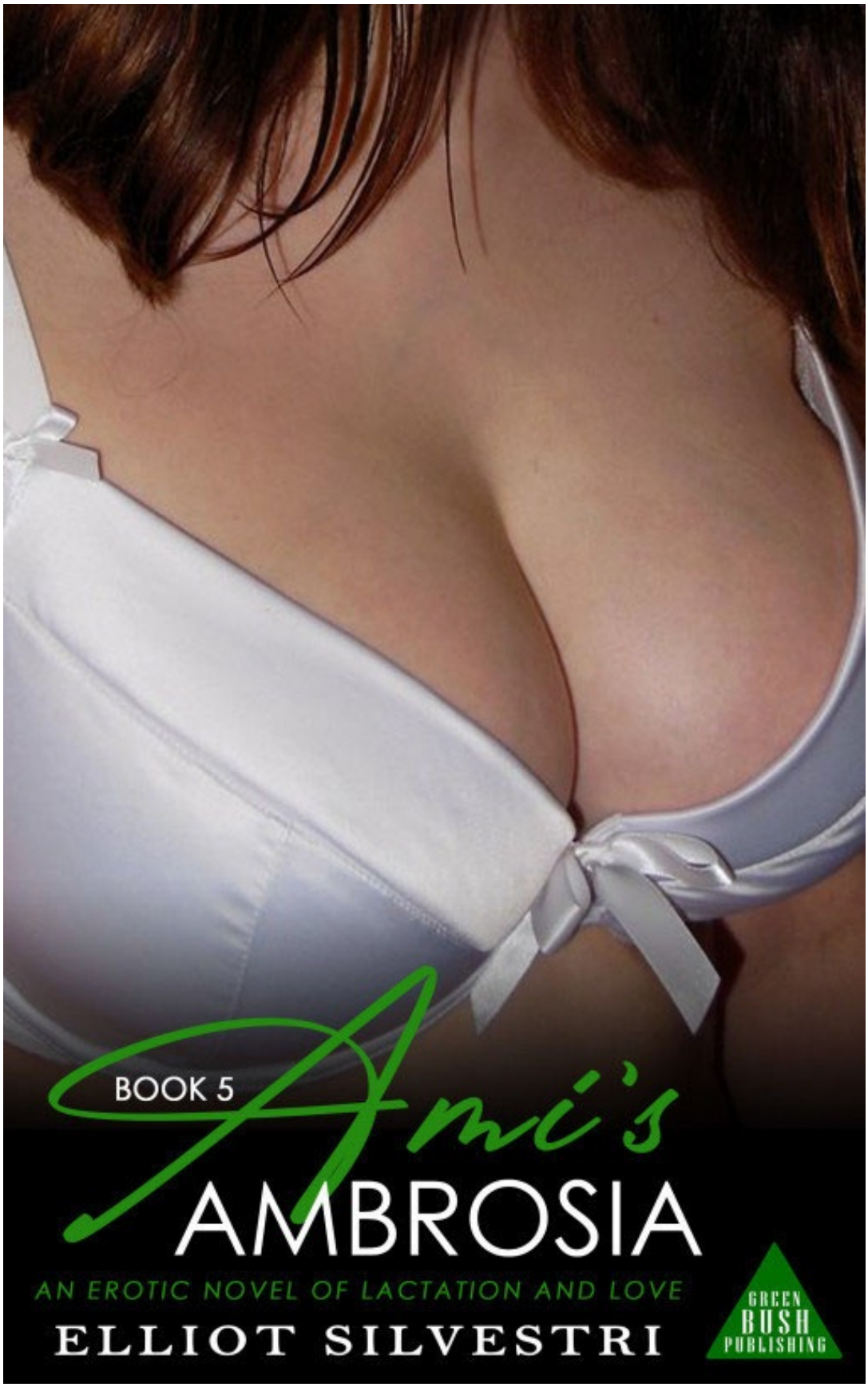
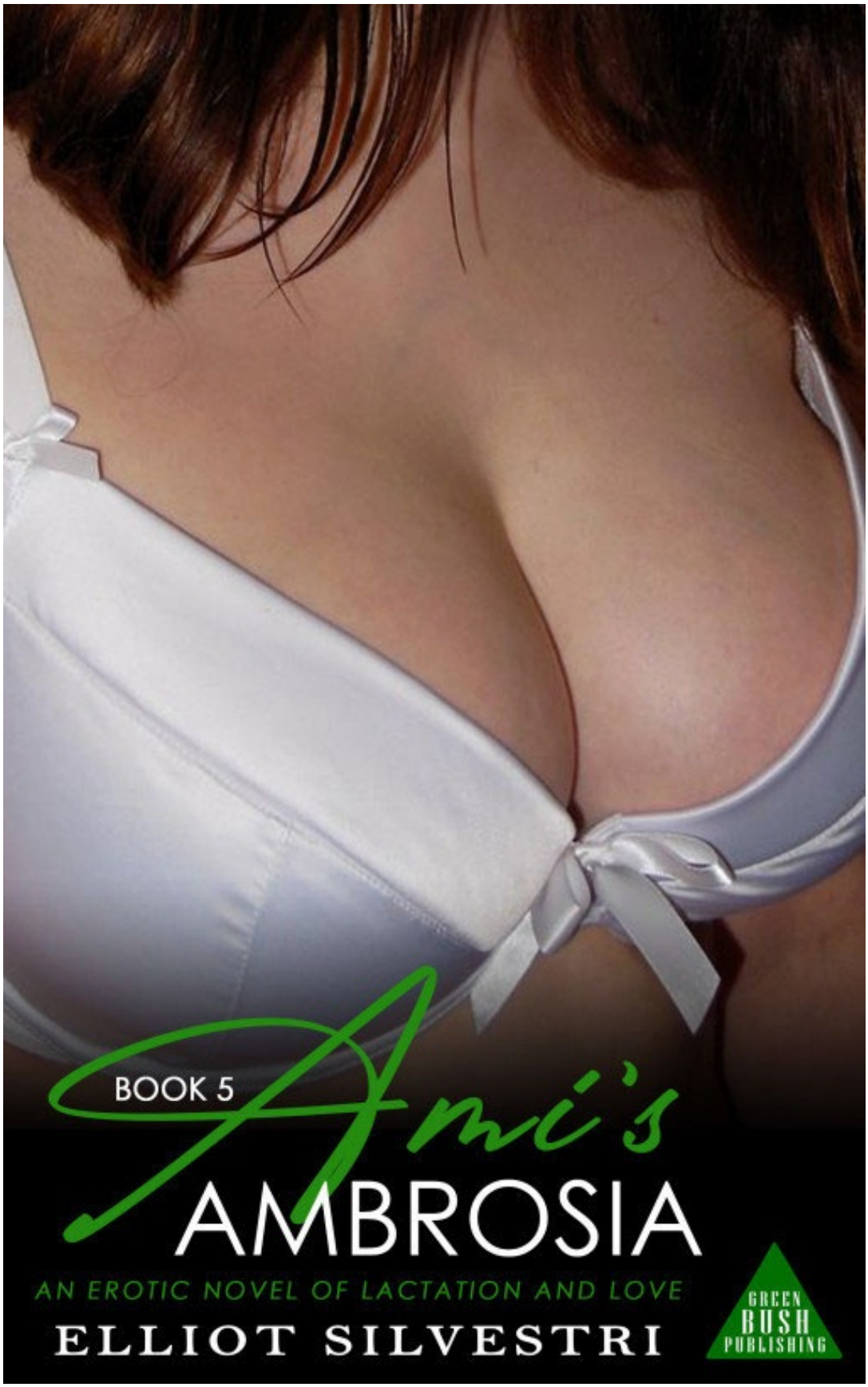

BOOK 5
Ami's
AMBROSIA
AN EROTIC NOVEL OF LACTATION AND LOVE
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Ami's Ambrosia 5

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 5

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Chapter Nineteen

The next week was grueling for Craig. He slowly transported nearly everything he owned from his place two hours away to Ami's apartment. Of course he couldn't bring everything with him; some possessions had to go into storage. But merely moving wasn't what exhausted him.

