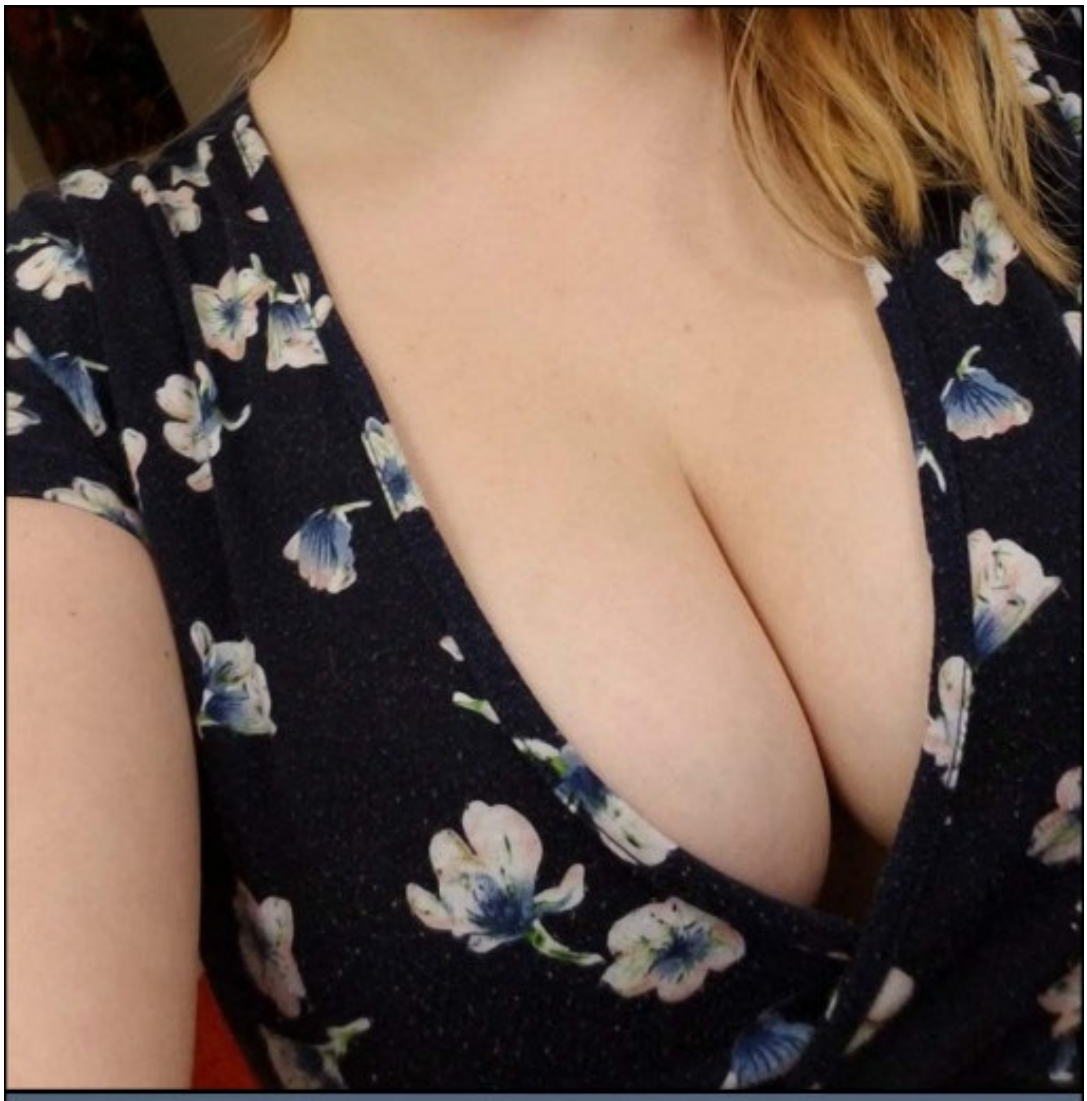
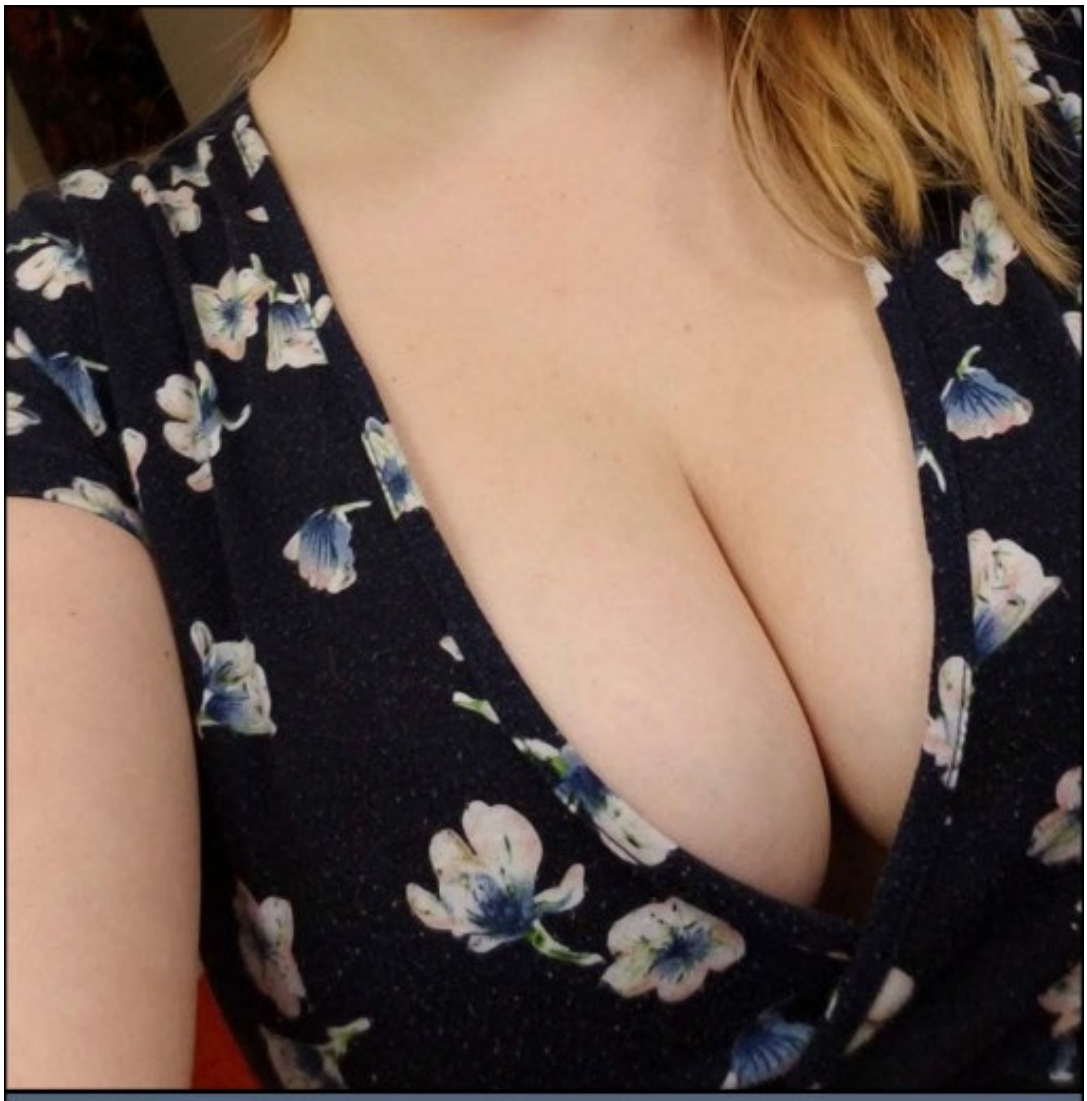


COUGAR'S MILK

4: TORRENT

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING



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Cougar’s Milk 4: Torrent

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Love

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author’s imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Cougar’s Milk 4: Torrent

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Version 2

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Chapter Fifteen

Emily and I didn’t speak for the next two days. We were both happy with that. I spend those two days in Emmabeth’s bed, mostly. She nursed me back to health, literally and metaphorically.

