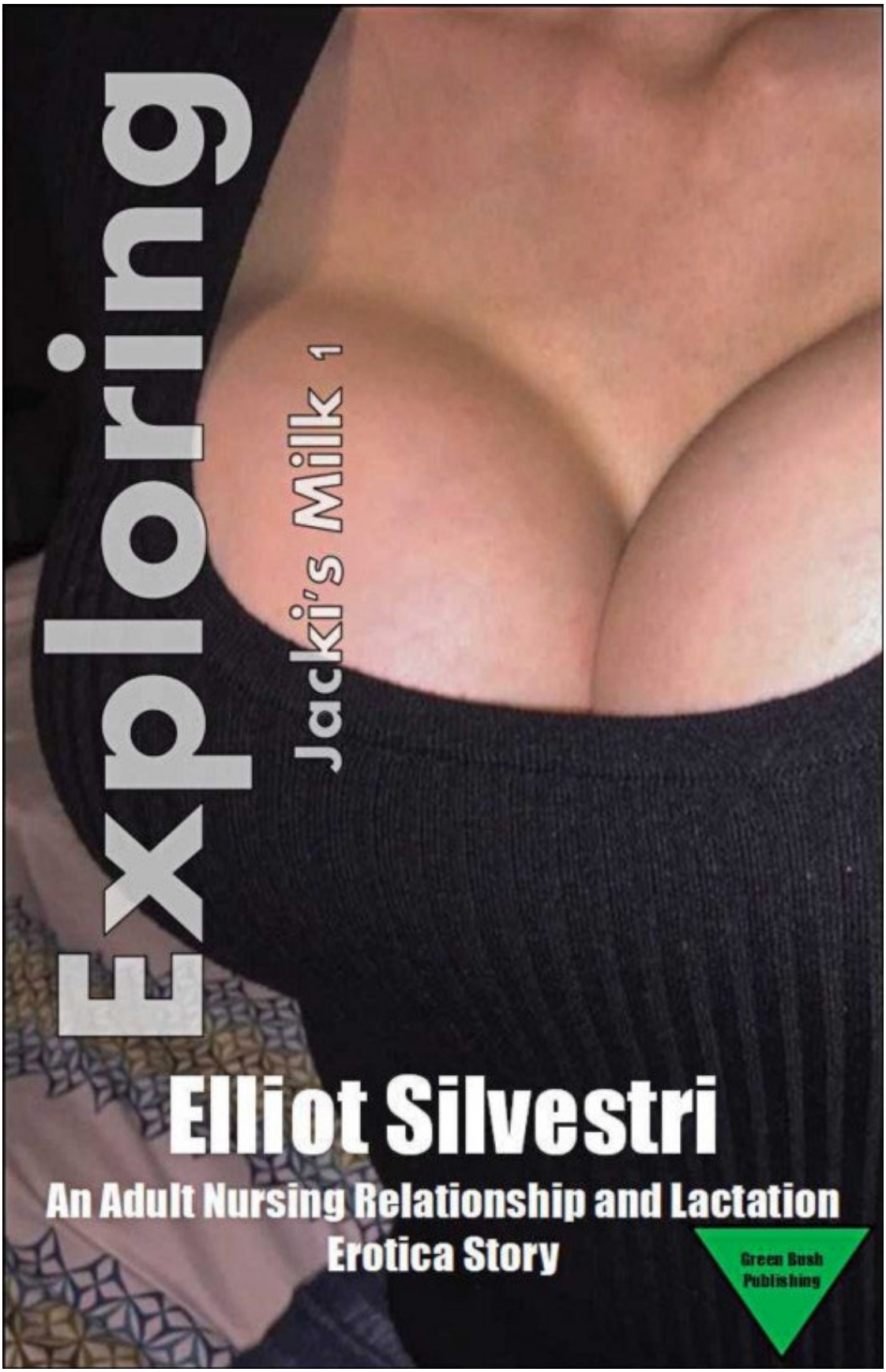
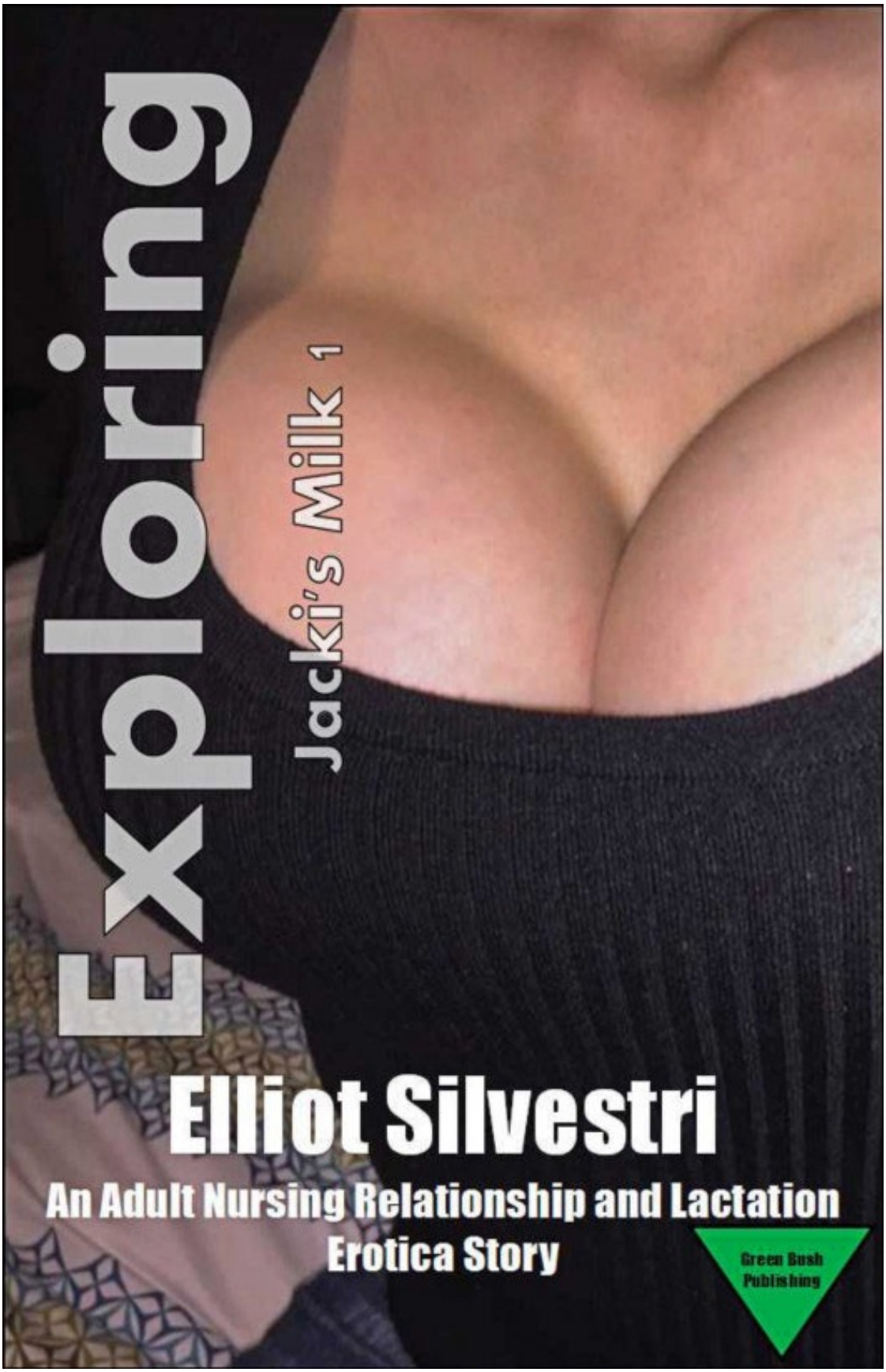

Exploring
Jacki's Milk 1
Elliot Silvestri
An Adult Nursing Relationship and Lactation Erotica Story
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Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Exploring: Jacki's Milk 1

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Chapter One

When she brought the towels into the laundry room, Jacki saw Kara's bra's drying on a rack. Jacki's new friend did the same thing she did with her bras; they were too expensive to risk washing and drying in the machines. Hand wash and hang dry was the only way to go.

Of course, Jacki's bras were either ordinary or sort-of sexy. The one's Kara had hanging up were nursing bras.

Kara's youngest was ten years old, just like Jacki's.