The exhaustion was a result of being used as a near slave by Ami. It wasn't that she was abusing him, but she was getting full value out of their agreement. He nursed from her tits, helping her expand her milk supply. That was the easy part. He also fucked her on demand, something he thought would have been easy to fulfill, but now that she was lactating, Ami's sex drive seemed to have kicked up ten notches and he found that he could barely keep up with her. Add to that she wanted him to do more than his fair share of chores around the apartment, and he was at his wit's end.

Plus he had to work all day sitting at his computer solving problems for idiots.

The worst part was when Ami came home from the lab. Often her tits would be full of milk and he'd nurse from her. That wasn't bad; it gave him a break from other jobs and responsibilities. No, the hard part was hearing about what sexual hijinks she and Genny had gotten up to during the day.

"I nursed from Genny's tits today in the locker room. We could hear other women moving around on the other side of the lockers, but I couldn't stop sucking."

"Genny made me cum with her hand. She pulled down my panties and scrubs and reached up between my legs to rub my clit."

"Maybe it's because she's older, but Genny's a slut. She was wearing a buttplug in the lab today. Does that get you hot? It got me hot."

"I put my hand down in Genny's panties today. She was soaking wet, not because she was turned on. Or at least that's what she said. It was because Jim fucked her that morning and his cum was dripping out of her."

Craig was reasonably sure half the stories Ami told she was just making up. Reasonably sure. Or maybe she was just exaggerating a little.

And it did get him hot. And hard.

He and Ami had only had sex twice since he had unofficially moved in. But she had made him jerk off for her almost every day. She made him suck her tits. She made him go down on her.

At first it had started out fun but somehow it was both humiliating and exhausting without the benefits he was hoping for.

And yet he moved in and stayed.

He tried to tell himself it wasn't just because of Ami's milk.

But that was a big part of it.

Where else was he going to get a steady supply of fresh human breast milk?

Genny?

Sure, maybe.

But he had to admit it, he was in love with Ami.

But that didn't mean he was unwilling to nurse from Genny, if only Ami would give him the chance.

It was Monday and the start of their first full and normal—as normal as it got for them—week together. It was nice waking up next to Ami, Craig had to admit that.

It was even better when she rolled on top of him. She was wearing just a nightshirt and he was wearing just a pair of boxers. With her straddling his hips, it was just his boxers separating her pussy from his cock. He could feel her heat. She ground her pussy down on him.

And then, frustratingly, she lifted herself up and moved forward on his body. She now rested her pussy on his abdomen and offered her small tits to his face. In one smooth movement she pulled the nightshirt up and over her head, tossing it aside as a nuisance and distraction.

Craig knew what he had to do and he wanted to do it. But it was still a little frustrating because he didn't want to just nurse from Ami. He wanted to fuck

her.

But her tits were already in his face and he knew his job. His lips automatically sought out her nipple and the moment he took it into his mouth he could taste her sweetness.

Or maybe he was just imagining it. There was no liquid coming out. Her tits merely tasted sweet, like honey. Had she leaked overnight and the milk had dried on her nipples and breasts?

There was no way for Craig to know but after a minute her breasts stopped resisting and he felt the warm milk start flowing. It was much sweeter than the taste of her nipples.

Ami moaned appreciatively as they settled down together. It was a nice way to wake up. Craig's cock was erect because he always had morningwood. Ami's pussy wasn't exactly a sopping mess ready to be invaded by him, but she had the desire for sex just as much, if not more than, he did. She liked rubbing her bare pussy on his hard abdominal muscles. It wasn't exactly masturbating, but it was close and nearly as enjoyable.

"Fuck that feels good," she moaned as she rode him. "More. Drain me completely."

Craig moved his mouth back and forth between her nipples. Sucking on one for a minute and then changing to the other side, pinching the free nipple to prevent it from leaking and to give Ami a little thrill as well.

He knew all he had to do was drain her tits and she'd be happy to ride his cock and let him cum inside her. It was perfect even if he did wake up having to piss. But that ache was easy to forget in the moment.

When Ami started rocking her hips, he realized she was closer to orgasm than he thought. That was fine. She'd cum first and then he'd have his chance. He loved it when she came just—or nearly just—from his sucking on her nipples. It was like she was a more advanced form of woman than any other person he had gone to bed with.

It only took another minute and abruptly she pulled away from him, yanking her nipple out of his mouth and shoving his hand off her other breast where he was

pinching the nipple.

Her body trembled several times and she gasped as she climaxed. It wasn't just any orgasm and it wasn't just a nipple orgasm. This morning she had something new for him.

As she came, each wave of pleasure that passed through her body resulted in milk spraying from her tits. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough to wet his chest. He watched in lust and admiration as her body gave every bit of itself to express her sexual satisfaction.

"Oh holy fucking shit and a half," she said when she was able to talk again. "That was fantastic."

"The best you've ever had?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Maybe," she allowed.

His hands were holding her hips, that had helped her remain upright. She had a nice trim ass and he caressed it as she recovered from her climax. When he started pulling down on her hips, she resisted.

"What are you doing?"

"Let me get my boxers off and we can have sex," he replied, wiggling about, trying to remove his one item of clothing.

"No. I'm good," she said, swinging her leg over him and sliding off the mattress.

"What?" Craig had his boxers down to mid-thigh. His cock was hard and pointing upwards. He was ready to go and was sure she was too.

"I came. You nursed. We're both good. I need to shower." She walked out of the bedroom. Craig flopped his head back in frustration.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," he complained to the empty room. "Why is she being such a tease?"

In the bathroom Ami turned on the shower and waited a second before stepping

under the hot water. She wasn't done, but she didn't want to admit that to Craig. As she let the water flow over her body.

Her hand went right to her pussy. She had cum with Craig, but it wasn't enough. She needed more. Bracing herself with one hand on the shower wall and the other in her pussy, her feet against the edges of the tub, she jilled off as furiously and as hard as she dared.

The fan was on. She had the shower head set to the noisiest setting. Still, she felt she had to stifle the noises she made as she came. It only took a moment, but the relief was palpable afterwards. The orgasm allowed her to center herself.

Meanwhile, Craig was frustrated alone in the bedroom. Sensing that she wasn't going to come back and have sex with him, plus they were running out of time because she had to get to work, Craig took matters into his own hands.

Hand.

He jerked off. He made it quick and didn't even bother whipping up a fantasy in his mind. His fantasy was in the bathroom, showering and ignoring him.

If she hadn't been making milk and he hadn't been given the chance to nurse from her, he knew he would have left and not turned back.

Randall was back at it during lunch. The table where Genny and Ami normally shared lunch had been moved and they were at a larger, rectangular table which gave Randall the opening he needed to sit down with them.

"Ladies," he said with his overconfident leer that was supposed to be a smile. "How are you doing today? Looking lovely as ever."

"Randall, go sit somewhere else, please," Geneva said with a roll of her eyes.

"No, wait," said Amelia. "Why are you sitting with us?" She looked directly at Randall, her head tilted slightly to one side, a curious expression on her face.

"Just being friendly. It's good to have a positive relationship with coworkers."

His explanation was lacking and all of them knew it.

Ami was done with his bravado and his bullshit. “That’s too bad, or rather, it’s not good enough for me. I was hoping to have a very...intimate and maybe...physical relationship with you, Randall.”

He looked at her a moment, stunned. She couldn’t see under the table, but she was certain his cock was hard. He was the sort of man who talked a big game but always failed to meet expectations.

Much to her surprise, he recovered very quickly. “Well, I’m free after work. I can do a traditional date of drinks and dinner or we can just go back to my place and well...we’ll let nature take its course.”

Ami shook her head. “No. Not good enough. I’m horny right now. Go to the lunchroom bathroom and I’ll meet you there in a minute.” She gazed levelly at him and said nothing else.

Randall blinked and said nothing for a long, uncomfortable moment. “You’re fucking with me.”

“I’m not,” she insisted. “But to find out, you need to go to the bathroom. Now.”

He looked down at his lunch. He looked up at her. Ami’s expression hadn’t changed. The only thing Randall could think to do was to look over at Genny.

“Don’t look at me, chump. This is her show.”

“Is she serious?” Randall asked.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Ami replied, offended that he hadn’t addressed her directly. “If you want this to happen, you’d better get moving. We’re running out of time.”

“Sex in a bathroom. That’s kind of dirty,” he commented.

“If sex isn’t dirty then you aren’t doing it right,” Ami said. “Move or leave.”

