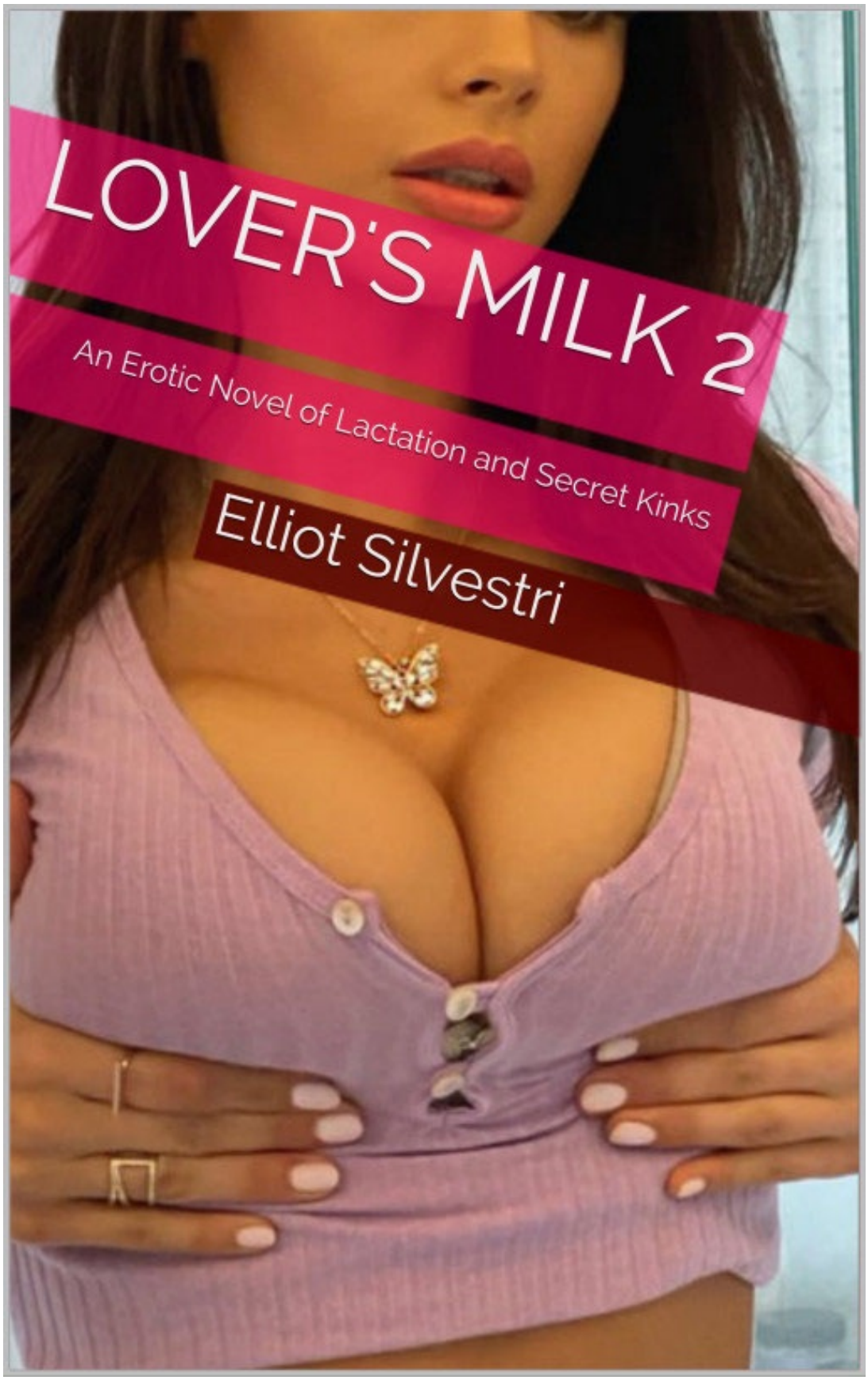
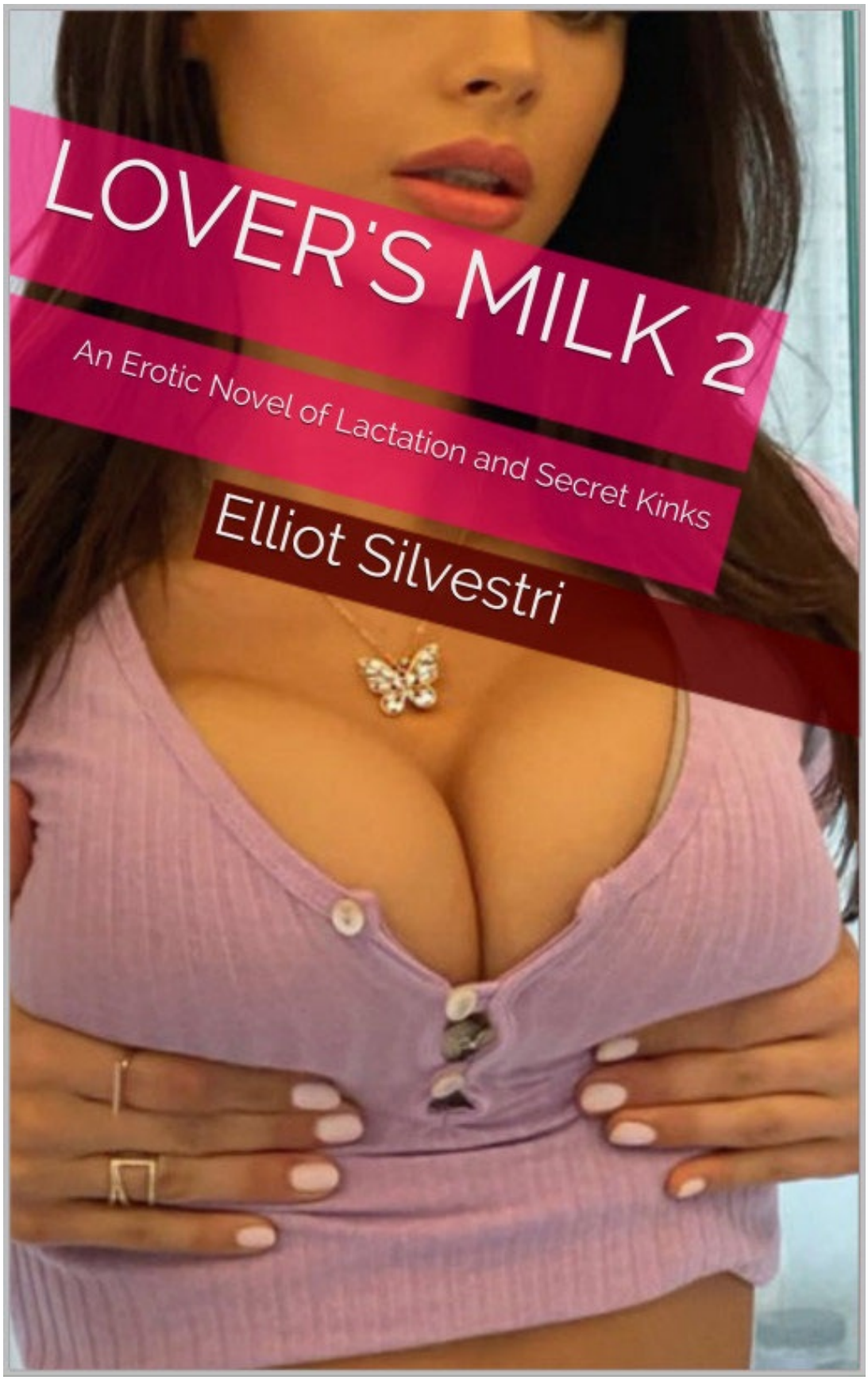

LOVER'S MILK 2
An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Secret Kinks
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author’s imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Lover’s Milk 2

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Version 2

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Chapter Four

It wasn’t exactly a nightmare and it wasn’t exactly a wet dream. Kirk couldn’t remember the last time he had a sex dream. College? Maybe. He had been around a lot of young, attractive girls back then, but he had been having a lot of sex back then too. High school? That seemed the likely answer.

