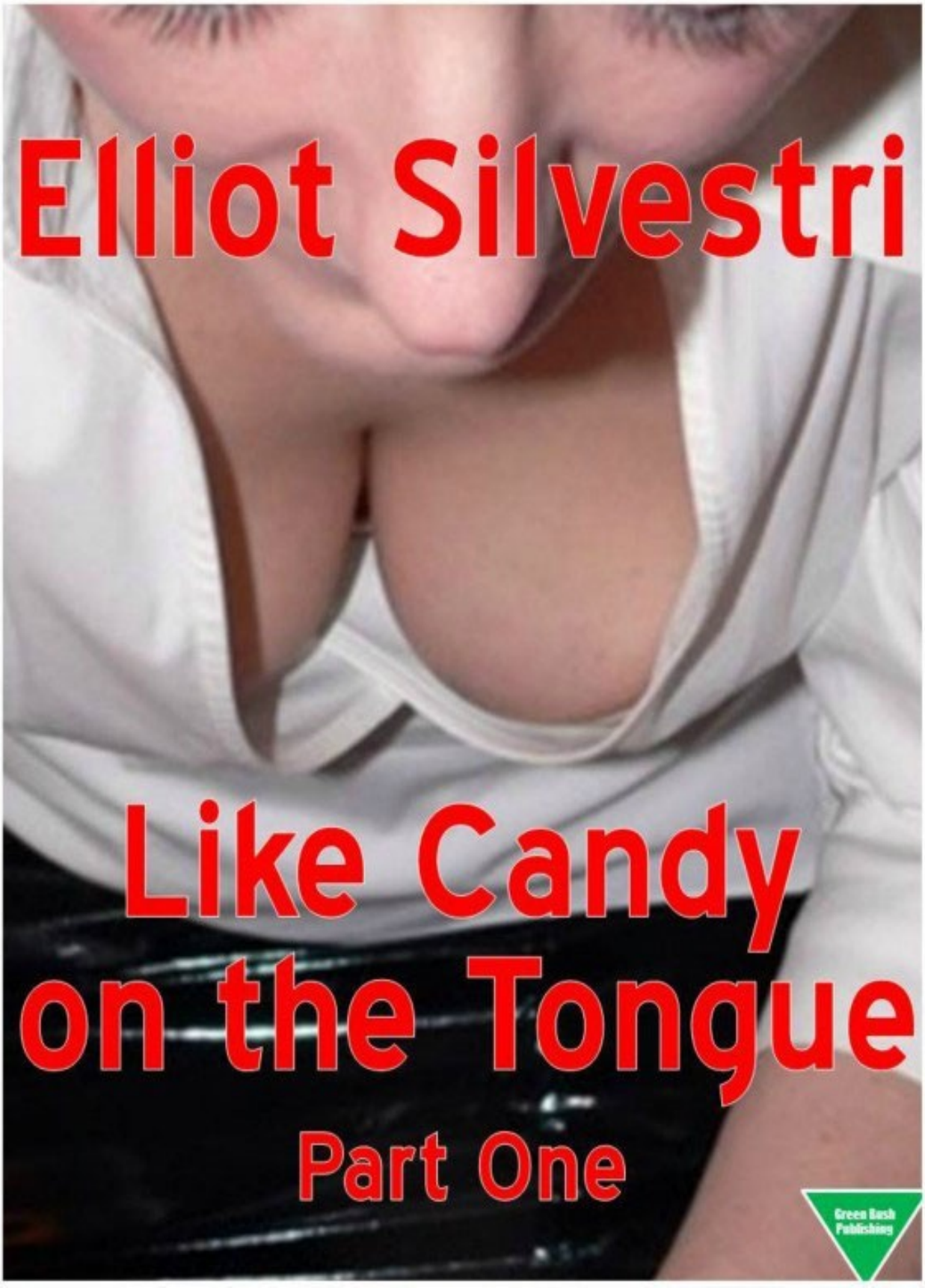
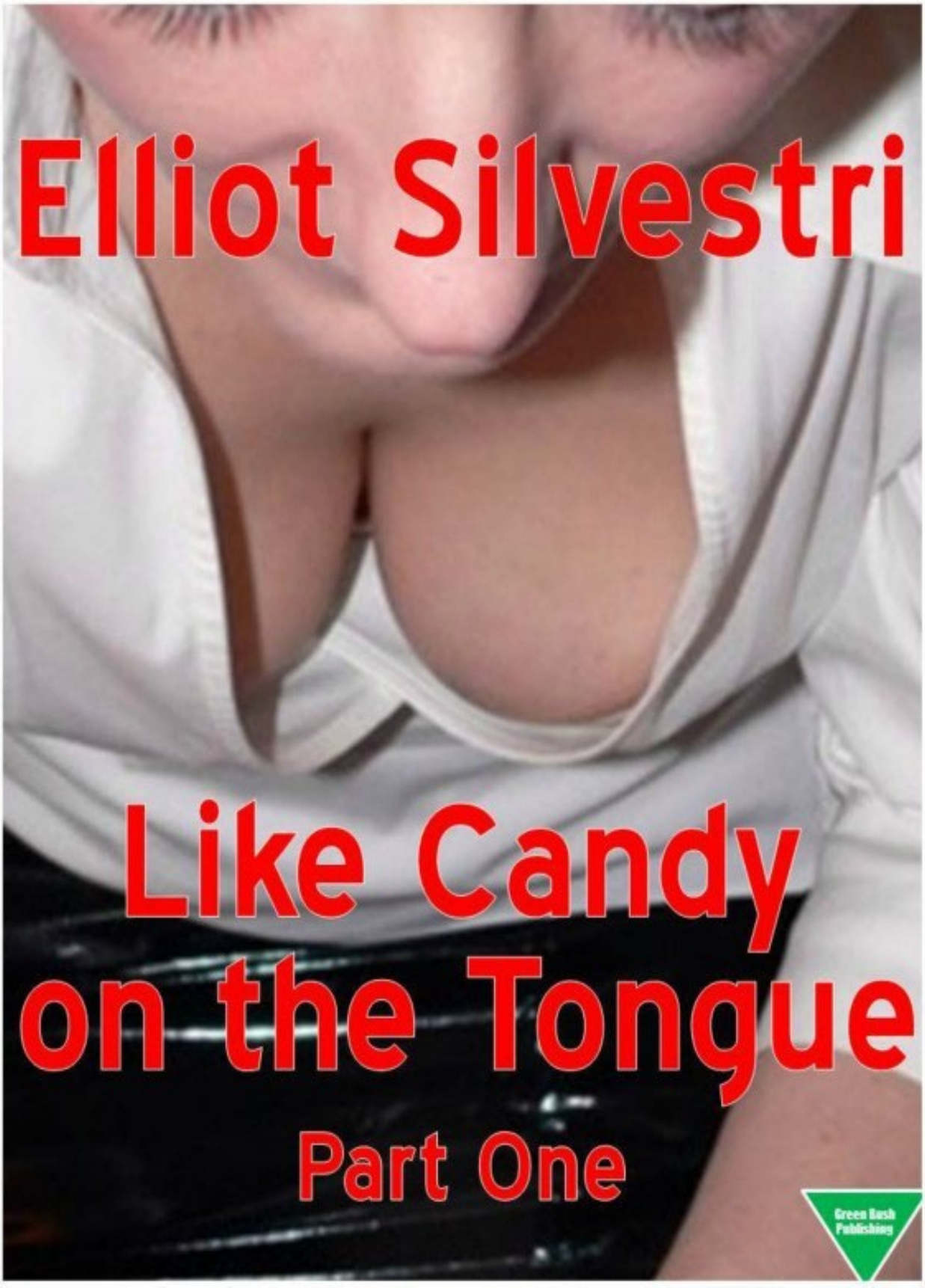

Elliot Silvestri
Like Candy on the Tongue
Part One
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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It is not well for a man to pray and live skim milk.

