

5:RECLAMATION

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF HOTWIFING AND CUCKOLDRY

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Bush Publishing



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BULL

5: Reclamation

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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BULL 5: Reclamation

An Erotic Novel of Hotwifing and Cuckoldry

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Chapter 17

“Because he didn’t get to cum yet,” said Tasha.

She was still cupping her breasts, bruised from the nipple clamps that Diane had put on her. The nipple clamps were now on the floor.

Diane was sitting on the edge of the bed in her knee high leather boots and corset, her tits and pussy exposed, but she still wore more clothing than any of us. Jimmy was still restrained on the wooden chair. A ball gag was in his mouth. His arms were bound behind his back with thick leather cuffs linked together. His cock sat on the seat of the wooden chair, but was still trapped in the metal cage disallowing him the opportunity to become erect let alone have sex.

I was on the bed with Diane, my own cock laying large but limply against my thigh. There was something brewing between the two women. Tasha had asked to fuck Diane’s husband. Jimmy couldn’t say anything because of the gag, but I wondered if he even wanted to fuck her. I wondered if Diane wanted him to fuck her. After all, she had the key to his cock.

“So?” asked Diane. “He doesn’t need to cum.”

“The three of us have had orgasms tonight. Why can’t he?”

“Because I own his cock and I get to say who he fucks and if he gets to cum or not.”

“So unlock him and let me fuck him.”

I could see the anger in Diane’s eyes. It made me wonder if she was one of those women, those hotwives, that were perfectly okay with fucking other people, but didn’t want her husband fucking other women. Or men.

And Jimmy hadn’t voiced his opinion on this situation yet.

This wasn’t how I wanted things to end.

“He can’t because I say he can’t,” Diane stated.

Tasha was miffed. “That seems a little rude.”

“He and I are married and we’ve worked this out. Just because other people want to have sex with him, doesn’t mean he gets to have sex with them.”

“Seems unfair.”

“You’re not married to him!” Diane was truly angry now. This was not how I imagined things were going to go.

Tasha backed up a step. “No. I’m not. Sorry.” She knelt down and quickly gathered together her clothing. “I made a mistake coming here tonight.” In a flash she disappeared into the bathroom with her clothing.

Diane fixed me with her glare. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Jimmy following the conversation between us.

“Your girlfriend needs to know her place,” Diane told me.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” I said quickly. It was the truth. Sure, I was having sex with both Diane and Tasha on the regular, but neither of them were my girlfriend. That was too complicated.

“She’s getting dressed in there. She’s going to leave.”

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. I’m not sure I cared. We had planned to spend the night, but that wasn’t assured.

“She’s her own person,” I replied.

“You two need to work out your relationship.”

Now it was my turn to glare at Diane. “We don’t have a relationship. We fuck every once in a while. All she did was ask to fuck your husband. You didn’t have to flip out over that.”

“I’m the only one who gets to fuck Jimmy,” Diane said, absently picking at a stray thread on the bed.

“Then just tell her that.” I looked over at Jimmy. He was looking at us impassively.

Then the toilet in the bathroom flushed and Tasha came out fully dressed. She was angry as well. “Are we leaving or not?” she demanded of me.

I was frozen on the bed.

“You can fuck Jimmy if you want. I’m just going to watch,” said Diane.

Now it was Tasha’s turn to be confused. “What?”

“You can fuck him.”

“I just got dressed!”

“So undress!”

“What is wrong with you?”

“Why do you want to fuck my husband?”

“I thought it would be fun! You’re fucking insane!”

“We have an agreement!”

“No we didn’t!”

Diane blinked at her. “I meant that Jimmy and I had an agreement.”

“Oh.” All the wind went out of Tasha’s sails. “What was the agreement?”

“We used to be swingers. But now...I get to fuck whoever I want. He gets to watch. He gets to play clean up. He doesn’t get to fuck anyone else.”

Jimmy made some noises behind his gag.

“What?” Diane demanded of him.

“I think he wants the gag out,” I said as I moved over to him.

Jimmy nodded. Without waiting for permission from Diane, I unbuckled the gag and he forced it out of his mouth.

After taking a second to work his jaws back and forth, he said, “Actually, the agreement was that you, Di, are the one who gets to decide if I get to have sex with anyone else. Not that I couldn’t, ever.”

Diane nodded. “Right.”

We all fell silent for a moment.

Tasha was the one to push the issue.

“So...can he?” she asked Diane.

I fully expected Diane to completely blow up.

I didn’t understand women.

“Sure,” she said.

That cemented it. I definitely didn’t understand women.

“Can I unlock him?” Tasha asked eagerly.

Maybe she was getting off on the whole chastity kink game the married couple was playing. That was weird.

“No. I’m unlocking him,” Diane said firmly. “You’re fucking him. Isn’t that enough?”

Tasha and I said nothing, but just watched as Diane went to her purse, got out the cage’s key, and unlocked Jimmy from chastity.

It was fascinating to watch. The small lock popped open and Diane slid the curved cage off his shaft. Almost immediately his small cock started to stand up.

Quick as a flash, Diane slapped his cock...and balls.

“Fuck!” he cursed.

“I didn’t tell you to get hard,” she told him as she moved behind the chair to free his wrists. “Do you want to wear the ring while Tasha fucks you?”

“Sorry,” he apologized as if he had any control over his cock getting hard. “And no. I don’t want it on.”

I wasn’t sure if it was the slap or her tone that kept his cock in check, but he stayed soft enough for her to slip the unyielding ring over his balls and then off his shaft. Once he was free, it took only seconds for him to get fully erect. Fully erect was a bit of an exaggeration.

“I’ve never seen a guy who shaved his junk before,” was Tasha’s comment on the unveiling. “Of course, I’ve never seen such a small cock before either.”

Diane giggled and Tasha joined her. I’d always been glad to have a big cock, but never more so than now. Jimmy actually hid his erection behind his hands.

As soon as he did that, Diane’s attitude changed. “Don’t you dare cover your shame,” she ordered him. “Now go over to Tasha and show her that you actually can use that...thing.”

I had the distinct impression that Jimmy liked the way his wife was teasing and humiliating him. Guys who were into cuckolding and having their cocks caged often were into humiliation. To each their own, I suppose.

Tasha was on the bed, still holding her sensitive tits, while Jimmy approached her.