The two women in the house were otherwise busy getting Emily ready to return to college. I was already at college, so I just needed to get to the point where I could walk around and then be strong enough to get back into rugby practice.

Being young and healthy, it took very little time.

I credit Emmabeth’s breast milk.

And her blowjobs.

Both were wonderful motivators.

It was strange living in a house with two women I had fucked. One I had fucked unintentionally, but that sort of argument would never fly because what mother would believe her daughter had seduced me when I was high on the muscle relaxants she had given me because I had injured my back.

Yeah. I know. It sounds like complete bullshit.

But it’s true.

Even so, I was glad for Emily to leave. I watched as mother and daughter hugged before Emily climbed into her car. Right before she left, Emily gave me a wink and smirk.

It made me wonder if she wanted to fuck me a second time. The first was to piss off her mother. This time would have been...for what?

“I’m so glad she’s gone,” Emmabeth breathed when her daughter pulled out of the driveway and headed down the street.

I was surprised. They had a strange relationship, but wishing her own daughter would leave?

“Really?”

“Yes. Now I can fuck all over the house.”

I turned to her. “What? She’s barely down the street and you want to fuck?”

“Does that shock you?” she asked, putting her arms around me and drawing me close. We kissed.

I wasn’t big on public displays of affection, especially with her because I didn’t need any more grief in my life. But I didn’t push her away either. We were semi-concealed in her driveway, so I figured we were safe.

“Yes, it does shock me. A little.” I kissed her again.

“Good. Get ready for another shock.” One more kiss. “I didn’t say I wanted to fuck you.”

My mouth dropped open.

For just a second I was certain she was kidding. And then I was certain she wasn’t kidding.

And then I didn’t know what to think.

Her smile reassured me a little.

“But you’re here and I’m horny and I don’t have time to find someone else. Do you like breast milk?” she asked as she dropped her arms from around me and walked toward the house.

“I love breast milk,” I called to her, and then immediately moderated my volume. “I especially love yours.”

She had made it to the living room before I caught up to her. There was the briefest of resistance as I pulled her shirt up over her head. I hated that she was wearing a bra because that was another layer of clothing I had to get by.

It was fine because Emmabeth actually helped me remove it. We fell onto the couch together and my hungry lips found her ripe nipples.

She had the biggest nipples of any woman I had been with. (I refused to think

about how her daughter had similar nipples, partly because I didn’t want to dredge up that memory and partly because I couldn't remember my one drug-addled encounter with Emily.) They were long with a large diameter and after just a few gentle sucks her milk was flowing like a fountain.

She moaned in the back of her throat and I swallowed the gift she was giving me.

It was weird to think that most men claimed to love boobs (all size and all shapes) but very few of them professed an admiration of breast milk or a desire to drink it.

They were missing out.

Once I started fucking and sucking Emmabeth, I knew that breast milk was a heavenly gift that only women of quality would provide for their lovers.

In short, it turned me on to suck and drink Emmabeth’s milk. It turned her on as well. It didn’t take much effort to make her cum from sucking her tits.

My back was pretty much back to normal. It was easy to move her onto my lap as I continued to suck on her tits. Her milk was dripping steadily from whichever breast I wasn’t sucking on. We were making a mess. I didn’t care. It turned me on. It might have turned her on too.

It did turn her on. She had told me many times it did. She loved the feeling of her tits freely leaking, milk flowing out of them.

Everyone has their kinks.

I sucked and she focused on getting my cock out of my pants. She then hiked up her skirt and pulled aside her small panties.

The amazing thing about Emmabeth—besides the fact that she was a lactating cougar with an incredible sex drive—was that she didn’t need any special attention to get wet. I’d gone down on her plenty of times, but that was just for fun, to make her cum. She didn’t need it to get wet for penetration.

I’m not saying she was like a porn star...but she was just like a porn star.

In no time at all we were fucking on her couch, me alternating back and forth between her tits, her bouncing up and down on my cock, and neither of us having to worry about her daughter walking in.

She came first.

I always made sure that she came first. It was easy. All I had to do was suck on her tits long enough.

She also came second. Older women were much more in tune with their bodies and getting Emmabeth to a second climax was also easy.

The more time I spent with Emmabeth the more I was amazed that more guys my age didn't go after older women. Benjamin Franklin was right.

I loved how her pussy would heat up and tighten down on my cock when she came. I couldn't hold out any longer and popped off inside her.

We clutched each other on the couch, slowly coming down from our orgasmic high. It took a few minutes, but eventually Emmabeth spoke first.

"I was partly serious before."

I was confused. "About what?"

"About...what I said about fucking. I said I didn't say I was going to fuck you."

"Uh...but you just fucked me?"

Sliding from my lap, she said, "I want to fuck other people."

My heart stopped beating. This must be what it felt like to die. Somehow my brain still operated. "You...and me...we're done?"

"No. I just want to fuck other people...and you."

"You mean like in a threeway?"

My soft cock started to rise. This was one of the reasons that she liked fucking younger men.

I didn’t blame her.

“Are you interested in a threeway?” she asked and then she spied my cock. “You are interested in a threeway.”

That was all we needed for a second round.

Everything was back to normal. Normal-ish.

All the students returned to campus. Classes started up. I was back at rugby practice. (Don’t get me wrong, the rugby team wasn’t good. We weren’t good. It was barely a league considering that we only played other local college teams. But it was something to do besides classes and fucking and sucking Emmabeth.)

I all but moved into Emmabeth’s house full time. I still kept my apartment to store stuff closer to campus and have a place to go. Plus I didn’t want to tell my parents that I was living with a woman barely ten years younger than them.

I tried not to think about that age difference either.

But waking up next to her every morning so I could nurse on her tits and going to bed next to her every night, my mouth full of her milk, that was more than worth it.

I quickly learned that I had a reputation on campus. I suppose it was a good reputation because I didn’t see anything wrong with bedding an older woman. Some students described it as me banging a professor. That wasn’t accurate. Emmabeth was a tutor and she wasn’t my tutor. She didn’t even have a PhD, just a master’s. She helped to run the tutoring center, but she wasn’t a professor.

Would fucking and sucking a full professor have been hotter?

I don’t know and I didn’t care about the opinions of the vast majority of students.

The only person’s opinion I really cared about was Emmabeth, and she had all but told me she was going to have sex with someone else.

We weren’t in a long-term relationship. Or at least I didn’t see us staying together forever.

Did I really want to be with a woman twenty years older than me, regardless of how hot and sexy she was?

For the moment, yes.

When I graduated in two year?

...Maybe?

Still, I couldn’t force myself to move out of her house and back to my student hovel. The food was too good. The sex was too good.

And her milk...I couldn’t stop thinking about it all the time.

I told myself it wasn’t just that I liked the kink of her, an older woman, a cougar, was supplying me, a much younger man, her cub, with milk. It was that her body, though by no means old, was still so sexy and attractive and healthy that she could make so much milk to satisfy my needs.

I know that she got off to it as well.

It wasn’t a great relationship and I told myself when it ended, I’d be a man about it and chalk it up to an experience I couldn’t have had with anyone else.

The first few days of classes were exhausting. They always were. I basically went to class, read, studied, went to rugby practice, came back to Emmabeth’s place, maybe fucked her, but definitely sucked all the milk out of her tits, before I fell asleep and did it all again.

Neither of us had a morning responsibility on Friday. We lounged in bed and I drank all her milk, making doubly sure she was completely drained, before we fucked. I liked resting in bed with her afterwards, as if the outside world didn’t exist.

“When I take a new lover, I’m not going to tell you,” she said abruptly.

My stomach clenched up and I felt dizzy. I hadn’t even taken any of her muscle

relaxants so I shouldn't have been dizzy. The idea of her fucking someone else...worse, the idea of someone else getting to drink her milk...that was almost too much to bear.

"Okay," I said evenly. I didn't know what else to say.

"Does it upset you that I'm going to fuck someone else?" she asked casually as if she were stomping on my heart like it was a bug on the kitchen floor.

"Yes," I croaked. I was on the verge of tears and I didn't even know it.

Somehow she realized that she had upset me—imagine that—and turned my way as we lay next to each other. She kissed me on the lips and then kissed away my tears.

I started crying in earnest and hated myself because I was acting like such a fucking baby.

"I didn't mean to make you cry," she told me.

