

COUGAR'S MILK

1:FLOW

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING



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Cougar's Milk 1: Flow

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Love

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cougar's Milk 1: Flow

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Cover design by Millie Godwin

Version 2.2

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Chapter One

It seemed like easy money. Just be a gardener for the summer. A few hours a day. I had a bunch of summer jobs, all under the table, and I was being paid well.

Emmabeth was in her forties; at least I guessed that she was. She said she was a teacher and had the summer off. She was also totally hot, but in an older woman way. Not too old and not at all out of shape; she was like a classic sports car. Bright and shiny and completely worthy of admiration, even if she was out of date and not the best and greatest any longer.

I had a lot to learn.

Her hair was blonde, but I wondered if she dyed it. What really struck me was that she had sea-green eyes.

Well, that and the fact when I met her she was wearing cutoff jean shorts and a top that would be better suited for the beach than the backyard garden.

Her tits weren't huge, but she filled out the cropped tank top more than adequately.

I hope she didn't catch me checking out her tits.

If she did, she didn't say anything or acknowledge it. She put me right to work.

Gardening isn't easy work. I was hauling dirt and mulch and weeding and trimming and cutting and (briefly) mowing. By the time my three hour shift was up I was sweaty, covered in scratches and bug bites and dirt.

I had even taken off my t-shirt because I was so fucking hot in the humid air. I never take off my shirt, not that I'm embarrassed to, but because I didn't think it was proper in a working environment. Or maybe my father told me that and I couldn't stop believing it.

"You look terrible," Emmabeth said to me, handing over a few folded bills and a

huge bottle of water.

I stuffed the bills in my pocket, downed the water in three gulps, and went to retrieve my shirt. “Thanks. Do you need me back tomorrow?”

“Yes, but why don’t you at least shower off before you leave,” she said. “If nothing else, it’ll cool you down before you get home.”

I looked down at myself. I was filthy. “I don’t want to go into your house and get dirt everywhere.”

She smiled. “You can use the outdoor shower.”

“Outdoor shower?” I was confused. I had thought about just dousing myself off with the garden hose, but is that what she meant? Did she mean for me to set up a sprinkler and run though it like a little kid?

She beckoned me with one finger and led me around to the back of the garden shed.

We were in the middle of our village, a smallish college town. Northeast quarter was the student slums; southeast were the nice houses where townies and professors lived; west side was the college. The southeast houses were all close to the streets, but with huge backyards and lots of trees and greenery between them all.

Behind the garden shed it was almost as private as a bathroom inside a house.

Emmabeth indicated the outdoor shower. It was nothing more than an old shower head above a rectangular piece of slate, almost as big as a regular shower stall.

“Outdoor shower,” she said and looked me up and down, as if examining me for the first time.

“I don’t have a change of clothes,” I told her.

“Just strip down. No one will see you here. You can rinse out your clothes and just put them back on. It’s so hot that you’ll probably dry off before you get home. Are you walking?”

I nodded yes. “I’m up in the student slums.”

She smiled and nodded. “I’ll leave you to it then.”

Emmabeth left, but right before she went around the corner of the garden shed, she gave me one last look.

The idea of a cold shower sounded great and at this point I didn’t care if anyone saw me or not.

I stripped off everything, kicking my boots far enough away so they wouldn’t get wet, and turned on the water. It was little more than a garden hose hooked up to the showerhead, but it was glorious.

I stood under the freezing water, shivering in delight, sluicing the dirt, grime, and sweat off my body. My cock shriveled up in the cold water, but I didn’t care.

It must have been a good ten minutes I stood under the water. I didn’t care. The water would be good for the flowers.

It was private. Mostly. From where I stood, the second story back corner of Emmabeth’s house had a partially obscured view of the outdoor shower.

Thinking about her looking at me naked under the water made my cock stir so it wasn’t so tiny.

“Here!” A voice shouted and I jumped, slipping on the slate which caused me to crash to the ground.

Slate isn’t nearly as forgiving as the turf on the rugby field. “Fucking ow!” I grunted and looked at where the shout had come from.

A bright yellow towel was being waved from around the shed’s corner.

“Are you okay?” Emmabeth burst out. She stuck her head around the corner. I hoped she blushed a little, but seeing me sprawled on the slate caused her to rush to my aid. “Oh my god did I make you fall?”

I wasn’t in pain. Much. My ass hurt where I slipped. The water was still going and I tried to reach the faucet from my position on the floor. It was well out of

reach. I only succeeded in showing Emmabeth everything I had.

I was certain that she checked me out before summarily turning off the water and then tossing the towel over my body.

“Are you okay?” she repeated, kneeling down next to me.

“Yeah,” I grunted, struggling up into a more dignified position. “I’m okay. Ruggers are used to falling.”

“But not on slate,” she pointed out.

“Yeah. Well...I’m still okay.” My left ass cheek and left thigh hurt, along with my left wrist, but I’d survive.

“Do you want some ice?”

“Sure,” I said. No reason to fight a bruise. “I’ll take some ice.”

“Come inside the house. Can you walk?”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to get your place all wet.”

“Back door leads to the kitchen. You won’t get it all wet.”

I managed to get up to my feet and wrap the towel around my waist. It was sufficiently sized, though I sort of wished it was a little smaller. Maybe Emmabeth would want to sneak another peek.

She led the way and I gingerly followed. The fall wasn’t bad and her ass was enticing enough for me to follow. More than enticing enough.

Inside she grabbed me a couple of ice packs and gave me more water and hovered all around like a worried nurse. I kept checking out her tits; I figured I had earned that privilege. I sat on a bench just inside the door with an ice pack under my ass.

It wasn’t doing my cock any favors.

“I think I’ll survive,” I said.

“I feel so bad,” she apologized. “It was all my fault. I should have told you I was getting you a towel and I shouldn’t have startled you like that.”

“It’s fine.” I was still staring at her tits. I wondered what they looked like without the tank top on. Did she have tan lines? Were her breasts still spectacular even without the support of the athletic top?

She was silent for a long moment. “Do you like them?”

“What?” I asked, startled once again.

“You’re staring at my boobs. Do you like them?”

I turned my head and looked away. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to stare. I was...uh...distracted by them.”

Despite my situation, my cock started to rise.

FUCK! The last thing I needed was to have a woody in front of my new employer, especially a one as attractive as Emmabeth.

She might have noticed. I wasn’t sure because what she did next surprised the hell out of me and my cock really appreciated it.

Digging her fingers under the tight elastic band that defined the bottom of the crop top, she pulled it up over her head, freeing her tits.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed.

“Do you like them?” Emmabeth asked again, enunciating each word carefully.

I nodded slowly. “You don’t have to show me your...uh...breasts.” I looked away, not wanting to upset her, which made no sense because she had taken off her top. It hadn’t fallen off by accident or suddenly disintegrated because of a fabric failure on an atomic level.

“I wanted to,” she said, leaning back and showing them off a bit. I couldn’t keep NOT looking away. I looked back and stared.

They were gorgeous. Full without being huge. Still upright despite her age. She

had tan lines, and she must have spent a lot of time outside in a small bikini top that barely covered her light brown nipples and areola. The areola were perfectly sized to her breast volume, but her nipples were slightly too large, both in length and diameter. They were almost too big to be attractive, but that one little detail that didn't fit made her even sexier. Her nipples were hard in the air conditioning inside the house.

"After all, I've gotten several good looks at your cock."

"What?"

"You slipped. You didn't cover up very well."

