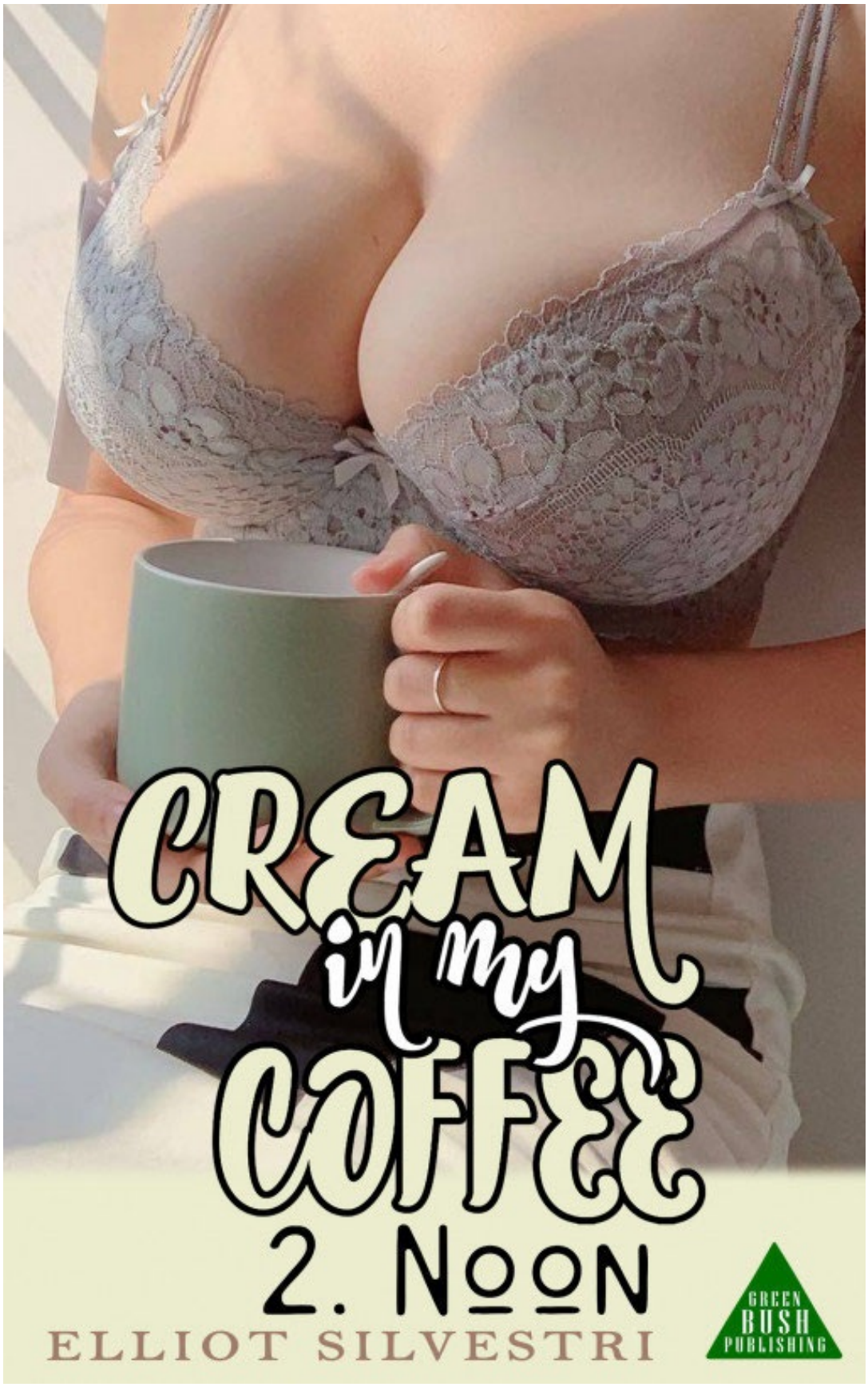
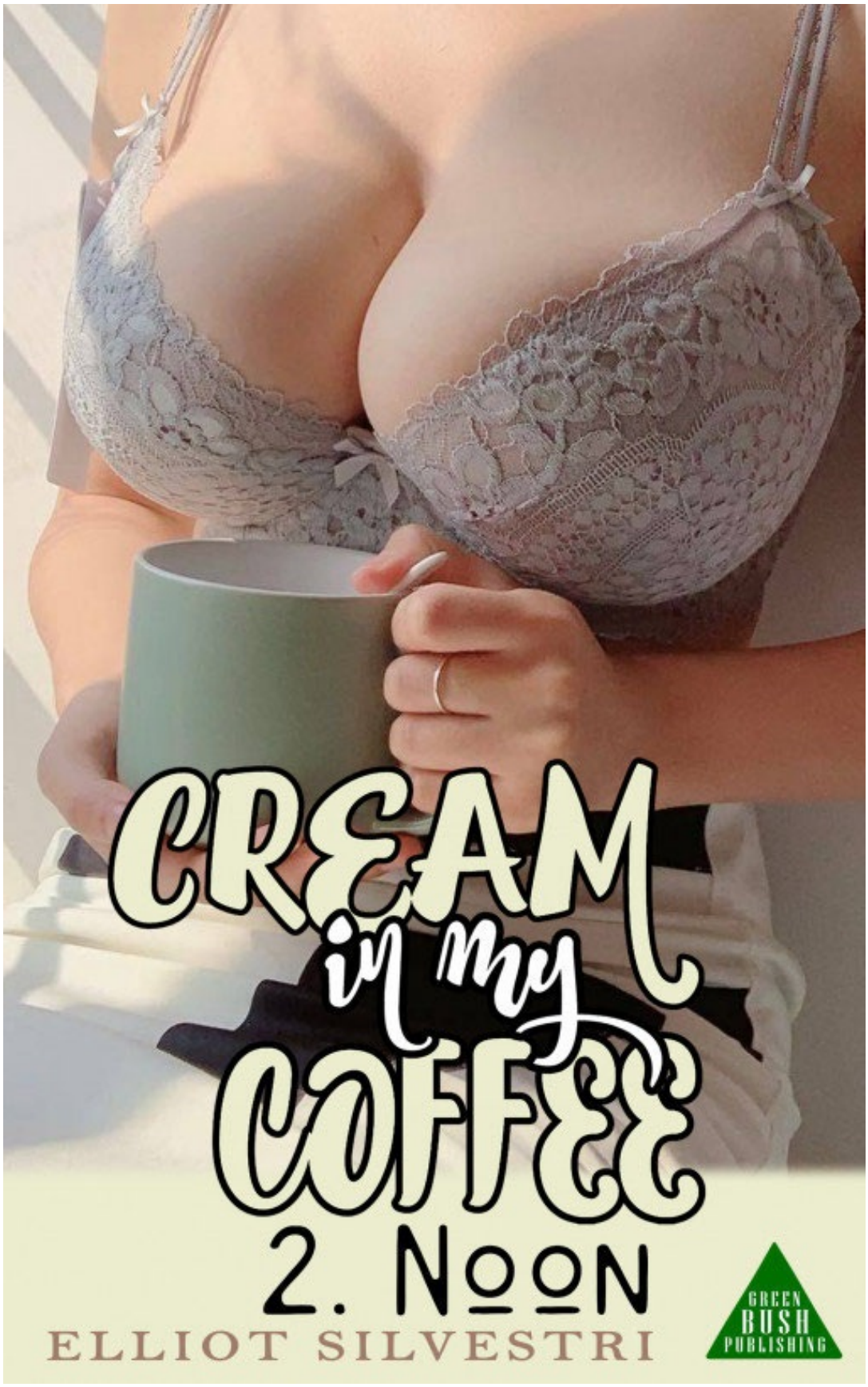

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Cream In My Coffee 2

Noon

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.

Cream In My Coffee 2: Noon

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Chapter Five

The conference was more work than Claris had anticipated. She had expected some light work Friday afternoon when the groups gathered, some social interaction, then drinks, and then going back to her room for a good night's sleep for the very busy anticipated Saturday contracts day.