"I'm sorry. I'm not crying."

I was clearly crying.

"One of the reasons I always fuck younger people is because they expect to get cheated on or dumped at the end of a relationship," she confided in me. "It makes things easier."

"Yeah, yeah, I understand."

"We can break it off now if you want," she offered.

That was too much for me.

"No! I don't want to break up with you. It's fine...it's fine if you want to fuck someone else...as long as you don't break up with me."

I didn't dare say it aloud, but I had fallen in love with her without realizing it. I didn't even want to admit it to myself.

"Maybe we should have another little threeway," she suggested to me.

“What?” I gasped. “Like with Les?”

It seemed like a lifetime ago, before things had gotten serious, at least in my mind, with Emmabeth. She had suggested bringing one of my friends into the bedroom so that she could be double nursed to double her pleasure. At that point it was just about the sex for me. Something had changed. Things had gotten weird.

And Les had turned out to be an asshole when he tried to fuck her in the ass.

I didn’t want to see her fucking someone else. Not yet.

Yes, I was being possessive, but I felt I had the right to be.

“Sure. Like with Les. Only with someone who isn’t an asshole and wants to fuck my asshole without permission.”

Emmabeth was the first woman I had been with who had been so casual about anal sex. Under other circumstances I would have jumped at the chance to put it in her ass, but I was more than satisfied with her mouth and tits and pussy. If she had asked me to fuck her ass, I would have gladly done it, but she hadn’t asked.

“If...if that’s what you want.”

She kissed me again. “I’m just giving you a fair warning, Roy. I don’t want you to be surprised if you come home one day and find me in bed with someone else.”

I nodded and got my emotions under control. Or at least I tried to.

“What...what should I do if that happens?”

She shook her head sadly at me. “When it happens.”

Those words were the twist of the knife she had plunged into my chest.

“When it happens?” I asked, incredulous.

“There are a lot of hot, attractive, and willing students at this college,” she reminded me. “It’s going to happen. I’m going to fuck someone else. You

probably won’t find us in bed together, but I need an answer from you. What do you want to happen after I fuck someone else? And what do you want to do if you find us in this bed together?”

I just looked at her. She was asking if I wanted to be buried or cremated.

“Well? If you can’t answer these questions I don’t see us staying together much longer.”

It occurred to me that she must have someone in mind already. Or she was so bored with fucking me that she was going to go out actively looking. I could either run away or I could play the game and see what I could recover.

“If I find the two of you together...I suppose…” I took too long answering.

“Do you want to join in or should you just sneak away?”

“I can join in?” Once again I was incredulous.

She shrugged. Her tits bounced. “Why not?”

“Oh. I guess I can take a peek in the room and decide whether I should join or not.”

She smiled and gave me another kiss. “That’s the right answer. Or you could sneak away. Either is fine. What you can’t do is make a scene. I won’t have that. That would be the end of it.”

I nodded in understanding. What had I gotten myself into?

It only later occurred to me that if she was fucking someone in this very bed, she probably wanted me to find her. She knew my schedule.

Did she know that Emily had fucked me? With my semi-willing but completely addled participation?

“Now if I fuck someone else and you don’t catch us in the act, do you want to know?”

“Do I want to know?”

“That’s right. Generally I only have one serious lover at a time, but I’ve had multiple one-night stands and such. Too many to count.” For some reason that stirred my cock.

“Why?”

“Because I’m a fucking horny forty-four year old woman, that’s why. If I have an opportunity to get laid, I’m going to take it.”

“I mean, why would you tell me?”

“Because you have a right to know.”

“I do?”

“We have a relationship. Well, as much of a relationship as I ever have. I just don’t want to put you in a position where someone is claiming to be fucking me and you saying that they’re a liar and it turns out to be the truth. I don’t want to hide things from you. That’s not polite, unless you don’t want to know.”

“In that case...I suppose you should tell me. If you think I need to know.”

“Do you want details?”

“Details?”

“Some guys get off to hearing about their lovers fuck other people.” She whispered in my ear. “I know I do.”

“Maybe,” I allowed myself to say. “Can I let you know when it happens?”

“Sure.” She let out a long breath. “That’s always the hardest conversation to have. But things will be easier now.” She paused and looked at the ceiling. “Oh, and you are free to fuck other people as well. Please tell me afterwards. And please don’t use this bed. Go somewhere else or use your apartment, okay?”

It hadn’t occurred to me that I could fuck others.

That changed everything.

Chapter Sixteen

It also changed nothing. I went to class that day like it was any normal day. Friday afternoon was rugby practice because we had a game Saturday morning. Lucky for us it was on campus because we were the home team.

“And don’t forget, ladies,” Peter, our captain, called out as practice was breaking up and we were packing our gear, “I don’t want any of you going out tonight and getting drunk and/or laid!”

His jest was met with jeers and laughter.

“Also, and unrelated, party at the ruggers house tonight!” The ruggers house was an entire house rented out by eight core members of the team. It wasn’t a pretty house. It was a party house.

I would be attending.

Everyone would be attending.

I went back to my apartment to take a shower and grab a bite to eat. The shower was fine. The food I still had around was...awful. I threw it all in the trash. That was $17.95 worth of nutrition that had passed me by.

I could have gone to Emmabeth’s and raided her fridge, but that seemed sleazy. And I was scared to see her. Instead I stopped by Mamma Mia’s Pizza and ate there.

Since I wasn’t sure if Emmabeth knew my schedule, I sent her a quick text that I would be at the rugger party for most of the evening. We hadn’t made plans.

Maybe she had intentionally not made plans because she had plans with someone other than me.

I decided to solve that problem by getting drunk at the party.

Or mildly buzzed. I’m not a big fan of beer, which is what the ruggers always had. I did manage to snag a couple of shots of vodka, but those had mostly worn off by the time I was ready to leave. It wasn’t late, but it wasn’t early as well.

The other problem with rugger parties, besides too much cheap beer, was there

were, almost by default, sausage fests. Too many guys, not enough women. Still, I flirted with a couple of girls, but none that really interested me.

I wanted to be with Emmabeth and once I admitted that to myself, it was easy to leave the house and walk to Emmabeth's.

It was both thrilling and strange to let myself into her house. I had permission to be there, but it still felt like I was breaking in. That would have been alleviated somewhat if I had bothered to turn on the lights, but I realized that I liked the feeling.

Halfway through the house, not even to the stairs leading to the second story, I heard the unmistakable sounds of sex. Female copulatory vocalizations have definitely evolved to arouse men. Just ask my cock because upon hearing those sounds from Emmabeth's throat, even though I couldn't see her, my cock got hard.

She was fucking someone else and I wanted to fuck her regardless.

That wasn't love. That was lust.

My cock was fine with that.

I found that I was fine with that as well.

After taking off my shoes, I padded silently up the stairs in search of sex.

I didn't have a plan other than peeking into Emmabeth's bedroom—the door had to be open—and watching them for a bit. If I was lucky, she would invite me in to fuck her.

It was perfect and flawless.

There was no way anything could go wrong.

The door was open almost all the way. Emmabeth had no reason to close it. She was the only one who lived there. And me...some of the time.

She had left the light on in the bedroom, but the hallway light was off.

I had to focus so I didn't run down the hall and rush into a scene I didn't necessarily want to see every detail of.

It only occurred to me as I got to the door, that Emmabeth's moans and groans were slightly different than normal. I supposed that only made sense considering that she wasn't with me; she was bound to sound different.

The bed was occupied by two bodies. It took me a moment to figure out what was going on. Emmabeth was lying face down, performing oral on her partner. Her legs were hidden under the bed sheets, but I saw the curve of her bottom and the sway of her back, but not her tits.

It was the partner that brought me up short. I had images of a hundred different men running through my head. Emmabeth didn't have a type other than "young" so it could have been anyone.

I didn't expect to find her in bed with another woman.

A very young woman.

A very young woman with short black hair, small tits, and her legs spread wide with Emmabeth's face buried in her pussy.

My cock, already hard, turned into a bar of steel.

I froze in the doorway to watch.

There wasn't much to see. The girl was half propped up, legs apart, so Emmabeth could do her thing. The girl's eyes were closed, focusing on what Emmabeth was doing. I couldn't see her pussy or see exactly what my cougar's pussy eating technique was, but I was proud and thrilled that Emmabeth was a skilled cunnilinguist.

