meet there for an after work drink to wind down. What do you say?”

If he had winked at her, Amelia couldn’t have been more disgusted. She kept her thoughts and emotions to herself. “I’m not much of a going out to bars sort of girl,” Amelia replied. “I still get nervous that I’m going to get carded and kicked out of the place.”

Genny laughed politely along with Amelia. “It's nice of you to invite us, Randy,” she said. “I think I’ll show up. What time? Six?”

Randall frowned. Clearly he didn’t want Geneva there if Amelia wasn’t coming along. “Yes. Usually six. It would be great if you both showed up.”

Leaning forward, using her cleavage to distract him, Geneva said, “I don’t know what you’ve heard, but I’m no longer seeing that guy Jim. You know, the one who used to work in receiving. But Ami’s got a boyfriend and I don’t.” She all but winked at Randall.

He didn’t know what to think.

“Uh…”

“I’ll see you there, Randy. You aren’t dating anyone right now, are you?”

“Uh. No. Of course not. I’m...uh...playing the field, as my grandmother says. “

Geneva turned to Amelia. “See. He’s harmless. Lives with his grandmother.”

Randall’s face darkened. “She lives with me. Doesn’t want to move into assisted care.”

“See. A nice boy,” Geneva continued.

Amelia frowned. “That’s too bad. I really like bad boys. They’re sexy and dangerous.”

Randall stood up. “I hope to see the both of you at Cece’s.” He walked away.

The two women managed to control themselves and didn’t laugh as he retreated.

The pump that Ami used on her tits that evening didn’t compare to how a mouth felt. After being nursed recently by both Genny and Craig she realized that she needed a regular partner to nurse from her.

That realization made her further reflect that she didn’t care who nursed from her. A man. A woman.

Jim.

Genny.

Craig.

Even Randall.

If she was full enough and horny enough, she knew she’d take her tits out for Randall. If she disgusted him, so much the better.

The downside would be that if Randall was into lactation, he would be after her like a sad puppy. That was vaguely stomach-turning.

Settling in with her pump, Ami pushed aside thoughts of Randall and started masturbating with the pump and her vibrator.

She had turned up the power on the pump all the way and it was pulling at her nipples giving her little spikes of pain, but she liked that.

Each time she pushed the vibrator into her pussy, she thought about Craig. As much as she wanted his mouth back on her tits, she wanted his cock in her again.

Was it milk lust or was it actual attraction to him?

Hard to say, but after cumming from the pump and vibrator her feelings hadn’t changed about Craig.

“Shit.” She rolled to her side and tried not to think about what was going to happen to her life.

Bigger boobs.

A good friend.

Maybe a relationship with Craig.

But what about sex.

...with other men

...with Geneva?

Chapter Twelve

Some things were best not discussed in person, but via text. It took longer, but it was more secretive. Ami liked that. She could only check her phone during her breaks and that drew out the sexual tension.

Of course it always started with Genny having an absurd—and enticing—idea.

I want you to fuck Jim

I already did

I want you to fuck him again

Sure. Why not? It'll be the third threeway for me. That's something.

No. Not a threeway. I want you to fuck him alone.

And I want him to drain your tits.

Ami looked at the message from Genny. She couldn't deny she felt a throbbing in her pussy, completely focused on her clit, at the suggestions that Genny was making. Her tits even set up a sympathetic throbbing reminding her that she was a sexual being barely in control of herself.

Why…?

Can I be honest with you or do you want a lie?

Can you lie to me and then tell me the truth?

Because I lost a bet to him and he wants to fuck you again

Is that the lie or the truth?

Because I get off on the idea of my sort-of boyfriend fucking someone else

And sucking her tits

Draining her milk

Okay, is that the lie or the truth?

You're frustrating me

Am I getting you wet?

A little bit

Ami sent her last reply to Genny as she walked to the bathroom. After arriving in the bathroom she had been intent on jilling off in one of the stalls, but when she looked down at herself, she was mortified to see that her scrub shirt had wet spots in the front of it.

To even a casual viewer it was obvious she was lactating.

She started panicking and she didn't know why.

Her first instinct was to text Genny because who else was she going to trust?

I need you to bring me a fresh scrub shirt

Mine's wet

I'm in the far bathroom

Please

Now

Officially staff wasn't supposed to use their cell phones while in the lab, but break rooms, bathrooms, and other non-sanitary locations were fine. In practice, almost everyone checked their phones in the labs, but would make a quick exit if some action was actually needed.

Ami had sent multiple messages to Genny to get her attention and let her know how urgent the situation was.

Yanking up her scrub top Ami noted that she had soaked through the form-fitting and supportive camisole of the style she had taken to wearing. Reflecting for a minute she knew that she hadn't been playing with her nipples during the day and had pumped herself that morning.

The pumping had gone normally. She had made a few ounces of milk and tasted it. There was nothing strange about the milk, it was its normal sweetness. The only thing different was that she had been texting with Genny and the thought of fucking Jim had gotten her wet.

Wetter than she had planned.

Waiting for Genny to reply or appear, Ami decided to experiment a little. Cupping her small tits, she carefully massaged and squeezed.

It felt good. It always felt good to play with her nipples and breasts. It only took a few firm squeezes before the milk started dripping. It felt good to release her pent-up supply. The drops splashed onto the floor. She didn't worry about them. Water under the bridge.

It felt good to play with her tits. As much as she didn't want it to happen, she got distracted by her body.

