

COUGAR'S MILK

1:FLOW

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING



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Cougar’s Milk 2: Seepage

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Love

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cougar’s Milk 2: Seepage

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Version 2

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Chapter Five

It was the right term to be using, nursing, but it was alarming how easily I slipped into using it. Nursing as a profession is noble—and a bit hot too, we've all seen the porn videos—but as a precursor to sex...it's not exactly noble even if it is extremely hot.

It was also alarming how easily I slipped into her bed every night.

To be clear, Emmabeth had invited me to her bed, her house, her garden.

Yes, I was only twenty, but I felt a hell of a lot older. As it turned out she was forty-four, so more than twice my age, but she looked a hell of a lot younger.

It wasn't a normal relationship by any means. I would garden for her in the morning. That's not a euphemism. She hired me to come to her backyard and take care of all her needs. Wait, that came out wrong as well. I was a hired gardener. I would weed and rake and mow and trim but I wouldn't hoe (wink). She paid me for my work, because I couldn't give up a summer job just because I was fucking my boss.

It felt extra dirty when I took money from her and then we'd fuck.

I still had my assortment of other under the table jobs around town, but every night, instead of going back to my hovel of a room in a student slum, I would bed down in her house. Air conditioning. A full fridge. A clean bathroom. A huge bed. A willing woman ready to fuck me at the drop of a hat, or the drop of my pants.

And all I had to do was suck her tits dry every morning and every night.

It wasn't a chore.

It was a little embarrassing knowing that my circle of friends and acquaintances and fellow students all knew where I was spending my spare time. It wasn't that bad. Emmabeth was a known hottie and I just claimed I had a thing for older women. That was easily accepted.

Actually admitting that I loved her breast milk would have been humiliating.

I don't know which was better, her tits or her pussy. Knife to my throat, I

wouldn’t have been able to make a decision.

It wasn’t just sex. I got to know a lot about Emmabeth...and myself.

Me? I’m just an ordinary poly sci major who plays rugby for fun. And beds a lot of women. College women. Well, a lot of women until I met Emmabeth, and then I was just with her.

That was a mistake.

Sort of.

She was a tutor at the college. No surprise. A math tutor, but her main job was some administrative role. I didn’t pay much attention beyond that.

She was divorced. Too bad for the guy who left her. More of her milk and tits and pussy for me. I didn’t ask too much about her ex, but I did learn one juicy detail.

She was a mother and her ex was the father of her daughter.

“Where’s your daughter?”

“Right now she’s spending the summer with her father.”

“Oh...what happens when the school year starts?”

“She’ll go back to college?”

“Here?” I asked nervously.

Emmabeth laughed at me. “Here? Oh hell no. She wouldn’t lower herself to attend the college her mother works at. She’ll be just far enough away.”

She loved mango yogurt for breakfast. She preferred tea over coffee, but with sugar, no cream.

“Want some cream in your coffee?” she offered me one morning as I was getting ready to leave. She was still in her robe, nothing on underneath it.

“No. I drink mine black.”

“Are you sure you don’t want a little milk or cream?” she asked, opening up the robe to display her tits.

I stared.

She took the cup from my hand and held it up to her breast, squeezed a little, forcing out a few drops, and then a steady stream. She quickly turned my black coffee to a wonderful tan.

It was delicious, but I still preferred my coffee black.

I was so turned on seeing that, what she did for me, I went down on my knees right there in the kitchen and started sucking her tits.

She stumbled back to the counter, barely able to remain upright on her bare feet.

We had already fucked that morning. I had drunk my fill of her breast milk in bed, but my cock wanted her again. My mouth hungered for her milk, which seemed to be in never-ending supply.

She didn’t object when I slid a hand up her inner thigh and stroked her lips. They opened up for me—it seemed like she was always wet—and I inserted a finger while circling her clit with my thumb.

Many of the women—college girls—I had fucked weren’t exactly frigid, but they had difficulty cumming. Not all of them, but it was a lot of work to make them cum. Emmabeth had no trouble cumming. I made her cum right there in the kitchen, admittedly she was already warmed up from us having fucked an hour earlier in her bed, but I was still proud of myself. I had learned that as long as I was sucking her tits, it was a snap to make her climax.

When I stood up, she grabbed my cock through my shorts. “Want to fuck, big boy?”

“Yes,” I moaned as she massaged my manhood, “but I’ve got to get to GG’s to clean up from last night.”

“Maybe when you come back to weed my garden?” she half promised and half asked.

“Yes...please.”

The question that bothered me the most about her, the one that I was afraid to ask, was how she started lactating in the first place.

How does one just toss out that question to a new lover?

I asked it when I was balls deep in her pussy. As usual, we started off with me sucking on her tits. They weren’t completely drained, but I had made her cum and we both wanted to move things along. We were barely two weeks into our relationship, such as it was, but the curiosity was killing me.

“When did you start lactating?” I blurted out while thrusting into her. We were in the classic missionary position, so I was looking down at her.

She looked up at me and was initially distracted. Then her expression changed to annoyed. Finally she burst out laughing. She was laughing so hard that it felt like her pussy was going to push my cock out of her body.

I was offended.

“What does it matter?” she asked.

“I kinda need to know,” I admitted in a small voice.

“Just fuck me. I’ll tell you later. Jesus fucking Christ.” She closed her eyes and focused on my cock. I hoped she was focusing on my cock. If she was dreaming about some other guy fucking her, I would have been humiliated.

Not like I wasn’t.

Just to make sure, I fucked her good and hard, using all my skills. I thought about the many guys she had fucked over the years. I hoped I measured up to them. I made her cum. Or at least I made her fake an orgasm, and then I finished.

Right in that moment, I didn’t want to talk about sex. I just wanted to bask in the afterglow. Instead, Emmabeth hit me with:

“I’ll tell you all about me lactating, but I need to know why you want to know.”

Talking about my newly developed kink right after I came was the worst timing.

“Maybe now is not the best time?” I tried to weasel out of the discussion that I had brought up.

“No! Now is the perfect time. You have clarity and you’re not horny. I bet if I tell you all about my tits, you’ll get horny again.”

She was right. I was already staring at them. The way they hung from her chest was like she had been created by an artist.

“I don’t need to know,” I stressed. “I’m just curious. I mean...your daughter is in college. When was the last time you actually breast fed a baby?”

“What if I told you I was a professional wet nurse for years?”

“You were?” I was almost alarmed. That was something I’d only heard about in history books.

“No. But apparently I was made to breast feed the world, or something close to it,” she sighed and lay back on the bed. Even on her back, tits up as it were, her breasts refused to lie down completely. They were pleasant little mounds that rose up like desirable hills capped by her perfect areolas and large nipples.

“How does that work?” I asked, confused.

“Pretty well, actually,” she replied with a smile. “The moment I got pregnant my boobs started growing. I was lactating well before Emily was born. I had way too much milk. I was pumping before I gave birth just to get rid of the pressure. My hormone level must have been incredible. Anyway, Emily was the best fed baby in the world. Fatty McFatso I used to call her. I’ve got pictures of her if you want to see.”

“No thank you.” Seeing pictures of my lover’s daughter when she was a fat baby was not a turn on in any way to me.

“Anyway, Emily weened herself by the time she was eighteen months old, but my tits wouldn’t give up. I suppose it was lucky that Nick was into my breast milk. That was fun, having him nursing on me all the time.”

“Nick’s your ex?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Hell, if I was married to you I wouldn’t have given you up if your tits gave milk like they do today.”

Her smile was thin, but understanding. “Sadly, you can’t build a relationship on breast milk alone.”

“You can’t?” I asked, feigning innocence.

