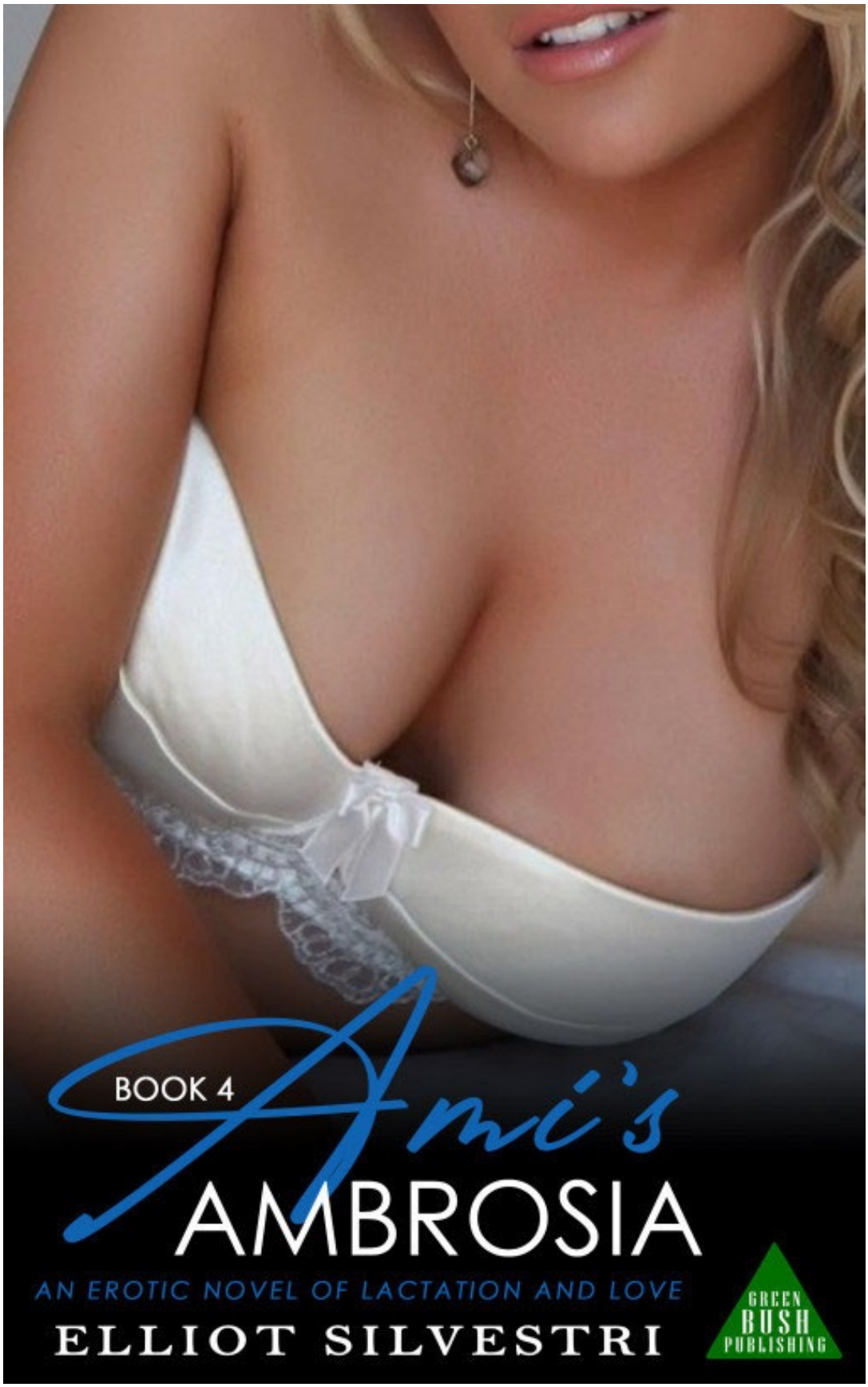
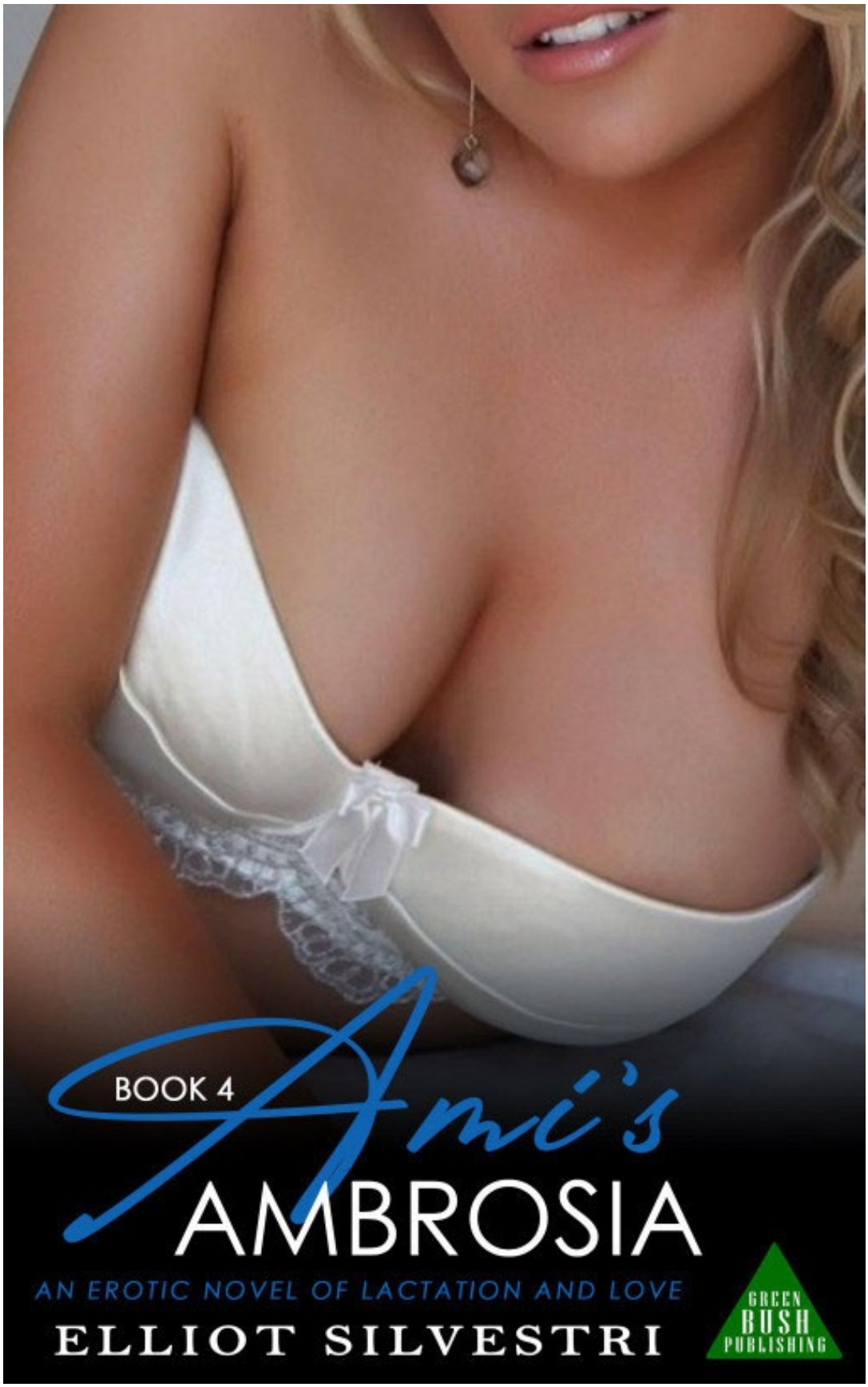

BOOK 4
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Ami's Ambrosia 4

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 4

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Version 2

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Chapter Sixteen

“Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick,” Craig groaned as he rolled off Genny's body. Even in that moment of being completely sated after fucking his sort-of-girlfriend’s best friend he wasn’t able to control himself. Lying side-by-side he reached out and placed his large hand on her breast.