“Are you going to let him fuck you missionary?” asked Diane when it became obvious that’s exactly what was going to happen.

Both of them froze.

“How would you suggest I fuck him?” asked Tasha.

“I’d suggest you get a strap on and fuck his ass, but that’s not going to happen right now. Ride him cowgirl. Show him that you’re in charge.”

They re-arranged and Tasha lowered herself onto Jimmy's completely unimpressive cock. I knew I was well above average, but I've seen plenty of average-ish cocks in porn. Jimmy was very below average.

It was a good thing for him that he was a well-paid doctor which compensated for his small dick.

Tasha couldn't help herself. She was riding him while Diane and I watched with interest. I was next to Diane, holding her arm, like we were attending a concert or something. Tasha turned to us and said, "I can barely feel him inside me."

Diane burst out laughing.

"It's not nearly as good as Justin's is it?" Diane asked.

Tasha paused in her steady up and down rhythm on Jimmy's cock. "No. It's not," she declared with some disappointment.

As much as this was making me feel great by stroking my ego, I felt a little bit of sympathy for Jimmy.

Just a little bit.

"You're the one who wanted to fuck him," Diane pointed out. "I have trouble cumming on his tiny dick."

I felt bad for Jimmy. I really did. Except that he was getting to fuck Tasha. I liked fucking Tasha.

"I can make it work," Tasha declared and got her ass working hard on Jimmy's cock. It was entertaining to see her work so hard during sex, especially after what we had all been through already.

I could tell that Tasha was grinding her pussy, and her clit, down on Jimmy as hard as she could. That was a classic Tasha move. Watching her ass was a beautiful sight. Diane confirmed that for me when she whispered in my ear.

"I'll admit it. I'm a little jealous of her fucking Jimmy. She's got a fantastic body, but there's no way she can really be enjoying that little dicklette." Diane reached out and caressed my manhood.

This whole thing was an ego-stroke for me.

“I can’t...I can’t,” Jimmy started to mutter.

“Don’t you fucking cum before me!” Tasha barked at him.

Jimmy’s eyes went wide.

“Do you need some help?” Diane offered. Before Tasha could accept, the older blonde joined them on the bed and reached between their joined bodies. Her hand went right for Tasha’s clit, leaving her small breasts alone, while kissing her neck and shoulder.

I really wished I hadn’t cum twice already. I was spent but I wanted to join in at the same time.

It didn’t take much for Diane to get Tasha over the edge. Her body shook as she climaxed. As soon as Tasha had peaked and Diane pulled her hand away, Jimmy unleashed his orgasm.

I wanted it to be impressive. I wanted to see cum splashing out of her pussy as he continued thrusting until he went soft.

It was nothing like that.

He grunted loudly when he came. I saw his body shake for a few seconds. I could just see where his cock was going into her pussy. They were both frozen in time for just an instant, and then he collapsed on her.

Diane was all but laughing at her husband. “That was an almost impressive performance.”

“It was fantastic,” Jimmy mumbled into the sheets or maybe Tasha’s shoulder. I couldn’t tell. “It was perfect. The experience of a lifetime.”

“It was okay,” Tasha reported as she got off him. Since she was a horse girl, she dismounted him smoothly. “I’ve had better.” She looked down at Jimmy’s wet and shriveled cock. Before speaking she glanced over at Diane and added, “I’ve had bigger too.”

Now Diane laughed out loud at her husband.

I almost felt sorry for him.

Almost.

Chapter 18

After that the party was pretty much over. Jimmy and Diane showered and dressed. Both Tasha and I watched as Diane put Jimmy's cage back on his cock. Tasha was absolutely fascinated by the process; I was less interested. The whole thing gave me the creeps. There was no way I would ever want to have a restriction like that on my cock.

"We have to go home to the kids," said Diane. "But you two are more than welcome to have the room for the night. Enjoy it."

And with that, our lovers walked out the hotel room door carrying the wooden chair that had been Jimmy's prop.

"That was fucking great," Tasha exclaimed with unrestricted enthusiasm when they were safely away. "And fucking weird at the same time."

"On that I agree. Do you want to spend the night here?"

It turned out she did. The view was great and we didn't have any obligations in the morning.

We fucked in the morning. It was nice waking up next to Tasha in the giant bed that still smelled vaguely of sex and Diane's perfume and a hint of Jimmy's cum and sweat. Maybe it was getting out of our usual places or maybe it was because I woke up with morningwood, but I greeted her that morning with a kiss on her cheek. That turned into a kiss on her lips and her kissing my neck.

A minute later she was sucking on my cock while I was gasping. I never knew she was so eager to fuck early in the morning. Sunlight was streaming in behind the drapes. I had been on top of her fucking missionary, when she turned her head and saw the sunlight.

I figured she was annoyed by the light.

I was wrong.

"Open the curtains," she said.

I paused in my fucking. “What?”

“Open the curtains. I want to do it in the light.”

The room wasn’t exactly dark, but it was dim. Still, I was in the mood for a change of positions, so I climbed off Tasha’s body, went to the huge windows to open them up.

I practically blinded myself when I swept the drapes open.

“Oh fuck yes!” Tasha exclaimed as she jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. She pressed her breasts to the cool glass and giggled, sticking out her ass. “Fuck me like this,” she encouraged me. “I want the city to watch me get railed.”

When she said that, I started laughing. I was doubtful anyone could see us through the window, let alone this high up, but if that’s what she wanted, I was happy to give into her exhibitionist side.

I wasn’t that much taller than Tasha, but she still had to go up on tiptoe for me to get my cock back into her pussy. I had to seriously bend my knees to find the right angle. Just fucking standing up isn’t easy, so I soon had her pressed up against the glass window, going to town.

If I knew that Tasha had such an exhibitionist streak, I would have fucked her outside before.

We slid down to the carpeted floor and breathed heavily for a minute before Tasha started laughing.

“What?”

She pointed at the glass. I wasn’t completely obvious, but there was a streak sweat and who knows what else left on the glass where we had been fucking.

“I wonder what the cleaning staff is going to think about that,” she said.

“I’m sure they’ve seen worse.”

“The floor is uncomfortable. Let’s go back to bed.”

“I should shower. I need to get some things done today.”

So I went to the fancy shower in the hotel room. I had barely started the water when Tasha joined me. The shower was more than big enough for the both of us.