Okay, while Kara was rather well-endowed she certainly didn't need to be wearing the extra-supportive nursing bras. Though it did explain a lot about why she tended to wear blouses that covered up everything, even as it was obvious she had huge tits.

She came back from the laundry room thinking about what she had seen. The kids were finishing up whatever it was they had done for their science project. Since it was in Kara's house she was happy to help because it didn't involve her having to clean up a giant mess. Of the four kids in the group, the other two had already been picked up by their parents, only Kara's and Jacki's remained. Kara's older son was hiding upstairs.

While she was sure she was acting like a creepy teenage boy, Jacki couldn't help but keep stealing glances at Kara's chest as they continued to pick up. More than once Jacki found herself outright staring at Kara's tits.

They were impressive, but why was she wearing nursing bras?

Eventually everything settled down, their two kids went to the living room to play video games and Kara sat down with Jacki at the kitchen table. Jacki hadn't realized how incredibly difficult it would be to make new friends when she had moved hours away from home after her divorce, but then discovered the parents she met through her son's school was a great source of new people.

Kara had quickly become her best friend.

And now she knew a secret about Kara that was churning at her gut.

She had to ask.

Jacki wished that Kara had offered some wine. It was always easier to pass off stupid questions as the alcohol talking.

“Why are you still wearing nursing bras?” she suddenly burst out, changing the conversation from logistics of moving the science project off the kitchen table and into the back of Kara’s family van.

Kara was slightly taken aback by the question, mostly because it came from nowhere. “What?”

“I saw your bras drying in the laundry room,” Jacki quickly explained. “It just got me wondering.”

“Oh. Well, they’re comfortable and I still use them,” she said off-handedly. “Didn’t you breast feed your son? I always found my nursing bras very comfortable.”

“Yes, but…the flaps and everything. They were comfy, but not at all sexy.”

There was a moment of resistance, but Kara couldn’t help herself, or maybe she wanted to spill her secret. “Sometimes it’s sexy to certain people,” she said, trying to maintain an air of mystery but Jacki was just confused.

“How could that be sexy…?”

Kara’s face went from mysterious to a broad smile. “Well…my husband.”

“He’s into industrial strength lingerie?”

“No. He’s into…um…big boobs.”

Jacki scoffed. “Aren’t most men?” she asked, looking down at her rather small chest with a rueful expression.

“Some are. Some aren’t.”

“You don’t have to worry about me stealing your husband,” Jacki joked, pushing her chest forward to emphasize her shape and intentionally showing how small her tits were.

“Okay, well, with Will, it isn’t so much the size as the contents,” Kara said, half screaming on the inside that she shouldn’t be saying anything, but half wishing that she was saying more. Secrets were hard for her to keep.

“Contents?” Jacki was lost.

Sucking in a deep breath, Kara braced herself and confessed. “I’m still lactating from when Bobby was breastfeeding.”

Slowly everything clicked into place for Jacki. “And…Will…your husband… he’s into that.”

Now it was Kara’s turn to push her chest forward and show off her impressive mammaries. “Yes. Isn’t it obvious?”

Jacki laughed nervously. “Well, liking them big is one thing, what you’re saying is another.” Her face was flushed and her knees were trembling; she was glad she was sitting down.

Her nervousness seemed to spread to Kara. “I mean…who doesn’t have a little kink they indulge in, right?”

“Right,” Jacki agreed. But she couldn’t let it rest. That was too risky. “But I’ve never heard of yours before. I mean…your husband likes breast milk?” She tried not to sound too judgmental so she followed it with a compliment. “I mean, that must take a lot of dedication. When did Bobby stop breastfeeding?”

“Basically at a year old.”

Jacki was impressed. “And you’ve kept this going for…nine years!?” She let out an exclamatory whoop. “Wow!”

Kara nodded along in agreement. “Well, if it’s something a man loves…”

“He’ll do whatever it takes to make it work,” Jacki finished. “Still, that’s an amazing amount of dedication on your part.”

“I suppose…” Kara said modestly and nervously. This was a kink she had only ever discussed with her husband and anonymously on the internet. It was an intimate secret to be sharing with someone she had known only a few months.

“It seemed like it took forever for my milk to come in,” Jacki went on. “And when it did, it was in consistent for a long time. And then when Jay weaned himself—too early for me—I went through a tremendous amount of pain. Full hard tits hurt!”

“That’s sort of how Will and I stumbled into it. My boobs were hurting so he helped me out with a little…oral relief. He didn’t mind the taste. We both got used to him draining me every night…and here we are.”

“I feel like you’re skipping over a lot of details.”

Before Kara could answer, the kids came back to the kitchen, ending the conversation.

It was late when Jacki got home with Jay. Her boyfriend Alex wasn’t going to be visiting her tonight, which was fine because she was exhausted.

Exhausted but horny.

After getting Jay to bed she was glad for some alone time. Instead of wasting it watching television, she made the most of the opportunity.

She hadn’t stopped thinking about her conversation with Kara and she fully intended to continue it, but she couldn’t stop thinking about the milk that was inside Kara’s tits. Maybe she was just jealous.

Taking off her shirt and small bra, she proceeded to examine her breasts. She hovered between cup sizes, either a too small A or a not enough B. Staring at herself in the mirror she couldn’t help but think she was acting like a teenaged girl who wished her boobs would grow bigger and faster.

There were advantages to having small tits, but that didn’t make her not be jealous. Being in her mid-thirties was bad enough, but she could see the faded stretch marks on her tits. They weren’t obvious, but they were there from when Jay had nursed from her.

Still, her nipples were nicely-sized and capper by silver-dollar sized areolas. Cute was the best way to describe her look, especially with her short hair and

slim hips. Her hands came up to her nipples, to lightly pull and tease them. It felt good. Really good.

She didn't want think about what was half-hidden in her bedside drawer, but she couldn't stop thinking about it. What she wanted to think about was her tits and making them grow.

She wanted to make Kara's husband jealous. She wanted to tempt Will, a man she had never met, away from his wife. Apparently the only way to do that was to suddenly start lactating.

Her fingers had been busy with her nipples and boobs. It took a good amount of pressure to cause her pain. They might be small nipples, but they were tough. They had to be the way her son had so aggressively nursed on her a decade ago.

It had turned her on, but not enough.

With a sigh Jacki let go of her nipples to unbutton her jeans and strip herself naked. The mirror she had been gazing into only went to her waist, but it was low enough to show the top edge of the little strip of black hair that hid her pussy lips from easy view. Turning away from the mirror she went to the bedside drawer and pulled it open. Hidden deep inside it were her two favorite toys, the ones she couldn't let anyone know about, not even Alex. She silently said thanks to the good people at Amazon who allowed her to have some anonymity and set aside the vibrator.

The dildo was what interested her at the moment. It was larger than any man she had ever fucked; that's why she liked it. She couldn't let Alex know about it because he'd be upset and jealous. Going to her small, private bathroom, she firmly placed the dildo with its suction cup base onto the tiled floor. It stood up stronger than most men's erections.

Double checking that the bedroom door was locked, she then locked herself into the bathroom, placed her feet on either side of the disembodied dildo, and lowered herself onto it.

The only way she could maintain her balance was to steady herself with one hand on the edge of the bathtub. She was still fit enough to pump her thighs, lifting herself up and down on the lovely phallus. Just playing with her nipples had gotten her wet enough to let the silicon shaft easily slide into her pussy. That

was one thing about her body that Jacki loved; just a bit of nipple play had her ready for almost anything in the bedroom.

She couldn't stop thinking about Kara's tits while she masturbated in a fashion that was clearly nontraditional, but it always worked for her. Maybe some women liked just pressing a vibrator to their clits, and that would work for Jacki as well, but she preferred to get herself off with as little mechanical assistance as possible.

It didn't take too much effort to make herself orgasm tonight. She had barely ridden the fake cock for two minutes before her body pleasantly quivered with the release of pent up energy and need. She rested a moment, the cock all the way inside her pussy, her bottom just barely resting on the cool tiles, before she lifted herself off and leaned against the wall for a minute to recover.

It wasn't enough. Jacki could tell that right away. She wasn't sure if it was a curse or a blessing to have such a powerful sex drive.

Maybe it was because she was distracted when she was getting herself off, but since she didn't want to use the vibrator that always left her pussy tingling and slightly sore, she had another idea. It was crazy, but it was a good night to explore crazy.

