

COUGAR'S MILK

3: TURBULENCE

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING



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Cougar's Milk 3: Turbulence

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Love

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Cougar's Milk 3: Turbulence

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Chapter Ten

That afternoon we sucked and fucked in my shithole apartment. Emmabeth fucked with more enthusiasm than she had shown in weeks. When I got her bra off, I barely had to touch her tits before they weren't just dripping milk: they were spraying it. My sheets were a wet mess of sweat and milk and other bodily fluids when we were done, but it was worth it.

"I want you to spend the night at my place," Emmabeth said as she lay next to me, running her fingers in lazy circles over my chest muscles.

"That sounds like a terrible idea with your daughter there." I tried to keep my cock soft. Just the thought of Emily was enough to get me stiff. She was the twenty year old version of Emmabeth and lusting after my cougar's daughter was just wrong.

Hot, but wrong.

"She's got to realize I have a romantic and sex life. If that's too difficult for her...well, there's always her father's. Don't worry," she said with a kiss to my lips, "Emily will be gone in a couple of weeks. We'll have the place to ourselves again."

"You do realize why she's upset, right?" I asked. "Besides the fact I scared her in the middle of the night."

"Because Mommy is fucking someone other than Daddy," Emmabeth said with a roll of her eyes.

"Because Mommy is fucking someone who is literally the same age as her daughter," I corrected her.

"I'm okay with our age difference," Emmabeth said casually. "I've always dated younger men."

"Yeah, I'm fine with the age difference as well, but now younger men include men of an age that your daughter should be dating."

"Do you want to date my daughter?" Emmabeth teased with a laugh.

"No!" That wasn't a lie.

I wanted to fuck her. There’s a difference.

I didn’t tell Emmabeth that.

“I can tell that you do.” Emmabeth was grinning at me. She got off to the weirdest things.

“I don’t. I don’t want to date a woman and her daughter that’s just...wrong.”

“I think she’s a virgin anyway. You and I don’t have anything to worry about.”

I wasn’t so sure about that.

Still, I tried to pretend that the rest of the day was just a normal day. Nothing unusual going on at all. When I was done with my evening shift, I texted Emmabeth to let her know I was going to my place for the night. I didn’t want her to worry about me.

I had to walk. Emmabeth had a car. She was waiting in the narrow hallway of my flophouse. As soon as I rounded the hallway corner I saw her there, sitting on the floor, back against my door.

“What the fuck are you doing?” I asked as I walked up to her. She looked like a first year student waiting at her boyfriends’ dorm room door in anticipation of some boot knocking.

“Waiting for you,” she answered, standing up and brushing dirt and dust off the bottom of her shorts.

“It’s not a good look. Forty year old women shouldn’t be this desperate.”

“I’m not,” she declared.

“Then why are you here?” I opened the door to my hovel and let us both in.

“To get laid,” she declared while following me in. She sat down on the edge of my bed.

I looked at her tits. She was wearing a dark tank top with no bra. Already wet stains were forming on the front.

“Come back to my place,” she all but begged me.

“With your daughter there? I don’t think so.”

“Why not? I’ve fucked other men with her in the house. We close and lock the door. It’s not a problem. She’ll either be hiding in her room, headphones on, or out with her friends.”

I knew it was foolish, but I couldn’t give in to her. “No. I can’t do it. She’s too close to my age and just knowing she’s there...well, it’ll make me go soft.”

Her hand moved so quickly that I couldn’t follow it. She cupped my hard cock through my shorts. I groaned a little at the contact. I didn’t want to be hard. I shouldn’t have been hard, but seeing the wetness on her shirt and smelling the scent of her milk heavy in the air, that was all I needed now. My cock rose to those stimuli.

“You want to fuck me,” she said.

I said nothing.

“You want my milk, don’t you?” she pressed and looked down at the wetness on her shirt. Her hands cupped her tits through her shirt. “You won’t get milk from any of these young girls who go to the college.”

I knew that was true.

I shouldn’t have cared.

I cared a hell of a lot more than I wanted to admit.

I reached for her waist with the intention of pulling her shirt up over her head so I could feast upon her breasts. I knew she wanted me to.

She slapped my hands away. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

“Uh...trying to get your shirt off so I can suck on your boobs?”

I wasn’t one of those assholes who would just coerce or force (yeah, I know, it’s rape) a girl to have sex.

“I don’t think so.”

I pulled my hands back from her.

Emmabeth stood up from my bed and went to the door. She paused for a second before opening it.

“If you want to continue fucking me, if you want to continue to nurse from me, if you want these tits, this ass, and this pussy, you’ll follow me and we’ll do it in my house. Emily will act like a fucking adult and so will you.”

She opened the door and headed down the hallway.

I didn’t even hesitate. I followed immediately.

It was always easy to follow her ass. It was a classic forty.

We drove in her car to her house. It was a five minute ride. We did so in silence.

After she parked in the driveway, we went in through the back door. Emmabeth whipped off her shirt as soon as we walked into the kitchen and dropped it on the floor next to the door.

Emmabeth wasn’t a messy housekeeper. She was marking her territory, warning her daughter that the queen cougar was in the house.

Or she was just as horny as fuck, because after she dropped the shirt to the floor, she turned around and pulled me to her.

We kissed. I groped her tits. She forced me down to my knees so I could nurse from her.

I sucked her large nipples with an unbridled intensity. Her milk flowed like a faucet. My cock was unnaturally hard inside my shorts. I used my hand to adjust the angle so it wouldn’t be so painful.

Emmabeth pulled back abruptly.

“Take them off.”

“What?”

“Take off your shorts. Take off all your clothes. I’m not going to have you playing with yourself while you nurse from me.”

I didn’t want to start an argument. I didn’t want to get naked in the kitchen with Emily in the house. I didn’t know if she was in the house. I figured it was easier and quicker just to do what she wanted.

I stripped. She watched. She massaged her tits while she watched. Her milk was no longer spraying, but it was dripping. I suppose she didn’t mind a few drops on the kitchen floor.

In no time I was naked, cock hard, and went back to kneeling.

Emmabeth gave me the honor of nursing from her for another minute.

I was nervous as hell. Emily could come in and catch us at any moment.

I suppose that was part of the thrill, part of Emmabeth asserting dominance in the house.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked, pulling a nipple from my mouth and kissing me.

She had to have tasted her milk on my lips and tongue.

“Always.”

“Make me cum first,” she said. “Right here in the kitchen. Then we can put your cock to use.”

I knew how to make her cum just from nursing. It was easier if I was fucking her while nursing or even just fingering her while nursing, but I did what I had to do.

One hand on her hip, the other pinching a nipple, my mouth sucking, my teeth teasing. Her milk filled my mouth. I think she got off to the idea of getting caught, and forcing me to make her cum, as much as the physical stimulation

did.

Her little cry during her climax had to have been heard by Emily up in her room.

Maybe Emily was over in the living room on the other side of the house.

I shivered with nervousness and excitement.

Recovering from her orgasm, Emmabeth grabbed my cock and led me through the house.

I was scared as hell...but I also sort of wanted to encounter Emily in the process. What would she think of her mother leading her lover, her cub through the house by the dick?

More importantly, would she be impressed by my dick?