It wasn't all bad. She had been intent on jilling off before she discovered her little problem. What was the risk?

The bathroom was small, but clean. Two stalls, two sinks. She stepped into one of the stalls and pushed her pants and underwear down to mid-thigh. Slipping a finger between her lips she confirmed that she was wet. Very wet. It felt good to slide her finger over her clit.

Getting herself off in the bathroom was the most out of control thing she had done...well, the most out of control thing she had done today. Maybe this week, but the week wasn't over yet.

Moaning a little as she warmed up to the idea of doing something very dirty in the semi-privacy of the bathroom, Ami knew it wouldn't take her all that long to

make herself cum, not if she focused on the problem at hand. Maybe she was burning up all her break time, but it was worth it.

The little moans she was making could have been misconstrued to someone walking in, but Ami was disrupted by the main bathroom door banging open.

She froze, two fingers buried in her pussy and the other hand pinching a nipple that didn't want to stop dripping. Ami had been so close to cumming.

"Amelia?"

Ami let out a long, frustrated groan.

"Are you okay, girl?" Genny called out.

"Yeah...I'm in here." She unlocked the door to her stall and pulled up her underwear and pants. She didn't bother with the scrub top; Genny had already seen it all. She had only pulled up her pants to make walking easier and more dignified.

"Nice tits," Genny commented and tossed her the replacement top she had brought along. It was standard blue-green instead of the deep maroon that she had been wearing as a set.

Ami smirked at her. "Thanks."

"Color doesn't match what you have, but beggars can't be choosers."

"I'll just say I spilled some acid on my shirt if anyone asks."

"So what did happen?" asked Genny as she inspected Ami's soiled maroon top.

"I leaked."

"Well, obviously, but why?"

Snapping open the top she inspected it. Medium. It was a little larger than she liked, but again: beggars and choosers.

"Because of you," Ami replied, looking at her camisole. It wouldn't do. She'd either had to dry it or go braless under the scrubs.

Lab protocols demanded appropriate undergarments at all times, which would include a bra.

“Because of me?”

“You sent me all those dirty texts and it got me excited and I started leaking.”

“Most women get a wet pussy and just jill off. Apparently in the bathroom in this case.”

“Ha ha.”

“I knew what you were doing when I walked it.”

“Great. Thanks.”

Genny grabbed the camisole away from Ami who had been studying it for far too long and held it up in front of the high-powered air dryer. The motor whirred to life and made conversation next to impossible.

Not that much milk had leaked out of her breasts. It had just seemed like a lot. They stood there, not speaking because of the noise of the dryer, for a minute until the camisole was dry enough and then Ami snatched it back.

“You’re going to need to start wearing breast pads,” Genny advised her as Ami pulled it on over her head. It was still warm from the impromptu air drying.

“What?”

“Breast pads so when you leak it doesn’t soak through your shirt.”

“I know what they are. I just didn’t think I’d need them. You don’t wear them.”

She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. The color clash was painful to her eyes, but there wasn’t anything to be done about that.

“I don’t wear them because I don’t need them. I haven’t leaked in...I don’t know...a couple of years.”

“A couple of years! How long have you been lactating?” Ami was amazed.

Genny smiled. “Let’s just say more than the average woman.”

“How many years?” Ami demanded.

“At least five. Maybe seven or eight.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah, once I imprint on a kink, apparently I love it.” She got a dreamy look in her eyes and then refocuses. “I think I have some pads in my locker. Let’s stop by there before we go back.”

“Why do you have pads in your locker? Breast pads, I mean?”

“Just for emergencies like this.” Genny headed for the bathroom door.

Ami stopped her, slipping around the curvy blonde and preventing her from opening the door. “How come you never leak?”

Genny shrugged. “I only leak when I’m really turned on or actively nursing.” She smiled at her slightly shorter friend. “Which was it for you?”

Ami flushed bright red. “You already know.”

“So you do want to fuck Jim. I knew it.”

“You were offering and I was...I was...I don’t know.”

She gave her friend a little peck on the cheek. “It’s fine. I want you to fuck him.”

“Why? It makes no sense. I mean, I get it with a threeway because...because that just makes sense. It’s fun. But me and him alone, it’s like I’m...it’s like he’s cheating on you.”

“Yeah. And that makes it hotter.”

Ami was stunned. That made it easy for Genny to open the door.

Mechanically, Ami followed.

Chapter Thirteen

“Do you like what you see?” she said to Jim. They were in her apartment. She hadn’t told Craig about what she had been planning. It seemed wrong.

That’s what made it exciting.

Jim nodded his head. He was sitting on the couch, watching her. “You’ve got a nice body. Slim and athletic. Don’t get me wrong, I love fucking Genny, but she’s a nice contrast to you, all soft curves.”

Ami felt a little ridiculous in front of Jim, but she knew what she was wearing was working. It would work on just about any man.

She didn’t have boobs big enough for a true merry widow costume, but the red and black shelf corset she had on served to push up her swollen breasts to the point where she actually had some cleavage. The bottom half was better. Black lace thong panties worn over a matching garter belt paired with stockings. She had even left on her heels.

In short, it was ridiculously sexy, or ridiculous and sexy.

When Jim had come over, she had been wearing jeans and a sweater. Everything had been set up by Genny. Following Genny’s orders, Ami told Jim she was going to go change into something more comfortable.

Something more comfortable would have been pajamas or scrubs. Instead, she encased herself into the lingerie and paraded back out of her bedroom and into the living room.

