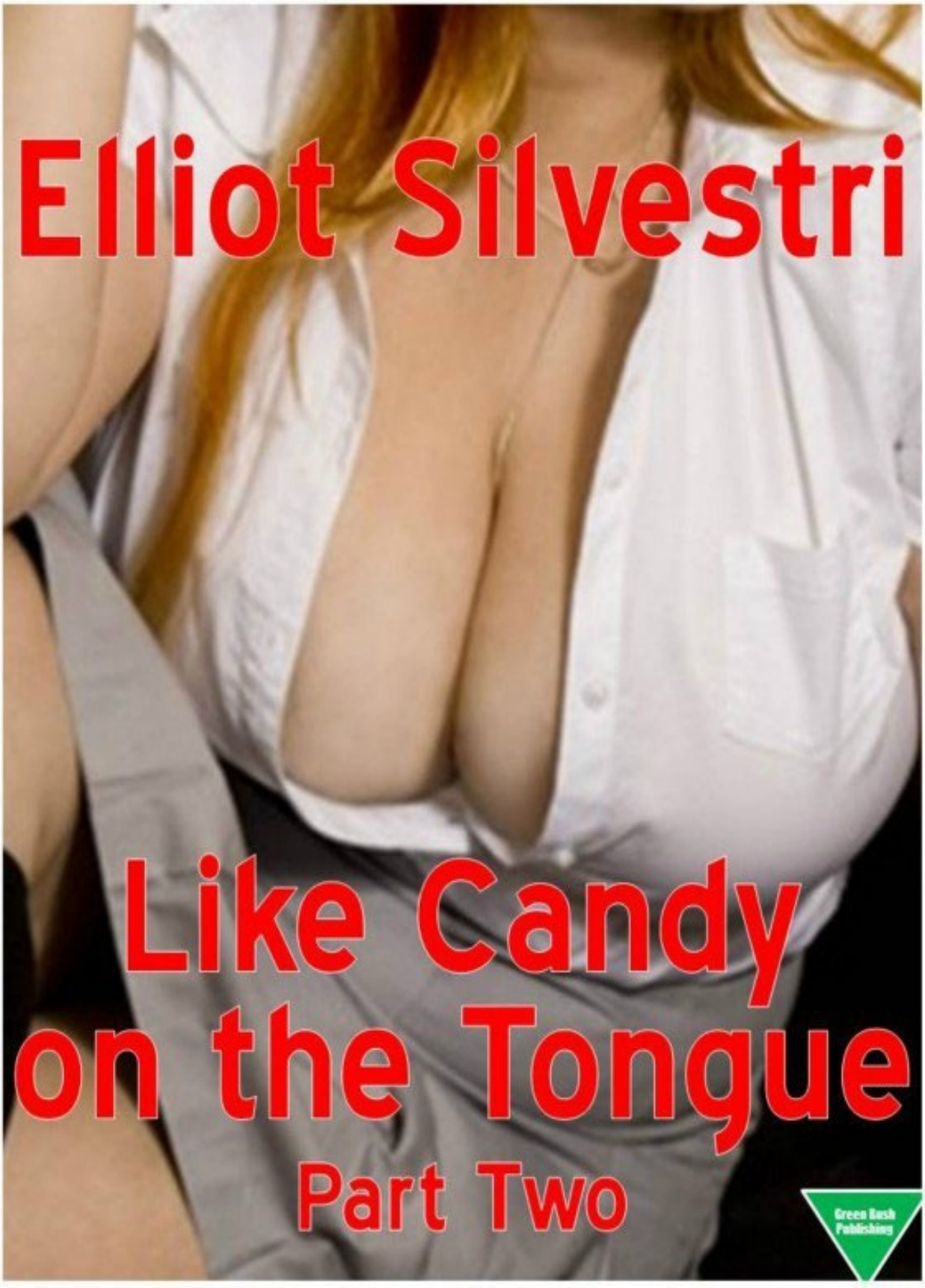
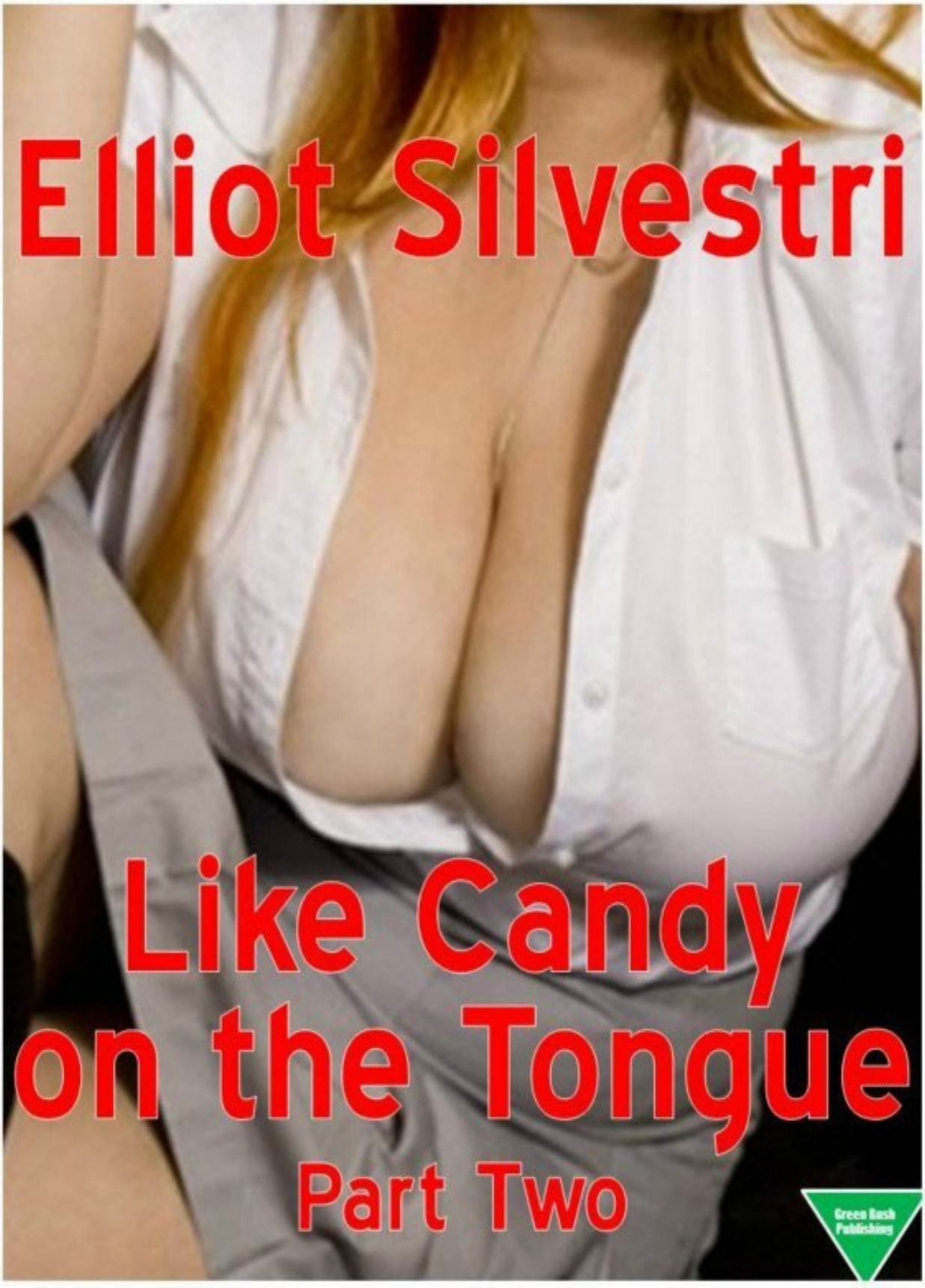

