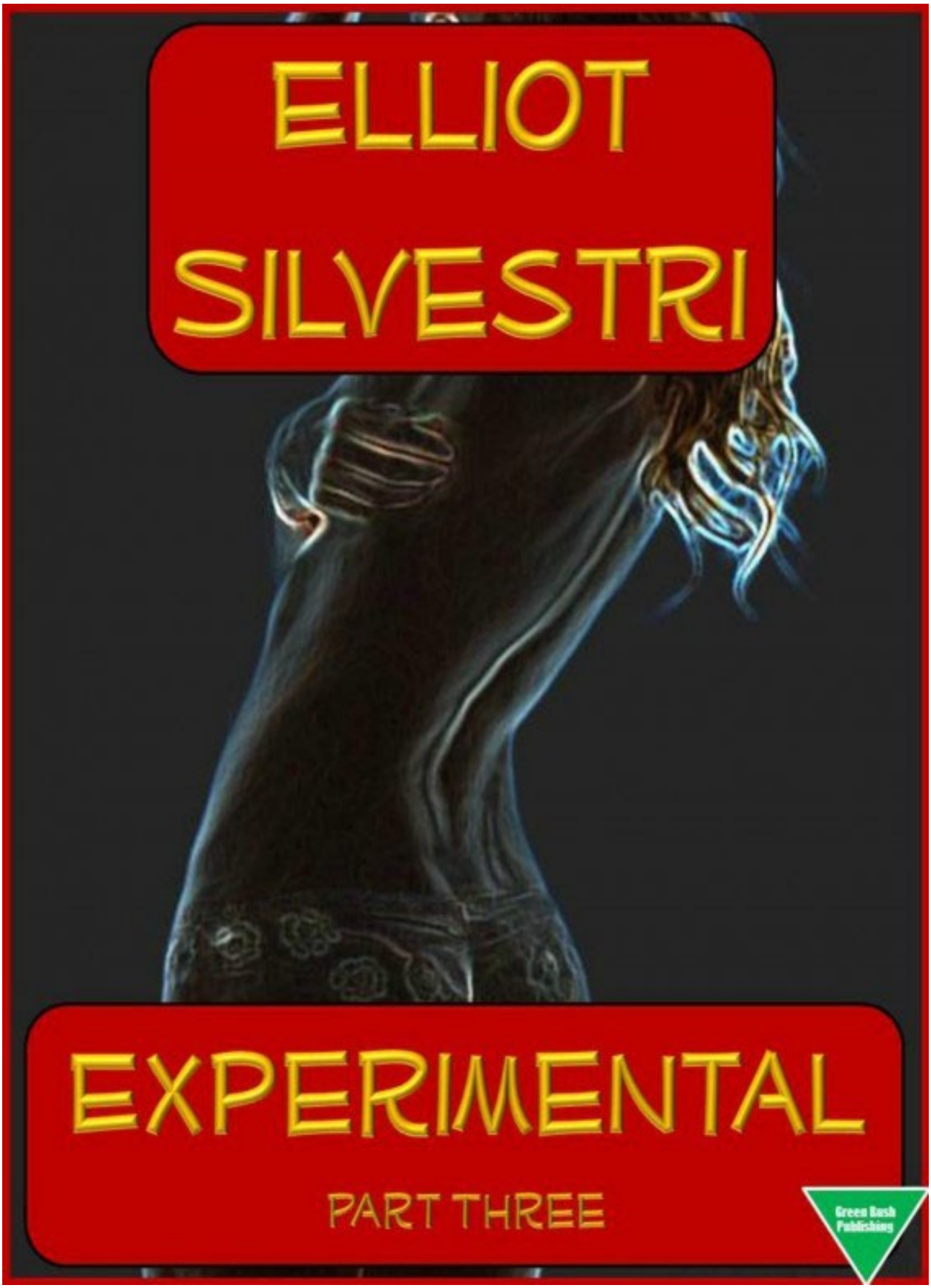
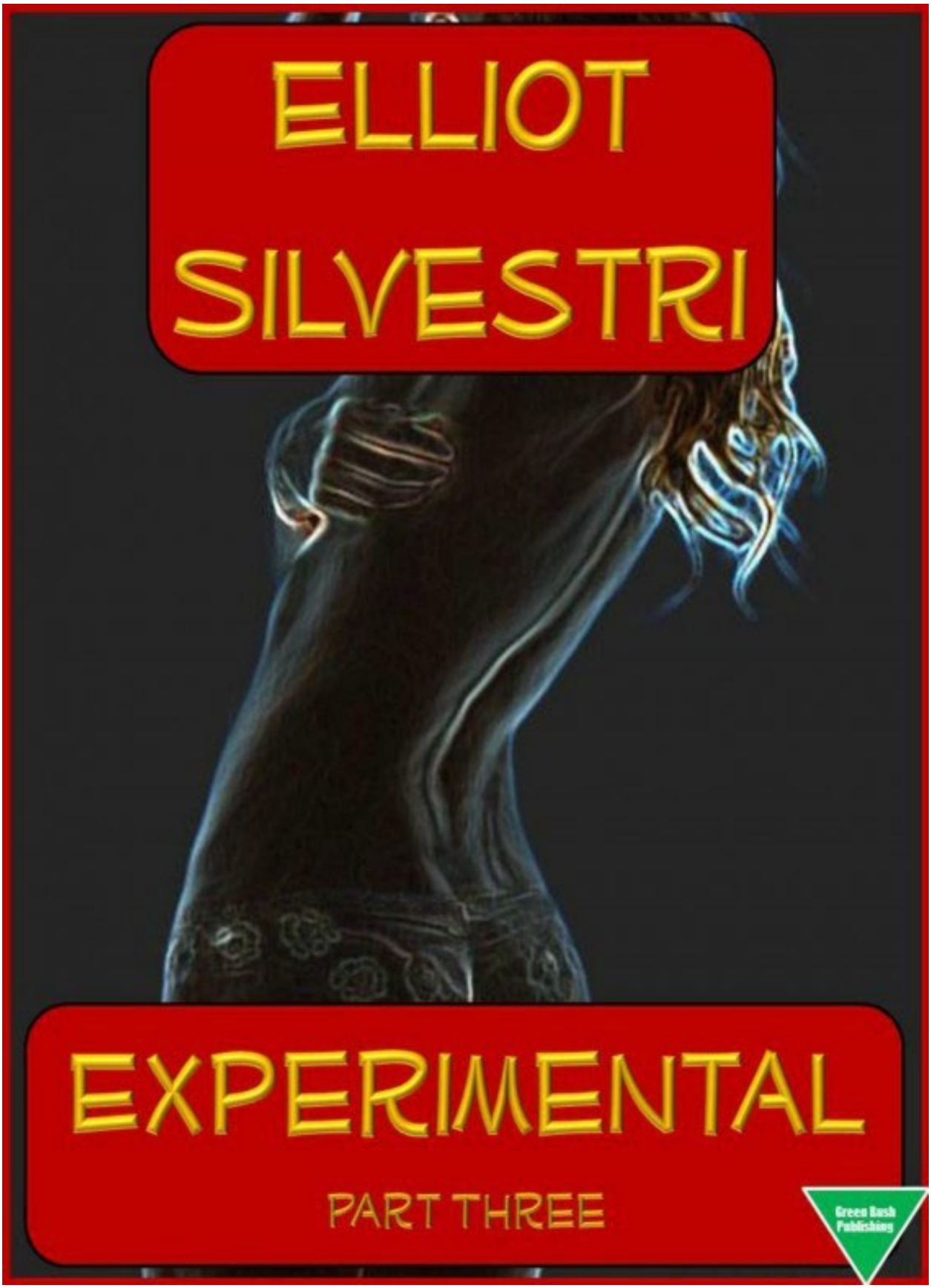

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Part Three

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Part Three

Chapter Eight

Somehow during the night Nadia had managed to lose all her clothes except for her camisole. She remembered getting into bed with Sarah, but that was with her shirt and pants still on. Either she had stripped herself while sleeping, or Sarah had helped her out. When she had come home, Sara was in bed wearing a t-shirt and yoga pants; those she still wore. Sarah was awake and watching her.