My face flushed hot, not with the weather or physical exertion, but embarrassment.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "Well, maybe not a first. Cold water didn't do you any favors, but now I'm quite impressed." She looked down at my lap. My cock head was poking up between the ends of the towel.

I hurriedly covered myself up with both hands.

"Are you ashamed of your cock?" she asked me.

I shook my head no. I had no idea of how to proceed. She was coming on to me. That was obvious. I wasn't stupid. But she was twice my age and I was certain she was showing me her tits to atone for making me fall.

Or maybe she was just a horny middle-aged woman who liked to fuck college guys.

I hoped it was the second thing.

Smiling, she stood up and leaned back against the kitchen counter. Her hands went to her tits, cupping them but not covering the nipples. I appreciated that.

"They aren't too big, are they?"

I shook my head no again.

Emmabeth leaned forward, showing them off at another angle. “Do you want to know what makes them so perfect?” she asked.

Perfect. Yes. That was the word for her tits. There was no other word to adequately describe them. They were the type of tits that all other tits in the world aspired to be like.

“Good clean, pure living?” I asked nervously.

She laughed and shook her head. “No. They’re full of milk. Too many women go their entire lives never using their tits for their intended purpose. My tits have been full of milk for most of my life and look how perfect they are.”

What she was saying was crazy, but I was happy to go along with it.

“Oh. That’s...that’s great. That’s incredible.” I cleared my throat and wished my cock would go down, but her tits were making that impossible. One part of me wanted to grab my clothes and run away; the other part of me wanted to keep sitting on the bench and hoped she would just give me a blowjob. A secret, tiny part of me wanted to fuck her right there against the kitchen counter, but I was too much of a coward to make that happen.

“Want to try them?” she asked.

“What?”

“Want to try my milk?” Emmabeth clarified. “Milk is the first food everyone has. We give it up too early in life.”

She took the two steps forward to press her tits into my face.

What could I do? I took a nipple into my mouth and sucked.

Bliss!

Don’t get me wrong. I’d experienced plenty of women’s tits in my twenty years. Small ones, big ones, large bulbous ones, torpedo tits, tiny bumps, the whole spectrum. But in one respect they were all pretty much the same: they tasted like skin. Skin that could cause a woman to gasp in pleasure, but that was it.

After just a couple of tentative sucks on Emmabeth's nipple, my mouth was flooded with a sugary sweetness. It was similar to a thin fruit juice or warm water with honey, but somehow it was better than that.

Emmabeth trembled slightly as her milk filled my mouth and I swallowed because what else does one do in that situation?

I would have told her I wanted to drink from her tits for the rest of my life after that one drink, but my mouth was full of her nipple and milk so I did what came naturally. I continued sucking and swallowing.

My hand went up to her free breast because I wanted to fondle it and pinch her nipple. I shouldn't have been surprised when I found it was leaking milk. That didn't stop me, of course, from squeezing her firm flesh, but it wasn't something I had experienced with other women.

Abruptly she stood up straight, pulling her breast from between my lips.
"What?" I was confused. I wanted to keep sucking on her.

"My back," she complained, putting her hands on her lower back and rolling her hips around. That action did wonders for jiggling her breasts about and I was mesmerized.

"Want to go do this somewhere more comfortable?" she asked me after a moment of ogling her tits.

"Sure!" What the hell else was I going to say? No thanks, your tits have milk in them and you're probably twice my age. That's just too kinky for me.

That wasn't nearly too kinky for me.

"My bed would be best," she said.

I nodded and stood up. My butt was still sore, but for her tits—and a promise of so much more—I was willing to work through the pain.

Without thinking, I automatically adjusted the towel around my waist in an effort to hide my hard cock. It was a wasted effort.

"You're really going to keep that on?" she asked me.

“Oh. Yeah...right.” I dropped it on the floor. Her eyes examined my manhood with approval. I’m not going to brag, but I’ve gotten lots of compliments on size, length, shape, curve, the whole package as it were. Every woman has her preference, but I like to think I have a utilitarian cock that serves almost all needs.

Emmabeth reached out and caressed me. I wanted to cum right there and then, but I held back. There was more pleasure to be had in waiting.

She curled her fingers around my length and gently tugged me forward.

I followed. It was an easy decision to make.

She led me through the house, up the stairs, to her bedroom where she summarily pushed me down into a sitting position on the bed, my cock standing up from my lap.

I admired her tits. I couldn’t stop admiring them.

“You like them?” she asked me again.

I nodded yes.

“I told you milk was good for them.” She proceeded to stick them in my face again.

This time I turned my head the opposite way and sucked on the other breast. Its milk was just as sweet and flowed easily. She liked it when I cupped her other breast and teased the nipple.

Slowly she crawled onto my lap and pushed me back so that I was forced to lie down and she was straddling my hips. My cock was pressing up between her legs, but she still had her cutoff shorts on. No chance of penetration.

But that didn’t matter at the moment because her tits were in my face and her nipple was in my mouth and I was sucking happily, greedily at her milk.

Totally worth it.

She moaned appreciatively at my efforts. There was almost too much milk to

swallow. It wasn’t like a never-ending fountain, but it came steadily and I wanted it more with each mouthful.

I found myself switching back and forth between her tits. Judging from her moans and shivering reactions, she seemed to like that.

She didn’t mind at all that I let my hands roam all over her body, especially her ass. While her tits were fantastic, her ass was more than enough competition. Firm under the shorts, but with just enough give that I couldn’t wait to give her a couple of bare bottomed smacks.

My cock was being strangled between her thighs pressing down on me, but I wasn’t complaining. I wanted to please her first because I didn’t want this to be the last time we messed around.

I found the secret. Suck hard on one nipple while rolling the other back and forth between my fingers. She trembled and shook when I did that.

“Fuck,” she breathed softly. Then said it louder, “Fuck!” And louder still when she got to her peak. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK YES!” She came hard on top of me. Her milk got all over my chest, but I wasn’t complaining. It was a compliment.

“You made me cum,” she breathed, barely able to stay kneeling above my body. I was holding her up with my arms, but I was getting tired. I eased her down to my chest. Our faces were incredibly close. It was only natural for me to turn my face and kiss her.

Emmabeth’s lips were soft and inviting. I wanted to kiss them forever. She opened her mouth just a little, letting me push my tongue against hers. They did that dance every couple learned from each other, wet muscle feeling out the other wet muscle.

She was the one to break the kiss. “I love the taste of my milk,” she told me.

“Oh...yeah. I love it as well.” What the hell else was I going to say? I was worried that she knew what her milk tasted like, even on my tongue, but I wasn’t going to question that.

“Thank you,” she said. “You’re a natural at nursing.”

“Thanks?” I said, still uncertain on how to act or reply.

“Some men take a lot of practice to learn not to bite or suck too hard,” she said, sliding off to the side of my body.

I opened my mouth to reply, but her hand found my cock I was once again unable to articulate my complex emotions just then. It was especially hard considering the sexual politics of the moment.

I watched as she started jerking me off. Watching her fist pump up and down on my cock was much better than having it pinched between my body and her jean shorts. I had been hard the entire time I had been sucking on her tits, so it didn’t take much for her to put me on the edge.

“You are a big boy,” she complimented me, pausing in her firm stroking.

“Nooo…” I moaned. “Don’t stop,” I begged. “Please don’t stop.”

“Do you want to fuck?” She asked me.