As it was, we didn't encounter Emily before we made it to Emmabeth's bedroom. We wasted no time in getting down to business. While Emmabeth preferred to be on top so I had easy access to her tits while we fucked, her second favorite was doggy style because I could reach around her body and play with her tits. I would squeeze and massage them to make her milk flow. It was a waste, but she enjoyed it.

That's how we fucked tonight, but not because Emmabeth liked that position. It was so she could bury her face in a pillow and scream to her heart's content when I made her cum.

I loved milking and fucking her at the same time, but when she came, she was loud. Maybe louder than normal. I couldn't tell what was normal any longer.

Emily had to have heard her mother screaming.

Then again, maybe not. Maybe she had her headphones on, lost in her own little world. I could deal with that.

Emmabeth still had to persuade me to stay in bed with her all night.

It wasn't that difficult.

Chapter Eleven

Next morning was almost normal for us. I was a little more careful about nudity in the house, but Emmabeth only wore her robe for breakfast. There was no sign of Emily.

It was too much to not ask.

“Where’s Emily?” As if Emmabeth would know any better than I would.

She shrugged. “Up in her room, I would guess.”

“You aren’t worried about her being out all night?”

“She could be out all night at her father’s or at college,” Emmabeth pointed out.

Those words made me feel guilty. I wasn’t exactly out all night, but my parents didn’t know about my relationship with Emmabeth. They didn’t know she existed, and I was all but moving in with her. I wasn’t in a good position to judge.

Emmabeth gave me a quick kiss before heading to the shower. “Get started on the gardening,” she said. “I have some errands to run. I’ll be back later in the morning.”

So I went out to garden. Emmabeth was paying me, after all. The more I thought about it, I liked the idea that she was paying me to fuck and suck her.

Did that make me a sex worker?

Yes.

Did I mind that?

No.

Why go along with traditional roles, right?

I had just finished the weeding, and was getting out the hose to water everything when I was startled by an unexpected visitor.

“What’s your whole deal, anyway?” Emily was glaring at me when I rounded the

corner of the garden shed. My shirt was off because it was hot, but I unconsciously checked to make sure I was still wearing my shorts. Normally I only gardened naked when Emmabeth was around, but I wasn't putting anything by myself right now.

Being surprised I dropped the hose. "What?"

"What's your deal?" she repeated.

"What deal? I'm watering the flowers."

"You're fucking my mom."

That was true, but I couldn't just lie. "Right now I'm watering the flowers."

"You know what I mean. You were in her room last night fucking her...and doing who knows what else."

The fact that Emily looked like a leaner, younger version of Emmabeth didn't help. I moved around, trying to hide the growing erection. Since I was working and watering the flowers, it was fairly easy to conceal my junk.

I wondered if she knew about her mother's lactation fetish.

"Uh...I don't think I should be talking about this with you." I moved down the row of flowers, aiming the hose where it did the most good.

"Why not? I heard the two of you last night!"

Oh shit.

I remained composed...but the pit of my stomach tightened into a hard knot, my knees went weak, I'm sure my face was as pale a sheet of paper. My heart started pounding and I wanted to puke.

Instead of vomiting, I managed to say, "Why were you listening to us?" I moved away from her. She followed. I was running out of slack in the hose.

She didn't answer my question. I knew that Emmabeth and I hadn't been that loud. Either Emily had been listening at the door (and as an aside: gross. Who

listens to their mother have sex?) or she was making up a story and she just happened to guess correctly.

“Why are you trying to seduce an old woman? Do you have some weird fetish?”

That was easier to answer. “Yeah. I do have a fetish for mature women. You know why? For this exact reason. Older women don’t act like childish girls.”

I didn’t even see her hand move. The slap across my face caught me completely by surprise.

It was surprising enough that I pivoted my body, along with the hand that was holding the hose, and managed to soak her with the shower spray setting I was using.

Wearing a light white t-shirt in summer heat is an excellent idea to stay cool.

It’s a terrible idea if the idea is to maintain modesty.

Wet t-shirt contests aren’t a thing any longer—my father used to make jokes about them all the time, so they must be passé—but I then understood why they were a thing a lifetime ago.

The water soaked Emily’s shirt making it not perfectly transparent, but effectively translucent.

She had smallish breasts and fantastic nipples.

I would have paid good money to see her topless, but even with my semi-obscured peek, she definitely had her mother’s nipples.

That made my cock get hard.

Emily shrieked, mostly in surprise. The water had to be cold. Maybe she liked it. That was too much to hope for.

She slapped me again. “You asshole! I’m telling my mother!”

She stalked away. Her shorts weren’t as tight as I would have liked them to be, but it was still a good show.

That was fucked up and I knew it.

Emmabeth got back to the house an hour later. I was just finishing the gardening. She came right into the backyard. “Should I believe everything that my daughter told me on the phone?” she asked me.

“If it ends with me soaking her with the hose, yes. But it was an accident. She slapped me.”

The look on Emmabeth’s face wasn’t skeptical, but neither was it fully accepting.

“Emily’s angry at me,” she decided.

“She’s angry at me. She came out here and started an argument. Basically she accused me of having a fetish for older women. She hated it when I said she was right.”

“And then you sprayed her with the hose?”

“No. She slapped me first. That surprised me. I was holding the hose and the spray landed on her.” I opted not to compliment Emmabeth on passing along her superior breast genes to her daughter. It seemed like a prudent decision.

“She slapped you?”

“Yes.”

“She didn’t mention that.”

“If I was her, I wouldn’t have mentioned it either. She could have opted not to come out here at all.”

“It also sounds just like her. She didn’t like most of my past boyfriends.”

I didn’t want to get stuck in some impossible and awkward position, so I put it all on the line. “Does she know you lactate?” I asked. “Because I’m pretty damn sure you’ve cursed me with a lactation fetish.”

Emmabeth laughed. “I think I have a lactation fetish as well, but mine’s slightly different from yours.” She put her arms around my shoulders and pulled me in for a kiss.

She didn't mind that I was hot and sweaty and dirty.

“Want to fuck?” I asked her.

“Now’s not the best time,” she said.

“Mind if I take a shower before I go to my next job?”

Her smile was knowing. “Use the shower inside. I don’t need my daughter getting an eyeful of your wonderful cock.”

“That I can do.”

Sadly, I wouldn’t have minded giving Emily an eyeful of my cock.

The rest of the day seemed normal after that. Emmabeth didn’t have the best relationship with her daughter, but even I could see that was because Emmabeth was a bit of a slut and dated the same type—and age!—of men she wanted to date.

But I wasn’t getting involved in that family dynamic and relationship. I was just there to fuck and suck Emmabeth.

And leer at Emily given half a chance.

Emmabeth and I had dinner together. It was normal. I asked where Emily was.

“Out with friends.”

“Any of her friends attend college here?”

“Nope. Townie kids take off. Extremely rare to stay in a small town like this regardless of how great the college is.”

I had met some townie kids my age for the two years I had been attending Valley Village College. They were nice for the most part. Kept their distance, but didn’t mind taking advantage of the amenities the college offered people their age.

We didn’t expect Emily back any time soon. Emmabeth and I sat down in the living room to watch a movie together. It wasn’t a very good movie so things quickly progressed toward...well, not sex, but nursing.

I unbuttoned her shirt and unhooked her bra. Emmabeth was partial to front hooking bras—when she wore them—so she was essentially sitting on the couch with her shirt opened and her breasts exposed. Worst case scenario if Emily came home unexpectedly, she could just quickly close it up and pretend perfect innocence and modesty.