“Did you know you snore when you sleep?” Sarah asked.

“What? No! I don’t snore.”

Sarah shook her head. “Oh yes you do. It’s very soft and kind of cute, but you snore.”

Nadia decided to change the subject. “Why am I naked?”

“You’re not naked. You have your cami on.”

“But when did the rest of my clothes come off?”

Sarah just shook her head. “I don’t know. You must have taken them off. Or I did,” she added with a grin and reached between Nadia’s legs to run two fingers along Nadia’s exposed labia.

Unwittingly Nadia shied away. “Don’t do that. It’s not appropriate.”

“What, me touching your pussy or me wanting to have sex with you?”

“I’m not supposed to have sex with anyone until I get permission from Prof. Pitor,” Nadia blurted out.

“What?”

She rethought her words. “I’m not supposed to have sex in general. With men, that is. We can have sex.” She reached out and grabbed Sarah’s hand, putting it back on her pussy.

Sarah shook her head. “Everything you say just sounds crazier and crazier.”

Nadia held up her left wrist to display the cloth charm bracelet. “Don’t worry. I’m perfectly safe. I’ve got your mother’s witch charm on me.”

That didn’t reassure Sarah at all. “I didn’t say I believed in Mom’s witchcraft. I just wear the bracelets because it makes her happy.”

Nadia blinked. “You don’t believe in your own mother’s magic?”

“I don’t know,” she answered with a shrug.

Nadia groaned. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” She rolled over to stare out the window but saw the clock. “Shit! I’m going to be fucking late!” Jumping out of bed Nadia threw on her clothes while Sarah watched. Never before had she seen someone put clothes on so quickly.

“Come back when you’re done,” Sarah called when the door slammed shut.

Nadia didn’t know when “done” would be. It only occurred to her when she was halfway across campus that she forgot to put on any panties. She groaned but didn’t stop running. It was her intent to drink her dose of precursor and head right back to bed with Sarah. On Saturday morning there was nothing happening on campus. A few students were slowly making their way back to their dorms doing a half-drunken walk of shame. A few others were headed to early morning jobs or down to the athletic center to practice with their teams or take advantage of the nearly empty facilities.

Discovering the side entrance to the lab was unlocked at their early and quiet hour didn’t really surprise Nadia. She went in and found, once again, Prof. Pitor waiting for her. Would she ever beat him to the lab?

He made an elaborate show of looking at his watch before speaking. “You’re only a few minutes late. I’m very disappointed. Not surprised, but disappointed.”

“This is a ridiculous schedule for any college student,” Nadia complained as she walked up to the beaker of precursor on the table. “This must be for me,” she said in a faux-bright voice that she really didn’t feel.

“Yes. Drink. Did you have sex with anyone after Hank and I last night?”

“Right to the point,” Nadia said. “I like that. And…eww, gross. Of course not. What kind of slut do you think I am? I limit myself to having sex with a maximum of one centaur and one human per day.” But she paused with the beaker halfway to her lips.

“You’re hesitating,” Pitor pointed out unnecessarily.

“Yeah…I had sex with a boy yesterday morning, but that was way before you and Hank, so I’m good. Just thought I’d put that out there.” She downed the precursor. Even the mild burning she had grown used to as part of the drink had seemed to fade away. “You sure this is your magic juice and not just water?” she asked, unable to help being a smartass.

“Of course I’m sure. And I know you, Nadia. You’re hiding something from me. What is it?” Pitor reached out and took her chin between fingers and thumb, lifting her jaw up so her eyes met his. It was at that moment she realized that he had incredibly bright and piercing eyes and she couldn’t look away if she wanted to.

“What could I possibly be hiding from you?”

“You aren’t lying…” It felt like he was looking into her soul. “But there is something there…”

“All right. You and the seven fucking hells. I’m not sure what happened last night after the stables. I went back to my dorm and got in bed with my roommate and I don’t remember anything after that.”

Pitor’s eyes narrowed. “Nothing…but you say your roommate, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Also female like you?”

“For the moment. Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, you really live in your own reality, don’t you, Professor?”

His eyes frowned at her curse and the broke the lock of their eyebeams. “You can have sex with other women. It won’t affect the experiment.”

“Thanks for you kind permission. I don’t think I had sex with her anyway. We just literally slept together in the same bed.”

“Doesn’t matter. I have other good news for you.”

She was glad he was changing the subject and was no longer looking into her soul because she fully intended to go back to her room and have sex with Sarah. Already the precursor was exciting her nethers and she was going to need some type of relief to make it through the day.

“What news?”

“I’ve decided what I will make you into,” he announced.

“Huh. Okay. What?” After seeing—and fucking—a human-cat and a centaur nothing could surprise Nadia at this point in her life.

“I will be turning you into an angel,” he announced as if it were the gravest and most auspicious bit of information in the world. “You will be a beautiful hybrid beyond comparison.”

Nadia kept her gaze dolefully level. “Really? I’ve heard better lines of seduction at freshman mixers.”

“Take off your shirt; I want to start the process.”

“I think I’ve heard that line too.”

“Just remove your clothing,” he said, exasperated.

Nadia did as he asked. It wasn’t anything she wasn’t willing to do, just another twist that she should have been prepared for. After pulling sweatshirt and camisole off in one smooth movement, Nadia stood topless and expectant.

“Give me your arm first,” he said, another hypodermic needle in his hand. “I want to do another blood draw to monitor your levels.”

“You really love this science stuff, don’t you,” she said flippantly.

“You should as well; you’re a part of this.”

“Uh-huh.” Nadia didn’t look as he plunged the small needle into her arm and drew out a bit of her life essence.

“Put your hands on the table,” he instructed her when he was done with the first part. “This probably won’t hurt, but it‘ll be helpful if you don’t fall over.”

“Yup.”

Prof. Pitor walked behind her with another small needle kit. She felt two quick pinpricks on her back, right over her shoulder blades. “There. Done.”

“Okay, I’m going back to my room and sleeping the morning away. That okay with you?” she asked. For some reason his attitude and need to control Nadia annoyed her more than usual this morning.

“By all means,” he said graciously. “I’ll see you here tonight.”

Nadia took a much more leisurely walk back to her dorm. The campus was starting to show some signs of coming to life now. Her back itches where Prof. Pitor had scratched or poked her or whatever the hell he did. She was just annoyed and wanted to get back in bed with Sarah. It had been easy to fall under Pitor’s spell, and it was just as easy to go along with whatever it was Pitor planned on doing to her. In her heart Nadia knew that she wanted to go along with his strange and semi-secret plan, but it still unsettled her. She brooded on these thoughts from the center of campus to her dorm.

Opening the door to her room Nadia didn’t know what to expect. She wasn’t surprised to find Sarah still in bed, but this time her book was face down on her lap while she talked on the phone.

“Yeah, I know.” Pause. “Just my roommate coming in. And it’ll be in two weeks, we already agreed to that.” Pause.

Nadia frowned at her roommate and started taking off her clothes. She needed a shower. She needed sex. She needed to know what Sarah was talking about.

Sarah made a face a pointed in frustration at the phone. “Of course. I don’t know why you have to call so early in the morning. I was up late last night.” Pause. “Studying and reading, what else? That’s all I do.” Long pause. “I know you are better with time management than me, Cassidie. We’ve had that discussion

before too. Look, I'll call you later today at our regular time so you aren't calling and waking me up at the crack of dawn." Pause. "Okay, fine, eight thirty isn't the crack of dawn, but if nothing else I have to go to practice, do you mind if I do that?"