She gave me a shove and then a pinch on my shoulder. It hurt worse than I expected. Emmabeth had surprisingly strong fingers.

“No. You can’t.”

“So you’ve been lactating for…” I did some quick mental math, “over twenty years?”

“It’s about twenty one since I started when I was pregnant with Emily.”

I did some more mental math. It didn’t take a college degree to figure out that I was about the same age as her daughter.

Things suddenly became uncomfortable in that bed.

I moved things along. “So why didn’t your breasts stop making milk?”

She gave a little shrug. “I’m not entirely certain. Partly it’s just got to be me. I was born to lactate, apparently. Partly it’s always having someone nursing from me. First Emily and then Nick when she weened...and then my lovers...and after Nick and I divorced, more lovers.”

I reflected on what she had just said. “Uh...I’m not judging here, but did you have...um...lovers before you and Nick ended things?”

“Yes.” Her answer was blunt and honest. That shook me.

“Did Nick know?”

“He knew eventually.”

I wasn’t judging, or at least I was trying not to judge, but she had basically admitted to me that she had cheated on her husband. Uncomfortable.

“But he was also cheating on me, so he and I agreed not to make it an issue.”

“Oh.”

“We didn’t have the best marriage. We have a better relationship now that we’re not married.”

“I see.” I needed to stop thinking about her fucking other men. More precisely, I wanted to focus on her tits...but I couldn’t stop picking at that scab. “So enough of your lovers were interested in nursing and lactating to keep your breasts making milk most of your life?”

“Well, yeah, of course. Except I’d say all my lovers were into my boobs and milk.”

I just stared at her. “You can’t be serious.”

“Were you into breast milk kink before me?” she asked.

“Uh...no. I don’t think so. Older women maybe, but…”

“But one taste of my milk and you were hooked.” She smiled and gave me a kiss. “It was that way with all my lovers. One taste was all it took.”

“Oh.”

“I think my milk is special.”

“It sure is,” I agreed.

Chapter Six

It was towards the end of the summer. We were in bed, she was on top of me. I had nursed her tits dry and we had just finished fucking. My cock was still in her pussy; I could feel my cum slowly leaking out of her pussy.

I could also feel what little milk she had left leaking out of her boobs, making my sweaty chest wet.

“I want to be double nursed,” she told me softly, her head turned away from my face.

“What?” I couldn’t figure out how that was going to happen. I only had one mouth.

“I want to be double nursed,” she repeated. “I’ve done it before, but it’s been a while. We just need to find someone else who wants to nurse next to you.”

It took me a moment, but then I realized she was proposing a threeway.

What young, virile man wouldn’t want to do that?

And then I realized she wasn’t intent on asking a woman to join us.

“Okay…” I didn’t know how to wiggle out of this problem.

“Do you have any guy friends who might want to get a bit kinky?” she asked, looking longingly into my eyes.

Strangely, I did.

Les wasn’t my favorite person. He was weird and everything for him revolved around sex. However, he had never mocked me and genuinely seemed interested in dating as many different women as possible. And a few men. And who knew what else.

Les was the sort of guy to fuck a vacuum cleaner just to say that he did it.

He was a fellow poly sci major. I could completely see him working for some

congressman in ten years as a campaign flack and taking the fall for the congressman's sexual indiscretions (probably with a man) and no one blinking an eye because everyone knew that Les would fuck anything that moved...and more than few things that don't move.

Somehow he had managed to score a job working, such as it could be called, at the college student union information desk for the summer. There was no information to be given out. He was working eight hour days in the air conditioning and surfing the internet and getting paid to do it.

That's the kind of lucky/sleazy sort of individual he was.

Between jobs I approached him at the desk. The union was empty because it was summer. Les had his feet on up the desk and was viewing something on his computer screen. It had to be porn. I wouldn't believe he would watch anything but porn while working.

"Hey Les."

It took him a moment to tear his eyes away from "2 Girls 1 Cup" or whatever garbage he was watching. "Roy. How's it hanging."

Like I said, everything was about sex with him. I grinned and played along. "Low and to the left."

"Excellent. I'm upright." He winked and grinned at me.

I'll say this for Les, he might have been a horndog, but he was handsome enough to attract all sorts of women. And probably way too many men that I didn't want to know about.

"I have a proposition for you—" I began before he cut me off.

"It'll have to wait," he said, holding up a hand. "I'm not supposed to leave the desk, even for a bathroom blowjob." He checked his phone. "But I have a break in twenty minutes."

"I wasn't offering you a blowjob," I said evenly, trying not to sigh or roll my eyes.

“You’ll still have to wait,” he said. “I don’t charge for them, but I still have to wait for my break.” He grinned at me. “Unless you want to get really dangerous and get behind the desk with me. I’ve never done that before.”

Already I was regretting my decision to extend an invitation to him. Still, he was the best bet of anyone to approach for what I had in mind with Emmabeth.

“No blowjobs, Les. Not here, not now, probably not ever.”

“Then why are you talking to me?”

I wanted to walk away. I should have walked away.

“Do you know Emmabeth Saterlee?” I asked him, switching gears.

“The Slut of South Street?” He was suddenly interested again. “Only by reputation. Never had the pleasure.”

“I’ve been dating her—” I began and once again he cut me off.

“Fucking. You mean you’ve been fucking her.” He grinned. He was a bit of an asshole. A charming asshole, but an asshole regardless.

I paused and continued after a moment. “She had a suggestion and I thought of you,” I said, sidestepping his rudeness.

“You’ve got my attention. I’ve never had the pleasure of having her pleasure, but I’ve heard stories.”

“I’m sure they’re exaggerated.”

“I’d like to be the judge of that. What does she want with me? Sure she can’t be so desperate for a third that she sent you to me.”

Trying not to sound like an idiot and trying to keep things in the realm of sanity, I said, “I need to rely on you to be discrete about this.”

“Dude, everyone knows you’re fucking Emmabeth.”

“Everyone doesn’t know I’m fucking Emmabeth,” I contradicted him.

“I learned it from the admin secretary. If she knows, everyone knows.”

I didn’t want to get into a conversation with him about the sexual activities on campus. “Whatever. But I need some assurance that you’re not going to tell everyone you know what I’m going to ask you.”

“Discretion is my byword, my dude. I never kiss and tell.”

I knew that was a lie.

“What assurance do I have?”

“I can pinkie swear,” he said, holding up his smallest finger. “But that’s childish bullshit. Look, if you’re worried about this, don’t worry because everyone already knows you’re fucking the woman. No biggie. If whatever kink you lay on me is really out there, you can always just say no one would ever do anything that freaky and it’s a lie.”

I scoffed. “Yeah. Like that works.”

“It works for me.”

I considered his words. “Okay. Fine. Are you into some kinky shit?”

“Always.”

“Anything you don’t do?”

“Animals, shit, and children. Otherwise, I’m up for it.”

“Come to Emmabeth’s house tonight at seven.”

He raised his eyebrows. “You’re not going to tell me what you need me to do? What toys do I need to bring?”

“None. Just yourself.”

I didn’t like the way that Emmabeth and Les eyed each other when he walked

into her house. I wasn't sure what was going to happen when I introduced the two of them, but I wasn't expecting sparks to fly or anything.

And yet that seemed to happen.

"You didn't tell me that the friend you were inviting over was so handsome, Roy." Emmabeth managed to give him a compliment, without sounding like she was flattering him, and at the same time made me look incompetent.

"Why thank you, milady," he said smoothly. He would have tipped his fedora to her if he had been wearing one. "I've heard many a tale about you. I hope they are all true."

She smiled. "They're lies, all lies."

"How can I discover the truth?" he went on.