My eyes lit up. “Yes!” I was desperate. Of course I wanted to fuck. I was a horny twenty year old college student wasting away my summer.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know you well enough to fuck you,” she said.

I groaned in complaint. I needed to cum or my head was going to explode.

Luckily she started masturbating my cock again.

“Oh...oh...oh yeah…”

I was right on the bubble...and then she stopped again!

“What the fuck!”

Emmabeth laughed at me. She literally laughed. “You’ve never been properly teased before?”

I was gasping. I just wanted to cum. I had made her cum. It was my turn to cum. I had earned a nice orgasm. Of course I could have just grabbed my cock and jerked off in front of her, but that was humiliating and I wanted her to do it. It

feels better when someone else does it for you.

“No. I don’t want to be teased. I want to cum.”

She wrapped her fingers around me again. “I can keep you on edge all day if you want. All day and all night.”

“No...I want to cum. I want...FUCK! I need to be at my next job in…” I desperately looked around the room until I spied the ornamental clock on the wall. “In half an hour. Shit!”

Her hand knew exactly what to do. I had been jerked off by other women...other girls, really...and Emmabeth’s technique was the best.

Or maybe I was just horny laying next to her because I needed to cum and be done with it.

“I’ll make you cum,” she promised, “but if you want, I’ll keep this going for hours.”

She circled a finger around the corona of my head and had me gasping. I wondered how effective her hand work would be with some lube. Would I have already cum or would she have made my erection even more painful?

Both sounded like perfect torture. I’d pay money for either outcome.

“Please make me cum,” I begged. “Please.”

I sounded pathetic to my own ears. I surely sounded worse to hers. She was an experienced woman who had fucked...I don’t know a dozen guys in her lifetime? A hundred? It could have been two or it could have been a million for all I knew. My pathetic number of getting in bed with six girls and actually fucking only three of them seemed lame.

I suddenly understood why experienced, older women were held in high esteem.

“Okay,” she relented. “Let me help you out.”

But instead of helping me out, she let go of my cock.

I whined at her action.

And then her lips wrapped around the cockhead, right behind the ridge and I was on edge again. I was going to cum.

She sucked gently, lowering her mouth just enough, but not swallowing all my length. Her mouth was warm and wet and I was going to cum and give her a treat to swallow that was better than her milk.

But she backed off too soon. I was right there! I just needed another second of sucking to explode.

“I want to watch you cum,” she said and ran her finger up the length of my cock from my balls to the tip. She circled the head with her finger and then rapidly zipped her finger up and down the thick vein on the underside, using her saliva as lube.

It was a strangely erotic and unique feeling. It left me gasping. It was too much.

She pulled her finger away at just the right moment. I was about to cum and when she pulled away, my orgasm refused to erupt.

I kept gasping. I was on the edge. I was over it. I was back to torture.

Emmabeth stared at my cock. I stared at my cock. It was huge and purple and was jerking on its own accord.

I needed to cum. I stared at Emmabeth’s bare tits.

They were slowly dripping milk onto my leg and her bed.

That’s all it took.

I came.

Thick shots of ropey cum flew up into the air, hung there beautifully a moment, before crashing back down onto my chest and belly.

I came without her touching me at the end.

It was incredible.

I ejaculated more and more. I didn’t think I had that much cum in me.

I didn’t think I could shoot it all the way up to my neck.

“Wow. You really did need to cum,” Emmabeth commented. She ran her finger through the small puddles of cum on my skin, getting just enough of the thick fluid on her finger to taste it when she stuck it in her mouth.

“Yeah...yeah I did.”

“Tell you what,” she said brightly. “Why don’t you come back tomorrow and we’ll do some more gardening and maybe we can pick things up from here.”

Chapter Two

The next day I went back to Emmabeth's with some trepidation. Had it all been some weird dream? It didn't seem real that I could fuck a beautiful older woman with such ease. If anything, she was more eager to fuck me that I was to fuck her.

When I got to her house, dressed in my shorts and boots and t-shirt because I wasn't dressing for a sex date, I was dressing to work as a gardener, she was already in the backyard garden. Today she was wearing a loose flower print dress that seemed more like something she'd wear to a summer arts festival or to go shopping at the farmer's market.

I couldn't help myself and I stared at her chest. It was impossible to tell, but it seemed like she wasn't wearing a bra.

That thought alone was enough to stiffen my cock. I tried to see if she was checking out my package, but Emmabeth seemed cooler towards me this morning.

Maybe everything we had done was just in my imagination.

After she had jerked me off, I cleaned up with a washcloth in her bathroom, and then had to run to my next job. Looking back I realized it had to have been a fantasy about fucking her. I generally didn't go for older women—I had never had the opportunity—and the whole thing with her tits dripping milk, making milk, that wasn't real, was it?

Just a fantasy.

Smiling at me the entire time, she gave me instructions, she finished it all up with, "I'll be inside if you need me." I was stunned when she turned around and went inside her house.

Her dress wasn't tight enough for me to admire her ass, which was a disappointment. Still, I wasn't getting paid to stand around and fantasize about my employer. I was the gardener. I gardened.

It was hot. It was sweaty. It wasn't fun.

Her garden wasn't huge but it was big enough to keep me running back and forth

doing all my assigned tasks.

I was certain that I had dreamed everything from the day before and as I finished up I considered using the outdoor shower again, just to cool off and get the dirt off my hands and face, but then I remembered it was just a fantasy. A dream. A gossamer thin memory that wasn't real.

And then I walked around the far edge of the garden to find Emmabeth on her knees pulling weeds from a flowerbed. That wasn't all that strange. She had done the same thing yesterday. Today I had a perfect view of her ass as her loose dress pulled tightly around her flesh.

I stared for longer than was acceptable, but she didn't know I was there.

I took an unsteady step forward and remember that yesterday must have been real because my ass was still sore where I fell. I could feel the bruise.

"Like the view?" she asked, pausing in her weeding, but not turning around to look at me.

"What?" I was startled at her question. How could she know I was staring at her ass if she was still looking at the flowers?

"Do you like the view of the flowers now that I've gotten rid of all the weeds?" she asked as she got to her feet and turned around. She wasn't as hot and sweaty as me, but it was close. I checked out her tits again. Definitely no bra. I tried not to stare and looked at the flowerbed.

"Yeah. It looks great."

Confession time. I wasn't really a gardener. I only took the job because it was ninety nine percent manual labor. I couldn't tell a tulip from a sunflower.

"I think we're done here. Want to get cleaned up?"

"Sure."

The flowers were pretty.

I automatically followed Emmabeth as she walked around the shed. For a second

I was stunned when I saw the outdoor showerhead and it dawned upon me that maybe what had happened yesterday wasn't just a dream.

As I took that in Emmabeth slipped her dress from her shoulders. She was facing away from me. She definitely wasn't wearing a bra. And she definitely wasn't wearing any panties. Holy shit! She had a great ass for a woman over forty. Hell, she had a great ass for any woman whatsoever.

"Come over here and suckle me," she said sweetly, turning ever so slowly. I realized we were in the privacy area of the yard behind the shed where no one could see us. No one unless they were in that one bedroom on the second floor.

I did what she asked.

It was awkward walking forward with a full blown erection in my shorts, but I managed. I went down to my knees and took a nipple between my lips.

Her body was hot. Literally hot. She was sweating. I could taste the sweat on her breast and nipple.

I sucked once, and then twice, and then on the third pull, she flooded my mouth with sweetness that washed away the salty flavor of her sweat.