–Henry Ward Beecher

Part One

Chapter One

Dyan looked at the card and answered honestly, before she gave it any thought and probably because of the alcohol running through her body at the moment. “Bigger boobs.”

Stacie burst out laughing, Elan and Jerry exchanged nervous grins and stifled the laughter they felt bubbling up.

“What?” Dyan asked a little bit rudely. “I thought we were giving honest answers to the questions.”

“Um, we are,” Elan said. “But you didn’t ask the question out loud yet.” They were playing a card game called Honesty he brought over for entertainment after dinner. It was just a box of questions that asked impolite and personal questions. It was supposed to be a way for strangers to quickly get to know one another.

“Oh. Let me look at it again.” Dyan’s face flushed red and she focused her eyes on the card. “‘What would you change about yourself to appeal more to the opposite sex?’” she read aloud. After a half-second’s pause she added. “What if you’re not attracted to the opposite sex?”

“You could probably just tailor the answer to target your particular romantic ideal,” Elan said.

“Well I’m not changing my answer,” she said.

“And you’re supposed to write down your answers,” Elan reminded her. “We’re supposed to guess who wrote down the answer at the end of five questions.”

“Oh shit! That’s right. I’ve been drinking, you know,” she winked broadly at her friends. In actuality only one of them was her friend, Elan. He was a recently acquired boyfriend she met at, of all places, the grocery store. She couldn’t help laugh at the oddly curved cucumber in the farm-fresh vegetable basket that was just a little too spot-on in its resemblance to an erect cock. When he saw what she was laughing at he had grinned a little too broadly knowing exactly what she

was laughing at. And that was that. Two weeks later she was meeting his friend Jerry and Jerry's girlfriend Stacie.

"We know," chortled Jerry. He could handle his liquor better than her, apparently.

She fixed him with a slightly bleary gaze. "So what's your answer, smart guy?"

He held her eye a moment and then replied, "Be more attentive."

Elan quickly piled on. "Show more interest in her feelings."

Both men laughed at Dyan's sour face. She stuck out her tongue at them and Stacie giggled at the whole scene. "Physical attributes, boys," she said pointing to the card. "No one's interested in your phony bullshit answers trying to make you seem like sensitive new age guys."

Jerry snatched it away from her and read it again. "It doesn't say that," he pointed out.

She grabbed the card back and re-read it. "Fucking hell." The other three laughed at her again. Despite the situation she laughed a bit as well. "Well, you'd say bigger boobs as well if you had gone your whole life barely being able to fill up an A cup."

Her evaluation of her chest's primary physical attribute was accurate. Dyan was tall and lithe making her the envy of most other women. But her breasts were small to the point of being boyish.

"Don't be so quick to judge," Stacie piped up. "It's not exactly fun to have to haul around a pair of Ds everywhere you go." In contrast to Dyan, Stacie was barely five feet tall and would have been described as a tomato fifty years previous. She was all curves which made Dyan a little jealous, even if the woman' sporting waist-length black hair might have been described by someone with less tact as chubby.

"So you'd wish for smaller breasts?" Dyan asked and tried not to leer at the other woman's cleavage. She had only met her a few hours ago and it seemed an impolite thing to do to a near-stranger.

Stacie shook her head, her long black hair whipping slightly back and forth. “Nope. Too afraid of plastic surgery. Or any surgery for that matter.”

“What would you change?” Jerry asked her. He had a vested interest in her answer being her boyfriend.

She looked away from the other three, staring up at the ceiling. “I would have said yes when Andrea Levin tried to get me in bed with her in college.”

Elan laughed. Jerry’s eyes went wide. Dyan tilted her head a licked her lips. “That’s not changing something about yourself,” she pointed out.

“Yes it is,” Stacie insisted. “It’s changing my history.”

“And how would that change appeal to men?” Elan wanted to know.

Stacie glared at him. “Most men are into women who are bi or adventurous. I wish I was more adventurous.”

Elan looked at his friend. “Jerry, this is your big opportunity,” he stage whispered. “You’ll be able to talk her into anything.” He laughed again.

“Men can’t tell if you’ve slept with another woman just by looking,” Dyan insisted.

Jerry nodded. “True enough.” He grinned just using the left side of his face. “Have you slept with another woman?” he asked. “You look like you might have.”

Elan laughed uncomfortably and toyed with his glass that was still half full. Dyan looked calmly back at the short, bald man and answered, “No.”

“I guess I was wrong,” Jerry said.

“I’ve slept with three,” Dyan amended and took a long pull from her glass nearly emptying all the wine that remained in it.

Stacie gasped. She wasn’t sure if Dyan was bragging or lying, but it seemed amazing to her that the other woman could be so bold or adventurous. “You have?” she marveled.

Dyan nodded once. “Two women back in college—I was a little drunk both times, kind of like now.”

The table went silent at Dyan spoke. “What about the third?” Stacie asked when neither of the men asked the logical question.

As much as she wanted to, she forced herself not to look away and focused on the little scar on Stacie’s forehead. “She was a woman I dated for a couple months a few years ago.”

Elan gasped.

“Told you,” Jerry commented. “Did you know this?” he asked his friend more seriously.

“No.”

Dyan looked back at her new boyfriend. “Does that bother you?”

He slowly shook his head. “No,” he repeated.

“See,” Stacie piped up once more. “Men are into women who are bi.”

After a long uncomfortable silence when everyone drank a little more, Stacie pulled another card from the box. “’What’s the most serious crime you’ve ever committed?’” she read and then added. “Write your answers down this time.”

It turned out to be a fun evening. Dyan enjoyed herself much more than she had predicted. After a year of dating on and off she had come to understand that she was more of an introvert than she liked to admit. Long bike rides weren’t just her preferred method of exercise, they were a way to exclude other people. It wasn’t exactly a social sport. When she discovered that Elan was a rider himself—and had once biked across the U.S. over the course of a summer—she decided to try and make this new relationship work.

She stumbled out of Jerry’s house with Elan’s assistance. He wasn’t nearly as far gone as she was. He knew how to pace himself. After they settled into his car he paused a moment before starting it.

“I think I can help you with your wish,” he told her.

“What wish?” she mused. “The wish to become a princess or the wish to fly to the moon?” She knew she was drunk. “Or the wish to free the genie from the lamp?”

Elan shook his head slowly and leaned over to kiss her lightly on her lips. She liked that even if her lips were a little numb from too much wine. “The wish for you to have bigger breasts.”

“Ha!” she barked. “You gonna pay for silicone implants? ‘Cause that ain’t happening.”

Once more he slowly shook his head. “Nope. I’ve got a better way of making women’s breasts grow.”

“Really? And how’s that?”

“Back in high school we called it the phoenix effect.”

Chapter Two

Elan actually wasn't kidding. His apartment was in a nice part of downtown. She had been slightly disturbed the first time she went to his place and found the two-bedroom apartment was spacious and beautiful. The bedroom that looked over the park was where he slept. The other bedroom was half-filled with comic book boxes—all of them crammed full of comic books making them weigh a ton—and the other half was filled with his three bikes and biking gear. She told herself she had to accept him for who he was. There was no way to find a perfect fit in an off the rack world. The comics would have to be okay.