Friday turned out to be a hell of a lot of organizational work and the social hour was mostly older men with big guts guzzling cheap beer. She was glad when everything was done for the night. Her tits were aching and all she wanted to do was go to bed and sleep.

She had barely had a moment to talk to Ed about anything. He was busy either glad-handing his peers or making her do the necessary work of the conference.

It wasn't the sexy times she had been looking forward to with Ed.

She wasn't even sure where his room was.

Frankly, she didn't care.

When Claris got to her room she stripped off her clothes and went to the shower. Her tits ached because they were overfull of milk. The hot water helped, but it wasn't what she needed.

What she wanted was all her milk to be drawn out so she could sleep in relative comfort.

With little Elaine still nursing from her erratically as a mother-daughter bonding exercise, Claris was happy to occasionally use her breast pump to keep up her supply.

And with Ed nursing from her on a regular basis at the office there was little risk that her milk supply was going to dry up.

She didn't want it to dry up. She wanted Ed to keep nursing her forever.

Or at least until they ended their affair.

She tried not to think of what they had as an affair, even though that was exactly what it was. She tried not to think about it that way because that meant she had

to think about Ray having his affair with Alex. He didn't know that she knew and she wanted to keep it that way.

The shower had been enough to get her tits to stop aching. She wanted to save as much milk as possible for Ed; she didn't want to use her pump and drain them.

After drying off she was frustrated because the only thing she really brought with her to sleep in was fancy lingerie in anticipation of spending the night with Ed. She did have a large t-shirt that she planned on using for the drive home or if she needed a spare bit of clothing. Putting that on she got into bed and was ready to sleep.

That's when the knock came at the door.

She was immediately reminded of a high school class trip where seniors were running up and down the hotel hallway randomly knocking on doors.

Claris waited it out.

There was a second knock.

With a groan of frustration, she forced herself out of the bed to lumber over to the door. Peering through the peephole, she saw Ed waiting expectantly.

"Fuck," she cursed to herself. It was unlikely anyone saw him in the hallway. It was further unlikely that anyone would care, but she wasn't sure if she wanted him in her room right then. She was more interested in sleep than in sex.

That's what she told herself.

Still, she couldn't not open the door to him.

"Hey," she said after sliding the latch free of the door.

Ed quickly looked her up and down. Claris wasn't ashamed of her body, but she still wished that she had lost the baby weight from Elaine. While maybe her curves looked good to some men, she was more interested in having her old body back,

Except for the larger tits.

The larger tits and the milk in them.

“That’s what you wear to bed?” he asked her, not stepping into the room.

“When I’m sleeping alone,” she said, not looking for witty repartee.

“I can fix that for you,” he said with a grin. “Do you know that it doesn’t come down low enough?”

She could just barely feel that her ass was exposed. Not that it mattered. Ed had seen much more of her body.

Without a further word, she turned around and walked back into the room. Though he hadn’t been invited, Ed followed. Her full ass was too tempting to resist.

Her ass and her everything else.

“What are you doing here so late, Ed?” she asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

He politely stood in front of her. If he stepped forward she was at the perfect height to give him a blowjob.

“You know why I’m here.”

“To fuck me?” she asked. Before the meeting she couldn’t wait for this moment, but now she was too tired and this was going to be a glorious night’s sleep in a giant, comfortable bed all by herself.

“No. To play with your tits. And your milk.”

She sighed. They had been whispering to each other what was going to happen when they got to the conference. She had been so looking forward to this night, but now that the moment had arrived, she found her preference was to sleep and wait for Saturday night.

“I’m not up to it,” she begged.

He wasn’t having any of that.

“Take off that t-shirt. I want to see your tits. And I think you promised me a little show first.”

While she liked how he took charge, she wasn’t sure if she was up to it. “It’s so...clinical,” she said, trying to find a way to get him out of her room.

“I want to see your milk. I want to taste it. I want to drink it. All of it. I want to fuck your tits. I want all of you. I want it now.”

He took a step forward. His crotch was only inches away from her face. She could smell his masculine scent, not all that different from Ray before he showered after work, mixed with alcohol. Was he drunk?

She should have been drunk.

His hands went to the sleeves of the oversized shirt and he started pulling it upwards.

Claris didn’t resist because she wanted him to do it.

She enjoyed sitting in front of Ed while she was naked and he was fully dressed. She felt vulnerable. Sexy. Horny. Everything she wanted.

“You promised,” he reminded her. “Did you bring it?”

Claris nodded. “Yes.”

It was in her suitcase. She had to get up to get it. She didn’t want to get up because that would mean she had to stand and wouldn’t be as submissive and vulnerable under Ed’s gaze.

Still, it was what he wanted and what she had, in a lust-addled moment, promised him.

Feeling his eyes upon her, watching her every move, was thrilling. Maybe her body wasn’t perfect, but he was still in lust with it and that was good enough. Getting the temporary object of his desire from her suitcase she went through the awkward motions of prepping the small machine. Luckily there was an outlet in the light next to the bed. Modern hotel conveniences worked to her favor.

He watched, fascinated, as she plugged it in, attached the tubes and bottles and other pieces of the apparatus. When she was done she pressed the power button and the pump buzzed to life. Putting the large collection cones to her tits, she carefully aligned the openings with her nipples. Once they were attached, the pump's noise mostly abated. The buzzing was still going on in the background, but it was much quieter.

There was a slight hiss of air being cycled as her nipples were drawn forward into the collection cones. Claris was used to the process. She didn't get any special thrill from using the pump. Except tonight, having Ed watch her, excited her in a way that she could elucidate. The sensation of being pumped and drained was boring, but having Ed watch it...now that was exciting.

There was a steady rhythm to the pump. Claris put back her shoulders and allowed her tits to be projected forward, so that Ed might have a better view. While it looked like it should hurt, having her nipples stretched out as far as they possibly could, it didn't hurt at all. It might have been because her nipples were toughened from years of using the pump and being nursed by little Elaine...and Ed.

It shouldn't have turned her on, but it did.

"Holy shit! Are you in pain?" Ed asked.

Smiling, Claris just said, "No. I sort of like it. It's...comforting."

After less than a minute, the pump wasn't just pulling on her nipples. It was drawing out the milk. The first couple of squirts were hardly that. Just a few drops that clung to the skin of her nipples. On the pump's next cycle there were many heavy drops and then, on the third cycle, her breasts responded in the way they were supposed to. Streams of milk shot out of her nipples, filling the end of the collection cones and then it drained down into the bottles attached to the pump.

Because she was so used to this process, her body did exactly what it was supposed to do. The milk flowed easily and steadily with each cycle of the pump.

"That's...that's amazing," Ed breathed enthusiastically.

Claris shrugged. “I’m used to it. It’s pretty dull.”

“It’s fucking hot!”

“You have a strange definition of hot. Besides, you’ve nursed from me before. This is just a mechanical reproduction of that.”

“I know but...it’s like in porn watching a woman use vibrator as opposed to getting fucked. I don’t get to see it a lot.”

Ed was staring and his tongue had been loosened by lust and alcohol.

“Do you watch a lot of porn?” she asked, not exactly mocking him, but there was more than just a casual tease in her voice.

Realizing what she was implying, Ed managed to get a hold of himself before he answered. “No more than the average man,” he said, straightening up. He had been leaning forward to watch her more closely as she sat on the edge of the bed with the pump humming away.

The problem with standing up straight was that his erection was obvious. The bulge drew Claris’s attention. She reached out and cupped his manhood through his pants. “Want me to blow you while the pump works?” she offered.

Ed shook his head. “No. I want to watch this. I don’t want to be distracted.”

She laughed at him.

“What?”

“I used to babysit this boy back in high school. He was like...three years old when someone started building a new house across the street. Little Jimmy would spend the entire day just watching the construction equipment working. Easiest babysitting gig of my life.”

“I don’t get it.” Ed was flummoxed.

“Boys are easily fascinated by toys,” she explained to him.

He nodded. “Does it hurt?”