Walking naked from the bathroom after disengaging the dildo from the floor and giving it a quick rinse in the sink before tossing it on the bed, she opened her closet and began hunting. Jacki had a good idea where her little treasure was.

The case was in a plastic tote. She held her breath when she took it out because she wasn't certain if it would still work. It didn't need to be sterile clean, not for what she wanted to do, but it needed to work.

The little hand pump had always been a bit of an annoyance when she had to use it to express her milk while at work. It had lasted only a couple of months before she had given up.

But she hadn't forgotten how it felt.

There was a little thrill of pain, but there was a lot of pleasure associated with the tiny action of squeezing the handle and feeling all that pressure and suction on her nipple. She felt it all the way to the core of her being.

Kneeling on the bed, naked, with a small manual breast pump pressed to her right nipple, Jacki should have felt a little bit foolish. She didn't. She was incredibly turned on.

With each squeeze of the handle she felt her nipple drawn forward by the suction. There was just a bit of pinching, but that was good. It was almost as good as having a partner sucking on her nipple while pinching the other. She wasn't coordinated enough to pinch one nipple and pump the other, so she let herself be satisfied by the pumping alone.

Jacki knew it was going to be enough. She couldn't get the vision of Kara's milk-filled tits out of her head. She wanted to see Kara spray her milk from her nipples. In her mind she was filling in the intimate details she had no way of knowing. Even as she dreamed this, she was wishing her tits will swell up, full of milk, so that she could offer her milk to Alex. To Will. To Kara. Especially to Kara.

When she came, it was a giant relief. A giant wave of shame washed over Jacki as she realized what she had been doing to herself. Her right breast hurt and she wasn't making any milk and she had masturbated to dirty visions of her friend.

And she knew she wasn't going to stop.

Chapter Two

“I can’t leave it alone,” Jacki said. She was being literal in this case. While she was talking on the phone to Kara, she had her hand inside her shirt—no bra on, of course—and was gently tweaking her nipple. To have this conversation she’d either need alcohol or inhibition-reducing lust. She opted for lust. “You can’t just drop on me that kink you and Will have and not tell me more!” Her intent was for her words to come out with curiosity; instead it sounded like prying.

There was a pause which made Jacki’s stomach sink to her knees, but then Kara finally said, “Well, what more do you want to know?”

Her friend wasn’t above discussing her kink. That was good. Jacki needed an in and she was willing to take anything that Kara tossed her way.

Before Jacki could ask her questions, Kara spoke again. “I mean, it’s not like it’s that strange.”

“You’ve been lactating for a decade!” Jacki exploded and gave her nipple a little twist to get herself back under control. “That’s a little strange.”

“Lots of women do it.”

“Women with ten kids!”

Kara laughed. “I’m not that woman. I mean, lots of women do it for their husbands who are into it.”

“Yeah, okay. But…what do you get out of it?”

“Me?” Kara practically purred the word. “I get off on his getting off.”

“Oh.”

Kara laughed over the phone at her friend. “What did you think I got out of it?”

“Umm…just that, I guess.” She laughed nervously and didn’t know how to proceed.

“Why the interest?” asked Kara, making the conversation less about sex and more about Jacki, which she didn’t like.

“Well, you know. It’s a weird…that is…it’s not a mainstream kink, not like bondage or leather or something like that. You can find people who are into that no trouble, right? But people who are into milk—”

“Lactation,” Kara corrected her. “The cool kids call it ANR.”

“ANR?”

“Adult nursing relationship.”

“Oh. Makes sense. No one wants to say ‘adult nursing relationship’ plus you have the cool initialism, like BDSM.”

“Uh-huh.” Kara wasn’t terribly interested in Jacki’s assessment of her private sex life. “Is this something you’re interested in?”

“Well yeah,” Jacki laughed nervously. “Why else would I be asking questions about it?”

“I mean, are you interested in it?”

Although she had tried to deflect Kara’s initial question, Jacki knew exactly what her friend meant. Her stomach was tight, but her nipples were hard and she could feel her pussy start to dampen her panties. The lust was making her not think straight.

“Yes,” she gulped, “but it’s impossible, right. I mean you’ve been doing it for ten years and I haven’t.” She was admitting it without admitting it. She wanted to feel the sensation of milk filling up her tits and flowing out. It had felt so wonderfully incredible years ago and she wanted that again.

She wanted to share it with a lover. It didn’t matter who, Just a lover who wanted what she wanted, but she couldn’t tell Kara that.

“You want to lactate?” Kara asked, cutting to the heart of the matter.

“Yes,” she admitted in a tiny, soft voice. “But that can’t happen.”

“Of course it can.”

Jacki regarded the device that Kara offered her. It was a very high end, very expensive electric breast pump. She had seen them when she was nursing her son, but never had the money to invest one. Her little hand pump could only be used on one breast at a time; this one had two soft silicone funnel-like cups and was designed to pump both breasts at the same time.

“It’s really nice. What am I supposed to do with it?”

“Pump your breasts, duh.” Kara teased. “What do you think it’s for?”

“Well, yeah, but I’m not lactating right now. There’s no need.”

“You can also use it to induce. Lots of women who adopt infants who want to breast feed do it.”

“Okay. Yeah. I’ve heard of that, but you want me to do it?”

“No. Not especially. I thought you wanted to do it.”

“Don’t you use it?”

“Only when Will isn’t around for a few day on a business trip or something. Keeps the milk flowing. All you have to do is pump your breasts two or three times a day and you should re-lactate in a few weeks.” She grinned eager to let her friend in on a secret. “But it works better if you have someone nursing on you.” Wetting her lips she leaned in a little. “What does Alex think of this?”

Jacki hadn’t said one word to her boyfriend about her newfound interest. She didn’t know if he was interested or didn’t care or was turned off by it. She was willing to end her relationship with her over this, so she was certain she was damn serious.

“He doesn’t know. Not yet.”

Kara looked like Jacki had hit her in the face with a hammer. “You haven’t mentioned it to him.”

“No. Not yet.”

“That’s…not a great idea.”

Jacki lifted her chin; her attitude became defiant. “It’s my body. If he doesn’t like it…well, there are other men out there who are into it, right?”

“You’re willing to dump your boyfriend over this?”

“Yes. If he’s disgusted by who I am…then I don’t want him.”

“Wow. You’re all in on this, aren’t you?”

“Damn straight.”

“Why?”

Kara’s question stopped Jacki in her examination of the breast pump. “Why?”

“Yeah. Why?”

There was no way that Jacki was going to tell her friend everything, but she could tell her enough. “I’m tired of having tiny tits. I want to be bigger…and I want it to be natural. I loved my boobs when I was pregnant and when I was nursing.”

Kara didn’t fully believe her. “There are other ways to get bigger boobs that don’t call for such an investment of time and effort.”

“And it fucking turns me on. If it doesn’t turn Alex on…then well…I’m going to be single shortly.”

Whatever the reason, her words must have convinced Kara. “Okay. I believe you. Why don’t you try it out?” she asked while flipping open the door to the compartment that held the pump’s cord.

“Here?” asked Jacki, suddenly nervous. “Now?”

“Sure. Why not?” She glanced at her phone, checking the time. “The kids won’t be home for another hour. Now is perfect.”

Kara expertly put the pump together, connecting the—at this point—unnecessary collection bottles, the hoses, and the soft cups together. She flipped the power

switch and it hummed to life. Jacki was surprised at how quiet it was, but then again Kara probably wanted something quiet and could afford it. Switching the machine off, she held the two cups out to her friend. “Well?” she prompted her.

Only at that moment to Jacki realize that Kara wasn’t going to give her privacy to try out the pump. In theory, that should have been fine. Jacki wanted to show off her tits and prove what they could do. In theory. Actually doing it was another matter entirely.

With Kara staring expectantly at her, there was only one thing to do. “Oh. You mean now.” She laughed nervously and started unbuttoning her blouse. What else was she to do? Say no? That wasn’t going to happen. Having Kara watch her undress was like being back in the high school locker room again, that feeling of shame and a bit of pride because she had a better body than all the other girls. Maybe all that exercise and running isolated her from the rest of the crowd, but it kept her in great shape. Not that Kara had anything to be ashamed of with her sexy curves, but Jacki liked that even after having a kid she still had her slim, athletic body.

No shame, she told herself.

Opening her blouse all the way she found herself temporarily stymied. She’d either have to take off her shirt all the way of awkwardly pull her bra up or down to release her tits.