It was soft. Her nipple hardened under his palm. Even on her back her breasts formed pleasant mounds. When Ami was in the same position her tits disappeared, leaving her with little more than areolas and nipples to indicate her femininity.

“I’m not empty, not yet,” she told him.

“You still have milk?” he asked, amazed.

“I always have milk. It’s basically impossible to get it all out.”

“Okay, that’s sort of hot.”

“Want some?” she asked, offering up one breast for him to nurse from.

“Uh...sure. Do you want to save any of it?” He rolled to his side and she did the same so they were facing each other. He needed to scoot down slightly to get to her tits.

Genny laughed at him. “You weren’t listening. I always have more milk. Always. Mmmm.” She moaned a little as he popped her nipple into his mouth and sucked.

She wasn’t lying. Her milk was right there on the tip and she started feeding it to him right away.

Maybe his sex life was fucked up, but he was more than happy to go along with whatever bizarre activities that Genny had planned.

As he suckled from her Craig couldn’t help but slide one hand from her side to her hip and down around her thigh. He didn’t have to force her or shove his hand between her thighs. She just parted them to give him easy access to her pussy.

She was still wet and swollen from their recent fucking. Genny moaned a little

as he pushed his finger up into her.

“Careful,” she cautioned him. “You’re still dripping out of me.”

That would partly explain why she was so wet. Touching his own cum didn't disgust him but it was strange to feel it inside a woman. He couldn’t ever remember doing that.

“Keep going,” she whispered.

There was no reason to be quiet, but he kept busily sucking at her breast, swallowing her milk, as he rocked his fingers in and out of her pussy, making sure to put pressure on her clit.

Genny clutched him tightly, all but smothering him in her large breast. It was hard to breathe but he didn’t want to spoil the moment by pushing her away.

When she came, her thighs clamped down on his wrist, twisting it awkwardly. Her body shook and her amrita practically sprayed from her pussy, soaking his hand and wrist.

“Oh...fuck that felt good. That’s the way to cum.”

She pulled his face up to hers for another kiss. Craig knew that she had to taste her own milk on his lips, but she also struck him as the sort of woman who wouldn’t be upset by that sort of thing.

Breaking the kiss, Genny said to him, “Let’s go see what Ami and Jim are up to.”

The mention of his girlfriend...or his ex-fiancée...or whatever Ami was to him, made Craig jerk back from the woman he had just been so physically intimate with.

“What’s the matter?” Genny asked.

“Uh...I forgot she was here. In the house. With Jim.”

Genny laughed at him. “You’re still hung up on her, aren’t you?”

Craig frowned. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Are you actually in love with Amelia?” Genny giggled. “I mean really in love? It’s not just her carpet matching the drapes or her new ability to lactate, is it? Are you in love with her?” Genny was clearly amused at the complexity of Craig’s emotions.

“No,” he lied and immediately regretted it. “Well, no, that’s not right. I mean...I love her but am I in love with her? We have such a fucked up history. And here I am with you. I just had sex with you—”

“And drank my milk,” Genny added, lifting her breast up to her mouth and licking the nipple, getting a few drops of sweet milk in the process.

“—And she’s presumably having sex with Jim, right? Am I right?”

Genny shrugged. “I know if I was alone with Jim I’d be fucking him. Or at least I’d be letting him nurse from me.”

“How fucked up is that?! We’re cheating on each other and...and I don’t know what to think.”

“Just because you’re in love with her doesn’t mean you can’t have sex with other people,” Genny said and practically bounced out of the bed. “Let’s go spy on them.” There was a robe hanging next to the door, but Genny didn’t bother grabbing it. She just sauntered out of the bedroom stark naked.

After reflecting a second on his conundrum, Craig followed. He did grab the robe, even though it wasn’t his style and didn’t really fit him.

The house wasn’t exactly a mansion, but it was huge. He chased Genny’s curvy white ass down the hallway and around the corner. She stopped at an open door and he came sliding in next to her. The chase had been fun, but what he saw through the doorway truly stopped his heart.

Jim was reclining on the bed, his hands behind his head and he was staring at the ceiling. He was naked, of course. His cock was hard, of course. None of that shocked Craig—though he was relieved to see that his competition didn’t have a bigger cock than he did. The shocking part was seeing Ami.

She was naked as well. Jim had seen her naked plenty of times. She wasn't showing him anything he hadn't seen before. If anything, he knew her body better than she did. Still, it was thrilling seeing her perfectly pale white skin highlighted by her freckles and brilliant red hair, as she crouched on the bed over Jim's body.

His cock was in her mouth.

She was bobbing her head up and down on his manhood.

Craig had seen plenty of porn. This wasn't anything new to him. Except it was Ami.

And despite the fact that the woman he loved and had no claim on was blowing some other man, his cock started to stiffen.

He and Genny watched for a minute. It was a surprisingly intimate and private moment.

"She's pretty and hot," said Genny softly into Craig's ear, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek before she walked purposefully into the room and curled up next to her boyfriend. Or whatever Jim was to her.

"Hey baby," he said when he realized who was laying next to him. Jim didn't open his eyes, not when she kissed him and not when she moved up and offered her breast to him.

Ami barely glanced up at her friend. She kept sucking on Jim's dick.

Craig let his borrowed robe fall open and his hand went to his cock. He didn't exactly jerk off, but he encouraged the stiffening of his erection.

He wasn't invited, but he wasn't told to go away either.

Jim was being showered with the gifts of two highly attractive and sexy women who were both actively lactating and Craig was getting nothing.

That couldn't stand.

Watching another second, he observed the way that Ami was crouched over

Jim’s body, almost kneeling and curled up. There was only one thing to be done.

He walked over to the edge of the bed. It was almost like she was inviting him to do this. He got it into his head this was exactly what she wanted and there was no stopping him.

Having never had to deal with surprise sex with anyone, Craig was a little uncertain what he should do, but until Ami objected, he saw no reason not to just plow ahead.

She didn’t say a word when he reached between her legs to feel her pussy. She was wet. It seemed Ami was always wet. Maybe her pussy was a little bit swollen; he couldn’t tell.

Was she wet from being turned on or did she have some of Jim’s cum in her? There was no easy way to tell without asking.

He wasn't going to ask.

She didn’t grind down on his cock but he didn’t take that as a bad sign. Ami just kept working on Jim’s cock, sucking him like it was essential for her survival. As Craig knelt behind her, she didn’t take away any attention from Jim. She was ignoring Craig.

Even when he probed at her pussy.

Even when his cockhead parted her nether lips.

Even when he sank all the way into her willing pussy.

Only when he was all the way in did she pause from her fine fellatio skills. She let out a long moan as Craig started fucking her in earnest. Ami licked Jim’s cock from the head all the way down to the balls before taking them in her mouth and sucking them causing Jim to shiver in pleasure. Craig noted that the other man shaved his balls and trimmed his pubes down to almost nothing.

Craig started to wonder if Jim was some sort of professional sex machine.

“Took you fucking long enough,” Ami complained.

“I wasn’t sure you wanted...this.”

It wasn’t possible for her to comment or laugh or insult him because Jim grabbed her face with one hand and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Craig had never been deep throated by anyone. It seemed more like a porn trick than something he would actually like and he didn’t want to make his partners gag, and he especially didn’t want to piss off Ami by asking her or forcing her.

He was amazed at how easily she took all of Jim’s cock into her mouth and down her throat to the point where her nose was pressing into his pubic bone.

What the fuck had he gotten himself into?

“Make him cum, Ami,” Genny instructed the lithe redhead. “I want to see you swallow his load.

Ami kept bobbing her head and sucking for all she was worth, using her hand now as well. Craig didn’t have the best view, but the mere fact that he was getting to be party to this twisted situation drew him closer and closer to the moment of crisis.

He knew he was going to cum and there was little he could do about it. Not that he wanted to do anything about it.

Abruptly Jim pushed aside Genny’s breast and started breathing heavily. “I’m gonna cum,” he announced to Ami.

She didn’t stop sucking. Craig didn’t stop pumping.

Jim grunted a couple of times and Craig could tell that he was cumming in Ami’s mouth, filling her up, forcing the cum down her throat.