Her milk was flowing steadily. I was having trouble drinking it quickly enough. Some was leaking out of her free nipple no matter how hard I pinched it.

Emmabeth had an orgasm much quicker than I expected.

“Holy shit. I really want to fuck you now,” she breathed at me. “My panties are wetter than my tits.”

“Want to do it right here on the couch?” I asked as she pushed her hand into my shorts and handled my already hard cock.

Emmabeth shook her head. “Fun. But no. Bedroom. Now.”

We went upstairs. I was out of my clothes and on the bed in a flash. Emmabeth followed me. She wanted to be on top, which is fine with me.

My cock sank easily into her wet pussy. She hadn’t been lying about how wet she was. I bet I could have wrung out her panties she was so wet.

Emmabeth bounced happily on my cock, her hands on her tits. I held her hips and she sprayed me with her excess milk. Everything was getting wet and she wasn't getting enough of it into my mouth.

I sat up, keeping my cock buried in her pussy, and took a nipple into my mouth. I was purposely rough. I didn't just suck, I bit down.

She screamed out in pain and pleasure.

"Fuck! Harder! Suck my tits! Bite my nipples!"

I could do that. I did exactly that.

We'd had enthusiastic sex before. We even had had rough sex before.

This was kicking things up another notch. It was violent sex.

I'm more than a little ashamed to say that I enjoyed it more than anything we had ever done before.

There were bruises on her tits when we were done.

"Oh my fucking god. I'm so sorry," I apologized. "I didn't mean to do that."

Emmabeth smiled, it wasn't exactly a sad smile or a happy one or even a secretive one. I couldn't read her correctly. "It's fine. You think this is the first time my tits took a little bit of punishment?"

"Uh...I'm guessing no."

"Warrior goddess damage," she said.

The upside was that her tits were completely drained of milk and my stomach was full. Further upside: I was tired and it was easy to go to sleep. Best upside: didn't have to worry about Emily in the house.

My night's sleep was interrupted sometime after two a.m. At first I thought it was just some weird sound that Emmabeth's old house was making. A branch against the siding or something.

I tried to go back to sleep.

I nearly flipped out of the bed when the screaming started.

"What the fuck?" I hissed.

Emmabeth sat up in bed and looked around confused. The light was dim, but I could still see her large tits bouncing around. I wasn't really scared. More startled than scared, but my cock didn't get the message. It was hard and ready for action.

"Did I just hear—?" Emmabeth started to ask and then another scream erupted from within the house. "Shit," she cursed.

"Was that…?" I didn't want to finish the question, but then the screams, which were really more like extremely loud groans, changed to a chant.

"Fuck yes. Fuck yes. Fuck yes." Over and over.

It didn't take much to figure out it was Emily.

She was getting fucked in her bedroom.

Presumably.

We were silent a moment and could hear the squeaking of the bed and Emily's rather alluring moaning. She had quieted down from her earlier screams. It didn't take a genius to figure out that she must have cum and that made her loud.

It was uncomfortable listening to her having sex. She sounded a lot like her mother in the throes of passion.

It wasn't exactly like porn, but it was damn close.

Emmabeth spied my hardon.

"Is this turning you on?" she asked.

It wasn't a question I wanted to answer.

"I woke up hard," I tried to explain.

She looked skeptically at me.

Emily's moans were getting louder. It was uncomfortable for us both.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“What do you want me to do?” Clearly she was frustrated and annoyed.

I didn’t blame her.

“Bang on the wall?” I suggested. “No. Wait. She might be doing this just to piss you off.”

“Then she’s succeeded,” Emmabeth declared as she jumped out of bed. She at least had the presence of mind to toss on her bathrobe before she stormed out of the room and went down the hall to bang on her daughter’s door.

I only just then realized that their bedrooms were as far apart as possible in the house. Maybe this was the reason why?

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

“EMILY! I can hear you in there. I don’t mind that you’re fucking someone, but could you please keep it down? It’s the middle of the fucking night and I’d like to get some sleep!”

The noise of Emily fucking abruptly ended.

I hid under the blankets of Emmabeth’s bed. My cock was still hard but the last thing I wanted to do was get involved in some confrontation between those two.

I was happy to fuck Emmabeth, but I didn’t want to get involved in her personal life.

How fucked up is that?

From my location on the bed I just barely managed to hear a muffled response to Emmabeth.

“You’re an adult, but if you’re going to disturb the entire house, you’re going to have to go somewhere else to have sex.”

Long uncomfortable pause as another response was drawn out.

“Well I don’t care. I’m sleeping and it’s my house. Scream into a pillow. Learn to be quiet. Millions of other teenaged girls have managed to hide it from their parents.”

Footsteps.

I pulled the blankets from over my head and lay in the bed like it was perfectly normal for my cougar to be screaming at her daughter in the middle of the night for having sex too loudly.

When she walked back in and dramatically threw aside her robe, I smiled. “Hey.”

“I can see your cock,” she said, folding her arms under her tits, making them look bigger than normal.

I looked down. There was a definite bulge in the sheets over my crotch.

“Sorry.”

“Does me screaming at my daughter turn you on?” she demanded.

“No! Like I said—”

“Because that’s creepy.”

“It doesn’t!”

“Then why do you have a boner? Is it because listening to her turned you on?”

That was part of it, but I couldn’t tell her that. “No! I woke up that way.” I peeked under the sheet. “I think he wants to fuck you right now.”

“I’m not in the mood.”

“Not a problem.”

She got back in bed. I figured we’d just lay there a while and hopefully Emily wouldn’t make noise that we could hear and we’d go back to sleep.

Instead, Emmabeth curled her fingers around my hard cock.

I thought she was getting ready to fuck me.

No.

She fell asleep like that, holding me.

It took me a long time to go back to sleep.

Luckily either Emily was done having sex or she and her boyfriend kept it down.

Chapter Twelve

Emily put a show on for us when she came downstairs with her...boyfriend, I guess.

Emmabeth and I were sitting at the kitchen table trying to pretend it was a perfectly normal morning. The two of them came clomping down the stairs.

The dude was wearing unremarkable shorts and a t-shirt. The awkward part was that I recognized him. I was pretty sure his name was Evan. Or maybe Everett. Possibly Ethan.

We could see the two of them as Emily escorted him to the front door. Emily was wearing a pair of shorts that looked to be made of silk. I figured they were pajama bottoms. They were a size too small; her ass cheeks were peeking out from the bottom edges. I appreciated the view, but it didn't make things any less awkward when she kissed him and the material pulled tightly on her ass. I wasn't sure she was wearing panties.

She was wearing another thin shirt. This one was a camisole that was so thin that I could clearly see the outlines of her nipples. Not just the outlines, but the dark pink coloring as well.

She was her mother's daughter.

They held hands at the front door, with Emily periodically kissing him, holding his hands, not wanting to let him leave.

I sympathized with poor Eddy. (Or maybe Ewan? He didn't seem Scottish.) He wanted to get out of there before Mama Bear Emmabeth could focus her rage on him.

But, oddly still, Emmabeth was surprisingly cool to the situation. She sat there calmly eating her toast and drinking her coffee.

Finally Evardeen (Exum?) made his escape. He and I locked eyes and that didn't make the moment any more comfortable. I barely knew him but I felt bad for the guy. I wondered if he had hooked up with Emily because she wanted to get laid or because she wanted to piss off her mother. Maybe both.