He was glad that when he woke up he hadn’t shot a load of cum in his boxers. His cock was rock hard, but that wasn’t all that unusual for him when he woke up in the morning. Even though he had just fucked Jessa the night before he briefly considered jerking off before getting out of bed.

Instead, he grabbed his phone from the dresser and thumbed through it until he found Jessa’s contact info.

It was undoubtedly a bad idea to text her when he was horny, but that didn’t stop him.

I just woke up and I had a sex dream about your milk.

He looked at the message. It was a terrible idea to send it. It had been a one-time thing with her. She had made a bad decision—a series of bad decisions—and so had he.

It would be a worse decision to keep going.

He sent the text and immediately regretted it.

Trying to smarten up, he got out of bed and headed to the shower.

There was a message waiting for him when he came back to his bedroom.

Tell me all about it. The message was from Jessa.

He groaned and sat down on the edge of the mattress and put his hands to his head. His cock had gone soft in the shower. He had forced himself to take a cold shower because he didn’t want to jerk off to memories of Jessa.

And her body.

And her pussy.

And her tits.

And...and her milk.

Without thinking about it he started typing out a message to her.

It wasn't coherent. Just me sucking on your tits and drinking your milk.

He knew he shouldn't send the message. He put down the phone and got dressed.

The message was still there on his phone when he came back to pick it up.

He groaned in frustration at himself. He knew exactly how this was going to end and he didn't know why he was resisting.

Was it because she was a little too kinky?

Was it because it was all about sex and he wanted a real girlfriend?

Was it because they had fucked before they had dated?

Was it because she was married?

He knew it was the last reason. He didn't want to admit it to himself or anyone.

"Fuck! Fuck and fuck and fuck me and fuck you," he said right before he hit the send button.

He tried to get out of the apartment before she could reply. As if that would have helped because there was no way he could get away from his phone. It was literally with him all the time.

That sounds hot enough. Do you want to do it again?

He looked at his phone while he sat in his car.

"No," he said to the empty car.

Yes, he typed back.

In the time it took him to put the phone down on the seat next to him, start the car, and put it into gear, she sent back a reply.

Great! When? I'm not available tonight but what about this weekend?

Kirk put his head on the steering wheel and groaned. He knew he was going to go through with it, so why was he fighting it?

After all the arrangements were made via texting all day, he had agreed to a Sunday morning hookup for sex and milking.

Nursing, he corrected himself. She called it nursing. Nursing was supposed to be for babies...or attractive young women helping doctors in a completely non-sexual way.

And now Kirk was convinced that he had given himself another kink that he didn't want to have under any circumstances.

(What would it be like to suck milk from a woman in a nurse's uniform? She didn't even have to be a real nurse…)

There were dozens of other ways he could have gone about getting laid, Kirk knew that. It might have taken some work and some cash, but he could have done it.

But he didn't want to.

Not because he didn't have the time or the money, but because…

But because he wanted Jessa.

Not because of who she was, but because of what she was offering him.

Not her pussy.

Her milk. She was offering him her milk and there was no way he could get that from some other woman.

Not that he hadn’t tried. He had searched around on all the hookup sites and not one woman was offering or even hinting that she was willing to indulge in lactation play. Or that she was lactating.

Kirk didn’t want to bother asking any of the supposedly many willing women if they were into it.

It was crazy.

By the time Jessa showed up at his door Sunday morning his mind was spinning and he was eager for sexual relief. He knew that he could have just jerked off and calmed himself down, but that seemed wasteful. He had a perfectly willing woman who was going to indulge him and he didn’t want to squander that.

He had worn a tight t-shirt that showed off his muscle definition along with some loose-fitting sweatpants. He wanted to look perfectly casual, like he didn’t need her and was helping her out.

Jessa showed up without any makeup. She didn’t need it and when he had last seen her, it was minimal enough so seeing her in her natural state wasn’t a shock. To match her state of makeup, she was dressed in form-fitting yoga pants and an athletic top that was loose fitting, but he was certain she had a bra on underneath it.

They were almost the reverse of each other.

“Hi,” he said, opening the door.

“Hey yourself.” She paused and looked at him. “Are you going to invite me in?”

Kirk winced and realized he was just standing there, blocking the door, staring at her.

“Right. Sorry. Please come in.” He stepped aside and she walked in confidently, not like she owned the place, but like she was certain of her place in it.

“We’ve got enough time, but we don’t have all day,” she said as she looked around the living room. Kirk had spent some time cleaning up so it looked better than on her first visit. There wasn’t clutter strewn about and he had vacuumed and cleaned. He didn’t know why he was trying to impress her with his

housekeeping abilities.

“What do you mean?”

Without answering Jessa pulled off her top, revealing that she was wearing an athletic bra. He blinked and his brain stopped working.

“I mean my husband thinks I’m at yoga and running errands and shopping. Thank the gods for grocery pickup.” She looked down at her tits that were mostly hidden and then over at Kirk’s crotch where she was certain she had detected some cock swelling. “Do you want to do this or what?”

“Yeah...I want to do this.” He took a step toward her and then remembered to close the apartment door. “I still think it’s wrong for you to be cheating on your husband.”

“And yet here you are ready to fuck me.”

“Actually, I was thinking that I would, you know, just suck your milk today.”

Kirk wasn’t sure what he expected her reaction to be, but bold, brassy laughter wasn’t it.

“You really think that’s all we’re going to do?”

He swallowed. His throat was dry. “It’s a proposal.”

“Did you know I can cum from having my tits sucked?”

“I...I did not know that.”

“I can. So you’re saying you want to suck my tits and then, after I cum from that, you’re going to run away and jerk off in private?”

“I wouldn’t put it that way, exactly…”

With a shrug Jessa pulled down the zipper that closed the front of her athletic bra. As far as Kirk knew, all bras had hooks in the back, except for some fancy ones that hooked in the front. This one had a zipper. That alone was enough to blow his mind.

And then there was a topless woman in his apartment, showing off her tits.

His skull was completely empty at that point.

“Are we going to get down to business or what?” she asked, cupping her tits with her hands and lifting them up just a bit, offering them to him.