During this part of the conversation Nadia had removed all her clothes and slipped as silently as possible into Sarah's bed, pressing her cool skin against Sarah's body, soaking up the warmth held in by the blankets. Sarah was just as quiet as the moved over to make room for Nadia. "Okay, I love you. Bye."

Sarah ended the call and dropped the phone on the stand next to her bed. "Argh," she said dispassionately.

"That was Cassidie?" Nadia asked unnecessarily. She couldn't even look at Sarah, she just rested her head on her friend's shoulder.

"Yeah. We've agreed to a set schedule of calls and skype and chats when we can, but I hate it when she calls early on the weekends and wakes me up and gets mad when I don't want to talk."

"I'd better get up," Nadia said as she started to slide out of the bed. Sarah grabbed her arm, stopping her.

"No, don't."

"I'm making you cheat on your girlfriend," Nadia protested.

"No, we're having sex because my girlfriend is six hours away and you're extra horny because you're you and you're doing….whatever…with Prof. Pitor." She then kissed Nadia with an unexpected ferocity. "I don't have a romantic relationship with you. I've in love with Cassidie. You're just sex."

"Thanks, you know how to make a girl feel wanted."

"We're you expecting something more?

Her question cut to the essence of the matter. She needed Sarah for the next few days for sexual relief if nothing else. "No. I just didn't think you'd put it so bluntly."

Sarah shook her head at her roommate. “I’m a realist, Nadia. You like having sex with me because having sex with a girl is new and exciting, just like having sex with Prof. Pitor and random boys is exciting. The moment it starts getting boring or serious, you’re going to move or, aren’t you?”

The question was to the point which was what Nadia needed. “Yeah. You’re right. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. Just be honest with me. I’d like to remain friends when all of this,” and she ran her hand down Nadia’s body, briefly cupping her breast and stopping at her pussy, “ends.”

“I can do that.”

Sarah didn’t remove her hand from between Nadia’s legs and started with a gentle massage. “And I’d like to have sex with you right now.”

“I thought you had to go to practice…”

“That was a lie to my girlfriend because I wanted to have sex right now and she’s six hours away.”

They kissed but before Nadia would let her go any further she asked Sarah, “Will you look at my back first?”

“Your back?” Sarah was confused.

Nadia flipped over and pointed awkwardly with her finger over her should to roughly the place on her left shoulder blade that Pitor had pricked that morning. “Pitor did something to my back. Poked or scratched it. Right over the shoulder blades. Do you see anything?”

It took Sarah only a few minutes to inspect Nadia’s pale skin, but she ran her fingers lightly up and down her spine a few times just to make her shiver. “I see two tiny pinpricks, like my brother used to get when he went through allergy testing. It’s nothing.” She ran her hands all the way down Nadia’s back and gently massaged her buttocks.

“They burn. Pitor did something to me.”

“You shouldn’t let him experiment on your body,” Sarah told her, pushing apart her thighs and reaching between her legs. Nadia only had to lift up her hips a tiny bit to allow Sarah’s fingers to slip inside her pussy. “You should let me experiment with your body.”

“Go ahead and experiment,” Nadia groaned to her. “I’m all yours.”

When the two women were done making love Nadia drifted off to sleep and Sarah left the bed. It was hours later when Nadia woke up to an empty bed and room. Sarah hadn’t left a note or given her any indication where she was. That didn’t matter, Nadia told herself. She wasn’t living her life around Sarah. They weren’t in love. They were just roommates. Roommates who had sex with each other.

It would have been nice to have a buddy in the shower, Nadia reflected as she wandered down the dorm hallway and into the bathroom. That’s what she was told in every romantic movie she had ever watched. In college that largely had to be bullshit because of the semi-private facilities. Everyone would know what the two roommates were up to and Nadia’s reputation would only grow. Not that she really cared, or so she told herself.

In the bathroom Nadia slipped her robe off her shoulder and turned around, peering backwards into the mirror to see if she could see the damage Pitor had done to her. All she could see was one tiny red mark, hardly noticeable. It could have been a pimple or a scratch or the mark of an injection in the stupidest place on her body. One of the showers was already running when Nadia did this and another girl walked in during Nadia’s inspection. She tried to make what she was doing appear casual. “Hi!” She said brightly to the girl who she was vaguely sure went by Debbie. “Would you mind taking a look at my back, Debbie? I think I scratched myself and it really hurts and I can’t see or get to it.”

“It’s Dani,” she said, but did step closer and look at Nadia’s skin. She shrugged. “Looks like maybe an insect bite? I dunno. Hope we don’t have bedbugs. That happened at my friend’s college and it was a shit show. You’d better get it looked at by the health center if you’re really worried about it.”

She smiled at Dani. “Thanks. I will.” That was a lie. Nadia didn’t have any intention of being seen at the health center.

Chapter Nine

It turned out that Sarah had disappeared to, first, team practice and then to the library to actually do work. When she returned to the room in the late afternoon the two had sex even though Nadia had brought herself to orgasm several times during the day, both with her hand and with Sarah's vibrator.

When it neared eight o'clock neither woman said anything when Nadia pulled on her jacket as if she were sneaking off to some secret liaison that they both knew about. For the first time Nadia arrived at the lab before Prof. Pitor. Checking the time she saw she was actually ten minutes early which made her wonder where the professor was. Always before he had been in the lab creating the precursor, or at least that was what Nadia thought. Maybe the precursor was kept in a giant vat back in the storerooms. She didn't know. All she could do was wait.

Almost precisely at eight o'clock an older woman walked into the lab. Nadia recognized her having seen her on campus, but couldn't put a name to the face. Her smile was sincere when she greeted Nadia with an outstretched hand. "Hello, I'm June, Prof. Pitor's wife."

Immediately Nadia froze while she was politely shaking June's hand. "Hello," she managed to squeak out.

"Relax," June told her. "I know what my husband has been up to with you…and everyone else on campus it seems. It's part of the package of being married to him." She brandished a familiar steel flask. "I believe you know what this is."

"Yes," Nadia said, all but grabbing it away from June. She popped open the top and immediately downed the contents. "Do you need to do a blood test as well?" she asked proffering her arm that was starting to get bruised from repeated blood draws.

"No. I'm here for an entirely different reason."

"What's that?"

“I’m to escort you to a party at my house.”

“Oh…I’ve never been to a professor’s house before.

June smiled. “You’ll find our homes are largely the same as everyone else’s… but what goes on in them…”

It might have been that Nadia was reading too much into June’s smile, but she felt that familiar slow build of anticipation in her loins. “I’d be happy to go to your home,” she said.

They walked out of the lab and across campus together. Many of the college’s professors lived in town on the north side of campus where the nice houses were. On the opposite side of campus were the south side student slums. It was simply customary for many professors to walk to and from work. June started a conversation when they were sufficiently far away from possible eavesdroppers.

“Have you had sex with many men?” was her blunt question.

“Yeah,” Nadia answered. “Probably more than I should. Do you need a number?”

“No.”

“It’s thirty two, including Prof. Pitor, Derke, and Hank.”

June smiled. “It sounds like you’re bragging.”

“Maybe I am.”

“And how many women?”

Nadia stumbled over an imaginary crack in the sidewalk. “Um…just one.”

“I didn’t mean to startle you with my question.”

“It’s okay.” She knew she shouldn’t have been embarrassed, and in the dim light from the houses and streetlamps it was unlikely June saw her flushed face.

“I remember my first time with a woman. I was so scared, but once you realize it’s just sex and it just as enjoyable, it’s nothing really, right?”

Nadia bobbed her head in deferential agreement.

“In some ways sex between women is better than with a man, at least I think that’s the case. It’s less about his cock and more about your orgasm, but you’ll learn that soon enough.” June gave her a winning smile. “If nothing else, I’ll help you learn it.”