I was hoping that Emily would go upstairs and disappear.

No such luck.

“You’re staring at my nipples,” she said to me as she sauntered to the table and sat down, pouring out some cereal and dumping (cow’s) milk on it.

My face went red.

Emmabeth came to my rescue. “I’m staring at your nipples.”

“Why are you staring at my nipples, Mom?!”

“Because they’re the most prominent feature you have right now! Have some fucking modesty, girl.”

“I’m not ashamed of my body!”

“That’s obvious, the way he was fucking you last night I thought I was going to go deaf from the screaming.” Emmabeth was surprisingly cool considering the situation.

“Mom! Stop! Just...stop.” Emily glared at me. I was still looking at her tits, wondering if I would ever get to see them naked. “Stop staring!”

“Go put something else on,” her mother said, and then turned to me. “And stop staring at my daughter’s breasts, Roy. It’s a little weird.”

“I knew him,” I said, averting my gaze from Emily’s chest to Emmabeth’s face.

“Who?”

“Evan. The guy that...uh...Emily...uh...brought home.” As soon as I said the words, I knew I should stop talking.

“Owen,” Emily corrected me.

“What?”

“His name is Owen. Not Evan,” she informed me.

“Oh. Well. It’s a good thing you were fucking him last night and not me. How embarrassing if you had called out the wrong name.” It was a nasty thing to say

to her, but I was already tired of her bullshit.

Emmabeth let out an uncomfortable barking laugh that cut short. And then I realized that with the two of them having similar names, I could see myself making the same mistake.

Awkward times two.

We ate in silence a minute longer before Emily took her food up to her room.

“I’m sorry I said that,” I apologized to Emmabeth. “I don’t know why I was so rude.”

“You were rude because she’s a fucking self-centered girl who is upset that her mother is fucking another man.” She sighed. “And, yes, I’m well-aware that someone your age is more appropriate for her, but I’m an inappropriate woman.”

“Maybe I should spend more time at my place until she goes back to college,” I suggested.

Emmabeth shook her head. “No. I don’t want you to do that. I’m not letting my daughter think she’s in charge of my house.”

It was a dangerous game that Emmabeth was playing. I should have been smarter and not played along, but my cock wouldn’t let me think clearly. And my tongue still wanted to taste her milk every day.

The day progressed pretty much as normal. A little gardening with Emmabeth (actual gardening, not naked gardening and fucking and playing around). The on to Gentleman George’s for cleanup and setup, but I wouldn’t be spending any time at the bars tonight. I had late afternoon practice with the ruggers.

And that’s where everything went downhill.

Rugby is occasionally described, not entirely incorrectly, as football without pads and helmets. Injuries happen, but usually we aren’t getting concussions and CTE. I did manage to wrench my back pretty good. One moment we were in the

middle of a scrum and then next I knew I was on the ground automatically screaming, “Safeword! Safeword!”

I’ve been told that rugby is a little like BDSM too.

I get looked over by our coach and get sent to the showers and hot tub. I can walk so the decision is made to not send me to the hospital.

Shower. Hydrotherapy. Ibuprofen. The triple-combo that’ll solve almost anything.

I was determined to walk home. I didn’t get that far. I considered calling Emmabeth, but I had a little pride. I staggered to her house.

She was home when I pushed through the kitchen door and all but fell on the floor.

Emmabeth panicked. I didn’t blame her.

One of the many good things about dating a cougar (besides the sex and the milk) is she was also a mother and knew exactly what to do. She striped me. She helped me to bed. She massaged my poor back. It really felt more like a muscle pull than damage to my spine or hips.

“You shouldn’t play a game as dangerous as rugby,” she admonished me when she was assured I wasn’t on death’s door or walking about fighting off impending paraplegia.

“Life isn’t worth living without a little thrill and danger, I told her.”

She shook her head at me. “I hope you don’t expect me to nurse you back to health,” she said firmly, taking the tough love approach.

“Actually, I was sort of hoping for a little nursing,” I said with a smile.

The pain was still there, but between the meds, the shower, the hydrotherapy, and her massage it was manageable. That didn’t mean I wasn’t going to take advantage of the situation.

Emmabeth took a step back and looked down at me laying on her firm but

comfortable mattress. “I bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Well, clearly.”

Shaking her head, but a smile firmly plastered on her face, Emmabeth pulled her shirt up over her head, revealing a rather boring and plain bra that did an excellent job containing and controlling her tits. It even seemed to minimize her size. I wondered if she had gone to some important meeting today where she couldn’t just let the girls swing freely.

It didn’t matter. She pulled down the straps and then the cups and exposed her tits to me.

I licked my lips in anticipation.

It wasn’t a striptease. She wasn’t playing games. She didn’t tease or take her time. Every moment was one of efficiency. She turned the bra around her body to more easily get to the hooks in the back so she could toss it aside. A few seconds later she was naked from the waist up.

Bending over the bed, she hung her tits in my face. I knew what to do.

I wasn’t paralyzed, but it was still painful to move around more than necessary. She was offering me her tits and I appreciated that.

I set right to work, nursing eagerly from her prominent nipples. It took a minute for her to get started but eventually her milk started flowing. It was tasty and sweet and I couldn’t get enough of it.

The fact that it was dripping all over my face and her pillows didn’t upset me or Emmabeth. While I couldn’t clearly see her face, what I could make out was the contorted look of a woman working her way up to orgasm.

She pulled back too soon.

“What’s the matter?”

“If I stay bent over like that, my back will be as messed up as yours,” she said. “Can I get on the bed with you?”

“Sure…?”

“Can I get on top of you?” she cautiously asked.

“You don’t even need to ask that.”

“Yeah. Normally. I just don’t want you screaming in pain.”

“I won’t scream. I promise.”

“I’ll keep my shorts on, just in case.”

I was disappointed, because I was already naked except for my underwear, but she was already climbing on the bed.

There was no reason to stop her. Not that I could.

She rested carefully on my hips. My cock was already hard and she could feel that through my underwear and her shorts. But then she moved up and hung her tits in my face again.

The lure of her milk distracted me, but in a good way. It was easier to nurse from her in this position anyway.

My rising lust and the distraction of her tits and milk made the pain fade into the background.

She wasn’t doing this just to make me feel better. I was familiar with Emmabeth and realized a few minutes in that she was breathing heavily and her body was crying out for an orgasm.

I could do that for her.

I didn’t even need to touch her ass or her pussy. I just suckled her milk and pinched her nipples. Over the years Emmabeth had trained her body to the point where it was easy for her to cum from nipple stimulation only.

She came with a muffled cry that left my cock throbbing, pressed against my body by her pussy and thighs.

“I’m supposed to be making you feel better,” she said.

“Making you cum makes me feel good,” I assured her.

Her nipples were still dripping milk, but that didn't stop her. Very little would stop Emmabeth when she had an idea in her head that involved sex.

It was easy for her to pull down my underwear and start massaging my cock. She lowered her mouth on to me and started sucking.

I was enjoying the process until she started bobbing her head up and down. That caused a little too much bouncing which sent my back into spasm.

“No! No! Stop! Too much!” I pushed back on her forehead to make her stop.

“Are you going to cum already?” she asked with a lick of her lips.

I shook my head. “You’re hurting my back. Too much moving around.”

Her brow furrowed and she asked, “If I’m gentle, can I jack you off?”