Seeing her used that way was too much. He was right on the edge and about to cum. Gripping her hips and ass to hold her in place, he doubled his fucking speed.

But somehow she managed to pull away from him at exactly the wrong moment. He came and shot his load, but not in her pussy. Some landed on her ass, but most of it landed on the bed...and Jim. Some of it landed on the other man’s leg

and his cock and balls and his stomach.

Craig was mortified and didn't know how to react or what to say. The moment she had pulled free, he had grabbed at his dick in some vain attempt to contain his orgasm, but his automatic reaction was just to pump himself a couple of times making the situation worse.

Maybe Jim noticed. Or maybe he didn't because he was too intent on watching Ami and Genny kiss each other. Craig had to admit that was incredibly hot and erotic, doubly so when he realized that they weren't just kissing. Ami was passing Jim's cum to Genny.

It was so fucking kinky that Craig's brain shut down. He could only stare and take in the perverted act.

He loved it.

He wanted to do this forever.

The two women broke their kiss. "That was fucking intense," Ami declared. Genny was wedged in between Jim and Ami, both of whom were now pawing at her breasts. Craig was jealous. He wanted to suck on Genny's tits. Or Ami's.

It was better in his mind for him to be suckling at Ami's tits, she was supposed to be his girlfriend. Or something. But he was positive her tits were empty of milk at the moment. Looking at Genny's tits made him drool. He was certain that her big boobs were still full of milk.

Trying to make it seem casual, he wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand. "Yeah, it was," he agreed. "Sorry about the mess," he apologized to no one in particular but intended it for Jim.

"Don't worry about it," said Genny, narrowly avoiding a conflict between the small group. "Sex, when it's fun, is supposed to be messy."

"Mm-hmm," agreed Ami as she turned her head toward her friend's breasts. Craig took in a sharp breath when Ami sucked Genny's nipple into her mouth. Genny caressed Ami's cheek and gave her forehead a little kiss.

Craig had just cum but his cock was already responding to the scene in front of

him. The only thing he could focus on was the wrongness of the eroticism in the little scene and how strongly it affected him.

“You’re a greedy little girl, aren’t you,” said Genny.

Ami said nothing. She was too busy getting lost in Genny’s tits.

“That’s fucking hot,” Jim declared and nudged Craig with his leg. “Do you want to let them keep going or do you want to join in.”

“What?”

Jim indicated Craig’s cock at half-staff. “You seem like you’re up for another round.”

Before Craig could answer, Genny chimed in. “What makes you two think that you have a choice in what’s going to happen next?”

That made Ami laugh and half-choke on the milk that Genny was offering her.

“You okay?” Craig asked. He saw milk on her chin and more milk dribbling out of Genny’s nipple. It seemed like a terrible waste.

“Fine, fine,” she said, waving aside his concern to head back to Genny’s nipple, but the blonde put her hands over her breasts, preventing Ami from latching back on.

“You remember the agreement,” Genny reminded her.

Ami pouted. “But it’s polite to share...and I want more of your milk.”

“Well I’m saving it for my partner of the night.” She pushed Ami aside and slipped off the bed, leaving Craig confused and Ami upset. Holding her hand out to Craig she said, “I’ll see you two in the morning. Have fun.”

When Craig failed to take her hand, she simply grabbed his and started walking away.

Craig resisted. He didn’t know what was going on.

“Wait a second...what...what are you doing?” The question was for Genny, but

he was staring at Ami as she curled up next to Jim.

Although he had just seen the two have sex—even though he was a part of that sexual encounter—he didn't want to leave her. He wanted Ami all to himself. Her milk, her body, her soul, and her love.

It was twisted and wrong because there was no way he could possess her in such a way. She wasn't his property. She could choose to be with anyone she wanted.

But still he wanted her.

"I want to spend the night with Jim," she explained to him, "but it's okay because you get to spend the night with Genny. I can assure you that she has the softest tits full of so much milk that you could drown in them. I hear she's a pretty good fuck as well."

And with that he was dismissed. Ami turned toward Jim and kissed him on the shoulder. He pulled her closer while she adjusted the sheets to cover their bodies.

Genny tugged at his hand but he resisted. "Come on," Genny said softly, just loud enough for him to hear and maybe for Ami to hear as well, which made it worse. "You don't want to embarrass yourself, do you?"

He didn't.

It killed him to see the woman he was obsessed with go to bed with another man and reject him, but he knew if he created a scene, it would only make things worse.

Besides, he had Genny more than willing to spend the night with him.

She had tits. Bigger tits than Ami. Tits full of more milk than Ami could hope to dream of making. She was also willing to fuck him. She had fucked him. She had fucked him alone and with Ami.

Craig was certain he could play the game that Ami was forcing on him.

He'd do it happily.

He'd make her jealous.

He’d make her upset.

He’d win at this game and then win her.

There was no way the plan could go wrong.

They went back to the guest room. It might have been one of many guest rooms for all Craig knew, but this was where he was going to prove his point.

Walking naked through someone else’s house was strange, but he didn’t mind because he got to follow Genny’s wonderfully curvy and attractive ass.

But it wasn’t her ass he was interested in. It was her tits. More specifically, it was her milk.

The moment they walked into the room, he pushed her down to the bed and attacked her, his mouth going right for her breasts.

“Whoa! Slow down there, big boy!” she cautioned him as he found her nipple and started nursing from her. It only took a few sucks for the flow to start again. The sweetness amazed him. It was intoxicating. Why more men didn’t indulge in this kink was beyond him.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked as he switched from one breast to the other, not wanting to lose a single drop of her precious fluids.

“No, but you sure are eager for someone who thought his girlfriend was abandoning him.”

“I love your milk,” he said boldly as he continued to nurse from her. He didn’t care if he was hurting her or not. He just wanted to taste her milk and prove to Ami that he didn’t need her.

He wanted Ami, but he didn’t need her.

He could get his fix of addictive milk from any woman.

Well, any woman who was lactating and willing to indulge him.

In the interests of keeping Genny interested, he put his hand between her legs

and found her pussy. She was still warm and more than just damp.

Willingly she spread her legs and allowed him to digitally penetrate her sex.

“Mmm...very nice. You adapt easily, don’t you?” she complimented him.

“Do you want me to make you cum?” he asked her, rubbing his thumb against her clit, two fingers still buried deeply in her pussy.

“Always,” she moaned. “Always make a woman cum if you’re inside her.”

He nodded and latched on to her breast while manipulating her pussy. It was going to be incredibly easy to make her cum while doing both; that was just obvious. She wasn’t fighting him; she wanted this.

It was hard to remember she had a relationship with Jim. What the extent of their relationship was he didn’t know, but it was along the same lines as the off again/on again status that he had with Ami.

Remembering that made him uncomfortable, but it didn’t stop him from nursing at Genny’s tit and fingering her pussy.

It didn’t take that long to make her cum again and he was thrilled that he could do it.

“Want me to finish you off?” she asked, reaching out for his cock.

He shook his head and pushed her hand away. “No. I’m spent. I couldn’t get it up again no matter how hard I tried. I’m ready to sleep. What about you?”

Genny palmed her tits and massaged them as she looked at him. “I’m always ready for more sex, but right now I need you to drain me.”

“You still have more milk?” He grinned at her. Genny’s huge tits were amazing.

“I always have more milk. Always.”

He got into position next to her warm body and popped her fat nipple into his mouth. As always it only took a few sucks to get the milk to flow.

That was how he fell asleep, nursing from her breast, her nipple in his mouth.

Chapter Seventeen

Waking up next to Genny was strange. And disorienting. He hated waking up in hotel rooms and places other than his apartment. Even waking up in Ami's place didn't feel right.

As soon as he started to move, Genny grabbed onto him. "No," she moaned, her voice soft. She wasn't really awake yet. "Don't leave. Please…"

"I need to take a piss," he said and disengaged himself from her hands that grasped his upper arm with surprising strength.

Finding the bathroom was easy. Taking a piss was a lot more difficult.

Craig was more than used to waking up and dealing with morningwood. A relieving morning piss wasn't any fun if he couldn't piss. More than once in college he had pissed in the shower because his erection wouldn't go down.