The conversation couldn’t go any further because they had arrived at the Pitors’ house. It was unremarkable and blended in with the others on the street. Nadia wasn’t sure what she should have expected, but ordinariness wasn’t it. There were a few cars parked on the street and in the driveway. Presumably the ones in the driveway belonged to the Pitors and the older ones slightly in disrepair, undoubtedly belonged to students at the party. June led her inside where everything changed.

The front room had much the appearance of any party that had a bar in the corner with people standing around drinking and talking while music played. June and Nadia shed their jackets and the older woman led Nadia toward the back of the house. She recognized some of the faces she passed, including Derke and Chad , along with a few other from Prof. Pitor’s history of abnormal sexuality class. In the back of the house a small crowd had gathered in the large room. There was a pair of raised platforms, just over four feet off the floor, which Nadia recognized as mattresses covered with decorative drapes of green, gold, and white. She wasn’t at all surprised to see a woman naked on one of the platforms, naked and her legs spread while a naked man knelt on the floor with his face buried in her pussy.

“I see they’ve already started for the night,” June commented as if she were observing that the drinking was in full swing and they had somehow missed nothing of consequence. The crowd wasn’t out of control; they were reserved and observant, commenting on the beauty of the woman and man as he performed cunnilingus. They were polite, as if at an art exhibition. Most of those in attendance were well-dressed, making Nadia feel a bit ashamed at her jeans and sweatshirt, but a second glance told her that more than a few of the people watching were just as naked as the performers.

“Oh my,” Nadia said. She wasn’t shocked at the display of nudity or raw sexuality, but it was the first time she had seen people having sex in front of her.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” June commented. “Ready for this?”

“I’m already watching it,” Nadia said. The man stood up and mounted the platform. From where she was standing Nadia couldn’t see exactly what was going on, but she was certain he was now fucking the woman. His hips thrusted back and forth which made his taut buttocks shift with his every movement.

“You’ll be doing it in a minute,” June told her. “Take off your clothes; it’s going to be your turn shortly.”

They were at the back of the small group and some of them were already naked, plus Nadia’s veins were burning with lust. It wasn’t much of a persuasive argument, but the moment that Nadia was given the opportunity to get naked and be presented with the opportunity of sex, she just went along with the moment. She didn’t want to spoil the party.

No one noticed as Nadia stripped. Their eyes were on the couple already rutting. Nadia felt comfortable when she was fully nude and kicked her pile of clothes over to the side where they were lost in the shadows.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” June announced when Nadia was naked. She took Nadia’s hand and started leading her through the press of bodies and toward the empty platform. “We have a guest of honor here who will amuse and delight you all. We hope.” A slight titter of amusement rippled through the crowd as Nadia was presented to them.

June assisted Nadia’s ascension to the platform with the younger woman feeling completely out of place as she was displayed for everyone to see. She took some attention away from the dark-haired woman on the platform next to her; everyone was eager to see the new girl perform for their amusement. It was June who told Nadia how to position herself and before she knew it, a man was licking her between her legs.

“Oh my,” she gasped. There was no introduction, he just knelt down and got to business. And he knew his business perfectly. It was the best round of cunnilingus she had ever received. Nadia glanced down at him and he locked eyes with her, backing up from her pussy just enough for her to see his tongue. It was unnaturally large. Not just wide and thick, but long, Incredibly long. It was no exaggeration to say it easily protruded six inches from his mouth. She had had cocks smaller than his tongue. Not only was it thick and long, but it was

forked at the end.

It might have been odd, but Nadia realized she loved what her nameless lover was doing to her so there was no reason to protest. A forked tongue in her pussy was hardly the strangest thing that had been there recently. “Don’t stop,” she told him when he extracted his tongue. One fork had been reaching upward toward her spot that was so difficult and so perfect to touch when she was getting fucked, while the other fork was circling and playing with her clit.

“She’s already wet,” he reported to Jane who was standing next to the bed carefully observing.

“You may fuck her,” June said.

“What?” Nadia was more than happy to have a cock in her, but his tongue had been so nice.

Forked-Tongue slipped out of his clothes and sank his hard cock into Nadia’s pussy. She gasped at the sudden invasion, but welcomed it.

“How many men have you been with at one time?” June asked as she swept a few loose strands of hair out of Nadia’s face.

“Just one,” Nadia grunted, but thought maybe that wasn’t the right answer. “Wait, Hank and Prof. Pitor on the same night, does that count?”

June didn’t seem overly concerned. “I just wanted to see what your endurance is like. You’re going to have more men inside you tonight than ever before.”

Nadia closed her eyes and concentrated on Forked-Tongue’s cock busy in her pussy. She hadn’t gotten a good look at his manhood before he slipped it inside her, and it didn’t feel like it, but maybe his cock was split in half as well? That would be lovely…

“How many?” Nadia asked.

“Enough to fill you up.”

Nadia nodded her head and kept her eyes closed. “That sounds lovely.”

There was quiet other than the murmur of the crowd. Nadia found that she didn't mind having sex in front of other people. It was actually very freeing to perform such an intimate act for an audience. Nadia would hear others moving around and talking, but she was too wrapped up in getting fucked to care what everyone else was doing.

"Are you ready?" June asked.

"Not yet," Nadia answered.

"Not you, silly girl," June rebuked her. "Your lover."

"Almost there," Forked-Tongue reported.

"Pull out," June ordered.

Nadia gasped as the sudden emptiness of her pussy. In the time she had been fucking by Forked-Tongue June had also stripped and bent over the edge of the platform, her buttocks raised up and legs spread just enough for Forked-Tongue to easily enter her. The man made a few quick, hard thrusts into June and then he came. There was a look of ecstasy on the older woman's face while he came which only angered Nadia. She felt she had done all the work and the professor's wife got the reward.

The man faded away into the crowd after cumming in June and Nadia started to sit up to see where he went but June held her down with one hand as she crawled up on the platform. "Stay still, stay down. I know you haven't done this before, but there's a first time for everything and you need to learn to do it."

The older woman knew exactly what she was doing, repositioning Nadia and moving her body exactly as was needed. Before she knew it, Nadia was looking up at the apex of June's legs with her hairless pussy starting to drip out Forked-Tongue's cum. "Eat," June encouraged her. "You'll need the sustenance." She lowered her pussy to Nadia's face.

Nadia had swallowed plenty of cum in her time between the many, many blowjobs she had given in high school and college. That didn't bother her. She had also learned to enjoy the fine flavor of a ripe pussy when making love with Sarah. Never before had she had the two combined but she was game to try anything. It wasn't at all bad, if a bit on the outlier of normal sexual activity, but

it had been a long time since Nadia had been within the bounds of what could be considered normal.

She began running her tongue and lips around June's vulva, trying to find her clit, but June kept repositioning herself until Nadia understood the hint that was being given. Just licking Forked-Tongue's cum was actually easier than performing cunnilingus. It seemed a little bit circuitous having to swallow the a double-tongued man's cum from June's cunt, but it was apparently what she and the crowd wanted so Nadia just went along with it.

As she ate from June's pussy she felt another man stick his cock into her. That was completely expected, especially considering June's line of questions earlier. Not being able to see the man was a little thrill that Nadia was happy to keep to herself. She had never before had a zipless fuck and being used by an anonymous stranger made sex in front of an audience all the more exciting.

When June judged the moment was right she stood up, pulling her pussy away from Nadia's eager tongue. "You did that well," she complimented.

"Thank you." Looking down to see her lover, Nadia was pleased to see that it was Prof. Pitor who had pulled out his cock to fuck her. Apparently him fucking his students wasn't a problem at all for June, especially since his wife got to watch. "Oh! Hello, Professor."

The man around whom her world currently revolved just acknowledge her with a grunt.

"He won't say much to your right now. He's concentrating."

"I can see that." Nadia was enjoying being used, but apparently she was just a vessel and not much else was expected of her beyond simply being there. "But why?"

"He's not supposed to cum in you," June explained. "That's what I'm here for. And that's what Astrid is here for as well." The professor's wife pointed at the other platform where the dark-haired coed was getting fucked by another student while another woman stood in the position next to the platform much like June was.

