ELLIOT SILVESTRI

BESIDE HONORA

AN EROTIC NOVEL OF SWEET, CREAMY LACTATION



HONEYSUCKLE

BOOK 2

GREEN BUSH PUBLISHING

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Honeysuckle 2: Beside Honora

An Erotic Novel of Sweet, Creamy Lactation

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Honeysuckle 2: Beside Honora

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Version 2

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Contents

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Preview

About the Author

[2]

Chapter Four

She pulled away from me, sloshing through the water to the other side of the tub and pretended like everything was fine. Following her cue, I slipped back into the water and hoped the red flush I felt on my chest and face would just be written off as an effect of the hot water.

We waited a minute. Over the rumble of the hot tub jets we could hear Jake moving through the house. It took him a good long minute to open the back door and walk onto the deck.

Before he opened the door Honora half whispered to me, “It’s taking him fucking long enough. We had plenty of time for me to get off.”

Personally, I like to take my time with a partner, but I silently agreed with her.

We were still naked in the hot tub, but at least we weren’t in the middle of sex. That would have been difficult to explain.

Jake opened the door and walked out on the deck. I wasn’t sure which of us he saw first, but he practically did a double taken when he saw the both of us together. I was slouching down now, hiding my tits in the water. Honora didn’t need to do the same because she was so short, but her breasts were bobbing around. I glanced her way and noted that her nipples were largely hidden.

“What the hell are you two doing?” he asked, his brow furrowed in confusion, and maybe anger, as he walked across the deck.

“Hot tubbing,” Honora answered him with a smug attitude. She managed to pull it off because she’s cute.

Jake walked up to the tub with confidence. The deck was built so that the top edge of the tub was level with the deck surface. He looked down at the two of us. I’ll give him credit. He wasn’t fazed at all.

“You didn’t bother with a swimsuit?” he asked Honora but glanced my way as well.

She shrugged, an action which threatened to lift her tits above the water’s surface. I found myself half wishing it would for another look at her body and half wishing it wouldn’t because it would embarrass all three of us. “I just

showered. Why put on a suit?" He nodded and seemed to accept her answer.

Jake looked at me. I should have been thinking of a reason to be naked in his hot tub, but I was too distracted by the stress of the situation along with Honora's naked body. "I didn't bring one with me," I blurted out, giving the lamest reason I could think.

The size difference between Honora and me would preclude my borrowing one.

"Seems you're awfully relaxed around your clients," he said to me.

"I try to be," I said breezily. "I don't have any body issues. Do you?" I asked him pointedly, raising myself up out of the water just enough so he could see my nipples. There was nothing like a little welcome female nudity to stymie the male tongue.

"No," he said calmly. "I'm glad you're enjoying yourselves." His look was inscrutable. "How much longer will you be in?"

"Not long," I said without thinking.

Honora was much smoother than me. I got the impression she had a whole secret life she wasn't letting either me or Jake know about. "We were just about to get out," she said while standing up.

Jake averted his eyes. Honora smirked at me, casually heaved her body out of the tub, and sauntered around the edge of the tub, picking up a towel from the box next to the door.

"Please don't walk around the deck naked, Honey," Jake said like he was in pain.

I looked at his crotch. There was no obvious sign that he had a boner, but there was a bulge there.

"You have a fucking ten foot high privacy fence," she pointed out.

"It's not a barrier to the world," he replied. "Have a little modesty. We have neighbors."

She smirked at him and languidly wrapped the towel around her body. She had it

high up under her arms. So high that from my perspective, down in the tub, I could see up under the towel. I couldn't see much, but I could certainly see her ass. Maybe her pussy too if I had focused on it.

"Please go put some clothes on, Honey," he said to her.

"You're not my father. You can't tell me what to do," she laughed at him.

"I am your guardian until your mother or father come back to reclaim you," he sighed.

"I know," she giggled and practically skipped her way into the house. Right as she reached the back door, she looked over her shoulder to see if she was being watched. I was eyeing her. Jake had his back to her.

Honora hiked up the towel to show off her bubble butt and disappeared inside.

"She's not a very stable young woman," he said to me. "You should be careful around her."

Don't I fucking know it! I said to myself but didn't actually say the words. "I got that impression. I didn't want to leave her alone when she said she was going to go into the hot tub. It didn't seem...safe."

It was easier to lie when I didn't have a naked eighteen year old around me.

Jake nodded. "That's nice of you, but you shouldn't be hopping into the tub with her. Naked no less."

"I'm not her legal guardian. I was doing the best I could."

Once more he sighed and nodded. "Thanks, but…"

"Why don't you join me?" I suggested before he could finish the thought. I stood up fully and let him get an eyeful.

I liked the way he looked at me.

"Probably not a good idea," he said.

"Why not? Don't you like my tits? My hips?" I turned to the side. "My ass." I

turned back. “My pussy?”

He smiled thinly. “I like it all, but I’d like to have at least a veneer of respectability in front of Honey.”

“Should I leave?” I asked as I stepped out of the tub. His eyes never left my body.

“I was hoping you’d stay…”

“Why should I?”

“Because I want to fuck you.”

I picked up a towel from the box where Honora had grabbed hers. I slowly dried off. I felt like a porn star. I liked the feeling.

“Is that all?” I rubbed my belly with the towel to accent my tits.

“I want to suck the milk out of your tits, is that what you want to hear?”

Fuck yes it was. “That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.”

“Why don’t you grab your clothes,” he said, indicating the pile on the deck, “and go to the shower. “I’ll get rid of Honey.”

“Are you sure?” I asked one last time as I wrapped the towel around my body. It fit me better than Honora, but because I was taller, it barely covered me from tits to ass. My ass hung out, just barely, because I was tall. Hers had hung out because she was so curvy.

“I’m sure.”

“Good,” I answered as I walked by him and grabbed his crotch. His cock was fully hard. I wanted it more than I wanted to admit.

I headed to the guest shower. I had been in his house enough to know where he meant. Honora had her own suite as did Jake, but there were a couple of guest rooms with a shared bathroom. I went there and got under the water. It felt good to wash away the chemicals from the tub.

I don’t know how long I was there, but it was long enough for me to contemplate getting the shower wand down from the holder and using it on pulse to masturbate with. While I was considering this plan, Jake slipped into the bathroom.

Having too much money meant the bathroom was overly fancy with a bathing tub separate from the shower with the glass doors that were only partially frosted giving the outside viewer a peep show.

“Should I join you?” Jake asked, making me gasp and jump.

After my heart stopped trying to pound its way out of my chest, I turned around, glad that he hadn’t caught me in the middle of masturbating to images of Honora in my head, and said, “You shouldn’t sneak up on people like that!”

“It’s my house.”

“Where’s Honora?”

“Honey? She’s already taken off to see her friends. We’re free to fuck.” He slipped the glass door all the way open. “Or whatever,” he added, looking at my chest.

My tits were fully engorged. I wanted him to suck them.

I needed him to suck them after I had barely played with Honora at all.

He didn’t start sucking them immediately, which I would have loved. Instead he pretended to be a gentleman and kissed me. I let him. I accepted his tongue into my mouth and I even pushed back at him, exploring his mouth with my tongue. His hand came up from my waist to cup a breast. I moaned in the back of my throat.

I wanted more.

“You seem eager,” he commented, breaking our clinch.

“You have no idea,” I replied, reaching up to circle my hand around his neck. I was gentle, but I felt a little bit like the sort of creepy guy who always pushes a girl’s head down to his cock for a blowjob instead of asking.