“Uh...sure. Let’s try that.”

Masturbation isn’t all about speed and friction. Sometimes a gentle touch is exactly what’s needed. Younger women, in my limited experience, were enthusiastic when handling my cock, but they didn’t have refined skills. Emmabeth knew exactly what to do with her fingers with limited touch and pressure.

In no time at all I was on the edge.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna…” I couldn’t even finish the word “cum” before I came.

My cum shot up into the air and splashed down on my chest and belly. I was surprised at how far I had shot from just a handjob. Clearly Emmabeth knew her stuff.

My cougar was still excited by the recent events. She didn’t leave me to get a washcloth or grab a tissue from the nightstand. Hell no. Not my randy lover. Instead, she lowered her face to my body and licked up the cum I had left behind.

That was some porn-level shit and I loved it. She even went so far as to take my soft cock into her mouth and suck it clean.

“Holy shit that was incredible,” I said when she was done. I was still shaking from her attention and my back pain had faded to almost nothing.

“I’m still horny,” she told me. That information wasn’t entirely necessary. It was obvious, but I still appreciated it. “I’m so fucking horny.”

“You just made me cum. I don’t think I can get hard right away again...and even if I could, I don’t think I could fuck you.”

Her smile was almost evil. I sort of liked it. It gave me a cold shiver down my spine.

“Who says I need you to fuck me?” she asked as she slid from the bed and stood on the floor.

I watched closely as she pirouetted away from me. While I knew I focused on her tits—and for good reasons!—but she still had a fantastic ass for any woman, let alone a woman over forty.

Emmabeth headed for the large armchair shoved into the far corner of the bedroom. It didn’t fit the decor of the room and seemed to be a leftover relic of some long-forgotten set of furniture, but it served its purpose of storing whatever clothes she was too lazy to put away into her dresser.

Today she swept away the detritus she had deposited there for the past week and flopped into the chair, one leg on the floor and the other pulled up to her chest, the heel digging into the edge of the cushion.

She spread her thighs wide, displaying her pussy to me. It wasn’t as mouth-watering as her tits, but then again to me nothing was as mouth-watering as her tits.

Emmabeth then proceeded to cover up her pussy with her hand. She could have been giving me a show, but she wasn’t. She was pleasuring herself. I had already gotten my treat. This was all for her.

But I didn’t mind watching.

I had never seen a woman masturbate before. Or at least I had never seen it in person. I'd seen plenty of porn of it, but all of my previous partners and girlfriends hadn't jilled off with me watching.

Maybe they just never did.

Maybe they were too shy.

Maybe they were just using me because I had a cock that was handy so they didn't have to use their hands.

It didn't matter.

Watching Emmabeth pleasure herself was incredible.

Maybe it would have been hotter if she had used a vibrator or dildo—I didn't know if she owned one of those—but it was still fucking hot to see her fingers busy in her pussy.

She used both hands, which covered up just about anything worth looking at, but the noises she made more than made up for that.

It was erotic enough to cause my cock to start to rise and my hand went right to it, stroking not exactly in time with her busy fingers flicking her clit and plunging into her tunnel, but certainly in half counterpoint.

I loved it when she came. She didn't do anything dramatic like squirt or scream like a banshee, but her body shook and she let out an undeniable deep groan of pleasure.

"That was fucking hot!" I told her, still stroking myself even though she had stopped.

"You think so?"

"Hell yes." I looked down at my cock. It was hard enough. "Can I fuck you?"

"If you've got the balls, big boy."

I started to get off the bed.

My back said no.

I would have fallen to the floor if I wasn't already lying in the bed. "Fuck!"

"Maybe we should give you a day first before we try that," she said.

"Yeah, that's a plan."

Walking with the confidence that only an older woman can muster, she came back to the bed, sucking on one of her fingers before offering me the rest of her digits.

I sucked greedily. They tasted of her pussy.

It wasn't her milk, but it was almost as good.

Almost.

Chapter Thirteen

Emmabeth slept next to me that night. I was flat on my back the entire time. When morning rolled around I realized that I needed to get up and use the toilet.

Since I didn't want to be so crippled that I needed to use a bedpan, I forced myself to literally roll out of bed since I couldn't sit up.

I fell on the floor. I was lucky that I didn't break my wrist or worse. Still, the clatter woke up Emmabeth.

"Are you okay?"

"Just fine," I lied with a grunt. "Need to go to the bathroom."

"Are you going to make it there?" She had sat up to see me crawling away from the bed.

"Yes."

"Do you need help?"

"Nope."

I'm sure she knew I was lying, but I wasn't going to humiliate myself by asking for help. There was much more dignity in crawling across the floor and using the cabinet in the bathroom to get to a vertical position so I could piss.

"Back still hurting you?" she asked when I arrived back at the bed.

"Just a touch." I moved so stiffly my entire body could have been an erect cock.

"Anything I can do?" she asked again.

I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth as I lowered myself to the bed, sat down, pivoted and lay down with a great deal of difficulty.

"Yes," I gasped.

"What? Heating pad? Cold pack? Massage?"

"Fresh milk?" I asked of her. I was eyeing her naked tits.

I was always eying her naked tits.

Her smile brightened my day. “I can do that.”

In all honesty, my back wasn’t that bad. I just couldn’t walk or sit up.

Repeating what she had done the day before, she hung her tits in my face and I greedily suckled from them.

It did make me feel better.

It made her feel better too. I nursed from her for maybe fifteen minutes. I made her cum once just from sucking, then I got worked up and reached between her legs. She was still naked so rubbing her clit was easy.

She came so hard the second time that she fell onto me.

It didn’t exactly hurt, but it wasn’t fun either.

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry,” she apologized as she struggled back to where she wasn’t smothering me with her boobs.

There were worse ways to go.

“I’m fine,” I assured her.

“Want me to make you cum?” she asked by way of apology.

“Heck yeah!”

She smiled at my enthusiasm and put her mouth to my cock.

It was a slow and gentle blowjob, which meant it was also torturous.

It was also perfect. She wasn’t the least bit shy about sucking cock. She wasn’t upset at all when I came in her mouth, even though I didn’t give her any verbal warning.

I could have, but I didn’t.

I wanted to see what would happen.

What happened was I came and she swallowed every spurt of my cum. I had cum in other women's mouths before. Almost universally, they hated when I did that, even with warning, even when they offered.

But Emmabeth was a woman of the world and not frightened to get down and dirty.

A swallowed load is better than shooting on her face or tits or being jerked off at the end.

It was almost like my back pain completely disappeared.

I still wasn't able to get out of the bed, however,

"Feeling better?" she asked me.

"Yeah...but it still hurts." I was exaggerating slightly. "I don't think I can get out of bed."

"If that's your ploy to not have to garden today...well, it's pretty good. But I'm not paying you if you don't work."

"I'm calling into Gentleman George's," I told her. "I'm not working at all today."

"Is rugby really worth it?" she asked.

Blowjobs and sex and breast milk. "Yes," I said firmly.

At least it was right then.

Eventually Emmabeth had to get dressed and go to work. Classes were starting soon and she needed to be prepared for the onslaught of students.

I decided the best thing to do was to rest. Emmabeth agreed. I had my phone and a few muscle relaxant pills from her (yes, it's a terrible idea to share prescription meds, but being young and foolish gives you a certain leeway in dealing with the world).