He was showing her some old X-Men comics. Dyan wasn't so square that she didn't know who the X-Men were but she was confused on almost all the backstory that Elan explained and when she realized two different characters were named Phoenix, she all but gave up.

"Don't worry about that," he told her. "Rachel Summer is just Jean Pryor's daughter from an alternate future timeline."

"I thought she was Scott's daughter. The one-eyed guy."

"Cyclops. Yeah. Scott and Jean's daughter." He paused and took a deep breath. "See, in this issue, when she's first introduced she's a teenaged girl and is pretty flat-chested. Later on, in this book, when she acquires the Phoenix Force, her breasts have suddenly gotten huge."

Dyan shook her head. "But isn't that because she's older and there's a different artist drawing her?" After little more than two months with Elan he was already starting to affect her—not that was a bad thing, it was just unexpected.

"Different artists, yes, but in the time line of the story she's only a couple of months older. No one's tits grow that fast."

"Maybe they do in comic book land," suggested Dyan.

"It's the Marvelverse, or Earth-616," he corrected. "And that's kind of the point

my friends and I made back in high school. One of the powers of the Phoenix Effect is to make Rachel's tits huge."

"Ha. Teenage boy sex fantasies on paper," she commented. "And unless you plan on giving me the Phoenix Force, how do I get bigger boobs without magic or surgery?"

The moment had arrived. Elan had been dancing around the issue for too long now and he needed to come out with it. Any longer in their relationship and she'd rightly be accusing him of hiding a secret. If he had mentioned it right away it would have sabotaged their romance. "How do you feel about lactation?" he asked.

For just half a second Dyan wondered what he was asking, but then everything clicked into place and she knew exactly what he meant. She formed her answer carefully. "I think it's great for breast feeding mothers and babies, but I'm not sure if that's in the stars for me right now. I'm not looking to get pregnant just to have bigger tits."

"You can induce lactation in a woman who isn't pregnant which will enhance her bust," Elan said. It sounded so formal and matter-of-fact. Dyan wondered if he had said it to a hundred women before her or it he had practiced it a thousand times in the mirror waiting for just the right woman.

Was she the right woman?

"Okay," she said trying to think calmly and rationally. "Are you asking me to actually try this out?" Dyan looked at her boyfriend and realized he was on the verge of panic. She recognized all the signs: flushed face, twitchy body, trembling fingers, dilated eyes. She wasn't in a panic. She was somewhere between curious and nervous.

"Um…yeah." He couldn't even meet her gaze. He had to look down at the floor to get through the moment. His stomach felt like it was a hard knot of panic ready to explode. He let the moment hang between them for a moment and then hastily added. "But you don't have to, of course. I don't want you to think I'm a freak or anything. I just knew about this and thought it would help you out because you said you wanted to have bigger breasts." He said this all in a rush in one big breath.

While it would be wrong to say that Dyan was specifically asking for this type of proposal, it wasn't like Elan was trying to force her to do something she didn't want to do. And she had always considered herself open-minded about everything related to sex. Here was a moment to prove she was the person she thought she was. Still, she had to push him a little bit too. That was the type of person she was as well. "Is this some secret kink of yours that you don't want anyone to know about?"

Now Elan's face turning bright red. He was embarrassed at what she had figured out but there was no way to escape it now. "Yeah. Kind of." He hadn't picked up his eyes from the floor. "Never mind. Drop it. Forget I mentioned it."

She put out a cautious hand on his forearm. "Just because it's a kink of yours doesn't mean that I'm going to say no."

Immediately his eyes came up from where they had been glued to the threadbare rug that covered the old hardwood floor and they went wide. "Really? You'll do it?"

"I didn't say that either."

Now his expression went to confusion. "What?"

In spite of herself Dyan actually laughed at him. "I'm teasing. But I haven't said yes either."

"What can I do...?"

"Yes?"

"To, um, convince you to give this try?"

"Tell me more. Tell me everything. But first tell me why you're into women who have lactating breasts."

He looked away and laughed. "Promise not to laugh at me?"

"No."

He snorted. "I suppose I should expect that. Okay, well, remember that I told you

that I biked across the US one summer?”

“Yes…?”

“I did it with a woman.”

“You left out that little bit of info you naughty boy,” she teased.

“Yeah…you generally don’t tell your new girlfriend about the summer you spent with another woman biking across the US and having sex in a different hotel room every night…except the nights we spent sleeping in our tent.”

“Okay, so?”

“So she was really into having her nipples stimulated.”

“Ah, I see where this is going.”

“Right, so I’d play with them a lot and suck on them a lot. Turns out that not only does nipple stimulation turn on the right woman and under the right circumstances can give her an orgasm—”

“Really?”

But Elan ignored her interjection. “—but it can also be the impetus that causes lactation.”

“Huh. Really? I mean, I’ve heard of jogger’s nipple before where you get too chafed from your bra or shirt when jogging, but not from biking. And I guess I vaguely remember reading something about breast stimulation from too much exercise causing a bit of milk production, but you really went to town on her, huh?”

He nodded. “I really felt in love with her milk. I got so used to the taste and feel of it on my tongue every night after we were done biking for the day…well, I would have stayed with her the rest of my life?”

“Just for her milk?”

Elan covered his face with his hands. “Shit. I sound like an idiot. Well, no, not

just for her milk. I was really into that, of course, but it didn't work out."

Dyan sighed. "Okay, go ahead and tell me. What didn't work out with your relationship with…what was her name anyway?"

"Jesse."

"With Jesse?"

He shrugged a bit. "Personality conflict, I guess. We were a little too young to get married. We were still pretty immature, I guess. And I started to see her as her perfect woman who supplied both sex and milk for me so that started rubbing her the wrong way."

Dyan shook her head. "Your kink drove her nuts, huh?"

He nodded. "Fuck! And now the same thing is going to happen with you. Shit! I can already see it."

The willowy blonde goddess in front of him slowly shook her head. She then stood up from her chair and popped open the two buttons on the old flannel shirt she had been wearing so that she could pull down her cami and expose her breasts. "Not yet," she said. "First step is nipple stimulation, right?"

"Right," he said, barely able to breathe.

"Well…" she looked down at her soft pink nipples. "Time to get to work."

Elan half stumbled getting out of his chair and walked with weak knees over to his girlfriend. Going down on one knee he was just tall enough to take her left nipple into his mouth and suck on it firmly. Dyan shivered once and let her head fall back. She knew what she was doing was crazy but she went ahead with it anyway. A little crazy was nice sometimes.

A moment later Elan's fingers were pinching her right nipple and she started wishing she had first invited him to the bed. Her knees got weaker by the moment and she wanted to collapse to the floor. She hadn't thought her nipples were really that sensitive—she did like having them played with during sex, but it seemed like tonight they were extra-sensitive. She knew it was most likely psychosomatic. Talking about nipples stimulation and lactation had set her mind

into the correct frame to make them little pinpricks of pleasure.

“Oh,” she moaned out loud. It was a quiet moan, but it was just enough to get Elan to stop.

“What’s the matter?” Normally she was pretty quiet during sex. Except when she was cumming.

Dyan pulled in a heavy breath and centered herself. “It felt really good. And it felt like I was going to fall on the floor. Let’s go to the bed.”