I’m sure that the hotel had that in mind when they built the shower.

“I’d like to do what we did last night again,” said Tasha as she stood under the warm water, displacing me from where I had been getting ready to lather up.

“I’ll talk to Diane, but this is like a once a month thing for them.”

Tasha reached out and cupped my substantial cock. I wasn’t at my biggest at the moment, since I wasn’t hard, but she gazed at me admiringly. “I love your cock.”

I nodded and decided to remind her that she wasn’t my only partner. “Lots of women do.”

“Ass.”

I glanced over my shoulder and nodded. “I think I have a decent ass as well.”

She twisted my balls and I gasped in pain. She wasn’t hurting me badly, but I didn’t expect her to suddenly start in with cock and ball torture.

I managed to maintain some composure.

“Come on. That was a little bit funny.”

“This piece of meat is only useful a small part of the time,” she said philosophically.

“Yeah, but I’m attached to it a hundred percent of the time.”

“I can see why Diane likes keeping Jimmy’s in a cage.”

“Yeah, don’t get any ideas about that. He’s a cuckold and all, but don’t expect me to play the same game.”

She handed me a bottle of shampoo and indicated to wash her hair. Already she wanted to draw me into a subservient relationship with her, doing her bidding,

performing little acts of obedience.

I washed her hair anyway.

As I worked, she got deep into her thoughts. “I don’t know. I think wearing a cock cage is sexy. I mean, think about it. She holds the literal key to his cock. She gets to decide if he gets to fuck, when he gets to fuck, and who he gets to fuck. He must have given up a lot. He can’t even touch his dick for a quick wank if he wants. It sounds like a very loving, a very trusting relationship they have. Yeah, there’s a bit of pain and torment there, but that’s pretty typical of a BDSM relationship, right? It’s what both parties want on some level.”

I finished working the shampoo into her hair and turned her to get her under the direct spray of water. “I’m sure, but I don’t think I could ever wear one.”

“Well, you’d need an extra-large one,” she said with a confident smile.

I shook my head at her. “Don’t even think about it.”

“Too late,” she said, “but I won’t do it. Seems like a hell of a lot of work just to fulfill someone’s lame kink. But you know, she does have your name tattooed on her pussy—nice work, by the way—so they must go for some serious kink games.”

“They’re going to turn it into a different design when...I guess when I stop fucking her. It’s going to obscure my name.”

Tasha gave me a smirk as she ran a washcloth over my body. It wasn’t really necessary at this point, but I allowed her to do it.

“Sure she will.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I think they both get off on her fucking other men, and fucking other men in front of him, and her walking around with your name—any man’s name—on her pussy gets them both horny. It’s there to stay.”

“She...she already bought the cover-up tattoo,” I stuttered out.

Tasha continued to shake her head. “Yeah, that’s money they aren’t getting back. But I’m sure they both think it’s worth it.”

Chapter 19

I went home after that with a lot on my mind. I was happy to play along with their games, but it was starting to seriously affect how I was viewing the world. I didn't want their marriage fucked up because of me.

I didn't want other women—Tasha especially, though I'd never admit that to her—to think I was just using Diane for sex. Though I was. That I was getting off on being Diane's bull. That I was into that lifestyle at all.

I was starting to think being a bull was my kink.

I did the only thing I could think of to remove the awful thoughts from my mind.

I went out and fucked another woman.

I don't know what people did before hookup apps. Trying to pick someone up at a bar? That must have been next to impossible.

The nice thing about going for older women is they are appreciative of the attention from younger men. And those size queens know exactly what they are looking for in a man—and a cock.

Cynthia was a nice enough woman. She dyed her hair blonde and maybe at one point it had been blonde, but while we were fucking, I saw the gray roots she was hiding. Her body wasn't perfect, but I wasn't looking for a perfect body. I was looking for someone to share my bed, which was crazy since I had just fucked two other women less than twenty four hours before Cynthia—Cindy—drove out to my apartment in the McCarthy estate to get laid.

I had warned her ahead of time that I was just an employee and not to be impressed by the size of things.

Except for my cock.

She was impressed with the size of my cock.

"It's so much bigger than my boyfriend's," she said right before taking all of me into her mouth.

I should have been happy she wasn’t married.

Or maybe she was married and had a boyfriend on the side...and now me.

For someone who supposedly didn’t have experience with a large cock, she managed to deep throat me without much difficulty.

Maybe she was a slut back in college and wanted to relive her glory days.

Cindy liked it when I fucked her from behind. I was able to penetrate her more deeply from that position. I don’t know if she could feel it all, but when I told her I was all the way in and she felt my balls snug up against her, she practically cried with gratitude.

She was a fun fuck. She liked it when I spanked her ass. She encouraged me to spank her ass.

Due to her uncontrollable need to get fucked by a big cock, we were fucking in my bed in the late afternoon. I told her we were alone in the house—except for maybe the cleaning staff—so she could be as loud as she wanted.

What I was hoping was that Tasha would walk in on us.

I didn’t want Tasha to join in on an unplanned threesome. I wanted to show Tasha that I didn’t need her.

I wanted Tasha to get pissed at me. I wanted Diane to get pissed at me. I wanted to start over.

Most of all, I didn’t want my cock in a cage.

As it was, I just fucked Cindy until I lost track of how many times she had cum. Maybe a dozen. I came once in her pussy and once in her mouth. I, unfortunately, had to use a condom when I came in her pussy, but she swallowed my entire load.

I let her lounge in my bed longer than I wanted. I kept hoping that Tasha would show up eventually. She never did.

“I need to get going,” said Cindy. “As much as I’d liked to suck your cock all

night, I’ve got teenagers to deal with.”

I tried not to let her see me grimace.

“Yeah. I understand.”

“Don’t lose my number,” she said with a wink and a kiss.

Naturally the moment Cindy’s car was gone from the driveway and I was getting ready to leave to teach my intro to cooking class at the community college, was when Tasha decided to show up.

“Where are you going?” she asked me. She wasn’t in her riding gear. She was dressed casually. Semi-casually. It wasn’t full on slut, but I recognized what the outfit was saying.

It was saying she was ready to get laid.

“Time to teach class.”

“Again with playing at being a teacher.”

“Extra money.”

“I’ll give you a blowjob right now if you’ll skip.”