“No.” There’s a little pressure, but I’ve got tough nipples.”

“Sexy nipples,” he corrected her.

“Are you done watching?” she asked. The bottles were almost half full and she knew from experience that she could easily fill both bottles, but she didn’t want the pump drawing out all her milk. She wanted Ed’s mouth on her breasts.

“I want them completely empty,” he said, still mesmerized.

“I’m close to that already,” she easily lied. She was becoming an accomplished liar.

“Really?”

“I’m an easy milker,” she declared.

“Uh-huh. What are you going to do with the milk when you’re done?”

She hadn’t really given that any thought. “I’ll just dump it down the drain.”

He nodded, barely hearing her words. “Are you almost there?”

Glancing down at the bottles, she saw they were two thirds full now. That was enough. “I’m almost done.”

“Okay, you can stop,” he told her.

Her lips twisted into a contortion of a smile. She didn’t like that he was giving her orders like she had no agency over her own body. Still, she switched off the pump and disconnected the bottles from the collection cones. Ed eagerly took them from her.

With the bottles disconnected, the suction released, allowing her nipples to retract back to their normal position. The cones pulled free and her breasts hung normally against her chest. Her nipples were slightly swollen and the skin around her areolas was slightly reddened, but nothing that she wasn’t used to.

Ed reached out and hefted both of her breasts, feeling their weight and shape. “Wow, you really go down in size when they’re empty.”

“Makes sense, right?”

He nodded. She started to put the pump and its accoutrements away. Glancing up, she saw that Ed was in the process of unscrewing the caps to one of the bottles. “Careful,” she cautioned him. “You don’t want to spill and make a mess. It’ll stink like you wouldn’t believe.”

Ed just nodded and reached into his jacket’s pocket, withdrawing a small clear glass bottle. She couldn't see the label, but right away Claris knew what it was. The shape was obvious and familiar to anyone who spent a large amount of time in hotel rooms.

“What are you doing?”

“Ever have a white Russian?” he asked while opening up the small glass bottle and upending it into the bottle of her breast milk.

“No.” The response was automatic and it was unclear if she was saying no to his question or if she was protesting the abuse of her precious milk into a cocktail.

“Used to drink them a lot. I’m looking forward to this variation.” He screwed the bottle cap back on and gently shook it to mix the vodka and milk.

She watched, fascinated and horrified. “You can’t waste it like that.”

“I’m not wasting it.”

Once more unscrewing the lid, he cautiously lifted it to his lips. There was a froth of milk bubbles at the top that threatened to spill over the side. The bottle was completely full.

He cautiously sipped at the contents. He smiled and took a second, heartier, sip. “It’s delicious,” he declared.

“I’m sure,” she said as positively as she could. When he offered her the bottle she demurred. “No. That’s okay. I’m not into drinking my own milk.”

“It’s a little cocktail to loosen you up. Claris’s milk cocktail.” He held it inches from her face. It was an aggressive gesture she didn’t appreciate, but the easiest thing to do was to go along with his plan. How bad could it be?

The sweetness of the milk was overwhelmed by the vodka. Even so, it wasn’t bad. It wasn’t a white Russian, but it was still...well, not exactly tasty, but a different drink than she had ever had.

It made her wonder about the warnings she had been given by her doctor when breastfeeding little Elaine. Don’t drink any alcohol while nursing. You don't want to get your baby drunk.

It was unlikely that any alcohol would actually make its way into her breast milk just from her having a glass of wine, but it was possible.

How drunk would she have to get in order to make naturally alcoholized breast milk?

Ed nodded after she had sipped the cocktail she and he had devised together, and took another sip, this time significantly more than before. Less than a third of the original amount remained.

“Do you know what I want to do now?” he asked her.

“I was hoping you’d want to get drunk and party,” she said, a wry smile on her lips.

“I want to fuck you. And I want to suck out the last of your milk. You aren’t completely dry, are you?”

She curled her hands protectively around her breasts. She could feel the milk in them. It wasn’t bursting to get out, but it would be nice to have Ed nurse directly from her.

“No, not completely. I always have a little left for you.” She smiled and dropped her breasts. One hand she put between her legs, feeling her pussy. It was wet. Not soaking, but wet. The other hand she reached out and grabbed Ed’s crotch. She could still feel his erection and it made her glad that the vodka hadn’t given him a case of whiskey dick.

“You want me to fuck you?” he asked.

“Uh-huh.” She did. She wanted to more than she had realized.

“You want me to suck you?”

“Yes…”

He pushed her hand away from his cock and got down on his knees. Her tits weren’t dripping the way he liked, but when he leaned forward and started sucking, the milk was right there and flooded into his mouth. It was much better right from the source, even if it wasn’t mixed with vodka.

Claris moaned and carefully placed the mostly empty bottle he had been drinking from on the nightstand next to the other one that was still largely full.

He held the breast he wasn’t nursing from with one hand and sucked greedily from the other breast. His free hand he used to start undressing. Claris leaned back and supported her weight with one hand while keeping the other hand wedged between her fleshy thighs, masturbating.

It wasn’t easy, but eventually Ed managed to undress himself. By the time he was done stripping, Claris’s tits were completely empty of milk.

She wasn’t looking forward to the next part.

She had been certain that he had been kidding about what he wanted to do. It wouldn’t be that difficult, but she had never done it before and just the thought didn’t excite or interest her.

But she was doing this for him as much as her.

“Lay down,” he ordered.

She did so, and immediately her tits flattened to her chest. There was still plenty of flesh, but the high mounds that men looked for in her chest were gone. It wasn’t that her breasts had disappeared or even gone saggy; it was the absence of her milk made them flatten out.

Ed straddled her body, one leg on either side of her torso. “Push them together,” he told her.

How drunk is he? Claris wondered. Was this just some fantasy he wanted fulfilled because his wife didn’t have the tits that Claris did? Was it something

more? He already got her milk on a regular basis, what more could he want?

Apparently the more that he wanted was this.

It wasn't humiliating, she told herself, it was a common enough thing that lots of men wanted it. It was a porn trope, that she knew. It was still silly in her mind.

His large, engorged cock was between her breasts, curving slightly upwards, toward her face. It was easy enough to press her tits around his cock. Her tits were more than large enough to completely engulf the length of his cock. They were so large that his cock all but disappeared in the massive expanse of flesh she manipulated around his manhood.

He didn't just let it disappear. Once they figured out the placement, he started thrusting his cock back and forth. Again, it took a little effort to figure out how to make it work, but once they had puzzled out the mechanics, it was easy to continue on.

"Ohhh...fucking yesss!" Ed moaned as he fucked her tits.

Claris was mildly amused at his reaction. It was more than a little silly to her, but obviously he was enjoying it. If it made him happy, why not do it?

Getting tit fucked did nothing for her sexually. The sensation didn't hurt or bother her, but it didn't stimulate her body or her mind.

What was the point?

Ed's eyes were closed as he lived out the fantasy of using Claris's tits as a pussy substitute. He made all the usual noises of a man fucking the woman of his dreams, but Claris just wished that she wasn't so bored by the whole process.

In an effort to relieve the boredom, she bent her head forward and on the next thrust of Ed's cock, she stuck out her tongue, letting the velvety head slide along the warm, wet organ.

Ed stopped thrusting.

"What did you do?" he asked accusatorially.

She would have shrugged her shoulders if she wasn't in such an awkward position. "Nothing. Just licked you. Did you like it?" She grinned up at him, wondering if she was making trouble and happy to do so.

"I wasn't expecting it."

"Do you want me to keep doing it?" she offered. It would at least give her something to do while he used her body.

"I...I don't know."

"Well, I will, just tell me if you want me to stop."

"I wasn't expecting a blowjob."

"I can give you a blowjob if you want," she happily offered. Claris liked giving blowjobs.

"No. That's not what I want. Just...just lick me as I fuck you. But don't suck! I don't want that."

"Sure." It was a weird negotiation, but why the hell not.