I’m fine with being asked for a blowjob. I’m not at all cool with being shoved around because a guy is unable to use his words.

Apparently I was the sort of woman who was okay with shoving her partner’s face down to her tits.

Jake didn’t complain. And he immediately got the hint, latching on and sucking my nipple.

I moaned louder than I wanted to.

It caused him to pull back from my tit and that was both unexpected and unwanted.

The tone of my moan changed as he pulled away.

“Your milk is really sweet,” he told me.

I wasn’t sure if he was speaking literally or metaphorically.

“Thank you?”

“I’m surprised more guys aren’t into this.” His hands cupped my tits and I could feel him hefting them, squeezing ever so gently which forced out some milk, but not a lot. It was immediately washed away by the spray of the shower. I wanted out of the water and onto a bed. Or at least I wanted Jake to press me up against the shower wall and fuck me hard.

And suck my tits.

I needed the milk drawn out.

“Yeah, well, guys want what guys want.” It was a stupid statement but when I’m about to have sex, I’m focused on getting fucked, not being erudite.

“Do you want me to fuck you?” he asked politely.

“Yes,” I begged. “Please. But more than that...I need you to suck on my tits.”

He raised his eyebrows at me. “You sound...desperate.”

I wasn’t sure if he was teasing or not. I didn’t want to be teased. I wanted to be fucked.

No.

I wanted to be nursed.

“I am,” I almost whined. My hand went down to his cock. He wasn’t hard. Not fully. But he was getting there.

My hand helped.

The water from the shower didn’t help.

Water is not a sex lubricant.

“Please suck on my tits,” I begged him

He did so. My milk flowed into his mouth. I shivered with delight at the touch of his lips to my breasts. I pinched my other nipple and groaned. I wanted to cum but it wasn’t going to be possible, not in the shower.

And then his hand came up between my legs.

His finger probed at my pussy, looking for my opening. I opened up my stance wider and he found it. My groan was deeper this time. It took some doing to get my amrita on his finger so he could go all the way up inside me.

“Yesss…”

“You like that?”

“Uh-huh.” He was rubbing where it wasn’t doing much, if any, good. I had to pull my hand away from my nipple, letting it dribble out milk, so I could grab his wrist and adjust the angle. “Right there,” I said as he found the little ridge inside my pussy. Maybe I wrenched his thumb a little hard, but I didn’t care. I needed his thumb on my clit. When he found the right spot. “Ooohhhh…”

I literally trembled on top of his strong arm and hand. It was going to happen and I wanted it to happen.

There was no stopping it.

I couldn’t remember the last time I came standing up.

The last time I came standing up from someone else fingering me.

From someone else fingering me while I wanted them to do more.

“You’re beautiful when you cum,” he told me with a kiss.

I turned my head away after the kiss.

“What?”

“I know I’m not beautiful,” I said. “Why do you think I work so hard to maintain this body?”

He laughed at me. “Would you believe me if I told you I wanted to fuck your beautiful body?”

“Yes.” My face was something I was born with; my body is something that I made.

I fumbled for the water valve. Jake helped me in turning it off. I don’t know how I managed to walk out of the shower and not collapse to the floor, but I did it. I grabbed a towel and headed for the bed in what I knew to be the guest room, mostly because it was close.

Jake grabbed my wrist and pulled me to his bedroom. I was worried about walking around in his house, barely covered by a towel. I didn’t know when Honora might come wandering by.

“What about Honora?” I asked him as we took the longer route to his room.

“She’s gone,” he said as he pulled the towel from my body. I wasn’t ashamed at being naked, it was the circumstances that worried me. “And I like you naked.”

It was only then that I realized he hadn’t bothered with a towel or robe either. He was partially dry so he must have quickly used one in the bathroom, but still.

It didn’t matter. In a moment we were in his bedroom and he pushed me down to

the bed with him on top of me.

I was expecting his cock to start nudging at my pussy and I was ready for him, but I was more than delighted when instead Jake went right for my tits, sucking on one, drawing out the milk, making me shiver with delight again.

At this point I was beyond any shame. As he laid atop me, sucking on my right tit, I kept one hand on my left nipple, pinching it closed, and the other hand went right between my legs. I didn't care that I was jilling off. I needed to cum again.

"You're eager," he said, noting my busy fingers.

"You need to fuck me. You promised." I sounded like a little whiny girl.

I was okay with that.

"I don't think I can bend my head down far enough to suck on your tits and fuck you at the same time."

"Then just suck my tits."

He did so. And I continued to rub my clit, looking for that second orgasm. Sometimes I felt bad for men because, at best, they could cum twice or maybe three times a day before they were done.

Multiple orgasms are a secret power that all women have and too few are brave enough to use.

Jake happily feasted on my tits, sucking out my milk, softening them. He switched back and forth, with us sharing duties of keeping one nipple pinched closed as I continued to play with my pussy.

I wasn't dawdling. I wanted to cum and I did.

Never before had I cum with someone else assisting by sucking on my tits and drinking my milk. I loved it.

When I was done cumming my fingers were slick with my juices and Jake had let go of my tits and was just watching me.

“What?” Now that I was slightly relaxed, I was self-conscious again and he was staring at me like I was a freak.

“You’re beautiful when you cum,” he repeated.

I rolled my eyes. “You already said that.”

“But it’s true!” he insisted.

“Just fuck me,” I said, altering the direction of the conversation. This time when I grabbed for his cock, he was fully erect. How did he do that without me at least giving him a handjob? Most of the guys I had been with needed, at the minimum, a blowjob to get hard enough for me.

Jake didn’t let the opportunity go away. He got between my legs and eased himself into me.

He filled me up nicely. I was so wet there was no resistance. He just went all the way inside and we were both gratified with how our bodies worked together.

My fingers were still wet so I was about to wipe them on the sheets, but I hesitated because that seemed rude.

Jake noticed my inability to decide what to do with my hand.

“What’s the matter?” he asked as he started thrusting.

“My fingers are wet.”

He stopped thrusting. “From your pussy?”

It was ridiculous, but I blushed and said, “Yes.” I hated looking into his eyes as he asked the question.

The moment I answered he grabbed my hand and brought it to his mouth. Stuffing my fingers into his mouth, he sucked them greedily. I was weirded out. I wasn’t disgusted, but it seemed a little extreme.

“I love the taste of your pussy.”

“You said you loved the taste of my milk.”

“I love both. Can’t I love both?”

“Why don’t you just fuck me. We can debate this later.”

He nodded and fucked me hard. Really hard. The kind of hard that I needed. We had just showered and already we were hot and sweaty again. If I hadn’t been as strong as I was, he would have fucked me right through the mattress.

I was a strong woman and I loved the way he fucked me.

I had a third orgasm, a small one, and then he started to reach his peak. His cock felt like a rigid iron bar in my pussy.

He came. That made me cum. I felt every muscle in his body contract, jetting his cum into me.

I needed that good, hard fuck.

Jake politely rolled off me and we panted next to each other on the bed.

“Okay. That was hot. That was good. We need to do that again,” I said.

“Right now?” Jake sounded alarmed.

“No,” I laughed. “We can wait a bit. Maybe get a bite to eat first?”

He looked at me to see if I was kidding.

“You need to stop winding me up.”

“You need to stop calling me when you’re looking for a personal trainer for your ward.” I laughed. “That makes you sound like Batman. Are you Batman? You’re rich, right. Honora is like your Robin, only she’s more like Carrie from The Dark Knight Returns.”