Elliot Silvestri
Like Candy on the Tongue
Part Two
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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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If you do not milk the cow fully, it falls sick. –Lalu Prasad Yadav

Part Two

Chapter Eight

The ride home was difficult for Dyan. The silence between them was stifling and abruptly she burst out with, “I loved it when you and Stacie were sucking on my tits. It felt incredible to have that done. We need to do it again. Like, right away.”

Elan let out a long, slow breath. “Thank god,” he breathed. “I wasn’t sure what was going to happen.”

“And just why did you tell Jerry he could get a blowjob from me?”

Elan cleared his throat. “Actually, I didn’t, really. He was the one who, um, told me he wanted me to fuck Stacie because he wanted to watch. You two had really gotten the two of us…motivated, I guess, and I couldn’t really say no.”

“I wonder what Stacie thinks of that,” Dyan muttered under her breath.

“What?”

“Nothing. Go on.”

“So, I did. She has a gorgeous ass by the way.”

“You really shouldn’t compliment another woman’s sexual bits to your girlfriend,” Dyan advised.

He ignored her sniping comment. “So I did,” he repeated. “Jerry just took the initiative and asked you for a blowjob, I guess.”

“He didn’t ask,” Dyan informed him.

Elan looked at her long enough that he almost drove off the road. “So you just sucked his cock because you wanted to?”

“He stuck it in my face.”

“Oh, well. That’s different then.” A wry grin pulled itself across Elan’s face. “I

suppose I shouldn't complain. I was the one fucking Stacie and you don't seem at all perturbed by it."

"It's not the first time I was in a group scene," she pertly informed him.

His eyebrows shot up. This was news to Elan. "You never told me that you've done that sort of thing before."

"You never asked," she pointed out.

"Ah…you're right. I guess I should ask more personal questions about your past sex life." He grinned some more and nodded his head, pleased with himself.

"Just don't ask about anything you don't want to know about."

Her statement made him stop short his nodded. "Oh…that's something to consider." Pause. "I just didn't think if we did partner switching or a group scene it would be…well, better planned. And maybe a few years down the road."

"I hadn't planned it either."

"But you were in bed with Stacie," he pointed out. "You were cheating on me."

"Are we exclusive?" she almost snapped at him.

The question gave him pause. "We haven't really discussed it, have we," he mused out loud. "Should we be?"

"I can't make that promise," Dyan informed him. "You don't have everything I need."

That answer almost caused Elan to drive off the road. "I don't?"

"You're not a woman."

"Well, that is true," he agreed. "But what the fuck?"

Dyan looked out the passenger window. "I'm bi, Elan. I've always known I'm bi and even though I'll probably wind up with a man, I don't think I could live the rest of my life without the possibility of having sex with a woman." She looked back at Elan while he carefully studied the road. "I can't promise to be exclusive

to you because I need to have sex with a woman every once in a while."

Elan nodded. "I can deal with that."

"You can?"

"Sure." He paused. "Can I watch?"

The question took her off-guard. "What?"

"Can I watch?" he asked again. "Because what you are is the traditional male's perfect woman: beautiful, sexy, willing to experiment, and happy to go to bed with a woman as well. Can I watch or can we have a threesome again with Stacie or another woman?"

She laughed at him. "You think you've hit the jackpot, haven't you?"

Elan's grin returned. "Hell yes. You're into my kink and you're bi. What more could a man want?"

She laughed at him once more as they continued their drive into the darkness and ultimately home.

Chapter Nine

When her cell phone buzzed the next afternoon Dyan didn't recognize the number and just ignored the call, letting it go to voicemail. It wasn't until late in the evening—after she had gotten home, had dinner with Elan, allowed him to nurse on her tits to keep them active, had sex with her boyfriend because his nursing excited her to the point of physical need of sex—when she bothered to check her phone again and saw the voicemail. Dyan hesitated because she had a strong preference in avoiding all unknown phone calls and number, but ultimate decided to listen and not just delete the message.

"Dyan? Hi, it's me, Stacie. I probably shouldn't leave this on your voicemail, but would you give me a call back? I'm…not sure if what we did yesterday was the right thing. I don't want to say anything more. Call me back. Bye."

Dyan's lips twisted into an irksome little moue. Shit. There was no way to avoid calling Stacie back. If she didn't call, she'd look like a bitch and it would sour everything between her and Stacie. It would probably upset Stacie's relationship with Jerry which would in turn put a strain on Jerry's friendship with Elan.

After a quick glance at Elan, who was deeply into a thick fantasy novel so thick he was balancing it on a pillow piled on his chest just to hold it up.

"I've got to make a quick call," she told him, slipping out from the bed.

"Mm-hmm," he murmured, barely acknowledging her. That was for the best.

She walked naked to the bathroom and shut the door before calling Stacie. She was hoping to get Stacie's voicemail and then the two of them would be caught in a never-ending cycle of returned voicemails, but that was another fantasy that wouldn't be fulfilled.

"Dyan!" Stacie gasped, answering the call after the second ring, as if she had been holding the phone in her hand waiting for her friend's call. "I'm glad you called back!"

Her overuse of exclamation points, even in casual conversation, immediately annoyed Dyan. “No problem,” she lied. “What’s the matter?”

Over the phone she could hear Stacie moving about. There was a long pause before she answered. “I don’t know if we should have done what we did last night,” she began. “I don’t know what to think.”