This morning, trapped in Jim's house, he was forced to run cold water on a washcloth, soaking it and pressing it to his cock and balls to cool his organ down. It took a minute, but eventually the strength of his erection diminished and he went soft enough so that he could piss properly in the toilet.

Drying off his cock on a spare towel before he returned to the bedroom, Craig considered what the hell he was doing.

Was this a test on Ami's part? Had he passed? Was the right decision to spend the night with Genny? Was the right decision to leave the house?

It was too late now to change his decision.

Genny was awake and waiting for him in the bed when he returned. "Took you long enough," she complained.

"Sorry. Did you need to use the bathroom?"

"No. My tits are sore."

"I didn't mean to be so rough on them last night. Sorry about that. Too excited."

He was standing in the doorway, naked, and not knowing what to do.

“I’m sorry you’re too excited, but my tits are full and you need to fix that,” she said and patted the bed next to her.

Standing there was stupid, so he went to the bed and slid in between the sheets next to Genny’s warm body.

“Why are your...uh...your breasts full?” he asked.

Genny laughed at him. “I told you last night. My boobs are always full. I’m always making milk. We slept all night and now I’m full and now you need to get the milk out. If you don't, I'll have to use a pump, and I hate using pumps when I have a handsome man’s mouth right next to me.”

Craig just stared at her.

“And if you don’t nurse from me,” she went on. “I’m going to go to Jim’s room and have him drain the milk from me. I know that Ami is in there with him and she’ll be glad to help.”

Her words were more than enough encouragement. Just looking at her chest he could tell that her breasts were swollen. They were heavy and full and he was certain that he could smell the milk there right beneath the surface.

It felt wrong to be doing this to Ami, but it felt so right to be doing it with Genny.

Her nipple was hard and fat and he barely had sucked once when his mouth was flooded to overfull with her milk. It was sweet and creamy on his tongue and it seemed almost a shame to swallow it, but he did because more milk was coming and if he didn’t swallow he’d choke on it.

Genny wrapped her hand around his cock and they settled down together.

It was easy for her to keep him on edge, just stroking his cock, while he thirstily suckled from her breasts. The strange thing was that what they were doing was both relaxing and exciting. Craig didn’t want to be anywhere else but nursing on Genny’s big tits, but with her hand on his cock he knew he was going to have to blow his load before too long.

This was wrong, so very wrong, but at the same time he couldn’t help himself.

Genny's milk was free and available. Genny wanted him to nurse from her. He was certain she wanted him to fuck her as well, as soon as her tits were emptied.

He didn't want to think about Ami in the other room down the hall getting fucked by Jim.

He didn't want to think about Ami in the other room down the hall getting nursed by Jim.

Both of those thoughts made his cock harder and harder and he didn't want to waste his load all over Genny's hand.

"It's making a fucking mess," she moaned softly.

They were laying on their sides, facing each other. Craig was working on Genny's lower breast, her right one. Her words made him open his eyes to see what she meant.

On her side she had her right arm trapped and was using the left to pump his cock. Her left breast, gently shaken by the movements of her arm, wasn't just leaking a bit of milk. It wasn't even dribbling. It was spraying milk in a little geyser of pleasure.

"Oh shit! I can help you with that," Craig said, ever the gentleman, and quickly switched from right to left breast, sucking down her milk geyser. He tasted her milk all over her breast as the milk all but shot down his throat.

"Now the other one is leaking," she complained.

Craig realized that he could feel the milk wetting the sheets. He felt the moisture on his neck and shoulder. Pulling back a moment he stared at both her breasts.

While it wasn't exactly like a pair of fire hoses, it was close. It was more like a sprinkler going off. Two sprinklers. It was delightful to watch. There were multiple little streams of white milk spraying everywhere. Craig caught some of the milk on his tongue and laughed.

Genny rolled her eyes at him. "My tits aren't toys," she complained.

“You’re right. They’re better than toys.” Lightly pressing on the fleshy part of her breast he altered the direction of the spray and the amount.

She grunted lightly in surprise.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No...it just feels better when I’m nursed rather than forcing it out.”

Hearing what she wanted, Craig latched back onto her right nipple and gently pinched the other. She grunted in surprise at the move but didn’t complain. Her hand resumed its motions on his cock.

She found she had to talk while this was happening. Genny couldn’t help herself. “Fuck that feels good. I’ve been making a lot of milk lately. I mean...uh...a lot. When I get turned on I make more. I’ve been fucking Jim and Ami pretty regularly. Did you know she was bi? Maybe she doesn’t think she’s bi, but I know women and she’s definitely bi. I love fucking her. You should ask her about it. Maybe she’s less bi and more of a lactation addict. I love when she drinks my milk. I love it more when she and Jim share my milk. Makes me feel sexy. Oh fuck. Yeah, keep going. I need my milk out of me. You’re going to make me cum...you’re going to...don’t stop…”

When she stopped talking, Craig looked up at her. There was an expression of intense concentration on her face. Her body was motionless. Her hand tightly gripped Craig’s cock and was just squeezing; it wasn’t painful but it was strange. It took him a moment to realize that she was cumming.

It took him another moment to realize that he hadn’t touched her pussy and neither had she.

“Oh my god,” she sighed when it was over. “That was...that was fucking intense.”

“Glad I could help you out,” said Craig. He paused briefly in sucking on her tits. The spraying had mostly abated, but she was still steadily dripping milk.

“I’ve never cum that way before,” she commented.

“Mm-hmm…”

“From just my tits,” she said. “I mean, lots of women say they can but I’ve never been able to do it. I can’t wait to tell Jim.”

Craig felt a little thrill of guilt when she reminded him that she was cheating on her boyfriend or whatever it was that Jim was to her.

Not knowing what else to do, he just nodded and continued to suck.

“You aren’t going to make me cum again that way. At least, I don’t think you will. But keep going. It feels nice. It always feels nice.”

Her hand got busier on his cock and Craig found that he was too close to the edge and didn’t want to waste his load on her hand. He pushed her down to the bed on her back and started to climb on top of her.

She pushed back. “No. I don’t want that.”

Craig was confused. “I thought that you wanted…” He cleared his throat. “I’m sorry.”

Genny laughed at him. “I don’t want to fuck you on my back,” she clarified. “I want to ride your cock.”

“Oh. Okay.”

She continued to giggle as they moved around, this time with Craig on his back. Genny climbed on top of him, straddling his hips, holding his iron bar-like cock in her hand, guiding it into her pussy as she slowly sat down on him, making his rigid flesh disappear.

It took him a second to realize she was wet and ready for sex. He hadn’t had to finger her or go down on her or anything. Just making her cum from sucking on her tits and drinking her milk was more than enough.

“You like my tits?” she asked as she settled down on him, the entire length of his shaft inside her pussy. He looked at her massive boobs, now less full of milk, but still dripping.

“How could I not?”

Genny’s hands went under her breasts and lifted them up. She wasn’t the least bit self-conscious about how they were dripping.

“Sometimes it a lot of fucking work, but I think it’s worth it.”

Craig nodded enthusiastically as she started to ride him. Her nipples started to drip milk more steadily and she rested one hand on his shoulder, but it was her other hand that caught Craig’s attention. She kept it on her breast and lifted it up to her mouth. They were easily large enough for her to do that.

When she started sucking the milk out, he wanted to blast his load into her.

“Holy. Fucking. Shit.”

She laughed at him, dropping her breast from her mouth. “You like that? I love the taste of my milk. I love the taste of Ami’s better though.”

“I want...I want…” Craig said, but he didn’t know what he wanted.

Her milk continued to drip out of her nipples. The longer he watched, the faster it came. It wasn’t exactly spraying but the more she bounced on his cock, the more milk was expressed.

It was dripping and spraying all over Craig. He should have been disgusted, but he found it fascinating at the same time.

There were worse things to be covered in.

“I can’t...I can’t…” he said and then he was done, Craig grabbed her hips and thrusted his cock as deeply as possible into her pussy, cumming so hard it was painful. Getting used and fucked like that made Genny cum a second time. This time she quivered a little as she stayed atop his body, but her tits were pumping out milk now. There was little she could do about it and she didn’t care.