Once they had sorted out the more practical matters of breast stimulation in a horizontal position, Dyan was much more relaxed. She even pulled her cami off but kept on her pants, not because of modesty, but because she wanted to see where all of this was going.

Stretched out on her side they quickly discovered another minor flaw with Elan’s plan to make his girlfriend lactate. On her back she knew that her breasts all but disappeared, but a similar phenomenon occurred when she was on her side. Having tiny A cup sized tits meant there wasn’t a lot of material to work with. In addition, her nipples and areola were small. That particular detail wasn’t very important but Dyan always felt that her small pink nipples and areola made her look even more like a boy.

When Elan nuzzled his way down her body and attempted to suckle on her, there wasn’t very much breast for him to actually pull into his mouth. He wasn’t trying to hurt her, but the fun stimulation of a minute ago was suddenly gone and replaced with periodic shots of pain.

“Ow,” was all Dyan could think to say.

“Too hard?” Elan asked. “Am I sucking too hard? I’m probably a little over-eager.” He lightly kissed her wet, pink nipple and waited for an answer.

She hesitated. “Not really. It’s just the position is a little awkward.”

“You chose to lay this way,” he pointed out. “And I need to get as much of your breast in my mouth as possible.”

“Oh really? Is that true?”

He half-shrugged. “Sort of. I need to suck on something and the more of your breast I can get in my mouth, the better.”

“I can can’t believe I’m doing this,” she muttered to herself.

Elan’s eyes narrowed. “What?”

“Nothing!” she called out brightly. “How about I get on top of you?”

It wasn’t her favorite position for anything, but straddling Elan’s body was better than feeling like she was getting a mammogram. They shifted together and Dyan found herself riding high on Elan’s torso, dangling her small tits over his face. This time when he started nursing on her sensitive nipples the familiar and wonderful sensation came rushing back over her and she wanted to go floating off into paradise.

“Better?” he half-mumbled into her soft flesh. He had pulled back from her tit just long enough for him to utter the one word. It was too long. She clutched the back of his head and pulled him back to her chest.

“Uh-huh,” she managed to gasp out. This was heaven. She just hadn’t realized she wanted it this way.

Elan was enjoying himself, not concentrating on either nipple for more than a minute at a time, switching back and forth as the mood struck him and mixing in steady, strong sucking with the occasional nip and lick as well. Unconsciously Dyan started rubbing her pussy on Elan’s hard abdomen. That felt even better than just having her nipples sucked.

“Don’t stop,” she whispered. Elan wasn’t sure if she was talking to him or herself. It didn’t matter to him because if she was enjoying this little lactation exercise, so much the better. If she actually got off on doing it, then it was perfection.

Her anxious humping of Elan’s torso increased steadily in speed and pressure as Elan continued to suck and pinch her tits. She didn’t care now that he was fully aware that she was really just using him to masturbate. He was actually enjoying the show. When she came it was with a shrill cry of elation and relief, followed quickly by a sob of humiliation.

“What’s the matter?” he asked her, once again frightened he had hurt her.

“I came,” she admitted.

“I know. It’s fine. I enjoyed the show.” He grinned up at her.

“My panties are all wet,” she said, a bit ashamed at that revelation.

He smiled gently. “Well, then, let’s take them off and see what else happens.”

In a flash she rolled off his body and onto her back. A second later she had kicked off her yoga pants along with her pink and yellow flowered boyshorts. During that short interlude Elan had managed to pull down his jeans and too tight maroon boxers to mid-thigh. Dyan didn’t even give him the chance to pull them all the way off. She threw her leg back over his body and quickly settled her shaved pussy on his already rampant cock.

It slid down his length quickly and easily. She sighed once her pubic bone rested comfortably on his little nest of hair. “Okay, that feels good. I needed that.”

He laughed gently at her. “What you needed after getting your tits sucked and cumming on my chest was my cock up inside you?”

Her grin was mischievous and satisfied. “Yes. That’s how I like it? Any questions?”

In answer, Elan grabbed her hips and started thrusting his cock up into her tight pussy. She grunted with satisfaction and let him take control of the moment, not that he hadn’t controlled her the moment she had taken off her shirt and allowed him to suck on her tits. Sometimes it was nice to be worshipped for her sexual qualities and be given pleasure just because he was obsessed with her.

Or was he obsessed with his kink? Dyan wasn’t sure but it was difficult to concentrate on the thought while they fucked. Since she had barely come down from her first orgasm it was no surprise to her that she came again and quickly. This little bit of satisfaction pleased her because Elan was nowhere near ready to cum yet.

“Do it again?” she teased him, pretending to beg. “Fuck me hard. I need to cum.”

In response Elan reached up and pinched one of her nipples. She gasped in pain but didn't protest further. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time. He didn't let go and she came again partly from his cock reaching deeply into her pussy, but more than she liked to admit from the pain coursing down to her clit from her nipple.

"Harder," she begged with a little too much honesty.

Grabbing her ass he practically paralyzed her with his strength and the viciousness of his upward thrusts. A minute of this effort paid off as he came, pumping heavy gobs of cum deep into her cunt. She was a little ashamed—and more happy than she wanted to admit—that his roughness caused her to cum a third time.

They rested together several long minutes with his cock still seated in her sex, breathing heavily, unable to speak. Neither wanted their coupling to end but slowly his cock shrank away and finally she was forced to roll off his body, unable to support her own weight any longer on her hands and knees.

"God that was fucking incredible," she sighed with satisfaction.

"I'm glad I could oblige you."

"Is it going to be like that every time?" she asked.

"Every time I nurse from you?" he asked, wondering exactly what she meant.

"Every time we have sex after you nursing from me," she clarified.

"I can do my best to make that dream come true."

Dyan nodded slowly in agreement. "That would be great if you did," she said. "Because if you did, this whole becoming your human milk supply would totally be worth it."

Chapter Three

The next morning Dyan woke up to Elan sucking on her breast. It was a much better way to wake up than with an alarm clock or any of the supposedly not-annoying tones on her cell phone. She moaned sleepily and ran her hand through his tousled, auburn hair. They were both still naked and she felt his already hard cock pressing on her leg. That was nice. It was nice to know that just her mere presence and her small tits was enough to get him hard.

Or was it the idea of making her into a milk machine that was getting him hard, she wondered. Dyan's attitude soured at herself; that wasn't a thought she was truly worthy of having. Elan had exposed his soul to her, given her incredible power over him because he was willing to reveal his kink. What had she done? Nothing but tell him that she wanted bigger boobs.

As penance she was happy to perform Dyan dropped her hand down to his cock and gently cupped his bally, running her fingers over the velvety smooth skin. She had heard only gay men shaved their balls, but Elan definitely wasn't gay and she was delighted to discover that hairless testicles were much more enjoyable to have in her mouth and under her fingers than the common kind.

"Want a special reward for waking me up so nicely?" she asked him.

His mouth was full of her breast but that didn't stop him from taking a quick break from the gentle suction. "After I'm done with you," he answered.

She half grunted and allowed him to continue pleasuring her. Then it occurred to her that maybe he wasn't really pleasuring her. Maybe he was just sucking on her nipples to get her milk to flow. Maybe the pleasure she received was just a secondary side effect of what Elan was actually after.

Dyan realized she didn't like how her brain operated early in the morning. She closed down the over-active thinking part that obviously had not had enough rest and allowed herself to feel only what Elan wanted her to feel. She barely noticed when his mouth slipped off her breast and he rolled her from her side to her back. A moment later she lost her grip on his balls but that was okay because he

was slipping his cock into her.