Dyan forced herself not to groan. She didn’t need this shit from a woman who thought she might be interested in a little lesbian experimentation but then immediately find a reason to bring it up and get her to promise never to do it or mention it again. “It was fine,” Dyan reassured her. “It didn’t mean anything beyond a nice little time for both of us. We don’t have to do it again, if that’s what you’re worried about. I won’t hold it against you.”

“Well, it was that and what the guys did afterwards…”

“I’m good with that too,” Dyan said. “Elan said the sex with you was great and I had a good time with Jerry. I hope you’re not jealous. You aren’t that type of person, are you?” She set the barbs of her question strongly to let Stacie know she wasn’t going to put up with ridiculous regrets. “What’s done is done, we can do it again, or not, it’s up to you. You aren’t upset that we shared boyfriends, are you?”

From her answer Dyan could tell that Stacie wasn’t upset about the partner swapping. It was the girl-on-girl action that made her nervous. “No, I understand what that was all about. It’s just that…I don’t want you to think I’m a lesbian.” The last word was barely whispered.

“I don’t think you’re a lesbian,” Dyan soothed her. “I’m a Kinsey three. What are you?”

“What am I?” Clearly Stacie didn’t understand her question.

“The Kinsey scale. I know it’s out of vogue, but Alfred Kinsey—the sex researcher guy?—he came up with a zero to six scale to rank your sexual orientation and attraction. I know I’m a three, bisexual. Zero is exclusively heterosexual, six is exclusively homosexual. What are you?” Dyan decided to push Stacie hard on this issue. She wanted to put her friend’s fears and concerns to bed.

Stacie paused a moment before answering, “I’m a zero.”

Dyan didn’t accept that answer. “No, you’re not. Everything that happened last night, you were a willing partner. Or were you faking the entire thing?”

She stopped and waited for an answer from her friend. She was certain that Stacie was trembling with fear and uncertainty. Her world had been turned upside down. It was one thing to have a fantasy, and another thing to have that fantasy fulfilled, but it was most difficult to deal with that fantasy after the fact.

“Maybe I’m a one,” she finally conceded.

“Maybe you’re a one or more likely a two,” Dyan corrected her.

“Maybe,” Stacie said in her smallest voice.

“And there’s nothing wrong with that. I like that. I liked having sex with you, but if you don’t want to do it again, that’s fine as well. I can assure you I won’t tell anyone what we did.”

“It’s just…I don’t know!” Clearly Stacie was upset and frustrated.

“You need to get to know yourself better,” Dyan advised. “When you do, you will see this either as a learning experience or a turning point in your life. I know I did.”

“Okay.”

“I’ve got to go, but before I hang up, I just wanted to tell you that you’re a great friend and I’d never intentionally do anything up upset or hurt you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Who was that?” Elan asked after she got back in bed.

“Just Stacie. She was…um…a little worried about last night.”

Elan tore his eyes away from the book and looked at her. “Is this going to fuck things up for Jerry?” he asked. It was a natural concern. He had been friends with Jerry longer than she had known Elan.

“I hope not,” Dyan said. “I hope we can get her back in bed again. She had the sweetest pussy.” Her grin was a little too knowing and a little too sexy for Elan’s comfort.

“Really?”

“Oh, yes. Really.”

Chapter Ten

Monday morning Elan sucked on her tits, but didn't have time to have sex with Dyan because he had an early morning meeting. His limited sucking just got her excited enough to want sex, but not enough to actually get her off. After Elan left for work she still had close to two hours before she needed to leave for her job. It was more than enough time to get out the breast pump and attach it to her tits.

The motor was so powerful that she didn't need to hold the cones in place constantly. Dyan got on her hands and knees to let the device dangle from her small breasts. She still wasn't producing any milk, but she had already decided the pump was one of the greatest sex toys every invented. Still, the pump wasn't everything she needed.

The purple vibrator she normally kept in her nightstand was lying on the bed next to her. Once Dyan was assured the pump's collection funnels wouldn't abruptly detach from her breasts she turned on the vibrator and carefully inserted it into her pussy with her right hand and she balanced her weight on her left. It was a delicate operation but ultimately it paid off because when Dyan came her entire body trembled and she was barely able to hold herself up during the long ordeal. Tears actually formed at the corners of her eyes.

Once her fun and games were over for the morning she hurriedly showered, ate breakfast, dressed, and rushed off to work. She didn't notice the few drops of liquid she left behind in the collection bottles.

"You're breasts smell really nice tonight," Elan told her as he sniffed her chest before latching on to her nipple and sucking a few times. "It's a sweet smell. Did you change your soap?" Immediately after asking the question he latched back on and sucked eagerly.

They were in his apartment. Dyan was planning on spending the night. She liked sleeping in his bed. Even though the apartment was decently sized, the bedroom was tiny; it was more of a walk-in closet than an actual bedroom. He had shoved

the bed against one wall which made it feel a little like a sleep-over with an elementary school friend.

Dyan sighed as he suckled from her. “No, same body wash.” She was already down to her panties, a pair of yellow and red striped boyshorts, and automatically pushed her hand inside them, fingering her pussy, getting herself wet, before playing with her clit. It was an automatic response to Elan nursing on her breasts. She only half-realized that she was doing it.

Elan didn’t mind at all that she masturbated as he nursed. He saw it as a good sign, that she was enjoying what he was doing to her, that she was into being made to lactate. If that’s what it took to get her to go along with his plan, he was happy to indulge her. The best part was when he was done working on her breasts; she was always willing to have sex with him, even if she had cum several times while he had nursed. She was very giving that way.

When he was done he half rolled away and pulled her boyshorts all the way down and off her legs. During the process Dyan never removed her hand from her pussy, reveling in the smoothness of her hairless labia and mons. Though it wasn’t necessary, Elan pushed his face between her thighs and she pulled her hand away, letting him lick her pussy. What she really wanted was his cock inside her body, but that could wait a minute. Dyan had already diagnosed him with an oral fixation so a minute or two of cunnilingus wouldn’t bother her. She purposely ran her hand through his hair, moving his head exactly where she wanted it and in the process drying her fingers in his hair so that he would be forced to carry her scent until he showered.

As he was eating her out, Elan glanced up and saw the small rise of her belly and both her breasts as little swells beyond that. Her eyes were screwed shut and her head was back. She was trying to get to another orgasm before he put his cock in her. The sight made him stop and she groaned in frustration.

“I think your tits are bigger,” he told her.