“You don’t think I’ll do it. And if I do, you’re just playing a practical joke on me,” he said as he stood up but left his lunch tray on the table. “I’ll see you on

the other side of the door."

After he was out of earshot, Genny said quietly, "You are just fucking with him, aren't you?"

Ami's smile was sly. "Maybe."

Genny's eyes narrowed at her friend. "What is wrong with you? Your boyfriend just moved in with you. You said he proposed to you. Why are you messing around with Randall?"

"Because I like hitting the self-destruct button," Ami said as she got up from the table and followed Randall into the bathroom.

Genny just stared. No one in the lunchroom seemed to notice. Genny didn't know what to think. Maybe she should have blamed herself, but she wasn't going down that route.

Inside the bathroom Ami locked the door behind her and stared at Randall.

"I thought you were fucking kidding," he said but didn't approach her. The bathroom wasn't huge, but it wasn't a tiny closet either.

"Why would I kid about sex?" she asked seriously and then pulled up her scrub top to reveal her camisole.

"Holy shit," Randall breathed as he approached her. "This is going to be fucking epic." He went in for a kiss but she turned her head.

"No," she said flatly.

"What the fuck! Are you just a tease?" Randall kept his voice down. He knew the danger, but he wanted to fuck her anyway, and yet at the same time he wasn't willing to throw away his job either.

"No. I have needs. I need to see if you measure up."

Randall grabbed his crotch. It was obvious he had an erection. "I'm sure I'll more than measure up to anything you've ever had before."

Ami smirked and then pulled up her camisole, baring her breasts, but lifting the camisole in such a way that she concealed the breast pads stuffed inside the supportive shelf.

“Whoa, nice tits,” he complimented her. “Small, but nice.” Randall reached out to cup her breasts, but once again she blocked him.

“Are you just going to show me your tits or what?” Randall was confused and frustrated.

“No. I need you to suck on them.”

Randall shrugged. “Sure. I can do that.” Once more he moved forward.

“No kissing,” she warned him. “Just suck on my tits.”

“I thought we were going to fuck.”

“This is your test. Pass and maybe we’ll fuck.”

Since Randall was significantly taller than Ami, it was easiest for him to go down on his knees and press her up against the cold tile wall. His mouth sought out her nipple and he sucked it between his lips.

As much as she didn’t want to, Ami was unable to prevent herself from moaning a little as he nursed from her.

“Very good,” she whispered to him, “Suck on my nipples. Suck on them hard.”

Randall nodded with her small breast in his mouth and continued to suck on her. It felt good. She didn’t want to admit that to him but Randall knew what he was doing. He sucked just right, the stubble on his chin gently scratching her soft skin, as he rolled the nipple on his tongue and between his teeth.

“Oh...fuck,” she moaned.

“You like that baby?” he asked, pulling back a bit and grabbing her breast. That wasn’t part of the deal, but Ami just grabbed his head and pulled it back to her nipple, forcing him to suck.

She didn’t need to force him at all; Randall was happy to comply.

After just a minute of sucking, what Ami had been expecting occurred. Her milk started to let down and she could feel him drawing her essence out of her breast.

“What the fuck!” Randall spluttered.

“Why’d you stop?” she complained.

Randall pulled back and looked at the nipple he had been sucking on. The natural paleness was slick with his saliva, but as he watched, a bead of milk formed on the tip and slowly slid down the sharp slope of her breast.

He was stunned, to say the least. The sweetness on his tongue wouldn’t go away, no matter how much he swallowed.

“Well?” Amelia prompted him. “Are you just going to stand there like do you don’t know how to please a woman or are you going to get back to work?” she asked him sharply.

“Is that fucking milk coming out of your tits?” he gasped. He was still on his knees and it hadn’t yet occurred to him to get on his feet and back away.

“No, it’s not fucking milk. It’s just regular breast milk,” she replied coolly.

“Why the fuck is it coming out of you?”

Amelia smiled. She would have backed up if her back wasn’t already against the wall. Instead, she pushed him back gently on his shoulders. Randall sagged under her authority.

“Because that’s how breasts work, honey,” she said mildly. “You suck on them long enough, they start making milk.”

“But I...we barely started.”

It was all Amelia could do to not laugh at him. “Randall, don’t be so fucking stupid. You just drew out the milk I’ve made today. It was my boyfriend who got me lactating.” That was hardly the truth, but she wasn’t going into her private life with Randall. “Do you want to do this or not?”

“You have a boyfriend?” Randall asked. He knew it was an inane question to ask, but it was all he could think to say in the moment.

“Yes. He loves my tits and my milk.” She sighed and stepped aside. “We’re done here, aren’t we?” she asked as she pulled her camisole back into place.

“You didn’t say you had a boyfriend before we came in here,” Randall said. He was resting back on his heels now. He looked completely defeated.

“You didn’t ask,” she said, looking in the mirror and adjusting her scrub top so everything looked normal. “I was hoping for a little thrill during lunch, but obviously you’re not up to the task.”

Randall’s brain still wasn’t working correctly. “Are you pregnant?”

“Of course not.”

“But you have breast milk.”

Amelia sighed and turned around, going to the exit. “Obviously you’re not mature enough to deal with a real woman and her very real body and her kinks. Don’t fucking come around me again, Randall. You’re useless when it comes to sex.”

She opened the door, not bothering to check if someone was watching, and simply walked out.

Randall didn’t know what to think about the intense erection she left him with.

The lunch room was mostly empty when Ami walked out of the bathroom. Genny was waiting for her.

“How did it go?” Genny asked as the redhead picked up the remains of her lunch. Genny joined her as they left the room.

“He sucked on my tits a bit, got some milk, freaked out, and I left him there.”

“That’s...unexpected.”

“If he leaves us alone for the rest of my life, a little nipple sucking and the loss

of a few drops of milk is more than worth it.”

They were walking back to the respective lab locations. No one was in the hallway to overhear them, not that Ami cared.

“You’re a different woman than the one I met a few months ago,” said Genny. “Don’t get me wrong, I like the change. You’re just different.”

“Thanks. But right now I can feel my boobs throbbing. He got me going and I really need some relief.”

“Want to duck into the women’s room at the end of the hall?” Genny offered.

Ami smiled. “We’ll need to make it quick.”

Chapter Twenty

“How was your day?” Craig asked when she got home.

A smile played across Ami’s lips. He was relieved that she was in a good mood.

“Do you really want to know?”

“Uh...only if it’s good news.”

“What if it’s sexy news?”

Ami had now become an expert in giving him awkward boners. In an instant, that’s what he had. “I’m almost afraid to ask.”

“Are you secure in the knowledge that your girlfriend is a slut?”

“Not really, but I’m coming to terms with it.”

Without giving him any more warning, she launched into her tale. “I let Randall, this guy at work, suck on my tits today.”

Craig blinked. “Jesus fucking Christ and his slutty mother. What the fuck?”

“Are you shocked?” she asked him coolly as she sank into the couch. Craig had set up his workstation in the living room corner. He was forced to turn around in his chair to look at her. She knew every piece of equipment on his desk was necessary, but to her it looked like he was some sort of security guard watching all the screens to keep out burglars. Even now, looking at all the displays she couldn’t shake that thought, even though she could see boring spreadsheets and data monitors.

“Yes,” he said flatly. He glanced down at his crotch and saw the bulge of his hard cock underneath his pants.

There was no way for Ami to miss that bulge.

“Don’t worry. All he did was suck on my tits for a minute, once he got a taste of my milk, he freaked out and that was the end of that,” she said, a disappointed tone in her voice.

“Ah...okay. How does...how do you get into a situation at work where a

coworker is sucking on your tits? Doesn't everyone know you're lactating? Does everyone know your kink?"

"Only Genny and Randall, now, know. Plus whoever he's told, which is probably nobody. And I invited him into the bathroom to have sex to shut him up."

Craig blinked at her. "What if he hadn't been freaked out? What if you had sex with him?"

"Well, I would hope it would have been good sex and maybe we could have parlayed it into a friends with benefits situation. Don't worry. Nothing happened."

"He sucked your tits! He tasted your milk!"

"Jealous?"

"No! Yes. A little." Craig forced himself to calm down and focus on what she was saying. Was she just teasing him or was something else going on?

"Let's just say you're a little bit jealous. Do you want to fuck me?"

Craig sighed. "Yes. Always."

"I know. I can see your hard cock."

