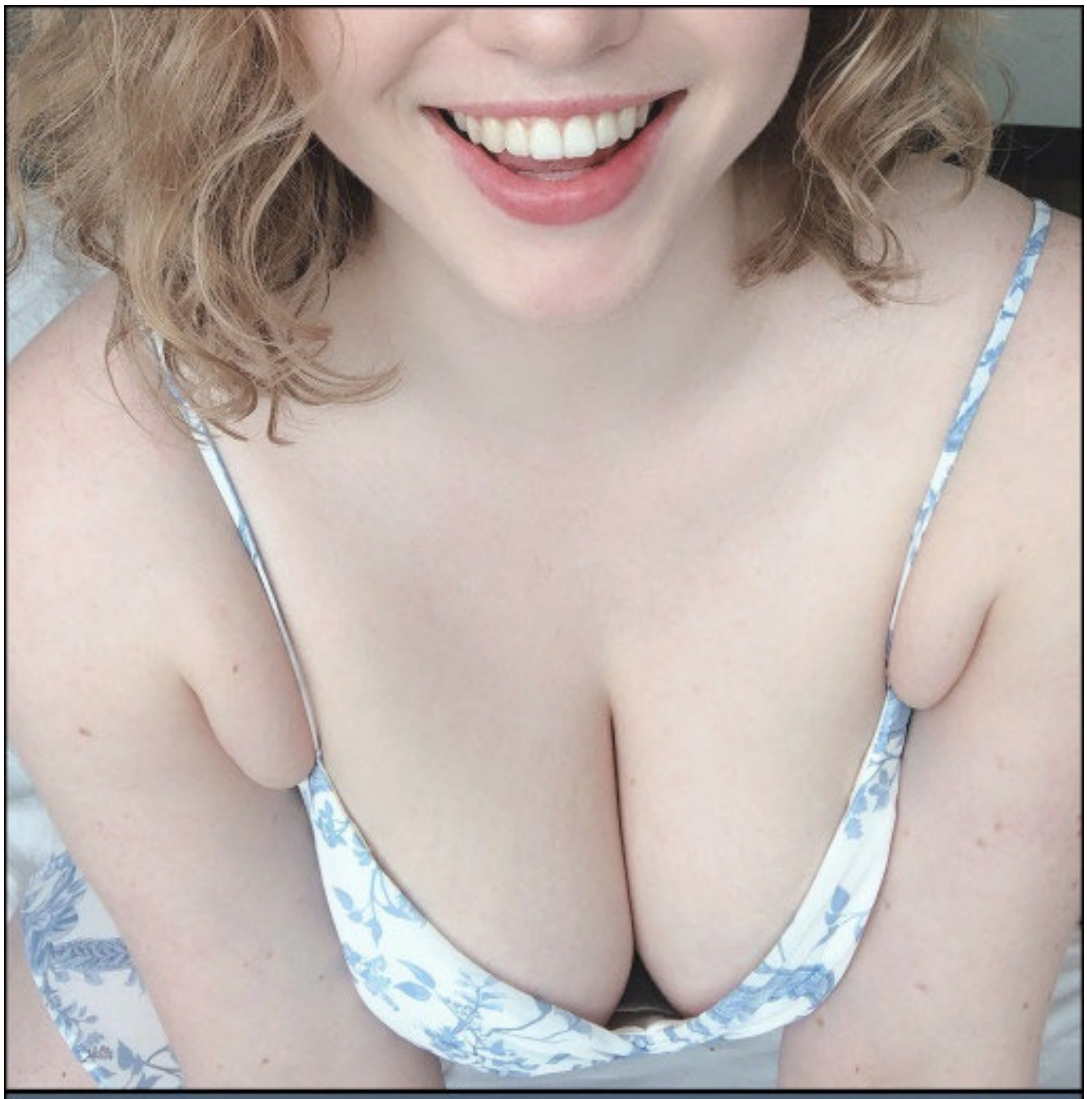
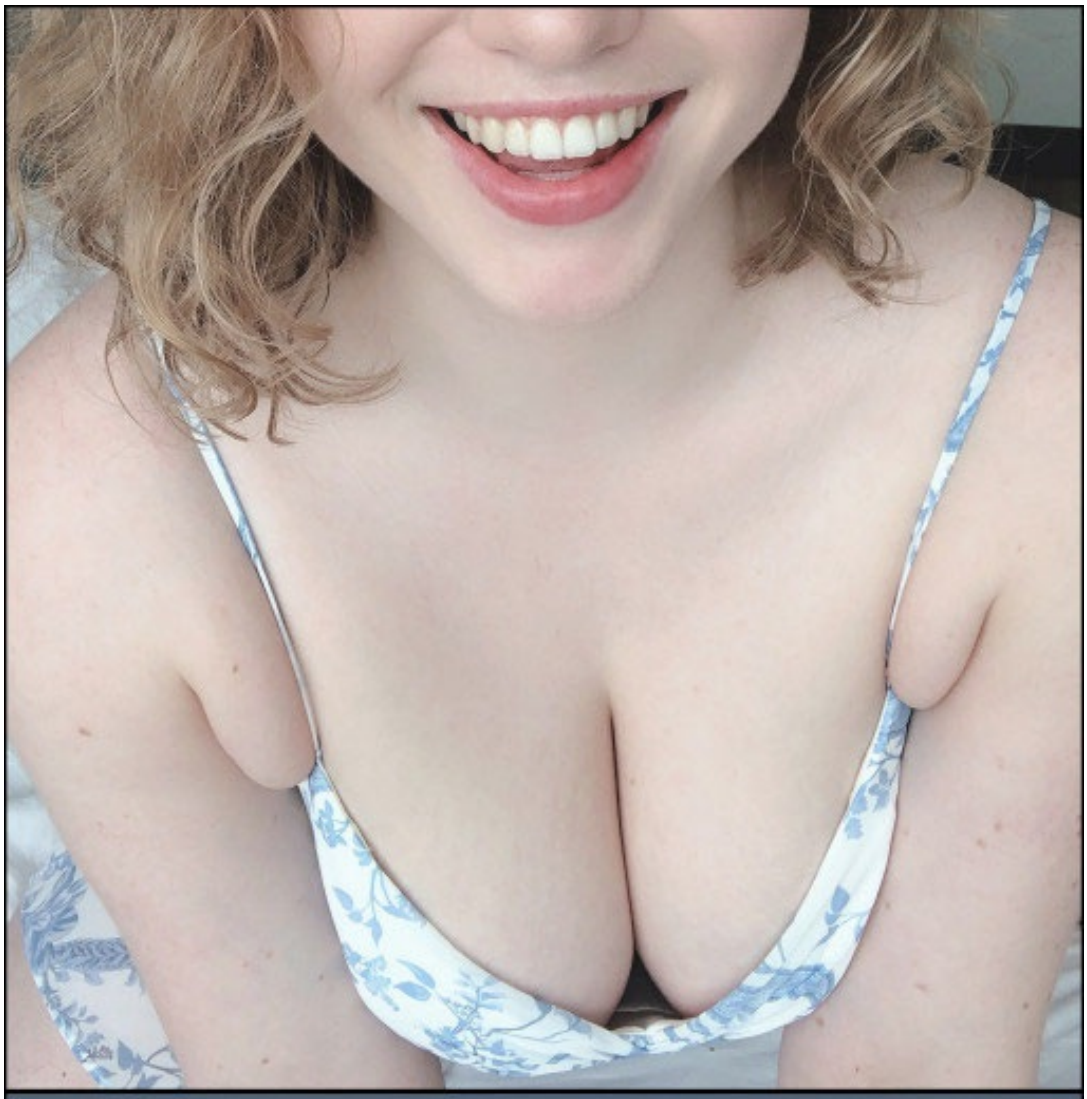


COUGAR'S MILK

5:VORTEX

ELLIOT SILVESTRI

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING



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Cougar’s Milk 5: Vortex

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 5: Vortex

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Chapter Eighteen

Jordan and I feasted greedily on Emmabeth's breasts. We each had only one breast to draw milk from. I certainly wasn't going to share more than I had to, which meant that Emmabeth's right breast was all mine. Jordan had her left. I was jealous that I didn't have Emmabeth all to myself, but I convinced myself this was only temporary.

As we dual nursed from Emmabeth, I helped my older lover, my cougar, undress. Or rather, finish undressing. She was already topless. Jordan helped. We removed the mom jeans that Emmabeth was wearing and slid down her silky panties. I was quicker than Jordan and got my fingers into her pussy before my rival had the chance.