When they were both done, she started laughing again. “Jim’s cleaning lady is going to be busy and upset. Probably both.”

Craig looked around the bed. The sheets weren’t just sweaty. They were soaked with Genny’s milk. And probably some of his cum as well.

“We should at least strip the bed.” Craig looked around and was slightly disturbed to see the extent of the mess they had made.

“Why? I’m not doing chores this morning.” It took Genny a second to realize that it wasn’t Genny that was speaking, but Ami. She had come into the bedroom wearing an oversized t-shirt that had to belong to Jim.

“What are you doing here?” Craig asked. He stopped himself from pulling up the sheets to cover his cock. Ami wasn’t stupid. She knew what he and Genny had been doing this morning.

“I fucked Jim so hard that he fell back asleep. I need my tits sucked and I know just the person to do it.”

Craig grinned. “Me right?”

She smirked at him and hopped on the bed, ignoring the wet mess on the sheets, but instead of pulling off her t-shirt and offering her tits to Craig, she instead rolled toward Genny and found one of the blonde’s nipples.

He watched her for a moment, amused and aroused, but she pulled back far too quickly. “I can hardly taste it,” she said to Genny.

“That’s because your boyfriend already emptied me this morning,” she said while grabbing Ami’s hand and leading it down to between her thighs. “He might have already fucked me as well.”

They laughed, sharing a joke only as women could, but Ami was the first to pull back and yank her borrowed t-shirt up over her head.

Craig stared at her tits. They were small, as always, but looked full and swollen, capped by her little pink nipples fully erect.

“Jim barely sucked on me this morning. He plowed me doggy and then fell asleep. He’s got no stamina,” she complained.

Genny didn’t give her friend any further opportunity to complain. She went right for the lithe redhead’s left breast, pulling her down to the bed and latching on to her ripe nipple.

Ami moaned and reached out to Craig. “I need both of you,” she begged.

That was all the invitation that Craig needed. A moment later he was laying next to Ami, staring across her narrow chest at Genny who was indulging in the sweet milk that Ami had to offer.

As soon as he tasted Ami’s milk, he realized how much sweeter it was than Genny’s. Maybe that was just his perception or maybe it was because she had much less of it. He didn’t care. He had his naked girlfriend next to him and he was drinking her milk along with Genny and he was going to do whatever it took to keep her forever.

When he ran his hand down her body to her pussy, she opened her legs for him. She was wet. He remembered she had just fucked Jim. His cock was soft, but just the thought that he would have the opportunity to fuck her after Jim had his way with Ami, was enough for him to get it up again.

Maybe Ami was lying about fucking Jim. Why would she have sex with him without insisting that he suckle from her? That made no sense.

Her pussy was wet, but not soaking wet, furthering his suspicion that maybe she was lying.

Without warning, Ami slapped his hand away.

“What?” He asked, surprised.

“You’re supposed to be nursing from me. Not fingering my twat.”

“I can do both!”

Genny quietly chuckled into Ami’s small breast, looking at the bickering lovers with some amusement.

“I’d rather you drain my milk.”

“I’m pretty sure I already have,” he replied.

Angry, Ami grabbed her small tit and squeezed.

She didn’t produce a single drop of milk.

Genny pulled back. “I think we drained you. Maybe if you grew bigger tits you’d have more milk.”

Ami sniffed at her friend. “Don’t worry. I’m getting there. I have dignified tits. Not overgrown watermelons.”

It was a playful insult and Genny laughed at her friend. Before the two’s bickering could get out of hand, Craig interrupted them.

“Turn over. I want to fuck you like Jim did.”

“Maybe I don’t want to get fucked a second time.”

Craig wasn't having any of that. He grabbed her small lithe body and easily turned her over, putting her on hands and knees, ass in the air.

By now his cock was more than erect enough to penetrate her. She only resisted slightly as he got into position behind her, but she was struggling enough that he was stymied in holding her in position and getting his cock into her pussy.

“Here, let me help,” said Genny as she grabbed his cock and guided it into Ami’s pussy.

“You’re supposed to be my friend,” Ami complained with a soft groan of pleasure as Craig filled her up.

“I am. I’m helping you get properly fucked.”

“Get a good eyeful,” Ami sighed, no longer struggling now that she was being properly fucked by her boyfriend. “Perverts like you are into this sort of thing.”

“I sure am,” Genny declared and kissed Craig, much to his delight. “Fuck her hard. I want to hear her scream.”

He didn’t need to be told twice. He barely needed to be told in the first place because the moment he had entered her, he was already fucking her. Still, being told to fuck her hard was the permission he needed to grab Ami’s hips to hold her in place and fuck her so forcefully that when their bodies came together it

didn’t just sound like flesh on flesh, but it sounded like he was slapping her.

Ami didn’t complain.

She didn’t complain at the impacts. She didn’t complain when his fingers gripped her so hard it hurt. She didn’t complain when Genny’s hand went underneath her chest and her best friend was suddenly squeezing her tits.

“What are...what are you doing?” Ami asked helplessly. She couldn’t pick up her hand from the bed to brush aside her friend’s unexpected and invasive breast stimulation. She could barely make her voice work to ask the question.

“Checking your tits,” Genny said clinically.

“Wh—why?”

“To make sure you weren’t lying.”

“Why...why would I lie?”

Genny had finished squeezing the redhead’s small breasts. When she was in the doggy-style position her tits hung down and were much more prominent than in another other position. It was easy for Genny to milk her, to express her milk.

It came shooting out. It wasn’t nearly as copious as Genny’s—there was no way for that to happen—but she wasn’t lying about Jim not nursing. She had a plentiful supply still.

“I’m not wasting that,” Genny commented as Ami’s milk added to the mess on the bed.

“Then stop squeezing her tits,” Craig commented.

“I’ve got a better idea,” said Genny as she flopped onto the bed. Rolling to her back she proceeded to wiggle part way under Ami’s body.

Craig watched in curiosity but remained focused on fucking Ami. He would have been thrilled to nurse from Ami, but that wasn’t going to happen.

What was happening was Genny nursing thirstily from Ami’s breasts as they

hung in her face. Craig wondered what it would be like if the two women reversed their positions. He was fairly certain that Ami would be smothered by Genny's big breasts while Genny wouldn't have been able to get even the nub of Ami's nipple in her mouth because the slender woman's tiny tits would be flattened along her chest wall.

As it was, Ami did try to dip her head down and nurse on Genny's generous mounds, but between getting fucked by Craig and having her tits sucked by Genny, she didn't have the concentration needed to do any meaningful nursing.

It didn't matter because Craig was certain that he had drained Genny's milk supply that morning. It would be a few hours before she had anymore to give.

Ami was trapped. Gloriously trapped. She allowed her friend and fiancé, her two lovers, to use her body giving her pleasure. She was just a vessel for their sexual needs.

She was happy to fulfill that role.

She came first. There was no way around that, not between Genny's lips on her tits and Craig's cock in her pussy. It was an all-over orgasm. She couldn't distinguish nipple pleasure from pussy pleasure.

Ami noted that Genny was absently masturbating while the curvy blonde suckled on her. She wanted Genny to cum because she wanted her friend to have as much joy as she did. But it was Craig who came next, cumming hard and with some effort, filling up her pussy before he collapsed off to the side.

That didn't stop Genny from nursing even though Ami complained.

"His cum is leaking out of me."

Genny took a brief rest from her nursing. "Just wait. You're still giving me milk. When you're empty, you can move."

In revenge, Ami lowered her mouth to her friend's fat nipple. There wasn't much, if any, milk available, but that wasn't the point. Surprised at this turn of events, Genny busied her fingers directly on her clit. Once she came, she stopped nursing from Ami and the thin redhead finally fell to the side, her entire body electric with sensations she couldn't describe.

Later, when they had struggled out of bed, Craig found himself in the shower. As hot as it was to be sprayed with the milk from two women it felt just as good to wash it off. He was so sated that when Ami slipped into the bathroom and joined him in the oversized shower, his cock didn't even stir.

She grabbed the soap away from him and started washing his back.

"I can do this all on my own. I've been showering for years now."