Nadia shook her head back and forth. Something was missing. "But why?" she

insisted.

June laughed and kissed Nadia lightly on the lips. “You sound like a petulant and obnoxious child. And in many ways you are. So young, so innocent. But only someone like me can convert your lovers’ leavings to something more powerful than mere semen. You should have been able to taste the difference. Didn’t you?”

Not wanting to admit the semen she had just consumed tasted exactly like every other man’s spunk she had ever swallowed, Nadia said, “It was different.” But that might have been the combination of spunk with June’s juices, who was to say for certain? “But I didn’t know why.”

June nodded and looked at her husband. “So close, so soon?” she asked as she bent over the platform. “Don’t waste it in her cunt. Use mine.”

Pitor nodded and pulled out of Nadia, quickly walked around the platform’s corner with his wet, erect cock bobbing, and sank it deeply into his wife’s available sex. June grunted once from the abrupt penetration and then waited for her husband to thrust hard and fast, waiting for the end where she could feed Nadia once more.

Even though she was watching them, Nadia could barely tell when Pitor came in his wife. The expressions on their faces barely changed; the only way that Nadia could tell that he was done was he pulled out of June and his wife crawled back on the platform to present her pussy to Nadia.

For the lack of passion between the two, Pitor had left a large dollop of cum inside his wife. Nadia hungrily went after it, sucking the thick semen from June’s pussy. It seemed less like an act of perversion than a formal ritual. June had mentioned something about converting the semen into something more appropriate for Nadia to consume.

Before she could finish feeding from June’s pussy, another man was between her legs, inserting his cock and using her. Lubrication had never been a problem for Nadia, but getting fucked by three different men on the same night all in short order seemed more than what her body had the capacity for. In fact she did have the ability to do exactly what Pitor wanted of her.

The third man to fuck her had a cock that felt like a steel bar inside her hot and

wet pussy. The man fucking her couldn't have been fully human because Nadia could tell the difference between a regular cock in her pussy and the artificial hardness of a vibrator like Sarah had. She liked the firmness of Sarah's vibrator because it told her she was getting off to something completely different than the flesh of a man, but getting fucked on the platform was another thing entirely; this man had a cock that wasn't just human flesh. Sucking the last of Pitor's rich cum out of June's pussy, the other woman climbed off and waited for Nadia's current lover to finish.

Looking down at the newest stranger, Nadia was confronted by a man with a stony face, and not just by expression. His skin was very nearly a gray and scaly color and texture. It wasn't frightening to have such a man fucking her, it was just another man she had fucked who had the right parts, but wasn't human. At the rate she was going her non-human lovers would soon outpace her human ones. "You're wonderfully hard," she complimented him. The cock inside her was hard, but it was also smooth, no ridges or bumps were anywhere along his length. There was the undeniable sensation of a crest that differentiated the head from the shaft; that she could feel inside her pussy, but that was all.

"It's been a while, Roderick," June said to the man with the blank expression. He just grunted at her. "Hurry up," she encouraged him. "I can't wait to have you again. Plus our poor neophyte here needs to be fed."

Roderick responded with a slow nod of his head.

Just like the first two lovers Roderick pulled out of Nadia before he finished and pumped June a few times before he deposited his load within Pitor's wife. And once more June climbed atop Nadia's face to feed her Roderick's cum.

"How many more times?" Nadia asked when she was done sucking out Roderick's cum.

"Until you're done and your hunger is gone."

Only with those words did Nadia realize she did have a hunger gnawing at her stomach that was only partly sated by the cum she had consumed. She wanted—needed—more, much more.

Her next lover had wild sandy hair, a tattoo of a coiled snake on his left pectoral muscle, and the most unusual cock she had yet encountered. Truthfully, he had

two cocks, one atop the other, both of a common size, but together they would have been one huge monster. The double phallus looked very odd jutting up from his crotch and Nadia didn't know what to do or how to assist him in mounting her. The first instinctive move was for her to try to fit both of the phalluses in her pussy, but he had other ideas, or at least knew how other women adapted to his unusual genitals.

"Take her slowly, Jem," June instructed him. "It's her first time with you." She turned her head to the younger woman. "Have you ever done anal before, dear Nadia?"

Nadia shook her head. It wasn't that she was opposed to such a kink, but all of her previous lovers had been happy enough to use her mouth and pussy, having little interest in her ass.

June nodded to Jem. "Take it slowly with her. But I'm certain she'll adapt easily enough."

Jem reached into Nadia's pussy, got a good amount of her still copious juices on his fingers, and spread them on the blonde woman's anus. Nadia shuddered at this overly intimate touch but didn't shy away. She was sophisticated enough to know that any real penetration of her ass needed more than that small amount of lubrication. That problem was easily solved by Jem plunging his lower cock into her pussy a few times, and made sure it was sufficiently wet before pulling out and realigning both of his cocks, the lower against her spasming anus and the upper at her vag. This strange man must have done this many times before with other women because he pushed easily into both her openings at the same time.

Nadia's legs were held up in the air by June who was kneeling on the platform next to her. Jem was standing on the floor with Nadia's pelvis on the edge of the platform making access to both her openings easy. She let out a little cry of fear as she was explored in this novel fashion. At first it felt like she was being violated, but as he steadily filled her up, Nadia started to experience the pleasure that so many women talked about when used in this way. Most of them, Nadia reflected, needed two men to be double penetrated, or at least a man and a toy. She had to be one of the special few that were blessed with the talents of a dual-cocked man.

Like all her other lovers this night, Jem pulled out before he came and went to

the ever-willing June who knelt on the platform with her ass in the air. Nadia wanted to watch, but it was impossible to see exactly what Jem was doing with his cock. And as before, June was pumped just a few times before Jem came. When he parted from her, he kissed her lightly on the spine, a small act of affection that struck Nadia as unapologetically sweet.

“This time will be more difficult than last,” June told her as she squatted above Nadia’s face. “But I’m clean and every drop is good for you.”

At first Nadia was confused by comment from the woman guiding her through the night, but when June tilted her hips just right she saw exactly what June meant. Jem had penetrated her pussy and ass just like he had with Nadia. When he came, he left his cum in both locations. The first step, Nadia realized, was to lick away the cum on the outside of June’s smooth, hairless lips. That was easy. What was more difficult was getting her tongue to travel down further to the brown pucker of June’s anus. The smell and taste was richer more musky and earthy than her cunt, but not at all offensive. Sucking out Jem’s cum from June’s ass was a different experience for her entirely, once she learned the skill it wasn’t that bad to perform. What Nadia couldn’t tell was if June was enjoying the performance, the game they were playing. When June was once again clean, Nadia asked the question.

June replied, “Have you cum yet tonight?”

“No,” Nadia realized. Getting fucked by the various men had been nice, pleasurable, but she hadn’t orgasmed.

“And you won’t, not until it’s time. Neither will I. Just enjoy performing for the group and take your pleasure when the moment is right.”

Nadia agreed and June called another man out of the crowd. Steve was a short man covered his hair, especially his legs which were twisted and bent at an odd angle. Steve was shirtless and had nipple rings in addition to a neatly trimmed goatee. At first glance Nadia thought he was wearing a pair of unusual pants that were covered in hair or fur, but then she realized it was just how hairy he was. Looking down at his feet she confirmed he had cloven hooves for feet and smiled at him. “I’ve never been fucked by a satyr before,” she told him.

His grin was crooked and eager. “Tonight is your lucky night,” he informed her as he repositioned he body while June watched. Nadia reached for his cock,

pressing her hand to his crotch but was confused when she felt nothing but smooth flesh under fur.

“Where’s your cock?” she asked.

“Safely hidden away, my lady,” he said, overly politely. “I keep him safe so as not to frighten off potential lovers.” With those words he closed his eyes and concentrated a moment. “Watch,” he whispered to her.