He gave me another look. “I wouldn’t have pegged you as a comic book nerd.”

I waved his concern away. “I dated a guy in high school who was.”

“Were you in this good of shape when you were in high school?”

“No. But Chris, my sort-of boyfriend, was. He got me into it.”

“I should send him a letter of appreciation.”

“Please don’t. I’ll be humiliated.”

That was my big hang up in life. Being humiliated.

“Fine. I won’t. But if I ever met the guy, I’ll be happy to shake his hand.”

“Ugh!” I rolled over and showed him my back. I’m sure he was staring at my ass.

I didn’t mind that.

“What exactly were you doing in the hot tub with Honey when I got home?”

I stiffened and tried not to show it. I was glad I wasn’t a man and any stiffening was only showing in my muscles, not my cock.

“I already told you. Basically, I was waiting for you to get home.”

“Honey just said you two were hot tubbing.” He snorted and shook his head. “I hate that expression. Anyway, did she talk you into it?”

“Sort of. It’s been a while since I’ve been in a tub and I wanted to try it out.”

“You need to be careful around her.”

“I am.”

“She’s emotionally a wreck. Not very stable mentally. Her parents have fucked her up.”

“Yeah. I got that impression.”

“Don’t let her seduce you,” he warned me.

That caught me by surprise. “I’m not going to fuck an eighteen year old,” I said with absolute sincerity.

I meant it in the moment. Of course, a couple of hours earlier I would have happily fucked eighteen year old Honora.

I was not a good person.

“Why are you so worried?” I asked him after he nodded.

“Because I’ve caught her in the tub before. That time was with a boy. I’ve also caught her in her room with a different boy. They weren’t in the act, but they had sex, I know it. I’m not stupid. And there was an incident with a girl. A friend of hers. I thought they were just friends, but I’m pretty sure they were having sex as well.”

He sighed in frustration.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Yeah. I’m trying to keep her on the straight and narrow for as long as possible.”

“Makes sense.”

“Seducing the personal trainer isn’t a good idea.”

“You won’t catch me in bed or the hot tub with her,” I promised.

I meant it.

There were plenty more places for Honora and I to have sex.

Chapter Five

I hated taking advantage of Jake's trust, but when he made Honora forbidden fruit, well, I had to consume that succulent fruit.

It was wrong in every way.

But sex with Honora was amazing.

What's the expression guys use?

Don't stick your dick in crazy!

Honora was definitely crazy. I wasn't sticking my dick in her. I didn't have a dick.

Just fingers and a tongue.

I couldn't believe what I was planning. I knew I wanted to keep my relationship with Jake going. I had never had a lover before who wanted my milky tits. There was no way I was going to give that up. But I wanted to fuck Honora as well. She was obviously hot for me, or maybe she was just a sex junky. Either way, it wouldn't be hard to get her into bed.

The tough part would be keeping them both in the dark about my relationship with the other. The easy out would be to fuck Honora a couple of times, then cut it off with her, and continue on with Jake. Assuming it all didn't blow up in my face.

Easy.

Seducing Honora was the easiest part. She had already made her desires more than obvious. We would have fucked in the hot tub if we hadn't been rudely interrupted by Jake.

We would have fucked if not for him.

Hell, she had her tongue up my twat. For all intents and purposes, we had fucked.

I just hadn't reciprocated. Or climaxed.

That was easily fixed.

The next day I had my regular workout with Honora. She already had plans as well. As usual, we met at Jake's house. When I rang the bell she greeted me at the door. Normally she was wearing appropriate workout clothing for our training session. Today she was...not.

Her tank top was inappropriate for anything to be done in public and certainly didn't give her the sort of support her large tits needed. It was more of a cami top than a true tank top, but she wasn't wearing a bra, that was obvious from the outlines of her nipples.

Her shorts were athletic but a size too small. They barely covered her ass. When she turned around to lead me inside, I could see the bottoms of her cheeks peeking out underneath. It made me wonder if she was wearing a thong or nothing underneath them.

No shoes. No socks.

Pure sexual energy.

"Come in," she said, turning around and showing me her ass. "Are we going to have an easy workout today?"

"No. You need extra work."

"Going to work me hard in my bed?" she asked, lowering her eyes and licking her lips. Her intention was obvious.

If I said I wasn't turned on, I would have been lying.

But I still had some self-respect for myself and my job. I knew I could still do my job and bed Honora. It was just a matter of skill.

"No," I said firmly. "I'm here for your workout. Get into something more appropriate for exercise."

"Sure," she said almost casually, hooking her hands around the thin straps of her

top and pulling it down, exposing her tits.

They were just as full and wonderful to drink in with the eyes as they always had been.

I wanted to grab them, caress them, kiss her and make her go down on me right there in the entry hall.

My pussy was so wet that I was glad I was wearing moisture-wicking fabric.

I maintained myself.

Mostly.

I said, “Go to your room. Put on something more appropriate and meet me downstairs.”

I turned around and went to the exercise room.

She didn’t immediately follow me.

I was grateful for that.

I prepped the barbells that I wanted her to use. It only took Honora a minute to reappear. She was wearing an athletic bra, the same shorts, no shoes. I sighed in frustration; it was a mild improvement at best.

“What are you doing, Honora?” I asked her in frustration.

“This,” was her reply. She pulled down the front zipper to her new and fancy athletic bra, once again revealing her tits. She was either overeager or an exhibitionist, or both. I could see her winding up on a first name basis with every stripper pole in the city before her career was over.

Still, she had great tits.

I leered at her for too long. Actually, I leered at her tits for too long. She walked right up to me, slipped her arms around my waist while I was helpless to resist and then kissed me.

Her kiss today was better than yesterday. Yesterday we were rushed and I was

too worried and anxious. Jake was busy today. We had plenty of time.

But it was still wrong.

That's what made it feel so good.

I cupped her breast and felt the nipple contract and harden under my fingers. She shivered a bit and pressed against me.

I was the one who had to be the adult, who had to be mature, who had to be the wet blanket.

Before hands could wander where they shouldn't be, I pulled back. "We can do this later," I promised. "After you finish your workout."

She pouted at me. "Don't you want to fuck me?" she asked.

I sighed and still stepped back. "Yes. But you need to work first and have fun second. That's a lesson you have to learn before you go to college."

"I don't want to learn it." There was some space between us now. I had let go of her breast so now, naturally, she cupped both of them, idly fiddling with the nipples.

"Too bad. Put your bra back on. Get some footwear on and start lifting." I smiled thinly. "Don't make me beat you."

She turned around and presented me her ass. "I've never played with beatings and spankings. Maybe I should try."

She had the ass for it. Fuck!

"No. Workout first."

For some reason she put her bra back on, found a decent pair of shoes on the edge of the room, and started following my directives.

Of course Honora continued to tease me throughout our hour.

"Don't you want me to stop? I'm getting all hot and sweaty."

“I like hot and sweaty women.” And men. I should have added and men.

“Do you fuck all your clients?”

“No. Just the cute ones.”

“You think I’m cute?”

“No, but you will be when I’m done with you.”

She pouted. “You’re awful.”

“I try to be.”

“Can I take off my top. I’m getting hot.”

“No.”

“Right. Good decision. I’m already hot.”

“It’s a good thing you’re young because if you don’t keep doing what I tell you, that pretty face isn’t going to carry you as far as you want in life.”

She pouted.

After an hour we were finally done.

She was hot and sweaty. To my eyes, that made her even hotter.

What was it with me and fit, sweaty sex partners?