I was impressed with how well he flirted. I knew that Emmabeth was an experienced woman, but Les didn't seem the sort who knew how to play the game.

"There's one way and one way only," she said, running her fingers along the seam of her blouse. She had dressed up a bit for what could be called a date. She flicked her eyes over to me. "Did you tell him what I want?"

I could tell she was eager. I shook my head slowly back and forth. "He wanted it to be a surprise."

That wasn't exactly the case, but it was good enough.

Emmabeth looked back to Les. "Do you like boobs, Les?"

"Of course I do. What man doesn't?"

"Gay men," I interjected.

He glanced at me. "You'd be surprised."

"Do you really like boobs?" Emmabeth asked again. She popped open the first button on her blouse.

“Yes.” There was no prevarication on his part.

“Everything about them?”

“Yes.” He moved closer to her. Les was taller than Emmabeth, which wasn’t surprising. They looked good together. Her big tits were staining at her bra, just barely visible now, and blouse. His eyes were focused on her cleavage.

My cock was getting hard watching them. My mouth was getting dry. There was an easy way to solve that problem.

“Are you into kinky shit?” she asked him, a twisted smile on her lips.

“You know it.”

“Help me with my shirt?” she asked.

He nodded and put his hands to her body. I wouldn’t have had the courage to do that with a woman I had just met, but Les had no such qualms. He happily unbuttoned her blouse and she let it fall to the floor.

Reaching behind her back, she unhooked the bra but didn’t let it fall from her chest. Instead she clutched it to her beasts, covering up more of her flesh than before. It was a tease and it was working incredibly well on me.

“I hope you came thirsty,” she told him.

“I’m always thirsty,” he answered and moved close. His confidence awed me. My jealousy level spiked when he kissed her, but it was also an incredible turn on to see them together. She pulled him close as they kissed and then let her hands travel down to his ass, gripping it like she was intent on pulling him inside her before they got their clothes off.

Her bra was held to her chest by their bodies, but fell when Les pulled back, breaking the kiss.

“You have incredible tits,” he complimented her.

“Thank you. I’ve got a secret too.”

“Oh? What’s that. You can’t tell me you have a secret and then not share it.”

I was familiar with the look on her face. She was already turned on which made it easier for her milk to flow. Emmabeth put her hands to her breasts and massaged them a bit.

From Les’s point of view, it had to look like she was playing with herself and teasing him.

I knew better.

It only took a few seconds before the first drops appeared. She then gave her tits a good squeeze. Twin fountains of thin breast milk erupted from her nipples, soaking the front of Les’s shirt.

“Fucking hell and back,” he exclaimed. “You’re a hot mama!”

That brought her up short.

“A hot mama? What are you, a refugee from the 1950s?”

Les shook his head. “Hell no! You’re a mother who can’t get enough dick to save her life. I suppose that’s why you want mine.”

She shrugged. It made her tits jiggle. That did wonderful things to my cock. “I’ll take your dick, but I’m more interested in your mouth.”

“You are?” He all but waggled his eyebrows at her. I was doing my best not to cringe at his behavior. I expected better from Les who was talked up to be such a god in the bedroom.

It was assuredly all just an act and a bad one at that.

“I am an expert at the cunnilingual arts.”

“I don’t give a shit,” Emmabeth said curtly. Her hands went under her tits and she offered them up to him. “You need to suck the milk out of my tits or you can just march your ass out of this house.”

Les eyed me for a moment, and then he shrugged his shoulders. “Never let it be

said that Leslie Schlau turned down a new experience when it comes to women and sex."

Without further fun and games, he lowered his head to Emmabeth's breast, took her nipple in his mouth, and sucked it eagerly.

She gave me a look of superiority. I wasn't sure how to interpret that. I was jealous that Les was sucking on my…

What was Emmabeth to me anyway? Girlfriend? I don't think so. Slam piece? No. Lover? That was probably the best term, but… Cougar. She as my cougar. I was her cub.

I was jealous that Les was sucking on my cougar's breast.

Emma took control of the situation. She jiggled her free breast at me.

I knew better than to refuse.

Wanting not to look like an idiot bent over and sucking a full breast, I went down on my knees in front of Emmabeth and started nursing.

Her milk hit my tongue and filled my mouth. There was no problem getting her milk to start flowing. I was certain that Les had jump started her, but there was no reason to linger on that.

I nursed eagerly and greedily. I didn't want Les to get one more drop of Emmabeth's milk than I did.

When I closed my eyes, Emmabeth's hand curled around the back of my head and held me close. She moaned and pressed my face into the fullness of her flesh.

Normally I wouldn't have minded, but she was staring to smother me and I didn't want my face that close to Les.

He was a nice enough guy, but I didn't swing that way.

Luckily a moment later Emmabeth released the both of us. I didn't realize that she had been pulling Les in tightly until I managed to turn my head.

“Okay...yes,” she breathed. I was familiar enough with Emmabeth at this point that I knew she was beyond turned on. Her face and upper chest were flushed. Her breathing was ragged. Most importantly her nipples were dripping milk in a steady beat that upset me.

Losing that much milk to the floor was a crime.

I leaned in and ran my tongue from underside of her breast up to the nipple, getting as much leaking milk as I could.

“Hey!” Emmabeth protested with a smile. “I was going to invite the two of your to my bedroom but—”

Les wasn’t going to let that but stand. He quickly interrupted. “That sounds great to me. You in, Roy?”

“I was the one who invited you here in the first place,” I reminded him as I got to my feet and grabbed Emmabeth’s hand. I was the one who led her to her bedroom. I needed to assert dominance over Les. It was a stupid game, I know, but I had to play it because I felt threated because I’m that insecure.

Emmabeth didn’t object.

Neither did Les, but he got to follow Emmabeth’s ass up the stairs so he was distracted.

In the bedroom, without giving me any warning, Emmabeth dropped her shorts. She was already barefoot, which meant that dropping her shorts made her naked.

“Nice,” was Les’s comment.

“You don’t mind if I go with Les first, do you, Roy?” she asked me while dropping my hand and pulling Les to the bed.

“No. Not at all.”

I was lying.

But this was part of the agreement. She and I had talked out the scenario before

Les got anywhere near her house, let alone her bedroom...or breasts...or pussy.

I watched. It was difficult, hell it was hard, but I was mixed with jealousy and lust. Seeing her with another man was crazy, but I didn't have any claim on her. Emmabeth was her own woman.

They kissed a bit. Les ran his hands down to her ass and grabbed it like he was kneading a ball of dough for the oven. Emmabeth didn't complain.

She should have complained, but then they got on the bed. Les whipped off his shirt and fell onto his face. She put her tits in his face and he started nursing again.

My mouth went dry.

There was some more moving about and eventually Emmabeth got on her back with Les on his side. I started undressing and joined them on the bed wearing only my underwear.

Les was already sucking on her left breast. I latched onto her right and got down to the business of fulfilling the requests that Emmabeth had made to me. I had promised to do everything that she asked for.

Still, that didn't preclude me from enjoying myself. I slid my hand down to her pussy, but disappointingly found that Les's hand was already there.

I disconnected from her breast, but before I could say anything, she kissed me fiercely. Her eyes were unfocused when I broke the kiss.

"He's got his fingers up inside me," she told me, unnecessarily.

"I know."

"I want to fuck him," she breathed. Les was smart. He stayed quiet, but he was still sucking on her tit, drinking her milk. I looked down to her breast that I had let go of. It was leaking sweet milk.

"Okay," I agreed. She told me she was going to fuck whomever I brought to her house. She had also told me that if I couldn't deal with that, we had to stop seeing each other.

I didn’t know how I felt about that, but I had to be willing to try what she wanted.