I embraced Tasha like she was a cousin and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. “If I don’t show up, they’ll replace me. Your blowjobs, as wonderful as they are, aren’t worth three thousand dollars for eight weeks of teaching for two hours two nights a week.”

“How about a blowjob and an extra twenty,” she teased me.

I said no.

I should have said yes.

Teaching occasional classes at the community college was a nice way to make

extra money. A couple of times I had as students people I had worked with previously, mostly dishwashers and prep cooks, but sometimes wait staff as well. It wasn't usually a problem, but sometimes they resented that I was teaching them because before I had been a peer in the kitchen, but now I was an instructor. Sometimes they were happy with me because we had gotten along well in the restaurant and they valued my skill and knowledge.

This new class was one that I should have passed on, but I wanted the money and blowjobs—along with any other sex act—weren't going to make up for that.

First step of teaching any class is to take attendance. I had barely made it to the classroom slash lab slash kitchen combo setup the college provided in time to seem like I wasn't some incompetent instructor. I hadn't even glanced at the list of students, let alone their faces.

Because it was an introductory class I always had a range of students from semi-serious older students and returning students and kids just out of high school and a few high school students looking to earn some easy college credits.

I was halfway down the list when I hit "Courtney Henrey" and the name clicked and I looked up and I saw a much, much younger version of Diane looking directly at me.

I was glad I was behind a desk. My cock immediately got hard and I regretted it. I was fairly certain my face didn't turn bright red, but I forgot all the details of the moment. She just waved her hand, said "here" and I nodded and moved on.

Fuck.

Chapter 20

She had to know. There was no way for Diane not to know. Jimmy had to know. I was just glad the students all left the classroom so I didn't have to face any parents.

Courtney was there with a friend. Who picked them up? Diane? Jimmy? The other girl's parents? Was the other girl sixteen and had her own car and was driving?

Fuck.

I sat behind the instructor's desk trying to organize my thoughts when my phone buzzed with a message.

Automatically I pulled it out to see who was trying to contact me.

Diane.

Fuck.

I should have blocked her. Yes, it was a bit of an overreaction, but I still should have done it.

I tapped the message and the short video she had sent me automatically started playing.

It was her pussy. I was familiar with it. I saw my name on her mound. I saw Jimmy's face eating her out.

Fuck.

Had she just been having Jimmy eat her out while I was teaching her daughter in class? Was this a video she had been saving? She had had the tattoo for over a month now, so it was possible. There was no easy way for me to determine the age of the video. If she had just been fucking Jimmy, then she wouldn't have picked up Courtney.

Probably.

The smart thing to do would have been to block her entirely. Just walk away and be happy with the memories.

Except that Courtney was in my class. I couldn't just kick her out of the class. I didn't have that authority. I didn't want to go to administration and tell them to refund Courtney the class fee because they would ask why. I'm not sure where, "I'm fucking her mother," would fall on the list of acceptable reasons, but it would lead to more questions.

There was something I had to do. There was no way around it.

I texted her back.

Just how old is your daughter?

Her response was slow in coming. It was actually only three minutes—I verified by the message's time stamps—but it felt like forever.

I send you a nice and dirty video of Jimmy praying at the altar of Venus and you ask me how old my daughter is?

You sound like a pedophile

I texted her back immediately.

She's in my cooking class tonight!

Her response?

So?

I couldn't just tell her that I couldn't teach Courtney because she looked so much like her mother. A younger version of her mother. A version that was strictly off limits and not just because Courtney was underage.

So? So it's fucking weird!

I've done stuff with BOTH her parents and I don't want her to know!

Diane's response was quicker now.

So don’t tell her. I don’t tell her about the other men I’ve fucked.

Was I overreacting?

I won’t tell her anything

But I still want to know how old she is

The pause in her reply was interminable.

She’s fifteen. Sixteen next month.

Happy?

I wasn’t. I really wasn’t.

But I needed to say something to Diane so I wouldn’t seem like I was creeping on her daughter.

Looking back, my reaction was terrible in every way.

There’s no age restriction on students in class

She seems like a smart girl

It was such bullshit—me and my mind—but there I was.

I went home and tried to scrub the thoughts away with alcohol.

That didn’t work.

I didn’t want to get so drunk that I woke up the next morning with a hangover. I couldn’t deal with the pounding headache, the dry mouth, the overall feeling of awfulness.

Instead I got out of the video that Diane had sent me and watched it while beating off.

It worked.

Chapter 21

I went out of my way and hunted down Tasha. It wasn't difficult. I just kept an eye on the parking area near the barn until I saw her car pull in. Then I went out to the barn.

I was too used to women coming after me. Yes, they were a certain type of woman, the size queens, the ones who sought out a huge cock to make their disappointing sex lives disappear, but I was used to flirting for a bit, either online or in person, and then casually dropping into conversation that I had a monster in my pants.

Those who were interested were sure to let me know.

Me actually going out of my way to talk to a woman was something new to me.

Anyway, I found Tasha as she was preparing one of the horses for an exercising ride.

She gave me the eye.

"Careful, Brilliant here is the nervous sort. Don't whip out your dick. He might get jealous or angry."

I ignored Tasha's slight taunt.

"I need to talk to you."

"So talk."

She didn't stop in her riding preparations.

My mind was still jumbled, so I just blurted out, "Diane sent me a video of her getting eaten out by Jimmy."

Tasha regarded me for half a second before getting back to work. "So?"

I shook my head. Already I was screwing this up. "Okay. That's not the problem."

"Are you jealous of her husband getting to eat her pussy?" Tasha asked me

bluntly.

I paused. “Uh. No. That’s not the point.”

She stopped working and put her hands on her hips. “So what is the fucking point, Justin? I’m trying to work here.”

“I messed up. What I meant to say, to start off with, is that in my new cooking class, Diane’s daughter, Courtney, she’s in it.”

Tasha glared at me blankly. “Again: so?”

“So...she looks just like Diane. Only younger.”

Tasha’s bored look finally changed. “Prettier? Sexier?”

I took a literal step back. “Uh...prettier and younger. Not sexier. I’m not like that.”

She rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. So what’s the problem?”

“It’s creeping me out that I’m her teacher...and I’ve been fucking her mother. That her mother is cheating on her father.”

Now Tasha snickered. “I’d hardly call it cheating.”

“Okay, whatever. But you get my point.”