It was too much for Kirk. He walked forward and ducked his head to take one of her nipples into his mouth. She caught his chin before he managed to lower his mouth enough and pulled it up to her lips.

The kiss wasn’t so much a warmup for Kirk as it was a delay. He wasn’t meeting up with Jessa for romance. It was just sex. Sex and milk. Kinky sex and milk. Does kinky sex and kinky milk make sense?

His brain wasn’t working.

The kiss was warm and wet and he couldn’t help but think about what her milk tasted like.

He hadn’t seen her wearing pads, but maybe the athletic bra took care of that? There was no way to stop his hand from coming up and cupping her left breast. As their bodies pressed together she felt his already hard cock against her stomach.

Jessa knew that he wasn’t going to just nurse from her and then go jerk off in the bathroom alone.

She wasn’t going to let that happen.

The kiss progressed naturally to them moving to the couch. Having done this with more than one partner, Jessa seated herself and grabbed a couple of the small throw pillows. Kirk wasn’t familiar with how her tits worked and what her milk could do, but that was a risk he would have to deal with.

She guided him to lie on the couch with his head on a pillow. He only had to turn a little bit to take a nipple in his mouth. He was overeager at first and sucked too hard. She wasn’t ready for him, but her tits were.

She let out a little grunt of pain and then the milk started flowing and she felt the

familiar sexy, relaxing feeling that seemed to drive her every need.

He tasted the sweetness of her milk and couldn't believe he was doing this a second time with a woman he hardly knew. Sure, he had known Jessa for a few years because of work conferences, but he didn't really know her.

That didn't matter. Her milk was sweet. She cupped her free breast so her milk wouldn't drip all over his couch. He sucked greedily at her. The milk was so sweet.

He barely knew that he was hard until he felt her hand slip under the waistband of his sweatpants. They were heavy enough that he hadn't been pitching much of a tent, but there had to have been a bulge.

Her fingers curled around his cock and held him tightly. He wasn't going anywhere. He felt completely under her control. He loved that feeling.

"Move over," she told him, twisting her torso a bit. It took him a moment to understand, but when her other breast hit him in the forehead he understood. There was a bit of fumbling about, but eventually he got her right nipple in his mouth. Jessa went to cup her breast to prevent leakage, but Kirk had given that some thought. He reached up before she had a chance to properly align things and he got his hand in before her.

It took a careful bit of pressure, but he pinched the nipple just enough to stop the milk from leaking out.

He also pinched it just hard enough to make her moan a little bit. Kirk was intrigued to realize that the woman with the big and generous tits liked a little pain with her sex.

Seeing that her leaking milk was under control, Jessa used her hand to push down his pants and completely expose his cock. He helped by lifting up his hips. Once that was done, she casually started stroking him. It wasn't a real handjob, but it was more than enough stimulation for him.

It was so much that he forced himself to pull away from her sweet breast milk. "Stop that," he begged.

She stopped moving her hand. "Why?"

“You’re going to make me cum.”

“But you were going to jerk yourself off, why can’t I help you?”

Her hand started up again and he moaned. It was almost a whimper. “Because I want your milk first. All your milk.”

Jessa laughed at him. “I need to save some for my husband; otherwise he’ll know that something is amiss. He nurses from me every night. Did you know that?”

“No…” Her hand didn’t stop but it was moving slower.

“I love nursing two men. It’s fucking hot.”

“No…”

“Do you like my milk?” she asked.

“Yes…”

She all but stuffed her breast back into his mouth. That was enough to shut him up. Kirk started nursing again. She continued masturbating him. She wasn’t trying to make him cum. She was just keeping him interested.

He nursed more eagerly. If he could make her cum, then maybe he could retake control of the situation. He wanted to make her cum but he didn’t want to fuck her just yet. Not again. That would be wrong.

Her moan in response to his renewed eager sucking was louder than before. “Keep going,” she encouraged him. “Make me cum like a slut.”

He’d heard similar requests from other women. Mostly it was just begging to make her cum. He wasn’t sure exactly how to do that in the best of circumstances when he was eagerly fucking with his cock. With a woman he barely knew and was only sucking on her tits, he had no clue how to make her cum.

So he pinched her nipple a little harder and sucked as strongly as he dared.

It was enough.

She arched her back and cried out. It wasn't a fake cry like she was showing off for him. It was a real show and a real orgasm.

How she did that with just her tits amazed him.

"Fuck I needed that," she moaned when she was done. Her hand had stopped on his cock while she orgasmed, but now she started moving it again, just keeping him hard and on edge. "Was it good for you too?"

While she had been cumming he had let her breast slip free of his mouth and had been rewarded with milk being sprayed on his face. This milk he now wiped away and half regretted it because it was wasted.

"It was fine. But I didn't cum," he pointed out.

"You didn't cum yet," she corrected him. "Want to fuck me?"

"Uh...sure."

She pushed him away, taking her hand from his cock. "What the fuck? Is that how you react? Do you just want a handjob or do you want to jerk off in the bathroom?"

It was hard to think clearly. He had already fucked her once. She was clearly eager to do so again. She had all but forced her tits into his mouth...though he had willingly participated. It was confusing. He hated the thought of helping someone cheat on their partner, their spouse, especially after it had happened to him.

It had happened more than once.

But maybe that was the way of the world.

"No. No. I want to have sex with you but…"

"Holy shit. You're still hung up on me being married, aren't you?"

He actually blushed and hated himself for it. He was embarrassed at having the

morals of a nineteenth century spinster. “Yes.”

“Let me worry about that, okay. It’s not like I’m going to leave my husband for you. This sex is just for fun.”

“Just for fun?” he asked doubtfully.

“Don’t you have sex for fun?” she asked, pushing his head off her lap and standing up. She stretched a bit and Kirk watched her. Maybe she didn’t have a perfect body, but it was damn close, especially for those sorts of men who liked curves on women.

Hooking her thumbs into the top of her yoga pants she said, “Should I even bother to take these off?”

“Y-y-yes?” he couldn’t say no to a woman offering to get naked in front of him.

She pulled down the tight pants, but much to his disappointment she wasn’t naked beneath them. She was wearing athletic underwear. He could see the logo on the waistband. It was the sort of underwear a suburban mom would wear to the local gym to work out.

He supposed that made sense considering that she was supposed to be out and about doing errands and not getting fucked.

That thought didn’t help him focus.

“Well?” she asked.

“Well what?”

He was still on the couch with his cock out and his pants halfway down his thighs.

“Well are you going to take my panties off or not?”

He knew he should have refused, but he rolled off the couch, went over to her, and put his hands to the thin straps that formed the sides of her underwear.

“With your teeth,” she told him.

Kirk looked up at her. “What is it with you and my taking off your panties with my teeth?”

“I like being in charge,” was her answer.

He did as she requested, but used his hands just a little to help and in the process discovered that she wasn’t wearing true panties. She was wearing a thong.

Spitting out the material, he spluttered, “Who makes athletic thongs?”

“Lots of brands,” she said, happy to be free of any clothing. He realized she must have kicked off her sneakers while they were nursing on the couch.