“But I need to cum first,” she said, shoving my head down to her breast.

I nursed. Les nursed. Les continued to finger her.

I didn’t tell him that wasn’t necessary. She could cum from nursing alone.

I wasn’t going to give away that secret.

With two men going at her, it didn’t take long for Emmabeth to climax. She cried out as if in pain, arching her back and pushing Les’s hand away from her pussy. Her body spasmed several times as the orgasm took control of her.

“Thank you,” she said to me, and then rolled on top of Les.

Somehow, while we were nursing, he had managed to take off his pants and was naked.

I got a look at his cock right before Emmabeth mounted him.

I’m not one to judge another man’s penis, but it looked adequate to me, neither impressive nor tiny.

I supposed it was what Les did with his cock rather than its size that mattered.

Regardless, Emmabeth made it disappear up into her pussy. She was kneeling on him, straddling his hips, sitting up.

Les reached up and played with her nipples, letting the steady drip of milk get his hands wet. The droplets seemed to go everywhere.

I was jealous. My cock was hard inside my underwear.

Emmabeth saw that and reached out for me. While riding on Les’s cock, moving steadily up and down, she managed to hook a finger into my underwear’s elastic waistband to pull them down.

My cock popped out and she grabbed it, stroking me a few times.

It was too much. I moved closer and kissed her. I didn't care if Les saw me. He might be fucking her in the moment, but when he was done, I'd be in Emmabeth's pussy.

That she promised me.

She also made me promise that Les and I would nurse from her until she begged us to stop.

Remembering that, I moved my mouth from hers and down to her closest breast, pushing Les's hand out of the way.

Her milk was so sweet and she was so turned on that I barely needed to suck. I just let it spray into my mouth and swallowed steadily.

Les kept playing with her other breast while she kept bouncing up and down.

I wasn't sure what to expect next, but I didn't expect Les to suddenly lose control and cum inside of her.

"Fuck! Oh shit! I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have cum so quickly! My fault! Fuck! I wanted to last longer for you!" I liked that he was apologetic. "First time and all. You're so beautiful that I'm amazed I didn't jizz in my pants when I saw you. I should have cleaned the pipes before coming over."

Emmabeth silenced him with a finger to his lips. "Shh. It's fine. There's a reason I like young men. They don't just cum once." Her eyes narrowed. "You don't just cum once a night, do you, Les?"

He violently shook his head back and forth. "No. No! Just give me a minute to recover!"

Emmabeth threw her leg over his boy, dismounting him and letting his cock slip free. "No hurry. That's why I have Roy here. Take a minute. Clean up. I'll fuck Roy while you do."

It was easy for her to transfer over on top of me. I was already down on the bed, waiting for her. Waiting for my turn.

I didn't give any thought to what had just happened. I was too horny. The

moment my cock went into her pussy, I realized it was incredibly wet. A second after that I realized she wasn't just wet from being excited; she was wet from Les's spunk. He had cum inside her.

It was simultaneously hot and dirty. It made my cock harder.

Emmabeth seemed to notice the change and started riding me with enthusiasm.

"Did you like watching me fuck him?" she asked. Her nipples were still dripping. I ducked my head and licked one, savoring the sweetness.

"Uh-huh."

"I loved it when the two of you were nursing on me. We have to do that again."

I nodded absently. Normally I could go a good amount of time with Emmabeth, making sure she got off before I came, but I was surprisingly close to climax. I guess the jealousy of seeing someone else fuck my cougar did that.

Before anything could happen, I saw Les over her shoulder. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to spoil the moment. The expression on Emmabeth's face was that moment of bliss right before an orgasm took control.

But then Les had one hand on her shoulder and he was a lot closer to her than I first realized. Her eyes popped open. I felt his hand down near my cock. I knew it wasn't Emmabeth's hand because both of hers were on my shoulders as she continued to ride me.

"What the fuck!" she burst out.

I was confused. "What?"

Emmabeth twisted around and glared at Les. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"Uh...I was going to—"

She cut him off. And she got off me, which was annoying as hell because that meant we were no longer fucking.

“Did I give you permission to fuck me in the ass?” she barked at him.

“Uh...no, but it was pretty obvious that you wanted it.”

Les had backed up a few feet and Emmabeth went to slap him, but she held back. I suppose she didn’t want to assault another person, or maybe she didn’t want to spoil the mood.

Though someone shoving an object up my ass certainly would have spoiled the mood for me.

“You’d better fucking leave right now.”

Les blinked at her. “Just for trying to fuck your ass?”

“For trying to fuck my ass without permission!” she all but screamed at him. I didn’t know what to do, so I stared at Les.

He froze under Emmabeth’s withering gaze. “Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Sorry? Fucking ‘sorry’ is all I get?” she was starting to go into rage mode. “Get the fuck out of my house and never come back!”

To make her point, she aimed her index finger at the door.

Les grabbed his clothes and started dressing. “Did I fucking say you could get dressed? Leave! Now!”

He swallowed, perhaps only now realizing how seriously he had fucked up, and, wearing only his underwear, scrambled out of the bedroom.

I heard his feet on the stairs, and then a long pause, and then a door opened and closed.

“Would you mind going to check that he’s gone?” Emmabeth asked, putting a hand to her head, as if anticipating the onset of a headache.

“Sure,” I replied and got off the bed. I considered snagging my underwear or shorts, but Emmabeth had scared me enough so that I just risked running through her house naked.

There was no sign of Les. He was gone. I was grateful for that.

I reported back to Emmabeth. She was pacing back and forth in her bedroom. “He’s disappeared.”

Once I told her that, she melted against me. “I’m so glad that I have someone like you, big and strong and everything. Fucking strangers is fun and all, but sometimes it gets dangerous.”

“I don’t think Les would have intentionally hurt you. Or attacked you.”

She pulled back. “You don’t know that. You’re young. You’re not a woman. You have these big muscles.” She squeezed my biceps. I’m strong, but I’m not huge. At least I don’t think so. “I’ve gotten this far in life without getting raped and I’m not going to have that change.”

“I don’t think he was going to rape you.”

I had barely gotten the words out of my mouth when she blurted, “What would you call it when a man is trying to force his cock into my body?”

My mouth went dry. I’d been lucky in that plenty of women were down to do whatever they wanted with me. I was always willing. They were always willing. I never really understood the mindset of guys who said shit like, “Yeah, I mean, I had to hold her down so she could enjoy it. Her lips were saying no, no, but her other lips, the important ones were saying fuck me harder.”

“Yeah. That was attempted rape. Should we...should we report it?”

“No. Waste of time. Too much to explain.”

“But what if—”

She cut me off. “Do you really want to explain to the cops why he was here? That you and I invited him over for a threeway? That I was fucking you at the time he tried to put it in my ass? That I had already fucked him? That you and him had...I don’t know...shared me and sucked milk out of my tits? Any one of those reasons is enough for the cops to mock me, and you, and take a report and then throw it away. Never involve the cops. Waste of time and money and stress.”

“But he’ll try it with someone else,” I pointed out to her. I didn’t know if that was true or not, but Les seemed less dangerous, which was probably why he was so dangerous.

“I know and it sucks, but involving the cops at this point won’t help. It won’t. Believe me. They don’t care about rape unless it’s a stranger and the woman is beaten to within an inch of her life.”

“Holy fucking shit,” I breathed.

“Yeah, sorry to bring the party down, but no one fucks my ass without my permission. Fuck! He could have just asked. I would have considered it.”

That was news to me. I had never even thought about doing anal with Emmabeth. That suddenly opened up other possibilities to me, but I remained silent on the issue. Now was not the time.

“You’ve...you’ve done anal before?”

She smiled sadly at me. “Yes. Surprised?”