He moved his hand over his crotch, unnecessarily hiding his manhood from her.

"Do you want to nurse from me?" Ami leaned forward on the couch, cupping her breasts over her shirt.

"Yes. Always." He paused and cleared his throat. "So you didn't really do much of anything with this other guy...Randy?"

"Randall."

"Right. Him."

"No. Turned out he was a wimp. I had to go to the women's room with Genny so she could nurse from me a little, take the edge off."

“Genny nursed from you at work?”

“Yes. It felt good. She knows how I like it. And she put her hand down my pants and made me cum that way too.”

Craig’s eyes all but bulged. His cock was throbbing in his pants. His girlfriend might have turned into a slut, but apparently his libido was fine with that.

“Randall sucked your tits,” he summarized. “So did Genny. And she made you cum.”

“With her fingers on my clit,” Ami mentioned, adding the details.

“And now you want to have sex with me?”

“I want you to nurse me and then maybe we’ll see where that goes.”

“I can’t believe this…”

“Believe it baby,” said Ami, shedding her scrub top and camisole. “This is who I am. If you can’t deal with it, we’re going to need to move on.”

Craig said nothing. He stared at her bare breasts. She ran her hands over them. They were still small, but they had grown. They had definitely grown. He wanted them more than anything. It was easy to get up from his chair and cross the room, going down on his knees in front of her.

She watched him, pinching her nipples as he moved. It was a tease, but she wanted his mouth as much as he wanted to nurse.

He batted aside her hand and latched on. He barely needed to suck. Her sweetness flooded his mouth and they moaned together. Her pink nipple perfectly fit his mouth and there was no way for him to stop his desires.

With half-lidded eyes she watched his mouth and lips work on her while pinching her free nipple. Craig’s hands didn’t remain still. He opened up his pants and got out his cock to stroke it as he nursed.

This was an interesting development from Ami’s perspective. While she didn’t want to deny Craig pleasure, she didn’t want him wasting his erection and his

cum all over the floor. As much as she teased and dominated him, she still loved to feel his cock in her pussy. Tits and nipple orgasms were great, but she was still a woman at her heart and needed to be properly fucked more than she liked to let on.

“Are you getting enough, baby?” she whispered to him. “Genny took a lot out of me.” She gently nudged his mouth from the right nipple to the left. “She’s almost as thirsty as you. She loves my milk. Then again. I love hers. Strange isn’t it. Never thought I was bi, but then this happens and...oh...oh don’t stop doing that.”

He was sucking hard. Her milk was streaming into his mouth now. He had to swallow with every suck or otherwise he’d choke. His hand was so busy on his cock that she knew it was going to all go horribly wrong.

“Stop! Stop!” she ordered.

Abruptly he pulled back, shock on his face. And disappointment. She hadn’t realized how much he was under her spell, under the influence of her milk.

“What?” he asked, confused.

“I don’t want you to cum. I want you to fuck me.”

“I thought that you wanted me to nurse from you.”

“I do. Nurse first then fuck. Drain my tits. Make me cum that way. I don’t want you masturbating. I don’t want your orgasm wasted on your hand.”

“Okay,” he readily agreed and went right back to her breast. He put one hand behind her back, holding her in place while the other pinched her nipple, keeping her precious milk inside where it belonged, waiting for him to suck it out.

She could still see his cock. It twitched and throbbed as he nursed from her. It made her feel powerful.

Even better, him nursing made her feel sexy and more than a little turned on. So what if two other people had taken pleasure—to different degrees—with her body today. It was Craig whom she really wanted.

But she couldn’t fully let him know that.

The first orgasm rolled through her body. She was delighted how easily she climaxed now that her body was used to the stimulation to her tits. She craved and demanded it.

She was a lucky woman that she had a boyfriend and girlfriend and a girlfriend’s boyfriend who were willing to service her the say she needed.

“You came,” he said, pulling back.

She nodded and flopped back on the couch, pulling down her scrub bottoms and panties in the same movement. He watched as Ami spread her legs, exposing her wet and waiting pussy for him. “It’s easy for me to cum. Why deny pleasure to myself, right?” She ran her hand over her swollen pussy, dipping two fingers inside herself, getting them wet, displaying the wetness to Craig, and then offering her fingers to him.

He put them in his mouth as happily as he had sucked on her nipples.

“I want to eat your pussy,” he said.

She shook her head. “No. Just fuck me. I need your cock right now. Your mouth is for my tits, not my pussy.”

He wasn’t going to argue with her. He sank his cock into her pussy and they fucked on the couch. It was all completely normal and passionate, like any other couple in the world.

It was later, when they were in bed together, after the sex, after eating dinner, after recovering from the day, that Ami broached the subject. She knew she was getting better at confronting issues that were sure to disrupt her sense of tranquility in her relationship.

Craig was nursing from her. She needed that now, before they went to sleep. It wasn’t for sex, it was just to empty her breasts so that she wasn’t uncomfortable overnight and so that her tits could continue to produce more and more milk. It was nice laying next to Craig, watching his face as he nursed from her.

It was relaxing for the both of them. She liked looking at him, seeing his mouth

and jaws work as he sucked and swallowed. He loved it as much as she did. Yes, there was a sexual component even when they weren't going to have sex, but he had more than come to love the taste of her milk. He even just liked the routine. It was a nice way to settle down before going to sleep.

Ami stroked the side of Craig's face, a loving gesture. She enjoyed how soft and thick his hair was. She liked the feel of the stubble on the side of his face at the end of the day. As much as she liked the smoothness of his face in the morning, the rough texture in the evening was a visceral thrill she couldn't put into words.

She noticed what was missing and didn't immediately make an issue of it. The wisest course of action was to wait. She knew she could control Craig; that didn't mean she had to turn that control into abuse.

Finally, when her breasts were empty and Craig's stomach was full and her nipples were still tingling from his attention and his cock was stiff but it wasn't going to be used because that's what she wanted, Ami finally asked the question.

"Why don't I have a ring?"

It was dark in the bedroom, but not completely so. Light was leaking in from the drawn blind over the window. Craig could just barely see her waving her hand a few inches in front of his face.

"Because you took it off before going to bed?" he asked sleepily. Ami wasn't one to wear a lot of jewelry so he didn't question it.

"No. That's not it," she said sharply. Her tone was enough to fully wake him. He was on high alert and didn't know why.

"Did you lose it here somewhere in the bed?" He started pawing around, looking for a lost circle of metal.

It was all Ami could do not to slap him. He was so clueless sometimes. She wondered if all men were like him. She hadn't been in that many serious relationships but this was not an auspicious re-start to this one.

Ami flicked on the light and waggled her left ring finger at him. "I'm missing a ring on this finger. What are you going to do about it?"

It took Craig a few moments. He didn’t know what to say.

“Oh shit. You’re serious.”

“You’re the one who asked me,” she reminded him.

“Do you want to get married?” he asked her. It was perhaps the worst possible proposal to a woman, short of him simply asking in passing Would you like to get hitched, baby?

“I don’t know. I’d like to consider it. But I can’t do that unless I have a ring on my finger.”

Craig thought about making a variety of flip remarks, but knew that was the wrong course of action. “I can get you a ring. I’d be proud if you wore it.”

She smiled and kissed him. “That’s what I needed to hear. Now I’m sure I’ll have a ring on this finger in short order.”

It had been his impetuous marriage proposal in Jim’s shower that that brought him to this situation.

That and Ami’s tits and milk.

He was certain this was a terrible idea.

But he didn’t do anything to stop it.

Chapter Twenty One

Buying an engagement ring wasn't like running out and buying a loaf of bread. It was supposed to be a symbol of personal connection and status between two people. Or something. Craig was uncomfortable with the whole idea. He could literally drop thousands of dollars on something and have her say no in the end and then where would he be?

Hocking a rejected engagement ring on eBay for a tenth of its value?

Instead, he went directly to eBay looking for engagement rings being hocked for a tenth of their initial sale price. It wasn't even their value. The metal had a certain intrinsic value, but the stone, the rock, the bit of chipped shiny mineral wasn't worth a fraction of what people paid for it.

Craig, however, did pay for the express shipping.

Things were uncomfortable around the apartment for a few days. Ami asked a couple of times where her ring was and Craig simply replied that he was working on it and it was on the way.