“I think putting on the corset was a waste of time,” she said. “I don’t have anything on Genny. I bet her milk is sweeter than mine.”

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

Ami laughed. “You’ve already tasted my milk.”

Jim nodded. “But it never hurts to have several taste tests.”

“I can understand that,” Ami said, approaching the sort-of boyfriend of her new best friend. The thought that she was cheating with Jim made this more exciting.

She could feel the wetness between her legs.

And she could feel the wetness inside the small cups of her corset.

“Shit,” she cursed as soon as she felt it and froze in her approach to Jim.

“What?”

“I’m leaking.”

Jim shrugged. “Let me help you with that corset and I can stop that problem.”

That was a solution easier said than done.

Ami straddled Jim’s legs as he sat on the couch and presented her chest to him so he could unfasten the many hooks running down the front of the undergarment.

He struggled with them and wasn’t able to unhook even one.

Despite the situation, Ami started to giggle.

“What?” he asked in protest.

“You’re never going to get it off me that way.”

“Why not?” Jim was annoyed. He could smell her milk. His cock was hard and all he wanted to do was get her tits out, suck them as hard as he could and fuck her silly.

“Take a close look.”

Jim groaned. “What the fuck for?” he complained but leaned in and took a closer look at the fanciful little hooks that ran down the front of the corset. A more traditional style would have closed the corset with laces, but they weren’t living in the 19th Century. “They look like little tiny hooks designed to piss of men who want to have sex.”

Ami chuckled a little and shook her head. “They’re just decorative,” she pointed out. “You get it off by unzipping it.” To demonstrate, she lifted her left arm, exposing a concealed zipper.

Not wasting any time, Jim grasped the tiny tab between his fingers and yanked it down. The corset parted and she was freed of its tight restrictions.

She breathed a sigh of relief and then gasped when Jim's mouth found her right nipple and he sucked it as hard as he could.

For a moment it felt like an electric shock. It was painful, but the pain quickly faded as her milk let down and Jim swallowed everything she offered. She could feel his hard cock with her thigh. Not wanting to make a bigger mess than necessary she pinched her left nipple, saving the milk for later.

Pinching her nipple also felt good. The pain was a little thrill and it was easy to change that little bit of pain to an electric pleasure.

But what felt even better was the way he nursed from her. He knew exactly what he was doing. Maybe nursing was supposed to be instinctive, but Jim's mouth on her breast felt much better than Craig's or even Genny's. He brought it all the way into his mouth and just let the milk pour down his throat. He was greedy the way he slurped up her milk. She knew she didn't have the same capacity as Genny so she hoped she could please him with what little sweetness she had to offer.

Almost the entirety of her small breast was in his mouth, not just the nipple and areola. It felt so good the way he did it. She was quickly building toward an orgasm and she wanted it more than she realized.

While she wasn't cheating on anyone—Craig or Genny included—doing this with Jim felt like it was cheating and that made it more exciting.

"Oh god...oh fuck," she cursed.

"What?" Jim asked, backing off her breast. "Am I hurting you? Sometimes Genny complains that—"

She pulled his face toward her other nipple. "Fucking keep going. I'm almost there!"

He nursed as hard as he dared, certain he was hurting her.

Ami didn't care. She pinched and twisted the nipple that had spent its milk and

focused on the intense sensation.

“Uuurgh!” she yowled. The orgasm swept her away. It was intense and she knew it was only a warm up. “Fuck fuck fuck that felt good.” She looked down at him and kissed his forehead as he glanced her way. Jim was unwilling to give up her breast. He wanted all of her milk and he wanted it now.

“I want to fuck you,” she moaned. “I need to fuck you.”

She scrabbled at her thong, wanting to get it off but unwilling to break Jim’s seal on her breast while he nursed. He used his hands and considerable strength to lift her up and slide down his pants enough to get out his cock. It was hard and throbbing and she wanted it in her body.

Jim knew exactly what he was doing. There wasn’t any need to separate their bodies especially since he wanted to fuck her while nursing. It was easy enough to slide the narrow crotch of her panties aside, exposing her pussy. From there Ami guided his cock inside her sex.

She was wet; he was drooling precum. It only took a couple of slides down his length to get it all the way inside.

Being nursed and fucked at the same time was as close to heaven as Ami was sure she was ever going to get. She bounced slightly on his cock while he moved it up and down just enough to feel good. His teeth dug slightly into her breast, so that she couldn’t easily escape this wonderful predicament.

Her second orgasm was more powerful than her first. She was certain she was making a mess of her couch, but she didn’t care.

He kept going, fucking and sucking her at the same time. Ami was more than happy to have him fuck her all night and for the rest of her life.

She was disappointed when he came. She could feel his hot spunk shooting deep into her pussy. Since he didn’t have a giant cock—which was good because there was no way she could have handled it—when he started to soften she could feel his leavings start to drip out of her almost immediately.

Since he had completely drained both her breasts, there was no reason to remain engaged with him. Ami awkwardly climbed off his cock and lap.

“I need to run to the bathroom,” she said and quickly exited the living room.

Maybe it hadn’t been the best sex of her life, but it certainly ranked up there.

She took a moment to clean herself while on the toilet and remove her thong. She then looked in the mirror.

Her face was flushed and sweaty; that was no surprise. The flush extended to her chest. She wasn’t alarmed at any of that.

She was alarmed at the state of her tits. They looked ravaged. Maybe it was just her perception, but she was certain they looked smaller after being drained. That only made sense.