“Uh...a little? But I’m also interested.

Her sad smile changed a bit, but still she said, “Not tonight. Everything is spoiled. Why did he have to be such an asshole?”

“Maybe because he likes fucking assholes?”

It was a lame attempt at humor.

Emmabeth didn’t humor me.

I did spend the night, however.

And I got to nurse her to sleep. And when I woke up my cock was hard, but I stayed in bed, wiggled down her body, and found her nipple. She woke up being nursed as well.

I think she appreciated that.

At least she showed her appreciation by giving me a blowjob.

And swallowing. That’s important.

Chapter Seven

The more I learned about Emmabeth, the more I was in awe of her. It didn't matter that she was a divorced mother in her forties because she was still a hot piece of ass and going to bed with her was a thrill I couldn't fully describe.

Yeah, she made me nurse from her and drink her milk, but I was on that train once I got a taste of her. It wasn't a kink I knew I had until I tried it.

She would talk about past lovers. She had more time to experience all sorts of things. I did some quick math in my head and, based on a few bits of data she dropped, I figured she had at least four new lovers a year. Multiply that by twenty years, that was eighty people she had fucked in her lifetime. Probably more.

That was crazy.

The thought of it made my cock hard.

I continued to garden for her, because she paid me. Sometimes it felt like she was paying me to fuck her and then weed her garden. It was great.

The summer was slowly winding down, but that made things only busier for me. There was stuff to do to get ready to go back to class. Books and schedules were easy. The tough part was when rugby practice resumed.

Don't get me wrong. No one on my team had the notion that we would one day be professional rugby players. Mostly it was a way to get exercise and have a group of friends with a common interest. Our college's league, such as it was, consisted of nine other colleges in the area. Games were Saturday mornings when the semester began. The coach was paid a thousand bucks for the semester, the two assistant coaches each got two hundred and fifty bucks. And they served as first aid and trainers.

Still it kept me in good shape.

Until, of course, during the first scrimmage when I got slammed a little too hard and was sent home early. The truth of the matter was a couple of guys helped carry me up to my apartment and dumped me on the bed before they went out to the after practice party.

Emmabeth called me when I didn't show up at her house at the usual time. I told her I was flat on my back in my bed and explained what had happened. I'd be fine tomorrow, probably. She said she would be there in ten minutes to check on me.

I would have gotten out of bed and cleaned up a bit, but I didn't have the energy.

A knock at the door announced her presence. I barely called out for her to come in when she just barged in. "I can't believe you live in such a hovel," she told me upon entering.

The apartment was a converted space on the second floor of an older house. I shared common space—kitchen and a second bathroom—with three other students.

"It's a student slum, what can you do about it?" I shrugged.

"Well, now I know why you spend so much time at my place." She looked around in disgust. The room wasn't terrible, but it wasn't good. "Why don't you come home with me tonight?"

"I can't get out of bed. Tomorrow I will, I promise."

"Fuck," she cursed. Then the real reason for her concern came out. "My tits are aching," she complained.

"For me?"

"For anyone's mouth to suck on them."

She was wearing a t-shirt and shorts and looked as adorable as ever. As I watched she raised her shirt and exposed her breasts. I was amazed because she had been so bold as to go outside without a bra.

Her big nipples were erect and I could tell she was full of milk.

Automatically my cock got hard and I wanted to fuck her, but that wasn't going to happen. I was salivating at the sight of her bare tits in my room.

"Come over here," I said, reaching out for her but not getting off the bed. "I'll

drain those girls for you.”

“Promise?” she said as she sauntered over to me, swinging her hips which caused her tits to sway as well.

“Uh-huh… FUCK!” I cursed as she climbed on the bed.

“What?”

“Back hurts. Sorry. Just stick your nipple in my mouth and be careful.”

The only way to make it work was for her to carefully straddle me, her tits in my face. She couldn’t sit on my cock, clothes on even, because the weight threw my back into spasm.

Still, her milk made me feel better.

Her moans were music to my ears.

I sucked and pinched and massaged and teased. It took less time than normal for her to cum. It took less time than normal for her milk to be drained.

I still wanted more.

She carefully got off me and my bed. “Thank you,” she said. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

“No. I’m good.”

Her smile was too eager. “Not even a blowjob?” He hand rubbed the outside of my shorts. I was already hard. The rubbing put me incredibly close to cumming.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to do that.” She pulled my shorts down just enough to get my cock out.

What I got was a slow, relaxing blowjob that only made me feel better. I finished in her mouth and she swallowed every last drop of me.

That was only fair. I had finished every last drop of hers.

Chapter Eight

The next morning I woke up feeling much better. It had to have been Emmabeth's milk. Or maybe her blowjob, either way it didn't matter.

Ruggers are tough.

I went to her house to start the morning gardening.

She was there, already in the backyard, harvesting some tomatoes. While not exactly casually dressed, she was wearing shorts that were tight around her ass and showed off her legs. Her shirt was baggy, but I was pretty sure she was braless under it.

"I'm so glad you're here!" she exclaimed when I walked in.

"Good to see you too," I said, greeting her with a kiss. We tried not to be affectionate in public, but this wasn't public.

"You need to move in with me right away."

I raised my eyebrows. "Why?"

"You live in a shit hole."

"It isn't because you want me around to service you, is it?" I asked her, a grin on my face. I was certain she could see my hard cock through my shorts.

Emmabeth actually blushed. "Okay, that might be a part of it."

I took her in my arms and kissed her some more. "Want to go inside and fuck?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No."

"Really. You want to do the gardening first?"

"No." Emmabeth pulled up her shirt and exposed her tits. "I'm full you need to drain me first.

So I did. Right then and right there. We laid down on her grass lawn, semi-hidden from the public by the fence and her plants. It's easy to romanticize sex

outside, but actually doing it in the arms of nature isn't much fun. There's a lot to be said for a firm mattress and clean sheets.

Still, I sucked on her tits, happily drinking her milk and savoring every drop. While I did so, she pushed her hand into my shorts, got out my hard cock, and stroked me while I nursed. She was a skilled lover and knew how much effort it took to keep me on edge without making me cum.

We stayed like that for maybe half an hour until her breasts were no longer swollen and her milk gave out.

"I'm so fucking horny," she said when I was done and wiped my chin.

"Do you want to fuck now?"

"Hell yes," she said. Her shirt was already off; she shimmied out of her shirts and panties. Instead of laying down or climbing on top of me, she instead got down on all fours and aimed her ass at me. "What are you waiting for?"

I was staring. It was...odd. It was one thing to do it semi-hidden against the shed in the outdoor shower, but this was something else.

Still, my dick told me what to do and I followed his orders. After stripping off my shirt and shorts, I got down on my knees behind her. Even though we were mostly in a private place, I was still nervous.

That didn't stop me from slipping it in and fucking her.

As nervous as I was to fuck outside, it was still a thrilling fuck and I put myself fully into the moment. Emmabeth didn't try to stifle her sex calls at all. If anything, she was louder than normal. I want to say I didn't mind, but it made me nervous.

But not so nervous that I couldn't make her cum and finish inside her.

"Want to clean up inside or outside?" she asked me.

I shrugged. "I'm already naked. Why not use the outdoor shower?" Maybe I had some latent exhibitionism that was starting to come out, but it was just as easy to shower outside than it was to go in and use the inside bathroom.

Emmabeth helped me. It wasn't necessary, but my cock sure got clean, and so did her tits and ass.

The aftermath could have been much worse. After showering, I got dressed and I went to my next job. Emmabeth extracted the promise from me to come back to her place that night.

It wouldn't be a problem. I'd been spending almost every night there since we started our relationship.