Ami clucked her tongue at him. "Accept a little help. But this is partly for me, you know."

Her arms circled around his body. He felt her press tightly up to him while her hands went right for his cock. She was a bit rough in the way she washed his most delicate piece of equipment, but he suffered in silence. Clearly the clever redhead was up to something.

"You're not going to get me hard," he told her.

"I don't turn you on any more? Do you prefer chubby blondes now?"

"She's not chubby," Craig snapped at her and she laughed at his reaction.

"So it's true!"

"What? No! I want you!"

Her hand was still holding his cock. He was almost afraid to move, not just because he was risking physical damage, but because he didn't want to say something and fuck up the relationship they had been rebuilding.

"Really? You two seemed pretty fucking happy together. How many times did you fuck her last night? What about this morning? Is her milk sweeter than mine? She's got more of it. That's what you like now, isn't it? You like sucking the milk out of horny women and never mind if they have pussies or not. You're a milk addict. You like big titties, don't you?"

As she was haranguing him, Craig was facing the showerhead. The hot water

was spraying on his chest and running down his body. Her hand was still on his soapy cock. Despite everything that had happened—or perhaps because of it—his cock stirred, if only slightly.

What was she saying was partly true. He did like fucking Genny and drinking her milk, but the truth of the matter was that Craig found Ami's milk sweeter.

Not that that mattered. He wasn't in love with Ami's milk. He was in love with Ami.

"I like your tits," he gasped out. "I like your milk better than hers. I love you."

When he spoke the last three words her hand stopped moving on his cock.

Ami wanted to step back. She had heard him say those exact words to her before. That wasn't new. The shock was that she now believed him.

Even if he had spent the night with Genny, fucking and sucking her.

After all she had spent the night doing the exact same thing with Jim.

Maybe she was just a bit more mature. Maybe Craig was a bit more mature.

Maybe they could make this work this time.

All it took was being a bit of a pervert and embracing a kink.

"You don't mean that," she said. She didn't resume stroking his cock. Instead Ami grabbed the whole of his manhood, especially his balls, and squeezed.

He gasped in pain.

"Of course I fucking mean it."

"I fucked Jim last night. It was great. I'm going to do it again."

"Okay," he agreed. "Can I watch?"

"I'm going to have Genny and Jim suck all my milk out. None for you."

It was hard to keep a firm grip on his balls. They were slippery with soap and

water and just by their nature they tended not to be the easiest piece of anatomy to hold onto.

“No,” he begged. “Please. I love your milk.”

“You’re just saying that. You’re temporarily obsessed. Genny’s got a better supply.”

“I’ll do anything,” he said. “Anything. It doesn’t matter that you have less. I want yours. I want you.”

“Do you mean it?” she demanded.

“Yes.”

“Prove it!”

The throbbing pain in his cock was making it impossible to focus and concentrate. It was the pleasant throbbing he experienced when his cock was hard and he was ready to cum. This was just pure pain.

“How...how can I prove it?”

“You don’t know?” She twisted his package with her slim fingers. Craig made a little mewl of pain. He was certain she was about to rip off his manhood.

Maybe she had grown tired of tormenting him. Maybe she had a change of heart. Maybe her hand was tired. Maybe it was just fate.

His pathetic manhood slipped free of her grasp.

Immediately Craig went down on his knees, gasping in pain. The water spraying on his body didn’t make it any easier to breathe, but he managed to turn around to face Amelia.

She was standing with her back against the shower’s tiled wall, her arms crossed in front of her breasts. They were fully hidden by her thin arms. That wouldn’t have been possible if she had Genny’s body.

Her pussy, however, was fully exposed. That was all he needed.

Taking one awkward step forward with a foot, Craig stayed down on one knee. Reaching out, he grabbed her hips and pulled her closer so that he could press his face to her pussy and the red triangle that decorated her mound. He kissed her there.

“Please marry me,” he begged. “Please.”

Ami had never expected to receive a marriage proposal, let alone a serious one, in the shower of her best friend’s boyfriend’s house, but it had happened.

Then again, she had never expected to use her small tits as a sexual enticement, but there she was.

“I said prove it,” she told him. “Not throw your life away.”

Ami grasped his face between her hands and pulled it up to hers, giving him a kiss on the lips.

Chapter Eighteen

Craig watched her dress. Panties. Socks. Yoga pants. A camisole to protect her precious breasts. Before she put on a shirt over the cami, she grabbed what looked like absorbent bandages from her purse, shoving the two small circular pads into the built in cups of the camisole.

“What are those?” asked Craig. He had already dressed and was waiting patiently. She had taken extra time in the shower after he was done. He didn’t question her why.

Ami rolled her eyes at him. “Really? They’re breast pads.”

“But what are they for?”

“I swear, some men are so stupid. They’re nursing pads. So I don’t leak all over my clothes.”

“You leak milk?” He was flatly amazed.

“Yes. It’s not as sexy as it seems.”

“I didn’t say it was.”

“But I leak mostly when I get turned on. Go figure that out.”

“Uh...I can’t.”

Ami smirked at him. “I figured.” She pulled a loose-fitting blouse over the camisole and was ready to go.

“Should we say goodbye to Jim and Genny?” he asked when they stepped into the hallway.

Before she could answer, they both heard the unmistakable sounds of female sexual vocalizations coming from Jim’s room.

“I don’t think we should interrupt them just now.”

They left. Craig wasn’t going to question Ami’s decision.

As they drove in their separate cars back to her place, Craig had a hundred

questions running through his head.

Why had he asked her to marry him? He had visited this weekend with the intention of asking her if he could move in with her. Not to marry her.

She hadn't said yes. She hadn't said no. What did that mean?

Her breasts were slightly swollen from what he could remember. Was that just from nursing and milk production or were her tits actually growing? That seemed a strange thing for a woman well past puberty, but it nagged at him.

Did she only wear camisoles now? Were bras out?

Would she want to fuck Jim again? Was she going to keep fucking Genny? And sucking Genny? How did he fit into that complex relationship? He wasn't opposed to her having sex and sharing milk with Genny—not that he really had a vote on that issue—because he found it hot that his girlfriend (fiancée?) was bi, but could he handle her having sex with Jim? Could he handle her letting Jim breastfeed from her?

If they did move in together, would they share her apartment or find something new? How long was her lease and could she break it?

What were they going to have for breakfast? Her milk was filling, but it wasn't enough.

None of these questions were resolved in his head by the time he parked in the lot for Ami's apartment building. That only made sense because he needed her to answer most of those questions.

Parking behind her car, he followed her inside the building. It felt completely normal, like they were any bland, vanilla couple arriving home after a night out. Only the night out was hardly what anyone would consider common or normal.

He was so torn and confused he didn't even try to hold her hand or attempt something more physical in the hallway. He didn't even kiss her when she unlocked the door and they staggered inside.

It was almost noon and he was exhausted. Craig had a drive home in the afternoon, but he didn't want to leave. Not yet.

It wasn’t like Ami was kicking him out either.

So naturally he said the stupidest thing possible in the moment.

“I didn’t mean to ask you to marry me,” he blurted out as they sat on the couch in her living room, just looking out the window.

Amelia turned to him. “Gee, thanks? No one has asked me to marry him before and now you’re taking it back.”

“Fuck!” he cursed. “I didn’t mean it like that. I meant I asked it in the heat of the moment. I didn’t think it through.”

“You’re not making a better case for yourself.”

“Shit! I know. Fuck! Can I start over? I want to move in with you.”

She regarded him evenly. “That’s where we got into trouble in the first place. Maybe you remember that we lived together for two months and that was the end of our relationship?”

“I remember, but I’ve matured since then. I promise you that I have.”

Ami, while skeptical, realized that he was telling the truth. There was no perfect man or woman in the world, but Craig was at least willing to try.

Plus she was fairly certain she had him under her thumb. He was pretty much addicted to her tits and breast milk now. Maybe not literally, but figuratively. She just hoped it wasn’t a passing obsession.

“And by maturing you’ve decided to change your hastily uttered marriage proposal into a suggestion that we move in together. Was the shower that hot? Were you light headed?”