Kara’s grin split her face. “This is why I always wear a nursing bra.”

“I get it now,” Jacki muttered and proceeded to pull the blouse all the way off. From there it was easy to reach behind her back and unhook her bra to let it slip off her shoulders. She stood up straight and proud. She wasn’t ashamed of her small tits. The air in Kara’s house wasn’t cold, but her nipples contracted and stood out prominently.

No shame.

Kara didn’t make a comment and just handed her one of the cups. “They’re supposed to be self-adjusting. One size fits all. I’m a bit bigger than you are, but it should work fine for you.”

Jacki just nodded and pressed the cup to her left breast, centering the nipple as

close as possible to the rounded inlet. There was some airspace, but Kara didn't notice or think it was worth commenting on. She handed over the other cup and Jacki carefully centered this one as well.

Much to her shame and delight, her nipples didn't soften at all. And her panties were more than just a little bit damp from the excitement.

Could Kara tell how excited she was?

She hoped so.

"I'm going to switch it on," said Kara. "I've dialed the pressure down all the way. We can adjust it to what works best for you."

Jacki nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

The machine hummed to life again at the touch of the switch and Jacki inhaled sharply as the suction pulled on her soft flesh and started to work on her.

The pressure wasn't great. It wasn't as pleasurable as having them suckled by a partner, but the slight vibration was nice. Not too hard and not too soft. A smile crept across her face. "That's quite nice."

Kara shook her head in disappointment. "Not strong enough. I don't want you bruising, but this is nothing." She ran her thumb across a dial on the pump. Immediately the pressure increased and Jacki gasped.

It didn't hurt.

It felt great.

She looked down and saw her dark pink nipples get drawn down the length of the funnel-like collection cups. It was unsettling to see how much her body could endure and how good it felt at the same time. There was an electric charging running from both her nipples down to her pussy and she wanted more. Much more.

"Better," said Kara. "Much better."

"Uh-huh," Jacki agreed vaguely. Her nipples were going from dark pink to red.

It was thrilling.

“Is it too hard?”

“No.”

“Would you like more suction?”

“How much is a good idea?”

“You want to feel it, but you don’t want it so hard that it bruises your flesh. I did that more than once. But you’ll also toughen up as you do it more. It’s a balance.”

“Uh-huh. Balance. What’s the best way to get my milk to come in as fast as possible.”

Kara switched off the pump and Jacki looked at her in disappointment.

“Induction works best with some chemical help,” she stated firmly.

“Drugs?”

“Hormones really. There are different things women try, but hormones are best.”

“Where should I get some?”

Kara sucked her lips into her mouth and gave a thoughtful reply. “Well, I have a ready supply?”

“Great. Where do you keep it?” Jacki carefully pried the two collection cups from her small breasts. As good as the pressure felt, the release felt even better. She tried to stand casually while being topless, but she felt a little foolish.

Bringing her hands up to her boobs, Kara said, “Right here.”

Jacki blinked. “What?”

“There is lots of stuff you can buy in the internet that will help you out. Either supplements that might work if it is what is advertised, or semi-legal prescriptions that should work but everyone is different…”

Jacki gave a little chuckle. “You sound like you have more than a few doubts about it.”

“Yeah…but then again, I got my milk the all-natural way. Shouldn’t all women?”

“What about me? I stopped eight years ago.”

“Re-lactating. And you’ll get going again with a little stimulation…and some hormones.”

They both looked down at Kara’s boobs again. Jacki broached the subject at hand. “Do you…do you have a supply already pumped?” she asked. It wasn’t what she wanted to ask. It was just the opening gambit.

Kara shook her head slowly. “No. Any time I pump I usually wind up pouring it down the drain. Will likes his fresh from the source.”

They were both dancing around the issue but it had to be done this way otherwise they’d be giving in to their basest instincts…even though they both wanted to give in to their basest instincts.

“Would you be willing to…to pump some for me?” Jacki asked carefully. By now she had completely forgotten she was topless.

“I could,” said Kara just as carefully. “But I don’t do it very often and Will might be disappointed that I’m empty.”

“Oh.”

Silence prevailed a minute.

“You could try it fresh from the source if you want,” Kara said. Her voice was even and steady. It was the words that Jacki wanted to hear. It was the offer that Kara wanted to make. As much as Jacki wanted to experience and taste Kara’s milk, Kara wanted to offer it to her just as much.

“I…I could?”

Kara hadn’t removed her hands from her large breasts. They were still covered

by her shirt and bra, but the implication was there. She cupped them a little more from the underside and lifted them up slightly, offering them to Jacki. “Sure… why not?”

There was no good answer to that question. The only answer—and the answer that both of them wanted—could only be in actions. Jacki wasn’t bold enough to reach out and pull off Kara’s shirt. She wasn’t bold enough to kiss her friend. She had to wait for Kara to make the first move.

And she did. Slowly—though looking back Jacki was reasonably sure that Kara was just moving casually, as if she did it every day—Kara opened up the front of her shirt, exposing one of the nursing bras that Jacki had already seen.

It was reasonably pretty and even more so considering it was containing Kara’s impressive tits.

Then Kara dropped the flap on one breast and Jacki was treated to the sight of Kara’s perfectly formed nipple. She was imagining it, but Jacki was certain there was moisture already forming on the tip. By now it was too late not to take action. Jacki leaned forward and bent down slightly, curling one hand under Kara’s breast as she brought her lips to the delicate flesh.

The whole situation was surreal and physically awkward. Jacki didn’t know if she should put out of her mind her thoughts so she could just focus on what she was doing to Kara or if she should over-indulge herself in what she was thinking and feeling to revel in it.

It was the little moan from Kara after Jacki had gently sucked her nipple only twice that gave Jacki the permission she wanted to give up any pretense. They were both in this for the sexual gratification and pretending otherwise was insane.

Kara’s nipples were bigger than Jacki’s but the one she was nursing on fit into her mouth perfectly. Jacki twirled her tongue around the hard nub twice and then drew it between her lips before letting the whole of it all the way into her mouth.

Yes, Kara was a woman and yes it was a sexually-charged moment, but Jacki didn’t have any misgivings or concerns. She might have been doing this with a woman, but that was because it had to be done with a woman; a man just wouldn’t be an adequate substitute.

It only took a few seconds, a few draws of her tongue, a few efforts to make the process complete. Jacki was rewarded with a little flood of sweetness on her tongue. It was warm and thin and heavenly. Even though she wanted it, Jacki was still surprised and pulled off Kara's breast, savoring the milk on her tongue before swallowing it.

"You don't have to stop," Kara said.

"I know, I was just…I don't know. It was good."

"Do you want to stop?"

"No!"

They both looked at each other and giggled nervously. While Kara was an expert on lactating for her lover, she had never done it with anyone else but Will. Sharing with someone else was new and different and exciting. For Kara it was all new so that made it even more exciting.

Jacki's eyes flicked down to Kara's exposed breast. It was just starting to form a droplet of milk on her nipple.

"You're leaking," Jacki unnecessarily pointed out.

Kara glanced down and wiped up the droplet of milk, bringing her fingers to her mouth to suck off the sweetness. "Don't want to let it go to waste."

Jacki nodded in agreement.

"Let's go to the couch," Kara said. "It's not very comfortable in here, is it?"

They had been talking in Kara's kitchen. Standing up and nursing was unnatural to both of them, although two adult women sharing breast milk was hardly completely natural by almost any definition.

Breaking the flow of what had been building between them was disruptive, but they pushed by it. Jacki let Kara take the lead, sitting down on the couch and opening her shirt all the way and then dropping the other cup flap exposing both breasts. It was a little odd to see her full tits outlined by the supports that formed the bra, but Jacki easily pushed by that.

“Lay down with your head in my lap,” said Kara. She knew exactly what she was doing. She’d done it many times before with her husband, or so Jacki reasoned. There wasn’t any reason to make her think otherwise.

Jacki did exactly as her friend said, laying down on the couch after she kicked off her shoes. Kara put a throw pillow on her legs which made it the perfect height for Jacki to nurse from Kara’s tits. This time she wasn’t so shy and didn’t need any real encouragement. She carefully moved Kara’s breast into the right location and then put her lips to Kara’s breast again.

Once she started nursing they both relaxed as her milk let down and started flowing steadily into Jacki’s mouth. She had no shame in swallowing the sweet liquid. Kara’s hand naturally went to her head in caring gesture.