Normally after pumping they felt soft and relaxed. They were soft now, having had her considerable amount of milk removed, but they weren’t relaxed. They were sore from Jim’s rough treatment. Worse, she could see small bruises starting to form around her areolas where his teeth had dug into her. He hadn’t exactly bitten her, but it was close.

She liked the bruises. They reminded her of when she was in high school messing around with boys. Scott Ackerman had given her a hell of a hickey that she had happily hidden inside the bras she didn’t need to wear.

Her dark red curly pubic hair that she had taken the time to carefully shave and trim to a neat triangle was a wet mess of sweat and cum and milk and her juices

Ami felt like a slut and a whore and she loved it.

Taking a quick detour from the bathroom to her bedroom she grabbed her phone and took a picture of herself in the large mirror over the dresser. At first she wasn’t sure why she was memorializing her sluttish behavior, but she wanted some real reminder of what she had just done.

She couldn’t decide if she looked sexy or slutty or both.

Why not both?

Maybe she wasn’t twisting the dagger, but she couldn’t help herself. Genny pushed her to do this so she needed to taunt her friend a little.

Just fucked your boyfriend

He came in me

He said I was the best fuck ever

After firing off those three quick messages, she added the picture of herself. She asked herself what more trouble she could get up to while heading back to Jim in the living room.

Chapter Fourteen

After being fucked and sucked by Jim, Ami was happy to go to bed alone. Jim left. Maybe he went to his place. Maybe he went to Genny's. She didn't care and didn't have the energy to think about it.

The next morning when she checked her phone. Ami was surprised to receive a few pictures from Genny.

While Ami had received a few dick pics in her life because some men don't know how to properly flirt, receiving a close up of Genny's pussy was completely unexpected. Genny also sent a picture of her breasts. Both had circular marks around the areolas, evidence that she had recently used her pump.

She had also included a short video of both breasts dripping milk.

Like what you see? Was the message Genny sent.

It felt weird to be flirting with her friend. She didn't want to have romance with Genny. Or Jim for that matter.

Maybe Craig.

She didn't know what she wanted in life, though that morning she would have happily gone to bed with Genny just to drink her milk again.

Ami was forced to use her pump to drain her tits because she didn't have a partner who could do it for her. Maybe that was a reason to re-evaluate her relationship with Craig. The amount of milk that filled the collection bottle amazed her. Somehow her body had kicked into high gear and she was a milk making machine this morning.

Taking her pills and downing as much water as possible so that her tits could keep making milk through the day, Ami headed out to work.

She was desperate to see Genny.

She didn't want to admit it to herself or to anyone, but she wanted to taste Genny's milk.

Would Genny be averse to a quick hookup in the bathroom?

Ami pressed Genny against the cold tile wall. They had to be quiet, but no one would interrupt them in the women's room.

At least that's what Ami hoped.

Pulling up Genny's scrub top and bra, she released the other woman's large breasts and ducked her head to catch a nipple in her mouth.

"I already pumped this morning," Genny reported, but then groaned as Ami started sucking.

The wonderful thing about wearing scrubs was that breasts were so easily accessible.

Once more Genny didn't protest as Ami pushed her hand down into the waistband of Genny's scrubs and then into her panties and then she was cupping the other woman's pussy.

Ami had all but ambushed her friend in the bathroom, giving her an unexpected kiss and pressing her against the wall. Genny was surprised and delighted.

As Ami nursed she also finger fucked Genny's pussy. Genny shivered and pushed her pants down further to give Ami better access. That resulted in her curvy bottom pressing against the cold tile which made goosebumps break out all over her body.

And her nipples got hard, but she wasn't sure if that was because of the cold or Ami's aggressive mouth.

"Fuuuuuck," Genny moaned softly.

"You like that?" Ami mumbled around Genny's fat nipple.

"Uh-huh. You going to make me cum?"

"Fuck yeah," Ami said. It was their morning break and Genny's tits hadn't had

much time to make milk from her morning pumping, but there was enough there.

The sweetness was addictive. It was heaven. It was royal honey. It was ambrosia. It was the only thing she wanted.

Her tits were throbbing in time with her heartbeat.

She sawed her fingers in and out of Genny's pussy. The bigger woman groaned and pressed her body hard against the wall and quivered.

She was that close.

Ami sucked harder on the nipple giving a steady flow of milk. Genny's pussy was flowing almost as fast. Her inner thighs were soaked along with Ami's fingers.

Genny bit her lip and groaned as she tried to stop the inevitable.

Ami sank her teeth into Genny's soft breast, biting and sucking as hard as she could.

Genny didn't complain. She was too busy cumming and trying to stifle her loud vocalizations.

When it was over, Ami stepped back and licked her fingers, savoring the sharp flavor of Genny's pussy combined with the sweetness of her milk.

"What was that all about?" Genny asked, panting. She didn't bother pulling up her pants or pulling down her shirt. She was still shaking from the intense orgasm.

"See what your boyfriend did to me?" asked Ami, lifting up her scrub top and camisole to display her bare and bruised breasts.

"He left his mark on you."

"Yeah, so I had to mark you," Ami replied. She pointed at the bruising she had all but branded onto Genny's left breast.

“Fucking hell, you’ve gotten aggressive.”

Ami licked her fingers again and all but smacked her lips. “Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy it.”

“I was thinking that we need to set up a double date.”