The young girl was moaning and groping her tits, pinching her small nipples.

I wanted to get my cock out and start jerking off, but that seemed more than a little rude. The best plan, as near as I could figure in the moment, was to watch and let them finish.

Emmabeth had basically given me permission to watch, hadn't she?

They might be okay with me watching, but I was certain that me just walking in and shoving my dick where it wasn't invited wasn't the best course of action.

The girl was getting worked up. She was getting louder and was pinching one nipple so hard that I was worried she was going to cause herself permanent damage. Emmabeth was doing something with her hand in the girl's pussy, but I couldn't see details.

This was better than porn.

Even if Emmabeth dumped me afterwards, I wouldn't regret anything.

The little scream the girl let out announced her climax.

She wasn't overacting or trying to make it seem like Emmabeth was the most incredible tongue on campus or off, but it was an enthusiastic orgasm that left her panting and exhausted.

When Emmabeth raised her face from between the girl's legs, I could see her lips and chin and cheeks were wet. I swore I could smell her amrita from the doorway.

Emmabeth didn't say anything at first; she was just looking at her newest lover. I must have moved or made a sound or disturbed the light, because Emmabeth turned her head and caught my eye.

"Jordan, we have a visitor," she announced to the girl.

Jordan abruptly yanked on the loose sheets in an effort to cover herself up. It was a wasted effort because I had already seen everything. Or almost everything. Emmabeth lifting her face from Jordan's pussy revealed that the younger woman completely shaved her pubic hair. That was a contrast to Emmabeth who kept hers trimmed short but in a two-inch wide strip. The only thing I hadn't seen on Jordan was her ass.

I'm not an ass man, but I wanted to see it.

"What the fuck!" she exclaimed.

I looked at Jordan and tried to place her. Our college wasn't that big, but I

couldn’t place her face. Maybe because I had been staring at her body.

“This is Roy,” Emmabeth introduced me. “He’s my...well, I suppose he’s my boyfriend.”

Jordan looked from me to Emmabeth and then back. She continued to pull the sheets up until she had covered her breasts. Emmabeth was forced to move aside so that the girl could be modest.

“Hi!” I said a little too brightly. My cock was still hard and I wondered if she could see the outline through my shorts. I stuck out my hand in a friendly gesture.

Jordan just glared at my hand like I had offered her a decaying fish. “You have a boyfriend?” she asked Emmabeth, looking at my...girlfriend? My cougar. I liked calling her my cougar.

At least, I liked calling her that now. In private.

“Obviously,” Emmabeth replied and stood up. She was naked. I wonder what else the two of them had done without me.

As always Emmabeth’s tits looked fantastic. She stepped over to me and gave me a light kiss on the lips.

I could taste Jordan’s pussy. It tasted good.

“You didn’t tell me you had a boyfriend.” Jordan didn’t move. She wasn’t displaying fear, but I could sense brewing anger.

“You didn’t ask,” Emmabeth sniffed. “Don’t act like you’re offended.”

“I’m just surprised, that’s all.”

“At what exactly?” Emmabeth asked. I had withdrawn my hand and stood back a bit. I supposed I could have turned my back and allowed Jordan to get dressed from the pile of clothes on the floor, but I didn’t want to do that.

“That you would invite me to your place if you had a boyfriend.”

“Are you offended I have a boyfriend or are you upset that I didn’t invite him to join us?” Emmabeth asked. “Or are you the sort of person who thinks she’s entitled to a partner without a history.”

Something was going on that I didn’t understand. I wisely kept my mouth shut.

“Neither. None of those. I’m just surprised. I didn’t expect to be walked in on, that’s all.”

Emmabeth brightened. “Oh. Okay. Good.” She turned to me and bounced lightly on the balls of her feet which caused her breasts to jiggle which distracted me. “Would you like to join us?” she asked me.

“Yes!” I said far too quickly and with far too much enthusiasm.

“What!?” Jordan clearly hadn’t been expecting that, but Emmabeth was smooth with her next question.

“Would you like him to join us?” Emmabeth asked Jordan politely. “I like sex with women, but I prefer men.”

“Uh…” was Jordan’s answer, which didn’t help.

I knew this had to be handled delicately otherwise I was going to lose out on a prime opportunity that might never again present itself to me. “Why don’t I just go downstairs for a minute,” I suggested to Emmabeth. “So you two can talk...or whatever.”

Jordan’s eyes were shifting back and forth between us.

I noted that she hadn’t said no. That was important.

“You don’t have to leave, Roy,” Emmabeth said.

“I’m not leaving. I’ll just be downstairs. Call me if you need me.”

I exited. There was no way I was going to convince Jordan that it would be a good idea for me to fuck her.

Emmabeth however…

I went down to the kitchen and got a glass of water. I considered jerking off since my cock hadn't softened at all, but I restrained myself.

My mind was reeling and going a hundred miles an hour. What were they doing up there? What exactly were they talking about. Was Emmabeth bi or did she not distinguish between men and women and only liked to fuck twenty years olds? Was Jordan bi? Or lesbian? Or something in between.

She wasn't my type, but she was hot enough. Hell, any woman in bed with Emmabeth was hot enough for me. I was under my cougar's thumb and would do whatever she asked of me.

Ten minutes later Emmabeth called me. "Roy? Roy? Please come upstairs. We need to...talk."

It took all of my self-control not to run up the stairs and go flying dick first into the bedroom. As it was, I did run, but at a dignified pace.

What I found on the bed was the reverse of what I had encountered previously. Jordan had her face in Emmabeth's pussy, eating it enthusiastically, while my cougar lounged on the bed holding her tits.

"I need your help, baby," she said to me, offering up one breast.

I knew what to do. I didn't even bother stripping off my clothes because I didn't want to scare away Jordan.

I barely had to suck on Emmabeth's nipple. Her milk shot into the back of my throat forcing me to swallow. It was thick and rich and so sweet. I wanted to fuck her, but her pussy was otherwise occupied.

That turned out not to be a problem because Emmabeth's hand found my crotch and started massaging my already hard cock through my jeans.

"Oh, you want me, don't you?" she asked.

I didn't dare break my mouth seal on her nipple. I just nodded.

"We'll take care of that, don't worry." And then she moaned. I wasn't sure if she was moaning from me sucking her or Jordan, but it didn't matter.

This was going to be the greatest sex I had ever had.

It was difficult to keep nursing from Emmabeth while she stripped me but somehow we managed. It didn't say too much about Jordan's pussy licking skills if she couldn't distract Emmabeth from me, but I wasn't worried about that. I needed to be naked. I needed Emmabeth's hand on my cock.

I wasn't fully naked before Jordan raised her face out of Emmabeth's pussy to watch us. "Is that...is that...milk?" she asked, incredulous.

She was looking at Emmabeth's exposed nipple that was dripping milk. It seemed so normal to me, so I suppose it was a shock to Jordan, even if she had tits.

"It is," Emmabeth said coolly. "Does it bother you?"

Obviously Emmabeth hadn't told Jordan her little secret before bringing her into the bedroom. I knew that my cougar liked shocking people that she, a woman over forty, had fully operating tits.

Jordan lifted her chin. "No. Why would it?"

"Would you like a taste?" Emmabeth offered.

Jordan's eyes went wide. "No," she said as casually as possible. "I prefer pussy." She lowered her face back down and noisily slurped on Emmabeth's clit.

My lover moaned. "Do me a favor, Roy?"

I let her breast slip from my lips. It continued dripping. She was still very full and very turned on. "Anything."

"Get behind Jordan and fuck her. I want to watch the two of you."

We both froze.

Jordan opened her eyes and looked at me from between Emmabeth's thighs.

I raised my shoulders in a half-shrug.

Emmabeth waited expectantly.

Taking a chance, I moved away from Emmabeth and down the bed. “Sounds hot. Are you down?” I asked Jordan.

It was one thing to just throw in for a wild night of sex, but my guess was that Jordan came back to Emmabeth’s house for some girl-on-girl sex. She hadn’t been counting on the appearance of my cock.