While she knew she should have been getting more relaxed, Jacki was instead getting more excited. Kara was letting out little moans which in turn excited Jacki. Just the thought of nursing from a woman with full breasts would have been enough to get her off and Jacki could feel the heat between her legs along with the moisture that was seeping from her pussy. The milk and the closeness was wonderful, but Jacki wanted to put her hand between her legs and get herself off.

It took only a little bit of time before Jacki figured out that Kara got off on being nursed. Her moans were loud and nearly uncontrolled. Jacki was reasonably sure the she could sense Kara’s rising excitement as well. She wasn’t exactly wiggling in anticipation, but it was close.

When Kara gently moved her friend’s head, pushing gently to indicate Jacki needed to switch sides. Latching on to her other breast, Jacki was rewarded with a flood of sweetness. It wasn’t just the initial taste she had before, it was an almost literal flood.

“It’s been building up,” Kara told her breathily.

Jacki nodded with Kara’s nipple in her mouth, unwilling to break the latch. She wanted all the milk. A brief thought of Will being jealous of his wife sharing her milk with her friend crossed her mind, but the lure of the sweet, warm milk was too much and she quickly banished it. Jacki had better things to worry about than Kara’s marriage dynamics.

They settled in again and Jacki quickly realized she wasn't going to be able to stop herself. As surreptitiously as possible, she slid her hand down inside her pants and into her panties. Her fingers found her pussy swollen and wet and ready.

Jacki was an experienced masturbatrix. Her middle finger found her clit. She wasn't going to have to rely on a vibrator or dildo for her pleasure right now. It only took a few vigorous rubs before she found her body quivering with orgasm.

"Did you just cum?" Kara asked.

While riding along the wave of pleasure, Jacki's already low level of shame allowed her to answer honestly. "Yes. I couldn't help myself."

"You're awfully bold."

Jacki laughed a little. "I have to be."

"Would you mind picking up your head a little?" Kara asked.

She did so and Kara tossed aside the pillow and quickly unbuttoned her own pants, dropped the zipper and slipped her hand down into her panties.

Jacki watched, wide-eyed, as Kara closed her eyes and rapidly jiggled her arm. The motions and soft, sticky, wet sounds of feminine masturbation told her exactly what her friend was doing. She couldn't look away. Kara was almost as quick as she was in reaching orgasm as Jacki. Instead of shaking uncontrollably, she just let out a long, low moan and drew her legs up to her chest to savor the moment.

Swallowing, Jacki asked. "Is this how it's like for you and your husband?"

With a rueful chuckle, Kara answered. "Sadly, no. Most nights he just nurses a bit and we go to sleep. Sometimes sex. Not always." She sighed. "I think we're in a rut." Pulling her hand out of her pants and opening her eyes, she looked directly at Jacki she said, "I don't think it's too much of a stretch to say you might be pulling us out of that rut?"

"Me?" squeaked Jacki.

“Yeah you. What man wouldn’t want to hear that his wife just fooled around with another woman?” She grinned and put her legs down, unashamedly exposing her breasts again.

“I didn’t do anything!” Jacki protested, which was an obvious lie that she caught herself in. “Okay, well maybe I did a little something,” she admitted, “but it’s just for the hormones!”

They looked at each other and dissolved into peals of laughter. They both knew that was a lie, but half a truth at the same time.

“So, it’s partly for the hormones,” Jacki tried again. “But…um…I did enjoy the whole thing.”

“So did I,” agreed Kara as she stood up and pulled the flaps of her bra back into place while she started to button up her shirt. “We’ll have to do it again.”

“Really?” Jacki beamed. “I mean, I’d love to and all…it’s just…I’ve never done this before.”

“Oh really,” Kara teased. “You’ve never nursed from someone before?”

“You know what I mean,” Jacki replied, her face going red despite her internal boldness. “I’ve never done this sort of thing with a woman before. Only men.”

“Same for me. But I liked it. And I’d do it again.”

“It doesn’t mean anything, does it?”

“Should it?” Kara asked with a shrug.

“I mean I’m not…but I guess I’ve never considered it.”

Kara interrupted her before she could start stumbling all over her words and intentions. “I have a pretty cool and hip aunt. She’s only twelve years older than me so that tells you a lot about my family dynamics. Anyway, she told me when I was graduating high school that when you get older sex becomes routine and you look for new things to keep your interest up. Sometimes that means exploring things you’d never have considered before.”

She finished up her short story with a kiss on Jacki’s lips. It wasn’t a friendly kiss. It was romantic, but that was as far as it went. The kids were getting home soon.

Chapter Three

“My boobs are really sore,” she said to Kara the next day on the phone.

“That’s…wow! I wouldn’t have expected it to work so quickly! Can you feel your milk coming in already?”

Jacki laughed. In her enthusiasm for her report she didn’t give much detail. “No, no. Not yet. But soon I hope!” She spoke loudly over the engine noise from her car. Hands free cell phone conversations were great but there was always that annoying background noise she couldn’t ignore. “When I took your pump home last night I had to use it, so I did. It made me cum.” She paused. “And I think I’m starting to bruise.”

“Well slow down on the pumping. How long did you go last night?”

Despite her near-inability to display shame, Jacki blushed a little, alone in the privacy of her own car, as she admitted, “I probably had it going for almost an hour.” The hard part hadn’t been using it. The hard part was waiting for Jay to fall asleep so she could have some personal time.

“Fucking hell!” Kara burst out. “Maybe you should cut it back to half an hour at most at a time.”

“I want my milk!” Jacki practically crowed, half laughing at the same time.

“You won’t get any if you bruise your tits,” Kara reprimanded her.

“I’ll cut back,” Jacki promised. “Anyway, Alex is going to be back tonight. I pumped just a little this morning after Jay got on the school bus and before I had to leave. It felt good.” Jacki was driving with one hand on the wheel. The other she had surreptitiously slipped inside her shirt to cup a breast. It felt good.

“Just be careful.”

“When do you think…when do you think I’ll be able to get some more of your…hormones,” said Jacki carefully.

There was a silence on the other end of the connection. Both women wanted it, but neither knew how to directly approach the issue. They both had significant others, but the time they shared together the previous day was too powerful to

ignore.

“When do you have some free time?”

“Any time after work,” Jacki said, trying not to sound desperate.

“We’ll have to work something out.”

It wasn’t much of a promise, but it was enough.

Because of her honesty, Jacki couldn’t keep a secret from Alex. She was eager for him to return, partly because they had been away from each other for almost an entire working week and partly because she was as horny as hell and wanted to fuck him. Dinner with Alex and her son was fine, though she kept sliding her foot along Alex’s calf, just to keep his attention. She couldn’t wait for Jay’s bedtime because that meant she and Alex could go to bed as well.

“I’ve been waiting to fuck you all night,” he said to her as they kissed and started stripping off their clothes together, one helping the other. Jacki paused briefly in her undressing of Alex to give his strong biceps a squeeze to reassure herself that it was still rock-hard. He had a chiseled chin and dark, curly hair and a chiseled chest. She liked to think of him as a Greek statue come to life.

“Me too,” she said between kisses.

“Have you been a good girl when I was gone?” he asked.

Jacki knew the correct answer, of course, but Alex didn’t want to hear the truth. He wanted to hear her make up a wild story about what a slut she had been fucking other men.

This time she was going to tell him the truth, which also happened to be the correct answer.

“No. I’ve been a very bad girl,” she said as he pulled her bra up over her head, freeing her sore little globes of flesh. Before she could warn him away, he ducked his head and pulled a nipple between his lips, sucking with the eagerness of a new lover.

She hissed in pain but clutched him tighter to her body. Alex wasn't insensitive. At once he heard her pain and backed off. "What's the matter? Too rough?" He grinned. "Or did you really like that."

Jacki was already down to just her panties and she didn't want to slow down, but she had to. Besides, she had a story to tell her boyfriend.

"I liked it," she said, her voice breathy. "But I've got a story to tell you."

"A dirty story?"

It was impossible for her to repress her smile. "Of course a dirty story. But a true story."

"About you?

"About me. So let me tell you what I've been doing to be a bad girl—"

Alex didn't give her time to start her tale; he pulled her down to the bed and shoved her hand down his pants which were open but still on. He was topless but her hand quickly found his hardness and she wasn't able to resist. Wrapping her fingers around his length, she pushed his pants down so his cock was easily accessible and she moved her hand up and down at a steady pace, not trying to get him off; she was just trying to keep his attention.