“Am I done?” she asked as she put down the weights I had her using.

I nodded and tried not to let my tongue hang out of my mouth. “Yes. You’re done.”

She didn’t even bother trying to be subtle. The zipper to her bra went down and then she kicked off her shoes while yanking off her shorts.

I shouldn’t have been surprised that she didn’t have any underwear on, and yet I was.

“Are we going to fuck here or what?” she asked.

I momentarily closed my eyes, not because I didn’t want to fuck her (I most certainly did) but because she was all about the act and didn’t take into account the buildup.

That was the fun part.

“I don’t want to have sex in a smelly workout room,” I said. “Your bedroom will do.”

“Should I shower first?”

I shook my head. “No. I want you hot and sweaty.”

“Kinky,” she said and pirouetted on one toe. She ran up the stairs, her rounded bubble-shaped ass bouncing all the way.

I followed at a more stately pace. I was eager to fuck, but I didn’t need to show her that. I didn’t even take off my clothes as I went. Not just because I had dignity, but because I didn’t want to leave something behind by chance for Jake to find.

Honora was on her knees on her bed, bouncing up and down on the mattress chanting, “Sex! Sex! We’re gonna have sex! Sex! We’re gonna have sex!” over and over again as I walked it.

“A more mature partner would come over here and help me undress,” I said to her as I unlaced my sneakers.

Honora’s hand went between her thighs. I didn’t think she was seriously masturbating, but she wasn’t just teasing. It was sort of hot. Then Honora shook her head. “Nope. I want to watch you strip.”

I indulged her. It was fun to undress in front of her. It appealed to my exhibitionist nature. Shoes. Socks. Tights and panties. T-shirt. I stopped at my athletic bra. My milk was coming in. The hour I had spent working Honora hadn’t just made my pussy hot and wet; it had started letting down my milk as well.

“What are you waiting for?” Honora asked as she continued to absently jill herself.

“I think I should warn you about something,” I said, my fingers hooked under the edge of my bra.

“What?” Her smile was eager, like she was going to get to indulge in some kinky practice that precious few ever had the opportunity to experience.

She was right.

“I’m not like other women.”

Honora shook her head. “I had my fingers inside of you yesterday. You seem like the other girls I’ve been with.”

Girls? Jake had only mentioned one other female partner that Honora had had. That didn’t stop me.

“Okay, I have a secret that you should know before we go any further.”

“If you have a boyfriend, I’m fine with that. This is just sex, not a romance.” For an eighteen year old she was surprisingly sophisticated. But she was also mentally unbalanced and I was definitely taking advantage of her.

I just lifted up my bra over my small but full tits and posed in front of her for a moment. I hadn’t done any serious bodybuilding, but if I was willing to take the steroids and hormones and spend twelve hours a day getting buff, I would have loved the attention the crowds would have given me on stage.

Exhibitionist.

“What’s the secret?” she asked, disappointed.

I held up a finger and then cupped my hands over my breasts. It didn’t take much. I was horny and there was no stopping my body when it wanted to make milk. A few squeezes forced out a few drops and then a few more and I was squirting milk onto her bed’s comforter.

That was enough to get Honora to stop bouncing on the bed and jilling herself.

“Holy fucking shit! How’d you do that?”

“I squeezed my tits,” I explained unnecessarily.

“Yeah, but...how?”

“Hormone imbalance.” It was the short version. No one wants a science lecture right before sex.

Except for those kinky nerd fuckers.

“Can I try?” she asked me.

“What?” I hadn’t heard that before.

And before I could follow up with another question she moved to the edge of the bed and grabbed my tits. Her squeezes were a little rough, but not really painful. She was more clumsy than anything.

It was still good enough to make the milk come shooting out.

She laughed delightedly at the crazy angles the streams of milk shot in.

“Does it hurt?”

I shook my head. “No. But you’re being a little rough.”

“Sorry!” She dropped my tits. “That’s fucking kinky.”

“It's okay.”

“How do you have sex with tits like that?”

“Mostly I tell guys not to touch my tits if they don’t want to get a eye full of milk.”

Honora tilted her head to the side, grabbed my boobs again, and pulled me in close. This time she didn’t squeeze. This time she put her lips to one of my nipples and sucked.

I moaned.

I moaned a lot louder than I meant to.

I could feel her nursing from my boob down to my clit.

My pussy was going to turn into a waterfall in a moment.

I should have stopped her, but I wanted this so we pressed on.

She pulled back far too quickly. “Holy shit. That’s sweet. It’s like sugar water!”

“Yeah. I know.”

She went right back to it and I moaned again. My legs were getting weak, not from standing, but from her suckling. I stumbled toward the bed.

“What’s the matter?”

“I need to lay down if you’re going to keep doing that.”

“Sure!”

She helped me lay down on my side and immediately went back at my tits. I couldn’t blame her. I wanted her to do it.

Resting one hand on my hip and the other holding my breast, she nursed eagerly and wantonly.

If I had to admit it, she was better than Jake.

Fuck!

Her hand slid around from my hip to my pussy. There was no reason to fight it. I opened up my thighs and let her access my pussy.

It was wrong. So wrong, but she knew what she was doing.

Crazy girls know about sex.

At first she penetrated me with just one finger, but I was plenty wet and she was eager, so she added a second finger. Two was plenty. When her hand started slapping against my bare pussy I moaned in time with the motions of her hand.

Rolling to my back didn’t remove her latch from my tit.

The milk was flowing as fast as the amrita to my pussy. The workout had gotten me worked up and I was going to cum. It was a bit humiliating to realize that an eighteen year old girl was fucking me like a pro, but then I let go of my emotions and let the orgasm take me.

I was certain my free breast was spraying milk like a fountain, but between my wet pussy and Honora’s sweaty body, it was impossible to tell.

Once she made me cum, she moved up to kiss me. I could taste the sweetness on her lips. Kissing and fingering wasn’t good enough for Honora.

I liked her weight on top of me as she kissed her way back down my body. She didn’t stop at my tits even though I wanted her to. She briefly gave each of my nipples a kiss and then continued the rest of the way down to my pussy.

“Do you shave or wax?” she asked upon reaching my pubic bone.

“Wax.”

“Sexy.” And then she licked my clit, went lower and shoved her tongue up into me. It was nice, but it was even nicer when she moved back up and sucked on my clit while fingering me.This time she didn’t seek out my G-spot. She focused on my clit.

I came again in short order, my limbs trembling at the release of energy.

“Wow,” she commented, pleased with herself. “It’s really easy to make you cum.”

“Why wouldn’t I want to cum?”

She shrugged her shoulders as she lifted herself up from between my legs. The motion made her tits jiggle. I watched, mesmerized. “I don’t know. Kyleen, the last girl I fucked, nothing I did could make her cum.”

“That’s too bad. Some women, it takes a while to learn what makes them cum.”

Honora shook her head. “Not me. I’ve been playing with myself since I was

thirteen. I've never had trouble cumming."

"Well, let's see if that's true."

I rolled her over onto her back. I was bigger and stronger than her and it wasn't like she was resisting. I took my time. We shared a few kisses as I laid my lean body on top of her soft one. I traveled down to her tits, kissing and licking and squeezing them. I loved how her big nipples easily contracted and became erect at the slightest attention.

But that was all preliminary. I moved down between her thighs, spreading them wide. Her little landing strip of blonde curls showed me the way to go. I felt just a hint of stubble on her mound and lips; obviously she shaved. I wondered why she didn't have some other treatment, but that was for another time.