Unable to pull his eyes away from her body, Kirk found himself staring at her naked pussy. It was just as hairless as he had seen days earlier. Her scent was strong but pleasant. Her inner lips pouted out between her thighs just enough to show their pinkness and hinted at the moisture within.

“You can’t fuck me kneeling on the floor like that,” she told him.

Kirk struggled to his feet and then realized it was easier for him just to undress and then stand up. He did so, feeling somewhat stupid to have his cock pointing outward and upward.

Smiling at his erect organ, she wrapped her fingers around it and led him to the bedroom.

Not wanting to have his dick ripped off, Kirk went along with her.

“What’s your favorite position to fuck in?” she asked as they walked into the bedroom. Kirk’s bed was neatly made and everything in the room was carefully picked up. The place was spotless. He didn’t know any other way to impress her.

“Uh...doggy style,” he answered honestly, unable to think of a lie.

She grinned at him. “Really?”

“Yeah. Why? Is it your favorite too?” he asked hopefully.

She shook her head. “No. I like being on top. That way I can get fucked and

nursed at the same time."

"Oh."

"But we can do it your way. This time."

She pulled back the comforter and blanket on his bed, revealing clean sheets. Crawling up on the bed, she waggled her ass at him.

His cock was already hard. Seeing that she was giving him permission, Kirk reached between her legs and felt her pussy. The lips were swollen and wet and smooth. He couldn't detect even a hint of stubble from shaved hairs. She moaned a little as his forefinger slipped between her puffy lips and slide along her sex. He reached as far forward as he dared, looking for her clit.

But she wasn't looking to be fingered. She wanted to get fucked. As much as she liked being nursed, she needed cock more than she wanted to admit.

Kirk joined her on the bed, kneeling behind her. He fumbled about a bit with his cock in hand, trying to find her entrance. Jessa reached between her legs and grabbed a hold of him, guiding his cock where it needed to be.

Holding onto her hips, he started fucking her in earnest, enjoying the sensation of flesh in flesh, flesh slapping on flesh, as they rutted like beasts.

"Fuck yes," she commented as he started controlling her body and pussy.

"You like that?" he grunted at her. "You like getting fucked."

"Harder," she said. "I like it better when my tits are played with."

In response he suddenly leaned forward and rested most of his weight on her. She locked her arms so that she wouldn't suddenly fall forward. His hands snaked around her body to cup her tits.

That she liked.

He pinched the nipples. She liked that even more.

When he started massaging her tits while pinching the nipples, it made her

lactate and milk dripped onto his bed. She couldn't tell him to stop; her heart was in her throat. He could feel her pussy quiver around his cock.

"You like that?" he hissed in her ear.

"Yeah...I like that." She panted and wanted to tell him that she wanted to be fucked in the ass. That's how she really liked sex, but her ass was for her husband and her husband alone, that's the promise she had made to herself when she started cheating on him.

Kirk would have to make do with fucking her pussy like a normal pervert.

He gripped and massaged her tits harder. She gasped at the thrill of pain as he forced out more milk. It sprayed and soaked his bed. He didn't care. Jessa couldn't articulate anything as he did this. The pain in her tits was only partly offset by the pleasure of the massage and that didn't take into account what he was doing with his cock.

Kirk had far too much pent up energy to last long in fucking Jessa. Two more pumps and he released his flood of cum into her.

He wasn't sure if she came or not, and in the moment he didn't care. Fucking her was the release that he needed. Even as post-orgasmic clarity filled his mind, he didn't care if she had cum or not. He didn't even care that she had cheated on her husband with him. Again.

While Kirk wasn't huge and fat, his slim frame was very muscular so she was unable to hold up his weight for a long time. With a groan Jessa's arms gave out and they collapsed onto his bed.

Kirk stayed on top of her for a minute, luxuriating in her pussy until his cock shrunk and slipped free. Only then did he roll off her.

"That was good for me," he declared. "Was it good for you?"

She gave him a wry smile. "Sex is always good for me. Especially if I get to cheat on my husband."

He stopped himself from wincing when she said that. He did get off the bed to put some distance between them.

“Now what?” he asked.

“Now I get dressed and go home to my husband.”

He blinked at her. “Really?”

She all but threw up her hand in frustration at him. “What did you think we were going to do?” she asked. “Go out on a romantic date? Fuck all day? I told you this was just about sex.”

“I know that but...shouldn’t you shower first?”

Her smile returned. “Where’s the fun in that? If I don’t leave evidence behind, how will my husband figure out that I’m cheating on him?”

“But…” he had no words for her and she lay on the bed.

Jessa rolled over, displaying her tits to him. Her legs were together, mostly hiding her pussy. “Do you want some more milk?”

“Sure…”

Her hands went to cover them up. “Sorry. Can’t. Gotta save some for Jimmy. I don’t want to get caught that easily.”

Kirk blinked at her. “Jimmy?”

“Yeah. That’s my husband’s name.”

“Right. I’d have rather not known that.”

“Do you still want my milk?”

Kirk knew she was teasing him and yet he still had a desire to taste her sweetness again. How many women would offer to let him nurse from their tits?

“Yes. But—”

She cut him off by abruptly opening up her legs and showing her pussy. His cock had gone completely limp, but this was enough to make him start getting hard again, something that should have been impossible.

Her pussy had gone from swollen and pink and wet to swollen and red and soaking. He could see not just her amrita that moistened her lips and inner thighs, but also his cum that was leaking out.

“Like what you see?”

He nodded, unable to talk.

“Want to clean me up?”

Kirk’s eyes went wide. That might have been a kink too far for him.

She slid a pair of fingers up into herself. “It would keep me safe from my husband finding out,” she hinted.

He licked his lips but didn’t move toward her.

Another thought occurred to him.

“I...I didn’t get you pregnant, did I?”

Her answer was honest. “I don’t know. I suppose we’ll find out in a few months.”

Impossibly, his eyes went wider. “I don’t want to get you pregnant!”

“I’m safe. Don’t worry.”

“But…” He hesitated. “My high school girlfriend gave me blowjobs but wouldn’t let me fuck her. At one point I begged to fuck her in the ass. She dumped me for that.”

Jessa laughed at him. “You’re not going to fuck me in the ass either, but I’ll suck you off. And I’ll be happy to swallow your load.”

He shook his head again. “This is too fucking crazy.”

“What time is it?” she asked him abruptly. Neither wore a watch and their phones were conspicuously absent. He glanced at the small timepiece embedded in his bedside lamp.

“Eleven thirty.”

“I have half an hour. We can fuck one more time or I can just leave.”

“And then what...after you leave?”

She shrugged. The roll of her shoulders made her tits jiggle fetchingly. “We call each other when we want to get laid. Or you need to taste my milk again.”

Her eyes unfocused. He had been staring at her tits but the hand between her legs had never stopped moving. She was jilling off and was close to orgasm again.

“Are you…?” He couldn’t ask the entire question.

“I’m gonna cum,” she told him.

Unable to help himself, he rejoined her on the bed, kneeling between her wide splayed legs. Her hand was moving rapidly now. Though he was loath to do it, he wanted to make her cum again.

Kirk grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away from her pussy. He replaced it with his face. Not wanting to consume his own cum—though there couldn’t be that much now with her fingers up her and combined with what she had already leaked out—he focused his tongue’s action on just her clit.