She moaned and moved so that her back was against the shed. My knees were pressed on the slate, but the pain was worth it.

It had only been a day since I had tasted her milk and already I lusted after it more than a beer or a shot. Maybe it was because it was new and novel.

More likely it was because I desired her body more than I realized.

Still, her milk was fucking amazing. I could drink it and only it for the rest of my life and die happy. The strange thing was I wasn't weirded out by sucking milk from the tits of a middle-aged woman while she was naked with her back against the garden shed.

She didn't mind me running my hands over her naked body. I think she enjoyed it.

In almost no time at all she was gasping in pleasure and writhing against the

shed wall. I wanted to stick my fingers into her pussy, but I held back. I was more focused on her tits at the moment.

And her milk.

For an older woman she had fantastic tits and the fact that she was full of milk made it even better.

I wanted to make her cum again just by sucking on her tits.

Emmabeth struggled against me. I was pinning her against the wall. I wasn't forcing her to stay there, but I wasn't letting her push back against me to change positions or do something else. I was determined to drain her milk completely or make her cum, whichever came first.

Though I would have been happier to make both happen.

As it was, I made her cum first. I was sucking hard on one nipple. She had one hand on my shoulder and the other was pinching and massaging her free tit. I had both hands on her naked hips, holding her against the wall.

The sound she made when she came was unmistakable. I've been with enough women to know when it's being faked and when it's real. She was doing her utmost to keep her little shriek of pleasure stifled, but there's only so much a woman can do when she's cumming.

Once I had made her cum, I pulled back from her. She wasn't stable on her own and slowly slid down the smooth wall to the ground, her legs open, her knees bent. I looked at her naked body. Maybe her breasts weren't as full as before, but I wasn't staring at them as much. I was focused on her pussy.

Emmabeth must have spent a good amount of her time out in the sun. She was tan...except for her hips. When she was out having fun she must have worn the smallest possible bikini bottoms. And then I realized that her tits didn't have tan lines at all. Her breasts were pretty much evenly tanned.

Better and better.

Her pussy wasn't shaved bare. That would have been hot and sexy. She left a little landing strip of dark blonde curls maybe two inches wide from the top of

her slit to just beneath the edge of her tan line.

Her inner lips were swollen. They were probably pulsing. They were certainly slick with her amrita. I could see her juices all but dripping out of her pussy.

“Like what you see?”

“Uh-huh.” I nodded. My cock was trapped inside my shorts. I wanted to fuck her, but, strange as it sounds, it seemed rude to just ask her to fuck. I wouldn’t know exactly how to go about asking, even though we’d already been intimate.

“Get your shorts off,” she said.

“Why?”

Emmabeth laughed at me. That was fine. I deserved a little mockery for such a stupid question. “So I can suck your dick. Why else?”

“Okay.” I wasn’t going to argue with her. It was the best offer I had all day.

Getting off my knees I dropped my shorts and approached her mouth with my hard cock. I had been stupid and left my boots on. That didn’t stop her from wrapping her hand around my manhood and drawing it to her mouth.

If anything, her mouth was hotter than the sultry air. She sucked my cock like I had sucked her tits, hard and with no regard for the weakness of flesh. I don’t produce a huge amount of precum, but I hope she could taste mine over the sweat. I was covered in sweat and the only reason my dick wasn’t covered in dirt was because I had kept on my shorts until this very moment.

Emmabeth proved she was an experienced woman. I’d been with a decent number of women—girls for the most part—but none of them compared to her. She wasn’t shy about taking my length into her mouth and down her throat. She held firmly to my balls, keeping me under her control. Other girls—women—would have played innocent, but not Emmabeth. She happily slid her tongue up and down my length giving me a wet, sloppy blowjob that was easily the best of my life.

Right when I was on the edge and ready to blow, she stopped. Her fingers circled around the base of my cock and prevented any inadvertent orgasm. It was

painful not to cum.

“Please…” I begged.

“Please what?” she taunted me. Who knew she was such a dominant woman.

“Please...I need to cum!”

“Maybe I don’t want you to cum.”

“What?” I was shocked. I had made her cum. She had asked to give me a blowjob and brought me right up to the finish line, and then she wanted to stop and walk away. It was cruel and unreasonable. If she wasn’t going to make me cum, that was fine, but she could at least release my cock so I could walk away and jerk off, finishing.

“Maybe I don’t want you to cum in my mouth,” she clarified as she released my cock and stood up.

I was surprised when she turned her back to me, but then she stuck out her ass and leaned against the shed.

I wasn’t stupid. I took advantage of the situation. I grabbed her hips and guided my cock between her legs. She reached down and found my cock. Moving was awkward because my shorts were caught around my legs and boots, but that didn’t matter, because she led me into her pussy.

It was the wettest, warmest place I had ever experienced on this Earth. My cock filled her all the way up. Her ass pressed against my stomach. It was perfect. I held her in place and started fucking.

I’ll admit it. I thrusted for maybe half a minute before I exploded inside her.

Only then did it occur to me it was a bad idea to fuck a woman I barely knew without a condom.

“You were an eager boy,” she said after I was done. Now I was using her body to remain upright, which was embarrassing but less embarrassing than falling on my ass.

Again.

“Yeah. Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I came already. Maybe you can make me cum again.”

“Sure!” I was overeager and it showed, but I didn’t mind.

“Shower first. Get your clothes off.”

I felt like an idiot getting off my boots before I could get my shorts off. She watched me. It was the worst strip show ever, but somehow I managed to get through it and stood before her naked.

Even though I had just cum, my cock started to stir again.

“This is why I love fucking young boys,” she said, almost to herself, musing aloud.

“What?”

“You can get it up again and again and cum almost as many times as a woman,” she explained and beckoned me over to the outdoor shower.

By now I wasn’t at all shy about being naked outside in her backyard garden. She started up the shower and drew me over. The one bad thing about the outdoor shower was that it only had cold water. That didn’t matter much when I was already overheated, the air temperature was already over ninety, and it felt like the relative humidity was 103%, but the real problem was when I stood underneath the spray of water.

My erection quickly faded. I started worrying about not impressing Emmabeth because we were rapidly approaching the risk of cold water shrinkage.

I turned my back to her, but Emmabeth moved in close to me, pressing her body against mine. I felt her tits against my back. Her nipples were hard but the rest of her body was soft.

“Hey,” I said.

She said nothing and just circled her hand around my now very small cock.

“The water doesn’t do you any favors.”

“Sorry about that,” I mumbled.

“It’s not a problem. I know how big you can get.”

Water is not a lubricant, at least not for sex. The outdoor shower that Emmabeth had set up wasn’t really a shower. There was no soap or shampoo. It was just for rinsing off and cooling down.

Still, her hand on my cock felt good. I started to rise to the occasion.

“This...this is why I fucking love fucking boys,” she said.

“I’m not a boy,” I complained as her hand continued to raise the dead.

“Young men,” she corrected herself. “Older men sometimes can’t even get it up even once. Do you think that’s what I want?”

I shook my head. “Do you...do you want me to fuck you again.”

She laughed. “Of course. I can always use a good fucking.”

“Right here? Right now?”

She turned me around. I was a good head taller than her. My cock hit her in the belly. She didn’t mind. “How about later tonight? Want to spend the night in an older woman’s bed?”

“Uh...yeah!”

That was good enough for her. She turned off the water and we got dressed. My cock was still hard but she wanted me on the edge. Besides, I had another job I had to go to

“Make sure to bring your mouth,” she told me.