It had been years since I had gone down on a woman. But just like riding a bike, it was a skill that I hadn't lost at all. In no time I had Honora gasping and moaning and crying out.

Her pussy was wet and swollen from my attention. She was tight, maybe from nerves, maybe from natural anatomy, but she loved it when I pushed my finger up inside her pussy and explored her.

It took me a lot more effort to make her cum, but when she did, I loved her reaction. Her entire body tensed up and then she just shook like she had her finger in an electric outlet. Or maybe because I had my fingers in her socket, she was electrified.

For all her bragging, she was obviously an amateur when it came to sex.

It was endearing.

"Oh fuck," she cried out when the initial wave had passed. "I've never cum like that before."

"You must be fucking people who don't know how to make you cum," I told her, full of self-confidence because I was the experienced woman instructing the younger woman I had just seduced into my bed. That wasn't the case at all, but I allowed my fantasy for that moment.

“No,” she said, slowly shaking her head back and forth, but I could tell she didn’t fully believe it. “You just must be that good.”

I kissed her. “Thank you. You flatter me, but thank you.”

She was hotter and sweatier than ever. I wasn’t sure if I wanted to fuck her again because she was so hot or if I wanted to make her go into the shower because it was just a little too much now.

Her hands went to my tits. “I love these.”

I laughed a little. “You have them too.”

“I know...but yours are full of milk. That had to be it. Your milk made me cum so hard.”

I laughed at her again. “Doubtful. But thank you. Lots of guys I’ve gotten in bed with didn’t like that I was lactating.” Looking down at her hands playing with my boobs and nipples, I smiled. She was clearly enamored of my tits. I wondered if she had been lying when she had bragged earlier about having sex with more than one woman.

“I want to do this again,” she said.

“Play with my boobs?” I teased.

She nodded and lowered her mouth. Sucking on one nipple, it felt good, but she didn’t get much, if any, milk. I was temporarily empty. “Uh-huh. That. And have sex with you.”

“Maybe we can do that…”

“And I want to lactate like you,” she added.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not?” Honora was offended. “Isn’t that what boobs are for?”

“Uh. Yeah. Sort of. They’re mostly to feed babies. I’m an aberration.”

“Yeah, but...it’s possible to get boobs to make milk without getting pregnant.”

“Okay. True. But you’re too young,” I told her, trying not to be condescending, but I’m sure it came out that way. “You need to find who you are first.”

“I know who I am!” she said in such a way that I drew back. The crazy was in her eyes and I was afraid, but I didn’t want to admit that to her.

“Okay, okay, we can look into that,” I said calmly.

She was momentarily pacified. “Good!” She took her hands away from my tits and cupped her own. “Mine are so much bigger than yours. I want to see how much milk I can make.”

I sighed and smiled.

Chapter Six

Jake had me bent over his bed and was fucking me from behind. It wasn't my favorite position, but I was willing to try anything for him. He kept shifting from holding my hips and fucking me standing up, to leaning forward and grabbing my tits, letting me support his weight. I sort of liked it when he played with my tits while fucking me that way. Yeah, the milk was being wasted all over the bed sheets, and I did feel a bit like a cow being milked, but it was fun at the same time.

Never would I have imagined I would be used and fucked that way.

"You like that?" he grunted at me as he squeezed both breasts at the same time, forcing the milk out. I watched the spray splatter onto his sheets.

"Uh-huh."

He abruptly let go and stood up. He smacked me sharply on the ass and grabbed my hips again. I cried out at the sharp slap. The burning sensation wasn't what I was used to during sex, but I liked it. I liked how he used me.

My legs started to tremble. His cock was hitting me inside just where I wanted it to. I wanted a mouth on my nipples, but that wasn't going to happen. I just let him fuck me. What else was there to do?

"You like being a cow?" he blurted out. "You like being fucked like a cow?"

That was unexpected, but the humiliation factor worked for me. "Uh-huh. Fuck me. Fuck me hard!"

If he had asked me, I probably would have mooed like a cow. If he had asked me I would have run and gotten a bucket so he could have hand milked me like some kinky, fucked up barnyard frenzy shit.

He fucked me hard, as promised. He slammed his cock and hips into me. He was stronger so it didn't take much for him to control me, but I wanted to be controlled. I could tell he was holding back, though.

I needed something a little more.

Picking up one hand from the bed, I grabbed one of my breasts and pinched the

nipple. It hurt. I wanted it to hurt.

That was what I needed. One more pinch and a twist and I came when Jake thrusted into me and hit my secret G-spot just right.

The sound I made when I came was long and loud and low. It was a good way to cum. And then Jake seemed to explode inside of me.

He kept thrusting. I could feel his cum stirring inside of me. He stayed hard. He kept thrusting and in short order his cum started to be forced out.

Hot and dirty.

My knees had been locked but I could only maintain that position for so long. Eventually I had to sink down to the bed, separating my pussy from his cock.

“That was so fucking good,” I told him, my words partially muffled by the bed.

Jake joined me on the bed, laying next to me, rolling me over to my side. “You have a lovely pussy,” he said.

“Uh-huh.”

“Or rather, it feels perfect.” My eyes were closed, but I felt his hand on my breasts. “Just like your tits.”

The sheets were wet, but I didn’t mind that. “I still have milk in them,” I managed to say.

“Do you want me to suck it out?”

“Uh-huh.”

“I can do that for you.”

And he did. He moved down my body. I felt his lips on my nipple and I sighed. I didn’t need it to cum. I had just had a wonderful orgasm. They weren’t even overfull. Jake had squeezed out plenty of milk already, but when he started nursing, the milk flowed.

It felt so good when the milk flowed. Instead of ramping me up and making me

want to fuck more, it calmed me down. Nursing on me, Jake was putting me to sleep.

And then I felt his hand between my legs. Automatically I opened up for him because I was a slave to my body in more ways than I wanted to admit.

“Your pussy is so wet,” he said.

“You fucked me,” I said sleepily. “That’s your cum in there.”

He only had one finger inside of me, but that was fine. Withdrawing the finger he offered it to my lips. Once again, I opened up because I’m a slave to my body in more ways than one.

I could taste my pussy on his finger. I could taste his cum on my finger.

“That is so fucking hot,” he said as I sucked his finger like a little cock.

“Thank you,” I said around his finger.

“You’re a kinky little slut, aren’t you?” he asked me.

Too eagerly I nodded yes.

“What do you want to do next?”

I laughed at him. “What more do you want? I’m already lactating. I should ask you that question.”

I left out that I was fucking Honora. While he might appreciate that I was happy to have sex with women, he might not be so thrilled to hear it was the eighteen year old he was legally responsible for.

“Would you indulge me?” he asked, maybe a bit too eagerly. Maybe he was just being careful.

“Depends on what you want me to do. Depends on what you want to do.”

“Do you like hiking?”

“Outside? Sure. I guess. I’m more into exercise in the gym. I’ve been hiking.” It

was a stretch to call running on the nature preserve paved path hiking, but who was being hurt?

“I want to fuck you outside. In the woods. Where anyone could see us.”

Maybe Jake had an exhibitionist streak in him as well.

“I...I could do that.”

His face brightened like the sun coming out from behind a cloud. “When I saw you outside with Honey in the hot tub, I wanted to fuck you right then and there.”

He was an outside sex guy. I could work with that.

“Have you ever had sex outside?” I asked him.

He nodded. “Oh yeah.” His eyes went dreamy and I was certain he was fantasizing about some previous conquest.