Breast stimulation agreed with Dyan. Her pussy was soaking wet and he easily went all the way in. The sex that morning wasn’t as great as the night before, but she had not complaints. She just hoped the neighbors didn’t hear her screaming her pleasure.

Chapter Four

They were still at the beginning of their relationship where spending every available moment together wasn't an annoyance. They meshed their schedules together, spending every night together either at his place or at hers. Dyan didn't mind that at all…except her nipples—and her pussy—were starting to get a little sore. Five days after agreeing to indulge Elan in his little kinky fantasy—and she was still fairly certain what he had planned for her wasn't going to work—he arrived at her apartment for dinner and bearing a bottle.

"That's not wine," she pointed out as he opened up the bubble wrap envelope. "You promised me a surprise in a bottle."

"You're right. It's not wine. It's fenugreek."

"And what exactly is that?"

"A dietary supplement." His grin was a little too smug.

"For what?" she asked already knowing what his answer was going to be. Everything with Elan came back to the same thing.

"To promote good breast health…and milk flow." His answer sounded a little too much like what a midnight infomercial spokesperson would say.

"I'm not going to take some strange dietary supplement just because you think it'll cause me to make milk," she told him.

"Is that the answer you're most comfortable with?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said smartly.

Elan went over to the narrow cupboard between her stove's hood and the refrigerator. With exquisite precision he flipped open the thin door to display an impressive all-natural pharmacy filling the shelves. "We've got vitamin A through Z here, and enough strange roots and herbs to fulfill the fantasies of every would-be witch from here to Buffalo."

“Those are different,” she protested.

“It’s tamin A thorugh pharmacy filling the shelves. because you think it'person would say.

e same thing.

morning wasn'st hno different from all the other pills you’re on,” he said gesturing to the small all-natural pharmacy filling her medicine cabinet. “Except maybe you skipped over the F section of the all-natural store.”

“That’s unfair.”

He unscrewed the lid of the bottle and shook out one of the pills. “They’re perfectly safe, I assure you.”

“How would you know? You aren’t taking these.”

“True…but would I really hurt the woman I love by giving her dangerous drugs? You’re my route to true milky nirvana.”

Her knees went weak. He had never come out before and stated that he actually loved her. It should have been a magical moment. It was and she found her hand taking the pill from his palm. It wasn’t that big. It went easily with a swallow of water.

It scared her as well. What else was she willing to do for him, to do for his love?

Chapter Five

Friday night was videogame night for the boys. It had been a ritual for Elan and Jerry for years. Since their girlfriends were relative newcomers to their social dynamic they didn't have that much say in the Friday ritual and as a result they wound up sitting on the border between the kitchen and living room in Jerry's house, both of them bored. It took less than fifteen minutes for the two women to dispense with most small talk about the weather and work. Dyan decided to divulge her new lifestyle—such as it was—to Stacie.

"My boobs hurt," Dyan she confided in her new friend.

"That time of the month?"

She shook her head. "No. Elan's been sucking on them every day and night. I didn't realize how sensitive they could be."

Stacie snorted, completely unladylike. "But are you enjoying it?" she asked rhetorically. The too-long silence from Dyan told Stacie everything she needed to know as the men mowed down yet another wave of fast zombies. "Holy shit, you do like it?" she hissed in a stage whisper.

"Shh," Dyan hiss back. "The short answer is yes. It just makes the sex really good. It's like all the foreplay I ever could have wished for."

"I bet. Any results yet?"

Dyan licked her lips before answering. "Other than sore boobs and nipples, plus a completely satisfied libido, no. I'm not really sure if this will work."

"Oh, it'll work honey, it'll work. My cousin adopted a baby and she went through this need to breastfeed. It took her a few months to get her supply running, but it worked."

"It did?"

"She kept the milk going for four months once it came in and before they got the

baby. Then she nursed for another six."

"How did she keep her supply up for four months while they waited?" Dyan asked aloud.

Stacie shrugged. "She says she just had to use a breast pump a couple of times a day." She paused. "But who knows?" she added with a wink.

"Don't tell Elan," she demanded. "Once he hears about breast pumps working he'll insist I use one too."

The two women giggled as if they were schoolgirls. Dyan was staring to enjoy herself more and more with Stacie.

"Okay, I have a question for you," Stacie said.

Dyan was feeling a little silly and was already on her second glass of wine. The men were abstaining, saying it interfered with their reflexes during the game. "Yes, I love it what Elan's doing to me. I don't think my tits are bigger yet, but I really like what it's done to our sex life."

Stacie looked at her friend non-plussed for a moment , and then her eyes went wide. "I was actually going to ask if you really did sleep with those three women, or if it was a story you just told Elan to get his motor humming. But that's interesting too."

Dyan's face turned crimson with embarrassment but she answered Stacie's questions honestly. "Of course it's true. Why would I lie?" She licked her lips. "And why are you so curious to know?"

Stacie looked away at the television screen. "Just prurient interest."

Chapter Six

Sunday afternoon Elan returned from a quick trip to the store with the most expensive breast pump he could find.

“You’ve got to be shitting me,” Dyan complained. “Your mouth and the fenugreek aren’t good enough for me?”

“Stacie told me that it worked great for her cousin,” he said with a wink.

“I’m going to kill that bitch,” Dyan muttered under her breath as Elan unboxed the device.

He laughed at her annoyance. “No, actually. She didn’t. I just overheard you two talking.”

“I thought you were playing Zombie Storm 8, or whatever the hell that stupid game was.”

“Not too absorbed by it to eavesdrop about my girlfriend’s tits.” He carefully unboxed the pump and started reading the directions. Despite herself, Dyan was intrigued by the device. She had been reading up on inducing lactation and most websites recommended some type of supplement like fenugreek, which she was already taking, and regular application of a breast pump. More than a few sites almost demanded that it be used five or six times a day because that’s how often a baby would feed. Dyan wasn’t sure if she was ready for that level of commitment—and besides she was already getting plenty of stimulation from Elan’s eager mouth. The only websites that recommended that a human mouth be part of the mix were the more open minded ones that suggested a helpful husband suckle the wife to help induce lactation. When she had wandered out of the safe zone Dyan had come across a few kink sites that weren’t geared toward women adopting babies, but were for men who got off on seeing women’s breasts produce milk.

She was certain Elan spent more than his fair share of time pouring over those sites.

“Not that I don’t want to be around you every waking and sleeping moment,” Elan was saying. “But this will give you a little freedom.”

“Freedom?” she asked, confused.

“I won’t have to always be here to suckle you,” he pointed out. “You can just use the pump. And if you use it in addition to me getting your flow going, then it’ll be better than using just one method.”

She nodded and sighed. “Yeah, I get that. I’m just a little annoyed that this is taking so long. And my boobs aren’t any bigger yet.”

Elan laughed. “It hasn’t even been a month yet.” He reached out his hands and cupped her small breasts through the tight tank top she was wearing. No bra, of course, she didn’t need that in the privacy of her own home. “They feel a little bigger to me.”

“Ha ha ha. What? Like maybe half a millimeter. And you can’t tell that small a change with just your hands.”

Pulling his hands away from the thin cotton barrier that protected her from skin to skin contact he waggled his fingers at Dyan. “These are finely tuned instruments that can detect microscopic changes in size—unfortunately my super power is limited to measuring the size of women’s breasts.” He grabbed the bottom hem of her gray tank and slid his fingers up along her skin until the shirt was bunched around her armpits and his palms were warming her nipples. “Too bad there isn’t a really cool comic book character I could model myself after, my beautiful Phoenix.”