Her eyes were riveted to his crotch as his flesh seemed to part and an impressive organ descended from within his body. Unlike a regular human cock that was flesh colored, his was an intense pink and topped with a pointed head that was moistened with him precum. It wasn’t straight or gently curved like a human cock, it was bent like his legs. Nadia wasn’t sure if he would be able to get it inside her, but she was willing to make the effort. Since it was thinner than a man’s cock, it went in easily enough and he enthusiastically pounded away at her.

“You’re in for a treat now,” June informed her while the satyr fucked her almost too fast to be enjoyable.

“I am?”

“Satyrs are insatiable.” June smiled. “At least that’s what common wisdom says. I’ve never found that to be the truth, but they have a capacity beyond that of normal men.”

Before Nadia would ask exactly what she meant by that, Steve pulled out of her and grabbed June, pumping her just a few times before he came with a whine of triumph.

“Insatiable?” Nadia asked doubtfully as June climbed back into her customary place over her face.

“Mostly insatiable,” June said as she lowered her cunt to Nadia’s mouth. A moment later Nadia felt Steve’s cock back in her pussy. He was still hard even after cumming in June. “See what I mean? Clean me up quick. Steve has more for you.”

While Nadia lapped at June’s cunt, Steve fucked her again. His cock was just as

hard the first time as it was the second. On the few times when Nadia had been fucked twice in a row by the same guy he had never been as hard as the first and hadn't done it as quickly as Steve could. It was a nice way to be taken.

Just as she finished cleaning Steve's first load from June, he pulled out again and didn't even give June the chance to climb off Nadia's face. He scrambled up Nadia's body, his furry legs tickling her sides as his pink prick sought out June's welcoming cunt. Nadia was treated to a direct view of him penetrating her, something she had only seen up close before in porn.

Steven was just as enthusiastic with her the second time as he was the first. The only thing that seemed even a little bit different was how his balls descended from the protective pouch inside his body. His balls were huge, easily three or four times what she had seen on her lovers. They shook back and forth in such a manner that seemed painful to her but didn't bother Steve. A moment later they tightened up to his body and he squeezed another load of cum into June.

"Watch yourself," June warned as Steven pulled out. Because of her froglike squatting pose over Nadia's face, Steven's cum immediately started to slip out of June's pussy. Still, she lowered herself down so Nadia could lick and suck at her leisure. Meanwhile, Steven slipped down Nadia's body and inserted his cock one more time into her pussy.

Nadia was starting to realize what June meant by satyrs being insatiable. Steven had cum twice already and was still as hard as the first time he had fucked her. Based upon his eagerness his libido hadn't faded at all even with two orgasms. Or was he actually just ejaculating and not actually cumming? Because she didn't know anything at all about satyr physiology Nadia wasn't in the position to know or judge.

As much as he fucked her, Nadia never got any closer to climaxing. Everything Steven did felt great, but he couldn't push her over the edge. Only after his seventh ejaculation into June did he stop fucking her. "Someone else should have a go," he said as he climbed off the platform.

"Tired so soon?" June taunted him.

Steven showed his teeth. "Watch it, Pitor's wife," he warned. "Or I'll show you exactly what my mighty cock can do."

The seventh ejaculation from Steven's cock held just as much volume as the first, all of which Nadia eagerly ate out of June's pussy. By now her face was covered in June's juices along with bits of cum from Steven and her other lovers, but that was nothing to complain about.

A series of lovers followed and Nadia could hardly keep track of one after the other. They were all different in some way. One man had little bumps that spiraled around and down his cock, giving her great pleasure, pushing her right up to the edge, but not over it. Another one had a cock that stayed hard the entire time he fucked her, but kept growing in size from below average to so huge it was stretching her out to almost painful dimensions. It was her first time being fucked by a man with a ring through the head of his cock. She was fucked by a man who sported a pair of tits, not fake tits, but real ones—Nadia reached up and played with them a bit just to make sure—and had wide hips like a woman but sported a very real cock. One man looked and felt completely normal to her for a minute of sex and then her cunt started tingling like she was receiving electric shocks; the cum from him she ate out of June left her tongue and lips tingling like she had just used mouthwash.

Through it all Nadia found she couldn't cum. As much as she wanted to and the many lovers she had, nothing made her, or June, climax. She wondered if that was how many women felt during sex, the unfortunate ones who never orgasmed. That was completely foreign to Nadia. She had learned to cum by her own hand when she was thirteen and with someone else when she was fifteen. It opened a whole new world to her just like this was opening another world, a much larger world than she possibly could have imagined.

The whole process took place in front of the constantly changing crowd. June would pluck a willing participant out of the group seemingly at random, but each one of them was always eager to fuck Nadia. The other platform was only a few feet away, but Nadia was barely aware of what was going on with the dark-haired woman. Occasionally she'd glance across the way and see three or four figures in much the same arrangement as her platform, but it seemed unimportant and didn't concern her so she all but ignored the other half of the party, which on a certain level made no sense because the men who were called to the platform were all from the same group. There wasn't one section designated for Nadia and one for her rival, they were all intermingled. Women were in attendance but weren't asked to help out with Nadia's treatment but none of them seemed to mind. It was a peculiar world but Nadia easily fell into it and

was thrilled to be the center of attention.

It ended abruptly. Nadia licked the last few drops of cum from June's pussy and realized no one else was getting between her legs to fuck her. All told that was fine with her because her thighs were sore from being splayed wide for so long.

"All done?" June asked as she threw her leg over Nadia's body and lay down next to her.

Nadia looked around and saw the crowd had largely dispersed, as if the sight of two naked women performing sexual acts was no longer of interest to them. "I guess so."

"You missed some." June wiped her finger along Nadia's cheek, wiping up a few stray drops of cum and offered her finger to the blonde woman. Nadia eagerly sucked June's finger, removing the last of her lovers' cum. "How do you feel?"

"Good. I suppose. Tired. Sore. Worn out."

"Are you ready to cum. I can promise you the orgasm of a lifetime."

"Yes! Please!"

"But first, you need to do one more thing." June took Nadia's hand, helped her down from the platform where the two naked women wound their way through the thin crowd to a private bedroom in the back of the house.

By the time they reached the bedroom Nadia was staggering, leaning against June for support, barely able to walk a straight line by herself. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'm so worn out."

June chuckled lightly. "There's nothing to apologize for. You've been through a difficult process. Most women who go through the treatment don't do nearly as well as you did."

"There are other women?" Nadia asked, confused.

Now June broke out into a full throated laugh. "Of course there are. Did you think you were the first? And who did you think that was on the dais next to you? A private show for your enjoyment that you couldn't watch?"

“Oh…no, that makes sense.”

June led her to the bed and together they slowly lay down on it. As soon as she was horizontal and had the opportunity to relax, Nadia’s eyes started to close, but June wasn’t going to let that happen.

“You can’t sleep yet, honey,” she said softly, chucking Nadia under the chin with her forefinger. “You need to feed and climax still.”

“I can do that later,” Nadia mumbled.

“No. Now.”

“I’m not hungry. Had lots of cum to eat.” She smiled to herself and half giggled.

“And you need something to completely that meal.” June moved her body up so she was resting against the pillows at the bed’s head and brought Nadia’s face down her to her chest. “You know how to suckle, don’t you, dear? Some people think it tastes just like the sweetest honey on Earth. It is sweet, that I promise you, but it’s so much better than honey, and it’s better than anything on Earth.”

It took a bit of encouragement, but eventually June got Nadia’s mouth down to her full, ripe breast. As soon as her lips dragged over the older woman’s nipple, instinct took over for Nadia. She latched on to the fat, juice nipple and automatically started to suck. She didn’t even realize she was doing it until she was rewarded by a little burst of flavor on her tongue; it was the sweetest milk in existence.