Chapter Fifteen

Ami had never had a silk camisole before. She had a decent number of nice camisoles but they were cotton or something synthetic. The package that arrived from Amazon was sitting in her mailbox but she couldn't remember ordering anything. The note inside was from Craig.

Your breasts deserve the best.

—C

After a moment's reflection she realized that her breasts did deserve the best. It was fun trying on the camisole. Either Craig was a genius at guessing sizes or maybe he had snuck a peak at her clothing when he had last visited or maybe he was just lucky, because it fit perfectly.

Stripping off the rest of her clothes she paraded around the apartment naked but for the new cami for a few minutes, working up the courage to call Craig. It didn't matter what his answer was. She was happy with her life and if he said no, she was well rid of him and she'd walk out of the relationship—again—but this time with a nice, high quality silk camisole. If he said yes, so much the better.

She should have gotten out her pump and put it on her tits. She knew that. Already her flesh was sore and starting to swell. For as much as she had hoped and Genny had implied that her breasts would grow when she started lactating, they hadn't yet. Not really.

But they had. A little. A very little. Now she was a full A cup. Some of her bras, the very few that she owned, were starting to feel tight. Ami didn't want to jinx herself and go to a store to try on B cups. That was wishful thinking.

But the more she thought about it, getting bigger breasts seemed secondary to actually lactating. As weird as it was, she enjoyed it. Not just for the sex and the heightened sensation when her tits were played with, but the way it had formed a relationship with Genny.

And Jim.

And renewed her relationship with Craig.

It was a fucked up thing to have lactation be the impetus that was going to bring

them back together.

She wanted the ache in her tits when she made the call. It would be the source of energy getting her to do what she needed.

His phone seemed to ring forever before he finally picked up. Ami didn't blame him. How often did people receive calls out of nowhere nowadays?

"Hello? Ami?"

"Hey, Craig. I got your package." She tried not to giggle at the implied sexual innuendo.

"Oh! Great! Did you like it? Did it fit?"

She stifled another giggle and put her hand down between her legs. Her pussy was wet. Not wanting to soil her brand new cami, she pulled the garment up over her small breasts. She could feel her milk starting to let down. It was almost impossible to cradle the phone between her shoulder and ear, but she managed it. That left her hands free to play with her pussy and massage one breast.

"It was perfect. I love the flower design. I have a very important question to ask you."

"Okay…" She sensed the nervousness in his voice. "What?"

"Do you want to go out on a double date this weekend?"

It was the strangest date that Craig had ever been out on. He wasn't sure if it was really a date. He met all three of them—Ami, Genny, and Jim—at the address given to him by Ami. It wasn't even a noteworthy bar, just a neighborhood place to meet up.

It was strange shaking Jim's hand because he was fairly certain that the other man knew that he had fucked Genny. Then again, from what Ami had told him, she had fucked Jim as well, so it didn't really matter.

The conversation was about work. Or at least about Genny and Ami's work.

Thankfully everything ended soon and he was given another address to drive to. It was Jim's house.

It was a nice place, not overly fancy or ostentatious, but Jim apparently had some money.

Somehow in the drive, everyone else had gotten there before him. Feeling silly, he rang the bell. To his surprise, Genny answered the door.

More to his surprise she was wearing what he could only properly call fetish wear.

What type of woman had a black leather—or maybe it was latex?—bodysuit that had cutouts for her breasts? What type of woman wore such an outfit to answer the door?

Obviously the answer was Genny.

Despite the unexpected sight of Genny answering the door half-naked—or possibly because of it—Craig almost instantly got hard.

"Holy shit why are you answering the door naked?" he blurted out.

"Because you rang the bell," she smoothly answered. "Anyway, I was expecting you."

Craig wanted to avert his eyes but he couldn't stop staring at the curvy blonde's luscious tits. "You shouldn't answer the door that way," he said, stepping in and closing the door behind him. It wasn't like Jim lived on a busy street, but it was just prudent not to have a naked woman standing in his doorway.

"Why not? I know you like tits."

"Because it's just not...you're not allowed to be naked in public."

"Women can be topless in public in New York as long as it's not for commercial purposes," Genny corrected him. "I'm pretty sure we still live in the great state of New York."

"Still..." He looked around. Jim had a nice house on the inside too. What he

didn’t see, however, were Jim and Ami. “Where is everyone else?” he asked. By now he had managed to tear his eyes away from Genny’s tits.

“Upstairs in his bedroom,” Genny said with a smile.

Strangely, he wasn’t upset by this information. If anything, it made his cock throb with desire. Or need. Or something. “Should we...wait for them?”

Genny’s brow furrowed. “Wait? For what?”

“I don’t know. I just…”

“You know why you’re here, right?”

“I have no clue. I mean, I thought I did, but...no.”

She held her hand out to him. He couldn’t take his eyes away from the way her tits bobbled back and forth. “Why don’t we go to the guest bedroom...unless you want to peek in on your girlfriend and Jim.”

He couldn’t decide. He dodged the question. “What is...what is Jim to you?”

She shrugged. That made her tits bounce and kept Craig’s brain from fully functioning. “Slam piece. Booty call. Friend with benefits. Boyfriend. Nursing buddy. Take your pick.”

“Don’t you have a relationship with him?”

“All of those are relationships,” she pointed out.

“I mean a romantic relationship.”

“I’m going to worry about that later. But let’s put it in the worst possible terms possible. Your girlfriend is fucking my boyfriend right now. Want to fuck me in revenge?”