It wasn't as if Emmabeth needed extra stimulation to cum. I knew she could orgasm just from having her nipples sucked. It had to be wonderful to have both sucked at the same time. Rubbing her clit and penetrating her pussy was just icing on the cake.

Emmabeth returned some of our affection, but she was almost overwhelmed by what we were doing to her. Maybe that was Emmabeth's plan from the start.

When she came, I told myself it was because of me, not because of Jordan.

It was good that she came because by this point her tits were empty, sucking on her nipples had gone from providing nutrition to just being fun for us all. Still, it was sad that her sweet milk no longer coated my tongue. It was the best dessert I could imagine.

I could only hope that Jordan appreciated it as much as I did.

After she peaked, Emmabeth turned her head to Jordan and gave her a little kiss. My soft cock jumped in jealousy. I had just cum after fucking Jordan, but that didn't mean that I couldn't get it up again. I was nothing if not a sexual dynamo.

"I want you to go down on me," Emmabeth said softly to the younger woman. "Would you do that for me?"

Jordan nodded enthusiastically and quickly moved her way down between Emmabeth's legs. I was certain that Emmabeth could have shoved the other woman's head down between her legs and Jordan would have gone along with it.

Still, I was jealous.

“What about me?” I tried not to sound like I was whining, but I was almost whining.

“You’ll get your turnnnn,” she slurred her last word as Jordan got busy. I glanced downward and realized that she was sucking the entirety of Emmabeth’s upper mound into her mouth. I had licked and teased Emmabeth’s clit before. I knew how sensitive it was. I wanted to fuck her.

It wouldn’t be that hard. Well, my cock would be. It was all a matter of positioning. We would roll Emmabeth to her side. I would slide into her pussy from the rear and Jordan could continue her oral assault on Emmabeth’s clit.

Perfect.

Instead, Emmabeth curled her hand around my cock. I wasn’t hard, but I was slowly rising to the occasion. Again.

I would have to content myself to a handjob for a few minutes.

But Emmabeth kept pulling up on me. Tugging really.

It took me a moment, but eventually I understood. Emmabeth couldn’t talk at the moment because Jordan was a true talent of the tongue. I moved up on the bed so that Emmabeth could put my manhood into her mouth and down her throat.

It was great getting a blowjob from Emmabeth, but Jordan was better at it than my cougar lover. I would never tell either of them that, but it was the truth.

Luckily I didn’t have to tell either of them. I could just enjoy the fruits of my luck. Not many men were lucky enough to get into bed with two lusty women at the same time.

Emmabeth gave me an adequate blowjob while Jordan was busy between her legs. While I hated to compare the two women’s oral technique, Jordan’s was much better, but, to be truthful, Emmabeth was distracted and periodically took my cock out of her mouth so she could breathe heavily. And, of course, cum when Jordan pushed her over the edge.

Her little screech of pleasure was enough to make Jordan lift her face up from Emmabeth's pussy to see if there was a problem.

There wasn't.

"Quick," Emmabeth ordered me. "Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Get out of the way, Jordan!"

I didn't need to be told twice. While I didn't exactly shove Jordan out of the way, I was insistent about getting a chance to fuck my cougar.

Jordan watched us as I fucked Emmabeth with all my might. Her pussy was as hot and wet as I had ever found it. She was already in a state of heightened arousal so it was easy to make her cum and then cum again. I got the impression that she was on a steady roll of orgasm after orgasm. It would have been wonderful to do it forever, but I wasn't a machine.

When I came it felt like it originated behind my stomach, flowed out through my cock and exploded inside of Emmabeth.

If I hurt her, she didn't give any indication. I think she came again.

Jordan had been watching us the entire time. Her hand was tucked between her legs. Obviously she had been masturbating, but I couldn't tell if she had cum from that at all.

It didn't matter.

We were all pretty well sated.

It wasn't agreed upon, but we all just fell asleep in the bed.

It was all too normal for us now.

Chapter Nineteen

I woke up with Emmabeth's nipple in my mouth. I didn't know where Jordan was and I didn't care.

We were lying on our side but the moment Emmabeth realized I was awake, she rolled on top of me, trapping my cock between her legs. It took no effort at all for me to enter her.

It was like we were alone, fucking again. Me sucking her tits. The world didn't exist. Emmabeth was riding me and it felt great. I was drinking her milk and there is no other perfect sweetness than what is found in a human cougar's breast. I was well on my way to orgasm when I started smelling toast.

It distracted me.

And then the door to the bedroom bounced open. "I made breakfast!" Jordan announced as she walked in with a tray of food.

I groaned in annoyance. This wasn't how I wanted my fuck and suck session with Emmabeth to end.

It was painful to release Emmabeth's nipple so I could talk. "I'm having breakfast," I informed Jordan.

Jordan frowned at me.

Emmabeth ground her hips on me. "Can you wait a minute, hon? Roy and I are almost done."

She went back to bouncing on my cock. I found it a little surprising that I liked having sex in front of an audience, even if the audience was only one person.

Jordan sat down on Emmabeth's armchair and bit into a piece of toast. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt with nothing underneath it. Sexy and understated.

I didn't know where to look: at Emmabeth's bouncing tits or Jordan's sexy eating display. I could just barely see her half-hidden pussy between her thighs. Those things were more than enough to get me off.

"Now we can have breakfast," Emmabeth said after her body stopped shaking

from her little orgasm. She dismounted me with an agility that would rival a woman half her age and grabbed a muffin from the tray Jordan had brought upstairs.

“But I want a little more milk for breakfast,” I said.

Emmabeth grinned at me. “You’ll be getting all the milk you need,” she promised.

Jordan was the only one of us wearing any clothing. It should have made it so that she was the dominant one.

It didn’t.

If anything, for some reason it made it look like she was the most submissive.

After breakfast and showers and too much time wasted, Jordan eventually dressed and went back to her dorm room, leaving Emmabeth and me alone.

“What do you think of her?” my cougar wanted to know after we dressed. We headed downstairs so that I could get some studying done.

“She’s nice,” I answered, taking the most middle road answer possible. “Cute. But she doesn’t compare to you. And her tits are too small. And she’s not lactating, so I’m not interested in her.”

“None of my lovers have ever lactated for me,” Emmabeth groused. “You’re lucky.”

I blinked. It took me a minute to understand exactly what she was saying.

“You’ve…you’ve had sex with women other than Jordan?” I said, slowly processing the information.

Emmabeth laughed at me. “Did you really think that she was the first woman I’ve had sex with?”

“Uhh...no?”

She laughed again.

“Why do you sound so surprised at your own answer?”

I stumbled over my words. “I didn’t realize you were...bisexual, I guess.”

“Roy. Honey. Dear. Everyone is bisexual.”

“Not me!” I said quickly. “I don’t want to suck any dicks!”

“You sure had fun watching me with Les,” she pointed out.

“That’s not the same thing!”

“What would you have done if I had let him fuck me? Would you have watched? Would you have jerked off? That’s getting close to sucking cock, isn’t it?”

“No!” I don’t know why I was starting this argument with her. I didn’t have anything against gay people or gay sex; I just didn’t want to participate in it.

Emmabeth just shook her head at me. “But it’s okay for me to have sex with women, and you like that, because women are supposed to be sexual animals and completely beholden to their urges?”

“Wait. No. I didn’t say that...and isn’t that supposed to be about men?”

Now she shook her head at me. “It’s a stupid argument. I like sex with men and women. I prefer men, but women are less complicated. They’re a nice change of pace. Don’t be stupid about it. Just realize that everyone has all sorts of attractions to other people. Don’t get hung up on one type of person to have sex with.”

Between this and her announcement to have affairs with others...with other people, not just men, I wasn’t sure what to think about Emmabeth anymore.

“I just want to have sex with you,” I said, grabbing her hands. “And more than that,” I looked down pointedly at her tits. “I want to nurse from you and drink your milk.”

“You know,” she said with a sly smile, “I’m not the only woman in the world that lactates.”

“Yes, but you’re the only one I’m in love with.

Emmabeth’s face froze. “I don’t think you’re really in love with me,” she said evenly.

I hadn’t meant to blurt that out. “Okay. Maybe. I don’t know. Fuck!” I closed my eyes and tried to will the world away. When I opened them, the world was still there. “Okay, call it whatever you want. Love. Infatuation. Lust. Puppy love. I still feel something and I’m not afraid to say it.”

“It’s not real love,” she told me. “I have great affection for you, Roy, but I’m not in love with you. I thought I was in love with Emily’s father...and that didn’t turn out well.”

“I’m sorry for saying it.” As if those words would help at all.