“I don’t care,” she said grabbing the back of his head and pushing it back down into her pussy. He continued to eat her out, but kept an eye on her heaving chest. His oral treatment only lasted another minute when he pulled back, crawled up her body, and plunged his cock all the way into her pussy. Once that was done she forgave him for his temporary indiscretion of interrupting her rising orgasm.

Chapter Eleven

The next morning as he nuzzled her warm breasts that faintly smelled of sweat and wool blankets she asked him, “Would you mind if I had sex with Stacie again?”

The question took him by surprise enough that he almost snorted and choked on her soft flesh. “Mind it?” he replied. “I’d only be upset if you didn’t tell me every detail.”

She laughed at him. “Be careful what you wish for,” she told him as he pushed aside the fingers she had in her pussy and replaced them with her own. “I might leave you for her.”

He released her breast from his mouth. His grin was one of a superior attitude. “Not unless she grows a cock. You love the cock a little too much just to give it up from a pair of big tits.”

“Ha ha.”

Elan’s comment from the night before bothered her as she dressed. The one change of clothes she had with her included a plain, light blue cami with a supporting shelf. Other women complained that the style of camisole with the supporting shelf gave them “uniboob syndrome” but Dyan’s were small enough that creating cleavage was nearly impossible for her. She never experienced it. However, today when she pulled on the normally form-fitting garment, it was almost too tight. She wondered at first if she had twisted the fabric or if she had shrunk it in the dryer.

After a second’s reflection she thought that maybe she was getting the benefit of Elan’s attention to her tits—the Phoenix Effect—but without any milk production. They were planning on leaving his apartment together, but Dyan didn’t say anything to him. Not yet. It was too early.

That afternoon, after work, Dyan went straight to her apartment and pulled open what could be termed her lingerie drawer, such as it was. It was filled on the left

with her many-colored boyshorts. Somewhere underneath that pile she had a few pairs of more traditional panties that got worn maybe twice a year. One the right were her tank tops, sports bras, and camisoles. Somewhere under that pile she knew she had two actual formal bras. One was plain white cotton, useful on the few occasions she couldn't wear a camisole to work. Besides that was a fancy, sexy and very sheer bra that would look normal in the juniors department. She had last worn it to her cousin's wedding last summer. After nearly emptying the drawer she found in shoved back in the corner.

Taking off her blouse and camisole she awkwardly fitted the strange garment to her body. For ease of use when she had bought the bra she had made sure it closed in the front. After a few minutes struggle to get it in place she inspected herself in the mirror on the back of her bedroom door.

Her pink nipples were erect and clearly visible through the gossamer material, both as bumps and spots of color against her pale skin. That didn't attract her attention. She wasn't worried about that. What she focused on was the tightness of the bra and how the cups covered her breasts. The cut of the bra was very traditional but as an A cup there wasn't all that much for Dyan to show off. Still, it seemed tighter than last year and her breasts seemed to spill ever so slightly over the edges. She turned and twisted and inspected herself from every possible angle.

It was now she wished she had taken some careful measurement before Elan had started her on his quest for milk.

"Maybe they are bigger," she conceded. "Or maybe I'm getting to that time of the month."

She felt herself up and decided. "Okay, they're bigger."

Once the decision had been made, Dyan had to experiment. She went to the breast pump that was still sitting on her dresser. She didn't get out her vibrator or take off her pants but simply turned on the pump and put it to her breasts to watch and wait.

The pump stretched out her nipples and she watched in fascination this time, anticipating. She could feel the hum of the motor through her body and the steady pull and release of the pump was familiar. Nothing happened at first and she was disappointed in herself.

But then a few pearlescent drops formed on the tip of her right nipple. She gasped in delight and watched as her pink nipple was drawn out and stretched to an impossible length before the drops coalesced together and dripped down to the collection cone where it slid down hole to the collection bottle. After a second's rest her nipple was stretched out again and this time the milk dribbled a little bit. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough. Dyan laughed with delight and watched it happen again and again.

Her milk didn't exactly squirt, but seeing it pulled from her body was a thrilling delight. So focused was she on her right nipple that when she glanced over at her left she nearly did a double take when she saw several tablespoons of the rich liquid in the collection bottle.

"Wow."

She let the pump work on her breasts for a good ten minutes, which was several minutes past the point that milk stopped leaking from her nipples, but that was fine. It felt good. When she was finally done she turned off the machine and released the bottles from the collection cones, pouring the contents from one to the other.

Once that was done she didn't know what to do. There wasn't much milk, maybe a little more than a quarter of a cup. She didn't want to give this to Elan this way. That's not at all what he wanted. She instinctively knew that he wanted to drink her milk directly from her breasts. Having a few swallows of it from a baby bottle wasn't at all part of his kink. But tonight wouldn't work out for that. She knew it would take some time for her to build up a supply again.

After contemplating the thin, rich liquid in the bottle she gave in to temptation and dipped her finger into it, then brought her finger to her mouth, tasting the milk. It was still warm, just below body temperature, and to her surprise it was incredibly sweet, almost like candy on her tongue. She dipped her finger a second time and tasted it once more. No wonder Elan had such a desire for her to lactate. It was sweet and delicious, like a liquor dessert. Since there was so little left, Dyan opted for the next logical step in what to do and upended the bottle into her mouth.

She closed her eyes and let the milk coat her tongue. It was delightful and almost like honey, but not so saccharine as to be repulsive. It was wrong to keep it in her

mouth so long so she swallowed it, letting the milk slide down her throat like ambrosia. Dyan shivered once and knew that Elan would be hooked the moment he tasted her.

Dyan brought the bottle up to her lips a second time to see if there was any left. Only a few drops remained, and she shook these onto her tongue, but the strong smell of her milk filled her nostrils. It was almost like spun sugar the scent of milk was so strong. And then it struck her. The previous night when Elan had commented that her breasts smell sweet, he actually smelled her milk, not her skin or soap. Dyan giggled. Maybe he had even tasted a bit of her and didn't even realize it.

If she was a good girlfriend she would have called him up and told him what happened and maybe invite him over to play with her breasts and have sex. But Dyan wasn't a good girlfriend. She was the adventurous kind. She already had a date with Stacie although Stacie didn't actually know it was supposed to be a date. They were supposed to have a girls' night out. They were actually going to have a girl's night in.

Chapter Twelve

Dyan rang the bell to Stacie's apartment. The building was an old converted school that had been chopped up into some beautiful apartments. The outside of the building was red brick with giant windows and ornamental towers on either end of the structure. The exterior door she entered had the words "Public School No. 12" carved into the ornamental arch. Stacie buzzed her in over the intercom and she found her way upstairs to the other woman's apartment. When she knocked Stacie opened up the door and was ready to go.

"I didn't want to leave you waiting downstairs," she explained as she started to step through the door.

Dyan didn't give her the chance to complete her explanation. She pressed in close and kissed Stacie. It wasn't a casual kiss of greeting; it was an intimate kiss between lovers. For just half a second Stacie froze and almost pushed Dyan away, but then she relented and melted into Dyan's arms. The kiss lasted forever but Stacie didn't want her neighbors to know all of her business. She pulled back a bit and said, "We aren't going out, are we?"

With a shake of her head Dyan pushed Stacie into her apartment and closed the door behind her. "Nope." She kissed Stacie again and this time the short woman didn't resist at all. "Do you mind?"

Stacie considered her answer. "I kind of thought this might be the way things were going. Is this a test?"

"A test of what? To see if you're bi? No. You are what you are. I just want to have sex with you. If you don't want to, that's fine. We can go out for a few drinks. I'd rather just stay in and have sex."

"It makes me nervous," Stacie said.

"To have sex?" Dyan teased her.

Stacie laughed apprehensively. "No, to have sex with a woman. I've had sex

with men plenty."

Dyan kissed her lightly on the lips. "First, a secret."

"What secret?" Stacie asked. Anything to be distracted.

She slid her light jacket from her shoulders. "I'm lactating," she said casually.

"What!" Stacie practically screamed. "I don't believe you."

Dyan was wearing a flannel shirt over her camisole with only two buttons done. She popped them open and dropped the shirt to the floor, pulling the straps to her camisole off her shoulders in the same motion, freeing her breasts. "I'm not sure how much I can force out right now," she said as she squeezed and massaged her right breast.

Stacie watched, aghast, as Dyan casually exposed herself, but couldn't stop watching as Dyan worked on her soft flesh until finally a trio of small white drops appeared on the tip of her nipple. Dyan wiped the drops away from with the pad of her forefinger and offered the moisture to Stacie. Not knowing what else to do Stacie opened her mouth and gently sucked the tiny amount of liquid. To her surprise it was incredible sweet.

"Oh my," she commented and then laughed. "In all my life I never pictured myself doing anything like this."

"Care to try?" Dyan offered, her hand under her left breast, her torso slightly twisted toward her friend.

"Um, you mean, right from you?"

"Yeah, why not?"

Stacie couldn't figure out if her friend was teasing her or if she was trying to push her to see how committed to lesbian—or bisexual—sex she was. "Umm… here, in the kitchen?"

Dyan grabbed her friend's hand and led her to the small space that served as Stacie's living room. They sat down together on the couch and Dyan pulled Stacie's face to hers, brushing her long black hair out of her eyes, and kissed her

once more. Only then did she push Stacie's mouth down to her chest. Happily the reluctant woman didn't resist and took Dyan's small nipple into her mouth.

The blonde woman sighed. She imagined more than felt her milk flowing into Stacie's mouth. Together they piled a pair of pillows under Stacie's head making it easier for her to rest and alternate nursing from each breast. Dyan lifted up the hem of her skirt and plunged her hand between her legs under her panties. After a minute of playing with herself she had distracted Stacie enough for the dark-haired woman to ask, "Are you fingering yourself?"

"Uh-huh." It was hard for Dyan to form complete words at the moment.

"You going to cum?"

Dyan was nearing the edge of the cliff and didn't want to talk. She wanted to be nursed and she wanted her clit to be rubbed and teased. Instead of replying she grabbed Stacie's hand and shoved it into her panties. Once more Stacie didn't resist and went back to nursing from her friend while she now gently rubbed her clit as well.

That was enough, the softness of Stacie's hand between her legs along with the softness of her lips on her breast. Dyan arched up her back and came, clamping her thighs together trapping her friend's hand, groaning with pleasure as she climaxed.

It lasted longer than she could imagine. When the waves of pleasure subsided Dyan pulled up her friend's face once more and kissed her. "Thank you."

"For making you cum?"

"And for nursing from me. It felt really good."

Stacie pulled her hand free of her friend's pussy. "I'm not so sure we should be doing this," she said.

Dyan wasn't going to put up with that sort of talk. "This is exactly what we should be doing. Don't you like to explore, have some different experiences once in a while, not have to worry about cleaning yourself after sex because some guy just came in you and your pussy feels flooded with his cum and it's half sticky, half dripping and there's no good way to clean yourself." She paused

and gasped for breath. “Sometimes I think that’s the best part of girl sex. No semen spraying everywhere. It’s much cleaner.”

Not knowing what to say, Stacie just nodded.

“And sometimes I get a taste for pussy,” Dyan stated, looking meaningfully at the dark-hair woman. “Maybe you haven’t had the need yet, but once I realized I was bi, I knew I’d need to go down on a woman on a regular basis for the rest of my life.”

That caused Stacie to laugh a bit. “Are you propositioning me?” she asked nervously.

Dyan stood up, pushing the pillows to the floor. “Yes.” She grabbed Stacie’s hands and pulled her to her feet as well. “Let’s go to bed.”

Now Stacie resisted just a bit, dragging her feet as Dyan drew her down the short hallway to the bedroom. She propelled the chunky woman into the room and didn’t allow her to turn around. Instead she grabbed the zipper tang at the top of her dress, half-hidden by her long hair and pulled it down, exposing Stacie’s smooth back and the thick band of material from her bra. Only when that was done did Dyan spin her around again. Since Stacie was so short Dyan was almost a head taller than her. It was easy to lift up her chin and kiss her once more. While they were kissing she pushed the dress off Stacie’s shoulders and let it drop to the floor.

“Okay, I’m nervous,” Stacie admitted when she broke their kiss. She nervously covered her ample cleavage with her forearms which only served, in Dyan’s eyes, to enhance her cuteness and reluctant willingness. Her bra wasn’t anything face, just industrial beige, but her panties were tiny, black with white polka dots and an edge of lace serving as a waistband. Half her buttocks were exposed. It wasn’t quite a thong, but close enough. Obviously Stacie had been planning for some fun that evening.

“Nothing to be nervous about,” Dyan told her. “We’ve done this before and I consider myself an expert in the Sapphic arts,” she added with a grin.

That caused Stacie to giggle nervously again and Dyan spun her around once more and went to work on her bra. The four hooks on the back were fairly easy to release and she pulled the garment from Stacie’s shoulders with some help

from her friend. After that Dyan went down to her knees, lightly kissed Stacie on her half-exposed buttock, and slowly pulled the panties down off her curvy hips. Stacie shivered. She was somewhat mortified to realize that her thong clung to her pussy lips because they were so wet.

Once she was naked Dyan pushed her friend down onto the bed and crawled on top of her. She had kept on her skirt and panties because they didn't need to come off. Not yet. She fell on Stacie's huge breasts, rolling one nipple and sucking on the other. Stacie moaned in frustration. As much as she hated admitting it, what Dyan was doing to her felt wonderful. Dyan didn't spend much time on her tits. It was Dyan who was lactating and the last thing Stacie wanted was bigger boobs. She was more than happy with what she had. Dyan moved down, spending a minute tonguing the ring through Stacie's belly button before descending all the way to the apex between her legs.

Her scent was strong and Dyan noticed right away that Stacie had recently shaved. Her pubes were still shaped into a triangle, but smaller than she remembered from last time. Once she lowered her face to Stacie's pussy, everything came into focus. She sucked up the other woman's already engorged clit into her mouth and circled it again and again with her tongue. Stacie squirmed and squealed under this treatment. When Dyan slipped a pair of fingers up into the plump woman's pussy and stroked lightly over her hidden spot Stacie suddenly became a limp, quivering pool of flesh and nerves. All she could do was lay there, completely under Dyan's control, until she started cumming and she announced her pleasure to the entire building with a scream of triumph.

"Good?" Dyan asked her with a gentle kiss inside her thigh.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck." She exclaimed and then laughed. "That's probably the best I ever had."

"How could you ever not want to do this?" Dyan rubbed her wet face on Stacie's thigh, wiping off her juices, leaving her marked.

"I don't like cheating on Jerry," she answered. "Don't you feel guilty about Elan?"

Dyan laughed. "I'm going to go home and tell him everything we did tonight!"

Stacie goggled. "You aren't!"

“That’s half the fun. He gets off on it. I bet if you tell Jerry he’ll get off on it too. Weren’t you there last week when the two of them switched off on us? Guys love bi girls. Known fact. He won’t consider it cheating.”

“I have guilt problems,” Stacie confessed.

Dyan kissed her pussy one more time. “Obviously.”

Chapter Thirteen

“Where have you been?” Elan asked when Dyan snuck into his apartment late in the evening.

“I don’t live here,” she told him with a false-snotty tone. “You don’t control when I come and go.” She pulled off her shirt and camisole exposing her breasts and quickly followed by pushing off her skirt and boyshorts, slipping into bed next to Elan. He was wearing pajama bottoms but she immediately cupped his cock through the soft cotton.

“Okay, but where have you been?” he asked.

“Fucking Stacie,” she told him.

His formerly firm cock quickly became rock hard under her hand. “Tell me everything.” Dyan pushed the covers down along with his pajamas exposing his cock as she quickly told him about the evening. “She made you cum?”

“Uh-huh,” she said as she licked the head of his cock, tasting the hint of his muskiness. “With her hand.”

“She didn’t go down on you?”

“Nope.” She said this between licks along his length.

“Didn’t use a vibrator on you?”

“No, but that sounds like fun.”

“You went down on her?”

“And made her cum so hard she soaked my face and screamed loud enough to wake the entire building.” She moved lower on his body and took his smooth balls in her mouth, first the left and then the right. Properly prepared she was then able to suck both of them and hold them on her tongue. She could feel him pulsing in her mouth as she slowly stroked his shaft, his cock twitching and

straining for release as she teased him.

“Did you suck her tits?”

Dyan pulled back and popped his balls free. “A little.” She licked the underside of him now, long slow strokes that ran from his sack to his tip.

“Did she suck on yours?”

“Uh-huh!” Her enthusiasm told him everything he needed to know. “That’s what really got me going. You need to do them now. They’re a little sore.”

Although he would have been happier to have her mouth surround his cock Elan wasn’t too disappointed to suddenly be confronted by her rose bright nipple in his face. Elan drew the small bud into his mouth and sucked as hard as he could.

Dyan gasped with surprise but let herself go with the moment. A little bit of pain was an easy price to pay for the pleasure to follow. His fingers found her free nipple and pinched it hard, intensifying her pain. She sat on his lap and wrapped her legs around his waist. His pajamas had slipped up to cover his cock, mostly, so it was impossible for her to slide him into her body right then, but that was for the best because she wanted him to focus on her tits.

And he did. He licked and pinched and rolled and sucked them. It was wonderful. She clung to his body and let her head loll back until he let go of her tiny tits. “I’d swear they were bigger.”

“I’m pretty sure they are. My one real bra barely fits.”

He stopped sucking. “So they are bigger…but no milk yet?”

Dyan didn’t have the least bit of guilt in lying to him. “Nothing yet. Maybe soon. My breasts have been feeling kind of sore for the past couple days.”

“Soon,” he said mostly to himself and went back to sucking on her.

By this point she had decided that she needed cock. It was incredibly sexy to Dyan to have gone to bed with two different people of two different genders on the same night in two different beds. She pushed down on his bottoms, once again exposing his cock. She had balanced herself on her knees and once he was

out in the open and lowered herself down on it. “Oh, that feels so wonderful,” she whispered in his ear.

When she was riding him it was almost impossible for Elan to nurse on her tits. That was fine. She had gone through plenty of stimulation that night. What she needed was for him to cum inside her and then have a nice night’s sleep. When she woke up her breasts would have worked overnight and when Elan started nursing to wake her up he would be surprised by her milk. It was the perfect way for him to start his day.

Chapter Fourteen

“Holy shit!”

It wasn’t Elan’s nursing on her breasts that woke her up. Dyan had become accustomed to being woken by his insistent sucking. She had become so used to it that she had started to learn how to sleep when he was nursing and only very slowly come awake as ne nuzzled at her. It was a pleasant way to wake up, much better than a rude alarm clock or obnoxious constructions sounds outside on the city street. What didn’t work for her at all in being woken up was his rude exclamation.

“What?” she half muttered, half mumbled through the fogginess of her still sleeping brain.

“You’ve been holding out on me,” he decided. His cock was hard against her leg, which wasn’t unusual. It was a physical manifestation of his promise to fuck her when he was done with her tits.

“Holding what?”

“You’re making milk.”

Now she was awake and she remembered exactly what she was hiding from her boyfriend. Still, she was alert enough to continue to play her game. “I am?” she gasped though he words sounded a little false to her ears. Maybe Elan wouldn’t pick up on her poor acting because of his excitement or write it off as her not yet being fully awake.

“You are,” he told her and bowed his head down to her breast once more. His lips kissed her sore nipple and then sucked it deeply into his mouth. She was still small enough that there wasn’t that much flesh for him to hold but what flesh she did have was now fully engorged by her milk.

It was an unusual sensation. Over the night her body must have decided to go into full lactation mode. She could feel her milk letting down. She could feel

Elan pulling the milk from her and into his mouth. It felt a bit odd when he swallowed and that caused her to shiver, but he immediately went back to sucking, filling his mouth with her nectar again and again. She groaned in pleasure.

“More,” she whispered to him. “Do it more.”

“Mm-hmm,” he hummed into her softness. He hadn’t released his latch on her once he began the second part of his suckling and he pinched her free nipple with his fingers. At first she thought that was because he wanted to tease and please her, but then she realized he was pinching it closed. He didn’t want a drop of her precious liquid lost and soaking into the sheets.

And of course everything Elan did to her just served to intensify her lust. She wanted to cum. She wanted to fuck, she first Elan had to feed on her. That’s what they had agreed upon. Strangely enough Dyan found herself enjoying her feeding of Elan. She had done a lot of different and kinky things in bed with a variety of men and women, but this was the first time she had ever played with this particular kink and she realized that precious few women would be able to do this for their lovers. It made her smile and feel superior to all the other women who couldn’t please their partners or weren’t willing to make a small sacrifice to do so.

And besides, she reasoned as Elan emptied her first breast and switched to the second, she was getting something out of the deal as well. Bigger boobs, she reminded herself. That’s what she was gaining. The sex and pleasure and love were all secondary to that.

Weren’t they?

Chapter Fifteen

After Elan sucked every last drop of milk from her breasts she rolled on top of him, fitted his stiff cock into her pussy and rode him to one mind-bending orgasm. After that it was almost a normal morning for them. They showered, dressed, ate breakfast, and went to work.

At her job Dyan couldn't help but walk through the day with a giant smile on her face. People kept commenting on it and saying how wonderful she looked. One older woman even took her aside and remarked that she was "positively glowing" and that it was none of her business, "but do you think you might be pregnant?"

After a quick laugh Dyan assured Mabel she wasn't pregnant, just in love.

And that answer almost scared her. She knew she had great affection for

By the time she arrived home her breasts were sore and achy. At first she had thought it was because she had, despite everything else, a busy day filled with rushing from one patient to the next and she was just tired and sore from bending and working. No one ever considered how physical a job a dental hygienist had. But when she pulled off her top of her scrubs and started to peel off her camisole, she realized her breasts were positively engorged with milk.

Checking the mirror told her that, yes, she was swollen and a tentative squeeze on the firm—and now almost hard—flesh forced out a little squirt of translucent milk. She wiped the little dots of liquid off her bathroom mirror and pulled out her phone to text Elan.

When will you be to my place? She sent to him. I need you. Now.

The wait for his answer was interminable. Dyan couldn't just stand around doing nothing so she found the breast pump on her dresser and hooked everything up, checking the connections, but stopped short of actually plugging it in and putting the cones to her tits. She wanted to feed him, not just get relief from having her engorged breasts drained of their milk.

While she was staring to the cones in her hands, her cellphone vibrated and Dyan dropped the silicone cups to grab the phone.

What for? Was all Elan texted back.

Her first instinct was to send back a long, angry message explained exactly why she need him to come nurse from her, instead she gave her reply a moment's thought and then marched to the bathroom to face the mirror. It took some doing but she managed to take a decent picture of her naked torso that didn't include her face. She sent the picture to Elan with the one-word caption, swollen.

His reply was almost immediate. Are they bigger? Even though she was alone, Dyan rolled her eyes. Here she was in pain and he was concerned with her appearance. Her phone buzzed again with another message. Are they full of milk?

Replying this time was a little more difficult. And painful. Dyan had to put down her phone and carefully massaged and squeeze her breast until a few drops of milk formed on the tip of her nipple. Then, moving quickly but carefully so as not to disturb the tiny beads resting on her skin, she took several quick pictures of the unusual sight. After that she had to scroll through the selection of photos to find the best one and this she sent with the comment, What do you think?

After waiting a minute she added an additional text. Get here now or I'll use my pump instead of your mouth.

This wasn't the first time that Dyan had sexted with a man. It was the first time she had done so when it concerned her newly acquired lactation ability. It also made her wonder whatever happened to all those dirty notes and pictures she had sent through the ether to her former lovers. Were they now ensconced on the internet making her semi-famous if anonymous or did no one give a whit about yet another few nudie pictures.

Elan replied just as quickly this time. I'll be there shortly. His answer was unsatisfying and vague. Dyan groaned and fell into her bed. She didn't want to play with her tits because while that might give her some relief, it would spill her milk and she wanted to save every drop for Elan. Instead she pushed off her scrub bottoms along with her boyshorts and started teasing her clit. There wasn't any need to get out her vibrator because she didn't want to cum. She wanted to remain on edge as long as possible. She wanted to be ready for Elan when he

came home.

The door was unlocked so when Elan did get to her place she didn't have to open it up for him. Dyan was so into her masturbation play that she didn't hear him open the door or hear his footsteps as he came through the apartment. Only when he got on bed with her did she wake from her lust-induced daydream and offer her breast to him. It was a largely wasted gesture because Elan went right to her breast and kissed her aching flesh. He didn't need to be told what to do. His lips found her nipple and almost immediately her milk released and she was filling his mouth with liquid goodness.

Dyan sighed in relief once her milk started flowing, but she didn't stop playing with herself either. She wanted to come when she was nursing Elan. To her that seemed perfect. When he pinched her free breast she grunted in surprise. It hurt more than she expected and while it wasn't, strictly speaking, necessary, it felt good, emotionally, for her to know that he wanted—needed—every drop of her milk. She endured the pain and rubbed her clit more fervently. Elan didn't stop nursing even when her body jerked as she climaxed.

It took much longer than she imagined for Elan to completely empty her breasts of their milk, almost half an hour, but Dyan enjoyed every minute of it. She made herself cum a second time while he nursed and then he shoved her hand aside and played with her pussy until she came a third time. By the end of the session she was nearly exhausted, but she wasn't satisfied yet.

Happily, Elan got on top of her when he was done drinking and she helped him out of his clothes so he could shove his cock into her body. Her pussy was quivering with delight and was so wet she barely felt him as he entered her. Elan was so worked up by the nursing session that he lasted only a minute fucking her, but that was enough for her to cum a final time when his semen sprayed inside her sex.

He kissed her with an unexpected ferocity. "I could get used to this," he told her.

"I'm already used to it."

"You like your bigger tits?" he asked.

Her hands went over the small bumps on her chest. They didn't feel any bigger to her at the moment, but then again he had just removed all the milk that had

been causing them to swell. “They’re small right now,” she told him. “Maybe in the morning they’ll be big again. I should have known that it wouldn’t be a permanent increase in size. I’m so stupid at times,” she cursed herself.

“It’ll take a little while for the engorgement to take full effect. It’ll permanently swell your breasts. Should be a couple of weeks. We just need to keep doing this.”

She shook her head at him. “But you’re not the one who has to go through all the pain and swelling.”

“But you’re the one who gets to cum a half dozen times to my one,” he pointed out.

“That’s the same for every man and woman,” she countered.

“But do you like doing this?” he asked as he ran his hand up from her bald pussy to her tiny tits, lightly squeezing each one as he did so.

On this issue Dyan couldn’t lie. “I do,” she told him. “I do.”

Chapter Sixteen

As usual Dyan was woken up by Elan's nursing. It was a more than pleasant way to wake up this morning because she could feel her milk flowing, that little odd sensation of her breasts actually forming the milk and letting it down through her nipples. It was oddly erotic and sensual. Maybe it was a little bit wrong to be doing this with her boyfriend, but that's what made it that much more exciting, to be doing something that was forbidden, that normal people didn't do. Long ago, back in high school, Dyan had come to the realization that she didn't exactly fit in with the rest of the crowd. Not that she was a complete freak or rejected everything everybody else did or liked, but she was more willing to explore different beliefs and experiences than other students. In the long run, and especially now as her boyfriend was pleasuring her with just his mouth on her breast, it had paid off.

"You tasting me?" she asked as she stroked his cheek. It was slightly scratchy from his beard growth overnight.

Elan nodded his head but didn't open his eyes or say anything. She threw her leg over his hip and drew his body closer to hers. His cock was already erect, but it was impossible to say if that was because of morningwood or excitement from nursing from her, but their bodies were at the wrong position for him to enter her. That was one thing that was definitely missing from this little kink. She wanted to be nursed and fucked at the same time. Unless Elan's cock suddenly grew by two feet and he became an expert contortionist, that wasn't going to happen without the assistance of another cock or another set of lips.

That didn't stop her from wanting to have sex, of course. Since they had slept naked she simply could have jilled off with her hand, but that was boring and she wanted to try new things. Instead she rubbed her pussy against Elan's torso, on his side above the hip bone. His muscles were taut and there was just enough friction for her to get some pleasurable feedback though it was impossible for Dyan to actually cum.

When he was done feeding on her Elan didn't immediately roll her to her back and shove his cock into her. Instead he pulled back a bit and inspected her

breasts, looking for a change or something different.

“If you’re trying to see if they’re any bigger, they probably swelled during the night,” Dyan told him, “but you got rid of the swelling this morning.” She reached down for his cock, making sure he was still erect for her and ready to fuck. Stroking his length she felt the fine stubble that had formed on his balls. It wasn’t irritating to her, but it was a reminder that he needed to shave there along with his face this morning.

Elan sniffed her breasts once, deeply, and shook his head. “Well, bigger might be nicer, but I don’t see a real change yet.” He paused. “Except I don’t remember these little stretch marks along the underside of your tits.” As he spoke he ran his finger along the skin between her nipple and where her breast grew out of her chest. She didn’t just have bumps sticking straight out like some freakish anime girl whose tits defied both gravity and reality. Dyan was a woman with real breasts. They were delightful little globes that did hang properly on her body and the skin on the bottom of her breasts did occasionally rub on her chest. They were small, true, but they were breasts.

She looked down where he was indicating and tried to inspect as best she could. Elan was in the best position to look at the underside of her tits and his fascination with them made him an expert on them. “I’ve never noticed it before,” she said trying to keep her excitement in check. Stretch marks, while unsightly, would fade and were indicators of stretching skin. And in this case stretching skin meant bigger boobs.

“And you smell sweet this morning too,” he complimented her. “Very sweet. Not at all sweaty like you’ve been in bed all night with a pervert.”

“Thanks…I think. Weirdo.”

He laughed and kissed her breast again. “Thank you,” he told her.

“For what?” she asked as she tugged on his cock, insistently pulling so he would climb on top of her. Nursing and breast play was all fine and good, but she needed some cock this morning.

Elan quickly got the idea and rolled atop her as she spread open her legs so he could easily enter her pussy. “For letting me do this to you. For being willing to produce milk just to get me off.”

A kiss to his scratchy cheek was how she repaid him. “I’m into trying new things,” she told him. “I like this. I like getting fucked by you. I like nursing you. I like being kinky with you.” She kissed him again and moaned a little as his cock ground down on her clit. “I like you. I love you.”

He stopped moving and she snapped open her eyes. “What’s the matter?”

“You said you love me.”

“Yeah. So?”

“I love you too.” Once she had said the words it was easier for him to voice them.

“Great. That’s settled, now fuck me. I need to cum.”

He started thrusting into her and glanced at the clock. They still had some time before they needed to get out of bed and make it to work in time. “I don’t think I ever would have found a kinky woman like you.”

She moaned a bit as he picked up the pace. “Just remember that I have my kinks, too. I like new stuff.”

“Like fucking women?”

“Yes, like fucking women.”

He grunted as she clamped down with her pubic muscles and tilted her hips to increase the friction. “I like hearing about that.”

“Do you want to hear about me fucking other men?” she whispered in his ear.

To his credit Elan’s cock didn’t shrivel up and he didn’t stop fucking her. “You want to do that?”

“Uh-huh,” she moaned. “I want to fuck Stacie and Jerry and come home to you and tell you about it.”

“Slut,” was all he could think.

“Uh-huh. But your slut. I’ll always come home to you.”

Elan said nothing. The hardness of his cock told her everything she needed to know.

“Do you like that idea?” she pressed him, grabbing his ass and pulling him deeper into her as she raised her knees to her chest.

“Maybe,” he equivocated.

“Would you like to watch as Jerry fucked me?” she asked him, teasing. She liked to have sex with two men, one after the other.

“Slut,” he commented again.

“You could fuck me after Jerry,” she continued, breathing fast and deep as he pushed her toward orgasm. “He’d make me scream and cry with his big cock and then you could finish me off.”

“Oh fuck!” he called out as he came, his body going as rigid as his cock as he shot spurt after spurt of spunk into her pussy. Once he started cumming that was enough for Dyan and she came as well, wrapping her long legs around his body, holding him in place the way she liked. As her orgasm subsided she kissed his cheek once more than then bit down lightly on his earlobe.

“You two are going to love double-teaming me,” she promised.

Elan just nodded.

End Part Two

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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