It didn’t take her long to climax. She had worked herself up to a state that shouldn’t have been possible so quickly, but Kirk was learning that adultery in and of itself was exciting so doing it made sex and climaxes more intense.

He was starting to understand her.

“I can’t leave you like this,” she said, adjusting her position and grabbing his cock. She put it in her mouth and they continued moving about until she was on top of him, her head bobbing up and down like a cheap slut.

He couldn’t remember the last time he had cum so quickly after an initial orgasm. It had to have been high school. Maybe college. It didn’t matter.

He came a second time. This time in her mouth. She swallowed his load eagerly. It felt wrong but it felt wonderful at the same time.

“We have to do this again,” he said.

“Just call me,” she said.

Chapter Five

It was Hayley who originally approached Jimmy for sex. He wasn't looking for an affair. While he didn't exactly have a type, she wasn't it. She was sexy and younger, sure, but he was recently married and fooling around on his wife wasn't his plan in life.

Of course, he was also a man and helpless to resist an attractive woman's advances.

He hated it when she came into his office because that would only make others suspect what they were up to. He didn't need anyone suspecting he was having an affair.

Jimmy didn't want to have an affair, but at the same time he was helpless to say no because he was weak when it came to sex.

"I just wanted to give this to you," she said as if he hadn't been waiting for the report all day. She slid the large manila envelope onto his desk. She had bent forward just enough to put the envelope on the desk, but not so much that she was trying to show off her cleavage. They were at work. She wasn't wearing a pushup bra with a blouse unbuttoned down to her navel.

"Thanks." Jimmy always tried to keep things appropriate at the office.

Underneath the shirt she was wearing a regular underwire bra.

Her silk blouse was buttoned at the appropriate level. Was it her fault her tits were that terrific?

As Jimmy opened up the envelope she popped open the top two buttons and leaned in further. "You'll need to sort through it carefully."

"Why?" As soon as he glanced up he saw her cleavage on display not three feet from his face. "Fucking hell, Hayley. What are you doing?"

"Teasing you," she said. "Most of the office is gone."

"Fucking button up!" he ordered, as if she would ever do what he asked.

Giggling, she stood up and he gave her a second look. White silk blouse with an

aggressive bra. He could see the outline of it, but when she stood up, even with two buttons undone, she would pass casual inspection. She was wearing a black and yellow plaid skirt that came down to just above her knees. Maybe it was just a little too short, but no one would say anything to Hayley because she had the body to carry it off and she was young and just those thoughts alone were enough to give Jimmy an erection.

He was glad he was sitting down behind his desk.

“Because I put a couple of photos into the report.”

Their office, while claiming to be tech savvy and ready for the next decade, relied way too heavily on actual printed paper. He started sorting through the packet and five pages in, stapled in the middle of the report, was a nude picture of Hayley.

“What the fucking hell,” he complained, looking up at her.

“Just something to spice up your reading,” she told him.

Even though the picture didn’t show her face, he knew it was Haley. He was intimately familiar with her body and he recognized the pair of panties that were halfway down her thighs. He had taken them off her on more than one occasion.

“This is the sort of thing that will get the both of us in trouble!”

“I know. That’s what makes it more exciting, right baby?” She grinned at him.

“What if I brought this home? What if my wife saw it? What if I left it on my desk and someone walked in and grabbed it?”

“What if, what if, what if?” she mocked him. “I was going to let you know before you did anything stupid.”

He sighed and shook his head. “You really get off on causing problems, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh,” she agreed and sat down on the hard wooden chair in the corner of his small office. She was sitting in a way that made him suspicious, but before he could say something or tell her to leave, she said, “You might want to go through

that whole report before you leave the office."

Jimmy closed his eyes. "Why?"

"There's more than one nude of me in there."

"You really get off to this, don't you?" he asked, once again glad the desk was between them so she couldn't see his erection.

"I sure do," she said while sliding her hand up her inner thigh. She had spread her legs wide enough for him to realize she was wearing thigh high stockings. Obviously Hayley had planned this and wouldn't let him out of the office without at least a little reciprocal play.

"Fine," he agreed and quickly started flipping through the pages looking for more nudes of her.

He knew she was up to something but he forced himself to focus on flipping through the pages. The report was only a hundred pages long, which was long enough, and she had scattered five more nudes of herself at random intervals throughout.

When he was done he was rather impressed with the quality of the pictures. Hayley had shared nudes with him before, so he hadn't seen anything new, but as he tore out each page, it occurred to him that there was something slightly off about each picture.

Only upon seeing them all scattered on his desk did he understand. They weren't standard selfie nudes. She wasn't holding a phone in her hand snapping pictures, nor was she using a mirror.

Someone else had taken the pictures of her.

"Who took these?" he demanded, looking up at her.

She didn't answer. It wasn't that she couldn't answer; it was that she didn't want to. Upon looking up he wasn't sure if he wanted an answer right away.

Her hand was all the way up her skirt now. Her thigh highs were on display along with what seemed like acres of exposed flesh between the top of the

stockings and the bottom hem of her skirt. It didn't take a lot of knowledge to figure out that Hayley's fingers were busy playing with her pussy.

"Are you really that horny?" he asked her.

Her eyes were unfocused but she wasn't too distracted to grin at him like she was fully in charge. She was fully in charge. He knew that and she knew that.

"Yes. I'm always this horny. There's only one thing you can do about it."

"Jesus fucking Christ, Hayley. Not in the office."

"Uh-huh," she insisted. "In the office. Most everyone is gone. It's more exciting if we might get caught."

Using her foot she pushed the door to the office closed and then stood up from the chair. There was a small shelf next to the door where she planted her hands and bent over. "Do you want to fuck me here or bent over your desk?"

"Jesus, Hayley." He wanted her to stop. He wanted her to get control of herself. He wanted her to leave the office. Instead of any of those things his hand went to his cock and rubbed it through his pants. He knew he wasn't getting out of this.

"Jesus had nothing to do with me," she said and then flipped up the back of her skirt.

What he expected to see was either her panties down over her butt or maybe her thong firmly in place between her buttocks. The show that Jimmy got wasn't what he expected.

Her legs were spread just wide enough for him to see the jeweled plug she was wearing in her ass. The blue glass caught the harsh light of the office and made it shine and wink at him from the depth of her crevice. She wiggled her hips a bit more.

"Like what you see?"

"Did you put that in your ass before you came in here?" he asked, both fascinated and worried at the same time.

“No.”

“Then...when?”

She looked at him over her shoulder and used her hand to reach up between her legs. Her fingers traced her outer labia and then touched the gem. “I’ve had it in all day.”

“Bullshit.”

“Every time I got up from my desk and walked I wanted to fuck every guy I saw.” She paused and pulled her fingers back a bit, just enough to put her forefinger in her pussy. “Maybe except Chris. He’s a fat, rude fuck.”

On that note Jimmy had to agree. “You’ve been wearing it all day?” That amazed him. He was certain she was lying, but anything was possible with Hayley.

“Uh-huh.” She smacked her ass.

“When did you take off your panties?” He didn't know why asking that was important.