“No. No I don’t. You’re not the first person in the world to have a student in their class while having a...sexual relationship with that student’s parent.”

“This is hardly a normal relationship.”

Tasha nodded. “Well that’s true. It’s hardly normal to be fucking both parents.”

“I’m not fucking Jimmy!” I said with a little more vehemence than I intended. I cleared my throat. “I’m not bi is what I’m saying.”

“I’m bi,” Tasha pointed out. “And I’m pretty damn sure that Jimmy is as well.”

“What about Diane?” I asked.

With a single shake of her head, Tasha said, “She’s not bi. She’ll play with women, but she’s not bi. I can tell.”

“You can tell,” I said doubtfully.

“Yeah. I can. Just like I can tell you’re straight, but you’re willing to play with men if it means you get to fuck women.”

“I said I never fucked Jimmy,” I repeated.

Tasha closed her eyes and shook her head. “I never said you did. But you were willing to have him suck your cock...because that got you in good with Diane...and she wanted to keep fucking you.”

I blanched.

“Yeah, Diane told me a little about what she had Jimmy do with you. I think she gets off on controlling him. At least she gets off on that more than she gets off on actually fucking you.”

Now I glared at her. “I know I’m just her bull,” I said sharply. “And I have no intention of having a romantic relationship with her, but she totally gets off on my big cock.”

I knew I sounded stupid when I said that. Self-centered. Arrogant. Egotistical. But lots of women loved my big cock. Including Diane.

Tasha shrugged. “Sure. Maybe. But that doesn’t matter. You’re straight. You’re willing to push things a little to get some pussy. Jimmy’s bi, I’m bi, Diane is mostly straight.” She paused and considered her words. “Maybe I should marry Jimmy and you should marry Diane.”

I frowned. “That’s fucking stupid.”

“So is this argument and so is your concern about her daughter being in your class.” She finished saddling Brilliant and levered herself up on top of the horse. “Maybe I’ll come fuck you when I’m done exercising the horses.”

And with that, she trotted out of the barn.

I wasn’t feeling any better about myself.

Tasha didn’t come back to the house to fuck me when she was done exercising the horses.

Either she wasn’t horny or she wasn’t interested in getting laid.

I listed my options if I wanted to get laid.

Option One: Call, pursue, and entice Tasha into bed.

Option Two: Call Cindy and see if she was up to getting dirty again.

Option Three: Contact someone else on an app and get laid that way.

Option Four: Call Diane and ask to meet one-on-one. She could leave Jimmy at home and I’d give her the full bull treatment—fucked pussy, red-smacked ass, bruises on her tits—before sending her home.

None of those appealed to me.

It wasn’t like I needed sex.

Not literally. I mean, I wanted it, but I had made my life so complicated.

Maybe I should just start over.

My solution was to turn off my phone and ignore the world.

Chapter 22

Of course, the world wouldn’t let me ignore it. I had some minimal obligations at the McCarthy mansion and I had the class I was teaching at the college.

I steeled myself into believing that Courtney was just another student. I just happened to know her parents.

I opted not to contact Diane or Jimmy. I was done with them.

I’d move on.

They’d find another bull to fuck. I’d find some other older woman to bed who wanted a big cock to fill that hole in her life.

Class went smoothly until the end. There were only two dozen students. It should have been easy to get lost in the crowd. I couldn’t leave first, of course; as the teacher, I had to stay to the end.

When Diane walked in to collect Courtney and her friend I wanted to die.

I pretended not to notice her. There was no reason to interact.

Of course, Courtney wasn’t a preschooler. She could have been picked up anywhere on campus. She didn’t need her mommy to come to the classroom.

Diane came to the classroom because I was ignoring her.

Fuck.

I glanced up to see Courtney and friend eager to leave the class once Diane walked in, but Diane smoothly sidestepped them and marched up to my desk.

“Justin,” she said brightly, holding out her hand to shake. “Courtney was here telling me that you’re having the class call you that, but I want her to call you Mr. Bullock. She’s only fifteen, and still in high school. I want her to remember her manners with teachers.”

I plastered on my fake teacher's smile and shook her hand. I wondered how recently her hand had touched her husband’s cock. Had it been caged or

uncaged? How recently had she touched her own pussy?

This was not the time to get myself horny. I didn't need to pop a giant boner in front of Diane and her daughter and the other girl. I focused on thinking Diane was a mother and therefore sexually undesirable.

I was fucked in the head.

"Of course, Mrs. Henrey," I said with an overly broad wink at Courtney, "but whatever happens in class, stays in class, right Courtney?"

The girl was in full teenager mode. She crossed her arms and rolled her arms. "Sure, Mom. Whatever. He's Mr. Bullock."

Courtney's friend (Jane?) was mortified and I could tell she was trying to disappear, but she had nowhere to go. Diane was her ride.

"Is she behaving?" Diane pressed me, dropping my hand after a too-long handshake. "That's part of the agreement in attending this class."

"She's doing great." It had only been the second class. There wasn't anything to fail yet.

Diane glanced at her daughter and I saw a quick flash of a smirk on her face. "Court, do you know I'm old friends with Mr. Bullock?"

"Ugh. Mooo-oom! I don't want to hear about your high school friends!"

I was a bit offended. Diane was more than a decade older than me. A decade and a half!

Diane gave her a deprecating laugh. "Oh honey. No. We're friends from work. Years ago I was a waitress. Before you were born."

"So the Stone Age," Courtney filled in. "Can we go now?"

"I just wanted you to know you were in good hands, honey," was Diane's smooth response. And then I thought about what she had actually said and it creeped me out.

What was wrong with her? The way she played games with sex was wrong on every level.

And it was turning me on.

Fuck!

“Great, Mom. Thanks. Let’s go. My teacher doesn’t want to talk to you.” Courtney was pulling on Diane’s elbow now.

If she only knew how right she was.

And still Diane gave me a wink as she left.

It was hours later when I got home exhausted. I just wanted to go to sleep, but my mind wouldn’t stop replaying the interaction between Diane and me and her daughter (and friend). I was done with it. Done.

I was considering both alcohol and porn to solve my insomnia.

Instead, I got another timely text from Diane.

Fuck.

I’m horny.

That was it. That was the entire message.

I texted her back right away.

You’re always horny.

That, of course, didn’t stop or even deter her.