Lifting her face, now wet with Emmabeth’s amrita, Jordan said, “Umm...I didn’t bring any condoms with me.” It wasn’t a direct answer and it wasn’t a dodge either.

I hadn’t given on thought to condoms ever since I started fucking Emmabeth. After telling me that she couldn’t get pregnant, I was happy to not have to worry about that any longer.

“I have some.” We both looked at Emmabeth when she made this announcement.

I could have questioned her right then and there, but I didn’t. I had some class. “Okay. Mind sharing?”

Emmabeth had to get off the bed and go to her dresser. It would have been too convenient for the condoms to be in her nightstand, but I would have found them by now.

She pulled a dozen pack out of a dresser drawer and tossed them at me. Four were missing. I glanced at the date stamped on the packaging. They were still safe, but that didn’t tell me when she had used them. I didn’t think now was the time to ask, however.

To tell the truth, I was nervous. It had been months since I had fucked anyone other than Emmabeth.

On top of that, I didn’t know Jordan at all. She was just a woman who had appeared in my cougar’s bed.

And I was considering fucking her.

And Emmabeth wanted me to fuck her. I think.

I hoped it wasn’t some loyalty test.

Jordan seemed willing, but maybe she was just playing along. Was she a spy for Emmabeth? Was she unwilling but didn’t want to say no because sexual politics are complicated.

As I thought through this problem, I opened up a condom and rolled it on my hard cock. The fact that I could have all these thoughts and remain hard said a lot about me.

It wasn’t all good about me.

Jordan stayed on her elbows and knees on the bed. Emmabeth got back into position, putting her pussy right under Jordan’s nose.

To her credit, Jordan got right back to work eating Emmabeth’s lovely pussy. For just a moment I wished I was in her position, but then I remembered that I was going to fuck her.

That gave me mixed emotions, but I plunged forward because I didn’t know what else to do.

I figured this was just like two crazy college students who met at a party and went back to a dorm room semi-drunk to get it on. Yes, we’d both regret it in the morning, but college is all about making bad choices.

Right?

I allowed myself one small test which didn’t really prove anything. As I got into position behind Jordan, I reached between her legs, feeling her pussy.

She was hot, but maybe that was her normal state.

I eased a finger inside her pussy.

She was wet. Very wet.

If nothing else, her body was ready to be fucked. Maybe she was just turned on from being with Emmabeth, but that would have to be good enough.

Jordan lifted her face from Emmabeth's pussy and moaned. "Stop that," she breathed. "Stop screwing around and fuck me! If you're not, quit teasing me."

I grinned. That would have to be more than good enough.

Cock in hand, I explored her folds and found the entrance to her pussy.

She was turned on enough to allow my cock to easily glide inside her and fill her up.

Once more she paused in eating Emmabeth's pussy to let out a long groan as I filled her up. "Fuck…" she breathed.

Emmabeth shoved her younger partner's face back down to where it belonged. "Shut up and eat me," she ordered. "I need to cum."

Emmabeth and I locked eyes as I started to fuck Jordan.

"Do you like your little surprise?" she asked me.

I nodded. How could I say no?

Plus, I didn't want Jordan to know what my answer was. Call me stupid.

Grabbing Jordan's slim hips, I started pounding into her. She had trouble focusing on Emmabeth's pussy, but I think that was the point.

My cougar wanted to control her young female cub, just like she had entrapped me.

I don't think either Jordan or I minded.

As I fucked her, I closed my eyes. I didn't want to have to look at Emmabeth, but I could feel her eyes on me. I gave her a good show. She would reach out and touch my chest periodically, just to keep me in line.

Jordan's pussy was different from Emmabeth's. Tighter, maybe, which isn't necessarily good. She was definitely wetter, but not hotter. I kept my hands on her ass and hips as I fucked her.

It didn't take long before she was moaning in earnest, unable to eat Emmabeth's

pussy at all. She was close to orgasm, which was good, because so was I.

When she came, her pussy tightened up incredibly and there was a flash of heat at her climax. I came a moment later. Sadly, it was inside the condom and not her, but life couldn’t be perfect.

“Beautiful, beautiful,” Emmabeth complimented both of us. “Stay inside her, Roy. She needs to finish me off before you move.”

I wasn't sure how long I was going to be able to maintain my slowly wilting erection and stay inside of Jordan, but it didn't turn out to be much of a problem.

Emmabeth was already close to the brink. I like to think that was because of the show I had put on. Anyway, she came in a short minute, leaving the three of us in a tangle in her bed. I was the first to leave, to dispose of the condom.

When I came back to the bedroom, they were arguing about what should happen.

“No, I want you to stay the night with us,” Emmabeth said.

“I can’t,” Jordan insisted.

“Why?” my cougar pressed. “I assure you this bed is better than anything in your dorm room.”

I could tell the comfort of the bed wasn’t the reason Jordan wanted to leave, but I didn’t get involved. I just crawled into the bed, putting Emmabeth in the middle. “Please stay,” I said to her.

Apparently that was a good enough argument. Or she was too tired.

It was the first time I had spent a night in bed with two women.

Chapter Seventeen

It had become automatic for me to wake up and seek out Emmabeth's breast for a little morning milk. Not only was it a nice way to wake up, but it got the both of us going.

This morning was a disappointment because I woke up nuzzling Emmabeth's back.

Her back was fine, but it didn't compare in any way to her tits. Yes, I had a kink and it was for her tits, not for her back.

I was a little angry when I grabbed her shoulder and forced her to roll over so I could get to her tits to nurse.

When she rolled over, I immediately went for her full tits. She often complained about how swollen they would get overnight because of her milk production. It was only when I rolled her over did I see Jordan.

I had forgotten she was in bed with us.

How could I have forgotten that?

That was only a minor distraction. I had morningwood, but I also had another need.

My mouth descended on Emmabeth's breast. Her nipple immediately erected under my tongue, but then it relaxed as I sucked. A moment later it let out the first sweet taste of her milk.

Then more and more flooded into my mouth.

Emmabeth moaned.

Jordan woke up because we weren't being quiet and we were moving around. Just as automatically as my mouth's search for fresh milk in the morning, Emmabeth's hand curled around my erect cock and started stroking me.

I could feel Jordan's eyes upon us, but I didn't care. She had already seen all of us and more. If she couldn't deal with a cub nursing from his cougar in the morning, she shouldn't be in bed with us.

“What are you doing?” Jordan asked. I couldn’t tell from her tone if she was horrified or fascinated.

“Just a little morning play,” Emmabeth answered. My mouth was full and it’s rude to talk with a full mouth.

“Is he...is he nursing from you?” Jordan asked. Again, there was a catch in her voice that I couldn’t identify. I don’t know why she was shocked. She had seen Emmabeth leaking milk last night. She had certainly tasted Emmabeth’s milk as well.

“Yes. Every morning. Would you like a taste?”

I opened my eyes just enough to look at Jordan. The lithe woman with black hair was clearly fascinated but she didn’t know what to do.

That was fine. More milk for me.

Just to show her that Emmabeth belonged to me and Jordan was nothing but a night’s distraction, I reached for Emmabeth’s pussy.

My cougar willingly spread her legs for me. She wasn’t wet, not yet, but she was getting there. I was all too familiar with my lover’s body and habits.

Maybe, just maybe I pushed things too far.

Or maybe Jordan didn’t want to be left out.

“Sure,” Jordan said with more eagerness in her voice than I would have expected. She lowered her face to Emmabeth’s other breast and started nursing alongside me.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that but I wasn’t going to complain. I didn’t have any basis to complain. There was only so much of Emmabeth I could handle at one time.

Maybe it was good for her to have a second lover in her bed.

Emmabeth moaned loudly as we nursed from her. I wiggled a finger up into her pussy. It was hot and getting wetter. Her hand on my cock was going to make me

blow my load all over her thighs.

I came up for air, gasping. “Slow down,” I told her, putting my hand on hers, stopping her from jerking me off so vigorously.

“Why?” she panted.

“Do you want me to fuck you or are you happy with just jerking me off?” I asked.

It was supposed to be a rhetorical question. She nodded and turned halfway away from me.

I was offended, but then I realized what she was doing. When she had fully rolled back to face Jordan, she arched her back and lifted her leg, giving me rear access to her pussy.

I was being denied her milk, but there was plenty of pussy for me.