“I didn’t,” she said. “I’ve been commando all day.”

“Oh fuck,” he moaned as he rubbed himself harder through his pants.

“Stop jerking off and come over here and fuck me.”

Jimmy nodded and half stood up but then realized he had to assert himself in some way or she would totally own him. “No. Get your ass over here and I’ll fuck you.”

That was easy enough for Hayley. She sauntered over to his desk, stepped around it and practically shoved her ass in his face.

There was a bit of a struggle between the two as he stood up and tried to get his cock out at the same time. She was more than willing to bend over the desk for him, but in the cramped space it was difficult, especially when he was trying to do two other things at the same time.

Eventually they got things straightened around and he was probing between her legs, looking for the opening to her pussy. She had to guide him in. She always had to guide him in, or at least it seemed that way.

Once he was in he could feel the heavy weight of the butt plug that was firmly lodged inside her ass. He could feel the hard glass gem pressing against his pubic bone every time he thrusted into her. It felt good; he couldn't deny that. It felt even better when he realized he was living a dream: married, beautiful wife, sexy mistress, kinky sex, being overpaid for his easy job. The only thing he could do now was fuck it up.

Hayley grunted loudly as he started fucking her harder.

"Shut up!" his hissed at her. "You're going to let everyone know what we're doing!"

"The fucking edge of the desk—" she complained but he put his hand over her mouth.

"Shut the fuck up or I'll take the plug out of your ass and shove in my cock instead!"

That was enough to quiet her down. Or maybe she liked the thought of what he was going to do. Or maybe he was fucking her harder and she didn't bother to protest.

She laid her head down on the desk as he started to finish. Her face was inches away from one of the nude pictures of her. This one had her legs parted with her pussy just barely showing.

That was enough to make him cum inside her.

He didn't care if she came or not. That's what her hand was for.

"Are you going to go home to your wife now?" she asked as he pulled out.

Just for asking the question he wiped his cock off on her ass. He considered it a favor that he didn't use her skirt.

"Of course."

“Going to fuck her?”

“No. I’m going to suck the milk out of her tits and make her cum that way,” he bragged. It didn’t matter to him if she believed him or not.

“Kinky.” She adjusted her princess plug, and stood up. He wondered if his cum would drip down her legs and if she cared or not. She was probably lying about going without panties all day at work, but with Hayley anything was possible.

“Who took the pictures of you?” he asked. He couldn’t let it go, not after cumming, not after her insulting him and Jessa.

“His name is Russell. We’ve gone on a couple of dates.”

“Have you fucked him?” he asked as he scooped up the report from his desk. The pages were bent and wrinkled and some were folded in half. That was the penalty for fucking his mistress on his desk.

“Of course.” She smiled as she smoothed down her outfit and redid the two buttons to her skirt. “Are you jealous?”

“No,” he lied.

“Liar. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Jimmy waited an appropriate amount of time after she left before packing up what he needed and quickly exiting his office and then walked out of the building, ignoring the few people who were still lingering there, working late.

At home, the moment he walked in, he could smell something cooking in the oven. “What's for dinner?” he called.

“Me,” Jessa said, padding out to the kitchen in her bare feet.

“I’m not a cannibal,” he said with a grin.

Jessa didn’t even bother to acknowledge his lame joke. “My tits are screaming. You need to nurse now.” She pulled up her shirt to expose her nursing bra.

Even though she was being serious, he couldn’t stop himself from making a

joke. “That’s more of a bedtime snack.”

“Come to the couch and nurse me,” she ordered. “It’ll take that long for dinner to finish cooking.” She grabbed his hand and pulled him along to the living room.

As much as Jimmy wanted to resist, he knew that he couldn’t. His only hope was that she didn’t get too horny and want to fuck. There was no way he was going to be able to get hard again and fuck her after just being used by Hayley.

Just before they got on the couch Jimmy’s stomach rumbled and Jessa gave him a look of bemusement. “Hungry?” she asked as she opened up her nursing bra.

He had wished she would stop wearing nursing bras. They weren’t sexy and the convenience they presented to their nursing relationship didn’t offset how they occasionally made his cock wilt.

“For actual food.”

“Some human beings survive entirely on breast milk.” She sat down casually on the couch. He knew his role but he didn’t want to fulfill it right away.

“Those humans are babies.”

“And you, baby, love my sweet milk.” Jessa ran her hands over her breasts, squeezing them a bit, not enough to make the milk erupt, but just enough to force out a little milk. She locked eyes with Jimmy as she felt her milk start dripping from her nipples and sliding down the slope of her full breasts.

That was true. It was more true than he wanted to admit. Her milk would be a good snack, an appetizer, before dinner. Moving automatically, Jimmy lay down on the couch, put his head in his wife’s lap, found her nipple, and started nursing.

The moment that Jessa had opened up her nursing bra, she had been nervous about what Jimmy would see. He was intimately familiar with her body and her tits and yet somehow he had missed the fact that they were redder and slightly more swollen than normal. He even missed the minor bruises that Kirk had left behind from his nursing. He had missed entirely that her tits were not as full as they were supposed to be.

Jessa wasn't sure what all of that meant. Was she trying to get caught? Was she playing with fire because it was exciting? She didn't know and she stopped thinking about it when his lips found her nipple and started sucking.

Her milk flowed easily. He was pleased at the pleasant and immediate sweetness that flooded over his tongue. Normally there were a few swallows of rather plain milk as her flow started, but this time it was perfect.

When they had first started nursing, Jimmy would get an erection right away. Now he was used to it and it took a little bit of effort for him to get there. After fucking Hayley earlier he knew he wasn't going to be able to get hard at all.

"That's perfect baby," she said softly to him, running her hand over his hair.

There were worse ways for a couple to bond.

Neither knew how tenuous their bond was.

Jessa let him nurse as long as he wanted. She put her head back on the couch and just enjoyed it. There was nothing else in the world. Not her job. Not her nascent affair with Kirk. Not dinner in the oven.

A moment later the timer went off signaling dinner was ready.

Jimmy groaned in annoyance. "It's going to be hell to get off this couch," he complained.

Smiling, Jessa tucked her breasts back into her bra and closed the flaps. "That was just a before dinner drink," she said. Her breasts had never felt so light before, so empty. Between Kirk and Jimmy they were giving her tits a workout like she had never anticipated. It made her think she should have started doing this a long time ago.

After the nursing, they had dinner and relaxed like any other married couple. It was positively domestic bliss.

The next morning as Jessa was getting ready for work and Jimmy was still in the shower because he started an hour after her, she realized she needed cash for the office coffee collection. It was a pain in the ass because she preferred to pay for everything via card, but her office was stuck in the 20th century.

“Hon?” she called into the bathroom. “Do you have any cash?”

“I think I might have a couple of bills in my bag or my wallet. Go check. What for?”

“Coffee collection.”

“If you stopped drinking coffee, you’d save a lot of money,” he pointed out. Sticking his head out from behind the shower curtain he added, “You might even make more milk.” He looked pointedly at her tits. “That I could appreciate.”

“Why would coffee cause my milk to dry up?” she said, sticking out her chest a little at him after folding her arms under her breasts.