Can I come over tomorrow night?

Just for a quick fuck

I need to take my dirty pussy back to Jimmy for a reward

He's earned it

Immediately I wondered what Jimmy had done to earn such a reward.

I didn't need to wonder about that, but that's how my brain worked.

I don't think it's a good idea

I'll be over by seven tomorrow

We'll have to be quick. I need to be home by ten

It was just like her not to listen to me.

It was just like me not to object.

I could have disappeared from the McCarthy household for the evening, just hidden somewhere. Gone to a bar. The local public library. Gone grocery shopping. Seen a movie alone, all by myself, because of how pathetic my life had become.

Instead I waited at home because I wanted to get laid like I always do. My cock controls my life.

I suppose I should have been happy that I didn't have someone else controlling my cock, like Jimmy's was controlled by Diane.

But wasn't Diane just controlling me by other means?

I didn't run away. I faced my fate.

Who knew that fate meant that getting an incredible blowjob from a hotwife in the foyer of the McCarthy's mansion?

All I did was open the door and let her in, she immediately went down on her knees and started unzipping my pants. I could have stopped her. I didn't.

What I remember most clearly was looking down at her with my cock all the way down her throat. Her nose was pressing in against my abdomen. I wasn't at my hardest, but I was still impressed she managed to repress her gag reflex to do it. My pants were down around my ankles. She was fully dressed, but in a shirt cut low enough that she was displaying every inch of cleavage her bra could create. She looked up at me with pure lust in her eyes.

It was hot.

And then she ruined it by taking my cock out of her mouth.

"This floor is killing my knees."

Like every other room in the goddamned house, it was fancy. The Italian marble floor was fancy and unyielding. I sympathized, but I also wanted to cum, preferably down her throat and have her swallow my entire load.

"Just finish me off." I didn't want to sound like I was begging, but I was on the border of begging.

"Can I at least have a pillow?" she asked.

That would have involved going to the living room and at that point, why not just fucking go all the way to my room.

I pulled up my pants because I wasn't going to walk through the house with my cock out. With a grunt I said, "Let's go to my room."

"Great!" she said with just enough enthusiasm to piss me off.

I turned around to face her. "Strip," I said.

She paused mid-step, knowing where we were heading. "What?"

"Strip," I repeated. "Take off your clothes."

She hesitated just another moment.

"Sure."

I watched as she undressed. It wasn't a strip tease I had been hoping for, but

more a defiant disrobing, that she wasn't ashamed of her body, even though she was approaching middle age, had some extra flesh here and there. Her tits were nice and big, but that was slightly offset by her belly and hips, on which she sported stretch marks. She wasn't perfect, but she was perfectly fuckable.

It took less than a minute for her to completely undress. She just dropped her clothing on the floor next to her, even going so far as to remove her stockings, those two articles of clothing she normally left on during sex. When she was done, she twirled around once.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked.

"Come on, let's go to my room," I answered.

We walked through the house, me clothed, her naked, as if it were completely normal. I was completely at home. I wondered if Diane was as comfortable as I was. It didn't matter.

Once we got to my room, I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her back down to her knees. She complied. The floor to my bedroom was carpeted. I let her open up my pants.

As she sucked my cock I stepped out of my shoes and then my pants. I took off my shirt. I focused on how Diane kneeling in front of me made me feel. I forgot about Jimmy.

I forgot about Tasha.

I forgot about Cindy.

I forgot about Courtney and her friend.

I came down Diane's throat and held her in place, forcing her to swallow it all.

She would have done that if I had simply asked.

When I was done, I pulled free of her mouth. A long strand of saliva or cum temporarily connected the tip of my cock to her lips.

It broke.

It broke when she coughed.

“Haven’t been face fucked like that in years,” she commented.

“Did you like it?”

She paused just long enough. “Why wouldn’t I have liked it?” She stood up from the floor. “I need a drink of water. How long before you can get it up again and fuck me properly?”

Diane sauntered away, putting a little extra swing in her hips as she went to the bedroom. Her ass was a little big, but my cock didn’t mind.

I didn’t want to fuck her, but my cock had a mind of its own.

I lay down on the bed and waited for Diane’s return.

Maybe I had dozed off. Maybe I was fantasizing, but the next thing I knew was Diane was on top of me. My cock was already hard and inside of her. She was riding up and down like she was bouncing on a pogo stick. I watched her big tits a minute before I reached out and held them.

“This is what I wanted,” she moaned at me as I pawed at her tits. “I want you to fill up my pussy, make it dirty for Jimmy. He’s going to eat it clean. You like that, don’t you?”

I hated to admit it, and I didn’t admit it aloud to her, but I did like the sound of that. I liked that Jimmy was going to eat my spunk out of her pussy. I liked that she got off on it. I liked that Jimmy needed another man to service his wife. A real man.

I shoved her off me. “Get on your hands and knees. I want to fuck you doggy.”

Diane went along with me. She was happy to do what I wanted as long as it involved me fucking her and cumming in her pussy.

We were both going at it hard and fierce so it wasn’t surprising that we both missed what happened next.

The door to my room opened.

“Well no wonder you didn’t answer my call.”

I leaped back from Diane like her pussy had suddenly caught fire. My hard, wet cock flapped around in the air, looking to get back to someplace warm and wet.

Both Diane and I looked at the interloper.

She smiled. “I see you haven’t gotten any smaller,” said Paige all but licking her lips.

“Who the fuck are you?” demanded Diane. She didn’t clutch a sheet to her body to cover herself. Diane wasn’t that sort of woman.

“I’m Paige,” the interloper answered. “Paige McCarthy. This is my family’s home. The question is, who are you and why are you fucking our private chef?”

Diane didn’t blanch or blush or try to run away. “He invited me over for a fuck,” Diane replied. “Or isn’t he allowed to have a private life?”

I stood in the corner looking at the two women facing off against each other. Paige was smartly dressed in what looked like an upscale business suit, clean lines and expert tailoring, but nothing flashy. Diane was naked.

I couldn’t decide at the moment who I was most attracted to.

“He’s allowed,” Paige replied. “I’m just wondering why he’s fucking you instead of me.”

Diane’s eyes narrowed on me. “You never told me you’ve been fucking the mistress of the house.”