Living in Emmabeth's house was going to be great, even if it was only temporary until things ended between us. I wouldn't have to suffer in student slum housing.

That night, after my shift at Gentleman George's, I snuck into the house. Not that I had to, but because I wanted to surprise her.

I suppose I should have been glad that I didn't strip down to nothing and parade through the house naked.

It might have been a better story though.

As it was, I got upstairs to the hallway. The lights were out. It was late. A figure came out of the bathroom. I didn't think anything of it. Yes, Emmabeth had a private bathroom in her master suite, but it was her place and she could use whatever bathroom she wanted whenever she wanted.

I recognized the outline of her slim body in the dim light. "Hey Em," I said.

I should have thought that through. It startled her enough to elicit a scream and a jump.

"Who the fuck are you!" she screamed.

But her voice was off.

The lights snapped on. I backed up because I wasn't used to hearing Emmabeth scream like that. Usually when she was screaming like that, I had my cock in her.

“Calm down!” Emmabeth shouted. Except her voice was coming from the far end of the hall. With the lights on I could see the woman I startled wasn’t Emmabeth, but I forgave myself because she looked almost like my cougar, my lover.

Shit. It was Emily, Emmabeth’s daughter.

At least I wasn’t naked.

At least she wasn’t naked—the mother or the daughter—that would have been awkward.

I had seen a few pictures of Emily. She looked a lot like her mother, only younger.

I she was fucking hot. Hotter than Emmabeth.

I didn’t tell either one of them that.

Okay, her tits were smaller, though I wasn’t staring right then and there.

But I was tempted.

“Who the fuck is that?” Emily half-screamed. She was comforted by her mother’s presence but still scared and nervous.

I couldn’t blame her.

“That’s Conroy, dear,” Emmabeth said calmly. More calmly than I would have reacted in the same situation. As it was I had retreated most of the way down the hall and was trying not to cringe against the wall. It was embarrassing acting that way, but I didn’t want to be accused of being a burglar. Or worse. “He’s my...boyfriend.”

The hesitation killed me, but I didn’t blame Emmabeth for that. How do you explain to your college age daughter that your current boyfriend is her age?

It could have been worse. Emily could have caught us in bed together.

Yikes.

Emily glared at me and then glared at her mother. “Really? Really, Mom? You have got to be kidding me.”

“Who I date is none of your business, Em!”

“At least Becky is reasonable for Dad. She’s only five years younger than him.” She looked back at me. “Have you even graduated high school?” she demanded of me.

I should have remained silent. Instead I said, “I’m a student here! I’m twenty!”

Emmabeth rolled her eyes at me. Emily snorted in derision. “Great, Mom. Fucking great. I suppose I should be glad you aren’t trolling the high school. At least he’s not younger than me. Thanks.”

Somewhat recovered, she advanced on me. I shrank back and pressed my body up against the door at the end of the hall.

“You’re in my way,” she barked at me.

“What?”

She pointed to the door. “That’s my bedroom. You’re blocking my way.” Without waiting any further, she shoved me aside, opened the door, walked into her bedroom, and slammed the door.

I jumped away.

Emmabeth was smiling sadly at me. “That didn’t go the way I wanted it to.”

“I’d better leave,” I said, picking up my bag off the floor where I had dropped it. “Give her a little space.” I was glad that I hadn’t moved any of my stuff into the house.

“No. You can’t leave,” Emmabeth said to me, grabbing my hand and pulling me into her bedroom.

I didn’t resist. I didn’t know what to do. This day had been coming, but I had hoped that maybe I could just lay low for the week or so that Emily would be home before she left for college and I could spend more time with Emmabeth.

That was blown now.

Emmabeth closed the door behind us.

“I should leave,” I insisted. “This was terrible.”

She dropped the robe she had been wearing out in the hallway. I stared at her tits. It was unfair that she used such a tactic against me.

As always, her breasts were perfect. I could tell they were slightly swollen and her nipples were begging to be sucked and kissed. Emmabeth must have been sleeping naked while waiting for me to show up because she had already removed her panties. The little dark blonde landing strip seemed to glisten with dew.

Okay, maybe she had been masturbating while waiting. It was two a.m.

“My tits need to be emptied,” she said. “And you’re just the man to do it for me.

“This is a bad idea,” I told her, but I didn’t leave. My cock was already hard. All I had to do was see her naked tits and I got hard.

“Great relationships are often built on bad ideas,” she said as she pulled me to her and then to the bed.

I struggled out of my clothes as my mouth sought her nipple. I found it easily. I had nursed from her so much that my mouth seeking and latching on to her nipple was a muscle memory maneuver.

Once her nipple was in my mouth and I tasted her milk, I settled down a bit. This was what I wanted and needed.

Emmabeth moaned a little and her hand found my cock. I knew we’d be fucking when I was done feeding; it didn’t matter that Emily was just down the hall.

That thought should have ended everything. I should have known better than to get involved with a woman who had an adult daughter.

But the thought of Emily made my cock harder.

I hated that.

I wondered what Emily looked like naked.

Her tits were smaller and maybe she was a bit slimmer and more athletic than her mother.

Would she have the same tits and nipples?

Would she lactate as easily?

Would she want to fuck me?

All these thoughts were wrong, very very wrong, but I had them nonetheless. I didn't tell Emmabeth about them because I didn't want to be castrated. I wanted to fuck her.

It was all too much to resist. I thought about Emily and how I would fuck her. Meanwhile, I continued to suck on Emmabeth's tits and I pushed my hand between her thighs to find her pussy.

She was wet. Very wet.

It seemed she was always wet for me.

I wasn't sure if I had drained her tits or not, but eventually the thoughts got to be too much. As sweet as Emmabeth's milk was, and as much as I wanted to feast on her tits all the time, it was too much for me. I pushed her down and crawled on top of her body.

Emmabeth opened up her legs for me. She guided my hard cock into her pussy and I fucked her hard and fast.

The sex was fantastic.

Even if I was fantasizing about fucking Emily the entire time.

Chapter Nine

The next morning I was afraid to get out of bed. I woke up before Emmabeth. I could have used her small bathroom, but I was afraid to leave the bed because I knew that Emily was out there.

Instead, I did what any red-blooded, all-American man would do.

I pushed back the sheets, found Emmabeth's breast, latched onto her nipple, and started nursing again. I even drew her hand to my cock because I wasn't done with my fantasy of fucking Emily.

If I had to use the mother to relieve myself of the curse of the daughter, I'd do it.

I'd hate myself for it, but I'd do it.

This was the way we started many days. I'd nurse a little. We'd fuck. We'd go down to the kitchen for breakfast (second breakfast for me because Emmabeth's milk was pretty damn filling), and then go to work.

The problem was we did that in all states of dress and undress and we would often play as well. More than once we had fucked in the kitchen because we could.

I wasn't stupid. I knew that couldn't happen with Emily in the house.

That didn't stop me from wanting to fuck Emmabeth or stop me from drinking her milk.

It didn't stop Emmabeth either. She let me happily feast on her breast as we woke up. When she got horny enough, she shifted position to get on top of me.

"We'll have to be quiet," she said as my cock buried itself into her pussy. Of course she was wet; I had been nursing on her. Of course I was hard; I had morningwood and a beautiful nearly naked woman next to me.

Emmabeth had slept in a nightie without panties that was easily removed to get to her tits. I had kept my underwear on because of Emily.

"You're the noisy one," I reminded her as she started riding me.

She opened her mouth to contradict me, but instead emitted a rather loud moan.

I laughed.

She collapsed on top of me and buried her face into the pillow where her sounds were muffled. I grabbed her ass and started thrusting upward into her. I was fast and efficient. Emmabeth came and I finished quickly thereafter.