The taste of June’s milk alone was enough to revive Nadia. The blonde sucked eagerly at June’s breast, pulling more and more milk from her. “Easy, easy,” June soothed her. “There’s plenty for you. Don’t get too full too quickly.”

Silently Nadia moved her head up and down without breaking her latch on the nipple. Nursing from June was different than playing with Sarah’s breasts during sex. The act of feeding from the curvy woman was barely sexual, it was more an essential element of life, like breathing.

“Do you like it?”

“Mm-hmm,” Nadia answered. Drinking from June’s breast was better than an

actual meal. It was much better than all the cum she had eaten from June's cunt. The amazing part was that Nadia never would have guessed that June was lactating, let alone a mother. Sure, she was a bit curvier than what Nadia considered attractive in a woman, but there were no stretch marks on her body or any other indication that she had ever given birth. There were many definitions of beautiful and June certain fit at least one of them.

"Mother's milk is the best. Pure ambrosia. You could live on this alone, couldn't you, little girl?"

Once more Nadia silently agreed. She had settled into a rhythm of sucking and swallowing June's milk. It warmed her stomach and calmed her, but didn't put her to sleep. The odd thing was that it kept her libido level up without her needing to have sex or an orgasm right that very moment. Nursing from June was something Nadia could very happily done the rest of her life.

Their bodies curled together, perfectly mated consumer and producer. Nadia had never felt more comfortable being naked and intimate with another person, not all her male lovers, not the bizarre assortment of men Pitor had given to her this night, not Sarah, no one. She lost herself in June's body.

It was June who, unfortunately, broke the magical moment. "Switch sides, honey. I don't want to get lop-sided."

The process of switching from one breast to the other was simple and straightforward, but for those few seconds when Nadia wasn't feeding she felt like the universe had ended. Rooting about a bit in the dim room she felt June's fat nipple against her cheek and quickly latched on to the still-full breast. As before, June's milk let down immediately and the sweetness flooded Nadia's mouth. She swallowed and found herself in heaven again, her tummy warmed by the nutritious milk. Her had automatically sought out June's empty breast and lightly pinched the nipple between thumb and forefinger. When June didn't object she kept her hand where it was.

It was easy not to think about what she was doing. She knew that some college students actually went out and bought baby food to eat on their own, some reasoning that it was highly nutritious and a comfort food. Nadia couldn't see that.

It was much easier just to go with the moment and not think, just enjoy the

sensations of her body and June's body against hers. It was impossible for Nadia to say if this was the most perverted thing she had yet done in her short life. Tallying it up wasn't something she wanted to think about. Sex with too many men to count, sex with Sarah, sex with Sarah even when she knew she had a girlfriend, sex with Derke and Hank, sex with all those curious men on the platform, seeking out sex from Gerry when she was horny even though she knew he had a girlfriend, having sex with Mike when Gerry wasn't available, having sex with her professor because he demanded it of her, eating cum out of June's cunt; those were her many activities, any one of which could get her labeled a pervert. Nadia preferred not to give it much thought.

Was nursing from a woman's breast, drinking her milk, any more perverted? June offered herself up willingly, happily. It was something June wanted Nadia to do. Nadia hadn't even been aware that June's breasts were full of milk. This wasn't something that had gnawed at her soul that she needed to try before she died. It just happened.

And then it occurred to her that maybe Nadia was an easy mark for others who needed sexual fulfillment. Was that it? Was Nadia the type of woman destined to be used by others, others taking their pleasure in her, using her as they wanted, and then casting her aside. It might be, but Nadia knew that she enjoyed every part of her journey.

All too soon June's second breast was empty. "That's good, honey," June told her as the milk ran out.

But Nadia didn't stop sucking. She maintained her latch and kept drawing the nipple into her mouth and releasing it, desperate for some more milk. "Stop, honey, you're going to hurt me." June's voice was firm and insistent but not yet angry. Somehow Nadia managed to let June's nipple slip from her mouth and she felt a great emptiness that made her wonder if that's what zombies felt like when they were denied access to fresh human brains. "Good girl," June complimented and bent her head down to kiss Nadia. She tasted her own milk on the young woman's lips and recognized the confused expression on her face.

"The first time is the hardest," said June.

"It wasn't hard, it was wonderful," Nadia breathed in awe.

"Stopping for the first time is the hardest," June corrected herself. "You did

well.”

Nadia looked at June’s naked breasts in the room’s dim light. She was certain the nipples and areola had been a lovely pink when they were having sex on the platform, and even in the dim light of the bedroom she was certain they were now a darker shade, tan or almost purple. The nipples themselves were enlarged, both longer and fatter. Looking at them Nadia wanted to nurse again, but she managed to control herself and just stared longingly. “Thank you. I’d like more please when you can.” She couldn’t believe what she was saying.

June let out a polite laugh. “Soon enough,” she half-promised. “But for now, would you like a bit of physical release?”

“Physical release?” Nadia was puzzled by the phrase. She was too focused on June’s tits.

“Would you like me to make you cum?” June said bluntly.

“Oh. I’d forgotten about that.” Nadia reflected for just a minute and then realized there was a burning in her pussy that could only be extinguished by application of perfect stimulation to her clit.

That made June laugh more. “How could a woman forget she needs to cum?”

“I don’t know,” Nadia answered honestly. The moment that June mentioned it, Nadia wanted to cum but didn’t want to just start masturbating in front of her. In fact, she was a bit frightened to touch herself because of how sore and raw her pussy must be after getting fucked by so many men.

“Let me help you. Open up your legs.”

Nadia did as she was told and June reached down to her pussy. Expecting a long and lavish masturbation session, Nadia settled back against June’s soft body. What happened was the complete opposite of what Nadia expected. June slid her hand over Nadia’s belly and thin pubic curls. Right away her index finger found Nadia’s clit and just pressed on it firmly once. Nadia’s body exploded with sensation.

She cried out, rejoicing. Her entire body trembled, limbs shaking uncontrollably. At first she couldn’t breathe and then she started hyperventilating. Sweat broke

out all over her body and she was immediately exhausted as if she had just run a marathon and broken every record in the books. She was certain she passed out because when she came back to her senses June was lightly cupping her pussy and their positions had shifted. “What happened?” she sniffled.

“You came,” June told her.

“I did?”

“It should have been mind-blowing and magical. Was it?”

After blinking a few times Nadia said, “Yes. It was. I’ve never cum like that before.”

“And you probably never will again. I can make you cum again, of course, but each time the impact is less.”

“Well, thank you anyway,” said Nadia, a bit confused by June’s words. She kissed the older woman on the shoulder. “I’d love to go down on you and make you cum, or whatever you want.” She smiled in that winning way that had convinced more than one man to do something crazy he had never contemplated before.

June shook her head. “You’ve already spent a lot of time between my legs tonight. You don’t need to do that anymore. Besides, no matter what you did, you’d never make me cum.”

Nadia grinned. “I take that as a challenge,” she said reaching for June’s pussy. The other woman let her touch her sex, but didn’t change her mind.

“It has nothing to do with you, my dear, and everything with me. I’m anorgasmic…except under very specific circumstances that cannot be reproduced here with only you.”

“Are you sure?” Nadia tried again, gently massaging June’s hairless pussy. She couldn’t detect even the slightest hint of stubble which made Nadia decide her bed partner must get waxed.

“I’m positive,” June told her with a kiss. “Why don’t we just settle down for the night and have a little rest.”

With her tummy full of cum and milk, her body sated with an indescribable orgasm, and curled up next to a beautiful woman, Nadia found it extremely easy to fall to sleep immediately.

Chapter Ten

Nadia was woken up in the morning by Pitor joining the two women in bed.

“Is she ripe?” he asked his wife as he rolled Nadia away from the older woman and onto her back. She was barely awake and didn’t resist as Pitor settled between her legs with an already erect cock.

“Of course she is,” June replied, “as if that would make any difference to you. You’re going to fuck her whether she’s ready or not.”