Paige laughed. “I’m hardly the mistress of the house. That would be my grandmother, I suppose. And he hasn’t fucked me in close to a year.” Paige looked pointedly down at my still semi-erect cock. “I’ve missed that big monster.”

Diane was upset. “Hands off, girl. He’s mine tonight.”

“You’re not willing to share?” asked Paige as she slipped her jacket off and neatly hung it from one of the hooks on my wall. She had class.

“No, I’m not.” Diane was being snotty now.

Looking back and forth between them, I realized I definitely had a type: an older blonde woman with great tits and a willingness to fuck my huge cock.

It wasn’t unusual for entitled rich folk to fuck the help—I knew for certain that Tasha had fucked Paige’s cousin Logan on more than one occasion—but it was such a cliché.

Seeing the two of them together was doing great things for my cock. I couldn’t help myself and started wondering what it would be like to fuck the two of them at the same time. Or even better: to watch the two of them have sex with each other.

I was living a fantasy life.

A very short-lived fantasy life.

Paige glared at me. She was a woman used to getting what she wanted, mostly because of money and people wanting to please her. “Don’t get your hopes up, Justin. I’m not hopping into bed with you and her.”

“I would never—” I started to protest, but I was on the periphery of this argument.

“You need to leave,” said Diane. “This is Justin’s room and he’s fucking me.” She gave Paige a nasty smirk. “He’s giving me a special present for my husband.”

Paige looked at me. “She’s married?”

“Yeah…”

“And my husband is expecting a nice creampie surprise when I get home tonight. So if you’ll just turn around and leave us alone for half an hour, everything will be fine.”

“I don’t see why I should have to share him,” Paige replied haughty.

“Because I already sucked him off ten minutes ago and he’s already had his cock

in my pussy."

Paige lifted her chin. "That won't stop me and since you've already had him tonight, he can fuck me." She kicked off her shoes.

I liked and hated where this was going. Was viewing a catfight in my future?

Diane shrugged. "Fine. He can finish in me and you can have him afterwards. I need his cum in me."

"No."

"No."

This was going nowhere and I didn't see a solution.

Unfortunately they both looked at me. "You decide Justin."

"Me?" I had no idea what to do.

"Yes. You."

My heart was pounding. This was more stressful than the first time I had sex with someone other than my hand (Beverly Gibbons, senior year of high school right before finals week. Looking back, the sex was okay, but at the time, I thought I was the gods' gift to women, especially when Bev said I had a cock like a lightning rod).

Diane folded her arms over her tits, hiding them away from me. "Choose, Justin."

Paige looked at me as well even as she popped open the buttons on her silk blouse. "Choose Justin." She glanced sideways at Diane. "Your clothes are in the foyer. Get them on your way out."

"In your dreams, bitch." Diane looked ready to scratch Paige's eyes out.

"Don't make me call the police," Paige said smoothly.

They glared at each other and then at me. I wanted to take a step back, but I was already against the wall, literally.

I considered everything. Both choices sucked. Choosing Diane meant a few more weeks of great and kinky sex, but I'd lose my job. Choosing Paige meant a steady paycheck and no more sex with Diane. I'd have to start over.

I started over.

"Paige," I said and immediately regretted it. I had to dig the knife in just to make sure Diane got the hint that we were done. "She's a better fuck. Better looking too."

Paige giggled. Diane glared at me.

She didn't have any clothes to gather so she just walked up to me and slapped me across the face which caused Paige to laugh harder.

And then she was gone.

The sex with Paige was refreshing. It wasn't great, but I knew she was just using me for sex, and I was fine with that. Tomorrow she'd move onto someone or something else.

She even let me cum on her tits.

Chapter 23

I woke up in my bed next to Paige. I was surprised she spent the night with me. There was no sign of Diane's clothes in the foyer when I investigated later.

There was a text message from her.

Get bent

I hope your dick falls off

Lose my number

I blocked her on the hookup app I had used. I blocked her phone number.

I felt I was free.

Until I encountered Paige in the kitchen. She was in a thin robe and was sipping coffee. "Make me breakfast?" she asked.

"That's my job," I replied and set to work. "What are you doing here anyway?" I asked as I started breaking eggs.

"Family will be up in a week. I'm the vanguard to make sure everything is ready." She sipped her coffee again. "I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't mention this to anyone."

I chopped up a green pepper and an onion. Simple omelet would do for breakfast. "Mention what?"

"Mention having sex with me."

"Like I'd do that," I scoffed. "I like my job."

"Good. It would be a bad thing if my fiancé found out."

I paused in my chopping. "Fiancé?"

She smiled at me. "We got engaged over Christmas."

I looked at her left hand. No rings at all. "Where's your engagement ring?" I

demanded.

“I don’t wear it except on social occasions. It makes it tough to pick up men and get them in bed with an engagement ring.”

“Oh.” I was deflated. “You shouldn’t be cheating on your fiancé?”

“Who said I was cheating,” she countered. “Was your girlfriend from last night cheating?”

I groaned. “Don’t remind me about Diane. I just wanted her out of my life. Too much baggage with her and her husband. I think she’s gone from my life now. Thank you.”

Paige snickered. “I think you have a type, Justin. And it isn’t blonde with big tits.” She hefted her breasts inside her robe to emphasize the point. “You like fucking married women.”

“You’re not married,” I quickly pointed out.

“I’m spoken for. That’s your kink, isn’t it, pal?”

I just stared blankly as I let that soak in.

I don’t know how long I was lost in my own thoughts, but it had to be a while.

“Hey! Champ! Mr. Big Dick! When am I going to get my eggs?” She tapped her fork on her plate.

I got back to work, heating the pan before pouring the eggs in.

“Sorry. You’ve given me a lot to think about. I just wish you had told me before we had sex last night that you’re engaged now.”

“Mm-hmm,” she said absently as she sat at the breakfast bar watching me cook. “I knew it though. It was my decision to fuck you. Is your dick hard right now?”

“What?”

“Is your dick hard right now?”

I gave it a moment's thought. I wasn't soft, but I wasn't hard.

She laughed at me. "You're thinking about it. You like fucking married women! You're hard, aren't you?"

"Not really." I grimaced at the realization that I was going through. Plus, she was making my dick hard. Harder. "And I don't like fucking married women...they just love throwing themselves at me."

"They love your big cock. After breakfast do you want to fuck again?"

"No!"