“Of course,” I smiled at her.

I was glad she wanted me to fuck her some more.

But the fucking was secondary. I could do that with any girl. Hell, I could do that with any older woman as well. But only Emmabeth had tits full of milk that she was offering me.

Chapter Three

My afternoon job was a little more formal. After work, which was cleaning up three of the bars in town all owned by the same guy, a few of us were hanging around, drinking beers, killing time, until those who had other jobs were ready to move on. I was half eager to get out of there, half eager just to get drunk because showing up at Emmabeth's was just another opportunity to get rejected, and half eager to brag about my accomplishments over the past two days.

I got to fulfill all three of those wishes. Eventually I got out of the back room of Gentleman George's. I got a little bit drunk and then headed to Emmabeth's, but first the conversation turned to dating and sex.

I listened more than I talked, but everyone was bragging about how many girls or guys they had dated and fucked so far this summer, but eventually everyone looked at me because I had been quiet.

"What about you, Conroy?"

I cleared my throat. "Well, I ended things with Kaytee at the end of the semester, and I was pretty broken up over that, but I've done well over the past couple of days."

"Come on! Tell us!"

"She's an older woman," I started out casually. "But holy fucking shit it went from zero to sixty faster than I could figure it out."

"Who? Who!"

"Emmabeth Saterlee."

They all looked at me and started laughing.

"What?" I was miffed. "You all are jealous because she'd never fuck you."

That caused more laughter. Finally, Will managed to get control of himself enough to say, "You know her nickname, don't you?"

"No." I was angry now.

“The Slut of South Street.”

I glared at him. “Real fucking nice.”

“I’m just reporting the facts. She fucks a new guy every other week. Probably some girls as well.”

“Did you ever fuck her?” I asked him.

“Hell no!”

I looked at the small crowd of cleaners and bar backs and assorted other workers. Dave, Alex, Elijah, Trent, Claris, Brigitte, Denise, Chris. All college students like me and all were chuckling. “Did any of you fuck her?”

The laughter slowly died down. They all shook their heads or said no. And they slowly realized they all had the same answer.

“So it’s all hearsay,” I declared.

Trent spoke up. “Toast fucked her. I know that for a fact.”

“Did you see it happen?” I pressed him.

“He said he fucked her. Good enough for me.”

“Not me,” I said. “You’re all just jealous and envious and don’t know what to do with your dicks. And pussies.”

“She’s old,” Denise pointed out.

“And she’s still better looking than you,” I countered.

The guys hooted and laughed at her. She gave them the finger.

I figured I didn’t need the approval or advice of a bunch of fucking monkeys, or munch of fucking bunkies, so I stood up and left.

I went home to my tiny apartment that was little more than a bedroom with an attached shower and toilet in a closet. After showering I grabbed my bag, shoved a change of clothes into it, and walked to Emmabeth’s place.

It was already evening. The light was fading but it was still plenty bright. Not wanting to walk up to the front door, I made my way up the driveway to slip through the gate to the backyard.

I was more comfortable going in the back than the front.

I couldn’t help myself and snickered. It was a stupid joke, but it was still funny.

It was my intention to knock on the back door that led to her kitchen. It was more natural to me...and maybe I didn’t want anyone else seeing me at her door.

I don’t know.

But I didn’t even make it to her back door. I stopped in my tracks halfway through the backyard garden.

I shouldn’t have been surprised, but I was. More than being surprised, however, I was thrilled. My cock was thrilled as well. I started getting hard right away.

Emmabeth was laying on a chaise lounge in the middle of the garden, catching the last few rays of sunlight before it abandoned her semi-secret garden.

She was face down wearing only a small thong bikini bottom. Her ass was on display to my hungry eye. I was eager to lick her luscious rump, which sounded so wrong but also excited the hell out of me.

It was impossible for me to tell how long I just stared at her semi-bare ass before she realized I was in the garden with her.

Emmabeth rolled over and showed me her tits.

My cock couldn’t have gotten any harder.

“How long have you been staring at me?”

I wondered if she would have asked the same question of any man who had walked into the garden. Would she have been so casual with a stranger or someone she hadn’t set up a date with? She was supposed to be the Slut of Second Street and maybe she was.

“Uh...not long.” A terrible answer, but her ass and tits confused me. Or at least they had forced all the blood out of my brain and into my cock.

“Like what you see?”

“Yes. Always. You have a fantastic ass,” I complimented her. It seemed the polite thing to do.

“Huh. Funny. Usually I get told my tits are my best asset.”

“Those are great too.” I couldn’t stop staring. If she wanted me to stop staring, she would have said something or put on some clothes. “Do you always sunbathe nude?”

She laughed. “I’m not nude.” She ran her finger along the top edge of her tiny bikini bottoms. “I’m wearing a thong.”

“Right. Sorry.”

“Are you just going to stare?” she asked, a knowing grin on her face.

“What...what would you...like me to do?”

Shaking her head, Emmabeth stood up from her chaise lounge and approached me. I couldn’t tear my eyes from her tits. They were lightly tanned and perfect with the small areolas and large nipples. My mouth watered as she drew closer and closer.

“I think you know what I want you to do.”

I raised my eyebrows and smiled. “Fuck you?”

She stepped right up to me and put her arms over my shoulders, pulling in tight so her tits pressed into my chest. She smelled like flowers and freshly mown grass. I couldn’t remember if I had mowed the lawn for her or not.

“We’ll do that later. I want something else first.” Pointedly, she looked down at her tits.

I followed her gaze.

“Oh shit! Fuck I’m stupid! You want me to...uh...to suck your tits,” I said in almost broken English. “Your milk.”

“You’re a smart and clever boy,” she complimented me and went up on her toes to give me a light kiss on the lips.

I winced.

“What’s the matter?”

“I don’t like being called a boy. I’m a man. I’m an adult.”

“I’m twice your age,” she pointed out. “Besides, men call females your age girls all the time. Trust me. As a woman over forty, getting called a boy is a compliment. At least you aren’t being called a cub.”

“A cub?”

I was confused. I put my hands around her waist, loving the feeling of her warm, firm flesh.

“Uh-huh. I’m a cougar and you’re my cub. And my little cub needs to drink my milk, doesn’t he?”

It wasn’t the sort of fantasy role playing that I was into. I was a cub? She was a cougar? It took me a moment before I recognized the terms. They weren’t exactly insults, but they weren’t compliments either.

I could start complaining, or we could go inside, I could drain all the milk from her tits, and then we could fuck like wild animals.

She could fuck like a cougar.

And I wasn’t going to fuck like a cub. I was going to fuck her like a mountain lion.

“Yeah…” I breathed. “I want your milk. I want your tits. I want your ass. And I especially want your pussy.”

“Let’s see if you can earn all of that,” she told me, pushing me away and walking

confidently to her kitchen door.

I followed like a little puppy. Or rather, like her eager cub.

We went inside. She led me up to her bedroom. I had been there once already, but this time I took a moment to actually look around the place.

It was something between a generic lived-in bedroom and the lair of a Karen. Some art prints were on the walls. The bed was a four-poster that held promises I couldn't possibly see fulfilled. At least she hadn't painted on the walls "Live - Laugh - Love". What the hell was I getting myself into?

I took my eyes off the bedroom and settled them onto Emmabeth. That helped me remember. That and her bare tits and round ass. Once again I marveled at how wonderful her forty year old (maybe older?) body was.