“It’s fine,” she replied. “It’s fine.”

I knew it wasn’t fine. Somehow I had screwed up everything.

Or maybe she had intended me to screw things up.

Chapter Twenty

I sat on the bench next to Jordan. We were outside in the quad watching people go by. We didn't have any classes together. No surprise. I was poly sci and she was sociology. But with the both of us having sex with Emmabeth, there wasn't any reason we couldn't be friends.

"Do you want to hear something fucked up?" she asked me softly. No one was near us. Most of the students were rushing to class or were caught up in their own affairs.

"Right now, I'm not sure I want to hear anything other than what would be completely normal.

"I'm going to tell you anyway."

"Great."

"I went to see Emmabeth in the tutoring office. We did it in the office. The door wasn't locked."

I looked at her like she was insane. I didn't know what to say, so I said, "When you say you had sex with her…" I didn't finish my question.

"She sat on the edge of her desk and I went down on her," Jordan clarified.

"With her pants on the floor?"

"She was wearing a skirt."

"Oh." Long pause. "That's kinda hot. I don't know what I'd do if I walked in on that."

"After I made her cum she let me nurse from her." Jordan licked her lips at the memory. "It was incredible. She said it was my reward."

"When was this?"

"Yesterday."

I nodded. "When she and I...last night, she didn't have as much milk as she normally does."

“Sorry.”

I didn’t think Jordan was completely sincere in her apology.

“It’s fine.”

It was. Just imagining the two of them getting caught like that was getting my cock hard.

“I never thought I’d be doing that sort of thing with anyone,” Jordan said cautiously.

“Are you bi?” I asked her.

“Yeah, but for a long time I thought I was a lesbian.”

I half smiled. “Did I change you?”

She slugged me in the arm. “No. It’s just…my first relationships were with girls. I didn’t have sex with a guy until I got to college.”

That took me by surprise. I wasn’t surprised she was bi, but that she had focused on women almost exclusively until college.

And then a second thought occurred to me. “Uhh...I wasn’t the first guy to have sex with you, was I?”

Like me, Jordan was a junior, so she had been on campus a while, but that didn’t mean she was fucking everything that moved since her freshman year.

Her grin reassured me. “No.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “That’s...that’s good.”

She gave me a strange look. “Why? Isn’t the first time you do something supposed to be special?”

“It would be weird for you to lose your virginity in a threeway,” I said as a hockey bro walked by. He didn’t even glance our way. It took us both a moment to realize he was using earbuds to listen to music. Still, we lowered our voices and put our heads closer together.

She gave a weird shrug and said, “It wasn’t any weirder than how it happened. And I’m going to point out that I lost my virginity with Rosa Cavati in my bedroom in high school. I just happened to fuck a guy for the first time in college.”

I was less intrigued by Rosa Cavati than I was about her first time with a guy. No, I don’t know why.

“How did it happen?” I asked.

“I got drunk and stumbled back to my dorm. This was freshman year. There was a cute guy on my dorm floor I sort of had my eye on, so I knocked on his door at, I don’t know, midnight? One in the morning? He opened it and I didn’t say anything. I just kissed him and went down on my knees and gave him a blowjob right there in the doorway to his room.”

“Okay, that’s a little weird, but it’s not sex. Not really. It’s just a blowjob. Wait. We’re people walking by?”

She shook her head. “It was in a suite so I was in the common room and he was in his bedroom. No one came out into the common room when I was blowing him.” She paused. “I think.”

“Still not that strange and still not really sex.”

“I’m not done.”

I rolled my hand. “Continue.”

“So there I am, sucking his cock, which was rather nice. Better to suck a real cock than the dildo I had been practicing on.”

I raised my hand to interrupt, but she brushed it aside and continued. “Anyway, he said he was getting close and I didn’t want him to finish in my mouth.”

“Why not?”

“Because I wanted to try everything right away. So I stop sucking him, push him into the bedroom, and I get naked really fast, get on his bed on my hands and knees and I tell him to go to town.”

“Doggy style?”

“Yeah.”

“Still not that strange.”

“So...he’s going to town on me—” she starts to say, but I interrupt again.

“That’s the second time you said that. ‘Going to town.’ That’s a weird way to say he was fucking you.”

She paused and looked at me. “Well, okay. Yeah. So...he was fucking me. And it’s pretty good.”

“That’s weird,” I pointed out. “First time is supposed to be awful, right?”

“Um...yeah...I’d been practicing with my dildo for a while. It was bigger than Evan’s cock. So it didn’t hurt and I was really ready for him. I don’t know. I was excited.”

“Okay, so, first time, it’s good, doggy style, guy you barely knew, middle of the night in his room with an open door, but you started with a blowjob in the doorway. That’s...medium weird.”

“And then his roommate walked in on us.”

I laughed at her. “Okay, that’s funny.”

“His roommate was his boyfriend,” she deadpanned.

That brought me up short. “What?”

“Evan was gay. His roommate was his boyfriend. They were sophomores and decided to room together because they were in love or something. Anyway, Chris walked in on us.”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to ask it. “Did he join in?”

“Uh...no. He was pissed. They get into an argument. A loud argument. I grabbed my clothes and ran away.”

“You didn’t get to finish?” I started to chuckle.

“I finished myself off in my room.”

“Good for you.”

“Yeah, not so good for Evan and Chris. There were several Res Life meetings I had to go to. Long story short. I was blamed for breaking them up. I didn’t even know they were a couple! Chris blamed me. Evan didn’t talk to me. Half the dorm blamed me too. The other half thought it was hilarious. Chris moved out and I moved to a different dorm as well.”

“Wait a second, are you the reason why, last year, Res Life sent out that policy change saying same sex couples in a romantic relationship should not ask to be roommates on campus.”

Her face was bright red. “Yes.”

I gritted my teeth because I didn’t want to laugh at her, but I couldn’t help myself. “I think they call that the Jordan Rule now.”

“They do not!” she protested and slapped me.

I laughed. “Well, the campus doesn’t, but I do. Now.” She slapped me again.

I deserved it.

“Want to go back to your room and fuck?” I asked her in a terrible effort to change the subject.

Jordan stopped slapping me. “What?”

“Your story got me hot and bothered. Your dorm is closer than my apartment.”

“What about...what about Emmabeth?”

“Her place is further away.”

She slapped me again. My shoulder was starting to hurt because of her slaps. “That’s not what I meant. I mean...are we supposed to…without her?”

“Why would we need her permission to have sex?” I asked, but I still looked around guiltily. The nice thing about being on a decently large college campus is that no one, unless they knew you already, would interrupt a conversation.

“Well...we don’t, do we? But...we’ve always done it with her.”

“And she had sex with you without me,” I pointed out. “And I’ve had sex with her without you. Why can’t we have sex without her?”

She blinked slowly at me. “There’s a flaw in your argument,” she said. “But I don’t know what it is.”

“Do you want to have sex or not?”

Her mouth worked up and down for a moment before she finally answered. “Sure. Why not?”

We went to her dorm room.

It was a typical dorm room. The good thing was that her roommate wasn’t there.

We didn’t waste any time on romance. We just threw our clothes off and got down to business.

“Do we have to hurry?” I asked her as I kissed her small breasts.

“I have class in an hour…”

“What about your roommate?”

“I don’t know when she has class.”

I looked up at her. “I meant, when will she be back?”

“I don’t know her schedule. But getting caught is a risk I’m willing to make.”

“Okay, good to know.”

I was hung up on her tits. They were much smaller than Emmabeth’s. My cougar had tits that had to be Ds or maybe even larger. I don’t know. I never asked and I didn’t look at her bras. At most Jordan was a B. Maybe a large A? I don’t know.

I never took her for a lingerie fitting.

Anyway, they were perfectly shaped with dark pink areolas and small nipples. Completely different from Emmabeth.

I sucked and licked and pinched and played with them. I almost forgot that Jordan had a pussy. I even left on her underwear, but not her bra obviously.

“Oh...that feels so good,” she moaned to me. “Are you going to go down on me?” she begged, asking but not telling.

“Maybe,” I said and then lightly bit her nipple. She gasped but didn’t complain. “Did you know that Emmabeth can cum just from having her tits played with and sucked on?”

That bit of information seemed to surprise Jordan. I liked that.

“She can?”

“Yeah. You haven’t noticed?” I idly ran my tongue around her erect nipple. It was so much smaller than Emmabeth’s, but that didn’t mean I liked it any less.