“True,” Pitor admitted as he was entering Nadia’s pussy. Automatically she lifted up her legs as he got on top of her allowing him easy access. She was barely awake was found it remarkable how wet she already was and how easily he slid into her after being so well-used the previous night. What she immediately thought was how pleasant it was getting fucked by Prof. Pitor, even if he was doing it in the bed right next to his wife.

That thought caused her to startle and nearly sit upright, all but knocking Pitor of her body and out of her cunt. “Your wife!” she gasped looking over at June who was watching them with casual disinterest.

“What about me?” June asked.

“He’s fucking me right next to you!” Nadia blurted out and then realized how silly it was to say the words when June could obviously see what was going on and didn’t have the least bit of interest in it. It was only then did Nadia realize she was just waking up, coming out of a deep sleep, and if June had the least bit of inclination to be upset over her husband’s sexual antics, she probably would have mentioned something the night before during the orgy of perverse activities she had taken part in with Nadia.

“I know,” June said coolly. She wasn’t the least bit upset or aroused. “I’ll get your precursor to drink when he’s done with you.” The older woman slid out from under the covers and walked calmly to the door. Nadia watched as June’s shapely hips and buttocks rolled in an eye-catching motion. She paused at the

door. “Do you really think this is necessary?” June asked her husband.

“Necessary? No? Pleasant? Yes. My prerogative? Certainly.” He grinned down at Nadia who suddenly looked and felt so much smaller and weaker than him.

June snorted. “Men,” was her one comment of disgust before she walked through the door.

Pitor continued fucking Nadia for another few minutes with her making all the right noises until he came. As much as she wanted to, Nadia found that she was unable to cum with Pitor and, strangely, the level of her lust was very low, as if what he was doing to her body didn’t matter at all.

“Your cunt is perfect as always,” Pitor commented as he rolled off her. This struck Nadia as a strange comment considering they had only had sex a grand total of four times, including this romp. The previous times were in his office, in the stables (and that barely qualified), and the previous night on the platform. He had little evidence of the quality of her body’s aptitude for sex based on the small sample size he had taken.

“Thank you,” she said sitting up. Already she could feel his cum leaking out of her. There was nothing that she wanted to do more than bolt for the bathroom and clean up, but that seemed rude and a bit silly. The need to be ashamed about the functioning of her body wasn’t an idea that Nadia clung to.

“You never could resist a pretty face, and having to fuck the body attached to that pretty face,” said June as she returned carrying a precisely measured beaker of precursor. Nadia all but snatched it out of the older woman’s hands and quickly downed the drink. She barely tasted it but waited in anticipation of its customary effects.

“I am who I am,” Pitor declared a bit too smugly. “You knew who I was before we married.”

“Huh,” was June’s reply. A stiff silence fell between the trio until June spoke again. “Where did you disappear to last night? I expected you to join us at first opportunity.”

Pitor’s smile was one of a cat that had just caught the canary. “I slipped away with a charming young lad by the name of Daniel. Beautiful face, strong arms, a

cock his mother could be proud of. And his mouth!" For just a moment Pitor sounded just like a love-struck schoolboy. "His mouth, he knew how to suck and when to suck and when to lick and when to kiss. His tongue was like a snake trained in the fine and erotic art of lovemaking." He paused. "I'm sure I taught him a thing or two last night. A bet the poor boy is having a hard time walking home this morning."

June rolled her eyes. "I don't need to know every detail of your conquests, Joseph." She reprimanded him lick a misbehaving youth.

Pitor was taken aback, or at least pretended to be. "You used to love hearing me wax lyrical about my other lovers."

"When I was with you and them," June said. "When we fuck them together, it's a fun adventure and we share the memories. When you go off on your own and fuck them, you're just bragging and trying to annoy me." June looked away from her husband and fixed her eyes on Nadia. "Don't ever get married, darling girl. Even if you think you know what you're getting into, you don't. Trust me on this."

Nadia had been listening to the exchange between the married couple with equal parts amusement, horror, and confusion. Obviously the two were open about their sex lives outside the marriage bedroom and apparently they had shared other lovers before. There was a distinct note in the air that made Nadia assume they had shared many, many lovers previously and their marriage was fully open to them having partners, male or female (or perhaps because of Prof. Pitor's experiments both and neither), outside the marriage.

There was also an undercurrent of mild resentment on June's part. Perhaps she felt she had made a bad choice in her marriage, but then why didn't she leave. Obviously sex wasn't the issue because she was free to sleep with whomever she wanted. But then Nadia rethought that idea; maybe Prof. Pitor somehow induced his wife to do the many perverted things like what Nadia had been a part of the previous night. Was there a real hold on June from leaving her husband? Perhaps she actually was in love with him but simply tired of his antics after too long a time together. Whatever the case was Nadia was certain she wasn't going to solve their marital problems any time soon.

"Thank you for the advice, June," Nadia politely replied. She wasn't sure what

she was supposed to do now. Before when she had slept over at her lovers' rooms she had always made a quick getaway before he had woken up, usually, and certainly right after the sloppy morning sex when he was in the shower and she dashed away before things could get awkward.

"My pleasure. Would you like me to make you cum again before you leave because a man's cock certainly isn't going to do it for you in the immediate future?"

"Oh! Is that why I couldn't cum with Prof. Pitor this morning?"

"Call him Joseph, or Joe, when we're alone, dear. Keep calling him by his title and it'll go right to his head if it hasn't already. And yes, that's why. Everything that he's done to you over the past few weeks has put your body off its need for the male sex organ—at least for the time being. The need will come back soon enough."

"You've done this before?" Nadia asked.

June laughed. "More than once."

"I'd like you to make her cum," Pitor interrupted. "There's nothing quite like the sight of two women making love. Especially two women who have shared my bed." He leered at them both. Once more June rolled her eyes.

"You know the visual spectacle you're expecting isn't going to happen," she told him sharply and turned back to Nadia. "Lay back and open up your legs."

Apparently Nadia had no choice in the matter and did as June instructed. The curvy woman just reached between her thighs, immediately found her clit half hidden inside its hood and by her blonde-bronze public hair. One touch was all that was needed and Nadia's body was bucking on the bed as she nearly had a seizure from the powerful orgasm June imparted on her.

"How do you do that?" Nadia panted when the moment of crisis had passed.

"Magic," June unhelpfully explained and presented her with a pile of neatly folded clothing. At some point June must have picked up Nadia's discarded garments. "You might want to get dressed for your walk back to your dorm."

Nadia got the distinct impression that she was being summarily dismissed.

“Such a shame to cover up such loveliness with clothing,” remarked Pitor as he watched Nadia dress.

“It’s cold out,” Nadia told him. The moment was creeping her out, especially when Pitor took his wife’s hand and drew her into the bed. June didn’t object or resist. In fact she seemed almost eager to receive her husband’s attention which made Nadia positive she knew nothing about marriage at all.

“Don’t forget, Nadia,” Prof. Pitor called to her as she started to leave. “No sex with any men unless I give my approval. It’s for the best, trust me.”

Nadia silently nodded and left. Already June was working her way down her husband’s body and had his cock in her hand ready to suck on him. There were various men, women, and other things sleeping throughout the Pitor’s house. Nadia made her way almost to the front door before she was stopped by rapid footsteps behind her. She turned to see June trotting, naked, through the house. The older woman grabbed Nadia’s hand just as she was about to open the front door. “I need you to feed from me this morning.”

“What?” At first Nadia thought she meant breakfast. She couldn’t remember the last time she had a proper meal. Last night’s cum and milk feast hardly counted, did it?

June lifted up and squeezed her full breasts. A few drops leaked out of both nipples. “You’ll want some of this, won’t you?”

Nadia trembled. She could smell the milk and already taste it on her tongue. “Yes.”

“Good. I’ll expect you back here before noon.” June pivoted on her toes and headed back to her husband.

Once more Nadia realized she had no idea what she had gotten into.

End Part Three

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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