"My tits are aching for you," she said, posing next to the bed with her hands under her breasts, holding them up slightly. They looked bigger than I remembered; maybe they were swollen.

"They are?" I moved forward slowly. I don't know why. She obviously wanted me.

"Happens when I start lactating for a new lover."

Everything with Emmabeth seemed to be a surprise. I had willingly entered this relationship, strange as it was, without fully realizing what I was doing. She was kinky as hell and I didn't realize I was trapped in the honeypot until I was already drowning.

I must have had a strange expression on my face, because while she smoothly slid onto the bed, she cocked her head to the side and asked, "Is something the matter?"

"I...uh...I didn't realize what I was doing."

"What are you doing?" she asked as she massaged her tits.

I stared. How could I not stare? I didn't see any milk. Not yet.

“I don’t know,” I answered honestly. I just wanted to fuck her. And my mouth was watering for her tits. For her milk. And she was so much older than me. And more experienced. She was the Slut of South Street. How many guys had she fucked? How many guys had sucked on her tits?

Suddenly I was intimidated.

“Then why don’t you come up here, suck on my boobs a bit, get a little something to drink, and then we’ll see what your cock is good for.”

“What it’s good for?” My brain wasn’t functioning.

“Take your clothes off,” she said. “Show me your cock.”

“Okay,” I agreed. There was no reason to be rude. I stripped. This time I took off my boots first. My cock was already hard and sticking up and out, proudly. Almost automatically I put my hand to it and started stroking my length. She didn’t seem to mind.

At first.

“Don’t waste that,” she told me and patted the bed. “I don’t want you cumming before I’m ready.”

“Okay,” I agreed again and joined her on the bed. I was naked. She still had on her thong bikini bottoms.

Emmabeth was in charge. That was never in question. She moved around and pushed me so that we were laying comfortably and my face was at her tits. It was only natural for me to take one of her thick nipples into my mouth and start sucking.

With other women, sucking on their tits and nipples was just foreplay. Most liked it, a few didn’t. Emmabeth loved it.

She moaned lightly as I sucked her nipple into my mouth. I only had to suck at it a couple of times before she flooded my mouth with her milk. It was incredibly sweet and clung to my tongue.

It was like I was addicted to her milk, but that wasn’t possible.

Was it?

Anyway, I curled up next to her and started nursing like my life depended on it. Her hand found my cock and didn't exactly stroke me, but kept me hard and interested.

It was a strange way to perform foreplay with someone, but she liked having her tits sucked. I liked the flavor of the milk. It was also a little bonus of sustenance for a starving college student. I couldn't imagine I was consuming all that many calories from Emmabeth, but certainly it had to be a little.

The most important part was I was getting her excited. The little moans she made while I nursed not only indicated how excited she was, but also served to keep my cock hard. That's what I was working up to: fucking her. I wasn't all that interested in her milk.

That's what I was telling myself.

"Keep going, keep going," Emmabeth said softly. I was sucking hard and holding her other breast, gently rolling her nipple between my fingers. Her body was shaking and she was on edge.

I wanted to ask what would happen if I stopped. I wanted to know if she was going to cum. I didn't. I just kept going.

I wasn't stupid.

Being on my side and being halfway down her body, it was easy for me to watch her jerk off my cock...and then I saw her other hand go down her body and bury her fingers in her pussy.

It was exciting to nurse from her and it was even more exciting to watch her jill herself. I kept nursing and she kept jilling and eventually she got all the way there, cumming loudly, her fingers squishing wetly into her pussy and her body shaking with desire and relief.

The only thing was I was a bit nervous she'd want to kick me out of bed now that she had gotten what she wanted.

"You're nice and hard," she said, drawing her fingers along my length, causing

my cock to shiver and shake almost uncontrollably.

“Th-th-thanks,” I stuttered out. If she didn’t stop playing with my cock, I was going to cum all over her hand and I didn’t want that...though I sort of wanted that too.

“Do you want to fuck now?”

“Yes!”

She laughed and pushed me away, not to force me to leave, but to change our positions. I was expecting her to lay on her back. I got a present instead.

She got on her hands and knees.

I didn’t need to be told twice, or even once in this case, what to do. I knelt down behind her and started probing with my cock.

Sadly, I wasn’t so smooth that I just managed to slip it in her pussy without any guidance—she had to use her hand to put me inside—but once I parted her lips I easily slipped all the way into her depths. Normally I had to eat out a woman first before she was wet enough to penetrate her like that.

We both sighed with pleasure as our bodies joined.

“I told you I wanted to fuck like a wild animal.”

“Right,” I agreed and grabbed her hips, taking full advantage of her luscious body.

“Fuck me like the cougar I am,” she grunted as I made my first thrust. “Fuck me hard, little cub.”

It was supposed to be humiliating language. It wasn’t. Not to me. I started fucking good and hard.

She grunted with my every thrust, panting heavily from the start.

I was already on edge and was certain that I wouldn’t be able to last long, but I needed to make her cum at least once before I popped off inside her

accommodating pussy.

It was thrilling that she just let me go at her as hard and fast as I wanted. Older women knew what they liked and needed.

I found that I didn't have quite the stamina and endurance that I wanted. After a few minutes of rough fucking, I fell forward. Her elbows were locked and she kept up uptight so we didn't fall face first into the mattress.

My hands hand a mind of their own. They circled around her body and found her tits. They were soft and inviting. While I fucked her I also massaged her tits. In short order her tits were leaking milk. She didn't complain so either she didn't notice or she liked what I was doing.

I'm only human. I lasted another minute, at most, before I finished in her. She came as well. Or at least she acted like she came a second time. Her pussy tightened up on my cock and it got incredibly hot.

Maybe she was a demoness and had to let out her excess body heat that way.

Worth it.

"Best fuck of my life," I told her as I collapsed to the bed. She rolled to her side and faced me.

"Was it?"

"I'm not lying."

"I've had a lot more experience than you," she told me. "I'm not going to lie. You're great in bed, Conroy, but I've had more thrilling fucks."

That hurt. "Please call me Roy."

"Not Con or Connie?"

"I'm not a criminal or a girl."

She laughed at me and gave me a kiss. I savored that kiss.

"Give me another chance," I begged, closing my eyes because I couldn't stand to

have her judging me while I pleaded with her. “I promise it’ll be the best fuck of your life if we do it again.”

She laughed again. “I don’t need every fuck to be the best of my life. And you’re staying the night. You’ll have many more chances.”

“Oh. Yeah. Right.” I had forgotten that I brought a bag of clothes for the morning.

“But first I need to clean up.” She smoothly slipped her legs off the bed and headed for the bathroom.

Chapter Four

I woke up the next morning with Emmabeth's tits in my face. I'm not ashamed that I fell asleep, but it wasn't my proudest moment either.

I wasn't sure if I just happened to wake up with her tits in my face or if she had woken first and wanted her nipples sucked. Either way, I got right to business, sucking on her big, delightful nipples. In no time at all her milk welled up and I was getting breakfast in bed.

Being a young, virile man, in addition to waking up with tits in my face, I woke up with morningwood. Emmabeth noticed this right away. Her hand was on my cock, not stroking me, but holding me, keeping me under control.

Neither of us just wanted me to nurse from her tits and have that be the end of it.

We slowly moved around as I nursed. She was intent on getting on top of me and riding my cock.

I allowed her.

I mean, why would I object to that?

Her pussy was warm and inviting as I calmly worked my way up into her velvet glove.

Due to her big tits and my flexibility, it was rather easy to nurse from her tits as she rode me.