I liked the muscle relaxants. They weren't exactly mind altering in their

effectiveness, but there was a mild euphoric effect.

So there I was, laying in Emmabeth's bed, mildly blissed out on muscle relaxants, wondering if I should play a game on my phone or watch something on the television (porn or Netflix?) when the door opened and Emmabeth came in. It was hours later. I think. Maybe minutes. I don't know. The pills were working overtime.

Then Emily came in.

Or maybe I thought it was Emily.

It was hard to tell.

Don't do drugs, kids.

Or maybe do drugs; just be aware of the consequences.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Dizzy. Fun." I grinned at her. I was still naked under the sheets. The room was warm. I wanted to take off the sheets or turn up the air conditioning.

"Do you need anything? Water? More pills?"

"Sex," I suggested to her. "I need sex."

"No sex. You need to rest."

"You fucked me this morning," I pointed out.

"No I didn't."

"Oh. Right. Just a blowjob. And tit sucking. I love the tit sucking."

"Jesus Christ. That's more than I want to know."

"I'd take another blowjob. It makes my back feel better."

“No.”

“Please,” I begged without shame. I blamed the drugs when I pulled down the sheets to expose my cock.

I wasn’t erect.

“Please,” I repeated. “You don’t need to swallow.”

“Jesus Christ,” she repeated. This time it was more of admiration.

“No, my name is Roy,” I laughed. “Conroy. But not Con because I’ve never done time in prison. And not Connie because I’m not a girl.”

“I can see that.” There was admiration in her voice. I liked that.

Her fingers curled around my cock.

I wasn’t hard, but I wasn’t flaccid either. The touch of her hands caused me to start to stiffen more.

“You’re so big,” she admired.

I never thought of myself as having a huge cock. I knew I wasn’t small, but I wasn’t in the range of gigantic porn star either. Still, from past experience I knew that she was more than satisfied with my size. This was the first time she was really swept away with my manhood, however.

“Thanks. I do what I can.”

Her hand went up and down my length a few times. My head was slowly spinning. The muscle relaxants were really doing their job; I wondered if Emmabeth had slipped me something besides a muscle relaxant.

“Do you mind if I do this?” she asked as she masturbated me.

“Nope. Why would I?”

Her laugh was light and lilting. I liked it. I really wanted to get off the bed and fuck her, but there was more than one way to have sex.

“Because it’s wrong?” she asked.

“Because of our age difference? I don’t care about that and you don’t care about that, so fuck it.”

Her laugh continued to fill the room. Then there was a pause and I felt her tongue licking me from my balls all the way up to the tip where a little precum was leaking out. She sucked the slippery precum off me and smacked her lips.

“You really don’t know what’s going on, do you?” she asked.

“You don’t have to stop that,” I said. Her face was out of focus, but she was still pretty. “Are you going to blow me?”

“Do you want me to blow you?”

“Yes. Always.”

More laughter. I had lifted up my head to watch her suck my cock, but it was making me dizzier so I just let it fall back. I looked at the ceiling for a minute, realized that was making the room spin, so I closed my eyes.

Her mouth surrounded my cock. It was nice and warm and wet. Two blowjobs in the same day.

What had I done to deserve that?

“I want to suck your tits,” I told her. “Take off your shirt.” I groped her shoulders and pulled on the material of her soft t-shirt. It was difficult to get it off her and she wasn’t helping matters.

“No,” she said abruptly. “First, answer a question for me.”

“Okay, what?”

“Have you ever cheated on a girlfriend?”

“No,” I answered quickly because it was the truth. “Had a girlfriend cheat on me, though. Just once. I was tempted more than once.”

“Would you cheat?” she asked.

“Uh...no. I don’t think so. Not on you.” I grinned and told her the full truth. “I’d tell you first. Or I’d tell you there was another girl I wanted to fuck and propose a threeway. Would you do a threeway with me?” I sounded like such an ass, but I wasn’t fully in control of my faculties.

“Depends.” She licked me again, this time from the tip down to the base where she stuffed my balls into her mouth and sucked. That was weird. Hot but weird. She had never done that before.

“Depends on what?”

My balls slipped from her mouth. “On who the other girl was.” I wanted my balls back in her mouth. More than that, I wanted her mouth back on my cock. Better: I wanted my cock in her pussy.

At that point we were both beyond conversation. Her mouth was full and mine wasn’t working. I was just enjoying the thrill of the moment.

She was kneeling on the floor while blowing me. I made a second effort to get her shirt off. She must be home for lunch...or something. She stopped struggling against my insistence that she take off her top. Maybe she was worried that when I came I’d get it all over her shirt.

When I got her shirt up high enough, she just gave up, let my cock slip out of her mouth, and then helped me strip off her top. She tossed it aside and went right back to sucking on me. I could barely watch between my dizziness and her hair in her face.

My hands went to her back, looking for the clasps to her bra.

It took me a minute to figure out that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Had I...we...taken it off with her shirt?

No matter. My hands sought out her tits.

My back was feeling much better. Or at least I was distracted enough from the pain that it didn’t matter.

It had to be the pills, but it took me a moment to find her tits. I hadn’t forgotten

where they were (front of the chest, about two-thirds of the way up, capped with large nipples) but the angle wasn't what I was used to.

They were smaller than normal. I chalked that up to me having drained the girls that morning when I nursed all the milk out of her. It wasn't like Emmabeth was a machine. She didn't just suddenly produce more milk at a moment's notice. It took most of the day or night.

When I tweaked her nipples she let out a little gasp around my cock but didn't complain. I massaged them to get her milk flowing. The blowjob wouldn't last forever and I wanted to nurse again. I wanted her milk.

I wanted to feel her nipples dripping all over my fingers and hands. I wanted to feel it splashing on my chest and belly. I wanted that milk in my mouth.

"Do you want me to make you cum?" she blurted out. I was near orgasm, but not all the way there yet.

"Yes…"

"Do you want to cum in my mouth?

"Or your pussy. Ladies choice."

"Won't riding your cock hurt your back?"

"Good pain," I mumbled. "But I want your tits too."

"Okay," she agreed and stood up to quickly shed the last of her clothes.

I knew something was up besides my cock, but I didn't let my mind explore the problem. She climbed on top of my body and held my cock, guiding it into her pussy.

It wasn't the same familiar pussy I had been fucking for a couple of months. She wasn't as wet and accommodating as I was used to. Made sense. I hadn't so much as fingered her, let alone sucked on her tits to make her wet.

I eased slowly into her pussy, filling her up.

Sex on drugs—well, muscle relaxants—made everything feel different.

Emmabeth felt lighter.

Her pussy felt tighter.

My cock throbbed oddly.

I was dizzy.

She rode me carefully, so as not to hurt my back. It made it seem unfamiliar.

I liked that.

I pulled her down to me. It was a bit of a struggle, but my mouth found her nipple and I sucked as hard as I could. I needed that milk.

No such luck. She was still empty from the morning. I tried the other breast. Also empty.

I had no idea how long it had been since I had nursed from her.

She gasped at my enthusiasm for sucking on her nipples. I pinched them, just to hear the reaction.

Her cry wasn't that of passion, not entirely, it was pain and passion mixed. That made my cock throb.

I focused on what I was feeling. I kept my eyes closed. It stopped the spinning and made the dizziness fade away.

The sex was incredible.

I didn't mind at all cumming first. I don't know if I made her cum at all.