The day it arrived in the mail, Craig didn't just yank it out of the box and anxiously waited at the door for Ami to get home so he could shove it on her finger.

He had other plans.

When Ami arrived home, he had started dinner, but it was nothing fancy. She waited for him to finish, watching him cook as they talked. Work and the news were quickly exhausted as topics and Ami was pointedly admiring her left hand that was bare of all ornamentation.

"I'm still waiting for a ring," she said mostly to herself as they sat down at the table to start eating.

"You hardly wear any jewelry," Craig pointed out, taking a forkful of spaghetti.

"Maybe if I had some nice jewelry I'd wear it more."

"What if you were forced to wear it?"

“Forced to wear it? Like an engagement ring that everyone can see and will keep creepy guys like Randall at arm’s length?”

“No, I was thinking more like the sort of jewelry that you can’t take off.”

Ami scoffed at him. “You mean like a slave bracelet that can totally be removed but I couldn’t wear it anyway because I need to wear latex gloves for my job?” She sipped at her wine.

“No, I was thinking more like a belly button ring or nipple rings,” he replied.

Reflexively Ami’s hands went to her small breasts to protect them. “I’m not getting my nipples pierced. One, pain. Two, also pain. Three, I’m lactating and I can’t stop that. Four, this is just a distraction; I’m not stupid.”

“Pierced nipples are hot,” Craig commented, waggling his eyebrows before biting into his bread.

“Lactating nipples are hotter,” she countered.

“Okay, you’ve got me there.”

“I’m not piercing my nipples,” she said firmly. “It’s not going to happen and I’m frankly surprised that you would even ask such a thing.”

“What if I get you a set of really fancy nipple rings?

“No.”

“Gold ones.”

“No.”

“Ones with diamonds in them.”

“No. Wait! What?”

As if out of nowhere he produced the ring. Craig had practiced some simple magic tricks when he was in high school as a way of impressing girls, but had stopped when it had impressed absolutely no one except other guys who were interested in magic tricks.

This one time, however, it did impress a girl. One girl. Ami.

“Where the fuck...? How did you…? Oh, wow…”

“Do you like it?” he asked.

“Yeah…” she said, her voice a little dazed. “When did you get it?”

“Today. Came in the mail. I even have papers for it proving it’s a hundred times more valuable than what I paid for it.”

Ami tried on the ring. It was a perfect fit. How he managed that she had no idea. Admiring it for a minute on her finger, she realized that after the initial shock, she wasn’t impressed. The minor illusion he used to make it appear out of thin air was just as impressive as the hunk of rock and refined metal.

What Craig had earlier analyzed was accurate. Ami wasn’t the type of woman to wear a lot of jewelry. She didn’t have any fancy rings. She had some earrings worn occasionally and a bunch worn daily just to keep the holes open. There were a few necklaces she changed out on a regular basis, but not wearing one was fine with her.

She would happily wear the ring. She’d show it off. Maybe it would ward off Randall and his creepy peers.

Looking at it on her finger, she realized that it was just a simple symbol, but a symbol lots of people had. If she had to choose between Craig and the ring, she’d choose Craig.

It was easy to admit now that she was in love with him.

“Hurry up and eat,” she told him. “My tits are aching and I need you to nurse me.”

They finished dinner. They went to the bedroom where she took off her top allowing him to nurse. Just the sight of Craig was stimulating her breasts to let down their milk. She loved that feeling; it was a physical reaction to her emotional connection to him.

Feeding him was both an emotional and physical bond. If she could do this

forever with Craig, she knew she'd be happy.

But at the same time she knew that she needed still more.

"How fucked up is our relationship?" she asked him when he was done. She hadn't cum and his clothes were still on. They'd have sex in a bit; she could feel his hard cock against her leg.

"Pretty fucked up. Do you want to get married?"

"Do I have to answer that now?"

"You're wearing my ring."

"I want to think about it for a while."

"Take as much time as you need."

"What if I took years to make a decision?"

"I'm fine with that. As long as you keep making milk for me."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"What if I want to share my milk with other people?"

"Do I get to watch?"

It was easy to go over to Genny's place now. Jim was already there. After the usual cheek kisses and greetings, the women got right to business.

Craig didn't blame Ami for not beating around the bush. He hadn't nursed from her breasts since the morning and it was approaching dinner time now. Her tits had to be aching, if not screaming, for relief.

"I want your honest opinion," said Ami as she unbuttoned her blouse and opened

it up. Instead of her usual camisole, Ami was wearing a bra. It wasn't a pushup bra but she was starting to bulge out of it. The material was so thin that her pink nipples were clearly visible. It was an older bra and it showed. She was putting her finger on the metaphorical scale. "Do my boobs look bigger to you?" she asked Genny and then turned her body slightly toward Jim, giving him a better view by slipping off her blouse.

Genny examined her with a critical eye. "I don't know. Maybe." She turned Ami slightly. "That's not the best fitting bra. Take it off."

"Gladly. I need bigger ones now."

"Well, shouldn't that tell you everything," Genny said as Ami reached behind her back, expertly unhooked the clasp, and tossed aside the too-small bra. "Oh! Okay. Wow. Yes. Yes you have bigger boobs than I remember."

"It's only been a week since you've nursed from me," Ami pointed out as Genny reached out and grabbed her friend's tits.

The men looked at each other and grinned. Genny's impromptu breast exam was more akin to an eighth grade boy feeling up his girlfriend in the most uncomfortable way possible, but it was still hot to both male members of the small group.

Ami grunted softly as Genny squeezed. "They're definitely bigger, but it's hard to say how much bigger." She paused and pulled her hand back. "And you're autolactating now too."

Drips of milk were sliding down Ami's chest.

"Yeah...when I'm full. Watch this." She pressed at the tops of her boobs and they sent out several streams of white milk, wetting Genny's hands and shirt along with the carpet. She inadvertently sprayed Genny with her milk as well.

That was just a hazard of the job. Genny laughed and backed away.

"I still have more than you," she said. "I'll always have more than you."

"Don't be so sure."

Genny cupped and lifted her tits. “Have you seen these babies?” she asked, laughing.

“They look bigger to me,” Jim suddenly piped up.

“I agree,” Craig chimed in. “We need your expert opinion, Genny.”

“They’re so small that even a bit of a change becomes obvious,” Genny declared.

Ignoring the insult, Ami said, “So you think they are bigger!”

“Well...yes. They’re swollen with milk.” Genny couldn’t help herself. Seeing her friend literally dripping milk, letting it go to waste, she leaned in and sucked on Ami’s left nipple.

The redhead moaned a little at the unexpected contact, but then cuddled her friend’s head to her breast. “Oh, I need more of this. Jim?”

Jim was mildly surprised. While he had sucked and fucked Ami before, it had been under different circumstances. Doing it while Craig was right there watching was a bit uncomfortable.

Of course, at the same time he had an erection in his pants so he wanted to.

“Go ahead,” Craig encouraged him. “She’s testing me.”

“Testing you?” Jim looked anxiously back and forth between Craig and Genny, who looked perfectly happy to be nursing on her friend. Maybe Ami had a larger supply of milk now, but it wasn’t infinite.

“She wants to make sure I’m not going to be jealous about her sharing milk with other people.”

Jim raised his eyebrows. “Are you jealous?”

“Yes.”

“You’re not showing it.”

“I’m being mature. I know the type of woman she is.”

“Uh...do you mind if I…” He gestured to Ami and Genny.

“Go ahead. It’s why we’re here.”

Jim didn’t say another word. He joined his partner in front of Ami and started sucking on the redhead’s pink nipple. It easily gave up its milk and Ami curled her hand around Jim’s head as well.

She managed to open her eyes enough to look at Craig. “Jealous?” she asked.

“Yes. Very much.”

“Prove it.”

She couldn’t watch. She could barely stay on her feet. Ami wasn’t clutching her friends to her breasts because she loved them suckling from her—she did, but that was beside the point—but because she needed their support to stay on her feet.

Somehow she managed to force her eyes open to look at Craig. What she saw pleased her.

He had opened up his pants and gotten out his cock. He was very hard and his manhood was pointing at the ceiling as he slowly stroked himself while watching her and her lovers.

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

“Yes, but you need to cum first.”

Finding a strength she didn’t know she had, Ami pushed Genny and Jim away. “The bedroom?” she asked but didn’t wait for an answer. When she left the living room, they followed. So did Craig. It was expected.