Breakfast in bed.

Dinner and a show.

Simultaneous fuck and suck.

We were doing what just came naturally.

And, naturally, she came as she rode me. She cried out her pleasure, not like a porn star, but like a woman who knows what she needs to be satisfied in bed and demands that her lover meets her every expectation.

I was sucking her left nipple as hard as I dared while I thrusted up into her.

Emmabeth loved it. She came while I was sucking her, swallowing every drop of milk. I could see and feel her free breast dripping on me but I didn't care.

I lasted a moment longer as her climax wound down. I clutched her body to mine, not letting her move, while I came. Eventually the moment left us both and she collapsed on top of me. Her weight, though slight, was more than welcome.

"You can come to my bed anytime," she whispered in my ear.

"Really?"

"I want you here all the time," she confirmed. "I need a young virile lover."

"Do I qualify?"

She kissed the side of my neck. "I've given you a pretty good audition. I think I'll need you in my bed for a week at least to be certain."

"Really?"

"And you'll have to keep my milk flowing," she said, lifting herself up enough to display her tits. "These girls need all the attention you can lavish on them."

To Be Continued

Preview

Delusion: Love Sweet Sex Magic 4

I had to meet Bob in person. Not that I wanted to, but I needed to make sure my coven sister was actually married to a true demon and Birch wasn't just lying to me. Of course, I figured he was lying to me, but it is always prudent to check.

"I just can't have you over," Joy said to me. "I mean, maybe he isn't a literal demon, but what if he is? And even if he isn't, what good would it do to have him find us in bed together?"

I liked that's immediately where Joy's mind went, but she was way ahead of herself. I didn't think the best way to meet her husband would be for him to discover his wife in bed with a woman. Sure, lots of men have the fantasy of discovering their wife is bi and joining in, but that wasn't going to happen.

"He's not going to find us fucking," I told her. "You're going to invite me over for a nice dinner."

Joy froze. "That might be problematic. It wouldn't be a good idea for a notorious witch to be spending time at the local pastor's house."

"But fucking the local pastor's wife is completely acceptable?" I asked archly.

She grimaced at my confrontation. "Well, I can't help that."

"Tell him you want to discuss the differences in our religions."

"What is our religion, exactly?" Joy asked. She was more into witchcraft for the lesbian sex and female empowerment aspects and less of worshiping the Earth Mother. I could appreciate that, but I also realized that I needed to spend time instructing her and Aisling about the more spiritual aspects of being a witch.

"Worshiping the Earth Mother," I quickly explained. "Wait until Samhain rolls

around. We go wild on Beltane and Winter Solstice as well. But that can wait. First, you need to set a dinner party for me and you and Bob." I passed her a silver flask. "You'll need to slip this into whatever drink he consumes before I come over."

"What is it?"

"Just a little mixture of spring water, tea, whiskey, a drop of Aisling's blood, my amrita, and a few special spices." Those special spices included cinnamon, nightshade, and an imperceptible amount of urine.

"Aisling's blood?" Of course she would pick up on that as the one ingredient that was unusual.

"Yes. I love having a virgin handy for such things, but we won't be able to keep her a virgin for much longer. I don't want to bleed her dry, but the temptation is there."

Joy laughed and took the flask and then gave me a kiss. She rolled out of my bed and started dressing. I watched her. There was no reason not to.

"Are you ready to lose your virginity?" I asked Aisling right before I went down on her.

We were in her bed. It was the middle of the day. It would have been more fun to do it in the middle of the night, but her mother was away during the day and risking getting caught by Margaret wasn't a complication I wanted at the moment. I was keeping Aisling's mother in mind for a possible recruit into the coven. She was the right type; the only complication was having a mother and daughter in the same group. It would make the orgies more complicated than normal.

"Haven't I already?" she asked. She was naked and I was peering at her pretty cunt. It was topped by her pretty dark red curls and the dark pinkness of her glistening lips was an enticing invitation.

In response to her naive question, I sharply slapped her thigh. "Of course not.

You haven’t had a cock in this beautiful cunt yet, have you?” I kissed the top of her cleft, wiggling my tongue down against her swollen clit just a little to coax a truthful answer from her lips.

“Nooo...” she moaned beautifully.

“Then are you ready to give up your virginity?” I asked taking a quick breath before licking the length of her labia. She opened up for me. It didn’t take much. She was a horny minx.

“Yesss…”

I kissed her clit again and then sucked it. She quivered. Aisling might have been beautiful and willing to fuck whenever I asked, but she was also easily manipulated by her body. That was useful for me but she needed to work on her power of resistance.

“We need to find you a nice virgin boy to deflower you,” I informed her.

“Both of us virgins?” I knew what was running through her head. A man fucking her for the first time. The power of the cock to a virgin was irresistible, even for a witch. She would learn to temper her needs and her lust and even use it, but for the moment I needed two virgins dedicating themselves to the Earth Mother so I could gather their energy. The only way I, and my coven, was going to be able to defeat a demon was with every advantage we could amass.

Now the problem was to find an eighteen year old virgin boy. But before that I needed to get Aisling off.

I put my face into her crotch and my tongue up her cunt. While she didn’t exactly dissolve at my attention, her little sighs of ecstasy were much appreciated. Making love to a young woman was a pleasure for me—and should be for anyone—because there is little more beauty in the world than a young woman’s ripe cunt.

I didn’t need to coax her out of her clothes. She took them off for me both willingly and happily. I didn’t even have to take my own off. I was wearing my standard black dress with too much lace but showing plenty of thigh. As we were sprawled on her bed the material of my sweater and dress kept dragging me down and making it difficult to move around. Eventually I had to pull back and

shed my sweater and lift up my dress over my head, throwing it aside.

That made it easier to kneel with my ass in the air as I ate her out. It was too bad we didn't have a third in the room with us; I'm sure the view of my ass would have been much appreciated.

I would have appreciated a mouth on my cunt or a cock up it. That was not to be.

Making Aisling cum was easy; fun, but easy. The energy she released as she came was easy for me to gather up and hold. I wouldn't be able to store it forever—energy wants to be used and released—but a slow build up to my confrontation with Bob was just good planning. While I was fairly certain he was a demon, I wasn't yet a hundred percent convinced.

I needed to be sure.

After making Aisling cum so many times that I lost count, she finally pushed me away from her sore and exhausted cunt. "Enough! Enough! You're going to make me pass out."

"Would that be so bad?" I asked as I pulled back and extracted one of her curly scarlet hairs from my mouth.

"No...but I don't want that right now."

Her body was too much to resist. I slipped up next to her, pressing mine against hers. We kissed and she traced her fingers over my bra and down to my stomach. "Want me to return the favor?" she asked, her fingers skimming along the top edge of my black silk panties.

More than anything I wanted her to go down on me and make me cum so many times that I forgot my name.

"No, I can't."

To her credit, Aisling pouted. "Why not?"

"I need to save my energy for Bob."

Now she frowned at me. "What does that mean."

“Do you really want a lecture on the tenets and applications of worshiping the Earth Mother right now?” I asked her.

Aisling plunged her fingers into my panties and found my wet cunt even as she shook her head at me, feigning innocence. “No,” she said trying to keep a straight face.

I enjoyed her fingers going in and out of my cunt for a moment. There was no harm in a little fun and games...as long as it didn’t go too far and I kept myself under control.

The thirty seconds I allotted her dragged into a minute. My cunt started leaking like a sieve and I was getting too hot.