“Mm-hmm,” Dyan said absently. Every time he touched her breasts she wanted to melt into him. Not that she would tell him that, but she sensed that he knew it already.

“Ready to use the pump?” he asked.

She closed her eyes and sighed internally. There went her wish for him to latch on to her nipple and start sucking right there. “Sure,” she agreed glumly.

Elan was extremely excited by the whole process. It was fairly easy to set up the pump and the weird, funnel shaped cups that were to attach to her tits. Once he

had everything arranged and had plugged in the machine she helped by attaching the small collection bottles to the funnels. Except for the fact that they were necessary for the suction on the pump to work, she was certain the collection bottles were largely unnecessary at the moment.

“Take off your shirt,” Elan told her.

It felt a bit odd to be topless in front of him while he was holding the pump but Elan wasn’t the least bit concerned about that. It took them a minute to figure out the best way to position the pump’s motor and funnels. Dyan was flustered when she realized her small breasts barely fit into the large cones.

“Fucking things were made for fat cows,” she muttered under her breath.

“Now now,” Elan chided her. “Everyone comes in all shapes and sizes.”

“These were obviously made for heifers with huge tits.” It had been a long time since Dyan had felt inadequate because of her small breasts. In high school it had been awful, but once she got to college and discovered that secondary sexual characteristics weren’t nearly as important to most boys as was her willingness to actually have sex her self-esteem had increased greatly. Now she was pushing her small tits into a gigantic cone. The flexible silicone of the funnel molded itself to her small bumps and she was able to activate the pump and the suction grabbed her flesh.

At first it felt odd, something she hadn’t ever experienced before, yet was vaguely familiar at the same time. She was used to Elan’s mouth, and the lips of her previous lovers, sucking on her nipples, but this was something new, something different. Then it occurred to her. It was the difference between a man’s cock and a wonderful vibrator. Both served similar functions but went about it different ways. The end result was the same. Both cocks and vibrators could make her cum—though she loved her vibrator because it could make her cum unlike any man’s cock could.

The pump sucked on her tits unlike any man’s ever had. It wasn’t painful, but it was strong and firm and unrelenting. The two of them watched as the pump sucked her pink nipple forward, pulling and extending the delicate flesh to what seemed like an impossibly elastic distance. It then abruptly release and her nipple retracted to a more normal position.

She let out a shuddering sigh. “Did it hurt?” Elan asked, anxiously. He was excited and worried at the same time. A quick glance to his crotch told Dyan that he was already erect, thrilled at what was happening to his girlfriend.

“No. It felt…good.”

The pump kicked in again and her nipples pulled forward once more. “Oh this feels wonderful,” she found herself saying. It was different and new. She liked different and new. She liked fresh experiences. “I could cum just from doing this.”

“Can I watch?” he asked lasciviously.

“Sure,” she easily agreed wondering if he would put his hand or his cock or his face into her pussy first. She wasn’t able to protest his lustful comments at the moment because she was already too deeply into her rising lust.

Dyan always went into new sexual experiences with open eyes and a certain eagerness, but with the breast pump she wasn’t sure what she had been expecting, exactly. It was different and pleasant and fairly made her clit sing with desire, but after five minutes of the excruciating and wonderful torture, she knew that she wasn’t going to cum from the odd stimulation. Her panties were practically soaked so she knew she was ready for sex, but the bottles were completely dry, not that she had expected even a drop of sweet milk to collect in them.

During the resting phase of the pump’s cycle she pulled the cones away from her chest and abruptly switched off the pump. “What are you doing?” protested Elan, disappointed that the torture of his girlfriend’s tits had ended without his permission.

“I’m done with that,” she told him as she pushed down her black yoga pants and boyshorts. The pink undergarment briefly clung to her moist pussy as she stripped herself. Elan glanced down to her smooth cunt, saw the heart appliqué on the leg of her shorts before she pulled him onto the bed with her. “I need your cock,” she announced and pulled down the zipper to his jeans.

There was a short struggle as the two hurried to get him out of his clothes. Elan wanted everything off; Dyan was only interested in his cock. They settled for pulling his pants all the way off but leaving on his t-shirt. His girlfriend was

feeling generous and bowed her head a moment to suck on his cock a bit. She tasted the salty precum on his plum-shaped head and then rolled to her back, opening up her legs for him.

“Oh yes,” she grunted as he eased into her ready cunt. “I’m not sure I’ll ever make milk for you, but the warm-up exercises are worth the effort.”

Elan made a noncommittal sound. He tried to bend his neck to reach her abused breasts but the angle was wrong and his hips only wanted to thrust without restriction. Dyan twisted her legs upward and circled his waist, digging her heels into his back just above his ass. She wanted him hard and deep into her body.

Their congress only lasted a few intense minutes. Dyan had to admit that Elan’s kink—even if it had been fully realized, yet—had done wonderful things for her sex life. The length of their actual fuck sessions was shorter, but the build-up and teasing beforehand were longer and made the sex much more intense than she had ever before in her life.

When he came inside her she had to stifle her scream by biting his shoulder. Elan didn’t seem to mind.

“Fuck that was intense,” she told him when she was finally able to unwrap her legs from his waist.

“You seem to have enjoyed it,” he said drily.

“If my milk comes in and sex gets any more intense, I’m going to start passing out when I cum.”

“I’d paid to see that,” he told her.

Chapter Seven

Jerry and Elan were playing their video game again keeping Stacie and Dyan bored on Friday night. The two women had stupidly agreed to continue the Friday night tradition and after dinner the two women had actually cleaned Jerry's kitchen while the men played. They stayed in the kitchen trying to ignored the sounds of zombies being slaughtered with machine guns. Once more Dyan was well into the wine and she was feeling more playful than usual.

After they finished the dishes Stacie flat out asked her, "Are your boobs any bigger yet? Any milk?"

Dyan stepped too closely to her friend, grabbed her forearms, and pulled Stacie's hands to her small breasts. She wasn't feeling the least bit shy. "What do you think?"

"Umm..." Stacie was a bit uncomfortable feeling up her friend, but she didn't immediately pull her hands away either. "I don't know. I didn't feel them before you started your little game with Elan."

"I think they're a little bigger," she said. Dyan wasn't sure if this was true or not, but it felt like it was true. She wanted it to be true.

"They're very soft," Stacie said, not knowing what else to say.

"Aren't yours?" Dyan asked, and before Stacie could answer she placed her hands on Stacie's large breasts. Stacie froze but didn't protest at all. After a small squeeze Dyan said, "I think they're soft, but I can't tell with your bra on."

"You're not wearing a bra," Stacie commented.

"Nope." They paused a moment. "Can I feel your breasts without your bra?"

Stacie didn't answer right away. She glanced nervously at the passageway to the living room where zombies continued to die—again—at an extraordinary clip. "Are you truly bi?" she asked by way of answer.

“Uh-huh,” Dyan said, leaning in closer. “Want to see?”

She hesitated a second and then finally managed to say, “Sure.”

Dyan leaned down and kissed Stacie’s luscious red lips. To her surprise Stacie kissed back, opening her lips and little and letting Dyan’s tongue explore. “Are you really sure?” she asked.

Stacie risked a glance at her otherwise occupied boyfriend. “I’m really sure,” she said.