By the time he got to the bedroom, he found Ami already laying down on the bed, Genny and Jim on either side of her. She had shed her pants and shoes, leaving her in just a small pair of panties. He could see the darkness of her pubic hair through the thin material.

Ami didn’t give Craig a second to recover. She found Jim’s hand and shoved it down into her panties. A second later Craig heard the familiar wet and slick sound of a pussy being finger banged.

He didn’t know what Ami wanted, but he knew what he wanted. He joined them on the bed, kneeling between Ami’s legs and pulling off her panties. She didn’t resist. There was no reason to resist. She wanted this. She needed to control Craig.

Craig pushed aside Jim’s hand, forcing his fingers out of Ami’s pussy. He replaced Jim’s fingers with his mouth, licking and sucking his girlfriend’s—fiancé’s?—clit.

It was almost too much sensation for Ami to handle. Almost, but not too much. It took her only a few minutes to get all the way to an intense and powerful orgasm that left her gasping for breath.

Genny remained curled up next to her friend while Jim stood up from the bed and politely moved away, possibly because Craig stayed between Ami’s legs, gently kissing her pussy from time to time as she recovered.

With a frown, Genny disconnected her mouth from Ami’s breast. “You might have sweet milk, but I have a lot more of it.” She rolled back a bit and palmed her breasts, which was a bit odd because she was still fully clothed. “And I’m completely full.”

“Do you mind, Craig?” Ami asked, rubbing her friend’s breasts.

“No. Of course not. Go right ahead,” he said politely.

In the background, Jim chuckled.

The two women focused on removing Genny’s top so that Ami could nurse from her. Right before she latched on to Genny’s fat nipple, Ami gave her fiancé a last look.

“Jerk off for me, honey.”

Craig nodded and resumed doing just that. Genny grinned in amusement.

Jim couldn’t hold his tongue. “Damn. She’s got you wrapped around her finger, doesn’t she.”

“Uh-huh,” Craig replied absently. He was focusing on the women and jerking off. He didn’t have time for conversation with Jim.

What he was watching wasn’t anything new, but it still did everything for him that he needed. Ami was eagerly nursing from her friend. Genny’s free breast was autolactating, spraying milk on the bed sheets. His view of the milk fountain was blocked when Jim walked around and attached himself to Genny’s breast. That didn’t matter. Craig just focused on his fiancée’s eager lips and then the moment arrived and he was cumming.

It seemed rude, but he didn’t have anywhere else to shoot his load. It went onto the bed...and Ami’s bare legs. Genny was wearing yoga pants and some wound up there as well. She didn’t object.

Craig was embarrassed at having jerked off in front of the small group and retreated to the bathroom to piss and clean his cock.

When he came back the trio hadn’t moved. He was still jealous, but his sexual urges were mostly under control. Jim’s hand was down Genny’s pants and he was obviously fingering her. She was panting, ready to cum. Craig just watched. It was all he could do.

He wanted Genny’s milk, but it wasn’t being offered.

He wanted Ami’s milk, but she was occupied.

He knew she was treating him like shit, and he didn’t object.

It seemed to take forever, but eventually Jim made Genny cum. Craig watched. It was all he could do. He wanted to start jerking off again, but his cock wouldn’t cooperate. He stayed soft.

Somehow he was certain that Ami wanted him that way.

Once Genny’s orgasm had passed, Ami suddenly took note of him again. “You’ve been a very good boy,” she said, teasing. “Maybe I will marry you.”

If Jim had been drinking from a glass, he would have done a spit take. As it was, he only made a gagging sound that wasn't exactly disgust but it was hardly approval.

His unexpected reaction was mostly covered up by Genny's barely concealed squeal of glee.

"I thought that looked like an engagement ring! Are you two really getting married?"

Ami held out her left hand to once again admire the ring. "I'm considering it."

"Considering it?"

"I have decided yet," said Ami. "We need to work out a few things first."

"Don't do it," Jim advised. "You don't want to wind up like me."

Everyone stared at him.

"What exactly are you saying, Jim?" Genny asked in a voice that contained no humor.

He looked at his girlfriend with some shame. "I didn't mean for it to sound that way. You knew I was married before I met you."

"Mmm-hmm," was Genny's even response.

"You're divorced?" asked Ami. "I'm not sure how I feel about that."

"You'll fuck a married guy but not one that's divorced?" Craig asked Ami in a tone much sharper than he intended.

The conversation was quickly going off the rails.

"Okay, hold on!" said Jim, raising his voice to keep some control over the situation. "Yes, I was once married. It was the biggest mistake of my life. I'm still paying for it now. Getting married wasn't a mistake; it was who I married that was the problem."

Ami and Craig exchanged uncomfortable glances. This was an unexpected turn

of events. No one here was completely free of a history of questionable decisions.

“I mean, that’s your private history,” said Craig.

“I never should have said don’t make the mistake I made,” Jim apologized. “Getting married isn’t a mistake.” He looked back and forth between Ami and Craig. “Maybe you two should get married. You’ll go into it realizing that no one is perfect and mistakes will be made. I didn’t do that at all.”

“Storytime?” asked Ami.

“Good fucking god,” Genny cursed. “I’ve heard this before. I don’t want to hear it again.” She levered herself off the bed and headed to the bathroom.

“Okay, spill it,” said Craig, intrigued.

“Never get married out of college,” Jim opened.

“Got it. Done,” Craig noted.

“Ha. It gets worse. I fell in love with a girl in college.”

“That was your first mistake right there,” Craig joked.

Ami poked him sharply in the ribs. “Shut up and let him talk.”

It was weird sitting on the bed together talking about Jim’s defunct marriage, but they rolled with it.

“I knew her family was religious, but she wasn’t. She pretended really well for them. Or maybe she pretended really well for me. They wanted us to get married right away and I went along with it. Stupid.”

“Uh-oh.”

“Yeah. Anyway, we’re young and stupid. We go in with the assumption of a completely one hundred percent monogamous marriage. Ordinary American marriage. She threatened me, jokingly, that she’d cut off my balls if I ever cheated on her. I had no intention of cheating on her.”

“Did you cheat on her?” Craig asked.

“No, of course he didn’t,” Ami said quickly. “She cheated on him.”

Craig blinked at his fiancée. “How could you...how could you possibly know that?” He looked at Jim. “Is she right?” He realized that he was asking if Jim had cheated on his wife and that was more than uncomfortable.

Jim shrugged. “She’s right. Evelyn was cheating on me.”

“Fuck…”

“Was it with your best friend or the guy at work she told you not to worry about because he’s gay?” asked Ami.

“Please tell me none of that is true,” Craig all but begged.

“It wasn’t my best friend or the guy at work,” he said.

“That’s a relief,” Craig sighed.

“It was the nice couple next door. I walked into our place and the three of them were fucking right in our bed.”

“Uhh…” was Craig’s response.

“Holy shit,” said Ami.

“But...but...look at you right now!” Craig almost erupted. “What am I missing!”

“Let him finish,” said Genny, walking back in. “But be aware that you’re only getting his side of the story.”

“Right. Well. I wasn’t all that upset she was having sex outside our marriage. I was shocked. I wasn’t happy that she had lied to me. But I was...accepting. Okay. So she cheated. She could apologize. We could talk it out. We could have opened up our marriage—”

“Hot,” was Ami’s comment.

Craig chuckled.

“There were lots of solutions. I wasn’t eager to get divorced. I was sort of jealous because she was having sex with the hot neighbor down the street. I wasn’t sure if Evelyn was bi or not or if she was just doing it to fuck the guy of the couple.

“It was really the last time we had a serious conversation because she accused me of driving her to have sex with Cindi and Jon because I spent too much time at work and there was an attractive woman in my office.”

“Projecting much?” asked Ami.

“Very much so.”

“What happened in the end?” Craig wanted to know.

Jim shrugged his shoulders, rolling them more than necessary, trying to let the frustration slide off him. “She moved out. Moved in with them for a while. We got a divorce. I don’t know what happened in their house, but...fuck! I spent way too much time imagining it.” He shook his head. “She told a bunch of lies about me to her family, that I wasn’t a good husband and all that shit. She even implied that I hit her.”

“Did you?” Craig blurted out.

Ami poked him in the ribs. “Don’t!” she hissed at him.