“Ex-fiancé,” he said.

“Doesn’t change the question. Want to fuck me?” She held up her tits and caressed her nipples. “Want to suck me?”

It was easy to give the answer to that. “Yes.”

She tugged his hand and in short order he found himself in the guest bedroom, once again staring at her tits.

Genny held them up for his inspection. “They’re very full and they’re starting to hurt. You need to nurse from me right now or I will go interrupt Jim and Ami...which could be fun, but fucking you seems more fun right now.”

Craig nodded and moved closer to her, which made things more difficult because he was significantly taller than Genny. He was a gentleman and bent his neck down to kiss her.

The kiss surprised Genny, not because it was gentle and soft, but because he kissed her at all. She just wanted her tits nursed so they’d stop hurting and she’d get turned on so they could fuck. The kiss made their encounter that much more erotic...and uncomfortable. She didn’t want to have feelings for Craig. She just wanted to have some sex and fun.

His hands slid down from her back to her waist and then to her bottom. The fetish outfit she was wearing exposed her ass. It wasn’t exactly a g-string or thong, but the way her curvy bottom moved, her ass tended to eat anything she wore.

Getting her ass groped while being kissed was more her speed. Her tits were mashed up against his chest, which was painful and fun at the same time. She was the one to break the kiss because she wanted to move things along.

Backing up she sat down on the edge of the bed. The string of her bodysuit cut up between her buttocks and pulled tightly against her pussy. She loved that feeling. Craig stood in front of her, not knowing what to do, so she reached out and caressed his cock through his pants, feeling his hardness.

Sensing he was confused—and controlled by his erection—she tugged him forward by his belt. “Kneel down and suck my tits,” she ordered.

He did so. What other option did he have? His mouth was watering for her milk. He could practically taste it before his lips touched her nipple. It only took a few gentle sucks before her milk let down and the sweet taste filled his mouth.

“Ooh...good, that’s very good. You know what you’re doing.” She caressed his shoulders and stroked his hair. It always felt good when someone nursed from her, but it felt even better when it was someone who she wasn’t supposed to be with.

Genny was too experienced, too jaded, to be able to cum just from being nursed—and for that reason she was jealous of Ami—but her pussy responded to the stimulation and she could feel the crotch of her garment getting soaked. Craig had been wrong in his guess about the bodysuit’s material. It was rubberized spandex which shaped her body and allowed her easy movement.

She wasn’t going to cum until his tongue was on her clit or his cock was in her pussy.

Craig suffered as he nursed. His knees ached even though he was kneeling on a thick, soft rug. His trapped cock throbbed uncomfortably inside his pants, but he didn’t dare try to release his manhood. Somehow that seemed wrong when nursing from Genny. So he suffered in blessed, erotic silence.

The reward, of course, was that she was feeding him all her milk. It couldn’t have been a huge amount, but Genny seemed like she had been born to be a dairy cow. The sweet breast milk all but sprayed from her tits down his throat. He couldn’t drink it fast enough. Whichever breast he left free constantly dripped so he was certain to hold it, getting his hand wet, but Genny didn’t seem to mind that.

He couldn’t say how long he nursed. He would have endured the pain forever just to keep nursing, but eventually, as Genny’s milk supply gave out, she tired of the play and she pushed him away from her breasts.

“Fuck that felt good. Are you ready for more?”

“More milk?” he asked, wiping his chin with the back of his hand.

She laughed at him. “No. For more of me.” She scooted back onto the bed and spread her legs while at the same time she reached between her thighs and unsnapped the crotch of the bodysuit, exposing her pussy.

Her scent reached him immediately and he grabbed her thighs to plunge his face into her sex. It was salty and strong and he couldn’t help himself.

Genny cried out with delight. “Make me cum. Make me cum with your tongue.”

He plunged his tongue up her tunnel, but he knew that was a wasted effort and so then moved up to her clit, sucking the whole of the little organ into his mouth.

Genny screamed out her pleasure. She came on his face. It was sudden and unexpected, which made it better. Her orgasm didn’t last long, but the intensity more than made up for that.

“Give me your cock! I need your cock in me!”

Craig didn’t need to be told twice. In a flash he was out of his shirt and shoved his pants and underwear down to mid-thigh so he could drive his cock into her pussy.

“Oh fuck yes,” she moaned. “Fuck me. Cum in me. Treat me like a whore.”

He nodded and pounded away at her.

She grabbed his face between her hands and forced him to look her in the eyes. “After we’re done, we’re going to go to Jim’s room and watch them fuck. Do you want to do that?”

Craig didn’t know what he wanted, so he just nodded.

“I’m going to suck you off in front of him and he’ll be so jealous.”

Again a nod from Craig.

“Don’t think about his big cock inside her tight little pussy. He’s not going to spoil her for you. He’s just going to drink up all her milk.”

That was all Craig could handle. He came inside Genny’s pussy and she laughed in glee.

To Be Continued

Preview

Lover's Milk 4

Hayley looked at the message on her phone. She had been with a lot of men and dated around a lot. She fucked around a lot as well. Those men who found this upsetting, she cut out of her life. Those men who were accepting of her lifestyle tended not to stick around for too long. Often her partners would come back, not for a reunion, but to relive an old episode where they had had wild sex.

This was a first for her. Two offers of group sex in less than a week.