“You had my balls in a vice grip!”

She nodded. “Okay, you’ve got me there. But who says I want you to move in with me?”

“I’ll always be available to nurse from you,” he said. “You’ll never have to use a

pump again. You've said that you hated using a pump."

"That's true," she admitted. "But who says I want you to live here."

"I don't know."

"It's an awfully far distance from where you work."

"I go to the office once a week now, at most. I can code and troubleshoot from home. I just need a decent internet connection." He looked around the living room. "You do have a decent internet connection, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't want you streaming porn 24/7 in my place."

Craig perked up. "Does that mean you want to move in together?"

"I'm considering it. What do I get? You pay half the rent and utilities. You serve as my personal nursing slave. We agree to revisit the marriage question in six months?"

"Agreed!" he said quickly.

"And what do I get," she continued on as if she hadn't heard him. "I still get to fuck Genny and Jim when I want." She looked expectantly at him.

"Of course," Craig replied. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"I'll need you to be faithful to me." There was that issue. They had both cheated on each other before, but she was carving out a special place for herself while at the same time she was extracting a promise of monogamy from him.

"I can do that," he said after he dismissed any hope of once again fucking or sucking with Genny.

Ami was surprised. She had expected an argument over that. She was so surprised, that she relented a little, but then took more territory for herself. "Maybe, just maybe, I'll let you feed from Genny. If she needs it. But I'm going to need a lot of nursing so maybe I'll have to expand my list to anyone I need to nurse from me."

Craig’s cock stiffened. Just the idea of Ami fucking and nursing with other people was enough to get him hard and excited.

There was no way for him to say no.

“That’s...that’s fine.”

“Huh,” was her response.

“What’s that supposed to mean? ‘Huh?’ What are you saying?”

A smile played at Ami’s lips. “I just never thought it would be so easy to get you to be my submissive. Not that I’m into that or need one, but most men aren’t so eager to do whatever their girlfriend says.”

“Is that what we are now? Boyfriend-girlfriend?”

“You’re avoiding the issue of being my nursing submissive.”

“I’ve never thought of myself as a submissive,” Craig said. But he knew the truth. If she was offering him her milk, he was going to do whatever she asked, regardless of the truth.

“Well, maybe you are.” Without any warning Ami rapidly unbuttoned her shirt and then pulled down the top of her camisole, exposing her small breasts.

“What are you doing?”

“My breasts need attention,” she said. “I need you to nurse from me. Now.”

“What?”

“My breasts need attention,” she repeated. “I need you to nurse from me. Now.”

“Holy shit, you’re serious.”

“This is what you just agreed to. Why are you being so resistant to sucking on my tits? I thought you loved this?”

He nodded. “I do.”

She smirked. “Remember that phrase.”

Craig chuckled a little and moved toward her. “How do you want to do this?”

Grabbing a pillow from the couch she placed it on her lap. “Lay down and get to work.”

With a roll of his neck, Craig kicked off his shoes and lay lengthwise on the couch, facing Ami, his head on the pillow. It was barely enough to bring his head up to her small breasts, but they managed.

As soon as his lips met her nipple, Ami let out a sigh indicating she was relaxing. Craig was anxious but that didn’t stop his cock from getting hard. What was wrong with him, he wondered.

It took a minute of sucking, but eventually Ami’s milk let down.

Her breasts didn’t fountain like Genny’s, but she let out a steady flow of milk from the breast he was nursing. He didn’t even need to pinch the free nipple to prevent it from spraying. Craig wasn’t sure if he liked that or if it disappointed him.

There wasn’t a lot of milk in her tits, after all it had only been a few hours since she had been last drained, but there was enough for Craig to taste and more than enough to temporarily satiate his need to feast upon her.

But Ami wasn’t sated at all. She was turned on. Yes, her breasts quickly gave up the milk she was able to produce, but Craig hadn’t nursed long enough to get her off. Ami found that she needed to cum. Was this inevitably going to be paired, nursing and cumming?

“Are you done?” she asked him, her voice breathy but with obvious desire.

Craig nodded and got off the couch to kneel on the floor. “You didn’t have much milk.”

“I need you to nurse every few hours from me,” she said. “I need to build up my supply.”

Craig nodded. He didn't ask why she needed to build up her supply, but Amelia

merely wanted it and that was good enough for him. “Okay. I can do that.”

“And right now I need to cum.”

Craig nodded again and he started to unzip his jeans. “I can help you with that.”

She put a foot on his crotch, making him fumble with his belt. “You don’t need to do that,” she said.

“I thought you said—”

“Just watch,” she told him, pushing her yoga pants down off her hips, down her legs to her feet where she could kick them off. Craig blinked and realized she had removed her panties along with her yoga pants. It was becoming almost normal for him to see her naked now. He was glad she was comfortable in her own skin and nothing else.

He watched closely as she spread her legs and exposed her pussy, pink and swollen and still topped with her dark red triangle. Even as he leaned in to press his face to her pussy in order to eat her out, Ami put both of her hands between her legs, covering up her sex, and then started to masturbate.

Craig continued to watch until he couldn’t control himself any longer and unzipped his jeans to pull out his cock.

He started jerking off in time with her motions, not wanting to cum before her, Craig let her take the lead.

Nursing had turned her on and it didn’t take long for Ami to reach a pleasant climax.

Not wanting to seem rude, Craig stopped jerking off when she was done.

“No. Don’t stop. I want to see you cum,” she said.

Craig nodded and focused on his manhood, jerking off as fast as he could. In short order, without even having to whip up some perverted fantasy in his mind, he finished, cumming on her feet and panties on the floor.

“Good boy,” she complimented him. “Good boy.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Lover’s Milk 5

Jessa woke up to the most pleasant sensation in the world: she was being nursed. It took her a minute to realize it wasn’t Jimmy drinking her milk. It was Kirk.

First she panicked and then she relaxed. For a second she had forgotten where she was and what she (and everyone else) had been doing the night before. There weren’t any sounds coming down the hallway from the guest room. It had been painful listening to her husband fuck Hayley (even though she was in bed with her lover). Maybe Jimmy and Hayley were fooling around silently.

Still, it had been a while since she had woken up to someone nursing at her tits. Kirk looked up at her with eager eyes. Maybe what she was feeling wasn’t exactly love—it was much closer to lust—but that didn’t matter. Her tits were full and her pussy was aching for attention.

Kirk could help her out.

He already was.

“Is this okay?” he asked, letting one nipple slip from his mouth so he could switch over to the other side.

Jessa nodded and offered up her breast to him. Kirk latched on right away and she let her hand trail down his body. It was easy to find his cock because it was big and hard and there was already a bead of precum forming on the tip.

Kirk moaned lightly in the back of his throat as he continued to nurse and swallow her milk.

It was easy for Jessa to make the decision to fuck him. Why not? She wasn't hiding anything from Jimmy.

Maybe her husband would be upset that someone else was drinking her milk, but she had plenty. She could share.

She wanted to share.

She wanted to share her milk in front of her husband.

Not just with Kirk, but with Hayley as well.

The thought gave her a shiver. She wasn't bi. She didn't know what was wrong with her. It was fine to have Hayley nurse from her if Jimmy was enjoying watching it, but the thoughts and feelings she was having made her...confused.

There was a way to solve that problem.

“Fuck me,” she said softly, making a little moan as she stroked Kirk’s cock. “I need you to fuck me right now!”

He looked up at her and let her heavy breast fall from his mouth. “Are you sure?”

“Of course!”

“Your husband is—”

“—right down the hall. I know,” she filled in for him. “Why do you think I want you to fuck me?”

“I thought you liked getting off from being nursed.”

“I like all sorts of kinky sex,” she told him, pulling him on top of her. It was easy for her to open her legs to him and get his cock right where she wanted it.

It took Kirk a second to find her entrance. He was more self-assured with her body now. A couple of thrusts was all it took to slide all the way inside her warm, moist pussy. She moaned in satisfaction; softly, with a pleasant stretch of her arms before she clutched him to her body. It was okay if his long cock didn’t stretch her walls out like Jimmy’s did. The mere fact that she was cheating on her husband more than made up for Kirk’s slight inadequacy in the cock

department.