As Ed continued to thrust between her tits, she would lick the head and underside of his cock as each thrust reached up to her mouth. Claris adjusted how she was holding her tits so that he was forced to move up and put his cock closer to her mouth.

Oddly, the whole thing seemed to excite him more and more, even though he was initially reluctant to let her lick him.

At the very least, pleasing him made her a little bit happy.

Claris settled back and decided to take what little enjoyment out of this act as she could.

And then a moment later she felt her chest being covered by water. Slightly warm water. Her eyes popped opened and what she was seeing wasn't what she was expecting.

In his hand Ed held the second bottle of her breast milk. It was now empty. He had poured the entire contents back on her tits.

“Fuck yeah,” he moaned and started fucking her tits faster.

Claris didn’t know what to do so she just continued to hold her tits around his cock. She knew that she should have let go and insisted he leave so she could clean up the mess. That didn’t happen. She continued on, holding her tits in place and flicking out her tongue to stimulate his small head.

She had tasted the salty-slippery flavor of his precum, but now she tasted her breast milk as well.

It wasn’t all that bad. It wasn’t like she suddenly understood his kink, but she could at least appreciate what he needed.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck,” Ed moaned louder. He fell forward slightly and braced himself against the bed’s headboard. She could feel the heat of his cock and knew what was going to happen.

She couldn’t have moved away if she had wanted to.

Two more strokes was all it took. He came and splashed his thick, white cum all over her neck and chin. She was grateful that he didn’t cum in her eyes.

That was what had set her down the path, in high school at least, of swallowing a guy’s load. One boyfriend had cum in her eye—it was once, only once!—and that was enough for her. She would rather drink a river of cum than have it in her eye again.

Getting it on her face wasn’t so bad.

Ed was thrilled with the outcome.

Outcum.

“Oh fuck...YES!” he declared when he was able to open his eyes and see what he had done to Claris. “You look beautiful!”

She smiled wanly up at him. “It’s been a while since someone came on my

face.” She didn’t want to move too much and get his cum everywhere, but she didn’t want to leave it on her face either.

Ed threw one leg over her body and fell back on the mattress. “Thank you,” he said politely. “I’ve been wanting to do that forever.”

“If you wanted to cum on my face, you should have just asked,” she told him. “I’ve had guys do a lot worse.” Carefully she sat up and, holding her hands up to her face to catch any inadvertent drips, she padded softly to the bathroom where she grabbed a washcloth from the rack, got it wet, and started wiping away evidence of Ed’s orgasm.

“I didn’t just want to cum on your face,” he called from the bedroom. “I wanted to fuck your tits. You have the most luscious, most lovely tits I’ve ever seen.”

She smiled at herself in the mirror. It was a compliment, even if it was a dirty compliment.

“Thank you.”

“My wife’s tits are too small for me to fuck.”

That soured her mood. Claris’s smile faded into a frown. As twisted as it was, she was glad that Ed couldn’t see the change in her expression. “Have you ever asked her?” she heard herself asking. Why she was torturing herself like that she didn’t know, but she felt some perverse obligation to keep the conversation going.

“No. Her tits are too small.”

Strangely, Claris felt satisfaction in knowing her tits were bigger than Ed’s wife’s. Not that it mattered. Tits were tits and boobs were boobs. There was no special advantage to being bigger or smaller, except maybe bigger ones could make more milk but that wasn’t necessarily the case, it was all about what one’s partner preferred.

“Have you gotten her to try to lactate for you?”

“She did it for the kids,” he said softly from the bedroom. She was having trouble hearing him over the running water in the sink. Passing the washcloth

one last time over her face, she turned off the water and headed back to the bedroom. This time she walked with pride. Yes, maybe she had a slightly curvier body than she wished for, but there was no reason to be ashamed of it. If nothing else, Ed loved it.

As she sauntered back in, she discovered Ed was now in the bed, under the sheets, as if he was planning to spend the night.

That's when she realized he planned on spending the night.

Claris froze. She wasn't expecting that.

It was one thing to cheat on her husband with her boss, to suck him off in the office, to let him drink her milk, to even carry on an affair during a business trip, but in her mind it was still a step too far for Ed to spend the night in her bed.

And then she wondered what Ray was doing in their house. Was Alex over? Was he sucking off Alex while Elaine slept in her toddler bed down the hall? Was Alex fucking Ray in the ass on their marital bed?

Those were simply wild speculations, it was just enough to motivate her to slip in bed next to Ed and press her naked body against his.

Automatically his hand grasped her breast. "I'm sorry, baby," he mumbled, "but I'm just so exhausted. I promise...I promise...I'll take care of you in the morning."

He had already turned out the light. In the dimness she could see his eyes were shut and it took only seconds for his breath to regulate. While he didn't exactly snore, it was a close approximation.

At least his snores weren't as bad as Ray's.

Chapter Six

If there was a best way to wake up in the morning, it had to be the way that Ed woke her on Saturday morning.

He had drunk too much and cum all over her face the night before, but he was still awake before she was.

His mouth was attached to her nipple and he was happily nursing away. Her milk was flowing out of her breast and into his mouth. With each swallow, he shot a little thrill of pleasure into her body.

Sensing a slight diminishing in the flow rate of her milk, he switched from one breast to the other. It was too much to resist and her hand slipped between her thick thighs, cupping her pussy. She wasn't masturbating, not yet. She just wanted to feel the heat of her pussy, to see if she was wet.

She was. She was very wet. She was ready for his cock which was pressing against her leg, as rigid as a bar of steel.

Realizing she was awake, Ed lifted his eyes to look up at her.

"Is this okay?" he asked around her nipple.

She just nodded, not trusting herself with words. Unable to resist, she pushed a finger into her pussy. She was soaking wet and she had to start fucking herself, sliding her finger in and out of her pussy, running it along the bump of her clit.

"You don't need to do that," he told her, feeling the motion of her arm. "I'll take care of you," he promised.

Nodding again, Claris stopped frigging herself, but kept her hand on her pussy.

It was easy to be distracted by Ed's nursing. He knew exactly how she liked it. Was it wrong to have a preferred partner who nursed from her the way she liked? Was it wrong to have a preferred partner who wasn't her husband?

Claris knew the answer to that question was it was definitely wrong to have a partner other than her husband.

Somehow that made the sex better.

Cupping her pussy while Ed nursed from one breast and then the other, he took care of her, making her cum so strongly that she was left gasping for breath afterwards.

“I’m jealous of your husband,” Ed said. “He gets to wake up next to you every morning and has this to quench his thirst.”

Claris sadly shook her head. “Well, no. He’s not into my tits or milk.”

Ed just looked at her, not comprehending. “Why would he not want to?”

She laughed at him. “I don’t think that all men are as into tits as you are. And certainly most aren’t into breast milk.”

“Sucks to be them,” he observed. “Is your husband an ass man? I can understand that because you have a fantastic ass. Not as perfect as your rack, but I understand it.”

“Yeah,” she agreed. “He’s an ass man.” She tried not to think about Alex. She had no reason to suspect it, but maybe Ray was into anal sex.

Maybe.

“So between the two of us, you must be one satisfied woman.” Ed grinned at her. His hair was a mess and his face was puffy from sleeping, but even so he was still attractive.

The fact that his hard cock was pressing against her thigh along with the stimulation she had already received from his suckling, made it easy for her to open up her legs to him.

Her pussy was wet and swollen. She could feel his velvety soft head pressing into her. She knew that she should have insisted he use a condom, but in the moment she didn’t care. Ray was fucking Alex, what did it matter what she did with Ed?

He happily smiled down on her as they fucked in the oh-so-traditional missionary position. She loved it. She would have told him that she loved him if she had dared, but she wasn’t that crazy.

Was she?

They were silent as they fucked, him thrusting in and out of her until it was all too much and he shot his load deep into her pussy and she clung to him as her body vibrated a second time that morning with sweet bliss.

The risk was more than worth it.

Chapter Seven

The rest of the day wasn't nearly as much fun as the start. Ed snuck off to his room to shower and dress. Seeing that the sheets to the bed were soaked, Claris pulled them off and dumped them on the floor. There was no way she was going to sleep in those milk-soaked sheets even if it had dried.