“Too much caffeine,” he said. “Dehydrates you. You need water for milk.” He pulled his head back into the shower. “Just a little food for thought.”

“Or something,” she muttered and then loudly added, “I’m not giving up my caffeine addiction and I’m taking all your cash.”

“Sure. Whatever.”

Jimmy only had one dollar in his wallet. She went into his work bag and started rooting through it, looking for a stray dollar or two. Her search resulted in her removing a pack of papers and a folder along with loose items before she found a five-spot in the bottom of the bag, crumpled up like a used Kleenex. She took it and started to replace the pack of papers. One fell loose. It was odd because she could see it was a printed photo and all the other pages in the packet were just black and white words and graphs.

Turning the paper over she was less than impressed to find it was a photo of a pretty young girl with great tits. She was completely naked.

Jessa was puzzled. She was only slightly upset because while Jimmy certainly had the right to look at all the cheap porn he wanted to, why would he bother to print out a picture of a girl? There were millions of dirty images on the internet. Why waste the time and money and ink and paper?

Unable to help herself, Jessa took a closer look at the picture. It was obviously not taken by a professional; the background was too messy and the model wasn’t

perfectly made up. She was still sexy though.

Jessa came to a few quick decisions.

The picture might have been printed and given to Jimmy as a joke. Unlikely.

Jimmy might have printed it out as a joke to play on someone else. Again, unlikely.

It might have been the grandest of internet printing errors. Extremely unlikely.

Jimmy might have printed it because he found the girl attractive and wanted to jerk off to her. Possibly, but weird in any context.

It was some girl that he wanted to fuck. But why print the picture?

There was no way she was going to solve the mystery in the moment. She shoved it back into Jimmy's bag.

"Bye honey," she called out as she left.

Jessa knew she didn't have any authority to stand on because she was carrying on an affair with someone else, but to see evidence that her husband was up to something—possibly—made her confused and upset.

Chapter Six

Jessa had wanted to hook up with Kirk Friday night. She told him her tits were begging to be sucked by him.

He wanted to. He didn't have anything better to do. He had completely gotten over the fact that she was married and was cheating on her husband. Her milk was what had done it. It was new and weird and kinky to nurse from Jessa so he now wanted to do it as much as possible.

He was going to say yes. He had told her he wanted to say yes.

"But I've got this stupid fucking family thing to go to." It was hard explaining over the phone. Kirk preferred to do things in person.

"Oh. Family. Right."

"My cousin is having an engagement party and—"

She cut him off. "Oh. Right. Uh-huh. Who has engagement parties? No one."

"It's supposed to be for the kids in our generation," Kirk explained. "No parents and old folks. No little children. It's supposed to be the party Bryanna wants to have but can't because her mother wants a nice wedding."

Jessa scoffed. "So your cousin wants to get rip roaring drunk."

"Probably."

"You too?"

"No. I'm not much of a drinker."

"My tits say otherwise."

"Look, maybe I can cut out early and you can come over."

"No. I'm sure I can find something to do with Jimmy. It's been a while since he drained my tits completely. Just remember that when you're doing shots with Breezy. Bye."

"Bryanna," he said, but Jessa had already hung up. He could understand she was

upset, but she was being slightly ridiculous.

The party was at a bar and Kirk felt out of place. He wasn't much of a drinker. Between his brother and his sister and fifteen cousins, Kirk was the youngest, though only by a few years. Still, he felt out of place. There were far too many people to talk to and none that he wanted to talk to. Of the eighteen of them at least half had brought significant others or a date. And on top of that there were more people at the bar who weren't part of the Hart engagement party.

Kirk ordered a drink and was slowly consuming it at the bar, exchanging a few conversations along the way until he judged it would be okay for him to cut out early. Someone had to leave first.

He almost felt like a living sad cliché. A cliché that was enhanced when the attractive woman sat down next to him. The music was loud as was the conversation. He looked at her and nodded. She said hello.

"Come here often?" he asked.

She laughed so hard that she almost choked on her drink. "I've never actually had anyone say that to me before and mean it."

"I didn't actually mean it," he said.

"Then why did you say it?" She was pretty but he didn't have any intent of trying to chat her up. His life was already too complicated with Jessa.

"To be conversational. Who are you here with?"

"What?"

"Did someone in the Hart family bring you?"

The girl pointed at one of Kirk's many cousins. "I came with Cecilia."

"Oh. Huh. I didn't know she was…" He trailed off and didn't finish his sentence.

"Was what?"

"Nothing."

The girl was amused. “She and I aren’t dating, if that’s what you’re implying.”

“I wasn’t implying anything,” he took a sip of his drink. “But there have always been rumors that Ceci was bi.”

“Huh. Interesting. I’ll have to remember that, because I am bi.”

Just to annoy and tease the girl, Kirk turned toward her and said, “Well now you have my interest.”

“I’m bi, but I’m not looking for a threeway.”

“Too bad because I can think of a hundred different scenarios that involve the three of us.” As soon as he said the words Kirk regretted them. He had no interest in winding up in any sort of sexual situation with his cousin, even if it was watching the new girl go down on Ceci.

“I like your boldness.”

“Thanks,” Kirk said smugly.

“It’s not going to work on me, but I like it.”

“Well that’s okay, because my boldness is mostly the alcohol talking.”

“I’m Hayley.”

“Kirk.”

They shook hands like they were at a business meeting. He liked how soft her fingers and palm were.

“I like knowing that you’re bi,” he told her.

“Why? Trying to set an achievement for yourself?”

“No. I want to know the competition I’m up against.”

They stumbled into his apartment. He could taste alcohol on her tongue. He could smell the alcohol on her breath. In the back of his mind he wondered if anyone had seen them leave together and then wondered why he was wondering because it didn't matter.

"I don't fuck on the first date," she told him as they moved together toward his bedroom. He was doing his best to guide her, but it wasn't very good. He hoped his cock wouldn't go limp because of the alcohol. He wanted to impress her at least a little.

"That's okay," he quickly agreed. "What do you do?"

"I do everything else. And then if I'm horny enough, I'll fuck you anyway."

Their kisses were sloppy and terrible. That was fine. He hadn't brought her home just to kiss her.

Hayley was wearing a dress and she was surprisingly blasé about him lifting it up and over her head. Underneath she was wearing a thin bra that clearly showed her hard, dark nipples and a thong that hid practically nothing.

"Huh," he said as he kissed her and let his hands travel down her skin to her round buttocks.

"What?" She kissed the side of his neck right at the line of stubble that would have defined his beard if he had deigned to grow one.

"I thought that the only women who wore thongs were porn stars, celebrities, models, and sluts."

"I'm one of those," she admitted as they fell onto his bed.

Together they quickly kicked off shoes and started getting him undressed. She was incredibly aggressive about stripping him. Kirk went with it figuring this would never happen again with another woman.

Except it had basically happened two weeks ago with Jessa.

He tried not to think of Jessa as Hayley put his cock, currently at half chub, into her mouth and started sucking.

She was very good at sucking cock; he realized that right away. He was thrilled that she was good at it because he slowly rose up to meet the occasion.