As I got into position, she pulled Jordan’s face up to hers for a kiss. I couldn’t see everything they were doing, but Jordan went back to Emmabeth’s tits for more milk as I entered her pussy. A hand helped me slip inside; I wasn’t sure if it was Jordan’s or Emmabeth’s.

As much as I wanted Emmabeth’s milk, I was happy to fuck her from behind while looking over her shoulder to see what the two women were up to.

For someone who had been reluctant or confused about Emmabeth’s lactating, she was eagerly feasting on the older woman’s breasts now. One nipple was dripping milk while she sucked on the other.

I could easily get used to this.

The fuck was hard and fast because that’s the way of it in the morning, even if it was Saturday. It must have been incredibly pleasurable for Emmabeth to have her tits sucked and pussy fucked at the same time. Maybe we should have added another person to eat her pussy while I fucked it.

I came in her with a series of hard thrusts, but that didn’t stop Jordan from sucking on Emmabeth’s tits. My cock shrunk and slipped out of Emmabeth’s

pussy. I saw my cougar's hand between Jordan's legs, rubbing her pussy.

They weren't done yet, but I was. I had to piss so I went to the bathroom. After using the toilet I decided to get in the shower because I didn't have a whole lot of time before I had to be at the field for the game.

I'll admit it. I was a little bit worried that the women were having a better time without me. I didn't have anything to worry about. I had barely been in the shower for a minute before Emmabeth walked in and joined me.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked me.

"Uh...yeah. Why wouldn't I?"

She reached around my body and pulled me against her. I felt her breasts pressing into my back. She dropped one hand down to my cock. At first I thought she was going to start jerking me off again, but instead she just started soaping it.

"Just making sure you aren't jealous of Jordan."

"Why would I be jealous of her?"

"Because she got most of my milk this morning."

"Are you going to dump me for her?" I asked as her hand stayed busy on my cock, making it rise. Maybe I'd fuck her against the shower wall.

"Can't I have the both of you?"

My cock was confused and so were my emotions. I hated that she was playing with me that way, but at the same time I loved it. "I guess you can…"

"Do you want to fuck her again?" she whispered in my ear.

"Right now?" My cock was rock hard in her hand. She had to know what she was doing. Emmabeth always knew what she was doing when it came to sex.

"Do you want to fuck her right now?" One hand was stroking up and down my soapy shaft while her other hand squeezed my balls. "While I watch."

“Of fuck yes please,” I begged her.

Emmabeth all but laughed in my ear. She pulled her hands away from my cock. “Don’t you have a rugby game this morning?” she asked.

“Yeah…”

“Make sure your team wins and I’ll make sure you get to fuck Jordan again.” She backed up to the far side of the shower. “Will you do that for me?”

“Yes...are you going to come to my game?”

She shook her head. “No. Of course not. Now go be a man.”

Emmabeth stepped out of the shower. I considered jerking off just to get rid of my erection, but instead I just turned the water to completely cold and shivered under the spray until my cock had shriveled up to nothing.

I don’t know what I expected when I got back to the bedroom, but both women were lounging on Emmabeth’s bed. I froze with the towel around my waist. Emmabeth had cleared out a dresser for me to keep clothes in, but I suddenly felt self-conscious getting naked in front of them. They were both covered by the sheets. I only had my towel...and then nothing.

“Jordan wants to watch your game this morning,” said Emmabeth. “What field and what time?”

I knew something was up. Not my cock, but I was bold and dropped my towel, showing my now small cock to them before I started dressing, throwing on what passed as my rugby uniform. “Schrader field. 10 o’clock.”

“I’ll be there,” Jordan reported and then the two of them giggled.

The rugby game was fine. We won. It was fun and meaningless and ultimately it was just for the thrill of playing and being able to get out and do something.

Still, I found myself scanning the sidelines looking for Jordan. I was also looking for Emmabeth, though I doubted she would make an appearance. It

would be completely fine for a student to show up alone. Lots of ruggers had friends show up to watch them play.

It would be extraordinarily weird to have a staff member show up. I didn’t want to deal with additional questions, even if Emmabeth and I weren’t keeping our relationship a secret.

We weren’t. We just weren’t advertising it.

There’s a difference.

I would have been happier if Jordan hadn’t shown up.

But at halftime as we were all gathering around for water and a pep talk, I spied her watching. There was a small set of bleachers where some people gathered. She was on the top row by herself, just watching.

I made sure not to check on her.

I didn't want things to get weird.

There was still plenty to do after the game. After our obligations were taken care of, I still had schoolwork to finish before I went to Emmabeth’s.

That was the one thing I promised myself. School first.

Then fucking.

And sucking.

I was daydreaming about Emmabeth’s tits the entire afternoon as I plowed through my work. We had agreed that I would use my apartment to study in. I could use her place as well, but we both knew that we’d get too distracted by the other person and in no time we’d be tearing our clothes off and fucking.

After I fired off a text to Emmabeth, I ran to her place when I was done. I wanted her to be ready for me.

What I found wasn’t Emmabeth lounging around in lingerie or even just with her tits out.

She hadn’t prepared anything for me at all.

She was in the kitchen cooking dinner with Jordan.

I was starting to resent the other woman whom Emmabeth had invited into our lives.

“What are you doing?” I asked as I walked in when it was completely obvious what they were doing: making dinner.

“Making dinner,” Emmabeth answered. “I figured that, even though it’s still the first week, Jordan could use a break from dining hall food.”

Jordan nodded enthusiastically.

I had already fed a couple of my rugger friends off my meal plan; Emmabeth was feeding me as well, with both actual food and her milk.

“She’s going to need a good meal to keep her going,” Emmabeth went on. “I expect you to fuck her like animal tonight.”

Jordan gasped. I even blushed a little.

Pretending she had just announced she was pimping Jordan out to me, Emmabeth said, “What? You told me earlier you liked it when he fucked your last night.”

To this Jordan just stammered a series of nonsense vowels. Emmabeth turned to me as she stirred whatever was in the pot. It smelled good.

“And you’d better eat up too. Jordan drained my boobs before you got here. It was her reward for watching your game. Congratulations on your win.”

Both Jordan and I were now extremely red-faced and neither of us could talk correctly.

“What’s the matter?” asked Emmabeth. “If you can’t talk clearly about your

kinks, you shouldn’t indulge in them.” She was lecturing like a professor, even though she was only a tutor.

I found my voice. “Maybe you should let Jordan decide who she has sex with,” I said to Emmabeth. It was confusing because I wanted to fuck them both, but I wanted to nurse from Emmabeth’s tits even if they were empty right now.

But maybe she’d have milk in them later in the evening.

Emmabeth turned to Jordan. “Didn’t you tell me you wanted Roy to fuck you again?”

I wouldn’t have thought it was possible, but Jordan’s face turned redder. “Yes,” she said in a small voice.

“See? She wants you. I want to watch. And maybe participate. It’ll be fun. Trust me.”

I got the feeling that Emmabeth had done this before, having sex with two students.

They were almost done making dinner, which was good, but the long uncomfortable time between finishing the preparation and eating the meal was excruciating.

Dinner was uncomfortable as well. We talked about nothing because Jordan and I were too afraid to talk about anything of consequence.

After we stacked the dishes in the sink, not wanting to bother with them at the moment, Emmabeth said, almost mockingly, “Are you two ready for the evening’s entertainment?”

We said nothing. I was afraid of saying the wrong thing and Jordan...I don’t know what Jordan was thinking. Yesterday she was drawn into Emmabeth’s bed for some hot lesbian sex, discovered my cougar was bisexual and lactating, and got roped into letting me fuck her.

There’s nothing about what we had done so far that was in any way normal.

I think we all liked it better that way.

Emmabeth led us upstairs to her bedroom. She walked in with confidence, I knew because I was watching her ass, but instead of stripping or doing something sexy to seduce us, she went to the chair jammed into the corner of the room where she kept her clothes she couldn't be bothered to put away.

"I'm waiting for my show," she said, sitting down and crossing her legs primly.

Even that was sexy for Emmabeth.

My cock was hard and I didn't know what was expected of me. And of Jordan.

"What show?" Jordan had the presence of mind to ask.