“Well, I noticed the milk, of course. Holy shit, can we talk about that? I’ve never been with a lactating woman before. Not that I’ve been with a lot of women, but holy shit, it’s so sweet and tasty and I think I’ve developed an addiction to it without even trying.”

“Generally you don’t try to develop addictions,” I drily pointed out.

Just thinking about Emmabeth had put Jordan in a bubbly mood. “I know that but...I like sleeping with girls...women, and I like going down on them, but I’ve never really picked up a desire to taste and smell pussy. I mean, in the moment it’s fine and I love doing it, but stepping back, it’s sort of gross. But Emmabeth’s milk...I could drink that all day long, every day.”

I looked at her while rolling her nipples between my fingers. She seemed to like that. “Really? You like her milk?” I meant it as a sarcastic question. She didn’t take it that way at all.

Jordan nodded with such enthusiasm that I thought her head might snap off her

neck. “Fuck yes! You couldn’t tell?”

“I got the impression that you liked having sex with her…” I wasn’t sure if Jordan understood I was teasing her. Not just sexually, but personally. She was a little too infatuated with Emmabeth.

And that gave me pause again. Was I just as infatuated with Emmabeth...and for the same reason? She was too old for me and we had precious little in common and she all but preyed upon me because I was young and she went for younger, much younger men.

But then again, I was using her for her nice house, and for sex (though we were both using each other for sex), and for her milk.

If Jordan and I were being completely honest with each other, we were both using Emmabeth for her milk.

We were infatuated with her milk.

And Jordan was just as much a cub to Emmabeth’s cougar as I was.

“Yes?” Jordan prompted me.

“Would you be fucking her if it wasn’t for her milk?”

Jordan gave me a little shrug. On Emmabeth that motion would have made her tits wobble and bounce. On Jordan, there was hardly any motion at all. Then again, she was on her back and her small tits had all but disappeared.

“Does it matter?”

“I suppose not.”

“But I do think it’s sexy,” Jordan added. “Weird, isn’t it?”

“I don’t think either of us are in any position to determine what’s weird and what isn’t.” I fingered her nipple, teasing it, making it bounce up and down as it came erect.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Just enjoying your body...your boobs...your little nipples.” I sucked it into my mouth.

“That feels nice,” she said softly, her eyes closed.

I released the little nub of flesh from my mouth. “Do you want to try it?” I asked her.

“Try what? There’s not much we haven’t done.” Her fingers were on the back of my neck, gently indicating where I should put my mouth. I was certain she wanted me to go down on her, but I wasn’t going to do that just yet.

“Try to make you cum from just your tits.”

Jordan bit her lip and considered what I was proposing. “I’ve never done that.”

“There’s a first time for everything. First off, do you like me sucking your nipples?”

She looked away for a second and answered. “Yes. But I’ve always needed a lot of stimulation on my clit to cum.”

“Well, it can’t hurt to try, can it?”

“Why do you want to do this?”

I shrugged. “Maybe because I’m fucking kinky. Maybe because I want you to be able to experience what Emmabeth does. Don’t you want to see if you can cum from nipple sucking alone? Aren’t you kinky too?”

She lifted her chin, taking on some pride. “Yes I’m kinky, duh. But I think it’s going to be futile.”

“The journey was half the fun,” I told her.

After glancing at the frog clock over the dorm room door, she said, “Okay, I’ll give you fifteen minutes, and then we need to actually fuck, and then I need to get to class.”

I sucked on her nipples for fifteen minutes. I licked and sucked and nibbled and

pinched and squeezed and twisted and did everything I could think of that I hoped might work.

She did get worked up but she never actually came. At the fifteen minute mark I caught her sneaking her hand down into her panties and slapped it away.

“Times up!” she moaned. “Either stick your cock in me or I’m going to jill off and you can watch.”

I pushed off my pants and underwear while she skimmed off her panties. They were wet in the crotch from her desire. My cock was plenty hard. Jordan, showing she was a woman of the world, pulled a condom from her desk drawer and gave it to me.

All of this seemed like it took ten seconds and then I sank my cock into her pussy and we both groaned in pleasure.

“Okay, maybe it was foreplay, but it was worth it,” I said.

“More than worth it,” she agreed.

I fucked her vigorously for maybe two minutes, though I truly believe I lasted only a minute. But that was good enough. It was enough to make her cum. She was already on the edge. Her pussy tightening up around my cock, along with the sudden flood of heat, was more than enough for me to cum.

I only wished that I could have done it without a condom. Such is life.

“Okay, that was fucking incredible,” Jordan breathed in my ear from underneath me. “Maybe the next time we do this, you suck on my tits for half an hour.”

“What if that makes you cum?”

“Even better.”

After rolling off her and tossing the used condom in the trash, I didn’t have enough energy to get dressed. We had almost half an hour before we needed to leave for class so I rejoined her in bed.

We just lay there, relaxing, when we heard a key in the door and then it swung

open. Jordan barely had enough time to yank the sheets up over her boobs before her roommate walked in.

I stared at the girl. I had no idea who she was. Overall, she was pretty with brown hair down to her waist, but was otherwise unremarkable.

Upon seeing us in bed together, she came up short. Her mouth worked in an "Oh" of surprise, but no words came out. She seemed unable to tear her eyes away from us.

I smiled. It was an uncomfortable moment, but not one that thousands of college students hadn't lived through before.

"Hey," I said, as friendly as possible.

She darted her eyes over to Jordan. "I thought you said you were…" she didn't finish the sentence.

"I never really said what I am," Jordan replied. "Today, I decided to fuck a guy."

"Uh-huh." The roommate closed the door. "I need to get my stuff for class."

"Paige, this is Roy. Roy, Paige."

"Hello again." This time I waved.

"Most people hook up on the weekends, or at least at night," she told me snidely. "Not in the middle of the day."

I didn't like her attitude. Just to be an ass, I threw back the sheets just enough to allow me to sit up, completely naked, and grab my clothes from the floor.

Paige gasped and turned half around. "That's the last thing I needed to see today!" she blurted out.

"Sorry," I said with no sincerity. "I didn't know you were a lesbian."

"I'm not!" she snapped at me. "I just didn't expect to see a naked guy in my room today."

"Sorry about that," said Jordan as she quickly took advantage of Paige's turned

back to get out of bed and grab a robe off the back of the door. I had to dress normally. Paige busied herself looking through her desk, keeping her eyes pointed at her desk and book bag.

The silence was excruciating and seemed to wear on forever.

“I’m going to take a quick shower,” Jordan said to me.

“I guess I’d better get to class.” I didn’t have time to run to my place or Emmabeth’s for a shower and the college frowned on students sharing showering facilities. I’d have to go to class with Jordan’s scent on me.

That was kinda hot.

“I’ll see you later?” Jordan asked, both of us lingering at the door, me fully dressed and her in her robe. It wasn’t a sexy or revealing robe, just an average bathrobe suitable for traveling between her dorm room and bathroom.

“Yes. Later,” I said firmly. Then I went in to kiss her.

We hadn’t really kissed before. What kisses we had exchanged were almost exclusively to the body (tits and pussy and cock) or were incidental to having sex.

This was a real kiss.

When my lips touched hers, it felt electric.

More importantly, I felt it in my cock.

She kissed me back, opening her lips just enough to accept my tongue.

I had to push my luck because I couldn’t help myself. We were embracing and I moved my hands from the back of her waist to the front. Pulling away a little, I tugged open the top of her robe, exposing her tits.

Jordan didn’t break the kiss and she didn’t resist when I first cupped her breasts, and then, after hearing a gasp from Paige, I pulled my hands back so I could pinch her nipples.

That was when Jordan broke the kiss, breathing heavily not because of the kiss, but because of the double nipple pinch I was giving her.

“Ohmygodthatfeelsfantastic,” she said in one hurried rush.

“Want me to stop?”

“Oh my god!” Paige burst out at the both of us. “Do you have to do that here?”

“They frown on it in the hallway,” I said and dropped my fingers from Jordan’s tits.

She moaned in relief...and then in frustration. I hoped.

“Sorry about that,” Jordan apologized to her roommate. “Sometimes he...well...I mean...sometimes I just need that.”

“Don’t be gross, Jordan,” she said and pushed us aside as she left the room.

The door was partially open but Jordan didn’t make any move to cover up her exposed tits. Her pussy was also on display, but I wasn’t staring at it. I was focused on her perfect little breasts.

Jordan’s eyes were unfocused and I could tell she wanted more. “Want to mess around some more?” she asked.

“I’d love to but…” I indicated the time.

“Shit!”

“Tonight?” I asked.

“Sure!”

“Want to meet at Emmabeth’s?”

My question threw everything off kilter. “Is that a good idea? I mean...what is your relationship with her?”

“What’s your relationship with her?” I fired back.

Jordan swallowed and closed her robe. “Emmabeth’s, then. Tonight.”

Chapter Twenty-One

The rest of the day was as normal as things got for me. I rushed to my place when my last class was done and then ran to Emmabeth's. I wasn't out of breath when I got there because of all my rugby training, but the moment I walked in I knew I wasn't alone.

And I knew that Emmabeth had company.

Automatically my cock got hard. Chances are it was Jordan and the two of them were upstairs in Emmabeth's bedroom. I hoped they were having sex. I wanted to stand in the doorway and jerk off while they fucked.

I was living the college dream.

Not wanting to give things away, I carefully ascended the stairs, being as stealthy as possible. Halfway to the room, I heard a distinctive buzzing noise.

That was new. They must have been using a toy, a vibrator. I was fine with that. I just wanted to see it and hurried down the hall to catch them in the act.

My final rush must have covered up the noise I wasn't hearing.

As usual, the bedroom door was open—Emmabeth's daughter was away at college so she didn't have to close anything—and I caught the two of them in the middle of the act.

It wasn't what I expected.

It wasn't even a pleasant surprise.

It was just...something I didn't know how to process.

Jordan was sitting at the foot of the bed, topless. Emmabeth was fully dressed, so I was disappointed in that respect. There was a machine being used, and it wasn't a vibrator.

It took me a moment to see what was going on. Plastic cones were pressed to Jordan's breasts and a pump was running. Since the cones were semi-translucent I could see her nipples being, painfully from my point of view, drawn forward and then released. It looked like they were rehearsing a kink breast torture video

for PornHub.

I'll admit it. The scene was fucking hot. I would have paid to watch.

Luckily, with the two of them, I didn't need to pay to watch.

"What are you doing?" I asked, a little stunned. I would have loved to have been able to catch them more like I had their first time together.

Emmabeth smiled at me. She was thrilled to be in the position of teacher, not just to Jordan but to me. She lectured like a professor.

"Jordan came to me with a special request and I couldn't say no." She was beaming proudly. I tried not to think that Jordan had to be the same age as Emily, Emmabeth's daughter. I tried to remember that Emmabeth was a cougar and she hunted both men and women.

"What...what sort of request?" I asked.

Jordan looked at me with eyes glazed over with lust. What was happening to her was somewhere between hot and kinky and sexy and dirty and I don't know what else. "I want to have tits like Emmabeth," she breathed out.

"So...what's this?" Things suddenly clicked into place. I remembered Emmabeth telling me that when she was between lovers occasionally she would use a breast pump to keep up her milk supply. She said it hurt to go more than a day without being nursed or pumped.

Of course she could have just endured the pain for a few days and let her milk dry up, but Emmabeth didn't want that.

Neither did I.

Neither did her many lovers.

"Oh!" I said. "You're inducing her."

"Smart boy," Emmabeth complimented me.

"Thanks. Can I watch?"

“You want to see me tortured?” Jordan asked, her eyes might have been filled with lust, but there was real pain there too.

“Yes,” I replied too quickly. “But I think it’s an excellent idea for you to lactate. It’s hot.” I looked to Emmabeth. “How long does she need to use that for?

“Should be for a half hour and,” she checked her watch, “we’re only fifteen minutes in.”

“Fuck,” Jordan cursed.

“And you should do it at least twice a day. Four times is better.”

I was certain tears started to form in the corners of Jordan’s eyes. “I don’t know if I can do this,” she whined.

All this time the pump was working, drawing her nipples forward and then releasing them. Each cycle took about five seconds. There were little baby bottles attached to the cones, but they were empty. I was certain that if Emmabeth was using the pump, the bottles would fill up in a matter of minutes.

“You can do it, honey,” Emmabeth assured her, kissing away the tears that had started to slide down her round cheeks. “Want me to give you a distraction?”

Jordan nodded yes.

I wasn’t sure, but maybe it wasn’t supposed to hurt as much as Jordan was indicating.

Then again, I had been pretty rough with her nipples earlier in the day. There’s only so much a girl could take.

After the kiss, Emmabeth casually unzipped her dress and dropped it to the floor, leaving her in bra and panties. It was a small bra and her tits were practically spilling out of it.

She dug her fingers into the bra’s chest band and pulled it up over her breasts, releasing them. The heavy flesh bounced and jiggled into place. It was a fantastic display of physics and made me almost want to switch my major.

Bending forward, Emmabeth hung her tits in Jordan's face. The younger woman was holding the collection cones to her chest and couldn't bring Emmabeth's breast to her mouth.

That didn't matter, it turned out. Jordan was able to find the older woman's nipple and started sucking so greedily that I thought she was hurting Emmabeth.

It was probably impossible to hurt my cougar's tits.

She looked over at me with a satisfied look on her face. The cougar had trapped another cub and the cougar didn't care that her cub was female.

Maybe it was better that way.

I couldn't help myself. I had to adjust my cock in my jeans.

"What are you waiting for?" Emmabeth asked me when she saw me adjusting myself.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Do you want to fuck me or do you want to suck my tits?" she asked.

That was an easy question to answer. She was standing there in high heels and a pair of panties that wasn't quite a thong, but was close enough because she was showing off an ample amount of her ass.

Any other man would have yanked her panties down and fucked her good and hard while Jordan nursed from her tits.

Instead, I sat down next to Jordan and took Emmabeth's dripping breast into my mouth. Her milk was incredibly sweet, as always. We two cubs nursed happily from our cougar as she cooed over us.

The breast pump buzzed along and Jordan settled down. I don't know if it was my presence or Emmabeth's milk or both, but she managed to endure the punishment the pump inflicted on her tiny tits.

I wasn't the least bit surprised when Emmabeth placed her hands on our shoulders and steeled herself when she came. It was incredibly easy for

Emmabeth to cum from nursing. After all, she had been training her body for exactly that for twenty years and being nursed by two cubs at once was what really did it for her.

Maybe it was the thrill of the situation, but shortly after Emmabeth came, Jordan replied in kind. She let go of Emmabeth's breast and leaned into the older woman's body. I helped the both of them remain upright, one standing and one sitting, as Jordan had her first nipple orgasm.

She laughed and cried afterwards. Emmabeth showed some mercy and switched off the device, pulling the cones off Jordan's tits.

The nipples looked red and sore. Maybe the flesh of her small breasts was slightly swollen, but I couldn't tell for sure.

Jordan let out a giggle. "The first time I came, I had mechanical assistance," she confided in us. "That vibrator was the best twenty bucks I ever spent."

"This breast pump cost me two hundred," Emmabeth reported.

"It was worth every penny, because it made me cum. I've never cum like that before." She put her hands to her tits. "It felt weird. Weird but good."

Emmabeth smiled at her and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "Do you think we should extend the privilege to Roy?"

Jordan nodded eagerly. "But you should know, I fucked him earlier today."

If anything, that made Emmabeth's smile grow. "Wonderful. Do you mind if I suck his cock?"

"Not at all."

I knew a cue when I heard one and quickly unzipped my jeans and wiggled out of them and my underwear.

My cock was already erect. Emmabeth went down on her knees in front of me still sitting on the bed. I loved the feeling when she wrapped her hand around my

cock and put it in her mouth.

Heaven.

We had a lot of other kinks, so I hadn’t gotten that many blowjobs from Emmabeth, which was a shame since she was talented at them. Maybe not as talented as Jordan, who had a raw, primal instinct on how to suck cock, but more than good enough.

Jordan watched the two of us with intense interest. I wasn’t focusing on her, however, my eyes were on my cock and as it appeared and disappeared in and out of Emmabeth’s mouth.

I didn’t last long. I didn’t want to last long.

When I came Emmabeth proved that she loved sucking cock and swallowed every drop of my spunk. The sensation from that might have been better than my actual orgasm.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but everything shifted that night.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Because we were students and Emmabeth was a tutor we had widely varying schedules during the week. It wasn't terrible, but I wasn't able to hook up with Emmabeth during the day and the evenings didn't turn out to be all that great either because, as a tutor, Emmabeth often worked late because students came rushing to her for help on their papers, often last minute.

I didn't put it beyond Emmabeth to fuck a student in the tutoring office either. After all, she had done that with Jordan. I would have done it to her but I never had a reason to go there.

As a result Jordan and I often wound up back at her dorm room for some midday suckling and fucking. She had thrown herself fully into getting her tits to lactate. I appreciated that and I helped her as much as possible. Why not? She was great in bed. She loved to have me suck her tits. She was young and appropriate for me in ways that Emmabeth wasn't.

That didn't mean we didn't wind up at Emmabeth's house on a regular basis. I had more threeways with those two women than I had fingers and toes. It was starting to feel normal.

In fact, sex with Jordan alone felt like we were cheating on Emmabeth. Jordan was just as eager to get into bed with Emmabeth as she was with me because, first, Jordan was bi, and, second, Jordan lusted after Emmabeth's milk as much as I did.

Producing her own wouldn't make that milk lust go away.

We refined out fucking schedule so that Paige wouldn't walk in on us all the time. She would still walk in on us occasionally, which pissed her off to no end, but eventually they settled on the bandanna on the door handle solution. Of course occasionally we would forget and at least once the bandanna was stolen by someone in the dorm, but that's college life.

Usually the worst of it was her finding us lying together in bed, often with Jordan topless because she wanted me to suckle her more and more.

"I can feel it happening," she would tell me. "Any day now."

I wasn't getting frustrated, because I always had Emmabeth's milk to fall back

on. We both did. We both loved the sweetness that Emmabeth provided. Still, I wanted her to lactate, not just for me, but because she wanted it so badly.

I was a terrible judge of these sorts of things, but I would swear that her small breasts were growing, or at least swelling. She said they were and her bras felt tight, but maybe that was just wishful thinking.

We often spent the night at Emmabeth's, even with our varied schedules. We both wanted to feast upon our older lover's milk. If Paige cared at all about Jordan's absence, she never made an issue of it. She was probably happy to have the room to herself. Maybe she figured Jordan was spending the night at my apartment.

I had no clue how many students knew the both of us were fucking Emmabeth.

On one hand, I wanted to tell everyone that I was fucking two hot women, often at the same time. On the other hand, I wanted to keep it a secret because I didn't want to go through some ridiculous questions and uncomfortable situations just because I was getting laid.

I kept quiet about my relationships with Emmabeth and Jordan. I didn't hide it exactly, but I didn't scream it from the rooftops either.

It was Tuesday morning after my first class when I met Jordan at her room for a little midday sucking and maybe a fuck (or a handjob or a blowjob, I wasn't complaining). Jordan had taken to wearing camisoles because they were easier to get in and out of and she said her bras were too tight. We lay down together; I pulled up her shirt and got right to work on her tits. Her hand rubbed my cock through my jeans. I would have fingered her as well, but she wasn't wearing a skirt and I didn't want to go burrowing into her pants right then.

It only took a few sucks before I tasted the familiar sweetness. I so often associated the taste with Emmabeth that it had become inexorably combined in my mind as part of the cougar's essence. Emmabeth wasn't just an older woman that I gardened for and fucked and sucked, but she was sweetness itself.

Except now that sweetness was shared by Jordan.

In surprise I pulled back and gasped.

“What!” Jordan complained. She had learned that if she relaxed and let me do my thing and let a few dirty fantasies roll around her in her head, she could cum from nipple stimulation alone. Not always, but often enough.

“I tasted it!”

“Tasted what?” she asked without thinking and then gasped when she realized what I meant. “Holy shit! You mean it?”

She sat up and pushed me aside. Her hands went right to her tits and started squeezing. It was almost a fumbling sort of massage, which was crazy because I had witnessed her manually milk Emmabeth’s tits many times to get the milk flowing or just to see it shoot out and catch it in her mouth. I had helped just as much and quickly got frustrated with Jordan’s pathetic efforts.

“Here. Let me,” I said and brushed her hands aside to take control of her tits. I was well familiar with her flesh. I knew how to milk Emmabeth. It wasn’t that much different with Jordan. I squeezed and massaged and drew out her milk.

There wasn’t much of it. Just a few drops that I managed to force into a small rivulet that flowed down both her breasts. I ducked my head and licked one nipple, tasting the sweet milk.

Before I could taste the other, Jordan wiped up the small amount of milk with her fingers and stuffed them into her mouth, tasting herself and making me jealous.

I was miffed, but Jordan started laughing. “It’s so sweet!” she exclaimed. “I did it! I want more. Suck me!” She offered her tits up to me.

I did as she asked, sucking her nipples, getting all of her milk, though there wasn’t much of it.

“Oh...fuck that feels good,” she moaned. While I had been distracted by Jordan’s tits—and rightly so because they were easily distractible—she had managed to unzip her pants and shove both her hands down between her legs. There wasn’t much motion, but there was enough. She was jilling herself and I knew she was going to cum. I went back to sucking her tits, helping out the best I could, even though there wasn’t much, if any, milk left.

She got to cum, though, that's the important part.

"Shit," she moaned. "I came so hard it's like I peed my pants."

I wanted to ask if she was a squirter, but I didn't know how to do that without sounding like a pervert.

I was a pervert, but not that sort of pervert.

Jordan pushed me away so she could sit up. Once she did, she started taking her jeans all the way off.

"I don't think we have time to have sex," I said, even though my cock was hard. I wouldn't mind being a little late for Geology 102.

"I'm changing my underwear and pants," she said. "Not everything is about your dick."

I knew that. I would be happy to have everything about her tits, but I didn't say that. I had some class and self-respect.

I watched her change. Jordan had a nice ass. Sort of small, but firm. "What do you want to do now?"

"Go to class."

That's not the answer I wanted. "How about after class?"

She smiled at me. "I'm going to drink a lot of water. I'm busy until late. Want to meet up at Emmabeth's and show her my new talent?"

I did indeed.

We met at the upper quad dining hall, had something to eat, and walked to Emmabeth's. Even though I was all but living there, it still felt weird to be alone inside her house without her there. It felt less weird when I was with Jordan.

She and I held hands as we walked together. It felt natural.

We didn’t attract any strange looks from our fellow students.

I sort of wish we had.

Emmabeth’s car was in the driveway so I felt a little more relaxed as we let ourselves in. She wasn’t in the kitchen or living room, so she had to be upstairs. Smiling, we headed to the staircase. We didn’t get more than a few steps, with Jordan in the lead so I could admire her ass, when she froze.

I was about to complain, when I heard it too.

Yeah, that was the unmistakable sound of sex.

Emmabeth the cougar had been hunting again.

She knew that I was coming back to the house, maybe she didn’t figure Jordan would be with me, but that didn’t matter. She knew. She wanted to get caught.

“We should leave,” Jordan hissed at me.

“No, we should go spy on her. She wants us to join her.”

Jordan gave me a look of frustration and annoyance. “What the fuck is wrong with you!” She barely kept her voice down.

“I’m going to point out that’s how I met you.”

Her mouth opened and closed in frustration. “I can’t,” she whined.

Sidestepping her, I said, “I can. And I want to see.”

At that moment we heard some particularly loud groans from upstairs. Mostly the noise had been Emmabeth’s female copulatory vocalizations, but these groans were definitely from a man.

“You don’t want to see Emmabeth with a man?” I asked Jordan.

“You do?” was her reply.

I didn’t answer. I headed up the stairs as quietly as possible. Emmabeth was a cougar and an exhibitionist. She wanted me to catch her...and join in.

I was positive of it.

When I got to the room I saw them both on the bed. Emmabeth wasn't looking directly at the door, but close. They were both naked and he was fucking her from behind, doggystyle. I didn't recognize the guy but undoubtedly he was a student. He looked young, which was Emmabeth's modus operandi.

He was loud. I didn't know if he was normally loud or was showing off for Emmabeth. It didn't matter. He didn't have his hands on her hips, like a proper gentleman would, but was letting her hold him up.

His arms were curled around her body, cupping her tits. He wasn't just cupping her tits. He was squeezing them, making milk shoot from her nipples as they fucked.

My first thought was that it was a giant waste.

My second thought was to join them. After all, Emmabeth's mouth was available.

My third thought was to leave because Jordan wasn't there and I wanted her to tell Emmabeth about her achievement.

And then Jordan was there next to me.

And then she blurted out, "Tom?!"

It wasn't soft and it wasn't intentional.

Both Tom and Emmabeth looked up at the same time. Emmabeth got a quick smile on her face, but Tom was completely startled and fell backwards, off Emmabeth, his erect, wet cock wobbled in the air for a second before he fell on the bed and tried to cover up.

"Roy! Jordan! What a surprise!"

Emmabeth wasn't a great actress. She knew we would find her. She knew I would show up. She wanted this to happen.

It was how she found her sex partners.

I had to admit, it had worked well for her so far.

“Who the fuck are they?” Tom demanded as he held the covers to his crotch and cast his eyes about the room, presumably looking for his clothes.

“This is my...um...my…” It was the first time that I had ever seen Emmabeth truly stumble and be at a loss for words when it came to describing me.

“I’m Roy,” I said, holding out my hand for Tom to shake. “I’m the guy she regularly fucks. And you’re wasting all her milk. I don’t appreciate that.”

He started to reach for my hand, but pulled back when he realized that he was going to wind up revealing his cock. Again.

Like I hadn’t already seen it.

Like Jordan hadn’t already seen it.

“What the fuck!” he complained. “What the fuck is going on, Em?”

Emmabeth got off her hands and knees as she climbed off the bed, completely at ease with her nudity. “Roy and I have an ongoing relationship,” she half-explained to him. “I wasn’t expecting him back so soon...and with a guest,” she added, shifting her gaze over to Jordan, who smiled back at her.

“I’ve got something to tell you,” Jordan said, unable to contain herself any longer.

“A secret, I hope,” Emmabeth replied. “Do tell.”

Jordan’s eyes flicked over to Tom, but she decided to go ahead. “Is he...okay to talk in front of?”

Tom took on an offended air and tried to smoothly slide out of the bed without revealing any more skin than necessary. I still saw his bare ass and a bit of his cock.

It wasn’t that impressive.

He grabbed his pants from the floor and pulled them on. “I don’t want to hear

any of this.”

“I’m lactating!” Jordan burst out, unable to control herself any longer.

Emmabeth’s eyes lit up. “Congratulations!” The two women embraced, neither were put off by Emmabeth’s state of undress. “I need to see!”

Once more checking to see what Tom was doing—currently shoving his feet into his sneakers—Jordan lifted her shirt up over her head along with her camisole, baring her breasts.

That made Tom pause.

I didn’t blame him.

“What are you doing?” Tom asked as Jordan began to massage her tits to release her milk.

“Showing Emmabeth my milk,” Jordan replied coolly. I was certain her attitude was an act, but it was still impressive.

“I thought you said my milk was incredible,” Emmabeth commented, lifting her chin a bit. “You were certainly mauling my tits like you were enjoying it.”

“I mean...playing with your boobs is fine. The milk is weird...but you,” he said turning to Jordan, “do you want to have milk in your tits?”

“That’s what they are for, isn’t it?” Jordan asked, unperturbed by his accusatory question. She didn’t meet his gaze. She was focusing on her breasts.

She was doing a terrible job of it.

“Here, let me,” I said, pushing her hands aside.

“Thanks,” she said.

But I didn’t massage and squeeze her breasts. I ducked my head and started sucking on a nipple.

Jordan moaned.

“Fucking hell!” Tom exclaimed.

“Wait. I need to taste for myself,” said Emmabeth as she joined me in front of Jordan and popped Jordan’s other nipple into her mouth.

“Shit!” Tom breathed, drawing out the word. “You three are freaks!”

He didn’t move. We didn’t respond. We just nursed from Jordan who enjoyed the attention, judging from her moans. It didn’t take long to get results out of her. Maybe I was wrong, but her tits were definitely swollen. After less than a minute of nursing, I tasted her sweetness.

With a delighted gasp, Emmabeth exclaimed, “Oh honey, it is so sweet! I love it.” She stopped nursing long enough to pull Jordan’s face to hers for a quick kiss.

“Are you two lesbos as well?” Tom was veering well into asshole territory now.

Emmabeth fixed him with her teacher glare. “We’re bi. You were just fucking me a minute ago. Are you that dense?”

“Fucking bi girls are just fooling themselves. You’re freaks. I’m out of here.”

He practically stormed out.

I hadn’t stopped nursing from Jordan’s breast. Her milk was the best. All milk from a woman was the best.

“Keeping it all for yourself, Roy?” Emmabeth asked me before going back to the breast Jordan offered her.

“Mmm-hmm,” I mumbled around Jordan’s flesh. She didn’t have nearly the volume of Emmabeth yet, so I was savoring every drop. It was fine. I knew I’d be moving on to Emmabeth’s tits in a few minutes.

And, knowing her as well as I did, I knew I’d be fucking her as well. I was sorry to fuck up her seduction of Tom, but he was an asshole and I had surely saved her a bigger headache.

It was the last time the three of us were in bed together, sharing milk and sex.

Chapter Twenty-Three

My relationship with Emmabeth didn’t end so much as peter out. It was much the same with Jordan's relationship to our lactating cougar.

We both still liked having sex with her, and nursing from her, but we found ourselves drifting apart.

More than once Jordan found Emmabeth in the tutoring office with other guys. It was allowed, but we both found it...distressing. It was allowed, but we all weren’t at the same place in our relationship.

Jordan’s milk supply continued to grow and grow steadily. Because her tits were more readily accessible to me than Emmabeth’s.

I got tired of bouncing around between my slum of an apartment, Jordan’s dorm, and Emmabeth’s house. Yes, it was nice but it felt like I was being used for sex.

At first I liked the feeling, but as time wore on…

I did fuck Emmabeth one last time. It was great. I drained her tits, making her cum that way, and then fucked her from the back, front and her on top. Everything a teenaged me would want in a bed partner. She offered me anal, but I declined. It wasn’t what I wanted.

“You’re going to leave me, aren’t you?” she asked as we lay in her bed afterwards, exhausted.

“I’m not going to leave you,” I reassured her, but I didn’t know if it was true or not.

She trailed her fingers down my chest. “Yes you are. You’re in love with Jordan. I’m a woman who’s been with a lot of men and women. I know the signs. It’s fine. I’m used to it. It’s nice that you’ve fallen in love with her.”

“I’m not in love with her!” My protest was much more vehement than I intended.

She let it slide. “It’s fine. Don’t deny your feelings. It was nice you were in love with me, but love fades.”

“How can you say that?” I meant all of what she had said, not just about love fading.

“Because it’s true. Because I’ve seen it in every man who fell in love with me.”

I wanted to point out that maybe if she returned their love a little more than she might not have still been fucking twenty year old men. Men the same age as her daughter. Men—and women—who were using her for her milk and her body and who knows what else.

“I love you,” I said, and meant it.

“I’m sure you do.”

I was also in love with Jordan. I went to her the next morning and told her I was moving out of Emmabeth’s place. It was the first time we had sex without a condom. She was using some new birth control. Something that didn’t interfere with her breast milk production.

If that’s not love, I don’t know what is.

End

Preview

Caged and Milked 3

Brett and Dennis were sitting side-by-side at the bar. Dennis realized it wasn't a gay bar—there were precious few of them any more—but he felt that anyone someone looked at them, the truth about the relationship he had with Brett would come out.

While he knew there was no way for anyone to know the full extent of their relationship, Brett was still uneasy about going out on what Kyleen had called a "man date."

"How long have you been with Kyleen?" Brett asked conversationally as he sipped from the glass in front of him.

"Almost two years."

"And how long have you two been...doing what you do?"

There was no one close enough to hear their quiet conversation and no one would have cared to listen, but still Dennis was nervous. He wasn't at all out about his sexuality, either with his strange kink or with his occasional attraction to men. Brett was different. He presented as straight but Dennis knew the dating profile he had up on a couple of different apps specifically stated he was bi. There was no way Dennis would ever be that bold.

"From the start."

"Her tits were...were lactating from the start?" Brett was amazed.

Dennis winced at Brett's question. It seemed too revealing. Glancing around again, he saw that no one was listening to them in their booth. "No. She started shortly after we started dating."

Brett nodded. "And what about you and your...cage?" Brett was being

uncharacteristically aggressive toward Dennis but it was subtle, not obvious. Dennis started to wonder if Kyleen had put him up to it.

After their intimate three-way, Brett had been invited to stay the night and fuck Kyleen again and again.

Each time after Brett had a chance, Dennis was allowed to fuck her as well. It didn't sit well with Dennis that they hadn't told Brett everything and the risk they were taking, but Kyleen had made him swear not to reveal any more than necessary. She assured him everything would be fine.

And after that first night Brett had been invited to come over every night and fuck Kyleen. Dennis went along with Kyleen's crazy plan because it meant more and more time out of his cage. It also meant that he got time to play with Brett.

Dennis was having some difficulty reconciling his sexuality and kinks. It was one thing to secretly walk around with a cage on his cock and maybe occasionally have some guy-on-guy play with his wife around, but to actually be out on a date with another man. Another man who he had already had sex with...that was next level.

"We started the chastity thing at the same time." He kept his voice just low enough and dropped it even more when he hit the word chastity.

"I admire you two," Brett declared.

Dennis was confused. "You do? Why?"

"An almost two-year long relationship that's extra kinky. Isn't that the American dream?"

Dennis snorted. "Yeah. Sure. Why not?" He continued to snigger for a bit.

"Okay. Well. Want to go back to my place and have sex?"

Now Dennis froze. He'd never been so directly propositioned before. He didn't know what to say, so he just repeated himself. "Yeah. Sure. Why not?"

He was wearing his cock cage. There was little he could do with his cock but he was certain that Brett would appreciate a good blowjob and maybe wanted to

fuck him.

Brett's apartment was nice. Small, but nice. Dennis tried not to make a connection between a gay man and a tidy house, but it was right there, even if Brett wasn't gay. He was bi.

It was a big step for Dennis. Never before had he had sex one-on-one with a man. Always before Kyleen had been there, watching and participating.

Brett didn't waste any time. The moment the door was closed and they were inside, Brett moved close and kissed Dennis. He had to tilt his head back to kiss Dennis, the taller of them. Pressing their bodies together Dennis could feel the other man's hard cock inside his jeans. More than he wanted to admit it, he wanted to feel Brett's thick manhood in his hand and in his mouth.

Instead he had Brett's tongue in his mouth. He could feel the scratch of the other man's stubble against his own face. Once he gave into the kiss, it was just like any other kiss. It was perfectly natural and arousing.

Dennis was surprised that Brett broke the kiss, but it was only so that he could start undressing. Brett wasted no time and before Dennis could do more than remove his shirt, Brett was naked, his thick cock standing up, waiting for attention.

"Hurry up," Brett said, his hand going to his cock. "I can't wait…" He pulled on his pride and joy, getting himself harder.

Increasing his speed, Dennis kicked off his shoes and opened up his pants, dropping them down. They both looked at his underwear. Tonight's selection was bright pink lace; underneath they could both see his silicone cage. Once again he was wearing a ManPanty. Brett smiled.

"Does she make you wear those?" he asked.

Dennis's face flushed and he rolled his shoulders, trying to avoid giving an honest answer. "Not really, but sort of. They work well for the cage. They aren't really women's underwear—"

“I sort of guessed that from the name.”

“—because it has a pouch up front for my cock.”

“Your small cock,” said Brett with a grin.

“My small cock,” Dennis confirmed.

“Why don’t you leave them on, get down on your knees, and suck mine for a while?”

That was an easy request for Dennis to honor. Since there was no way to remove his cock cage, there wasn’t any real reason to hurry up and take off his panties.

He had been eager to get alone with Brett and suck his cock. While it was fine to blow a guy while Kyleen was watching, it was almost like he was performing for her. Alone with Brett meant that he actually had an interest in other men.

Brett was already half erect as Dennis took him into his hand. Brett’s cock was much meatier than his own. Some precum was forming on the tip so Dennis licked it off. The taste was mild, almost like thin egg whites. He then proceeded to lower his entire mouth on Brett’s cock and suck it with enthusiasm.

Dennis tried to push the thoughts of being called “faggot” and “gay” and “cocksucker” from his head. He had used those insults back in middle school because he didn’t want to stick out among all the other boys. He knew it was wrong but he also knew that he wasn’t gay and would never have another guy’s cock in his mouth or anywhere near him.

Now he was on his knees in front of a younger guy and happily sucking his cock. Dennis told himself that he had grown up and matured and who he was when he was thirteen was a completely different person than the one he was now, more than two decades later.

There wasn’t anything wrong with sucking cock. Lots of women did it. Lots of men did it. Most men enjoyed it. Brett was certainly enjoying it. He cupped Brett’s balls as his sucking became more enthusiastic. The only real difficult part of going down on Brett wasn’t fitting the cock into his mouth, but suffering the pain on his knees as he performed the act. Brett had hardwood floors in his apartment. Dennis wished he had thought ahead to put a pillow or blanket or any

padding on the floor. Even bobbing his head back and forth wasn't that difficult compared to the pain on his knees.

He thought he was doing an excellent job sucking on Brett's cock, massaging his balls and stroking his shaft, but Brett abruptly pushed him back, taking back control of his cock.

"What's the matter?" Dennis asked confused.

"I don't want to cum too soon."

"What's too soon?"

Brett grinned. "I really want to fuck your ass."

Dennis's stomach tightened up. Was being fucked any different than sucking another guy's dick. It was all just sex. "Okay. Sure. Yeah. Do you have—"

"Lube? Condoms? A bed? Yeah. Come on." He helped Dennis back to his feet and kissed the taller man with an enthusiasm that Dennis at first confused him, but he then returned happily.

Brett drew him to the bedroom of the tiny apartment. It was a full sized bed, barely big enough for the both of them, but they were determined to make it work.

"Take off your panties," Brett told him as he went to a basket on the dresser. He grabbed a huge bottle of lube and a packet of condoms. He tossed the lube to Dennis. "You know what to do."

Dennis knew, but that didn't make it any easier. He had never done this alone before. It had always been play with Kyleen. Not having her here made things different. Still, he did what Brett asked, laying down on the bed before applying as much lube to his ass as possible, pushing his finger up inside himself, making himself slick for the moment of truth.

While Dennis was busy, Brett tore open a condom packet and rolled it onto his erection. Dennis admired the younger man's small, muscular body that managed to keep an erection without difficulty. He then grabbed the bottle away from Dennis and poured a more than generous amount onto his latex-covered cock.

“Ready for me?” Brett asked as he approached the bed.

“Give me a second,” said Dennis, grabbing a pillow and shoving it under his ass.

Brett shook his head. “No. I want you on your hands and knees. We’re doing this doggy style.”

Dennis could have argued, but he was eager to go along with anything that Brett wanted. He flipped over and prepared himself. Brett reached down between Dennis’s legs and caressed his encased cock.

“You’re swelling.”

“I want to get hard,” Dennis confessed. “I want out, but…”

“You must love her to give up your cock for her,” Brett said as he knelt behind Dennis and took his cock in hand.

Dennis said nothing; he just readied himself for being penetrated. When he felt Brett’s cock head pressing against his anus, he breathed out and forced himself to relax. Trying to resist would just make it painful. He wanted this. He wanted it more than he knew.

Brett knew exactly what he was doing. He must have had sex with more than a few men before Dennis. How many, Dennis wondered. Five? Ten? Twenty? Dozens?

As a top Brett knew to push in a little, then pull back, then dive a little deeper, let Dennis get used to it, and then go a little further. In short order, Dennis was acclimated to Brett’s thick cock and then they began to go at it with enthusiasm.

Dennis would have loved to grab his cock and jerk off while being buggered by Brett, but his cock cage prevented that. He was trying to get hard, but that wasn’t going to happen. Maybe if he was lucky Brett would fuck him perfectly and he’d have had a little anal orgasm and force out some cum even though he was soft. That had happened a few times with Kyleen. It wasn’t a real orgasm, but it was all that he deserved.

It was Brett who reached around his body and grabbed Dennis’s ineffective and small cock. “I like how I can make it bounce all around.”

“Just my little cock,” Dennis grunted.

“I want to see it out of its cage. I want to play with your little dick.” Brett knew what he was doing and saying. Dennis was getting worked up but it wasn’t going anywhere. As a bottom Dennis knew his role was just to provide pleasure for his partner. If he got anything out of it at all it would be through providing pleasure to someone else. He couldn’t be so selfish as to demand it for himself.

“I wanna pull out and shoot all over your ass,” Brett grunted.

“Okay,” Dennis quickly agreed.

“Or maybe in your mouth.”

“Sure.”

“Where do you want it?”

Dennis didn’t know what to say and his answer was wrong and weak. “Whatever you want.”

Brett pumped his cock into Dennis’s ass a few more times before he came. Dennis was certain that he could feel the other man’s cum filling his ass, but he knew that Brett was wearing a condom. After a little time had passed Brett pulled his softening cock free of Dennis and slapped the other man on the ass.

“You’re a good fuck. Did you know that?”

“I’ve never been fucked in exactly that way before,” Dennis told him.

“Did you like it?” Brett asked as he slipped the condom off his cock and tied a knot in it before tossing it in the trash can next to the small desk that made the bedroom seem crowded. Besides the bed and desk there was the dresser crammed into a corner and an opening for the closet. That was it and it still felt claustrophobic. “Did you cum?”

“No. Of course not. It’s impossible to cum when I’m wearing the cage.”

Brett had a hundred questions for Dennis. He was more than a little curious about wearing a cock cage. He didn’t want to do it himself, but his curiosity was

strong.

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