Jim just shook his head. “It’s fine. No, of course I didn’t.”

“Just checking. Good to know.”

“I haven’t spoken to her in...I don’t know five years? Seven? Marriage barely lasted two. It was a stupid time in my life and I’m never going back.” He looked carefully at the two of them. “That’s why I said you don’t want to wind up like me. Bitter and divorced.”

“It’s also why he’s never proposed to me,” said Genny. “Not that I’m the marrying type.”

“Anyway, sorry. Shouldn’t have sent you down this terrible spiral of bad advice. Get married,” he encouraged Ami. “Just go into it with open eyes.”

She turned to look at Craig. “What would you do if you caught me in bed with the neighbors?”

“Ask if I could join in,” he said quickly.

“That’s the right answer.”

Chapter Twenty Two

The ring sparkled on Ami's finger. She had been wearing it for six months and they hadn't exactly rushed to the courthouse to get married immediately. There was no rush. They were happy.

Everyone in their lives told them not to get married. They hadn't taken the advice; they were living in the limbo between engagement and marriage. It suited the two of them.

Much to Craig's disappointment Ami's breasts didn't continue to grow. On a good day in the morning she was maybe a B cup, but that was when she was full of milk and swollen. As soon as he nursed from her, she would shrink back to her normal A cup size.

If anything, Craig was in love with her tits and her milk as much as he was in love with her. He knew that was a bad combination, but relationships had been built on less.

He both loved and hated it when she came home from work and told him that she and Genny had snuck off to the bathroom or locker room so they could share milk.

Ami was still actively nursing from her friend. Nothing seemed to stop Genny's milk. When she told him these stories, whether they were true or not didn't matter to him, he had to jerk off. She would watch while he jerked off. Ami would never join in while telling her stories. It was pure, rich torture to him.

It was a twisted dynamic, but they both loved it.

She liked watching him cum after she finished her story. Then she made him nurse from her tits. Ami made him guess whether or not she had actually nursed Genny earlier in the day. Her milk was always sweet and ample; he could never tell the truth of the matter.

That made things better.

Ami started making him stay behind when she visited Genny and Jim. She liked being nursed by the two of them. She liked having sex with the both of them. Occasionally she would invite Craig along, but he never got to nurse from her then. Sometimes Genny would take pity on him and offer some of her milk.

When the curvy blonde was feeling particularly generous, she'd give Craig a handjob while he nursed from her.

He never got to have sex with Genny in front of his fiancée, but that was the way they liked it.

Craig liked it when he got to watch Jim fuck her.

He liked it when he got to see Genny nurse from Ami and then make the redhead cum with her mouth or fingers.

He liked it when Ami told him to jerk off while the others watched. Usually they didn't watch. They ignored him.

He liked that even better.

Craig had managed to discipline himself so that he didn't jerk off while Ami was alone with the other couple. Sometimes Ami would come home and want to have sex with him.

Sometimes she'd just jerk him off.

Sometimes she'd tell him to jerk off for her, letting him cum on her face.

More than once she had come home and allowed him to have sex with her. He could tell her pussy was full of Jim's cum.

That made the sex even better.

He liked seeing her bruised tits when she came back to their apartment. That meant that Jim and Genny had been rough with her and her tits would be empty of milk. He'd have to wait for the next morning before she had milk to offer him.

One glorious time Ami had left for her evening date with the couple, leaving Craig alone. He had settled down to watch a movie when there was a knock on the door.

He was thrilled that it was Genny.

"Do you know why I'm here?" she asked, walking in. She was dressed

completely casually, as if she were going grocery shopping.

“Yeah.” He grinned at her.

“I hope you’re hungry,” she said as she unbuttoned her top.

Craig was always ready for Genny’s milk. Maybe it wasn’t as sweet as Ami’s, but she had more than enough of it. He wondered if Jim had suckled her that evening. Or maybe even Ami. It had been over an hour since Ami had left the apartment, plenty of time for his fiancée to get a nice taste of Genny’s tits.

Once Genny’s top was off, she pulled up her bra, releasing her tits. Once again he was mesmerized by their size and how they so easily bounced. They had to be full of milk. There was no way she had yet been nursing this evening.

He went right for her tits there in the middle of the living room.

She laughed at him. “Slow down! We’ve got time. Why not go to the bedroom first?”

They did. It was pleasant to settle down on the bed next to her, take her fat nipple in his mouth and just lose himself in the softness of her flesh and the warmth of her milk filling his belly.

Nursing didn’t make Genny as sexually aroused as Ami, but it still turned her on. Her breasts weren’t nearly empty by the time she had gotten to the point where she wanted to be fucked.

“I need your cock,” she reported to him.

They stopped their nursing session and quickly stripped. In no time at all she was atop him, lowering her pussy down on his cock. Her nipples still dripped, but to Craig that was just an enhancement to the sex. He grabbed one breast and brought it to his mouth so he could drink while she rode his cock.

He shouldn’t have been surprised when Ami walked in on them, but he was.

“Jesus, you two aren’t done yet?” she commented upon entering the bedroom. Craig froze in his short strokes upward into Genny’s pussy; he felt guilty, like he had been doing something wrong. He hadn’t.

He was pretty sure he wasn’t doing anything wrong, but Ami could change the rules on him, couldn't she?

“Just enjoying your boyfriend’s cock,” Genny sighed.

“Fiancé,” Ami corrected her.

“Whatever.”

“Finish up. It didn’t take Jim this long to drain my boobs and fuck me,” Ami commented as she began undressing.

Genny began riding her lover faster. “You’ve got smaller tits and he’s practically a premature ejaculator.”

That made both of them laugh.

“He still made a swamp of my pussy,” said Ami as she stood by the edge of the bed wearing only her yellow cotton panties.

Those were the words that Craig needed to hear. When he turned his head to look directly at his fiancée he saw that her tits were smaller than usual and covered with bruises.

He came. He came hard. He came so hard he was left gasping afterwards. He was reasonably certain that Genny had cum as well, but he lost track of what was going on with her.

Ami grabbed his hand and put it between her legs. He could feel her heat and he could feel the moisture seeping through the cotton.

“He fucked you?”

“Of course he did. It’s a good thing because you just came in my best friend.”

“Did he...did he drink all your milk?”

She smiled. “Of course he did.” She cupped her tits. “Don’t you see the abuse these girls suffered all night?”

He nodded.

“Do you want to be abusing them every day?”

Once more Craig nodded.

“I’ll give you first dibs on them, but I still get to share with whoever I want,” she told him, leaning over for a kiss.

Genny rolled off Craig and watched the two lovers kiss.

“I’m jealous,” she announced.

“Are your tits still full of milk?” asked Ami.

Genny palmed her breasts. “Half. He was hungry.”

Ami crawled across her fiancé and kissed Genny before ducking her head and taking up Genny’s nipple.

Craig pushed her enough so that he could get to Genny’s other nipple. It took a few sucks, but eventually her milk started flowing again. This was what they wanted. This was where they wanted to be forever.

End

Preview

Honeysuckle 1: Under Jacob

“Are you a personal trainer?”

I get that question a lot, mostly because I have the body for it. I work hard to maintain my body and it isn’t easy. I run. I watch everything I eat and drink. I spend too much time in the gym which is where I get hit on. A lot. Mostly by guys who have too much money and are barely able to maintain themselves.

Gyms are terrible places to meet people. I know. Just about every guy I met at a gym and then went out on a date with, turned out to be an asshole.

Even the ones that were good in bed.

“No,” I automatically lied. I had just finished working out. I was hot and sweaty and I didn’t want to get involved in a conversation before I had a shower.

And then I turned around and immediately regretted it.

He was tall and well-muscled enough to show that he worked out but didn’t live around building muscle just to be huge. Not a gym rat. A health rat. T-shirt tight enough to show definition but not so tight he was a walking advertisement for steroids. Auburn hair, well-maintained showing that he didn’t have to shave his head and knew how to operate a hair brush. Shorts appropriate for working out, not so long that he was trying to hide that he had skipped every leg day and not so short he was advertising he was gay.

And his face...okay, maybe he was a little older than me, but he wasn’t so old I was going to say no.

I’ll admit it. He made my workout panties a lot damper than they already were.

“Too bad,” he replied. “I was looking for a personal trainer.”

Shit! “I know some if you’re looking,” I tried to recover. “They’d be happy for a referral.”