“Want to do it right now?” I asked him.

“What? I...uh...I really don’t have time right now.”

“Sure we do,” I said boldly. “Lets go into your backyard and fuck there. The deck is good enough, right?”

“You’re crazy.”

I nodded in agreement. His suckling had calmed me down, but then it had the opposite effect when we started talking. “Fuck me on the back deck.” I got off the bed and headed out the door, not a stitch of clothing on my body.

I didn’t look back to see if he was following.

The spring sun felt wonderful on my skin. The deck wasn’t that high but from where I was standing next to the hot tub, I could see over the top of the privacy fence. If someone was out there they could easily see me. I shivered in delight.

I shivered again when I heard the door open behind me. Glancing back, I saw Jake approaching. His cock was soft, but that was a problem easily solved.

“Let’s move down to the grass,” he said. “No one will be able to see us there.”

His hands went around my body and we kissed. I looked at his neighbors. They weren’t close, but anyone looking out a second floor window could see us.

I wanted them to see us.

Shaking my head no, I pulled away from him. Grabbing a cushion from one of the deck chairs, I flopped it over the deck’s railing and bent over for him. “No. Up here. I want them to see us.”

His cock responded, but he wasn’t hard enough.

“What if they see us?”

“What if!” I tossed back in his face and went down on my knees in front of him. Taking his cock into my hand and then my mouth, I sucked a little. He responded right away. I think he liked the thought of being caught, of his neighbors knowing he violated social norms because he could. “I want them to see us.”

When he was hard enough, I bent back over the railing and he slipped his cock into my pussy. We fucked while I looked at the other houses hoping to shock some uptight biddy or maybe give a teenaged boy the thrill of his life.

As it turned out, I was focused on the wrong thing.

Chapter Seven

“I should have known you were bi,” said Honora. “With that haircut I first guessed you were lesbian.” We were back in the exercise room in the basement of Jake’s house. She had happily acquiesced to working out. The entire first few minutes she had a smirk on her face. Obviously she had a secret she wanted to share.

“I’m not lesbian or bi,” I said quickly, running my fingers through my short and still dyed blue hair and tried not to think if I needed a trim.

“You’re having sex with me,” she said. “I’m bi and I’m fine with it.”

“I’m straight,” I insisted unnecessarily. “I just occasionally have sex with women.”

Yeah, I know it wasn’t logical, but sex isn’t logical.

“No, you aren’t straight.”

“Just because I’m having sex with you doesn’t mean I’m a lesbian.”

“I saw you having sex with Jake,” she interrupted me.

I froze. “What?” I shook my head. “Why would you say that?”

“Don’t lie to me, Cassie.”

“It’s none of your business who I have sex with, even if I was having sex with Jake it wouldn’t be any matter to you.”

“I saw the two of you fucking on the back deck yesterday. I watched you out the window and got myself off to the two of you.”

I wasn’t expecting that.

Fuck!

“You spied on us?”

“Why are you fucking Jake?”

“Because I can!” I snapped at her. “Why were you spying on us?”

“Looking out my bedroom window is hardly spying.”

She was calm and cool. The complete opposite of how I felt. Standing up from the pad on the floor where I had her working, she toyed with the shoulder strap to her exercise bra. I wanted her to take it off so I could play with her tits.

And at the same time I wanted to run away and never have to face Jake or Honora ever again.

“It’s cool,” she said. “I’m not jealous or upset or anything.”

She was crazy. I knew that. This was an act. I just had to avoid the other shoe when it dropped.

“Well, I’d appreciate it if you kept it quiet.”

Her smile was knowing. Honora wasn’t stupid. She might be crazy and horny, but she wasn’t stupid. “Why is that?”

“It’s unprofessional to have a sexual relationship with the person who’s essentially my client.” I looked at her, hot and sweaty. I wondered if she knew the level of bullshit I was spewing.

“But I’m your client,” she pointed out as she pulled down the strap to her top.

“He’s paying.” I wanted her to stop with the strap.

And I wanted her to keep going.

“So you’re fucking the both of us,” she said, pulling down the other strap. She had wonderful shoulders. Smooth and round and lightly freckled. She should wear strapless dresses, I decided. “Literally and metaphorically.”

“No. It’s completely different,” I said when I knew she was a hundred percent correct. If she kept pushing I wasn’t going to be fucking her or Jake.

“Have you ever fucked someone in the gym?” she asked, abruptly changing direction to the conversation.

“From the gym?” I asked, momentarily dazzled by her conversational footwork and her lovely shoulders.

“No. In the gym. Like, you get done with a workout and you yank down your panties so he can bend you over the bench and fuck you hard.”

This was clearly a fantasy of Honora’s. Whether it was a new one or one that had been floating around her head, I had no idea.

“No,” I said flatly.

“Never?”

“Never. Gym and the exercise equipment are disgusting. All sweaty and gross.”

“Yeah...but you fucked me when I was sweaty and gross.”

I closed my eyes for slightly longer than a blink. I was trying to forget that while at the same time remembering how good it had felt.

“That’s different. That was in bed.”

She rolled her eyes at me. “Whatever.” Then she pulled down her athletic bra, releasing her tits.

As always, they were gorgeous. She had the advantage of youth along with her curves, somehow they were, impossibly, all the right size and shape. Even her balloon-sized boobs were immune to being out of proportion. She now had her athletic bra around her middle, making her tits seem even bigger.

Unconsciously I licked my lips. Although Jake had drained me the day before, I could feel my milk welling up. What was wrong with me?

It would have made sense for her just to unhook the bra rather than play games with it. Of course, what she was doing was sexy as hell.

“Put your clothes back on,” I said, trying to act professional.

I couldn’t do that with Honora. We were beyond that.

“Are we done for the day?”

I slowly nodded my head.

“I want to have sex. Do you want to have sex?”

We went upstairs to her bedroom. The sheets on the bed were different from the last time I had been with her. These were flowered. The other ones had a geometric pattern on them. I remembered that detail. Had she changed them? Had a housekeeper? Did they have a housekeeper?

Honora was hot and sweaty, just the way I liked her. She kicked off her shoes. I pulled down her exercise pants that, as always, were a little too tight. She was wearing a thong (inappropriate) and I pulled that down, pushed her back to the bed, and pressed my face into her pussy.

Her scent was stronger than normal, but what was normal for her? She happily opened her thighs and I lapped at her swollen lips and sucked on her clit.

There was no way I was going to admit that I was just as turned on as she was. I managed to keep my hand out of my panties while I ate her pussy to what I hoped was an intense orgasm for her.

It certainly sounded intense.

“Come up here...please,” she begged.

I did as she asked. I lingered for a little too long at her mounded tits. They managed to form lovely humps and didn’t just disappear into her chest. By the time I worked my way up to her lips for a kiss I’m sure the scent of her pussy was gone.

“Suck on my tits more,” she said after we kissed. “I want milk like yours. And I want to suck your milk.” Her hands went to my small breasts and I had to force myself not to pull back. As much as I wanted to keep fucking her, there was no way I was going to get her to lactate. It wasn’t a good choice for her.

Or me.

I didn’t suck her tits, though I wanted to. It takes a lot to get a woman lactating, either a pregnancy or a course of hormones or a lot of sucking. A lot. I could enjoy sucking or being sucked, or both. But I didn’t want to do it with Honora

because she was just too young.

That was a legitimate reason. It wasn't the only reason.

Instead of sucking on her tits, I allowed her to move her mouth down to my tits. I couldn't help myself. I couldn't resist.