Kirk pushed himself up on his elbows and looked down at her chest. Her tits weren't massive, but they were pleasant rolling hills that gave Jessa her womanly curves that most others would die for. After his wake-up nursing her nipples were leaking milk. There was no easy way to stop it. He was certain that as he fucked her more, both nipples would start erupting like little milk volcanoes. Her entire sexuality was tied up in her tits.

Unable to help himself, he bowed his head and took up a nipple. She moaned sharply at his rough handling of her breast, but once he resumed sucking, she made soft vocalizations, letting him know that she was enjoying both his cock and his sucking.

"I bet Jimmy is fucking his little slut right now," Jessa said, running her hands through Kirk's unruly and curly hair. That was something she couldn't do with Jimmy. His hair was thinning; nothing at all like Kirk's.

"Does that bother you?" Kirk asked, pausing in his sucking so he could switch sides.

She grunted as he latched onto her other breast. "No. Not at all."

Kirk looked up at her, his eyebrows raised. While he knew that Jessa was fine with cheating on her husband, he didn't know her stance on Jimmy fucking other women. Was she just being brave or was she truly at peace with her newly honest (mostly) and open marriage?

“Does it turn you on?” he couldn’t help but ask.

Her pussy tightened on his cock. Was it from the question or was it from him plunging his cock all the way inside her. She gasped a little as he reached places where Jimmy couldn’t go.

“A little,” she admitted.

He made a noncommittal noise as he continued to suck on her nipple. The milk was flooding his mouth now. He had to concentrate on swallowing as much as sucking.

Her milk was flowing freely. Glancing down at her free breast, the milk was welling up and leaking out. There wasn’t anything he could do about it.

Jessa’s hand came up and pinched the nipple, twisting it a little as well. It looked painful. The gesture made his cock get harder so he had to fuck her harder.

He sucked harder as well. Jessa groaned loudly. If the couple down the hall hadn’t heard them fucking already, then they must have by now. Jessa wasn’t a quiet lover.

“Make me cum,” she begged. “Make me cum. Make me cum,” she chanted over and over.

Kirk started slamming his hips into her as forcefully as he could. The noise of flesh smacking flesh filled the room. It was wet smacking; she was lubricating easily. He wanted to make her cum. His mouth dragged her nipple upwards as he sucked as hard as he could, his teeth digging into the sensitive flesh.

The sound she now made wasn't one of pure pleasure, but of pain. Jessa was almost crying.

Almost.

She was almost there.

He sucked harder.

Finally it happened. Her entire body quivered. Her milk forced its way by her pinching fingers. The other breast completely overflowed his mouth. He swallowed as much as he could, but it was too much. Some escaped his lips and coated her breast.

She barely noticed. Her orgasm was everything and nothing else in the world mattered.

"Thank you, thank you," she whispered in his ear.

His cock was like a bar of iron and he wanted to cum. Now that she had, he felt he had permission to finish.

“Thank you, thank you,” she continued to chant. It made him wonder if they had a different sort of relationship if she would be telling him that she loved him.

Her words shifted. “Cum in me. Fill me up. Cum in my pussy.”

Kirk didn’t need much more encouragement. Two more strokes and he was lost in her depths. Her ankles locked her legs around his waist, encouraging him to go deeper and deeper into her sex.

It felt like he was cumming forever, but he knew the orgasm couldn’t have lasted much more than ten or fifteen seconds.

Finally he collapsed on top of her and she rewarded him with a kiss.

“This feels so wrong,” he admitted to her.

“I know,” she agreed and then said as softly as possible so there was no way that her husband could hear the words even though he was on the other side of the house. “That’s why I like cheating on Jimmy. It feels wrong but it feels so good at the same time.”

Kirk didn’t know if he had it in him to cheat on a girlfriend, let alone a wife, but he wasn’t the same person as Jessa. Would a partner want to have an open relationship like one Jessa and Jimmy was forming? Not that they had a great relationship, in his opinion. Jessa was a cheater. Evidence indicated that Jimmy was one as well. Maybe they deserved each other.

He had to change his train of thought.

“I didn’t know you like to be fucked in the ass.”

She smiled innocently up at him. “There’s a lot you don’t know about me.” There was nothing innocent about Jessa.

“I’m not sure I want to find out more,” he said nervously.

“Do you want to fuck me in the ass?” she asked. It wasn’t exactly an offer, but why would she ask such a thing if she wasn’t interested in at least trying?

“I’ve never done anal with anyone,” Kirk said, sidestepping the question.

“Giving or receiving?” she asked teasingly. Her hands cupped her tits in a vain effort to stop the steady leak she seemed to have sprung.

Kirk shook his head at her. “Neither. I don’t see myself as the receiving sort.”

Their bodies were still joined. Jessa let go of one breast to push her hand down to her pussy and his cock. “You’re still hard,” she said. “Don’t you want to put your cock where only one man has gone before?”

It was a tempting offer, but the circumstances were wrong. Kirk just shook his head again and rolled off her body, much to Jessa’s annoyance. “I need to piss,” he said, getting out of the bed and heading down the hallway.

When he returned, Kirk paused in the doorway. He had missed something critical in his short absence.

Jessa had someone else in bed with her. Hayley. It was all Kirk could do to not hide his soft cock behind his hands when they heard him walk in. Even though there was no reason for it, he felt that both women were judging him.

“Where’s Jimmy?” he asked before things could get strange.

Stranger than they already were.

“Still asleep,” Hayley reported. Her small breasts were above the sheets. He stared at them and wondered what they would look like if they were full of milk. His cock tingled but didn’t rise up just yet.

“Jimmy is a sound sleeper,” Jessa reported.

“I was going to use the bathroom, but it was occupied,” Hayley said, tossing aside the sheets and passing him in the doorway. She let her tits brush his arm as she casually cupped his cock as she walked by. “I’ll be back for this.”

Kirk went white and then bright red.

“I hope you can get it up for her,” said Jessa as if she were discussing the weather. “I’d like to watch the two of you fuck again.”

“I think I should get the hell out of here in case your husband has a change of heart and thinks going postal on me is a good idea.”

She scoffed at him. “Jimmy’s not like that. Get back in bed with me.” She patted the mattress. Her tits were on display as well.

There was only so much temptation that Kirk could take.

He knew that getting his clothes on and getting out of the house was the wise decision.

He had been making too many bad decisions lately.

He rejoined her just as he heard the toilet flush.

Hayley all but ran back to the master bedroom and scooted into the bed putting Kirk in the middle of her and Jessa. “Ever double team a guy?” Hayley asked Jessa.

Jessa laughed nervously. “No. Never.”

“Want to try it?” Hayley’s hand was already going to Kirk’s cock.

“Uh...I think I need to pee first.”

“Hurry up,” Hayley told her. “Guys love it when two girls make out in front of them.”

All of her self-assurance dissipated and Jessa took her turn in the bathroom.

“Think she’ll be jealous if she comes back to find me riding you?” Hayley asked.

“Probably not.”

“You’re right,” Hayley agreed. Her hand was manipulating his soft cock. “Are you not into it right now?” She seemed crushed that her touch wasn’t enough to rouse him.

“I just came. Jessa and I fucked.”

“Oh…” A wicked grin came over her face. “I know what will get you hard again.” She lifted her lips to his and gave him a gentle kiss before saying, “I can’t wait to taste her milk again.”

Hayley was right. The kiss did nothing; it was the question that caused his cock to start rising.

“What are you two doing?” Jessa said as she walked back in.

Kirk hadn’t heard the toilet flush. He was too lost in Hayley’s kiss.

“N-n-nothing,” he stammered.

“Waiting for you to get back so we can suck your milk again,” Hayley said boldly.

Jessa gave them a half-smile and put her hands to her tits. “Kirk already had his morning taste. Are you sure that you want to share with her?” Jessa asked him.

“You didn’t tell me that!” Hayley protested, reaching out and giving Kirk a sharp pinch on the shoulder.

“Ow! It didn’t come up in conversation,” he protested. “And you had your tongue down my throat anyway.”

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About the Author

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

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub