
CREAM
in my
COFFEE
1: MORNING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
GREEN
BUSH
PUBLISHING


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Cream In My Coffee

Morning

An Erotic Novel of Sweet, Creamy Lactation

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.

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Tart

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Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Preview

About the Author

[1]

Chapter One

Ed left his office and went to his secretary's work area. Claris was on the phone with a client giving him reassurance the crew would be done with the job by the end of the week.

Uninterested in the conversation, Ed pointed emphatically into his coffee mug. It was full of plain black coffee he had fixed for himself.

Claris rolled her eyes at him. She was wearing her professional secretary's outfit, nothing overly fancy, just a skirt, white blouse, and blazer. Just enough to deal with the public on the rare occasion someone other than the small staff came into the office. She was slightly worried her clothing was a little too tight, a little too revealing, but Ed never complained.

More importantly she was worried that she was getting too fat for the clothing she had.

Ed reached for her, but she pulled back; she was tethered to the desk by the cord to the phone's headset. Still, she had plenty of room to move around. Almost absently she started unbuttoning her blouse. The blazer wasn't in the way at all.

The bra she wore was lacy, but perfectly appropriate for the office. She hauled out one of her large and swollen breasts. Taking the mug from Ed she placed it on the desk in front of her. Seating herself while still talking on the phone, she aimed her nipple at the three-quarters filled mug and squeezed the soft flesh of her breast.

Five streams of milk erupted from the nipple. She was close enough to the cup that all the milk went exactly where she had intended. She repeated this process several more times, changing the black liquid to a cloudy brown.

"And thank you for calling," she said as she disconnected the call, handed the mug back to Ed and then slipped her breast back into her bra.

"I really wish you wouldn't do that while I'm on the phone." She ran her eyes over her boss. Tweed jacket, bright yellow tie that was entirely unnecessary for their private office, and plain black slacks. Everything about his outfit said office drone.

Unlike her body that was pushing the limits of what could be considered sexy

and curvy, Ed’s body was lean. Maybe he wasn’t in his physical prime, but for a man well into his forties, he was still incredibly fit and handsome. Not exactly rugged, but he looked better with a bit of scruff on his face instead of a clean shave.

She was well-familiar with that scruff and how it could sandpaper soft flesh.

She wanted to be sandpapered right then and there.

She hated herself for wanting that.

Ed carefully stirred his now-creamed coffee with the plastic spoon he had carried with him.

“I think you like doing it more than you like to admit,” he said to her casually. He noted that she hadn’t buttoned the top button of her blouse but he couldn’t determine if that was because she had forgotten or if it was a deliberate ploy on her part.

He hoped it was a deliberate ploy.

“Now’s not the time,” she told him.

“Why not? The office is empty.” He grinned at her. It was the middle of the morning. The staff that needed to come in had already arrived and left on their appointments. The office was empty but for the two of them.

That was part of the thrill: the danger of getting caught.

She didn’t like that feeling...or so she told herself. She liked it after the fact, after they had gotten away with it. She knew they were eventually going to get caught.

That’s what really scared her.

“Because we’ll get caught.”

He shook his head slowly. “Everyone’s out until at least noon.”

She looked down at her desk and computer. There was precious little to do for

the next hour or two other than answer the phone. It was too good a job to risk playing games like this.

But Ed was a part owner of the business.

Shit.

“Not here,” she said.

Again he shook his head. “Why not here?”

He knew why. This was all just part of the game they were playing. A game they had successfully played many times before.

“Too risky.”

She wanted to, but it was too much risk. They were both married, but to other people. He was an owner of the business, but she was just an employee who desperately needed the job.

She knew he wasn’t leaving his wife. She knew she wasn’t leaving her husband and her baby.

The humiliation of getting caught was too much for her.

The risk of losing her job because she told Ed no...well, that was unlikely, but possible. Yes, she was sleeping with the boss, but he was a genuinely nice man who didn’t want to put her on the street.

But more than anything she realized her panties were drenched with her amrita. She wanted to fuck him, but getting caught...she felt like she was back in high school sneaking around on her parents and his parents.

Worse, she could feel her milk welling up in her tits.

Why had she put herself in this position?

“It’s not too risky,” he said, sounding much like that high school boyfriend who was always willing to fuck anywhere and anyplace regardless of risk or circumstances. In the car in the school parking lot. In the woods behind his

house. In her family room while her parents were sleeping upstairs. In the changing room of the JCPenney's where she had her weekend job.

"Anyone could walk in," she said.

But that was part of the fun.

"Just turn around and show me your ass," he persuaded her.

She rolled her eyes. Claris knew that Ed liked big tits on women and big asses. She had both. She also felt fat for having both. She hadn't ever lost all the baby weight she had put on during her pregnancy. Having a two year old at home only made her feel more guilty about not having lost it.

Ed didn't complain.

At home Ray commented on her weight all the time.

She stood up from her chair and turned away from Ed. She even went so far as to bend over and let her ass stick up in the air. Her forearms were on the desk and she felt dirty and exposed and naked. But she wasn't naked.

And then she felt his hands tugging upward on her skirt.

"No!" she gasped out loud, cutting herself off, trying to be quiet even though there was no one else around. Her hands went to his, preventing him from pulling her skirt higher.

"Just show me your ass."

It wasn't the risk or the nudity now. It was that she didn't want him to see her underwear.

"No!" she almost shouted now.

He stopped tugging on her tight skirt. "Why not?"

Her face was red with embarrassment. How had she let her life get to this point?

"You won't like what you see."

He grinned. “But I love looking at your ass.” He tugged gently but she still resisted.

Claris knew that she could complain and resist all she wanted, but it was going to happen this morning. They were going to have sex. She wanted to, but she was breaking so many promises she had made to herself and to him and to her husband.

Shit.

“First, let me say I’m sorry and I was rushed this morning,” she said and then let go of his wrists.

Ed was happy. He continued to slowly raise her skirt. Eventually the tops of her thigh high stockings were revealed. Yes, her thighs were meatier than she liked, but he liked a substantial woman, and her thighs fit her stockings perfectly. Today they didn’t have lacy tops, but a series of three black circles that denoted the tops, a more modern style than plain lace.

Above the tops of the stockings was her milky white skin. He loved her soft skin and soft flesh. She despised her pale body, especially after months of winter weather. She wanted some color to her skin. He didn’t like tanned women at all, so Ed didn’t complain.

The skirt was drawn up higher and Ed discovered the bottom edge of her panties before he found the crease of her buttocks. He frowned in annoyance and quickly revealed the rest of her panty-covered ass by jerking the skirt all the way up to her waist.

“What’s this?” he demanded.

“I told you that I was in a hurry this morning,” she explained.

This was half serious and half a game. She was never sure which way she should lean during this part of their sex play.

“I’ve told you time and again,” he said in the tone of a boss who was done with the incompetent job his employee was performing, “these are unacceptable at the office. Black silk. White silk. Red silk. Black lace. White lace. Red lace. Those colors only. Those materials only. No cotton. No other colors. Thong preferred.”

“I know.” Claris didn’t exactly sob, but she felt great disappointment in herself for not living up to Ed’s standards.

Yes she was fucking the boss and yes he was paying her well for her job, but it wasn’t just sex and it wasn’t just a job.

She didn’t know what it was.

“And what are you wearing?”

“Cotton bikinis,” she said. “A lot of colors.”

Ed stared at the broad expanse of Claris’s ass that was decorated with purple and orange and green and blue and yellow geometric designs. “Very disappointing. Take them off.”

Claris swallowed and did as he asked. She hooked her thumbs into the top elastic of the panties and pulled them over her ass down to the top of her black stockings. Her bare ass quickly grew goosebumps in the cool office air...or maybe she grew goosebumps in anticipation of what was about to happen.

“All the way,” he said.

There was a bit of a struggle as she got the cotton panties over the top edge of the stockings and her thick thighs, but eventually she got them down far enough where they dropped to the floor.

Ed knelt behind her and lifted first one foot and then the other so she could step out of her panties. She was wearing heels that were appropriate for the office, if maybe just a bit too sexy for a secretary in her late twenties, but that’s what Ed liked.

He held her panties in his hand for a moment, feeling the warmth from them and the moisture. While he didn’t bring them up to his nose to smell her desire, he got her scent anyway. After briefly considering throwing them in the trash can next to her desk, he instead shoved them in his jacket pocket.

“Are we done?” she asked him impertinently.

Placing a hand on the small of her back he said, “No, we are not done.”

She stayed face down on the desk, glad she always kept it neat and tidy. Ed gazed at her large ass. It wasn't fat in his eyes, but it was a nice handful. The large double globes rose up into the air, split in half by the cleft that led down to her back entrance and then the slit that was the opening to her pussy. The perfect white skin of her ass had only two imperfections. There was a faint light brown birthmark on the left cheek. On the right cheek was a small tattoo in the shape of a unicorn's outline, a relic of when she was a little too wild after high school.

She let him look. She liked him looking.

She wasn't prepared for the strong smack that landed on her soft, white skin.

Claris let out a yelp that would have alerted the entire office had it not been empty.

"I don't want to punish you," he said.

"Then don't," she sassed back.

In response he spanked her other cheek and listened to her slightly softer yelp. Already two bright red handprints were obvious on her skin. "What I want is to fuck and suck you," he said. "Would you prefer a punishment?"

Claris wasn't sure how she felt about being spanked. During sex she sort of liked it, but just to be spanked was a kink that wasn't for her. Occasionally Ed liked to treat her fat ass with some spanks and abuse, and she allowed him, but it wasn't what she liked.

"No thank you," she said politely.

"Then stand up and march your ass into my office," he said, taking control of her.

She liked to be ordered around.

At least, she liked to be ordered around by Ed when they were having sex.

He let her wait in his office for a long minute while he took his time to appear. She stood in the middle of his office. She didn't dare sit down; that might upset him. And she didn't want the pain of sitting on top of the quick spanking she had

already received.

When he walked in, instead of sitting behind his desk, he sat at one of the two chairs that were for visitors.

Her skirt was back down where it should be. No one could tell that she wasn't wearing panties.

After staring at her a moment, he said, "Open up your blouse. No. Wait. Fuck it. Take off the blazer. Take off the blouse. Take off your bra."

Trying to keep her smile contained, she stripped as he ordered, taking off each piece of clothing and laying them on top of his desk. When her bra came off, her large breasts bobbled around with her every movement. She was careful about it, but he still noticed that she carefully hid the nursing pad inside her bra. It wouldn't do to have anyone see her leaking milk.

Not that they would know the full truth.

Turning to him, she leaned forward, presenting her tits in the way she knew he loved. "What now?" she asked. She liked being half-naked in his office. This was wrong. Very wrong. That's what made the sex better.

He patted his lap. "Have a seat. I'm thirsty and coffee isn't what I need."

Claris was always nervous about sitting in his lap. She knew that she didn't weigh as much as he did and he was strong and could handle it, but she wasn't a petite girl either. Still, she did as she was told and straddled his legs, sitting down on his lap, forcing her skirt upward so that it became a band of material around her pudgy middle.

Her ass was exposed.

Her pussy was exposed.

Her tits were exposed.

She was completely vulnerable.

She liked that.

He liked that.

Ed wasn’t looking at her face, even though she was carefully studying his. He was staring at her tits.

She didn’t blame him.

She wanted him to stare at her tits.

Actually, she wanted him to suck on her tits.

A second later, without a further word, he leaned forward to her left breast and took her big nipple and areola into his mouth and sucked.

She moaned in pleasure.

Her milk was always right there. He only needed a few sucks before his mouth was completely flooded with her sweet, creamy milk.

It was fine in his coffee.

It was even better directly from the source.

Her right nipple started to dribble milk. Automatically she reached up and pressed her hand to stem the flood.

Ed happily feasted on her milk. Milk that had sustained her baby for the first year of life and then had never stopped because of Ed’s obsession with her tits and milk. Ray complained about her failure to dry up. He wasn’t nearly as enamored of her milk as Ed was.

Claris liked lactating for her boss. She liked lactating for anyone, but right now the only one who appreciated her talent was Ed.

She loved lactating. It made her feel womanly. It turned her on.

Right now it was turning her on to the point where she was certain her pussy was going to start dripping exactly like her right breast.

She was relieved when he switched from the left breast to the right. Her milk had been building up painfully and the slow leak wasn’t helping matters. Only his

mouth helped.

Unconsciously she moaned in expression of how he was making her feel. Just as unconsciously she started rocking her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy and clit on his muscular leg. It wasn't much movement, but it was noticeable to Ed right away.

After he had removed just enough milk from her right side to make the pain ebb away, he released her nipple.

"Are you getting yourself off?" he asked, lightly resting his hands on her moving hips.

The moment he asked the question, she realized what she had been doing and stopped.

"I'm sorry!" Claris blurted out. "I couldn't help myself."

His hand curled around to cup her generously proportioned ass. "Do you need to cum?" he asked as he massaged her flesh.

"Uh-huh," she admitted and twisted her shoulders so her right breast was in his face again. She just wanted—needed—him to keep nursing. She could cum that way, she was sure of it. She'd gotten close in the past, but she was still waiting for the day where she would cum just from being suckled and not fucked.

"I need to fuck you then," he said.

Those were the words she had been waiting for...and had been dreading.

It wasn't as if he were just going to bend her over the desk and roger her like a submissive secretary. Their relationship had advanced too far for that. But there were other considerations that needed to be addressed.

The first was that she needed to get off his lap.

It was possibly the most painful action she ever undertook. She had done it many times before, separating from Ed before either of them had cum, but it was necessary.

Like any good secretary, she went into his desk to find the supply that she needed.

Seeing the package of condoms in the bottom drawer of his desk made her pause for a second before she grabbed it and pulled one out.

Claris desperately hoped that Ed didn't expense the condoms they used.

Hurrying back to where Ed was still sitting in the chair, she opened up the condom packet. He had opened up his pants and shoved them down. His cock was out. It was already hard, but Claris couldn't help herself.

Going down to her knees, she took his cock in her hand and licked it from balls to head, sucking on the corona a little to remove the precum. It was slick and salty. He didn't produce it in the same volume that she produced her breast milk, but it wasn't a competition.

Ed sighed contentedly as she mouthed him. "You know what to do," he said. It was half compliment and half command.

She knew that he didn't want her to suck him off. As much as she didn't want to admit it, she wanted his cock inside of her if only to make her cum.

It was easy to roll the condom down his length. She had done it dozens of times with him. Before that she had done it dozens, if not hundreds, of times with other boyfriends.

And her husband.

She tried not to think about Ray.

Once the condom covered the length of Ed's erection, she climbed back on his lap and grasped the base of his manhood. It was easy to guide him into her pussy. She was dripping wet and as he pushed in and filled her up; there was precious little resistance.

Claris didn't want to think about if that made her a slut or not because she already knew the truth.

"Nice hot, wet pussy," Ed complimented her as he gripped her ass to get her into

position. Once she was exactly where he wanted her, his mouth went back to her nipple and the milk flowed easily.

If this had been all that there was, Claris would have been happy.

But there was more. Much more.

He held her. He thrusted his hips up into her, reaching places her husband had never explored. Claris found it difficult to balance her body on his lap and against the chair, but it was worth it.

Her free breast dripped steadily. His cock slammed in and out of her. His fingers clutched her ass, straying dangerously close to her back entrance. She ground her hips down on him, looking for some friction against his pubic bone, a little extra thrill for her clit.

Their coupling didn't last long. As always, the risk and the desire melded together and she found herself peaking quickly. She never came like that with Ray. It was because it was forbidden that it was good.

Ed had been holding back because he wanted to make her cum. She always came with Ed; not so with Ray. Seeing that she had been satisfied, he let go and fucked her hard for a couple more strokes before he exploded inside her.

Inside the condom.

She wanted to feel his cum inside her pussy, that would make their illicit affair all that much sweeter, but it was too risky. She had insisted on the condoms from the start. It was just a smart move for the both of them.

Being smart didn't stop the longing.

Even after he came, he continued to suck on her tits. The milk was almost gone now, but it was never completely gone. She could sense it being created for the next time they fucked.

"That was good," Ed told her as she eased off his lap.

"It always is," she agreed.

The one good thing about fucking with condom was there was a lot less cleanup. She was still wet from being fucked, but it was just her amrita. Stepping back, she started redressing as Ed slipped the condom off. He tied a knot in the closed tube and tossed it into the trash can.

Claris briefly wondered what the cleaning staff thought about finding that and hoped they just dumped the trash and didn't inspect it.

"Where's my underwear?" she abruptly asked when she realized it wasn't in the small pile of clothing on the desk. Her bra, shirt, and blazer were back in place, along with her skirt pulled down in case someone suddenly walked in, but her panties were still missing.

"In my pocket," Ed told her as he stood up and pulled his pants back into place.

Holding out her hand, Claris asked, "Can I have them back please?"

"No," he coolly replied as he walked around the back of his desk and took his seat.

"I'm not working all day without any panties!"

With a smirk firmly pasted on his face, Ed opened up another desk drawer and pulled out a small packet wrapped in glittery tissue paper. "Merry Christmas," he said, handing it over to her.

"It's June," she pointed out but accepted the present regardless.

"Happy Birthday?" he offered.

"That was in April."

"Just open it."

Tearing open the tissue paper she found, unsurprisingly, a pair of lacy black panties.

Not just panties, a thong. A lacy black thong.

Looking up, Ed smiled at her. "You like it?"

“No.” Still, Claris hiked up her skirt and stepped into the tiny bit of underwear. She had to double check to make sure she had them going the right way, but once she pulled them up and situated the minute string in the back between her cheeks, they fit perfectly, just covering her pussy. “But I’ll wear it.”

She pulled down her skirt and looked over her shoulder to examine her ass. Undoubtedly there would be too much jiggle when she walked, but she was certain that Ed would appreciate that.

“You look nice,” he told her.

“Thank you.” Claris left his office and went back to her desk. She could feel the thin string of the thong between her cheeks. Upon sitting down at her desk, she wanted to put her head down and completely re-evaluate her life.

But there was work to do.

Chapter Two

Ed came home to find Marcia finishing her daily workout regimen in the backyard. She had finished running and now was in the middle of her cool down phase. Marcia tracked her workouts precisely on a giant chart she maintained in the kitchen. He leaned out the kitchen window to see what she was doing.

Her spandex exercise outfit was skin tight, leaving little to the imagination, and Ed had little interest in it. Marcia had the lithe, athletic body that appealed to most men: toned but not muscular arms, tight ass, firm thighs, lightly tanned skin from exposure to the sun from countless miles of running. Her hair was a brilliant blonde that only existed in a bottle. It was cut short because she got frustrated with it being long and having to shower twice daily to remove the sweat she built up.

He often told her he liked her short, practical haircut that wasn't a variation of a "Can I speak to your manager" Karen-cut, but that was a lie.

He liked long hair on women, not short and practical.

He liked black hair. He was fine with Marcia's natural brown.

He liked a bit of body hair, but Marcia completely shaved her pussy.

He liked big breasts. Marcia hadn't gotten hers reduced, but they were small.

Sometimes he didn't know how he wound up with her as his wife.

Claris had long, black hair and big tits. She shaved her pubic hair into a nice landing strip.

"Hey hon," he called, stepping out on the back deck. She looked up and acknowledged him with a curt nod.

"Are you going to run before dinner?"

She framed it as a question. It was an order.

"Yeah. I need some time to clear my head."

Marcia had made clear when they married that she would not put up with a fat,

out of shape husband. It was possibly a holdover obsession from her years of dealing with bulimia. She was over that now. Mostly. He had to watch his weight and still remain athletic enough for her.

Even that would have been fine if the sex had been more frequent.

It wasn't. It was twice a week. Saturday night and Wednesday mornings. Like clockwork.

Regimented.

Like everything else in their lives.

"You always look so nice, dressed up for work," said Angie, her mother-in-law, as she handed over little Elaine to Claris. To a casual listener, it would have sounded like a compliment.

It wasn't. It was a critique of Claris.

"Thanks, Angie. Required dress at the office."

"It must be expensive to dress up like that."

Claris thought about the thong currently hidden under her dress, the one given to her by Ed earlier in the day, and smiled. "Not really. I get a clothing allowance."

It wasn't a complete lie.

Angie then gave Claris a complete breakdown of Elaine's day. While they were saving a lot of money by having her mother-in-law do the daycare for Elaine, the additional stress often made her question their decision.

Once Angie was out of the house, Claris set to making dinner and playing with Elaine. Dinner would be late. It always was because Ray wouldn't be home before seven. Probably later.

Today, it was much later. He called and told her not to hold dinner. He wouldn't be home before nine.

When he did arrive home, she was already in bed. Elaine was asleep in her crib. Yes, he worked long hours as an electrician at the chemical plant, but did he always have to work?

She was fairly certain he was having an affair. Always working late. Never interested in sex, not even when she initiated.

Claris didn’t want to discuss his behavior and her suspicions with him because she didn’t want to confront the fact that she was having an affair.

When he slipped into bed after throwing off his clothes, leaving only his boxers on, she pretended she was asleep. She had already masturbated. The thong that was present from Ed had already been washed with the rest of the day’s laundry, dried, and hidden in the back of her underwear drawer with all the other lingerie that Ed had given her.

She’d be up in the morning to get to work. Ray would care for Elaine until ten when his mother showed up, then he’d go to work. The whole daily cycle would repeat.

Claris didn’t see an easy way out of it.

There was a way, but it wouldn't be easy.

Chapter Three

Friday was a busy day in the office. It always was. Weekly reports were due. New assignments were handed out. Meetings were held. Contracts were signed. Claris felt like a regular secretary on Friday. She always wore a nice dress on Fridays, in contrast to most office's policy of casual Fridays.

Eventually all the staff cleared out at the end of the day and Claris was finishing things before she left for the weekend.

"Bend over and lift up your dress."

Despite his height and large size, Ed was surprisingly light on his feet. Claris half hated it and half loved it that he could sneak up on her so easily.

She jumped a little at his command.

"You scared me!" she exclaimed.

He gave her a lopsided grin. "I don't care. Turn around. Bend over. Lift your dress."

There were some sounds of people in the back of the office. Her desk was up front. Most employees tended to leave out the back where the parking lot was.

Once again it was a matter of risk and reward. The risk made her nervous, but that nervousness made the sexual thrill—the reward—that much better.

The flutter in the pit of her stomach, the heat to her pussy, the swelling of her breasts. She knew what was coming and even though she was afraid of the consequences, she wanted to play along with him.

Silently, Claris turned around and slowly pulled up the hem of her dress. It was perfectly appropriate for the office because it came down to her knees. The stockings she was wearing stopped just above mid-thigh. While higher stockings were more comfortable, she loved the silky feel of this pair.

Ed watched silently, two steps back from her personal space. It was perfectly normal for the boss to be visiting the secretary's space, but what he had her doing was inappropriate in every way.

She loved that it was inappropriate.

It seemed to take forever for her to pull up the dress. In reality, it was no more than five seconds. They both wanted it to take longer so they could fully savor the action, but that risk was too great and Claris couldn't help herself. She needed to expose her body. She needed to show off. She needed Ed to control her in this way.

Eventually her ass came into Ed's view. A smile spread across his face as slowly as her dress had been going up her legs. Today she had done as instructed, she had followed the orders she was always supposed to follow.

The thong she was wearing was regulation red. It was silk, no lace. It was a strong contrast to her black stockings and dark blue dress.

Only a slut would wear such a thing under ordinary work clothes.

To remind her of that, Ed smacked her smartly on the ass, exactly on top of the little unicorn tattoo.

She cried out in pain. The flash of pain and heat made her pussy crave to be filled.

More than that, she could feel the ache in her tits. They needed to be drained. Already they were leaking. The pads inside her bra were already soaked. They needed to be removed and replaced...but more than that, she needed for her tits to be drained.

By Ed.

"Good girl wearing your regulation panties," he complimented her.

The entire workings of their office revolved around regulations. There was a lot of that in the construction business. Ed had given her a lot of rules and regulations about their relationship when it started. She was happy to follow them.

Or at least most of them.

"Thank you," she said. "Can I put my dress down now?"

“Do you want to leave it up?”

She considered the question. She knew she had a secret exhibitionist streak in her. But right now she didn’t need to display her unclothed body. She didn’t need to get fucked. What she needed more than anything was to have her tits drained.

“Sort of.”

“Do you want me to fuck you right here and now?”

“Sort of.” He had fucked her on the desk before, but only once when they truly had to work late and both were exhausted and needed relief. It was late at night and the risk of someone walking by was low, but it was real.

The sex then was incredible. Ed had fucked her from behind and milked her tits while he did so. She had to clean up her desk after they were done. It was worth it.

“I’m not going to fuck you right here and right now.”

Claris moaned, but she wasn’t sure if she was moaning in complaint or moaning in anticipation of what he was going to do. Ed wouldn’t just make her lift up her dress, show her panties, and smack her once, and leave her wet and wanting.

Would he?

“Why not?” Claris was begging him with her words and her body. She writhed about slowly, making sure that Ed was staring at her ass.

“Aren’t your tits full?” he asked.

They were. And they were crushed between her body and the hard surface of her desk.

“Mostly.”

He jerked her upright and her dress fell back to where it belonged. Except for his hands on her waist and him standing too close, they were presentable now.

Nervously she looked around to where sound was still coming through the back

of the office. There was no way for her to know how many people were still there.

She wanted to be caught. How hot would that be? She wanted everyone to know she was fucking the boss—one of the bosses—of the company. She wanted them to know this not because she wanted more money or more respect, but because she wanted everyone to know the fat secretary in the office was sexually appealing to the hot, muscular boss.

That he would choose to fuck her over his attractive and fit wife.

“Go to my office, get your tits out, and wait for me,” he ordered.

That was an easy order to follow.

As she started to walk away, he gave her a smart swat on the bottom, like a cliche 1950s boss would do to his secretary he was sexually harassing on a daily basis because he thought it was his right.

She wanted him to use her body so she had confused feelings on his treatment.

When she was alone in his office, she was suddenly uncertain as to what to do. Did he want her to take off her dress or did he just want her to take her tits out with her dress on? Taking her tits out would be fairly easy. The dress was low-cut and her bra was designed to maximize her cleavage.

Going with the regulation portion of her job, she opted for tits out only. There were a couple of buttons on the dress, she opened them up and got her tits out of the bra.

It wasn’t designed for how she was using it, so the back band cut uncomfortably into her flesh and the shoulder straps were an annoyance, but that didn’t matter.

The nursing pads were almost completely soaked. She had gotten to the point where just the right word or look from Ed would make her pussy hot and activate her tits so they started leaking. Pulling them from inside her bra, she tossed them in the trash can next to Ed’s desk. She had more in her purse, but that was on her desk, and besides, her tits were out.

They started dripping.

Claris watched in mild interest. She had seen her breasts leak before, but it was always interesting to her because it was how her body was supposed to work. For all the positive zeitgeist given to breastfeeding, if a woman did it for any reason other than to feed a baby, it was somehow wrong.

Claris liked doing things the wrong way.

Ed still hadn't appeared and her tits continued to leak. While Ed might not mind his office floor being covered in her breast milk, it was a little disturbing.

She reached up and cupped her breasts, lightly pinched her nipples. It was a temporary solution. She liked the feeling of the pinch and she liked lactating. It was a conundrum.

She liked it a little too much.

The earlier smack from Ed had her hot and bothered. Pinching her nipples wasn't helping. As she continued to twist and massage one breast, Claris reached up under the bottom of her dress and tucked her fingers into her thong. There wasn't that much in the way of material for her to push aside, but that only helped matters.

She was twisting her nipple and fingering her clit when Ed walked in. Being distracted by her masturbation, she didn't realize he had walked in. Ed was rather pleased to find his secretary in the middle of pleasuring herself and watched for a few moments.

"You aren't going to waste all that energy on yourself, are you?" he asked when she began breathing faster. He knew her signs of approaching orgasm.

Startled by his voice, she jerked her hand away from her pussy, letting her dress fall back into place, and pulled her other hand away from her breast. The problem remained that she was close to orgasm and as a consequence, both her tits were spraying milk.

Ed smiled at this reaction.

"You fucking scared me!"

"You're the one jilling off in my office. It's my office. You should expect me."

She put both her hands to her nipples to stop the flow of milk. “Sorry,” she apologized though she didn’t really know why she was apologizing. Taking her hand away from her left breast, she turned slightly toward him. “Are you thirsty?”

“For you? Always.”

He sat down in one of the visitor chairs and pulled her into his lap. She didn’t like sitting on his lap because she was certain she weighed as much as he did, if not more.

Still, they easily got into position and he lowered his mouth to her large breast. He barely had to suck to get a fountain of milk into his mouth. She pinched off her other nipple while his hand ran up and down her silky stockings.

If there was a heaven, Claris was convinced this might be a close approximation of it.

When Ed pushed his hand up between her thighs she happily opened up for him. He switched breasts and slipped a finger into her pussy. Her thong was still to the side after her earlier self-involved episode. But she didn’t want his finger up in her pussy. She didn’t want a hand there at all, not because she didn’t want to be fingered and used, but because she was still chasing that elusive orgasm that came just from her tits.

She moaned and closed her legs on his hand.

“What's the matter?” he asked, pulling away from the sweet milk her tits were providing him.

“Make me cum just from sucking on my tits,” she all but begged.

Ed didn’t immediately withdraw his finger from her pussy, but he curled it within her, seeking out that same spot his wife would go wild for, that is when he and his wife still had sex.

“I think I can do that,” he said and then fully withdrew his finger. She smiled, and then gasped as his thumb circled her clit. “But maybe I want to make you cum like this first.”

His face moved from her breast up to her mouth and he kissed her.

They both always felt a little out of place when they kissed. It was one thing to fuck someone they weren't married to, but it was another entirely to kiss their un-married partner. Still, she accepted his kiss.

And then he pulled his hand free.

"No…" she complained.

"Isn't this what you wanted?"

"Not really…"

He was fondling one nipple before pushing her off his lap.

"What?"

"Get down on your knees and give me a blowjob," he ordered.

It seemed like a fair exchange for what she wanted. She'd suck him off and then he'd make her cum by sucking the rest of her milk out.

The floor of the office was standard linoleum, but Ed had the luxury of a nice rug that padded her knees. He opened up his pants and got out his cock while she knelt down between his open legs.

Doing this made her feel like she was back in high school and doing something in the living room that she wasn't supposed to be doing.

Her head started bobbing up and down on his cock while he let his head fall back against the chair. Ed kept one hand on her head, lightly guiding her, but gave no further instructions. Claris was a pro. She knew what to do.

It wasn't that she enjoyed giving blowjobs. It was that she enjoyed making her partner happy with what she could do for him. Sure, it excited her, but it wasn't something she lived for. It didn't even get her pussy wet.

But it excited the hell out of Ed. He had told her on more than one occasion that she gave the best blowjobs he had ever had, going all the way back to high

school.

What was it with high school and blowjobs?

It didn’t take all that much effort to get him hard. And then get him big. She liked how he filled up her mouth, but she wanted to feel him in her pussy. Just as she was about to pull his cock free and get off her knees, his hand was more insistent on the back of her head. He wasn’t forcing her to continue sucking him off, but he didn’t want her to stop either.

So Claris kept going. She had done far worse for far less.

He stiffened even more and she knew what was coming. It had happened more times than she could remember, with Ed and with Ray and with all her previous boyfriends. It wasn’t that she hated it. It was that it was seemingly expected of her.

The first spurt of his cum hit her in the back of the throat. Reflexively she swallowed, clearing her mouth for the successive spurts of cum that filled her mouth. The taste wasn’t terrible, but was just too salty and too sour. The warmth and intimacy, however, was something that she did enjoy. If he wanted to cum in her mouth, she was fine with it.

He just needed to empty her tits as well.

The moans he made weren’t loud and she liked hearing them. When he was done, he carefully withdrew his cock from her mouth. Claris stood up and swallowed several times, trying to clear the taste but it lingered.

“You have a talent for sucking cock,” he complimented her.

“If only I could make a living doing that,” she said sourly while looking around the office for something to drink. Usually Ed had a bottle or two of water sitting around, but she didn’t see any.

When her gaze returned to him, he was looking at her like she had grown a second head out of her shoulder. “What?” she asked.

“You basically just said you wanted to be a sex worker. Giving blowjobs for money.”

“What?” She clasped her hand over her mouth. “Oh, shit! I did!”

He shook his head at her. “I thought I was paying you enough for your regular job.”

She smirked at him and spied his coffee mug on the corner of the desk. Taking the two steps over, she asked, “Do you mind?”

He raised his eyebrows and shook his head. “Be my guest.”

Claris wasn’t much of a coffee drinker. She preferred tea with sugar only. Ed took his coffee with sugar and her cream.

She had already taken her first swallow when she remembered that she was the source of his cream.

After freezing for a moment, she carefully set the mug back down on his desk.

“Problem?” Ed asked, slightly amused.

“That was my milk, wasn’t it?”

“Of course. It always is.”

It was roughly fifty-fifty as to if she would express her milk directly into his mug, or if she would discretely express herself into a small cup and then hand it off to him. It was a game they had been playing for a few years now. Today’s milk she had hand expressed into the cup. She didn’t remember how much she had produced for him this morning, but it wasn’t enough to get her tits to stop aching.

Her face soured at the realization she had drunk her own milk.

It took Ed a few seconds to realize what the source of her distress was. “You’ve never tasted yourself before?”

“No. Not intentionally. I mean, I’ve tasted it on your lips before.” They weren’t big on kissing, but she knew how sweet her milk could be. It wasn’t just a creamer to Ed. It was a sweetener as well.

“You’ve tasted your own pussy, haven’t you?”

“Yeah. You know that.”

But again, only second-hand. Either from Ed’s fingers that had been inside of her or his cock. She had never tasted her pussy directly from her own fingers. She had never tasted it from Ray. She had never tasted her pussy from Ray’s fingers or cock or mouth. She had never tasted her milk from Ray’s mouth.

And she had lied to Ed. Out of curiosity she had tasted her milk before. It was sweet, but that was about it. She didn’t get any special thrill from it.

But Ed did.

Ed certainly did.

“Then how is drinking your own breast milk any different?”

She shook her head at him. “I’m not complaining. I was just...surprised.”

“If I told you to drink your own milk, would you?” he asked her.

Claris hesitated. “Why would you ask that?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” he grinned at her as he tucked away his cock, sated for the moment. “Your tits are big enough to reach up to your mouth. I’d like to watch you suck on yourself.”

“You’re just making up some bizarre fantasy that you can’t do with your wife,” she said.

“You haven’t tried?” he asked, not at all perturbed by her mentioning his wife.

“No.” Her answer was definitive.

“Would you try if I asked you?”

She had avoided the question once; there was no way she was going to be able to do that again.

“If you wanted…” She looked away and hated herself for giving in to him. But

there was also the curiosity factor. And her need to please him because pleasing her own husband wasn't really possible.

"I want you to."

She nervously looked around the office. They had a good deal of privacy here, but it wasn't perfect. Their affair was far from perfect.

"Not here," she said. "Not now."

"Of course not. I just drained your tits." Ed stood up and walked purposefully around the desk, trailing his hand across her rounded ass as he did so. "How about next weekend?"

She laughed at him. "Yeah. Sure. You and me at the No-Tell Motel. Sure, Ed. Thanks for the quickie fucks in the office, but I can't."

Suddenly he got to be all business. "Next weekend is the suppliers conference. It is actual work. Bids and contracts and boring shit. Not even a golf outing. I hate golf outings."

"Yeah, I know. Your reservations are all set."

"Come up and stay with me Saturday night. I'll pay for everything; you'll have your own room. You're the office manager here. I need you there."

She regarded him evenly. "You don't need me there. You just want to fuck me and pretend you're a big shot not only banging your secretary but having her along on a business trip."

"Office manager," he said. It wasn't exactly a promotion, but it was a change in her title. That was something. It wasn't really anything, but it was something. "And I lust after your tits more than your pussy."

"There aren't any more rooms available at the hotel," she reminded him.

"Dennis won't be coming this year. You can have his room."

That she didn't know. But it still didn't change anything.

“I’ll have to think about it,” she said curtly.

Chapter Four

As much as she wanted to appear cool in front of Ed, the prospect of going away for a weekend, hell, even a night, was a tempting proposition. A night not having to be a wife or a mother, just a woman who would enjoy her body for the first time in a long time. Longer than she could remember.

She'd have to convince Ray.

She'd have to get her mother-in-law to babysit because Ray couldn't do it.

She'd have to be very careful with what she did and said.

She'd have to prepare for the actual business end of the conference.

Would it really be worth it?

She told herself it wouldn't be worth it at all.

That night at home, she took Elaine from Angie and went through all the usual nightly routines. Ray was late, as usual. He was always late now. It was worse than before. If Ed called her right then she would have instantly said yes to his weekend offer and would have invited him over to fuck and suck her while her daughter was sleeping in the next room. Ed would have to be fast because Ray might walk in at any moment.

The little fantasy she whipped up in her head got her more excited and wet than she would have predicted.

Elaine was asleep and who knew when Ray would get home? She was alone and there was no reason she couldn't enjoy herself.

The vibrator was buried in the back of the bottom drawer of the dresser. It was a struggle to get it out. It was a struggle to find batteries which she wound up stealing from one of her daughter's noisy, musical toys, but once it was on and she applied it to her pussy, it was all worth it.

The buzzing little toy went between her lips and up into her pussy. Then she pulled it out and teased her clit with it before shoving it back in and pulling it out and started pounding away at her pussy without even thinking about it.

Her moans were so loud that she hoped she didn't wake up her daughter and didn't really care. Her fleshy body shook with pleasure as the vibrator did its work and made her cum.

It was better than any orgasm she had ever had with Ray.

It was better than half of those she had had with Ed.

She needed to stop thinking about Ed. That was the whole purpose of using the vibrator.

Luckily the sound of Ray coming through the door pushed those thoughts aside and she stashed her vibrator away.

After a quick kiss and their usual greetings, Ray headed for the shower. She nodded from her position on the bed and waited. A minute into his shower Ray's phone buzzed from his side of the bed on the nightstand where he had left it.

And then it buzzed and buzzed again.

It made Claris think of the vibrator she had stored away under the bed.

And then it kept buzzing, annoying the hell out of her.

To make it stop, she picked it up and punched in the passcode that Ray hadn't changed in years.

The phone automatically went to the messages that had been sent to him.

Except they weren't messages, they were photos.

And they really weren't photos, they were sexts.

Discovering that Ray was having an affair didn't surprise her all that much. She was having one of her own, after all. If there was something Claris was not, it was a hypocrite.

Accidentally finding evidence of his infidelity was disappointing, but in a way she had almost expected it.

Finding out that he was having an affair with another man wasn't something she

had prepared herself for.

The evidence was incontrovertible. Ray's face was in most of the pictures and he was sucking some other man's dick.

All the pictures were taken from Ray's lover's perspective. Ray proved enthusiastic at sucking dick. He must have known all the tricks that Claris did because it was obvious from the series of pictures that Ray had sucked his lover off to completion and swallowed the other man's load.

Just like Claris had done for Ed.

She read just one of the short messages that accompanied the pictures.

U were born 2 suc my dick

Claris couldn't describe how she was feeling. It was one thing to keep a secret of her affair from her husband, but it was another thing entirely for him to keep an affair from her. Especially an affair with a man.

She threw everything into question about her life.

She was angry and turned on at the same time. What was it about two men having sex that just did it for her?

Anxiously she scrolled through as many of the pictures as possible. They were mostly the same, just Ray sucking cock at different angles. She wondered if Ray knew he was being photographed while he did it.

She wanted to reply to the man who had sent the pictures but didn't know what to say. Glancing at the top of the screen she just saw the name "Alex". That was when the shower turned off. She only had a minute more with his phone before Ray came out.

Touching the name, the phone switched to the contact screen for Alex. No last name. No contact info except for his phone number. No picture. Nothing. Flipping back to their text conversation her stomach dropped as she scrolled backwards through the conversation.

She didn't have time to analyze it all, but it made her stomach tighten with

anxiety at the same time it was making her pussy wet.

The feelings the pictures were causing her were impossible to process.

Before the pictures there was a thread of a conversation. Claris scrolled up as she heard Ray moving around in the bathroom. The water in the sink was running. The end of the thread was just a bit of back and forth about coordinating a time —which was when they presumably hooked up tonight—but she found the start point of the conversation.

Cant wait to c u

Gotta be quick 2nite

Y?

Wife at home waiting

Fuck her Ha!

Not rilly

I dont do that

Dont talk about her

Chill

Just...don't

Fine. U ready 2 suk me?

Yeah

Ur a expert

Thanks

It wasn’t exactly the sort of romantic poetry that had wooed lovers over the years, but it still hurt.

It hurt bad enough that she didn’t want Ray to find out about her and Ed. She didn’t want to hurt Ray. She loved him. Even if he did suck another man’s cock.

Maybe that was just it. Sex only. Maybe Ray was just a little bit bi and needed to suck dick every once in a while. There was nothing in the exchange about love or feelings or plans for the future.

Maybe, just maybe, she could learn to live with having a bi husband.

And then the noise in the bathroom stopped. She hastily exited the messenger function and put the phone back where it belonged.

Her heart was pounding when Ray came back into the bedroom, but she kept a neutral expression on her face and pretended that everything was boring and normal.

Except she was still having an affair with her boss.

Except he was having an affair with someone named Alex.

Except she knew about him, but he didn’t know about her.

And she wasn’t planning on changing anything.

They exchanged pleasantries as he tossed aside his towel and grabbed a pair of boxers out of his dresser. She looked at his flaccid penis while trying to make it look like she wasn’t looking at his penis.

Ray was acting normally, making her think that maybe she had just imagined everything she had just seen on his phone. He barely acknowledged her gaze and slipped into bed next to her.

She wondered what he had been doing with his cock with Alex. Did Alex suck him off when Ray was done? Had Ray been jerking it while he fellated Alex? There were just so many questions she had and they would all remain

unanswered.

“Good night, hon,” he said and leaned over, giving her a peck on the cheek before turning out the light.

“Good night.” Claris lay there in the darkness for a minute, thinking. She tried to ignore the urge she felt right in the pussy, the urge to climb on top of Ray and fuck him.

They hadn’t had sex in...how long? A week? A month? Since Elaine was born? Claris couldn’t think of the last time. She knew that if she climbed on top of him, he would just reject her.

“Next weekend I have to take a business trip,” she said before thinking about it. Not exactly blurting it out, but close enough.

She felt his body stiffen next to her and not in a good way. “What? Why?”

“Annual contracts meeting. At the Iroquois Lodge up north.”

“But...why?”

“Dennis can’t make it. Some family thing. I’m going instead.”

“Oh.” Silence. “We’ll have to make plans.”

“Yeah. We will.”

The next morning was the usual whirlwind of activity to get ready for the day. And yet, between everything, else Claris still had time to text Ed.

I can be there next weekend.

The wait for his reply was excruciating. She dressed while she waited. This day it was a pleasure slipping on the red lace thong up her legs and securing it in the crevice between her buttocks. It was natural for her to slip a pair of nursing pads inside her bra. They were already leaking in anticipation of what Ed’s response would be.

She couldn’t wait to see him at the office. Already she was frustrated with her body because her tits were leaking milk; she wanted to save it all for Ed.

Ray had no interest in her body. That was fine. He could fuck his boyfriend. She’d fuck her boyfriend and Ed would suck her. It would all be perfect.

Finally his reply came when she was ready to walk out the door.

Good. Bring your tits and milk because that’s all I care about right now.

She should have been humiliated by his words.

She wasn’t.

She was turned on more than she wanted to admit to herself.

To Be Continued

Preview

Unicorn Hunters 1: Tracy

Jay was one of those arrogant twenty-somethings that knew he was more than handsome enough to get by and thought that's all he needed in life. While he was easy on the eyes there wasn't anything going on inside his head.

That didn't stop me from admiring his body. I had that right. After all, I was the one who had invited him into my bedroom.

I wanted to reach out and grab his cock just to feel the heft and firmness in my hands. While I wanted to make him cum, I wasn't going to do that, not right away. We were going to play with him first.

We. My husband and I. We had a handsome and arrogant and sexy young man in our bedroom. Naked in our bedroom. I knew I wasn't going to get to make him cum right away because my husband's cock was in his mouth.

Maybe I should back up.

We were both feeling it. We'd been married a few years. Things were going well: jobs, house, happiness. Right after we hit our sexual peak, I knew that something was off. There's no way to keep things going at the same pace when we had first met. Sex two or three times a day wasn't unusual for us. Daily was

mandatory. Eventually we dropped back to just weekly and we were both feeling the effects of it on our relationship.

Same story for every couple, right?

So we did exactly what every other couple did. We looked for a way to spice things up in the bedroom.

Shit. I hate that fucking phrase.

We were looking for a way to keep our sexual relationship going along with our romantic one. I was starting to have second thoughts about the whole marriage thing and I knew why. So what did I do? I asked my husband what he wanted to do to keep things interesting and exciting. I was following the same advice every relationship advisor and couples counselor has given out for the past century.

His fucking answer?

“I don’t want to say.”

How the fuck is an enthusiastic wife supposed to deal with an answer to that? We had tried all the usual stuff in our intense first couple of years: bondage (fun, didn’t matter which of us was getting tied up, but nothing I needed to keep doing), spanking (which I liked more than I admitted, but Bryan had a problem giving me a proper spanking because of some childhood abuse from his family), anal sex (which was a giant meh for me, it was okay with lots of lube, but I had

to use my hand on my clit while he fucked me, and the impression I got from Bryan was that he was trying it because anal was, at one point, the ultimate taboo in porn), and we even considered voyeurism but it seemed too difficult to work out the details (online voyeurism seemed dull). We certainly weren't going to delve into weird piercings (I had just my ears and my belly done, that was more than enough and Bryan had an earring in high school and college, but gave that up years ago), or leather costumes and dress up (that seemed silly and childish to the both of us). I actually googled a list of kinks and fetishes but declined to try them.

I knew what I wanted but I couldn't say it.

Bryan, my brave husband, had the strength to tell me what he wanted.

"What about a threesome?"

Even though he was suggesting just what I wanted, I still couldn't compel myself to say yes.

Why couldn't I do that?

I don't know. Judgement? The fact I was still trying to keep secret a part of myself that I should be happy to show to my husband?

"You just want to see me fucking another woman," I replied in what I hoped was a playful manner. I didn't know anything now.

“Sure. Or another man.”

That thought intrigued me. “You wouldn’t be jealous to see another man’s cock in me?”

We were in bed, I was wearing nothing but my nightshirt and he was in his boxers. All he had to do was put his hand up my shirt and he’d find an already wet pussy. I was tempted to grab his package to see if he was hard.

He had to be hard.

“Of course I’d be jealous,” he said. “Isn’t that half the point?”

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe it’ll make me want to fuck you more.”

That did it. I slid my hand under the sheet and over his hip. Yes, his cock was hard. He shivered a bit when I grabbed him.

“Would you wait politely for the other guy to finish in me or would you shove him aside and fuck me hard?” I asked.

“Which would you want?” he asked as he rolled on top of me. I couldn’t remember just then when the last time it was that we had sex.

I spread my legs and felt his hard cock pressing against my pussy. We were still separated by the cotton material of his boxers. My nightshirt was up around my hips. We were going to fuck. I was certain of that.

I didn’t answer his question. “Maybe you want to fuck another woman in front of me,” I said, teasing some more. We didn’t need more teasing. We needed to get his boxers off and his cock into me. Maybe this was just bawdy foreplay, but it was going to have to get me through the next week.

“Would you like that?” he asked moving against me.

It made it difficult to concentrate.

I thought about it for a second. Some strange woman on top of Bryan, riding him while I watched. The thought was hot. I’d be willing to do it. There was a tinge of jealousy at the thought, but I wasn’t the sort of person who felt like she owned her husband. I wanted him to be happy. If fucking another woman made him happy then I was willing to do that.

I was willing to do that because I wanted to fuck that theoretical other woman as well.

I’ve known I was bi ever since puberty hit. My secret desire in my sex life was to get in bed with another woman and fuck her just to see what it was like. But I was brought up prim and proper and being bi (or lesbian or gay or anything slightly outside the heterosexual norm was forbidden) wasn’t going to be a reality for me. Cousin Jerry was gay and I was one of the few family members that talked to him. Cousin Jerry was a doctor who was happily married with his husband. I don’t know how he escaped the family with his sanity intact.

My family issues aside, it’s just more socially acceptable now for a woman to explore her bi side.

At least that’s what I told myself.

That’s what I had been telling myself.

I wanted it to be true.

If it was true, maybe Bryan would he okay with a bi wife.

I shoved down his boxers and found his eager cock was absurdly hard.

That’s what I wanted.

“I’d be happy to fuck another woman in front of you,” I said as I fitted the head

of his cock between my nether lips. I couldn’t remember being this wet without some serious foreplay.

Was this foreplay?

He blinked at me as he sank his cock into my pussy. “You’d fuck another woman while I watched?”

“Yes,” I admitted because it had been too long since I had him inside of me. “Or you can fuck her,” I said trying to make some sort of respectable recovery. “Or we can fuck her together.”

“That’s fucking hot,” he hissed in my ear as he pounded into me.

Yes, it happened insanely fast. Yes, a true gentleman would have made sure I was good and ready to be fucked, but Bryan didn’t do that because I was good and ready. I wanted him to pound into me.

The sex was short but intense. I came so quickly I surprised myself. He came too, but that wasn’t surprising at all. It’s easy to get a man off.

It was the conversation we had the next morning that was the most revelatory.

“Are you serious about last night?” Bryan asked me.

I would have been happy to pretend that it never happened. We could have both said that we had sex and had used some fantasy talk to get things going. A fantasy that was never going to happen.

It was me who wanted to forget it all because to admit to it would cause me more anxiety than I wanted to think about.

“Last night?” I asked breezily. “That was some good sex, wasn’t it?” We were sitting at the breakfast table scrolling through our phones because we didn’t know what else to do with ourselves. I reached across the table and patted his hand. It felt patronizing when it was supposed to be a loving gesture.

“Yeah, but I was talking about what we said.” He looked down at my hand on his.

“Oh! That. Just fantasy talk, wasn’t it? Something to get us going.”

“I thought you were serious.”

“Well, people really don’t do that, do they?” I asked knowing very well that people had all sorts of kinky goings on.

“I’m sure they do...maybe.”

As much as I was trying to undermine what he was doing, I couldn't stop myself. "Well, even if we said yes, where would be find someone else? I'm certainly not going to fuck someone I know."

That was the real problem. I wanted to have sex with a woman, but I didn't know how to go about doing it. What are the chances that some woman I know socially or at work that I'm interested in would, first, want to fuck me, and, second, actually be bi or lesbian, and third, be discrete enough to not say anything about a clumsy pass I would make?

It was easier just to deny my sexuality and continue occasionally fucking my husband to mild satisfaction.

"Like everything else, there's an app for that," he said with a smile.

"Oh shit! Look at the time. I'm going to be late for work."

I practically ran out of the house. I wasn't proud of that.

But in our modern society, there's no way to escape from someone so easily. Bryan sent me several texts with suggestions for apps.

And I was stupid enough to look into some of them.

The boring part of looking for a casual hookup is all the grunt work that has to be done before any sort of sexual satisfaction. There was lots of boring work to do just to hook up and fuck.

Because I couldn’t help myself, I slowly slogged through it, found an app I liked, created a profile, and started narrowing down my search for a third to entertain Bryan and me.

Yes, I was looking for a unicorn. Yes, I was only looking for someone to come into our bedroom, fuck the both of us, and then leave. Yes, it’s somewhat dehumanizing. But that’s all I was willing to admit to myself that I wanted. That I was allowed. That was what would make me happy.

This didn’t happen in an afternoon when I had a little extra time at my desk. This took weeks, which was fine because it wasn’t like Bryan and I were having any more or any less sex.

I created two profiles, which is incredibly deceptive, I know, but I was looking for someone for Bryan and myself, but I was also looking for someone just for myself.

Was that cheating? Probably.

Was it nice? Definitely not.

Was it something that I felt I had to do otherwise I'd go crazy and divorce my husband because I wasn't getting the sexual happiness out of my marriage that I wanted? Hell yes.

I showed Bryan the profile I created for us as a couple. He was pleased with it. What we discovered right away was that there were plenty of couples looking for a unicorn, but surprisingly few unicorns out there. And we lived in a fairly large city known for its liberal attitude in all things.

The other thing I quickly discovered was there were plenty of women out there, married and not, who were looking for flings on the side with other women.

Apparently in the over thirty age bracket there were lots of unfulfilled women looking to explore sex without their husbands at their sides.

I knew what I was going to do and I wasn't proud of it.

Apparently modern dating is something I hadn't kept up on.

But is it really dating if I'm just looking for a hookup?

There was a lot of emailing and text messaging. Most of it was boring. I was starting to think that I was wasting my time because there wasn't a lot of interest.

Supposedly there were dozens of singles (and not so singles) in my area looking to hook up. That was a lie.

Since I decided I was just looking to explore and have sex, not have a relationship, I went entirely that route.

Do you know how hard it is to take a decent selfie that makes you look sexy but not slutty and not desperate?

Difficult. Very difficult.

And I didn’t want a bathroom mirror selfie with toothpaste on the mirror and a toilet in the background.

The trick that worked for me was finding a decent camera control app and setting my phone on a cheapie tripod. From there it was just a matter of posing and timing.

The one I eventually wound up using showed me sprawled on the bed in my best black lace lingerie. A keen observer could just barely see the outline of my dark nipples through the thin material of my bra. I kept my smile but not the rest of my face in the picture.

I felt a little guilty that I was posing in this lingerie when it was purchased for me by Bryan for some special occasion.

This was another special occasion, I reasoned with myself.

If everything went well, it would benefit him as well.

I had my suspicions about the app because I had my profile set so that just bi and lesbian women could see it. I was getting a surprising number of messages from men who liked my picture. That was nice, but I was looking for a nice woman to get into bed with. I didn’t want to just have an affair.

I wanted to have a lesbian affair.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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