It would have felt a lot better if I just gave myself over to her, but I—unfortunately—was too disciplined. After all, the existence of my family line and family lands depended on my next few important decisions. Hating myself for it, I grabbed Aisling’s wrist and dragged her fingers out of my cunt and my panties.

“We have to wait,” I told her. “I can’t cum right now.”

“Why not?” she pouted again.

“I need to build up my sexual energies,” I informed her. “I think now would be an excellent time for that lecture on our religion and Mother Earth.”

Aisling sighed and crossed her arms over her perky tits. “No.”

I shoved aside her arms and pinched a nipple. She gasped and relented. “Now, as I was saying, all good witches worship Mother Earth and while I’ve taught you the basics…”

I continued on for a while. Nothing dries up a cunt and diminished desire than long, involved lectures on religion. While I felt bad about it, my lecture was necessary.

The next day I took Aisling with me to meet Nicholas. I was briefly worried that maybe getting two young randy people together would be a bad idea, but I had to take the risk. I was grooming Aisling to be one of the leaders of my coven and if she couldn't manage to handle a second-rate drug dealer like Nicholas then she wasn't of any use to me anyway. She needed not to worry about breaking some minor felonies.

My true worry wasn't the law or police, but her wanting to get high and/or fuck Nicholas. I needed to keep her pure for a few more days.

"You just walk in?" she asked me as I slipped open the back door and walked into the kitchen.

"Why not?" I asked her. "I've been fucking him for over a year and buying the devil's lettuce for longer."

She blanched at my casual use of slang. "The devil's lettuce? Isn't that...disrespectful?"

I sighed. "It's just slang, Aisling. It doesn't mean anything. What do you want me to call it? Pot? Weed? Marijuana? Cannabis? Hashish? Herb? Tree? Hemp? Get over it, girl."

After walking through the kitchen I opened up the basement door and walked down the stairs without checking to see if she was following. Aisling would have the option of leaving in humiliation out the back door, or following me.

By the time I was halfway down the unfinished stairs, I heard her footsteps behind me. That made me smile.

An instant later I frowned because there was arguing coming from the basement where Nicholas had his lair. I listened for a minute because I didn't want to walk into a situation that was dangerous.

"Fucking hell, Nick! You're an asshole!" I didn't recognize the voice, but it seemed vaguely familiar.

"Yeah. Fuck you too." I recognized Nick's laconic way of speaking right away.

"I'll pay double," the semi-familiar voice said.

“I’m not going to give or sell to you, no matter what.” Nicholas tried to sound tough, but he couldn’t pull it off.

Now the second voice became almost shrill with anger. “You’re a fucking asshole, you know that, Nick. I hate being your brother!”

It all fell into place. I knew Nicholas had a little brother, but had never seen him until now. I turned the tight corner at the bottom of the stairs and let my heels click loudly on the cement floor. They both turned at the same time to look at me and Aisling.

Being more familiar with Nicholas I ignored him and focused on the other man. Young man. He was young, but old enough. I reached out with my connection to Mother Earth and explored Nicholas’s brother. I was unfocused but managed to speak. “Who is this, Nick?”

Reluctantly my weed dealer and occasional lover said, “Harry. My little brother.”

I smiled, letting my good feelings—and my desire—waft toward Harry. “He’s so handsome.”

Nicholas groaned in annoyance. Harry looked briefly proud, but then he flushed bright red with embarrassment. “I can’t believe this shit,” Nicholas mumbled to himself.

Holding out my hand to Harry as I walked up to him, I said, “So nice to meet you, Harry. I didn’t know that Nick had a younger,” and here I paused and looked at the young man who provided me with America’s illicit drug of choice, “and more handsome brother.”

While I didn’t think it was possible, Harry’s face flushed brighter red. Poor thing. He shook my hand more out of need to do something rather than just be stared at. “Thanks. I mean...I don’t know if I’m better looking— “

And here my protégé interrupted him. Her actions greatly increased Aisling’s value in my eyes. “Oh, you’re definitely better looking than Nick.”

At that moment Harry only had eyes for Aisling. I couldn’t blame him, of course. Aisling was gorgeous with her wavy red hair, pale skin, and high angular cheekbones she could have been any of a number of shallow things based

entirely upon her looks. Instead she had chosen to use her natural beauty to bring about better things to this world. And give herself a little power. I couldn't blame her for that either.

"Th-th-thanks," he stuttered out. Clearly he was enamored of Aisling. I couldn't blame him for that. This was good. It was going to make things easy for me.

Seeing that the two youngsters were busy making eyes at each other, I sent out a little feeler into Harry and realized he was perfect. He hadn't yet fallen to his brother's bad habits and, miracle of miracles, he was still pure.

Or at least pure enough for my plans.

I dropped his hand and moved to the side to talk to Nicholas. "I'll need my usual order and I'll want to talk to your brother in private." I glanced to where he was talking quietly to Aisling. I had to trust that while maybe she was attracted to him, she wasn't so stupid as to actually fall for him. He was just a pawn in my plans. A beautiful pawn, but nothing else.

"No!" I frowned at Nicholas's reluctance to uphold his end of our unspoken bargain.

"Why not?" I demanded of him.

"I'm not letting you...uh...I'm not going to let you pay in the usual way. Not with Harry here."

I firmly fixed my smile in place. "Of course not. I have cash." This I produced with a wave of my fingers. It wasn't even real magic, just sleight of hand, pulling a few bills from within my dress's sleeve. It was more than enough to pay for what he supplied me with.

Not that I wasn't willing to fuck him right then and there in front of Aisling and Harry. I didn't have any qualms about that.

It only took the slight bit of energy sent through the air where it easily dispersed to make Nicholas change his mind. He needed the money more than he needed to keep his little brother on the straight and narrow.

Nicholas's plan wasn't going to work. If Harry didn't follow in his brother's

metaphorical footsteps then I was going to corrupt him.

He was ripe for corruption.

After a moment of resistance Nicholas got the baggie that I needed. I accepted it from him and turned on my heel. If I wasn't so busy I would have been happy to fuck him then and there, but duty and family responsibilities called.

I did pay for my weed, however.

"Aisling, time to leave," I told her.

It was enough to wake the two out of their eyelock. She pulled her hand back from his. I produced one of my cards and handed it to him. It didn't matter if he read it or kept it or not. Just taking the magic-infused bit of cardboard stock was all that I needed.

"Here's my number if you need anything," I told Harry. I couldn't resist. I had to make Nicholas suffer because he couldn't run his little brother's life. "How old are you, anyway?"

"Eight-eight-eighteen," he stuttered out. "I just started at UAlbany this fall."

I smiled and pulled my hand back from his. "We'll have to work on that stutter. I can fix that for you."

"Don't!" warned Nicholas but I was already retreating with Aisling up the stairs.

"Don't you dare," Nicholas said to his brother. "She's nothing but trouble."

"Don't worry, I won't," Harry promised, but it was a lie. I knew it was a lie. Harry knew it was a lie. Aisling knew it was a lie. If Nicholas chose to believe what Harry had said, then he was a fool.

"Does he please you?" I asked Aisling once we were outside where it was safe to talk.

"Yes. Very much. He's easy on the eyes."

"Let's hope he's easy on everything else. He's going to be the one to deflower

you.”

“He is?!” She was elated and scared at the same time. I loved that. “How do you know he’s a virgin?”

Looking straight ahead as we marched back to my house I lifted my chin a bit and said, “A wise witch always knows.”

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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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