It wasn't that she hadn't done such a thing before. She had. Admittedly both times it was more of a gangbang than partner swapping, but still.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to get back with Kirk. He had been a fun fuck, but it was a one-time thing. He wasn't that great in bed. He acted like a little bitch when she tied him up and wouldn't let him go. That was too bad. He could have been a lot of fun. But he was too much of a baby to let himself be tied up for long.

Thanks for the offer, but I'm seeing someone else right now.

Maybe her response was a little terse and a little rude, but what was he expecting?

Besides, she had a better offer with Jimmy. It had been a while since she had fucked someone she didn't know at all. Jimmy's wife apparently knew someone she wanted to fuck and was going to extend an invitation to him. Hayley was certain it was going to be a disaster and she wanted to be a part of it because when else was she going to see a marriage implode before her eyes?

Maybe she couldn't get anyone tied up, but maybe she could mess around with Jimmy's wife. That would blow his mind. She couldn't think of a single time she had fucked both halves of a couple. It had been at least three years, probably four, since she had been with a woman. Maybe she could convince Jessa that it would be a good idea for the two of them to tie up Jimmy and then make him watch while they fucked.

But she didn't even know if Jessa was open to such a thing. There was no guarantee she was bi. There was no guarantee the four of them would wind up in bed or even fucking in the same room.

Kirk was surprised at the message from Jessa.

Don't bother trying to find someone else. Turns out that Jimmy found someone else.

He was confused and disappointed. While he hadn't expected to have a long-term relationship with Jessa, he had been hoping to try out the swapping thing she had proposed. How many times was that going to be a possibility in his life?

Still, he could be a mature adult about her message. It wasn't like this was the first time he had been dumped. And it wasn't really even getting dumped. She was ending the illicit affair they had been carrying on.

I understand. Thanks for the message. Sorry it didn't work out.

Though he was disappointed, Kirk was proud of himself for being a better person.

WTF? What's not working out? Can you meet us and whoever the fuck it is that Jimmy found on Saturday night? Dinner and bed. Wink wink and all that shit.

Kirk stared at the message. It took him a long time to comprehend what it actually said.

Back in high school Kirk's mother had insisted that he bring Brooke flowers when he took her out on a date. The date was a disaster. It started with the flowers.

Still, it stuck in his head and he considered bringing flowers to Jessa on Saturday night. Then he started thinking, did he need to bring Jimmy's date flowers as well? What about Jimmy? Was that too gay? Gay enough? Not gay at all?

Instead of giving himself a headache about what he was going to do, instead he went with a bottle of wine. It just seemed right.

He was relieved when Jessa answered the door. There was no protocol for greeting the husband of the woman he'd been fucking for the past couple of months.

"Hi!" he said and shoved the bottle of wine at her.

She barely acknowledged the gift. "Here's the cover story. We sort of knew each other from work and local conferences." It was a plausible enough beginning because it was largely the truth. "I found you on a swingers website offering your services to couples." Kirk blinked at that. It made no sense. What services would he be offering couples? "And I recognized the picture you posted and figured you were safe for what Jimmy and I were looking for. Got it?"

He blinked again. "Yes." He had already forgotten most of what she had said. "What's the name of the woman that he's found?" Kirk figured it was a good idea to know a little bit about the woman he was going to make a temporary pairing with.

"Helen or Heather. Something like that. I already forgot." She was drawing him into the house. While he didn't want to say it, he was impressed with the house. It wasn't huge and it wasn't flashy, but it showed that Jessa's husband must have been doing financially well for the both of them.

Kirk wasn't jealous, however, because he was certain that he was getting to fuck and suck Jessa more than Jimmy was.

“Is this the worst circumstances of meeting someone?” asked the man he met in the living room. He was maybe a few inches shorter than Kirk, a few pounds heavier, had some gray hair and his hairline was receding. Everything about him made Kirk feel better about himself. The fact that Jimmy seemed to be doing better than him financially didn’t seem to make a whit of difference. “I’m Jimmy. Jessa’s husband. She said you know her from work?” He extended his hand.

Kirk shook Jimmy’s hand, glad that the other man didn’t play the game of squeezing as hard as he could. It was a childish game that proved nothing.

“Right. Work. Not the same company. We met at a conference.”

“Are you ready to fuck her?” He asked the question just as Jessa returned from the kitchen. She was carrying the wine bottle and four glasses. The fourth glass reminded Kirk that they were still waiting for Jimmy’s partner—or whatever she was called—to show up.

“Uh…” was the best answer Kirk could offer.

Jimmy laughed. Jessa slapped his shoulder. “Knock it off, Jimmy.”

“Well, isn’t it going to happen tonight?”

She sighed. “We’ll see.” She gave Kirk a quick, conspiratorial wink.

Kirk didn’t know what to think.

“Knocking it off is old slang for sex,” Jimmy offered up, making the moment even more awkward.

“I knew that,” Kirk chimed in. He gladly took one of the wine glasses from Jessa and looked down at the fourth glass that was full but unclaimed. He hoped that the mystery woman would show up shortly because he didn’t want to be in bed with Jessa and have Jimmy watching, not without the buffer of someone else there as well.

“Is it just going to be the three of us?” he asked nervously.

“Hayley should be here shortly,” said Jimmy.

“I’m eager to meet her,” Jessa said.

Kirk wasn’t sure if he believed her. And then he flashed on the name that Jimmy had said. “Her name is Hayley?” That was an odd coincidence.

“I knew it wasn’t Heather!” Jessa cried out. “Oddly, Jimmy met her at work too.” Once more she winked at Kirk. “He said when he approached her she was shocked, and if she said no he was going to be humiliated.”