Emmabeth raised her eyebrows. "I expect a good show from the both of you if you want to keep nursing from these." She lifted her tits inside her shirt.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Jordan lick her lips. Were they just dry or was she lusting after Emmabeth's milk as much as I was?

It didn't matter to me what I had to do. I wanted her milk. If she wanted to see me fuck Jordan, then I was happy to do that for Emmabeth.

"I want to watch the two of you fuck."

We already knew that. I just didn't know how to proceed with Jordan. Did I kiss her? Did I just strip and expect her to do the same? Would Emmabeth want to give us instructions for each step?

"You promised me…" Jordan started to say, but she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Promised what?" Emmabeth asked, tilting her head.

"Promised me...milk," she said, the last word so soft I could barely hear it.

"After I watch you and Roy fuck. Now strip."

I took that as an instruction for the both of us and kicked off my shoes before lifting my t-shirt over my head. By the time I had my shorts unbuttoned, I glanced over to Jordan and noticed she hadn't removed a stitch of clothing. I froze.

Emmabeth frowned. “Why aren’t you undressing, Jordan?”

I was glad that I wasn’t the one not being obedient. That struck me as odd, that Emmabeth was the dominant one, completely in charge of us. Was it her age or her position in the college? Or was it her milk?

I was betting, for me, it was the milk.

“Sorry,” Jordan said and unzipped her shorts, but Emmabeth stopped her. “No. Let him get undressed. I want to watch you suck his dick. Keep your clothes on.”

That slowed me down. I wasn’t exactly embarrassed at being naked, but naked in front of two clothed women? That was different.

And maybe a bit exciting.

I dropped my short, pulling down my underwear at the same time.

My cock was hard, not fully hard, but hard enough.

When Emmabeth snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor in front of me, Jordan didn’t show any hesitancy about getting down on her knees and grabbing my cock.

Up to that point I had been fairly certain that Jordan was a lesbian and had only allowed me to fuck her because that’s what Emmabeth wanted. When she started the blowjob, I immediately changed my mind.

Jordan knew how to suck cock.

Maybe she was just a natural, but it was the best blowjob I had ever received.

Or maybe she had worked hard at getting good. I hardly knew her so maybe she had spent hours upon hours honing her cocksucking skills.

In any event, I enjoyed the hell out of her fellatio skills. She drew me right to the edge of orgasm. There was nothing I wanted more right then than to blow my load in her mouth and have her swallow it all. I could tell she was the type of woman who swallowed. It was just obvious.

I must have been making noise or acting in an all-to-familiar fashion for Emmabeth. “Stop!” she called out before Jordan could finish me off.

“No!” I complained. “No. I need to—”

But Emmabeth cut me off. “I said I wanted to watch the two of you fuck, not watch her give you a blowjob. Get undressed, Jordan, and get on the bed.”

Almost reluctantly Jordan did as Emmabeth ordered. I watched her undress. It was less thrilling than I wanted it to be. The moment she was completely naked, she headed for the bed, but Emmabeth stopped her.

It was strange to see my cougar impose herself between Jordan and the bed. It was exciting to see her kiss the younger woman. It was thrilling to see Emmabeth reach between Jordan’s legs and feel it pussy. It was thrilling enough for me to start jerking off hoping it would go further.

It didn’t.

“She’s plenty wet for you,” Emmabeth reported to me.

“That’s...that’s good to know.”

“So you don’t have to go down on her before you fuck her,” Emmabeth clarified.

“Right.”

“Though I could do it for you, if you want.” Emmabeth’s smile didn’t waver.

I wouldn’t have minded that show. “Uhh…” was my response.

“Did you bring any condoms today?” Emmabeth asked Jordan.

The dark-haired younger woman was halfway to the bed. “Shit. No!”

Emmabeth laughed. “I have some you can use. Unless you don’t want to…”

I was sorely tempted. Yes, condoms are great, but they are still an inconvenience and psychologically they seem to make things less sensitive, but it was better than getting a disease or knocking up someone. I was so used to fucking

Emmabeth without a condom that having to use one with Jordan was a disappointment.

Emmabeth was ever the gracious host. She got out a condom and even put it on me before she let me anywhere near Jordan who, by now, was on her back on the bed, legs bent, knees to the ceiling, thighs open and waiting for me.

But her fingers were busy rubbing her pussy.

I barely felt Emmabeth putting the condom on me. When she was done I stumbled forward and fell, cock first, on top of Jordan. It only took us a few seconds to get everything aligned. Before I knew it, I was buried deep in her hot pussy.

It was so natural that we were fucking like we had known each other's bodies for years. I kissed her and it felt completely natural. In my head I was already convinced that she wasn't lesbian, but she had to be bi, but she was especially attracted to me and my cock because I'm just that self-centered.

The only disappointment in fucking her was that her tits were much smaller than Emmabeth's.

And they were sadly lacking in milk.

Still, I soldiered on and fucked her with abandon. Maybe Jordan didn't know her body as well as Emmabeth knew hers, but I didn't have much trouble bringing her to a climax.

Or maybe she faked it with me. I'll never know.

I didn't fuck her for that long. I couldn't. She had been sucking on my cock and even with the slight armor of the condom, I couldn't hold back that long.

Still, I was satisfied and she seemed happy. We were both covered with sweat when I was done.

"You're crushing me," she said after a minute.

I, in a most gentlemanly way, rolled off her.

“Go take care of the condom, Roy,” Emmabeth told me. “I don’t want you making a mess.”

I did as she said. I did everything that Emmabeth said.

After I returned from the bathroom I found Emmabeth on the bed with Jordan. She was not topless and letting Jordan feast upon her tits.

“Well? What are you waiting for?” Emmabeth asked expectantly.

I joined them.

To Be Continued

Preview

Caged and Milked 2

Kyleen felt like a stripper as she slowly took off her clothes in front of the small group of men. At least, she was certain what she was feeling would be a stripper's emotions the first time she got on a stage and had men leer at her as she slowly undressed.

Kyleen liked the feeling.

Dennis had done a good job recruiting the three men that now stared at her, their mouths slightly agape as she undressed like they weren't there. They all appeared to be younger than her and fit. She didn't know where Dennis had found them, though she suspected they were from the gym that Dennis frequented rather than the internet, but that didn't matter. Not tonight.

Her thirty-sixth birthday had been last week and her family had insisted they have a small party for her. She didn't care about their party; this was the one she had been looking forward to.

The men were all younger than her, all but Dennis who was hanging back in the corner of the hotel suite. He was there to watch and help. He wasn't going to be participating, not tonight. He, like her, had dressed for the occasion. While he wasn't wearing a suit, he was sporting a blazer and looked as handsome as ever. She knew what little secret he was keeping from the other men and that was half the fun.

She had dressed up as well. Red dress, heels, stockings, and lingerie that was appropriate only for a sex date.

The three men watching her hadn't gotten the memo and were more casually dressed. That was fine because they wouldn't be wearing clothes for much longer.

Unable to look directly at the men, Kyleen focused on the wall behind them as

she slipped the dress from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. They didn't exactly gasp and scream for more like out of control salesmen in a strip joint, but she could hear them all suck in their breath as she revealed her body. She was fit from many hours spent in the gym. Her tits threatened to spill out of the large bra she wore. After a long search for something that was sexier, she had resorted to a longline bra that kept her girls under control.

Her next move was to kick off her high heels. She hated wearing them. While Dennis said it did amazing things for her legs and ass, she wasn't there to just be stared at. She was going to get fucked. She then sauntered over to the king-sized bed, letting them get a good look at her ass in the impractical thong. "Like what you see boys?"

They all made sounds of agreement.

"I need a little help with my bra. Who wants to help?"

All three put up their hands like schoolboys.

She couldn't help but laugh. "Which of you is the youngest?" She figured she might as well be as slutty as possible, considering the circumstances.

The three quickly got into a discussion that culminated with them pulling out their wallets and driver's licenses. It turned out that Noah was the youngest. He approached Kyleen and she turned her back to him. There were six hooks on the back and he undid them with trembling fingers.

Obviously the young man was nervous, which Kyleen couldn't blame him for, but she was strangely calm and eager. Maybe it was because she was older than them or maybe it was because her boyfriend was there watching all the action from the back of the room.