“Not for me,” he said. “For a friend of a friend.”

I was torn between just walking away and trying to string this out for at least a decent referral for a job. Being a personal trainer isn’t all money and glory. I had to work at it. I wasn’t getting rich, but I was paying the bills. I couldn’t just let an opportunity walk by. “Let me give you a number,” I said, maybe a bit too eagerly. “What is she looking for?”

“Just someone to keep her honest and moving every day.” A daily job. Even better. That was a steady flow of cash. If they could afford it. He handed me his phone. “Just give me the digits.”

He already had his contacts open. Officially no one was supposed to solicit work at the check in desk at the gym, but I wasn’t soliciting. I was accepting. Sort of. The gym I worked out at was a serious gym and had next to no amenities. The gyms I worked at were fancy and were only for those who could afford to work out in relative luxury.

I punched in my number and edited the contact with my name.

“Cassie?” he said as he glanced at the phone when I handed it back.

I wasn’t especially turned on, but I would have jumped his bones given the opportunity.

“That’s the name.” I had already lied once. I wasn’t going to do it twice.

He nodded and added some details to the entry. “I don’t suppose I could ask you out to some place for a bite to eat or some super protein energy drink?”

I should have said yes. I wanted to say yes. I should have said yes. I had an appointment that I was going to be late for even with a thirty second shower. “I’m sorry, but I have somewhere to be,” I said breezily as I headed for the women’s locker room. “Maybe some other time. You can find me here anytime.”

I raced through the shower and went to my first appointment of the day. Rich housewife. Rachel was her name. Pleasant enough to me. Talked shit about her

husband at every opportunity.

When I first started with her I asked why she wanted to get into shape. The usual get to know your client chit-chat.

Her answer. “I want to look good for my boyfriend.”

It took me a second before I realized she was married. “Oh.” I didn't know how to react.

“Don’t tell my husband,” she said as we continued. “I mean, he probably knows I have a boyfriend. After all, he’s got more sluts at his office that he’s fucking than I have fingers.”

I hoped that was an exaggeration.

It probably wasn’t.

Today Rachel just wanted me to make her do her exercises.

“Do you know what Kegels are?” she asked me halfway through our routine.

“Yes. Of course I do.” I got this question from almost all my clients.

“Do you do them?”

“Not as much as I should.”

“I’ve been doing them a lot,” she said. “Sex with Reggie is better than ever.”

I couldn’t remember if Reggie was her husband or boyfriend.

It didn’t matter.

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“You ever fuck two men on the same day?” she asked after the next set of reps. I liked working out in her house because she had a dedicated room just for exercise. It was fancy and wasteful, but I was making a buck off it.

“Uh...no.”

“Oh. I’m sorry. Do you have...I mean… are you…? Shit. I’m fucking up.” She stopped lifting the barbell I had given her. “Forgive me for being so bold, Cassie, but are you a lesbian?”

I laughed nervously and ran my hand through my short hair dyed blue. It wasn’t the first time I had ever heard that question. I had short hair and obvious muscles. I didn’t wear much in the way of makeup, certainly not when I was with clients. Combine that with wearing casual workout clothing all the time. That, in most people’s minds, equals lesbian.

Just to be clear. I’m not.

“No, I’m not. I’m straight.”

Well, I’m straight enough.

“You know I’m having an affair, right?”

Why was she confiding this shit in me? Don’t rich suburban women have girlfriends and best gay friend interior designers and hairdressers to confide this stuff in?

“Yeah, I got that impression when you told you about your boyfriend.”

“Does that bother you?”

“No. It’s your life.” I had her switch to a different weight and set of arm muscles.

“I only started fucking Reggie because Michael was spending too much time fucking his sluts.” She let out a little moan. It sounded halfway sexual and halfway painful.

Not knowing what to say to that, I remained silent.

“And with your help, I got into a lot better shape. Michael started to have sex with me again.” She flipped aside her long, carefully colored and carefully cut hair to grin at me. “It wasn’t a problem at first, but Reggie liked my new body too.” She had lost almost thirty pounds under my care. “Yesterday was the first time I fucked the both of them on the same day. Reggie in the morning and Michael at night.”

“Wow. I...uh...I haven’t done something like that since college.”

“Really?” She seemed relieved to have found a kinship with me in slutdom.

I didn’t want to admit to her that I had never fucked two guys on the same day. I hadn’t even fucked two guys within the same monthly cycle.

Was I that boring?

I don’t think so.

“Yeah, but I was young and crazy.”

“Good. That’s...good to hear.”

I continued her on our routine.

“Reggie is still better than Michael when it comes to sex but I have to keep fucking him if I want the money to keep flowing.”

“I understand.”

“Do you think I’m a bad person for having an affair?”

“It’s not my place to say.”

She stopped her lifting. “I want you to say.” She narrowed her eyes at me, making all sorts of judgments.

I needed to keep my job.

“Well, you say he’s having multiple affairs, so I suppose it’s only fair, right?” I smiled and readjusted her stance. If I was a lesbian, this would be a great way to meet women. I took them from out of shape to sexy. Maybe Rachel had wider hips and bigger tits than I liked, but I wasn’t going to be fucking her.

“Right,” she agreed. “I agree.”

“Maybe a little honesty would be good, though,” I suggested.

“What?” She stopped and narrowed her eyes again at me. I was stared her in the

eyes for just a second before dropping my eyes down to her cleavage. She had to have fake tits. I hadn't seen her naked, but every part of her body had gotten smaller since she had started working out with me...except for her tits.

I broke out in a nervous sweat to accompany the regular sweat I already had. "Well, you say he's having an affair. Many affairs. Lots of women. Maybe he knows you have a boyfriend."

"You haven't said anything to him, have you?" She was accusing, not asking.

"No! I haven't even met Michael." Not exactly true. I had seen him a couple of times around the house but we had never spoke or been introduced. I was an employee to Rachel, not a real person.

"You think he knows I'm fucking Reggie?"

I shrugged. "Maybe. I don't know. But you two already have an open marriage."

She looked at me strangely.

"A de facto open marriage," I clarified. "You're both lying to each other and are willing to believe the lie for the marriage." When the fuck did I become a marriage counselor?

"I'll give that some thought."

I was driving in my shit-box of a car when I got the call.

"Hello?"

"Is this Cassie?"

"Yes!"

"I was given your number. I'm looking for a personal trainer for a friend."

It was the tasty snack from the gym. The day was looking up. I pulled over to the side of the road. No sense in dying when I was about to make bank (I hoped) and

maybe score a date.

After arranging for an initial appointment and not giving myself away I went home to take care of myself.

It wasn’t for a beauty regimen.

It wasn’t for a shower and change of clothes.

It wasn’t even to masturbate, though I would have been happy to incorporate that into my break.

No, I just went home, tossed aside my t-shirt, peeled off my athletic bra and got out the pump.

Like way too many athletes I had taken some chemical assistance in order to get a boost. I had stopped way back in college, but the toll was taken. All things considered, I had gotten away lightly. While I had never had big boobs, they were made smaller by the drugs. They were made smaller still from my working out so much.

And then I stopped the drugs and the reaction was...unexpected.

I didn’t notice exactly when I started lactating. It wasn’t all that unusual a reaction. Some women’s bodies responded weirdly to drugs. Mine did.

Stopping the drugs should have stopped the lactation. It didn’t.

I struggled with the pain. Nothing helped.

Nothing except hand expressing the milk.

That wasn’t good enough. I stupidly went out and bought a pump because it was a more efficient way of getting rid of the milk. It was also a more efficient way of making sure my body kept making milk.

The one small victory was that my tits didn’t grow. I was still just a B cup on my big days, most other days I was an A cup.

But I needed to keep pumping out the milk otherwise the pain became too much. One time I tried to stop and got a blocked duct and that was more horrible in ways I don’t want to go into.

I was reduced to pumping my tits twice a day. It could have been worse. I still had a banging body so it was worth it.

Sadly, I didn’t get off on pumping my tits. It felt nice enough, but there was no sexual thrill. Some women learned to cum just from pumping. That was another downside.

The last downside was that there were precious few men into women with muscular, athletic bodies that also lactated. Every date I had had since college, and even in college, ended badly when I took off my top and my tits started leaking.

Maybe Rachel was right. Maybe I should go lesbian.

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About the Author

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

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