It felt so wonderful when she started nursing from me. It wasn't just sucking or sex play. She was nursing from me. She was sucking on my tits and drawing out the milk and I was loving every second of it.

I wanted to masturbate, but I didn't need to. I should have, because it would have gotten me off a lot quicker, but then again, Honora was enjoying herself, so why bother.

She made me cum just by sucking on my tits.

I loved it.

I could feel the milk squirting into her mouth.

I especially loved it when she swallowed. The sensation changed and it made me shiver each time she did it.

But really, the nipple orgasm changed my life.

"You really loved that," she told me after I was done gasping.

"Uh-huh." There was no point in arguing with her. It was the truth.

"You know what would be really hot?"

"Mmm...no." I wasn't really looking for more sex right then. I was still enjoying the aftereffects of her very talented mouth.

"It would be really hot if Jake walked in on us."

I froze. No, that would not be really hot. It wouldn't be hot at all. It would be ruinous.

I tried to keep my tone modulated. "That wouldn't be hot, Honora. That would

only cause problems.”

She laughed at me and rolled to her back. She had one hand on a nipple and the other tucked between her meaty thighs. She wasn’t masturbating, not really, but she wanted to. I could tell.

“You should call me Honey.”

“That’s a term of endearment that I’m not comfortable using with you.”

Once more she laughed at me. “It’s my nickname.”

I knew that.

“I know that,” I said. “I just prefer your given name, Honora. It’s pretty.”

“You’re the only one who uses it.”

“I’m different. You know that.”

“What would you do if Jake walked in?”

She was making me nervous again. “I’d freak out. Beg for his forgiveness and explain that I’m a slave to my sexual lusts.” I paused. “Please don’t tell me that you’d—”

She cut me off. “Hell no! I think I just like to go looking for trouble.”

That was obvious.

“Look...Honey,” I said, stumbling over her nickname, but I needed to use every weapon at my disposal. “This is fun and all, but I can’t have you telling Jake about us.”

“Why?”

I looked away from her. “Because maybe, just maybe, I’m thinking about getting serious with him.”

It was the truth; that’s why it hurt to say it.

She laughed at me. I soured and wanted to slap her. “I won’t say a word to him, but just to let you know, I’ve never known him to fuck a girl for more than three months.”

“Thanks for the warning.”

“Are you going to tell him about us?” she teased.

“No.”

“You should. It would be hot.”

“No, it wouldn’t.”

“I think I’m fucking you because you’re fucking him,” she said. “That and I like sex. And that Jake basically taught me to fuck everything I want to. And then move on. I think I’m going to fuck Sam tonight and then I’m going to break up with him.”

What?

“What?”

To Be Continued

Preview

Milk Fever: Drive

First there was the problem of Analise, but before that problem, there was Analise's boyfriend in my bed sucking on my tits, draining them of milk. It felt too good to make him stop.

Sure, I could have told him no, he couldn't come into my place. Or I could have told him no, stop texting me and blocked his number, but I was horny and stupid. I was starting to sympathize with being a nineteen year old boy and all the hormones they had to deal with.

It was late when I got back to my house. It was dark. Skip's truck was out front. He was waiting for me. It was almost like I had a stalker, except that I had set up a date for him. It was strange seeing his truck with his landscaping tools in the back when I knew he wasn't going to be using them. And my brain, dysfunctional as it is, immediately started to think that I had to pay him for coming over and would that make him a prostitute.

But he wasn't coming over to mow my lawn; he was coming over for a hookup.

As soon as I had parked my car in the garage, he was out of the truck and heading toward the front porch. I went through the house and met him at the door. He didn't say anything but I still drank him in with my eyes for the brief second before we started kissing. His sandy brown curly hair wasn't carefully arranged. It was tousled and unkempt. He wasn't wearing his usual tank top but had on a short sleeve shirt. That was fine. I could still see his muscular forearms. The night was slightly cool so he was wearing jeans instead of shorts. That didn't stop me from circling my hand around his waist and down to his ass.

After a few seconds I realized that making out on the front porch was an invitation to get the neighbors gossiping so I pulled him inside, though that meant taking his tongue out of my mouth and removing his hard from my breast. I didn't mind forcing his hand off my tit because it was slightly sore and

swollen. I knew that I was making more milk than usual because he had been sucking on my tits.

Being an autolactator, I was used to milk leaking out. After years of living with this condition I usually just stuffed my bras with a nursing pad and didn't worry about it because normally it wasn't a problem, Sometimes if I wanted to wear a thin bra or, so help me show off my large tits, go braless, I'd hand express the milk out so I didn't have to worry. More than once at a party or gathering I'd accidentally-on-purpose spilled my drink on my shirt to cover up my leaking.

We stumbled to my bedroom because we were both overeager to get there and we couldn't keep our hands off each other. The fact that he was mauling my tits didn't make it any easier. When we finally reached my bedroom I pushed aside anything resembling good manners and just pushed him away, which was physically difficult because he's strong and emotionally difficult because I wanted his hands and cock all over me, and pulled off my blouse and bra in one smooth movement. At least I hoped it was smooth. My bras tend to be on the larger, industrial size because of my large boobs, but I felt I pulled it off nicely.

"They're still amazing," he told me, leering at my tits.

I liked him leering at my tits. I beckoned him over to the bed and we both jumped on it. He went right for my breasts, any pretense of kisses as precursor to sex thrown aside. The moment his lips touched my super-sensitive nipples I could feel my milk letting down on both sides. He eagerly sucked on the nipple he had chosen, swallowing my milk as quickly as he could draw it forth while my other nipples just leaked steadily all over my breast.

Unable to help myself, I wiped my fingers across my breast, gathering up as much of the milk as I could. I greedily sucked up my own milk. I'd tasted it before. It was sweet and light and had the flavor of fruit juice. I didn't get myself off with it, but Skip loved it.

He was the first of my lovers to actually claim he liked it. I'm a thirty one year old woman. All my lovers up to that point had either stated it was "disgusting" on one level or another, or claimed it was "fine" but they didn't appreciate my special talent.

I needed to find kinkier lovers and I found one in Skip.

I had always been easily orgasmic—sucks to be you, Analise, better known as Skip's girlfriend—and so Skip sucking on my nipples and me occasionally playing with the free one was more than enough to make me cum. My body needed it. That's what I was telling myself.

The sensation of having milk drawn out of my tits was wonderful. I was providing something to Skip that he loved—I hoped—and he was into me because of it.

Let's be honest. Other than having big tits, I don't think I'm much of a prize. My body isn't fantastic, I probably have a few too many curves to be considered sexy and I know I have cellulite on my ass that looks exactly like cottage cheese. My hair is dun brown and straight with nothing special about it. At least I wasn't excessively short or tall or anything. I was boring.

Except for my tits.

I liked sharing my tits.

It wasn't like Skip and I had formulated an official agreement on what we were going to do in bed, but we both had the understanding that it would undoubtedly involve my tits, at least initially. He just went at my tits, sucking and pinching and rubbing and playing. He was good enough that I didn't even bother rubbing my thighs together to stimulate my pussy and clit. I just focused on my nipples, hoping for a nipple orgasm.

We weren't too far in before I realized that it was definitely going to happen. I was further along than I realized when Skip momentarily paused and looked up at me.

"What?" I asked him, annoyed at the pause.

"You're really loud. You're loving this, aren't you?"