"My tits are sore because I've been playing with them."

"I guessed that."

"I'm making a commitment."

"Hmm?" The one thing they had both been leery of is getting too serious too quickly. A commitment was something they were both eager to shy away from. "To what?"

"To my tits."

Alex brightened. "I'll drink to that."

Jacki licked her lips. "You'll be doing exactly that." She increased the speed of

her hand on his cock. This was the time for convincing.

“What do you mean?” His eyes were closed and he was focusing on what she was doing to his cock. A handjob was all well and good, but he didn’t want to cum from her hand. He wanted to bury it in her body.

“I’m inducting lactation.”

“What?”

“I’m going to make it so that my tits make milk,” she told him bluntly.

Alex actually pushed her hand away from his cock. “What?”

“I already answered that question.”

“Okay. Why?” He was annoyed. Her odd statement was distracting enough that he didn’t want her to continue jerking him off.

She shrugged and didn’t reach for his cock which was still hard. “Bigger boobs.”

“Yours are fine. I like them as they are.”

“It turns me on.”

He looked at her skeptically. “It does?”

“Yes.” She made a calculated half-lie. “When I pump them, it makes me cum.”

“What do you mean when you pump them?”

In response, she rolled off the bed and pulled the case containing Kara’s pump from under the bed. She opened it and displayed it to Alex. “Almost better than a human mouth. If I use it long enough, it’ll make me lactate.”

“Okay…”

“And I want you to be on board with this.”

“It’s a little odd.”

“It’s my kink and I’m proud of it. Get on board or get out of my bed.”

“But the milk—”

“I’m doing it,” she interrupted him. “The milk will taste sweet and wonderful.”

“How would you know?”

“Because Kara’s was and I’m sure mine will be too.”

He looked blankly at her. “Wait. What? Kara’s?”

She smiled and kissed him, pressing her small breasts to his chest. “I was a very bad girl with Kara. Want to hear all about it?”

Alex dry swallowed. Her hand went back to his cock and she could feel it throbbing in time with his pulse. “Yes,” he managed to rasp out.

Slowly Jacki started to move her hand again, pleasuring Alex. In addition to the tale she was about to tell, it was exactly what he wanted at that moment. “Did you know that Kara lactates for her husband.”

All that Alex could manage was a slow shake of his head.

“She does. He loves it. So does she. And she told me all about it. They’re a dirty little couple. Anyway, she told me their kink.” She glossed over how she found out exactly, but it was a woman’s right to be mysterious. “I thought I’d try it out too. That’s why I needed her pump. It feels good, but it makes my tits sore. I’ll have to find the right setting.”

She paused.

“You’re going to help me out, aren’t you?” she asked him.

“Yes.” At that point Alex would have agreed to anything.

“What I need most from you to a good regular sucking on my tits. Can you do that?”

He nodded enthusiastically.

“Good. Oral stimulation is better to bring in milk than a boring old pump.”

“I can do that,” he managed to croak out.

“Good, good,” she purred. “Do you know what else helps even more?”

“Sex?” he asked hopefully.

She laughed at him. “No. But good guess. Close. But I don’t need your cock for the second part of getting my tits going. No. As Kara put it, I need a little help from America’s favorite pastime?”

Now Alex was puzzled. “Baseball?” Generally Alex thought about football to last longer during sex, but baseball was another popular option with men.

“No silly. Drugs.”

“Drugs?” He was still confused. “Illegal drugs?” He couldn’t imagine his mostly publicly straight-laced girlfriend indulging in recreational drugs no matter how kinky and pro-sex she was in private.

“No. They’ll be legally obtained. They were already legally obtained.”

“I don’t get it.”

“Well, not so much drugs as hormones.”

“Hormones?”

“The sort of hormones a woman excretes in her breast milk.”

If it wasn’t for Jacki’s talented fingers on his cock it wouldn’t have taken him the many long seconds to figure out what Jacki was saying. “Oh fuck. You…you drank her milk.”

Jacki gave him a kiss on his cheek and then on his lips. “Yes. But I didn’t just drink her milk. I nursed from her. It was warm and sweet and wonderful.”

“You…you…you sucked on her tits?”

“Uh-huh.”

Alex found himself closer to orgasm than he liked, but the image of his girlfriend and Kara…well, if not exactly having sex then doing something close was almost too much.

She moved her lips close to his ear and spoke clearly. “I sucked on her tits, I drank her milk. It was lovely. And while I was sucking on them I put my fingers into my pussy and fucked myself and came while I was nursing.”

“Oh fuck…oh fuck,” Alex said, pushing her hand away again. He didn’t want to cum that way. “You’re kidding,” he panted while trying to think about football.

“Nope,” Jacki said with great pleasure as she reached for his cock again. “I sucked and made myself cum.”

He didn’t try to push her hand away even though he knew he should have.

“And you know what else?”

“No.” It came out as a low moan.

“When I was done with her, I watched while Kara jilled herself off. It was fan-fucking-tastic watching her cum.” Her hand was pumping up and down on his cock and he was helpless to resist.

They both stared at his cock while it erupted with thick ropes of cum that landed on his abdomen and coated her fingers.

“No…” he moaned. “I wanted to…I wanted to cum inside you.”

She laughed and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “You will. Soon. I’ve got more to tell you first.”

“More?”

“I need to clean up first.” She slipped off the bed and went to the bathroom. She washed his cum off her hands and came back with a wet washcloth to clean his stomach and cock. He wasn’t completely soft, not yet, and she didn’t intend to let him get completely soft. She wanted his cock in her as much as he wanted to put it there.

Alex hadn’t moved at all. He was eagerly waiting her return because he wanted to see what would happen next. He wanted to hear everything she had to tell.

She took her time cleaning him up, making the wiping and cleaning of his cock an erotic exercise in and of itself.

“Are you going to tell me or not?” he asked, not obnoxiously but he was over-eager. Normally after cumming Alex was relaxed for a good hour; this time cumming just seemed to make him more eager to play again.

“Don’t be so impatient,” she told him. “Go too quickly and…well, you’ll make a mess.” She looked pointedly at his cock in her hand. “As you can see.”

“Are you just going to make jokes or are you going to tell me everything,” he all but demanded.

“Jokes are fun…”

“Well what else is there to tell? What other secrets could you possibly have?”

“No secrets, just a little fantasy that I need your help to fulfill.”

“Besides sucking on your tits so you can make milk?”

She smiled and tossed aside the washcloth. “Yes. Besides that. I’m going to need a lot of help beyond just your mouth and the pump.”

He grinned. “Yeah. Kara’s mouth too.”

“Uh-huh. Her mouth…and I want you to watch while she helps me.”

Alex’s grin brightened to the point of illuminating the bedroom’s dim light. “You want me in a three-way with you and her? Sure. Fuck yeah I can do that.”

Jacki shook her head at him. “No. I want you to watch us. Just watch.” She wasn’t telling all the truth, but the tease was better than telling all right away.

His expression dropped. “Just watch?”

“For now. Why? You don’t want to watch me play with another woman?” Jacki had no idea if Kara would agree or was truly interested, but she was and would

push the issue.

“Sure I do.”

“Then you’ll be happy to watch alongside Will.”

It turned out that getting two adult women together for some private time that didn’t involve their significant others was more difficult than either anticipated. Their first time together they had taken advantage of an odd scheduling quirk that gave both of them some downtime, but finding more time together was proving problematic.

Jacki found that a skill she learned in high school worked now as an adult. It turned out that both she and Kara had a little time in the afternoon before their kids got home from school. It was a narrow one hour window, but it was enough. Jacki had done more in that narrow one hour window before her parents got home with her boyfriend than most people could do over the course of a dirty weekend. She had learned how to fuck fast and cum fast and hide all evidence when she was done.

“Have you been using the pump?” Kara asked after her friend greeted her with a rather chaste kiss on the cheek.

“Every day. Twice a day. And I’ve been having Alex suck on them too.” She frowned a little. “But nothing yet.”

“It doesn’t happen in a week,” Kara replied.

“But I want it to.”

“Well, maybe I can help you out.”

“With sucking? I’d prefer to get a nice dose of hormones from you,” Jacki said with an eager smile. “Though I’ll take the sucking as well.”

“You know, we can do both at the same time,” said Kara.

“How would that work?”