I showered in her bathroom and got dressed. By the time I was done, Emmabeth was downstairs. I could hear her talking to her daughter.

There was nothing to it but to face the music. When I walked into the kitchen, Emily gave me a withering glare. Emmabeth was wearing a thin, silk bathrobe over her nightie, which afforded her some modesty.

I was sure we wouldn't be fucking on the table this morning.

I spied a plate of muffins on the center of the table. "Those muffins look fucking delicious," I blurted out without thinking. "When did you have time to bake them?" I asked Emmabeth.

"I bought them this morning," Emily said snidely. "I had time to run to the store before other people were up."

I refrained from joking that I had been up...in her mother. I had been reaching for one, but pulled back my hand. "Sorry."

"You can have one," Emmabeth told me.

"Mother!" Emily protested.

"Are you really going to eat a half dozen muffins on your own?"

I wanted to joke that I could eat at least two muffins this morning, but again, I refrained.

"No," she huffed. "Fine. He can have one."

Emmabeth plated one for me. I took a bite. It was mouthwatering. Without thinking I said, "This would go great with some milk." I glanced at Emmabeth's

chest, realized what I was doing in front of her daughter, and immediately headed to the refrigerator to pour myself a glass of cow's milk. Not human breast milk from my cougar.

It wasn't as good a fresh from the source.

Emily finished eating. "I have things to do," she announced and left the kitchen, heading upstairs to her room. I silently complimented myself for not staring at her ass as she left. That would have been incredibly rude to Emmabeth.

I did glance however. Her sleep shorts hugged her ass perfectly.

"You haven't sublet your apartment, have you?" Emmabeth asked me.

"What? No. Why?"

"We might be using it a lot for the next week or so," she said with a smile and opened up her robe while pulling down her nightie, exposing her breasts.

My mouth watered for the milk that was coalescing on her nipples. Emmabeth was playing a dangerous game.

I played along and bent my head to suck away the sweet moisture.

I was right. Her milk was better than the stuff from the fridge.

To Be Continued

Preview

Provocation: Love Sweet Sex Magic 5

“Fucking bitch!” Pastor Bob screamed at me.

It was an incorrect insult. I wasn’t fucking anyone at the moment and I was a witch, not a bitch. But I wasn’t there to argue semantics with him.

“You’re interrupting a private ceremony!” I screamed back at him.

I was never trained as a combat witch. What’s the fun and purpose of that? Killing people? No thank you, goddess. I prefer the subtle arts.

Either Pastor Bob was too confused by slamming his way through the barn door or was stunned by my reply. Either way, I took the opportunity to blast him with some eldritch energy.

It didn’t hurt him.

“Ha! Doesn’t hurt, little cunt!” If anything the eldritch blast might have energized him.

While I hadn’t intended the blast to hurt him, I certainly hadn’t expected it to invigorate him. It did have one other affect that I did intend. It shredded his clothes from his body.

Pastor Bob took a step forward, probably to attack me, and managed to stumble over his own feet, tangled in the remains of his pants. I tried not to giggle because I needed one more blast. Summoning it up was easy. I had lots of energy left to spare, but I didn’t want to waste it either. My second blast was more focused with a slightly different purpose. It wasn’t just an eldritch blast designed to shred flesh and clothing; it was combined with a reveal self component. My initial blast had that component as well, but I wasn’t sure if it would work correctly.

It worked perfectly.

I didn't hurt Pastor Bob, but with his clothes and anything else he was carrying burned away in the energy gifted to me by Mother Earth, through Aisling and Harry's sacrifices it was easy to peel away his false face and flesh.

It might have hurt him. I don't know. He certainly screamed in agony, but that could have been because I revealed him for who he truly was.

A demon.

He was both terrifying and beautiful to look at. His flesh was mottled red and gray. His fingers curled into claws. He didn't have a tail or horns, but did sport small vestigial leather wings and a mouthful of sharp teeth.

But all of that was barely noticed by me because my eyes went right to his cock. Without any clothes it was easy to see his huge organ and I was genuinely frightened of it.

Even flaccid it was enormously large. It dangled between his legs, large and pendulous and red up to the tip that darkened not to purple, but to a deep, dark black.

He screamed some unintelligible noise at me. Or maybe it was my little coven: pretty red-haired Aisling, recently deflowered by Harry, the younger brother of my weed dealer, and Joy, recently Pastor Bob's wife, but I was pretty sure she had made the decision to divorce him the moment he appeared as an actual demon.

It was sort of sad because Pastor Bob was an excellent lover, at least in human form. Both Joy and I knew that because she had been fucked by him too many times to remember, and I had joined him and her in bed for a rather fun three-way romp. The fact that he mind-controlled the two of us, to varying degrees of success, was an argument against staying married to him. He had been fucking her, using her body, while they were married, and making her forget. Why exactly? I didn't know, but I was determined to find out.

Which meant that I couldn't just outright kill him.

Stepping around the stone altar where Aisling was still bound, I moved into a

position to protect my coven. “Leave!” I ordered him. “You’ve not been invited here.”

“I’ll burn this place to the ground,” he growled at me. “I’ll take all of your land and everything on it.” He chuckled to himself. “I’ll even reap the pity of the community when they discover my...wife...was going to leave me for a lesbian cult...but they all died in a barn fire during a candlelit orgy.”

He had a point. Joy had lit every candle in the joint. Maybe too many. I had to lure him in, however.

“Stealing?” I asked him. “How...expected.” I formed another eldritch blast in my hand. The green energy glowed around my fingers. “But you won’t be walking out of here.”

Recovering from his initial shock, Harry screamed, “What the fuck is that!” He pointed at Pastor Bob’s demon form with one hand while covering his manhood —such as it was—with the other. I couldn’t really blame him; he had recently be devirginized by a bound witch while her two coven sisters looked on, and now he was naked in front of a demon who appeared ready to kill him.

I sort of felt sorry for Harry.

But I had other things to worry about at the moment. Since I had already used him as a pawn, I didn’t feel bad about anything that was about to happen.

“That’s my husband,” Joy said gently to him. “Or was my husband. He’s a demon. I don’t think our marriage is valid any longer.”

“That’s divorce, demonic style,” I commented, unable to resist.

Aisling and Joy smirked in amusement at me.

Pastor Bob, of course, ignored our little jokes. “I'm going to kill you all and eat your souls,” he announced, continuing his advance on us.

“Do demons still do that? I thought you bought human souls to torture them for eternity in hell.”

“That’s fucking devils and you know it you cunty witch!” he spat at me.

He was so close now. I reached out with my hand and lightly touched Harry's shoulder. If I had to use him, then so be it. That's how life worked. I let my influence flow into his body. It was wrong, but he was but a man and a pawn and a human. All things easily replaced if he didn't survive.

"He's...he's so perfect. And beautiful. And sexy. He's my new god, my desire, my everything."

I hadn't realized how easily manipulated Harry was. I felt a tiny bit bad about it, but then I realized that he probably had more than a touch of latent homosexual attraction in him. Of course his private thoughts and desires and urges were his own, but I used them to fight a demon.

I didn't regret it.

Harry went down on his knees and his cock rose up from his crotch. "Please," he begged Pastor Bob.

The demon invading my barn, the sanctum sanctorum of my coven, paused. He was weak-willed when it came to sex. All demons were. They had a special desire for humans, which explained his marriage to Joy.

All I needed was for him to step inside the protective circle I had hidden under the barn boards that supported the altar.

Easy enough.

I had already charmed Harry to remain where he was. Aisling wasn't going anywhere, she was still bound, nude and helpless, on the altar. I had enough courage to stay the course.