I figured she was doing this as a favor to me.

Cumming was great. I didn't regret it at all.

Chapter Fourteen

Emmabeth must have gone back to campus or whatever. I stayed in bed. My back stopped throbbing and while I didn't feel good enough to go to practice, I did manage to get out of bed and take a shower.

The hot water felt good.

I dressed and went downstairs to find something to eat. It was midafternoon and I hadn't had anything all day to eat other than Emmabeth's breast milk. It was nutritious and sustaining, but not everything that I needed.

In my slow wander through the house, after I grabbed a plateful of snacks from the refrigerator, I found Emily on the back porch. I was wearing just my shorts and a t-shirt because there was no way I was able to bend over to put shoes on.

She was wearing the thinnest of camisoles and clearly didn't have a bra underneath it. Not that she needed one. It was so thin that I could see the circles of her dark pink areolas. Her nipples weren't prominent. It was too hot out for them to be erect from the cold and she wasn't aroused. The shorts she was wearing were something like a runner would have on. She was showing leg and thigh and hip and I had to avert my eyes from her crotch.

After all, this was my girlfriend's (cougar's? lover's? I still was uncomfortable with a tag for Emmabeth) daughter. I had to be appropriate with her, even if she was my age.

"I see you're awake." Her tone was odd.

"You too," I replied brightly as I placed my plate of food on the back porch table and took a seat across from her. I eased myself into the chair and was immediately presented with the problem of seeing through the glass tabletop. Her body was right in my line of sight, but I didn't want to struggle out of the chair with my injured back, so I stayed where I was and reminded myself to be appropriate.

"Enjoying sleeping in my mother's bed?" she asked archly.

"Are you enjoying living in her house?" I asked with the same tone.

“What?” She was offended.

“I’m not living at home anymore. And I know that you’re my age. Don’t imply that I’m a leech living off your mother. I have my own place and I support myself.”

She snorted at me. It was unladylike and for that alone it made me respect her. “Whatever,” she sneered. “Are your parents divorced?”

I slowly shook my head. “No. Why?”

“Mine are. I think you know that. They’ve been divorced most of my life. And all my life I’ve known my mother is a slut. My father is too but…” she trailed off.

“What?” I asked, almost interested.

“My father probably is too. I just haven’t spent most of my life with him. He’s remarried, but he’s had more than a few girlfriends.” She snorted again. “He probably has a girlfriend right now. And a wife.”

I studied her face. It was remarkably like Emmabeth’s. Same nose. Same jawline. The only thing that really distinguished them was their different hairstyle and twenty years of aging.

“Why are you telling me this?” I was confused. I was also hungry and I mumbled it around a few pieces of ham I had shoved in my mouth.

She shrugged her shoulders as she watched me eat. If Emmabeth had done that, her tits would have been bouncing. Emily was a lot smaller busted than her mother. “It’s not a rationalization or a reason or whatever. I’m just giving you information.”

“Yeah. Okay. But why?”

Now she rolled her eyes at me. “I’m not apologizing to her and you probably shouldn’t say anything to her if you want to continue living here and...sleeping with her, but I totally fucked you earlier because I wanted to piss her off.”

I stopped chewing. She glared at me.

Shit!

I had cheated without realizing it.

Or had I?

What the fuck did I know?

I'm just a stupid horny twenty-year-old.

Fuck. And shit. And goddamn it.

I couldn't just blame the pills.

I sort of knew.

Sort of.

I wasn't even that horny.

I managed to come to my senses. "How are you going to piss her off if she doesn't know that you and I...uh…"

"Fucked?" she asked, filling in the gap as she drained the last of the liquid in the glass in front of her. There were some ice cubes left inside the moisture-laden tumbler. I wondered if she had been drinking water or alcohol.

Probably alcohol.

I should have asked for some.

"She's not. I just wanted to do it to...to prove something."

"Prove what?"

"That you're a cheating asshole. That all men are."

"What about your boyfriend Owen? Doesn't that make you a cheater as well?"

She scoffed. "He's not my boyfriend."

“I didn’t know it was you,” I blurted out. I knew it wouldn’t help, but I had to say it.

“Right.”

“She gave me a handful of muscle relaxants!” I protested. “I was as high as a kite when you jumped on my dick!”

“Uh-huh. Whatever. You still fucked me.”

“I think it was the other way around. You came into my bed.”

I didn’t like the phrasing of that sentence, but the words were already out of my mouth.

“Let’s just forget this, okay?” she asked. “I’m not going to say anything. I’m not going to be pregnant. I don’t have any diseases. I’m going to assume all the same of you.”

“I’m not sure I’m not going to get pregnant,” I half-joked with her.

She glared.

“Sorry.”

“Maybe I’ll find some forty year old guy to fuck, to bring home, just to piss her off.”

“You’ve probably figured this out already, but your mother has a thing for younger men.”

“Yeah. I know.” She looked at me like I was an idiot. “She keeps getting older and the guys stay the same age.”

“Your mother’s a cougar. I can’t do anything about that.”

“I leave for my college in two days. Just keep your mouth shut about fucking me and I’ll do the same.”

“Agreed.” I stuck out my hand to shake on it. She continued to glare at me. After an uncomfortable moment she stood up and went back inside.

I finished my food but didn’t taste any of it.

I actually felt guilty about what had happened, even though it wasn’t entirely my fault.

It was half my fault.

It didn’t make me a good person.

Emmabeth came home late that afternoon and greeted me with a kiss. I was still on the back porch.

Everything was normal.

As normal as it was for me.

Things were about to get less normal.

To Be Continued

Preview

Caged and Milked 1

Kyleen had never considered herself a size queen, but then she met Dennis.

Dennis didn’t have a huge cock. It could best be described as adequate. At best it could be described as on the small side. At best he could take off his clothes in the locker room and not be completely humiliated.

The upside to Dennis having a small cock was that he knew what to do with it.

Yes, before Dennis all her previous boyfriends and lovers were on the downslope of the bell curve of cock size. Sex had always been good, but a bit bland. As it turned out a lover with a smaller cock was surprisingly good.

Having a partner with a small cock automatically made her think that he would be submissive...and he was in more ways than Kyleen ever would have imagined.

She was a good girl and waited until their third date before they had sex. She had gone home and masturbated with her vibrator after each of the first two dates, but that was acceptable. The most surprising part of the third date wasn’t that they had sex, it was her realization that his cock was the smallest she had ever had. Kyleen had several vibrators at home. Dennis was larger than the tiny travel-sized one she took with her on trips, but it wasn’t much bigger than that one.

They had been having sex for a month when she applied the other firm rule she had in all of her relationships. Kink cards had to be laid on the table. As a gag gift at some bachelorette party she had attended, Kyleen had a literal deck of kink cards. After sorting through them one night in a fit of boredom, she found the kinks in the cards boring and limiting.

Specifically, no cards in the deck spoke to her.

Still, she laid the deck out on the table when she invited Dennis over for a bottle of wine and some sex. That is, they'd have sex if her card game went well. If not, she'd down the bottle on her own and start looking for a new partner.

"You want to play cards?" he asked her, seeing the deck next to the bottle on the small kitchen table in her tiny apartment.

"Sort of." Kyleen poured the two of them very full glasses. She wished that she had thought ahead and gotten at least slightly inebriated before he arrived. This was always hard to do.