I had to admit that I was, but I didn't say the words. I just pulled his mouth back to my breast and he got the idea. Encouraged by his words and enthusiasm, I let out my inner beast and let myself get loud. Maybe I was showing off a bit, but not much. I liked it when I came. The peak was hard and sharp.

Skip was laughing at me when I came back to myself. "What's so funny?" It was

more an accusation than a question.

“I made you cum like that.”

“Yeah? So?”

“It’s just sort of...I dunno...amazing that I can do that to you.”

“You should be thrilled that you’ve found someone who can cum so easily. Someone who can cum and not just lay there.” I knew I was coming dangerously close to telling him his girlfriend was a lousy lay—though he had given me that information. I wasn’t looking for a romantic relationship. I was just looking for someone to have sex with. Nothing else.

“I appreciate it,” he said quickly. “Now...do you want me to make you cum again?”

“For that you’ll need to use your dick.”

“I can do that.” He hopped off the bed and in a flash stripped off his clothes. I didn’t even get to enjoy the show. The one nice thing was that he wasn’t hard, or at least he wasn’t fully hard, not yet. His cock was just starting to get hard. I reached out from the bed and grabbed his manhood, pulling it over to my mouth. Already he was leaking slippery precum. I coated his head with it, moving my tongue all over the velvety surface, before taking the whole thing into my mouth.

He responded quickly and well. I could feel him getting harder with every pulse of his heart. It was a minor miracle and I loved to be the beneficiary of it. Eventually he got hard enough that I wasn’t making him rise any further and was just blowing him in an effort to make him cum. I was certain that if he came, I was going to swallow his load. I wanted to, but at the same time, I wanted his cock in my pussy.

Sex is complicated.

It didn’t take long to get him close. I could tell because from the few times we had already had sex, his expression and breathing changed. Plus his cock was quivering in my mouth.

Abruptly, I stopped. I wasn't going to have him waste it in my mouth, though I was interested in swallowing him again. His cum was tasty.

"Don't…" he begged, almost whining.

"You need to fuck me," I told him flatly. My pussy was wet. I wasn't gushing out girl juice like a faucet, but when I rolled off the bed and shimmied out of my pants, my panties clung to my skin I was so wet. I don't think Skip appreciated how eager I was for him. What did he care? He was only nineteen and any pussy or mouth he was getting was golden. "I want to ride you again."

Skip wasn't an idiot, but a little glutenous. He struggled getting a condom on while I watched. It wasn't like he was too big to put it on; he was just nervous and eager to get things going again. I had intentionally stopped and was patient because I didn't want him just sticking it in and thrusting twice before he unloaded. I wanted proper sex. And since I was in charge, I was going to get it the way I liked.

The thing about sex in certain positions is they look great on screen (Hollywood style or pornography style) but are only so-so at best to actually experience. Missionary is great. Doggy style is great. Cowgirl or reverse cowgirl is only okay, but it shows off the girl's tits, doesn't it? Being a good cowgirl also allowed tits to do what they do best. At least, the position allowed my tits to do what they do best.

"You ready?" I asked him when he finally got the condom on. He hadn't softened at all. That was good.

"Yeah!" He started dragging me back on the bed, but I moved quickly enough that he allowed me to climb on top and straddle him. As always putting him inside my pussy was easy. I was wet. He was hard. Thing came together perfectly. I sat down on him and we quickly settled into a good position. I wasn't squatting but kneeling so he could do all the hard work.

"Go ahead and fuck me," I encouraged him as I knelt above him. To encourage Skip, I idly played with my tits, rubbing and squeezing the nipples.

"What?" He was dazzled by my tits. I liked that.

"Fuck me," I instructed him. "You do the work and I'll do the enjoying." I gave

my left breast good squeeze with both hands. There's sort of an art to it, but I'd learned a long time ago how to make my milk spray out. It wasn't that impressive, but I got a little volume and some distance, enough to land droplets all over his chest and a few on his face. I wiped up the ones on his cheek, feeling the light stubble of his face, and offered the wetness to him. He eagerly sucked my finger and then started thrusting up into me.

That's what I wanted. I kept playing with my tits as he fucked me. I could make the milk squirt out. I could make it dribble. I let it go all over my skin and onto his chest and face and neck. He loved it. I loved it. I even went so far as to put my nipple in my mouth and suck out some of the milk.

That made his cock jump around inside my pussy.

"You like that?"

He had a tight grip on my hips, holding me in place while he bounced his ass off the bed and pounded his cock up into me. It was great the way he fucked me. I got all the enjoyment and didn't have to do much at all. "Uh huh," he muttered.

He wasn't even looking at my face, let alone at my eyes. He was staring at my tits. I liked that he was staring at my tits.

"Want to suck them?" He had just been sucking them ten minutes earlier. It shouldn't have been a treat or an incentive.

But it was.

"Hell yes!" he said emphatically.

I started to lean forward, offering my right to him because it felt a little fuller than the left. When he lifted up his head to latch on, I pulled back and straightened up, denying it to him.

"No," I told him while caressing and cupping both breasts. "Not yet. Not for you. You need to make me cum first. And you'd better not cum before me."

With just those words I managed to make him fuck me harder than before. I gasped at the pleasure and rode it out. It wasn't going to be that hard to make me cum. The real trick was stopping him from cumming first. I wasn't sure what

would happen if he failed...and I wanted to push Skip as hard as I could so I lifted my right up to my mouth and sucked a little more.

The milk flowed easily. It was delicious: not too sweet, just the right amount of flavor.

I think I upset him because his eyes went wide and he fucked me all the harder.

I sort of liked sucking my own tits. It was almost like masturbating, but I don't think I would have done it unless I was in front of Skip; it wasn't my kink. But since it drove him wild and let me control him, I was happy to do it.

It made me wonder what else I could do to control him.

But that thought was temporarily banished when I felt myself cumming. I gave myself over to it. I had done nothing to deserve that second orgasm, but I certainly let myself enjoy it as if I had.

Cumming was the whole purpose of sex for me. I let Skip know that I was cumming and when I was finished he was looking up at me with amazement.

"You're beautiful when you cum."

"Only when I cum?" I managed to ask him. "That's not much of a compliment."

"When you cum you're especially beautiful," he quickly corrected himself. "You're beautiful all the time."

"Nice save," I told him. "Now why don't you cum. I want to watch you."

He went right to it. His cock was still hard and I was still in position, though I was starting to get tired. It only took him a minute of thrusting up into me before he had the little death and finished. When he was done, I immediately starting thinking about what we needed to do for him not to have to use a condom. I wanted to feel him completely inside of me.

His expression was rather silly when he came, so I didn't comment on that. I just rested my hands on his chest and let him do all the work.

"Do you know your tits squirt milk when you cum?" he asked me.

It wasn’t the most shocking thing he could have said. “They pretty much drip milk the entire time we have sex,” I pointed out.

Slowly he shook his head. “No, well...yes, but no. When you were cumming, they were squirting much more than at any other point...except maybe when you were squeezing them.”

“Good to know. Did you like that?”

“I loved it,” he said quickly. Maybe too quickly. I was certain that I had him hooked.

“Do you want to fuck again?”

“Right now? Give me a minute.”

I shook my head. “Not right now. Tomorrow.”

“Sure!”

“Want my milk?”

“More than your pussy!”

I was taken aback by his enthusiastic answer. “And why is that?”

“You’re the only woman I’ve ever had sex with that lactated.”

“Oh. Well...if you want my milk, you’re going to have to earn it.”

“How do I do that?”

I put a finger to his lips. “You’ll find out tomorrow.”

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