“I’ll show you.” Kara pulled her shirt up over her head to display her well-contained tits that seemed to be bursting at the edges of her industrial strength nursing bra.

Jacki felt intimidated, but she took off her top as well. She had nothing to be ashamed of she told herself. Her bra was much smaller and had nothing to contain compared to Kara, but that just gave her a chance to strip off more quickly. In the exposed air, Jacki’s nipples quickly contracted and stood out proudly.

It wasn’t leering or staring, but Kara’s eyes didn’t leave Jacki’s chest until she had a good long look. Jacki found that she didn’t mind. “So what do we do?” she asked boldly.

“Help me with my bra?” her friend asked, turning around. Though she had seen the Kara’s bras before, both on and off, it was the first time that Jacki had gotten a good look at the fasteners. They were the traditional hooks, but there were five of them running down the wide bust band. It was a marvel of fabric engineering.

It also took some effort to unhook the device and let it slide off Kara’s shoulders. “Thanks,” she sighed.

“How do you get this on in the morning?” Jacki marveled.

“Will helps. And with big boobs all my life, I’ve learned a few tricks.” She turned around and immediately her tits hit Jacki in the arm and then the chest. They were roughly the same height, so their tits would have mashed together except that Kara’s hung lower. It was still enough to make the two of them giggle uncontrollably. Without thinking about it, they embraced in their laughter. From there it was easy for them both to lean in and their lips met.

The kiss was soft. Jacki found everything about Kara soft and perfect. Her tits. Her lips. Her curves. Jacki soon found herself kissing with an enthusiasm and an ease she never would have expected. Yes, it was new and different, but there was nothing wrong with it either. She found herself enjoying every little bit of Kara’s mouth and lips and her warm breasts mashed against her chest and the way her hair felt as he moved across her back.

When Kara broke the kiss, Jacki was both relieved and upset. She had wanted it to go on forever, but they only had a limited amount of time. “Bedroom?” she

asked Jacki who just nodded.

It was a little strange to walk through her friend's house topless, but Kara wasn't the least uncomfortable so Jacki just emulated her casual demeanor. After all, walking topless through a house was nothing compared to what they were about to do.

When Jacki found herself confronting the very large bed in the middle of the room, she paused and didn't know what to do. Kara casually sat on the edge and patted the space next to her. "Come on. Plenty of room."

"What…what exactly are we going to do?"

"Just a little bit of nursing," said Kara with a smile. "And maybe a little extra."

"Are you…are you okay with all of this?" Jacki asked, dancing around the issue.

"What? Some extracurricular nursing? I already talked about it with Will. He's fine with it." She wet her lips with her tongue. "He actually encouraged me."

Jacki let out a little giggle. "Yeah. Same with Alex. But what I meant was…are we just going to nurse or are we going to do…more?"

"I'm hoping for more."

That relieved Jacki. "Ohthankgod. Me too." She moved to sit next to Kara. They kissed again and slowly fell back to the mattress.

From there it was easy to let everything progress naturally. They both had a secret and it was the same secret so it was easy to share. Jacki found her hands going to Kara's very full boobs. They were firmer than her own, but that only made sense because they were full of milk. Milk she soon hoped to taste. She barely noticed Kara's hands on her own body until she felt the blonde tugging at her jean's zipper. It was such a distraction to both of them that they mutually ended their intense make out session.

"Your jeans are tight," Kara said, pushing off the awkwardness of the situation. "I mean, I like that because I can see your ass, but…I can't get to the goodies."

"The zipper on these sticks a little," Jacki apologized. They both ignored the fact

they were supposed to be focusing one each other's boobs, not anything else. Jacki helped lower the zipper and wiggled out of her jeans, leaving her in just a very thin and small thong. She wasn't trying to be subtle. It didn't go any further than that…for the moment.

"Your boobs are really soft," Jacki said. She couldn't help herself. They were really soft and she had to share that with Kara, even though Kara probably knew it already.

Kara laughed. "Thank you. You're too. But they're smaller. Which is why I need to get on top."

"What?

"Let me show you. I've been thinking about doing this for…I don't know how long."

She expected Kara to just roll on top of her and mash their tits together or maybe shove her massive mams into her face, but that wasn't the case at all. Kara instead crawled around on the bed and eventually turned herself around one hundred eighty degrees. Instead of mirroring each other, they were now oriented in opposite direction, head to foot and foot to head, rather than just head to head.

"I feel like I'm in a bad remake of that first Spider-Man movie," said Jacki with a stifled giggle. "Which one of us is MaryJane?"

"Shh," Kara silenced her with an upside-down kiss and then she started moving down Jacki's body. Kara's breasts quickly came into reach of Jacki's mouth and so she grabbed one and started nursing. That was why they were there. A second late she felt Kara's mouth latch onto her own breast and she realized what her friend was doing. Mutual simultaneous nursing was much more enjoyable than taking turns. And Kara's instincts were correct. Kara's big tits hung pleasantly into Jacki's face; Jacki's breasts wouldn't have been able to do that if she was on top.

They settled down and nursed for a few minutes. Jacki was getting plenty of milk from her partner. Almost too much. Kara's milk was flowing easily and steadily. She had to swallow and keep moving back and forth between her breasts while Kara could take her time teasing her nipples, sucking and biting at her prominent nipples. There was no milk to drink so it was pure pleasure, but

pleasure for a purpose.

Jacki couldn't help herself. She let her hands drift from Kara's breasts to her sides and eventually down to Kara's hips. The blonde woman was all about her curves and Jacki could appreciate the generous swell of her friends hips and ass. She didn't mind Jacki exploring and helping her out of the leggings that were her only remaining article of clothing.

But Kara apparently wanted to be in charge of their situation. Kara was the one who was on top and she used her position to tug down Jacki's thong, exposing her well-groomed pussy—because Jacki was always ready when she had a date. Jacki even lifted her hips to let Kara completely strip her body. They worked together to get Kara's more conservative panties off.

Jacki was disappointed that her friend completely shaved her pussy; she had been looking forward to seeing Kara's pretty blonde curls. That didn't stop either woman from pushing their hands between the other's legs to probe and explore and tease and pleasure the other.

Because she had no reason to hold back, Jacki let herself cum first from Kara's more aggressive manual stimulate style, but throughout their play, Jacki didn't stop from playing with Kara, plunging her fingers deeply into Kara. The big blonde orgasmed beautifully, her pussy tightening up on Jacki's fingers while her body quivered.

"Aren't…aren't we supposed to be nursing?" Jacki asked breathlessly.

"We are…among other things," answered Kara. Her fingers were wetly sliding around Jacki's puffy lips, but her mouth was still close enough to Jacki's breast that it was easy to suck in the nipple again. Jacki returned the favor.

And then they were rudely interrupted by an alarm from Kara's phone.

"Shit!" she exclaimed sitting up and pushing away from Jacki.

"What's the matter? Who's calling?"

"No one. Bus alarm. I set it. Kids are home in five minutes. We'd better get dressed."

Jacki didn’t want to put her clothes back on, but she did. When they were both dressed, she pushed up against Kara and asked, “More. Next time?”

Kara kissed her back. “Much more,” she promised.

Preview

Red Letter: Rhette is Red 4

“More,” Rhette said to Jordan.

“Are you sure?” He was kneeling between her legs, bottle of lubricant in hand. She was on her back, two pillows under her ass, and had so much lube on her pussy and ass that it looked like a bottle of olive oil had been spilled between her legs. Jordan was pretty sure they had gone overboard.

“I know what I’m doing,” she said confidently. She was lying. While she wanted him to think she knew what she was doing, she only had the barest basics on anal sex, but it wouldn’t do to have him know that. “More is always better whether it’s sex or lube or money or education.”

He nodded and added some more lube to his mostly erect cock. He was nervous but at the same time he was curious as to how this was going to play out. Rhette always seemed to know exactly what she wanted and even though she made it so that she was in the more subservient position, somehow she also seemed to be in charge.

“Put it in my ass,” she told him.

“Okay,” he said and set the bottle down on the bed.

As he went to wipe the remaining slickness from her hand, she rolled her eyes and sighed. “Not yet.”

“What?” Jordan was confused. “I thought you wanted me to—”

“Put the lube in my ass,” she specified and inhaled deeply, calming herself. Sex was exciting, but anal had to start in a relaxed state. That’s how it worked. That’s the only way it could work.

“Oh. Right.” He grabbed the bottled and poured some more on her nether regions before pushing his finger against her puckered sphincter, forcing some of the lube into her body. She didn’t seem to mind his probing finger. It was odd

feeling the tightness of her ass around his finger; it was completely different from a pussy.

“Okay, are you ready?” she finally asked him.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” he said, setting the bottle aside again. He felt a bit like his freshman year of college when he somehow managed to hook up with a junior who thought he was cute. She was also a hell of a lot more experienced than he was. While it was fun leering from her, it was also somewhat emasculating because Dana’s attitude was everything she asked for he should have been at least passingly familiar with. He wasn’t.

There was some repositioning of bodies and Jordan tried to maintain his composure. Before Rhette had seriously suggested that he fuck her in the ass, anal sex was something that he always intended to try but just hadn’t gotten around to doing yet. When it was time—now—to actually do it, he wasn’t sure what the hell he was actually doing.

“Don’t go too fast,” she cautioned him as he pressed his cock head against her back hole.

“No problem.” He pressed forward anyway and was amazed when her asshole opened up and allowed him to plunge forward. Her ass was tight, almost painfully so, but the amount of lube they had used made it as slippery as her pussy. It was incredible.

“Oh…Jesus fuck yes!” she cried out as he went half the length of his cock.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked in a panic.

“No, it feels…lovely.” She paused and gave him her wild grin. “Pull out a bit and ease it in. See how far you can go.”

He followed her instructions. The word “lovely” made him nervous. It was the same word that she had used when he was done paddling her ass twenty minutes earlier. She liked a mix of pain and joy with her sex. That’s what was fucked up about Rhette.

It was also what made him crazy about her.

That and her red hair. He was a sucker for it. It made him wonder if all redheads were as crazy as she was.

Anal sex for Jordan was…interesting. It wasn't exactly what he expected but it wasn't unexpected either. She was tight and while that was new, it wasn't the be all and end all of sex that some guys made it out to be. For her part, Rhette seemed to love having his dick up her ass. She was moaning and straining as he continued to fuck her. The expressions on her face were lovely to see. It was fucking hot if nothing else. He savored every moment of it up until…

"I'm gonna cum," he blurted out, stopping his thrusts well before he climaxed.

"Go ahead," she encouraged him.

"What about you?"

She laughed. "I already came twice."

He goggled at her. "You did?"

Rhette laughed harder. "You were too wrapped up in yourself to notice."

"Should I…should I cum in your ass or…" He didn't know how to ask the question.

"Cum on me," she said. "Shoot your load all over me."

Her words probably would have been beautiful music to most other guys. Jordan just took it as another command from Rhette. He pulled his cock out of her ass. It gaped open for just a moment before it closed up and returned to normal. Taking his cock in hand he noticed it was still sufficiently lubed and pumped his fist over it several times before losing control and spurting his spunk on Rhette's tummy several times, with a few drops landing on her elegant triangle of curly red hair above her pussy.

She ran her fingers through the rapidly cooling liquid, a knowing smile on her face. She savored the moment and worked the cum into her skin. "That's exactly what I was looking for," she told him.

Jordan didn't know what to think.

The next day Rhette was pleased that her ass didn't really hurt. She felt some of the aftereffects of the spanking, but Jordan didn't give her the thorough spanking she was used to from Nick or Riordan. He was learning, but he'd need to step up his game if he intended to stay her boyfriend. She taught her classes at the community college without any difficulty. As usual she sat on the tall stool in the front of the classroom during her lectures and relished the slowly ebbing pain.

She wasn't the least bit surprised that Austin approached her at the end of class. He was a nice, if clueless boy, who was obviously hot for teacher. He was too young and too dumb to interest her, but that didn't stop him from making unsubtle and inappropriate passes at her.

"Professor?"

"Call me Elisabeth, please, Austin. I don't have a Ph.D."

"Umm…Elisabeth…when do you have private office hours? I think I'm going to need some…private tutoring." He smiled and tried to make it seem subtle, but his pass was ham-handed and terrible. If it had happened in front of even one other student she would have been mortified for him.

"I don't do private tutoring, Austin. You can get that at the writing center or the student union. I have office hours tomorrow morning if you need something."

He went to put his hand out to stop her as she headed toward the door, but she gave him a warning glare and he quickly withdrew it. "I have something that I do need," he tried again.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow morning," she said curtly, making a mental note to make sure someone else was in the office tomorrow morning during her hours. With a sharp nod she stepped around him, headed toward the classroom door saying, "If that's all, I have an appointment I must keep."

As she walked down the hallway she pulled her phone from her purse and tapped out a quick message. On my way. I'll be there in less than thirty minutes.

Before she reached her car, the response came back. I expect you here promptly.

It gave her a shiver down her spine that resulted in a little unexpected dampness to her pussy. She was glad her car seat was well-padded. Her thick ass was going to be suffering by the end of the night.

It was an act of boldness on her part to wear a tiny G-string to teach class in, but she was wearing campus casual jeans that were visually appropriate. She had gotten used to wearing hardly-there underwear as a warm-up to her kink. Walking into Riordan's house she wasn't the least bit ashamed of kicking off her shoes, tossing aside her jacket, pulling down her jeans, and presenting her ass for Riordan's inspection and pleasure.

"Are you happier?" he asked as she knelt perched on the guess room—the sex room?—bed, her ass in the air. She had left on her blouse, bra, and G-string. Somehow wearing some clothes was nastier than being completely naked.

"Happier than what?" she asked, eager for him to start punishing her ass.

"Happier than before. Happier than when you finally gave into you need to be spanked."

"Jesus fuck yes," she breathed. "That's an obvious answer."

"But the punishment your body takes—"

"Is more than worth it," she told him quickly. "Now are you going to paddle my ass or not?" She looked at him knowingly, eagerly.

He opened the closet to display the shelves and drawers that contained every sex toy she could possibly imagine. She had only had a tiny fraction of them used on her, but she was always eager to expand her repertoire. The paddles, whips, floggers, and other tools of abuse designed to heat up her ass weren't as wide-ranging and abundant as what Nick had in his workshop, but it was more than sufficient for Rhette's current needs.

"This one, I think," he said thoughtfully, removing a flogger that had three leather straps attached to a wooden handle. At first glance it looked like any other flogger, but when he drew close she noticed the little metal barbs embedded in the falls. She shivered in fear.

“That’ll tear up my skin,” she said, but she didn’t say no and she didn’t shy away from what he was planning. She was always pushing herself. Fear was part of the game.

“It’ll hurt more,” he promised. “But it won’t cut you.” Riordan displayed the metal tabs for her to inspect. “Not sharp. I know what I’m doing.”

The fear of the unknown made it more exciting and more dangerous. She found herself looking forward to the experience. “Do it,” she told him. As always, Rhette was in control. Riordan was eager to spank and whip her, but she was ultimately in control.

There was no preparation or soft introduction. He stood directly behind her, admiring the curve of her ass. Maybe it was fatter than was appropriate or desirable to middle America, but a few extra pounds in the ass made her that much more desirable to the men who were happy to indulge her in her kink.

The flogger cut through the air three times in rapid succession. It made an unusual noise, not a whistle and not a thrumming. The familiar pain of leather on skin sparkled in her spine, but the familiar pain was spiked with strong, unexpected jolts from the metal tabs. She cried out at the pain.

“You can do better than that,” Riordan chided her.

“Sorry,” she breathed. “It’s just new.”

“Did you like it?”

That question was easy to answer. “Yes.”

His response was to give her three more lashings. Rhette found herself wishing she was in a cheesy swinger’s bedroom dungeon filled with mirrors so she could see the red blossoming of her ass as Riordan gave her the treatment she desperately desired. As always, she’d have to wait until afterward when she could admire it in the mirror or have Riordan take a few pictures on her phone.

“Jesus! Fuck! Shit! Cunt!”

Riordan laughed at her. “Does the swearing help?” he teased her.

“It fucking does, just like Jesus had a big fucking dick.”

That made him laugh. “I didn’t know you were such a religious scholar.”

“Well known fact,” she grunted into the pillow. “I should know. I spent too many Sunday mornings listening to sermons. Jesus has to have had a big dick because so many people are eager to suck on it to prove they’re good Christians.”

The flogger’s unsettling noise filled the air again. “You have a sacrilegious mouth on you.”

“Yeah? So?” There was a pause and Rhette felt a tug on her G-string. It parted and fell away. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Riordan putting away a small knife. “You ruined my panties!” she complained.

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