She then showered and ran down to the breakfast reception where the real work of the weekend took place.

The breakfast transitioned into a series of meetings. She was overwhelmed and unprepared and knew that her debauchery the night before with Ed, plus this morning, was the root cause.

Still, it was good to be busy so she didn't have to think about what she was doing to her life. What was she thinking, fucking her married boss? She was married. He was married.

But Ray was having an affair with a man.

She didn't want to think about what Ed's wife was doing that drove him to suck and fuck her.

They were so busy that Claris didn't have time to dwell on her thoughts. She didn't even have time to flirt with Ed...or any of the other attendees for that matter. Under normal circumstances she never would have considered flirting, let alone fucking, a near-stranger, but at the conference, she was willing to contemplate the possibility.

It was only at dinner that Claris had a moment to speak with Ed. Even that was unsatisfying.

"Up for round two tonight?" he asked as he sat next to her. They were at one of the large round tables that seated eight diners, but they were the only ones to have gotten plates at the buffet.

"I'm exhausted," she said, but even as she spoke, her breasts tingled. She hadn't had a chance to release any of her milk during the day. Claris was torn between wanting to just sleep and to get her tits drained by Ed.

She knew that having them drained would lead to sex.

She didn’t know how she felt about that.

“So take a nap and I’ll be by your room at eight.”

That was the solution. It was the best solution. When was she going to have another opportunity to freely be sucked and fucked by Ed? Probably never. This was her one weekend to completely debauch herself and then get back to some semblance of normalcy with Ray.

She’d bring up his dalliance with Alex. She’d forgive him. She’d keep her affair with Ed secret. She’d stop fucking Ed. Ray would be thrilled. Her milk would dry up and she’d be just another nice secretary working hard and making a living.

Office manager. She had almost forgotten about the promotion that Ed had given her.

She was grateful, but she wasn’t going to continue to fuck him just because he rewarded her for doing her job well.

Of course there was that niggling thought at the back of her head.

“That’s probably not a good idea,” she demurred.

“Are you going to use that pump to get the milk out of your boobs tonight?” he asked casually as if he were asking about the weather.

Damn it. She hadn’t thought about that. It was a way to relieve her milk supply. She often did it on the weekends when she wasn’t in the office with Ed, but she didn’t want to do it today, when she was alone, and Ed was literally right next to her.

“Yeah. I was planning on it.”

“That’s so...sad,” Ed told her.

It was the truth. They were supposed to be taking advantage of every free moment they had. It wasn’t like they could do this whenever they wanted.

They only did it on a daily basis at the office.

His words made her pause. “Yeah. I guess it is.”

“So...do you want me to come over tonight?” he tried again, leaning in with a slight raise to his left eyebrow.

Given the time to reconsider, it was an easy decision to make. “Sure. When can I expect you?”

“Eight. Eight is a good time.”

“Sounds good.”

“Want to try something a little wild tonight?” he asked.

“What?” she nervously replied.

“Just say yes. I promise you won’t regret it.”

That made her even more nervous. He wasn’t pressuring her or anything, but he just sprang it on her from nowhere.

“How wild?”

Ed’s smile almost gave it away. “If I told you, it wouldn’t be very wild or surprising, would it?”

She nodded in agreement.

Ed was punctual. That was good in his line of business. Claris hadn’t spent a huge amount of time getting ready for him, but she had relaxed in the shower to clean up for the day and to let the warm water get her milk activated. She wanted her milk to flow easily for Ed.

She wanted everything to happen easily.

As she waited she put on the bit of fancy lingerie for him. It was white and lacy and plunged down to her belly button showing off her cleavage. It was sort of trashy, she realized as she posed in front of the bathroom mirror, but it wasn’t

like it was going to stay on her body all that long.

Turning around she admired her ass. Yes, it was a little too big, but the way the garment fit her was perfect. The bottoms of her cheeks poked out just a little bit, saucy without being slutty. Her unicorn tattoo was only partially hidden by the lace. At a quick glance one could confuse it with a birthmark.

The lace was thin enough that even her pale skin was easily visible beneath the material. Looking at herself carefully in the mirror she detested the roundness of her belly, and that started her sliding down a vicious self-critique. Besides being too fat, her upper arms already had the sort of flab she had promised herself she would never develop. Her nipples were easily discernible through the fabric. They weren't that dark—hers were light brown at their darkest—but seeing them so prominent made her self-conscious.

Worse, at the apex of her thighs, she could see the inch-wide black strip of her pubic hair. None of it was sticking out, but she understood why so many models shaved completely. She liked her little landing strip, it made her feel sexy—most of the time—and not give her the aspect of a child.

She had to remind herself that Ed wasn't into her for her body or her looks. He really only cared about her tits and her milk. That's all he was interested in. She told herself that repeatedly, trying to feel better about her body and self-esteem.

When the knock on the door came precisely at 8pm, she stopped worrying about herself and immediately thought about the thrills she was to shortly receive from Ed's mouth and cock.

It was impetuous to just throw open the door without first checking the peephole, but honestly who came to this resort in the middle of nowhere to cause problems? At worst it was a drunken guest looking for his room. A drunken guest that wouldn't remember Claris at all, but would leave her with a warm, wet thrill.

It was much worse than a drunken guest.

It was Ed.

The knock at the door was Ed, but he wasn't alone.

Another man stood next to Ed. Both looked sober at first glance, but they also both had the look of men starved and horny.

Claris was used to that gaze. She both dreaded and loved that gaze.

She was so surprised to find Ed with a companion she didn't think to react. She could have slammed the door or stepped away or even covered up with her hands, but she didn't. She could hear her blood pumping and nothing else. She was frozen in place.

That afforded both men the opportunity to leer at her.

She was used to Ed's gaze. That didn't worry or upset her. It didn't do anything for her.

It was the other man, the stranger, who caused her to react. It wasn't a reaction she had expected.

Her pussy suddenly got a lot wetter.

Her milk started to let down and soak the thin lace.

The pit of her stomach tightened up and she started to salivate.

Claris was well-familiar with the reactions of her body when she was aroused.

It was wrong to want to display her near-naked body to a stranger, but it turned out that she loved the attention.

"What?" she asked, suddenly realizing that Ed was talking to her.

"I said this is my friend Rick. I invited him over. You don't mind, do you?"

Slowly Claris shook her head.

"Would you like to invite us in?" he prompted her.

While she wasn't being rude, it was understandable that she didn't react right away when she opened the door for them.

"Of course. Come in," she invited them and turned around. The night had

suddenly gotten a lot more exciting. There was no reason not to show off her ass. Rick had already gotten more than an eyeful of her body. She might as well give him the full perspective.

“You weren’t lying, man,” Rick said to his friend as the men pressed into the room. Ed closed the door behind them.

“I hope you don’t mind me inviting Rick over,” Ed said as he walked in. “We got to talking and I couldn’t help but show you off.”

She was nervous. Her stomach was a tight pit of anxiety. Her knees were weak. She curled her fingers into a fist because she was so nervous that she was certain her hands would tremble if left to their own devices.

While it was obvious what Ed expected of her, she didn’t know exactly what Rick wanted. She didn’t know what she wanted to give him, but she surprised herself when she realized that she was eager to do almost anything that Ed suggested.

If she was going to debauch herself, she was going to throw herself fully into it.

“What do you think?” Ed asked. He wasn’t talking to Claris. He was addressing Rick.

“She’s smoking hot,” the man said. He was standing close enough to Claris that she could smell alcohol on his breath, but it wasn’t overpowering. He was tall, taller than Ed. While he was mostly nondescript, he had several military tattoos on his arms that were exposed under his short sleeves. With his clothes on he wasn’t showing off his body much and Claris found herself wondering what he looked like without any clothes on.

“Thank you,” she said politely.

“I like women with curves,” he said, leaning in a little more than was polite. At first she thought he was going to try to kiss her, but then she realized he was only staring at the gap in her lingerie between her tits. It was an unnecessary leer; she already had everything on display.