Dyan grabbed Stacie’s hand and the two snuck back deeper into the small house, hunting out the bed Stacie often shared with Jerry. Stacie’s heart was pounding in her chest causing a roar in her ears. Her stomach was a knot of anticipation and her brain was on exploding with nervous convulsions. She didn’t want to turn back.

For her part Dyan was eager to do this. It had been too long since she had been with another woman. She missed it. And she would be deflowering a Sapphic virgin, something she had never done before.

“Are we really doing to do this?” Stacie asked as she started to have second thoughts the moment she saw the bed. It was Jerry’s bed. Did she really have the right to get into it with another woman?

“Yes,” Dyan insisted and kissed the shorter woman. For half a second Stacie was undecided, but then she pushed her tongue into Dyan’s mouth and gave herself over to the moment.

It might have been wrong, but it felt delightfully right.

The next thing Dyan knew they were tumbling into the bed and she was kissing Stacie’s soft lips with an incredible ferocity. She tugged at Stacie’s shirt and the other woman squirmed around helping her the best she could while not breaking the kiss. After a minute of struggle they managed to get her shirt up to her chin and they had to briefly separate their lips to lift the garment free. In the short pause Dyan glanced down and let her eyes bulge at the impressive display of cleavage that Stacie had.

“Wow,” she breathed. “Think I’ll ever get that big?”

Stacie blushed. “Probably not.” Then it was time to stop talking. She pulled Dyan back down and kissed her again. The blonde woman reached behind Stacie’s back, pushing her fingers in between her flesh and the mattress, searching for the clasp to her bra. Stacie knew exactly what Dyan was doing because many men had done the exact same thing to her before, but didn’t help out because she was partly distracted by Dyan’s soft lips and exploring tongue and partly because she was afraid of what she wanted Dyan to do.

“Oh my god,” Dyan gasped. “It’s like Fort Knox back there. How many hooks do you have on this thing?” She pulled her hand out from behind Stacie and playfully plucked at the bra’s cup where Stacie’s breasts threatened to overflow.

“Four.” Stacie wasn’t sure if she should be proud or ashamed. She sat up to give Dyan clearer access to her back. The thinner woman looked over Stacie’s shoulder and expertly unhooked the bra, slipping it from Stacie’s shoulders. For just the blink of an eye Stacie started to bring her arms up to hide her nipples, but then Dyan was on top of her again, pressing her down, kissing her neck, her collar bone, the top curve of her breast, and finally licking her ruby nipple. Stacie shivered once and then closed her eyes, dissolving herself into the sensation.

The sound of Stacie’s deep, heavy breaths filled the air as Dyan sucked and licked one of her friend’s nipples while she pinched and rolled the other. It was easy to do this, even for Stacie. The next part was the hard part. That would take commitment from Stacie, Dyan knew from experience. She was determined to make Stacie’s first time with a woman something completely pleasant.

Without giving her any warning, Dyan released Stacie’s engorged nipple from between her lips and continued her journey downwards. Stacie didn’t want to be forcibly lactated—though in the back of Dyan’s mind that sounded kind of hot—because she was after something else. Dyan’s hot breath tickled Stacie’s skin and the blonde briefly stopped at her belly button, marveling at the loop of gold pricking the flesh above and into the little indentation in Stacie’s skin. She took the bit of metal between her lips and tugged at it. “I’ve always been too afraid to get mine done,” she said. It was only half-true. Dyan wasn’t into body piercing, but it looked good on Stacie.

She moved her hands over the brunette’s stomach and gently popped open the top button to her jeans. “Ready?” she asked. Stacie nodded. Dyan lowered the

zipper and together the two women removed the jeans. Underneath Stacie was wearing a surprisingly sexy and lacy pair of tiny pink panties. Dyan raised her eyebrows. “We’re you expecting to get some tonight?”

Once more Stacie blushed. “Kind of,” she hedged.

Dyan said nothing but simply took the top edge of the panties between her teeth and slowly tugged them down. Stacie helped and together they slowly exposed the triangle of curly hair that decorated her mons. Her legs were together as Dyan slipped the panties off her feet but the blonde firmly pushed Stacie’s meaty thighs apart as she moved into position. Stacie closed her eyes and rested her head back on the pillow. She could pretend that it was a man going down on her. That was an act that was easy to enjoy.

“You have a pretty pussy,” Dyan said as she touched Stacie’s already wet nether lips, spreading them apart a bit, opening up her cunt and letting the tiny clit at the top of her slit peek out. Stacie said nothing as Dyan slipped a finger into the sodden pussy and lowered her mouth on the barely-there clit. Stacie shivered as Dyan sucked as much of the loose lips into her mouth and teased the clit with her wiggling tongue. Stacie gasped out loud and almost wiggled away, but caught herself and thrusted her hips up into Dyan’s face. She started rubbing her pussy impatiently on Dyan’s face and gasped with every sensation running over her body.

Before either woman was ready Stacie came. Her cry of passion was half stifled by her knuckle crammed into her mouth as her body shook and bucked with abandon. Dyan backed off and admired her handiwork. “Was that good?” she asked Stacie when her orgasm had subsided.

“Fucking hell yes,” Stacie crowed and then giggled nervously. “I should have done this long ago. You know, being with a woman and all.”

Dyan nodded and gently kissed the inside of Stacie’s thigh. “Best oral sex I ever had was from a woman. Men just don’t seem to get it.” She kissed the middle of her pubic patch. “You ready to try now?”

That was the question. Stacie didn’t want to disappoint the woman who had just gone down on her and given her the best oral sex in her life. But the nagging voice in the back of her head was telling her that to refuse to reciprocate would be incredibly wrong. If nothing else Stacie had a highly developed sense of

fairness. “Don’t get mad at me if I can’t get you off, okay?”

Dyan laughed lightly and crawled up Stacie’s body, sprinkling kisses here and there, before kissing her full on once more, pushing her tongue deep into Stacie’s mouth, forcing the curvy woman to taste the flavor of her own pussy. Stacie didn’t back away which Dyan took as a good sign.

“Can you show me what to do?” Stacie asked nervously as Dyan lay down next to her. It just then occurred to Stacie that the blonde was still fully dressed while she was naked.

Her question caused Dyan to laugh. “I just did. Just do to me what you like have done to you.” She sat up and pulled off her tank top, exposing her small tits. Stacie stared even though she had seen other women’s breasts before, it was hard to ignore a new pair that was practically in her face and right next to her. And so beautiful as well. They might be tiny, but they were incredibly perfect. She leaned forward and took Dyan’s delicate nipple into her mouth and felt the soft flesh hardened as the nipple became erect. A shiver went down Stacie’s spine as she realized that she was the cause of that hardening. Knowing what she liked, Stacie delicately sucked on Dyan’s nipple, drawing it as deeply as possible into her mouth. She reveled in the sweet flavor of the other woman’s flesh and switched to the other nipple with the exact same effect.

Stacie was becoming too distracted by Dyan’s small breasts so the blonde woman asked, “Do you want me to strip or do you want to undress me?”

Stacie didn’t have an answer so Dyan took her friend’s hand and pushed it down into her loose black pants. Stacie quickly understood and burrowed deep into Dyan’s pants, marveling at her smooth mons and then hesitating at the top of her wet slit.

“Keep going,” Dyan encouraged her with a kiss. They shifted position slightly and Dyan opened her legs wider. Stacie was on her side, kissing her friend, and explored Dyan’s pussy. It was like her own, but different as well. It was wonderful and exciting. She started rubbing Dyan’s prominent clit and the lithe blonde woman started panting and trembling. Her kisses increased in intensity and Stacie realized she was going to make the other woman cum without even going down on her. Unexpectedly, that made her upset.