She had wished that every time she got out the deck it went as smoothly as it had gone with Chris, who had quickly claimed to have a foot fetish. She had a wonderful six month of foot rubs, new and sexy shoes, and had learned to give a decent footjob, before Chris had moved across the country for a new job.

On the other end of the spectrum was Micha who showed her the "All Things Anal" card. Still, she had been triple G on that. Micha was the first guy she had anal sex with. He was also the only guy she ever had anal sex with because after that first time that's all he wanted to do. It bored her and he wasn't that good at it. Breaking up was a relief.

"Sort of?" Dennis asked, accepting the filled-to-the-rim wine glass.

In explanation she displayed the cards to him. "Each one has a kink. You show me yours and I show you mine and if we like each other's kinks, we keep dating."

After adjusting his glasses, Dennis quickly sorted through the cards. "You've done this before," he said.

"Does it show?" she asked.

"You've already selected your card," he pointed out, indicating the card on the table in front of her.

Her face flushed, and not from the alcohol. "You caught me."

Dennis focused on the cards, either looking for the one that encapsulated his kink or perhaps selecting one that wouldn't upend their relationship.

“Should I be worried?” he asked.

“About what?”

“About my kink or yours?”

“Do you have a kink?”

“Yes. And obviously you do too.”

“Doesn’t everyone?”

“I suppose. Some people aren’t brave enough to admit to theirs.”

“I’m not going to waste my time if you are disgusted by mine.”

Dennis paused in his sorting of the cards. “How many guys have you driven away with that card?” he asked.

Kyleen looked down at the innocuous blank side of the card. It was slightly bent and more scuffed than all the other cards. She had handled it more than she wanted to admit.

“A few,” she said.

“What do I do if my kink isn’t listed here?” he asked as he rifled through the stack in front of him. The cards tended toward a variety of BDSM activities, which was understandable.

Turning around, she took a marker from the small kitchen counter along with a blank card. “Write it down here. And then we exchange cards and read them. At that point you can leave if you want to. Or maybe I’ll kick you out.”

“Can I ask questions?”

“Yes.”

He paused on one card. “What if what’s on the card doesn’t say exactly what I need it to?”

“You can explain, I suppose.”

He took the card he had been looking at out of the pack, put the rest of the pack on the table, and lifted up his chin, trying to put on a brave face.

“Are you sure?” she asked him.

“Yes. I’m getting to the point in my life where if I don’t have a partner who wants to indulge in my kink then I don’t want to waste time on her.”

It was a motto that Kyleen agreed with. She slid her card across the table. He did the same.

Kyleen found her heart was pounding in her chest as she lifted the card. She couldn’t stand to look at Dennis while he did the same. She tried to keep her mind open, but there were plenty of cards in the deck that she wasn’t going to participate in or even consider, no matter how much she liked Dennis. Deep in her soul she knew she was falling in love with him which meant she had to do this now or she’d hate herself forever for letting the relationship drag out longer than needed.

Chastity. She had seen the card in the deck before but had never really considered it.

“Nipples?” he asked her upon seeing the pre-printed kink on the card and then he read the note she had added ages ago. “Make me lactate.” He blinked. “I don’t know how to do that.”

“I can show you,” she said. “But I don’t think that I can fuck a guy who wants me to be in chastity for him. It just doesn’t work that way.” Her heart had stopped beating. It was over, all over. She needed to fuck on a regular basis. Teasing and making her wait and beg for it, maybe that was fine for a few minutes when they were naked and rolling around, but she wasn’t going to be able to go without sex for more than a day or two.

It was over. She wouldn’t be chaste for him.

“You’re not understanding,” he said. “I’m the one who goes without sex. Not you.”

That was something different.

“Have you ever seen that episode of Friends where Ross tries his ex-wife’s breast milk?” Kyleen asked.

Chapter 1

Dennis sat on the chair in the corner of the room; he was naked but for a pair of panties. He wasn't ashamed to wear the pink lace underwear that would have been more appropriate on a woman. He was proud to wear it.

Kyleen was kneeling in front of the bed. It was like the bed of any other hotel room. They had spent more time in generic hotel rooms than Dennis could keep track of. Rarely did they use the rooms for anything other than sex. Half the time they paid for a night and left after a few hours. It seemed a waste, but that wasn't the point.

She was still wearing her panties and bra. They matched each other and matched the panties that Dennis was wearing. Only the man sitting on the edge of the bed was completely naked. They had met him in person only an hour earlier. They had been texting him for a few weeks. The meeting had gone well so they invited him up to the room they had reserved for this reason.

Dennis judged that Mel was maybe in his mid-twenties, so he hadn't lied on the meet-up app. That would make Mel about a decade younger than him and Kyleen. Dennis was fine with that. Kyleen deserved handsome, young, competent lovers.

Her head was bobbing eagerly up and down on Mel's large cock. Dennis never ceased to be amazed at her fellatio skills. While Mel wasn't hiding a monster in his pants, it was proudly erect and proudly large. Unlike Dennis, Mel had nothing to be ashamed of when he took off his clothes. He had been eager to strip down the moment the trio walked into the room.

Dennis didn't blame him. Mel knew fucking Kyleen was assured as long as he didn't come off as an asshole.

"Oh...fuck," he moaned as Kyleen went all the way down on him, letting his cock go all the way into her throat. Her nose rested on his pubic bone. Most of his pubic hair had been trimmed away, so Kyleen didn't mind doing this one little trick.

She turned her head a bit and looked up at him, momentarily locking eyes before changing her focus to look at Dennis. Withdrawing Mel's cock from her mouth, she ran her tongue along the underside making him shiver a bit as she sucked away the droplet of precum that was seeping out of his dick slit.

"Did you like that?" she asked.

Mel was unable to answer her right away. Sucking on his cockhead had shut down the speech function of his brain. That turned out to be a good thing because she was looking at her partner, Dennis, who was staring intently at the two on the bed.

He eagerly nodded his head. "Uh-huh."

Mel swallowed and said nothing. They had done some negotiations beforehand and they had told him he was there as a plaything for Kyleen. Dennis would be watching.

He had agreed and was happy to go along with it. Kyleen was beautiful, even if she had unfashionable short brown hair. Her tits were borderline huge and her ass, the little opportunity he had to check it out, matched her chest like the couple's panties matched each other.

"Want me to go all the way?"

Again the question wasn't directed at Mel. It was directed at Dennis.

The cuckolded man nodded with enthusiasm, much to Mel's relief. He couldn't imagine driving home with a case of blue balls that Kyleen was on the edge of giving him.

Standing up, Kyleen reached behind her back and smoothly unhooked her bra, but she turned around before revealing her tits to Mel. Even as she turned around, she bent over, aiming her ass directly at Mel's face. He was transfixed by the view. The thin, semi-sheer lace both obscured and hid her pussy from his view.

While he was distracted Kyleen was digging about in her purse. It only took her a second to find the package of condoms, pull one out and open it up. She turned around just was Mel was reaching out to touch her semi-hidden ass.

He quickly pulled his hand back. Both Dennis and Kyleen saw the gesture but said nothing. It was allowable by agreement between the couple, but they hadn't told Mel that. They were keeping him in the dark as much as possible.

It was more fun that way.

Mel got a quick view of Kyleen's full tits before she went back down on her knees, grabbed his cock, and started rolling the condom on it. Condoms hadn't been discussed, but he didn't protest.

If he had the couple would have walked out on him.

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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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