“But she said yes,” Kirk said.

“Well, yes,” Jimmy answered. “She’s part of our admin staff. The way my company is set up, the engineers are almost like a separate company, so it’s cool. We met—” before he could continue the doorbell rang. “I guess she’s here.” He exchanged a nervous glance with his wife.

“You’d better answer it,” said Jessa. “I wouldn’t want to scare her off.”

“Good idea.”

“Have you met this Hayley?” Kirk asked softly.

Jessa quickly stole up to him and gave him a kiss. It wasn’t much more than a peck on the lips but it was enough to shock the hell out of Kirk. “Nope. I’m kind of excited for it though,” she admitted after taking a step back. “My panties are wet. So are my breast pads.”

It was such an odd thing to say. He could smell food cooking in the kitchen, but he was so nervous he was certain he wasn’t going to be able to eat anything. He hoped he wasn’t so nervous that he couldn’t get his cock up.

And at that moment he was certain he was going to go through with this crazy plan. What the fuck did he have to lose?

“Jessa, Kirk, this is Hayley.”

Both of the pair froze at seeing Jimmy’s female companion. They both stiffened, in Kirk’s case that wasn’t a good thing. They recognized her immediately, but from different circumstances.

It took Hayley a second to recognize them.

Jimmy missed the significance of the three freezing at the sight of each other. He attributed it to something else entirely. “Yeah, this is a little awkward,” he said amiably. “A little wine and a little something to eat will settle everyone’s nerves, right?”

Although Jimmy was speaking with an air of authority, he was as uncertain as everyone else, but for different reasons. The last thing he wanted was for his wife to find out he had been having an affair. And at the same time he didn’t want her to think he was a loser who couldn’t find another woman to fuck him. That’s why he had asked Hayley to their little group session. He figured if his wife was going to leave him, he might as well throw away everything in his life.

Realizing everyone was suddenly very tense, Kirk did the only thing he could think of to move events along. He stuck out his hand to Hayley. “Kirk. Hi. Nice to meet you. This is a little weird, isn’t it?”

“Of course it’s weird,” Jessa said softly. She was studying her rival very carefully. Had someone at Jimmy’s job gotten a nude picture of Hayley and sent

it to him where she had found it in his bag? What type of slut was this girl?

Hayley's first instinct had been to say it was a small world and declare that she and Kirk had briefly dated "a while ago." That would have been a better story. Maybe. Now she couldn't do that without getting Jimmy in trouble with his wife.

Or could she?

Instead she just shook Kirk's hand politely and said the most sexually rude and aggressive thing possible in the moment. If the evening was going to be a disaster it might as well be a quick disaster where they could all go home and be done with it. "Are you the guy who is going to fuck me and Jimmy's wife tonight?" she asked. "You're pretty cute. I might just fuck you and to hell with Jimmy." She laughed as everyone exchanged nervous glances. Dropping Kirk's hand she shifted toward Jessa. "He introduced me as Hayley, but I'm also bi. How about you?" She offered her hand to Jessa who automatically took it.

Jessa slowly shook her head. "No. I'm not bi."

Hayley pouted. "Too bad. I was looking forward to something really exotic tonight."

Jessa was angry. She was angry that her husband had brought home the office slut, and she was doubly angry that the younger woman was prettier than her, and she was triply angry that the office slut thought she was boring and not exciting just because she wasn't bi.

“I can give you something exotic,” said Jessa as she handed Hayley the last glass of wine. Kirk was thrilled that she didn’t throw it in the other woman’s face.

“Oh?”

“Ever try breast milk?”

Hayley laughed nervously. “Uh. No. Of course not.” She stopped speaking when she realized what Jessa was implying. “Are you…?”

Jessa nodded. “Uh-huh. And Jimmy loves sucking my tits and drinking my milk, don’t you honey?” She sidestepped to her husband and put her arm around his waist.

Hayley turned to Jimmy, waiting for his answer.

“Well, yeah, why not?” he said nervously. “Just my little kink that Jessa lets me indulge in.” His knees were weak and he could feel the sweat beading on his forehead.

“You’re lactating?” Kirk blurted out to cover for himself. Only after he had a second to think about it did he realize that most people wouldn’t be turned on by a lactating woman.

“Yes.”

“I’ve never been with a woman who was lactating,” said Hayley, eager to prove that she wasn’t a prude. “How many people have tried your milk?”

“Just uh...just Jimmy,” she stuttered and quickly finished the wine in her glass. “It’s not like I go out having affairs or anything like that.”

It took all of Kirk’s willpower not to wince at that. “Is that why your boobs are so big?” he asked to make it seem like he was clueless.

It worked. Jessa rolled her eyes at him. “A little. I was pretty big even before that.”

“How big are they?” Hayley asked.

While Kirk didn’t have numbers or letters to compare the two women, he could easily see that Jessa was much bigger than Hayley. He had seen both women naked and handled their tits, but it was obvious to everyone with eyes that Hayley was much smaller than Jessa.

“I wear a D or double D bra,” she said. “It depends on the cut of the bra. Nursing bras tend to run a little bigger than normal bras. I think it’s to accommodate the pads. What are you A or B?

“I’m a B,” Hayley said fiercely. She didn’t realize she was going to have to defend herself at this meeting. “The perfect size.”

Click here to continue reading Lover’s Milk 4 on Smashwords

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