She felt for Dennis, or at least she tried to. He was probably suffering, not because his girlfriend was about to get fucked by three different men, but because his cock cage was undoubtedly pinching his cock, preventing him from getting hard. Just the thought of that caused a little rush of wetness to her pussy.

When Noah got the bra off her, she turned around abruptly, hitting him in the arm and chest with her large tits. He laughed nervously. She silenced the laugh by pulling him close and kissing him.

She liked kissing other men in front of Dennis. It caused his jealousy to rise, or so he claimed.

Noah was a good kisser, but broke off too quickly to reach down and grab her tits, pulling them up to his face so he could suck her nipples.

While she loved that, she wasn't there to be nursed. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she pushed down gently. He didn't get the hint. "Take off my panties," she ordered.

He got the idea then and fell down to his knees.

Kyleen had considered going all out with a garter belt for her stockings but that seemed like too much work. She had just worn thigh highs and a simple thong. Much easier.

Noah hooked his thumbs into her thong and pulled it down slowly, as if waiting for her to say, "Just kidding," and ordering him out of the room with his compatriots.

She just watched as he lowered her panties.

He inhaled sharply as her pussy was revealed. Her pussy was carefully groomed to a simple inch-wide strip of pubic hair, courtesy of Dennis's handiwork.

It was easy to pull Noah's face to her sex. He tried to lick it, but the angle was all wrong.

After a moment, she backed up to the bed, sat down on it and scooted back, her pussy in full display.

"Well?" she asked.

Noah wasn't stupid. A moment later his face was between her thighs, licking her pussy and searching for her clit. He wasn't very good at it, but that didn't matter. She was already so turned on her pussy was starting to soak the bedcover.

Closing her eyes, Kyleen focused on the moment. She couldn't wait for all the cocks she was about to receive. Dennis was going to keep her safe. Everything was perfect.

As Noah continued to eat her pussy, the bed moved. Briefly she opened her eyes and saw that one of the other men was joining them. Adrian was his name. Maybe. She couldn't remember at the moment. It didn't matter. The important thing was that he was naked and his cock was firm.

She took a hand off Noah's head where she had been guiding him and grabbed Adrian's cock. He grinned stupidly down at Noah as if he had won some sort of competition and nodded in satisfaction as Kyleen drew his cock to her mouth where she first licked it and then put it between her lips.

"Hey!" Noah protested.

"Shh!" Kyleen insisted after reluctantly withdrawing Adrian's cock from her mouth. "Get your clothes off. It's easier to fuck that way."

She went back to sucking Adrian's cock as Noah withdrew. To her surprise he was almost immediately replaced by the third man. Brett. That was his name. Brett. He had sandy hair and was the shortest of the three, but that didn't matter because his mouth did wonderful things to her clit and she shivered with delight.

Giving head while on her back receiving head wasn't the easiest thing and Kyleen wasn't exactly a fan but after a minute Dennis interrupted the action.

"He's ready for you, Ky."

Opening her eyes she saw Noah standing next to the bed, his cock large and erect and—most importantly—covered with a condom.

He certainly was ready.

She pushed away both Adrian and Brett.

"Doggy-style," she said. "Noah first. He's earned the right."

Turning over was easy. She got on all fours and aimed her ass at Noah. He took the very obvious hint and rejoined her on the bed, kneeling between her spread legs.

The boy was obviously inexperienced and fumbled around a bit trying to find her entrance. Kyleen reached down between her legs and grabbed his cock to

guide it into her pussy.

“Ohh...fuck yeah,” he exclaimed as he easily slid all the way into her.

As much as she wanted to fuck them all raw, that seemed an incredibly bad idea since this was their first meeting and having three men cum inside of her in one night was just a tiny degree more crazy than she wanted, Kyleen and Dennis had insisted on condoms for all the men. They hadn’t objected.

Kyleen wasn’t surprised at that.

Noah’s cock was nice and large. Even so, he easily slipped into her pussy, filling her up. She could tell right away that he was much larger than Dennis. That wasn’t a surprise. Most men were.

Grabbing her hips he began thrusting away in earnest with no preliminaries. Under other circumstances that might have been a little too much, but she was well warmed up and ready to take whatever the three gave to her.

“Keep sucking me,” Adrian insisted, edging back closer to her, pushing his hard cock into her face.

Since she was all in on being a slut this night, she was happy to accommodate him. There was a bit of difficulty in getting fucked while giving head, but Adrian was happy to face fuck her while Noah was busy with her pussy.

Group sex was fun, she reflected, but it was also a lot of work.

Where was the third guy? Brett? She didn’t exactly want to be buggered in the ass, but she was willing to consider such a proposition. She would have been happier to just hold his cock to say she had been with three men at the same time but before that could happen Noah abruptly announced, “I’m gonna cum.”

He paused in his thrusting so it wouldn’t happen right away.

“You can cum in her if you want,” said Dennis. “Or if you want to take off the condom, you can shoot your load on her back and ass.”

Those were the rules. Kyleen was hoping he’d take off the condom. She wanted to be a complete slut.

“Cum in her,” Adrian grunted. Maybe he didn’t want the younger man’s cum to be all over Kyleen when he took his turn with her pussy. Maybe he was just giving solid advice because cumming in a pussy felt better than cumming in a hand.

“Gonna have to,” Noah said and started pumping again. It only took three thrusts before he finished.

Kyleen would have loved to feel his hot cum fill up her pussy, but that wasn’t possible with the condom.

It was better that way.

He dug his fingers into her hips, thrusting hard with each pulse of his cock. Being handled roughly like that was exactly what Kyleen wanted in the moment.

“Are you done?” Adrian asked. He was talking to Noah even though Kyleen still had his cock in her mouth. She had stopped sucking on him, too distracted by Noah’s orgasm.

“Yeah…”

“Then pull out. I want her next.”

Kyleen had been expecting that sort of language. She wanted to be an object and to be used. That was the fun of the night and a gang bang.

She shook her head. “No. I’m going to have you next,” she said to Adrian. “Lay down; I’m going to ride you like a pogo stick.”

“Condom first,” said Dennis, tossing a plastic packet to Adrian.

The man scrambled to open it and roll it on. He had a bit of trouble because of his eagerness and maybe, just maybe, he might have the largest cock that Kyleen had ever seen in person. She was eager to try it in her pussy.

Apparently her mouth was able to easily accommodate it and she had been so distracted by Noah that she missed his size.

Once he was ready, she climbed up on his body, straddled his hips, and lowered

herself down on him. Her pussy easily took his large cock. She hadn't cum yet but was fairly certain it wouldn't take much riding his hardness to get her there.

Only one thing was bothering her…

"Where's Brett?" she asked, wildly looking around for the third man. She needed a second hard cock in hand to proceed.

"Right here," he said. In the short amount of time that Noah had been fucking her, he had gotten undressed and she looked at him. He was easily the best looking of the bunch and he had the best body. Maybe he was a little shorter than what she liked in a man, but he had a perfect body. Lean, well-defined muscles. He even shaved all his body hair, making his large cock stand out that much more from his crotch.

"Bring that big boy over here," she said, reaching for his manhood.

Brett was happy to follow her orders. She caressed his cock even as she started rocking her hips back and forth on Adrian. He grunted in pleasure.

No one said anything as Kyleen lowered her mouth onto Brett's cock. She tasted his slippery, salty precum and reflected that maybe he wasn't the largest cock she had ever held, but it was the most perfectly shaped and seemed destined to be held in her hand.

Having a second cock in her pussy in the space of a few minutes was all she needed to get off for the first time. The orgasm originated in her pussy, focused on her clit, then quickly spread through her body, culminating in her tits.

They started dripping and then spraying milk. There was no way to stop it. They were too full and she was surprised they hadn't started earlier.

Riding on top of Adrian meant that most of the milk issuing forth from her tits landed on him. He didn't realize what was happening at first because he was too wrapped up in his own pleasure. He was too close to orgasm. But then he felt the wetness and knew it couldn't be just a few stray drops of sweat. His initial fear was that Brett was cumming and unloading his cock.

From Adrian's perspective, in some ways it was worse, but at least the milk was coming from a woman and not a man. It was okay to fuck alongside other men,

but he didn’t want their fluids on him.

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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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