“Thank you again.” Her eyes flicked over to Ed. “What did you tell him?”

“I told him everything about you,” Ed revealed.

Claris wasn’t sure if she should be relieved or upset. Milk was already leaking from her nipples and she needed to be nursed. At this point she didn’t care if she was nursed by Ed or Rick or her pump.

“You really lactating, baby?” Rick asked.

“Yes. Why? Do you like that sort of thing in a woman?” She was overly arch and aggressive in her question.

“I dunno. But Ed here was telling me it was better than the finest Irish whiskey, so I knew I had to give it a try.” He stood up straight and looked down at her. Suddenly he remembered his manners. “That is...if you don’t mind. I know this is...uh…”

“Sudden?” she supplied. “A surprise?” She didn’t add that it felt a bit like Ed was whoring her out.

That thought excited her. If her tits had been completely bare she knew they would have been squirting out milk at the thought.

“Yeah. That.”

“Do you mind...sharing?” Ed asked her.

In that moment Claris realized that she didn’t mind sharing at all.

She wasn't being taken advantage of.

She had two men to service her.

It would be easy to get both of them to do exactly what she wanted.

Claris found it impossible to keep a smile from creeping across her face. “No. I don’t mind sharing.”

Without another word she slipped the straps of the overly elaborate bit of lingerie she was wearing off her shoulders and dropped it down to fully expose her tits.

Rick made a noise of approval and nodded enthusiastically. “Fuck yes! You’ve got the biggest tits I’ve ever seen in person.”

That made her wonder exactly how many naked women Rick had seen in person. One? Two? A dozen? Fifty? Was he a frequenter of strip clubs? Did he hire many prostitutes? Was he an experienced lady killer who only wanted the next conquest?

She didn’t care what he was. She just liked the attention.

“Thank you,” she said politely and cupped her hands under her breasts, lifting them up a little, as if offering them to him. And Ed. Ed was still in the room with them, but he had stepped to the side, watching intently. A quick glance to his crotch confirmed that he definitely had an erection.

“Are they real?” Rick blurted out, still staring in admiration at her tits while she wanted him to just grab them and start nursing. She could feel her milk begging to be released. In another moment or two her body was going to betray her and the milk would come out regardless of what she or Ed or Rick wanted.

Claris laughed at him. “Of course they’re real. Do these look like figments of your imagination?”

“No. They look real.”

Her smile was eager. “Touch them. You’ll know they’re real. It’s not like Ed is paying me enough to get fake ones.”

Ed laughed nervously at her proclamation. Rick ignored the laughter and moved incredibly close to Claris.

She lifted her tits a little higher, stretching them upward for Rick to fully appreciate.

He finally got the hint and pushed her hands aside so that he could fondle her breasts.

Despite herself, Claris let out a little moan as he squeezed her breasts. He wasn’t hurting her, but she was right on the knife-edge of pain soon to be replaced with much sought-after relief.

“They’re real,” Rick declared right before he bent his head down and took a nipple in his mouth.

The moment he sucked, her milk shot into his mouth. It was the release that Claris needed. If he was startled, Rick didn’t give much indication. He continued to suck as she continued to fill his mouth with sweetness.

She couldn’t help but moan. It was what she wanted. In that moment she realized she didn’t need it from Ed or anyone in particular. Any man would do, as long as he wanted to suckle from her.

As he continued to nurse on her, Claris pushed her lacy outfit over her wide hips and let it fall down her thighs to the floor. She didn’t mind being naked in front of the men.

She enjoyed it.

Rick unexpectedly backed off and grinned at her. “Like sugar water,” he said.

“I’m told it’s very sweet,” she confirmed for him.

He looked down at her naked body and if realizing just then that she was completely naked. “You have a fucking fine body,” he complimented her

“You like it?”

“What man wouldn’t?”

Claris tried not to think about her husband fucking Alex.

“Want to take this to the bed?” she asked Rick.

“Hell yes!” he declared and then nervously turned to Ed. “If that’s all right with you, my man,” he said politely, almost guiltily. “I don’t know how far you want this to go.”

Before Ed could answer, Claris filled in the blank. “I want it to go all the way.”

That answer seemed to startle Ed, but Claris didn’t let that stop her. She crawled onto her bed and sprawled on her side, displaying her body. She wasn’t exactly

sure how she should arrange her body to look sexy and sultry, but she tried her best.

She didn't really need to try. Both men were making little effort to conceal their erections bulging inside their pants. Ed nudged Rick forward.

The near-stranger quickly shed his short-sleeved shirt and shoes and socks. While he wasn't as fit as Ray was (a thought which gave Claris another pang of guilt) his chest was broad and toned.

He joined her on the bed a moment later. Instead of crawling on top of her body and trying to take every advantage of her that he could, he instead lay on his side and put his mouth to her breast. While Claris should have expected it, to see a man other than Ed do exactly that was mind-blowing.

As always, her breasts performed exactly as she expected. The one he nursed on easily released milk with every suckle. Her other breast dripped steadily, but she didn't care where the milk wound up.

Rick instinctively knew to move back and forth between her tits to keep the milk flowing steadily and to take full advantage of her supply.

Once he started nursing in earnest, she couldn't stop her reaction. Her milk flowed. Her lust increased. Her pussy got wetter and wetter. To find some relief for what she needed, her hands sought out Rick's belt and zipper. He didn't try to stop her as she opened up his pants and went searching for his cock.

While being momentarily stymied by his tight underwear and having to caress his hard cock through the cotton fabric, Claris realized that Ed had joined them on the bed.

Opening her eyes she saw Ed's familiar cock right in front of her face. While she had been distracted, he had undressed and was ready for her. He was fully hard and a pearl of precum had formed on the tip.

Knowing exactly what he wanted, she parted her lips and with her hand that had recently been digging in Rick's pants and fondling his dick, she guided Ed's cock into her mouth where she started sucking him.

This was too far. She knew she had gone too far. This wasn't the type of woman

she was, or at least it wasn't the type of woman that she considered herself. But there was no stopping it now.

Rick, perturbed that Claris was focusing too much attention on Ed, finished undressing himself even as he continued to suck on her tits.

He couldn't exactly get his cock into her pussy while she was on her side and servicing Ed, so instead he put it between her thighs and slowly thrusted back and forth, pleasuring himself, while continuing to suck on her tits.

"You wanna fuck her?" Ed asked Rick.

"Yeah, hell, if you don't mind," Rick replied. He somewhat guiltily looked up at Claris. "That is...if you want to."

She knew she should have said no. Things had gone too far and too fast and this wasn't the person she wanted to be.

But it was too late.

It was the person she was now.

Taking Ed's cock from her mouth, she said, "I'd love that."

"Do you want her pussy or her mouth?" asked Ed.

"I'd love to use her mouth," Rick said, almost thoughtfully, "but I really want her pussy."

"Go ahead. There's plenty of time and plenty of her to go around."

Hearing herself discussed that way should have upset Claris. She wasn't a piece of meat. She wasn't a whore. She didn't know what she was.

But she was enjoying herself when she knew she shouldn't have been.

Ed backed away allowing Rick to roll Claris onto her back. He moved up her body and kissed her. It was wrong to kiss him back, but that was a minor sin compared to everything else she had done. Only when his hard cock was nudging her nether lips open did she start to come to her senses.

“No...wait,” she insisted, pushing back, trying to get him off her body.

“Here,” said Ed, interrupting. “Use this. Better safe than sorry.” Ed handed Rick a still-wrapped condom. There was some fumbling about as Rick knelt between her legs and inexpertly rolled on the condom.

Claris wondered when the last time Rick had used a condom was. It didn’t matter. Eventually he got it on and then he was back into position. It was a stupid thing to worry about because Claris was convinced she couldn’t get pregnant, and then all other thoughts were gone as his cock pushed between her lips and she opened up and her body accepted his cock.

He filled her up nicely. She moaned loudly as he entered her. She didn’t want to sound like a slut, but that’s what she was and there was little reason to hide it now.