Dyan didn’t bother stifling her cry when she came. She enjoyed being loud and

saw no reason to be silent. The boyfriends were too deeply into their game to pay attention to what the women were doing.

“I’m sorry,” Stacie apologized immediately. “I didn’t mean to make you cum.”

Dyan laughed. “Why? It felt good.”

“I wanted to go down on you and make you cum.”

More laughter. “You can still go down on me,” Dyan offered.

Stacie found herself involuntarily laughing. “I know,” was the best she could offer. Sometimes it was just easier to do something than to talk about it. She moved onto her hands and knees next to Dyan. The blonde woman pushed her yoga pants down her legs, but left on her boyshorts.

“They’re pretty,” Stacie said as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of the other woman’s underwear. In fact, they weren’t especially pretty. The boyshorts were plain blue cotton with some scalloped edging on the waist and legs, but that was it. They were built more for comfort than anything else, but they hugged every bit of Dyan’s loins which made them attractive enough.

Dyan put her hands on top of Stacie’s fingers, getting the other woman off to a start removing the undergarment. Once she was started, it was easy for Stacie to fall into the role that was expected of her. She averted her eyes as Dyan’s legs came up into the air and the shorts were removed. Dyan opened up her legs, revealing her pussy, and waited for the other woman.

The time that Stacie examine Dyan’s pussy seemed to last forever. She had already figured out that Dyan shaved herself smooth. Not a hair remained between the blonde woman’s legs. Her slit was wet and glistening in the half-light sneaking in from the other room. She had a prominent clit, much bigger than Stacie’s, with proud inner lips that stuck out just enough to show she was eager for sex.

She didn’t want to seem like she was a false friend or a coward or someone who took from others and didn’t give back, so Stacie pulled her long black hair over her shoulder, pushing it out of the way, and lowered her face to Dyan’s sex. There was no reason to hesitate; she plunged right in, kissing the little fleshy button that stuck out at the top of the slit and then pushing her tongue up into

Dyan’s pussy.

The flavor wasn’t that different from her own. She had tasted herself on Dyan’s lips and her other lovers’ lips many times before. She had even tasted herself on her own fingers but she would never admit that to anyone, ever. It was different, pleasantly different.

Dyan shivered under Stacie’s nimble tongue and let out another soft groan. Encouraged by this Stacie set to work, doing to Dyan exactly what she loved having done to her. But that wasn’t enough. She teased and experimented, losing herself in the moment, doing all the things to Dyan she wished her lovers had done to her.

As Dyan’s groans became louder Stacie heard to her side, from the bedroom’s door, a harshly whispered, “Fucking hell!”

Risking a quick glance, but never stopping her busy tongue and lips that were working on Dyan’s pussy, Stacie saw the shadowed outlines of Jerry and Elan watching the women on the bed. If Dyan had any inkling that they were being watched she didn’t make it apparent. She was still groaning and breathing heavily, quickly approaching orgasm under Stacie’s novice oral ministrations.

Deciding that she didn’t mind being watched, Stacie closed her eyes and concentrated on Dyan’s pussy. She truly wanted to make the other woman cum and so threw herself into the task. When her climax finally happened Dyan clutched Stacie’s head between her hands and held it exactly where she needed it, cumming with a little gush of liquid that soaked Stacie’s face and a squeal of satisfaction.

Stacie rested a minute between Dyan’s thighs, lightly kissing her pussy and mons, licking up the dribbles of juice her orgasm had left behind, when she felt familiar hands on her hips. She had been eating Dyan’s pussy by resting on her knees and elbows with her ass in the air and her hands gripping Dyan’s thighs. Once she felt Jerry’s hands on her hips she knew that her own pussy—still wet from its encounter with Dyan’s professional treatment—was open and exposed. She parted her thighs, opening up her stance, and waited to be entered. It was only when he pressed in close behind her, his hard cock in hand, that she realized the man about to fuck her wasn’t Jerry. Which meant it had to be Elan.

She would have looked over her shoulder to check, but when she opened her

eyes she saw Dyan was sucking on Jerry's cock. There wasn't any reason to check. Stacie knew it was a different man when Elan pushed his cock all the way inside her pussy. His cock was longer, but thinner than Jerry's. Stacie took pride in the sensitivity of her pussy. Plus, he was built differently than her boyfriend, skinnier with longer legs. Jerry had more of a fireplug-like build.

It was only after Elan pulled back his cock and truly started fucking her that Stacie realized she was cheating on her boyfriend. But then she looked back up Dyan's body to see her friend sucking her boyfriend's cock and concluded there wasn't much in the way of cheating at the moment. Either they both were cheating on their respective partners or they were just sharing. Sharing was nice. Stacie opted to think of this as sharing.

Then the higher functions of her brain started shutting down and she was only able to focus on Elan's cock in her pussy. Every few seconds she would open her eyes back up to see Dyan eagerly and enthusiastically sucking Jerry's cock. Though she knew it was supposed to be wrong, it felt right. There was nothing wrong with enjoying what they were doing.

Her pendulous breasts started slapping back and forth, hitting her belly and crashing against Dyan's legs right as Elan came inside her. His hot cum was uncommonly pleasant deep in her pussy. Sometimes it just took a thought to make Stacie cum and that was the correct though, another man's cock and cum in her pussy. She shook and gasped, clutching hard on Dyan's thigh to help her through her orgasm. The thin blonde made a strange noise and Stacie looked up to see Jerry's face scrunched up into a rictus of pain, but he wasn't in pain. He was cumming. His balls were tight up to the base of his cock and the thigh shaft was throbbing, pumping his cum into Dyan's mouth and down her throat.

Stacie hoped that Dyan appreciated her boyfriend's orgasm because she loved to feel his cock throbbing in her mouth and the salty taste of his cum on her tongue. When she was done cumming she started to think again and her immediate thought was that she was a lousy girlfriend for having sex with another man and that proved she would make a terrible wife. Stacie knew she had spent too much time growing up in a Catholic house; her pervasive sense of guilt would never leave her.

"What exactly are you two doing in here?" Dyan demanded when she was done swallowing Jerry's spunk.

“Having sex with you,” Jerry quickly answered.

“Who said you could?” she asked half-seriously.

“I did,” Elan piped up as he withdrew from Stacie who shuddered a tiny bit from the absence of his cock. Her pussy contracted and she shifted position. She hated the feeling of cum dripping out of her but she loved it when a man came inside her. “And you weren’t arguing about it a minute ago.”

“Yeah, but I’m the only one who didn’t get to cum just now,” she pointed out.

Elan moved around Stacie and lay down next to his girlfriend, kissed her cheek and then her neck as his hand traveled down her side to her sopping pussy. “Want me to make you cum again?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she happily agreed as his fingers mixed into the swamp of her pussy. He teased out her clit and rubbed it as he lowered his mouth to her tiny breast. Seeing what she was missing out on, Stacie crawled up to Dyan’s other side and attached her mouth to Dyan’s free nipple. The tall blonde sighed in contentment as she was nursed by both people. Jerry, somewhat disappointed that he wasn’t part of the actions, took his cock in hand and slowly stroked it, waiting his turn.

“Totally worth it,” Dyan muttered as Stacie and Elan fought for control of her pussy. Silently Stacie agreed.

End Part One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

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