It was Joy who was the unanticipated wild card in the proceedings. To my dismay she stepped in front of Harry, blocking Pastor Bob's approach to the young man.

"Don't do this, Bob. You don't have to hurt him."

Bob grinned evilly at her. Can a demon grin any other way than evilly? "I'm not going to hurt him, Joy." He spat out her name like it was a curse. "I'm going to fuck his face."

“He’s a boy. He doesn’t even…” she trailed off. She didn’t know enough about Harry to know what he liked.

For all I knew, it was Harry’s dream to be on his knees sucking demon cock. If that was the case I was perfectly screwed.

“He doesn’t like sucking cock?” Pastor Bob asked Joy, his tongue lasciviously exploring his sharp teeth. “How would you know? You like sucking cock. Or...you did.” He grinned at her and grabbed his overly large and still flaccid cock. “I can’t tell you how many young boys...young and pretty boys who have sucked this cock.” His grin broadened into something even more disgusting. A human mouth wouldn’t be able to open up that wide, but somehow he managed to split his cheeks so he could show all of his teeth. “This cock has been sucked by so many young, pretty boys while you were at home alone in bed, taking care of my needs.” He paused. “Well, almost all of my needs.”

“You fucking bastard,” said Joy as she raised her hand to slap her demon husband across the face.

She was too slow. He easily avoided the blow and then hit her in the head so hard she went sprawling across the barn. I gasped and tried to retain my focus. I told myself she wasn’t dead, she was just stunned and couldn’t get up right away. Maybe she wasn’t fine, but she’d survive.

She had to.

It took all of my self control not to go running after her. Joy was on her own for the moment.

Joy’s sacrifice gave me an opportunity. Maybe Pastor Bob suspected a trap; other than blow to his wife he was calm and collected. His anger was a show. The momentary distraction of Joy’s attack was good enough for me to slip by Pastor Bob’s defenses. He was looking for a direct attack, but I was much more subtle than that.

I wasn’t going to invade his mind or cast a banishment hex against him. Too difficult and too direct.

I seduced him instead. He wasn’t expecting a seduction spell. Especially not one that benefited him and not me. Especially one that didn’t involve me as the target

or focus.

Pastor Bob appreciated a good cock sucking. I could understand that. Harry was, with my help, more than willing to do the deed. It was easy to convince the demonic Pastor Bob to step forward and offer his cock to Harry's waiting hand and mouth.

Aisling's first and only true lover stretched his mouth as far open as he could to accommodate Pastor Bob's huge member. I feared for the boy because when it started to grow it was going to pop out of his mouth or split his cheeks wide open.

Harry quickly got to work sucking and bobbing his head up and down on Pastor Bob's evil cock. For someone who was inexperienced he took to the task with enthusiasm and skill. It occured to me that perhaps Harry might have been a pure virgin with women, but had some experience with men. That wasn't a problem for me or the Earth Mother, but I wondered what his brother would think.

My concerns over Pastor Bob's cock were slightly alleviated when, as Harry continued to fellate the demon, his cock didn't grow as much as it just hardened and rose up. He was plenty big already. Maybe judging it as the size of my forearm was an overestimate, but it seemed damn close.

Harry threw himself into his task completely. That was partly the fault of my magic, but also because he was undoubtedly enjoying it as well. When Pastor Bob was fully erect and his cock looked more like a weapon than a sex organ Harry started having trouble bobbing his head up and down. There was no way it was going to go down Harry's throat.

That left Pastor Bob only one option.

"I didn't know that Harry would be such a good cocksucker," Aisling said quietly to me as I hurriedly began to untie her silk bindings while Pastor Bob was distracted. She wasn't upset at her sort-of boyfriend, or at least boyfriend of the moment, happily sucking a demon's cock. She understood what witches had to do to survive in this world.

"That's partly my fault. Stay quiet. Don't distract them."

Pastor Bob's eyes rolled up into his head. Harry was a good little cocksucker. I

didn’t dare try to go around the altar to check on Joy. I couldn’t distract Pastor Bob at this point.

Aisling carefully slid off the altar at my command. Abruptly Pastor Bob pulled his cock free of Harry’s mouth. “Very good, little boy. Let’s see how you like it up your ass.”

He yanked Harry to his feet, whirled him around, slammed him down, bent over the altar and got into position behind Harry.

I almost felt bad for Harry.

Almost.

I could have acted right away. Maybe I should have, but that would have wasted my small advantage in the situation. There was no way I was going to blow this and if Harry had to get fucked up the ass by a giant demon cock for me to get back my family’s lands, then so be it.

We all had sacrifices to make and Harry was just a man. He hadn’t sacrificed enough yet.

Distracted by the possibility of easy sex and definite humiliation of his partner, Pastor Bob wasn’t paying the least bit of attention to me or Aisling. With one large paw-like hand on Harry’s lower back, he pinned down the young man. With his other taloned hand he held his engorged cock at the base.

I watched intently—not from pleasure but a need to time things perfectly—as Pastor Bob lined up his cock head with Harry’s beautiful and puckered asshole. For being in a tight situation, Harry was going with what was happening to him. Maybe he was the slightest bit willing, but maybe he was also more than willing. I mean, how often does one get the chance to be buggered by an actual demon? Maybe Harry was into that sort of thing. It’s not exactly something that comes out on a first date.

Pastor Bob’s cock was drooling a steady flow of precum. I didn’t know from study or experience how lubricating demon precum was, but for Harry’s sake I hoped it was better than Astroglide or Sliquid. Pastor Bob’s cock was huge and while I didn’t know how tight Harry’s ass was, since he was a virgin until a few minutes ago, it was likely he was very tight.

I didn’t want Harry to be hurt, but that didn’t mean I wasn’t willing to have him pay the ultimate price for me.

The black-headed dick penetrated Harry’s ass. Harry let out a long, low groan. Maybe it hurt a little, but he was enjoying the torment more than any straight boy would admit to on their first buggering. Pastor Bob pulled out and then pushed back in, a little deeper this time.

Who knew that a vile demon could be a gentle and attentive lover?

Aisling started to move forward, but I grabbed her hand and held her back. It wasn’t time yet. Pastor Bob started rocking his hips back and forth, slowly and steadily moving his cock in and out of Harry’s attractive little ass. I was a little jealous of both the demon and his lover. It had been far too long since I had been properly buggered and I would have minded buggering Harry either. I knew that Aisling had designs on him, but she should be prepared for a little competition from her mentor.

“Oh that’s fucking hot,” Aisling breathed into my ear.

I had to agree, but I didn’t tell her that. I needed to maintain the aura and role of a leader and confident woman. But it was fucking hot. With a demon cock up his ass, I’m sure that Harry would agree it was hot too. Demon cock’s had to be hot, right? That only made sense.

It also made sense that I needed to end this before Pastor Bob came. Maybe getting ass-fucked by a demon would be fine, but I wasn’t going to take that risk if it wasn’t necessary.

Everyone knows that demons are too easily controlled by sex. They are little more than sex fiends. Devils will come after a person’s soul and happily fuck them as well, but demons only want sex. And then maybe literally eat the flesh afterwards. And, in my case, apparently steal my family’s lands. I could only figure that it was some ploy to acquire more souls and weird human sex, but I wasn’t spending a lot of time puzzling over the motivations of sex-crazed demons.

“Uhhh,” Harry groaned. I could just barely see his cock pressed up against the cold stone altar. If he came, that would actually be a good thing for the altar. I couldn’t remember the last time it had been properly blessed by good human

sperm.

“Fucking human worm filth,” Pastor Bob spat at Harry. “Cocksucking bitch! Sissy boy likes it up his ass, doesn’t he?”

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