Rick didn’t play games. He got right to business and started fucking her fast and hard. She liked it more than she wanted to admit. Flesh slapped on flesh. Claris tightened up her body. It was quick, but the thrill of doing something so illicit had gotten her worked up. It wasn’t going to take much.

Apparently the same was true for Rick. He pounded away at her, unable to control himself, which was unfortunate because he couldn’t last the way she wanted him to.

He came. She couldn’t exactly feel it, but there was a pulse in her pussy and he groaned loudly letting her know he was done. He thrusted spasmodically a few more times, taking every small advantage of the orgasm, and then he was fully done and collapsed on her.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to cum so fast. It’s just that you have perfect tits...and the milk...and your pussy is so hot and tight and...and everything.”

It was nice of him to admit that he knew he hadn’t gotten her all the way there, but it didn’t solve her problem of being on the edge without any relief.

“It’s okay,” she said, when it wasn’t. “It’s fine.”

“Get off her,” Ed ordered. “Let me show you how a real man fucks a woman.”

Rick did as Ed requested. It made Claris wonder if the two of them had used other women in this way before. She couldn't remember if Rick was someone important in their line of business or if they were just old friends reconnecting at a conference.

It didn't matter.

Ed knew how to please her. He didn't give her much of a chance to protest.

As Rick rolled off her body, Ed replaced him. Claris barely spared Rick a glance but saw that his shrinking cock was still covered by the condom, the head filled with his cum.

And then Ed was inside of her. It was the first time she had ever fucked two men right in a row. Even when she was younger and dating all sorts of men, all well before Ray, the closest she ever came to fucking two different people was a week apart.

And she didn't care. She wanted to be the biggest slut possible.

Reaching down for Ed's cock she fondled his balls. She liked feeling the velvety sack that held the essence of his manhood. Ed regularly shaved his balls and he recently done so before the conference because she couldn't feel a single hair or bit of stubble.

And then she realized as she adjusted the angle of his cock inside her that he wasn't wearing a condom like Rick had.

Had Ed run out of condoms? Had he only brought one along with him? That was strange and stupid.

Seeing the concerned expression on her face, Ed smiled down on her. "You know I'm safe, baby," he said and kissed her.

Was he? She didn't know that for sure, but it was too late now. She wanted to have Ed cum inside her pussy.

Every bit of risk was worth it.

The changeover from one man to the next had been done smoothly. Her pussy

was primed and more than ready. Ed started fucking her the way she loved and then...and then he ducked his head down to her huge tits and sucked on a nipple.

She was still full of milk so in no time at all her milk was filling his mouth.

“Fuck...” she moaned.

And then she came. The orgasm swept over her so suddenly that her entire body shook with pleasure. Her pussy wanted to gush liquid all over his cock so that sliding back and forth would be easier. Her tits fountained up milk.

Ed laughed at her and licked up the thin, white fluid on her chest and continued to fuck her until he came.

He came inside her.

She loved every bit of it.

The stark reality of what she had done hit her when she was in the bathroom cleaning up. That didn’t stop her from coming back to the bed where both men were waiting, talking about either work or fucking her.

The real problem was she was still as horny as hell.

They watched as she crawled up from the foot of the bed and approached Rick. His cock was laying against his thigh and he allowed her to take it in hand, though he wasn’t really watching that. He was watching her heavy breasts hang down.

“Ever been sucked off by a lactating mom before?” she asked him before consuming all his manhood.

Ed watched in approval, slowly masturbating. Claris wished that he could get behind her upraised ass and fuck her from behind, but that wasn’t his interest.

Since she loved giving blowjobs, it was easy for Claris to get Rick hard again very quickly. Or maybe he was just as horny as she was. Or maybe something else was going on. It didn’t matter.

In less than three minutes he was fully erect and straining not to cum. She could

feel him pulsing in her mouth. All it took was a firm squeeze to the balls and he was cumming.

As his cum filled her mouth, she briefly wondered if what he was doing was in any way similar to what she did for them. Was cumming in her mouth the equivalent of Ed and Rick sucking her milk from her tits? The liquid wasn't the same, but it served the same purpose, didn't it?

When he was done cumming, she let his softening cock escape her mouth and she looked up at him, opening her lips and sticking out her tongue to prove she had swallowed his load.

"Holy shit," Rick breathed.

Claris wasn't done. Ed had a hard cock and she was still horny. Moving over from Rick's body, she pushed aside Ed's hand and took his cock into her mouth.

"She's a fucking horndog," Rick exclaimed.

"Yeah, she's a slut," Ed said softly as he closed his eyes and concentrated on what Claris was doing to his manhood. She was more familiar with Ed's cock and what he liked, but that didn't make blowing him any easier. Pleasuring him wasn't all fun. Her ass was still in the air and her tits hung beneath her body and Rick didn't take the hint that she wanted attention. That pissed her off.

Eventually she got Ed to cum. It wasn't that difficult. She swallowed all of his load as well. It was only polite. And she was glad to do it.

She felt Rick's eyes upon her and she looked over at him. Strangely, she didn't feel nervous or guilty. She was disappointed his cock was still soft, but there wasn't anything more she could do about that.

"That was a hell of a show," he said as he rolled off the bed and began grabbing his clothes. "But I've gotta leave early in the morning so…"

Looking up at him with a wan smile, Claris offered her tits to him one last time. "Sure you don't want one last taste?"

He was half dressed and he considered her offer for half a second, but then shook his head with a definitive no. "Sorry but…" He didn't bother finishing the

statement, but simply grabbed his shoes and all but ran for the door. She wondered if Rick would put his shoes back on in the hallway or if he would walk in his socks all the way to his room.

Turning back to Ed she wanted to ask him why he had brought Rick to the room —and to thank him—but Ed was already asleep, lightly snoring.

“Fuck,” she cursed. “We could have paid for just one fucking room and saved the company some money.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Unicorn Hunters 2: Jay

After my first time with Tracy, Bryan and I became much more honest and open with each other, which was really the point. Sex between us became more frequent. We weren't back to twice a day, every day, but three or four times a week. I even masturbated a couple of times on my own, something I hadn't done in years.

We started using the hookup app together and comparing notes. I knew exactly what Bryan wanted. Finding out what he wanted wasn't that difficult. The hard part was finding an appropriate match and then arranging a time.

Things didn't cool off between me and Tracy. We didn't have time to hook up the way we wanted, but things were looking up.

Texting back and forth was convenient, but it seemed to stretch out a conversation that should have taken ten minutes top. Our text messaging went something like this:

Me: I really want to get together with you again

Tracy: me too

Me: when

Tracy: soon?

Me: Monday after work?

Tracy: Tuesday would be better for me

Me: Great! What about our husbands?

Tracy: Fuck em

After a half hour pause on my part because I wasn't sure if she was serious or not and I was a work and actually had work to do.

Me: Are you talking literally?

Tracy: Do we want to involve them?

Me: I sort of proposed to Bryan that I'd fuck you in front of him. Sorry. The moment got away from me, but in my defense, he did have his cock inside me

ATM

Tracy: ass to mouth?

Me: what?

Twenty minutes later...

Tracy: ATM. Ass to mouth. Or automatic teller machine.

Me: I had a friend who calls them any time money

Tracy: Weird.

Several hours break because of work and commuting

Me: But I meant ATM as in “at the moment”

Tracy: right. makes sense.

Me: do you want to do it in front of Bryan? Or maybe we could start with Will

I had to wait overnight for her reply because of life and sleep

Tracy: Not Will. No.

Me: I thought you two used to be swingers

Tracy: we were. Are. Sort of.

After a pause to get to work.

Me: I was just offering either husband to be fair. Or maybe we could do a fourway swap? Is that what it’s called?

Tracy: I’d rather not involve Will right now

After a long, nervous pause from me because something was off

Me: Did I touch a nerve?

After another pause which only made me more nervous.

Tracy: No. I'd just rather try a threeway with you and your husband.

Me: Really? You haven't even met him yet.

Tracy: after I meet him, of course. Maybe he'll only get to watch.

Me: He told me he wants to beat off while watching the two of us.

Tracy: Of course he does (she then included the eye rolling emoji)

Me: Are you okay with this? I don't want to pressure you or anything or get you in trouble with your husband. Are you two going through a tough time?

Tracy: Don't worry about me. We're fine. I do want to fuck you one more time before I meet Bryan.

Me: (swelling with pride and lust because she wanted me) You do?!?

Tracy: Wasn't it good for you, just the two of us?

Me: Yes

Tracy: So there

Me: When?

I was too lust-addled to think about what we had already planned.

Tracy: We already said Tuesday, or is that no good for you now?

Me: Now would be perfect. I have lunch in an hour. Want to come over to my office, pretend to be a client, and cum in my office.

I had shoved my hand between my thighs and was vaguely rubbing myself. I don't have a perfectly private office, but there was enough privacy for the moment.

Tracy: Yes, but no. Can't do it right now.

Me: I'm going to the bathroom to jill off in ten minutes. I can't stand it right now!

Tracy: Maybe I'll join you.

After that, I did exactly what I said. Our office bathroom is private and clean. I pressed my back against the wall and got myself off with my hand while thinking about Tracy doing the exact same thing miles away.

Unless she was lying.

We met at my house. I knew it wasn't as nice as her place, but if she was going to be a bitch about the person I was, it probably wasn't worth the stress to fuck her. To fuck her literally. To fuck her metaphorically would be easy.

She didn't want to risk her husband finding out about us too early, or so she said. Earlier she had implied that maybe her husband would get off on it, but I wondered about what she had done to hide evidence of our earlier tryst in her bed. But maybe that wasn't my business.

I convinced Bryan to be scarce for the evening until I gave him the all clear. He readily agreed because the benefit was obvious for him. Pissing off Tracy or making life difficult for the two of us to fuck would just mean that she wasn't in the right mindset when it came time for the three of us to get together.

Tracy didn't say anything about my house other than to mention how nice it was. I had done a desperate cleaning before she came over. Maybe it wasn't as fabulous as her place, but at least it would be clean.

I greeted her at the door with a kiss. A real kiss. A kiss between two lovers.

I didn’t care if the neighbors saw us. Fuck them.

I didn’t bother with a tour of the house. The only place I wanted to show her was the bedroom.

Once we were there, I flopped on the bed and told her to strip.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, put a show on for me. I want to see what you’ve got under those clothes.”

Tracy smirked at me. “You already know.”

“Be glad I didn't text you to send me nudes.”

Still, she complied with my request. As I lounged on the bed she unflinchingly peeled off her blouse and skirt. Underneath she wore matching lingerie. I was sure that all her lingerie was matching. This time she went with classic black: a longline bra that was almost a corset which pushed up her tits and created a nice valley of cleavage. Again, she wore stay-up stockings but had matched them with lacy panties that would have shown off her bush if she had any hair between her legs.

She paused and fiddled with the front hooks on the bra. “Do you like this?”

I nodded enthusiastically.

“I know I’m a bit older than you, and getting older sucks in a lot of ways. I don’t worry so much about what other people think, but my body isn’t holding up the way I want it to.”

She had big tits. I was focused on that. Yeah, she had some curves that were bigger than most people would like, but I didn’t care. Then I realized that she was comparing herself to me and was feeling inadequate because of it.

I got up on my knees and pulled my boring shirt off to reveal my thin camisole that did nothing to support my small boobs, but my hard nipples were clearly outlined by the clingy material. She watched with a lusty smile.

Wearing jeans wasn’t a smart choice. I had to roll around on the bed and struggle a bit to peel them off, but she must have gotten a nice show because of my struggle. I’m sure she admired my ass. I was wearing cotton panties that supposedly were designed as athletic wear, but very few athletes wear a thong that completely exposes their ass.

“Are you ready for me?” I asked. We must have been an interesting contrast. I secretly hoped that Bryan had planted a spy camera in the bedroom to watch us.

She moved across the room, sat on the edge of the bed, and put her hand behind my neck, pulling me close for another kiss. The kiss was great. What was even better was the way our tits touched. We were separated by two thin pieces of material that I intended to get off as quickly as possible.

Tracy had other ideas. She traced her finger on the tattoo adorning my inner left wrist. “What’s this for?” she asked.

“To make me feel beautiful,” I told her.

It was a lie. The tattoo was a sun and moon combined into a fancy icon. I got it after my brother died.

“It’s pretty,” she said, going along with the lie. Or maybe she believed me. Her eyes and her finger went down to my left hip, or really the crease between thigh and abdomen. Normally that tattoo was hidden by a swimsuit, even a bikini, or underwear, but my thong clearly showed it, and Tracy had already seen me naked. “And this?”

I laughed a little. “I got on my honeymoon. I was a little drunk. But Bryan likes it.”

“Why wouldn’t he?”

“He can see it clearly when he goes down on you, can’t he?”

“So can you,” I pointed out and immediately regretted it because it sounded like I was falling in love with her, but she didn’t pursue the idea.

“And your ankle?” she asked, pointing.

It was nothing special. Just a blue rose on the inside of my right ankle. “That’s...that’s a memory from college. Bunch of friends and I wanted to be rebels so we all got tattoos together. Most of them were flowers.” I blushed slightly with the cringy memory. “I wish I had chosen better.”

“At least you didn’t get a tramp stamp.”

“Ugh.”

“I’ve thought about getting one, but I can’t. Not with my job and position.”

“Sure you could,” I encouraged her brightly. “Just get it somewhere that only your husband...and your lovers...will see.”

“Oh really? Like where?”

“You could get a tramp stamp that says ‘Sexy Lady,’” I suggested without a hint

or humor.

She spanked my thigh. “Try again.”

I smiled and looked down at the deep valley of her cleavage. “On your tits where your bra covers…”

She shook her head. “Too risky if I want to wear something low-cut.”

“Your ass,” I said, moving close and running my hands down her body to grab her generously-sized buttocks.

“Cliché…”

“Or right on your mound,” I said, feeling the heat of her pussy through her panties.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” she asked me.

“Uh-huh.”

We kissed again. She put her tongue in my mouth and we melted onto the bed together but strangely we didn’t try to strip each other further. We just kissed and

I ground my pussy against her thigh. I was hot and wet and ready to fuck. I could feel the thin gusset of my thong getting soaking wet as we played.

Somehow she managed to get her hand between us and inside my panties. I was more than glad for that. She found my neatly trimmed pubes that were shaved to a perfectly shaped rectangle. I was proud of the work I had put in on my body, but she didn't pause to note or comment. Her finger plunged between my lips and curled up into my pussy.

I rolled on top of her but continued rolling my hips as her hand was down between my legs. We kissed and I had to pull back because she found my clit. In a moment I was gasping and half-paralyzed above her.

When I came, and it didn't take that much effort on Tracy's part to make me cum, I completely soaked her hand and my panties.

"Oh fuck I needed that," I whispered in her ear and kissed her cheek.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but it felt like you peed on my hand."

"I didn't!" I declared and pulled back, a bit ashamed but determined to defend my honor. "I lubricate pretty easily."

Tracy pulled her hand away from my pussy. In my climax we had managed to work my thong down to the tops of my thighs. I was exposed but not ashamed. It was easier just to take them off now; I rolled to my side and did just that.

“Obviously. Maybe you’re a squirter. Has Bryan ever made you squirt?” She licked her fingers. I could smell my scent on her hand. I wanted to lick it, but she didn’t offer her fingers to me. If I wanted a taste of pussy I’d have to go after hers.

I was willing to do that.

“No. No one has ever made me squirt. I don’t think that’s a thing. Women can’t do that.”

“Are you saying I’ve peed on my lovers?” she asked archly.

I paused with my panties tangled around my ankles. “You’ve squirted?”

Her smile didn’t waver. “A few times. It takes some effort to get me there, but it’s fantastic when it happens.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“Nope. I bet I can make you do it.”

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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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