Paige knew how to press my buttons. "You don't think I'm going to stop fucking other men just because I'm getting married, do you?"

I blinked. "You aren't?"

"I've already worked out the details with Crowther. We're going to have an open marriage. We just have to use condoms with others."

"Crowther?"

"It's a family name. Everyone calls him Jake."

I nodded. "Okay. What was that about condoms?"

"He and I are supposed to use them with strangers."

"Uhh...we didn't use a condom last night," I pointed out.

She shrugged. "You're not a stranger."

I finished cooking her omelet.

We had sex after breakfast.

We didn't use a condom.

I didn't ask if her fiancé was into creampies.

It was the next day when everything really fell apart. I had to actually work to get the mansion ready for the family's impending visit. It was going to be one of the few weeks out of the year where I actually had to work.

First, I got a text message. Not from Diane—I'd blocked her—but from Jimmy. Well, not from him. Diane had taken his phone to text me.

Justin, it's Diane. I'm using Jimmy's phone.

I'm sorry for how I acted yesterday

I'll admit it. I already miss your big cock

I'd love for you to fuck me again

I'd also love for you to wear this for me

Please?

She attached a picture of a cock cage very similar to Jimmy's, except it was much, much larger.

I'll hand it to her, she made a real effort. Maybe she was into cuckolding and cock control and chastity, but I wasn't.

I blocked Jimmy as well.

Paige was in the house, doing whatever it is she had to do when she found me in the kitchen reading the message from Jimmy and Diane. When she asked, I showed her the messages.

"You should have taken her up on the offer."

"No."

Just as she was handing the phone back to me, it buzzed with another text. Paige looked at it and smirked.

“Looks like you have another offer.”

I snatched the phone from her, wondering how Diane had gotten through to my cell, when I saw it was from Cindy.

Want to taste my sweet pussy again?

I want to choke on your cock

“She seems like fun,” Paige observed wryly.

“I get offers like that all the time.”

“Why don’t you say yes?”

I consider that for half a second.

I texted her back.

I’m interested. But first a question:

Are you married?

There was no forthcoming reply.

“See?” I asked Paige.

“You were trying to scare her off.”

“I was trying to be honest with her.”

Ten minutes later Tasha walked into the kitchen from the backdoor. Paige greeted her politely. They had obviously been talking about Tasha’s responsibilities while the family visited. I made myself busy.

Then Tasha suddenly burst out, “Oh my fucking god, you two banged last night!”

I looked blankly at Tasha, trying to be innocent about the whole thing.

Paige was able to control herself for only two more seconds. She burst out

laughing. Even Tasha chuckled a bit at the joke she had made...at my expense.

“Hilarious,” I said dryly and then glared at Paige. “Why did you tell her?”

“Because girls share things.”

“I don’t need my cock being discussed by every woman that I…” I trailed off.

“By every woman whose pussy you abuse with that thing?”

I sighed. “I need some air. I’m going grocery shopping.”

“Try not to get your dick lodged in some woman’s crotch on your way there,” Tasha called as I walked out of the kitchen.

Just as I was getting into my car, my phone buzzed. It was a reply from Cindy.

Full confession: I’m not married, but I have a boyfriend.

I sighed. “Of course you do,” I said to myself.

But he’s fine with me seeing other men

“You’re lying,” I told my phone.

Her messages kept coming.

We have an open relationship.

“No you don’t.”

It was like having the worst one-sided conversation in the world.

Do you want to meet him?

I suppose she was being honest.

“No,” I said.

But before you meet him, do you know what a bull is?

Do you know what a creampie is?

Because Mike and I are into both.

I wanted to say no.

I needed to say no.

I was going to say no.

I’ve bulled for other couples before, I texted back to her.

END

Preview

Ami’s Ambrosia 1

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

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

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

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

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

“I think I have some Scotch in here,” she mused.

“I didn’t plan on getting drunk tonight,” Amelia commented.

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

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

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

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

Amelia's face, already red from the drinks turned bright red. "Do they? Shit!"

"Maybe you shouldn't wear your scrubs so tight."

"I need to get some more sets."

"Don't bother. I like staring at your ass too."

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

"Don't tell me that," Amelia said.

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

"I wish mine were bigger," Amelia repeated.

"Don't worry about it."

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

"I'll give you twenty of my pounds," Geneva half-joked.

"Only if it goes straight to my tits."

"There are ways to make that happen."

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

"Wait until you get pregnant. They'll grow."

"I don't see that happening any time soon."

"Mine got bigger," Geneva said.

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

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

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

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

“What?”

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

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

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

“You’re...um...lactating?”

Geneva nodded, a sloppy smile on her face.

“Get out of here!”

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

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

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

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

“What?”

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

“Oh.”

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

“You need to pump now?” Amelia asked.

“Yeah. They’re getting kind of achy.”

“Should I leave?”

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

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

Geneva laughed. “What? Why?”

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

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

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

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

“Bingo.”

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

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

flat as a board.

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

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

That would have been weird.

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

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

"Mmm," Geneva moaned. "God that feels good."

"It does?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re already topless,” Amelia pointed out. “How hot can you be?”

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

Amelia’s eyes, already wide open with surprise and thrills, opened even wider. “Oh!”

“Sometimes I play with myself while pumping,” Geneva offered.

“You do?”

“Oh yeah. It’s the best. Better than just using a vibrator. Do you mind?”

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

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

Underneath she was wearing a pair of practical red panties that still managed to be silky and sexy. These she pushed down with her jeans, leaving them around her knees.

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

She didn’t get much of a look at Geneva’s pussy because the blonde woman

immediately started masturbating with absolutely no shame. Amelia watched intently as Geneva laid back, spread her legs as much as possible, and pleasured herself.

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

Was Geneva making a pass at her?

Was Geneva drunk and not in control of herself?

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

Was it an invitation?

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

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

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

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

It was the show that she was enjoying the most. Masturbation was all well and good, but watching Geneva pleasure herself, with both her fingers and her breast pump, was what really fascinated and interested Amelia.

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

It was hot.

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

“Your turn.”

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

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

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

Geneva removed it with a practiced hand.

“What...what do you do with your milk when...when you’re done?” Amelia asked.

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

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

“What does it taste like?” she asked, hesitating.

“Try it and see. It’s very sweet.”

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

It was sweet liquid heaven.

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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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