“I love your cock,” she said, taking a quick break to use her hand on him.

“Thanks.”

“Not too big, not too small, perfect.”

“Okay Goldilocks.”

She laughed at him and sat up on her knees to pull off her bra. Her tits, unfettered, were spectacular. Not as spectacular as Jessa’s, but he assumed Hayley’s were milk-free.

“You don’t know what it’s like when a guy has a really big cock and is trying to push it in you where I don’t want to go. Or I can’t get it all in my mouth and down my throat.”

“Uh…

“Or, worse, when it’s too small and it’s just a giant disappointment.” She paused with the fingers to one hand just barely tucked into the elastic of her thong. It was apparent she wanted to push them in and play with her pussy for a bit, but even in the dim light, Kirk was positive he saw a wet spot on the crotch of her panties. She was ready to go.

“Right,” he agreed. He would have agreed to anything for the chance to fuck her.

It wasn’t like he was cheating on Jessa.

He hoped that Hayley wasn’t cheating on anyone.

“Or do you?” she asked as she teased her fingers over her panties.

“Do what?”

“Know what it’s like when the guy you’ve taken to bed has a cock that’s too big or too small.”

“Uh...no. I don’t know that at all. I’m not gay.”

“You could be bi, like me.”

“I’m not.”

“That’s okay. Not everyone is perfect.” She smiled at him and flopped her body about a bit, struggling to get her thong off. Eventually she freed herself to reveal what Kirk had suspected.

Hayley might be a slut, but she didn’t shave off all her pubic hair. There was an inch wide landing strip between her legs, decorating her mound of Venus. “Ready to fuck?” she asked him as she started to straddle his hips.

“I thought you said you never fucked on the first date.”

“I lied. I changed my mind. I just wish you were a girl because the last few people I’ve fucked have all been men. I’d like to bed a girl again.”

She grabbed his cock and aimed it at her pussy, lowering herself down on him. As much as he wanted to go forward, Kirk was now better prepared for crazy women coming into his bedroom.

“Hold on.” He pushed her off and went to the side of his bed. From a box underneath he found his new supply of condoms and quickly rolled one on.

“You don’t need that,” she said. “I’m a slut but a smart slut.”

“It’s for me,” he said and rolled on top of her.

She was more than willing to guide him into her pussy. She loved it when he ducked his head down and sucked on her nipples.

Much to his disappointment they were, as he suspected, milk free. That didn’t stop him from continuing to suck on them while he fucked her.

For her part Hayley moved and gyrated and moaned in all the appropriate ways.

The sex wasn’t that great. He was fully erect, but it wasn’t the hardest boner he had ever sported. In a way he was glad when he came. He wasn’t even sure if she got to climax once.

After he flushed the condom and came back to the bed, Hayley was asleep and lightly snoring. He got into the bed, telling himself he'd wake her in a few minutes.

His head wasn't pounding Saturday morning, but his mouth was dry, his cock was hard and he needed to piss in the worst possible way. Hayley was still sleeping next to him. Kirk didn't know what to do about her, but pissing and dry mouth were his immediate priorities.

On the way back to the bedroom he heard his phone buzzing. Only it wasn't his phone. Hayley had left hers on the living room table where he had dropped his the night before.

Curious, he picked her up and saw a message. Wife is busy tomorrow. Want to get together? The name attached to the message was just JW. After reading it the screen winked off.

It wasn't any of Kirk's business if Hayley was having an affair with a married man. He wasn't in a position to judge. Just as he put hers down, his buzzed. Annoyed, he picked it up and looked at the message.

I have tomorrow free. My tits are screaming for your mouth.

He wasn't one to judge at all.

To Be Continued

Preview

The Urge 1

The text that Jerry received was direct and to the point. He liked that about his wife.

I’m coming home horny. I expect you naked and in your cuffs.

She didn’t specify anything beyond that but Jerry knew what to expect. He was used to Yolanda’s demands. It was fun to be married to a sexually adventurous and aggressive woman. He didn’t have to explain the urge to her. She knew. He knew.

He did what was expected of him. He stripped naked and found the leather wrist and ankle cuffs in their toybox. They had spent the extra money on high-quality —if somewhat scary looking—real leather cuffs that were held shut by brass buckles and could be secured with small locks.

Jerry didn’t get out the locks; he didn’t think it was going to be that sort of night.

Putting them on wasn’t that difficult. He’d worn them before. She’d worn them before. It was nice to be married to a woman who was a switch like him, though lately she’d been asserting her dominance. The hardest part was putting the cuff on his right wrist. He fumbled a bit with the buckle as he cinched it into place. The trick was to make sure they were tight enough to actually restrain without the possibility of them slipping off when they were pulled on.

In a thought that he constantly tried to scrub from his mind, he flashed on the memory of the thick leather band that his grandfather used to wear for his watch. Grandpa Joe had been a foreman on a county road crew for most of his life. It was his job to keep track of time and wore the thick band so he’d never lose his watch. When they bought the restraints Jerry couldn’t help but think about Grandpa’s old watch and leather band.

It made him wonder what his grandparents had been getting up to in their free time.

The difficult thing was that Yolanda didn't say when she would be home. He'd just have to wait. That was okay. He busied himself making sure the chains were attached to the bolts he's sunk into the bed frame he'd made for them. It was a custom job, not that basic woodworking was all that difficult. Grandpa Joe had taught him woodworking years ago. Building a bed frame that could stand up to the rigors of their sex life and look stylish enough to please his was wasn't difficult at all.

Jerry felt lucky when he heard his wife walking into the house. She hadn't made him wait just to torture him. Not that he would have minded being tortured a bit.

It wasn't exactly late for Yolanda. She was still wearing her work clothes: skirt that was maybe a little too short, white blouse that was maybe a little low cut, a professional jacket to dress both the skirt and blouse up, and stockings that Jerry knew were thigh highs held up by a garter belt. That morning when Yolanda had left she had blown him a kiss while lifting up her skirt just enough to show off the garters. He knew what that meant: she was expecting something exciting to happen at work and, if he was lucky, he'd hear about it that night in bed.

And here he was, at night, and in bed.

She walked into the bedroom while shedding her jacket. Automatically Jerry's cock started to harden. She noticed that right away. "Been waiting for me long?"

"Not very."

She casually unbuttoned her dress, not hurrying, but doing it very efficiently. "You aren't hard yet."

"I didn't want to jump the gun."

She nodded acknowledgement of his admission as she took off her dangling earrings. He took that as a good sign; it meant she was serious about some vigorous sex and didn't want to be bothered by dangling earrings annoying her or getting caught in hair or sheets or on a limb. "Get out your cock ring."

That gave him a bit of a pause. "What? Why? I'll get hard. Just give me a second

or two.” Without thinking he grabbed his cock and started pumping it. With her shirt off and her tits barely contained by the lacy white bra she was wearing, it didn’t take much of an imagination to get him going. He could even see the shadow of her dark nipples through the gauzy material.

Yolanda slapped his hand away from his cock before going to the toybox to root around in it. “I’m not saying you can’t get it up. I just want you nice and hard and I want you to last a long time.”

“I can do that,” he bragged but didn’t put his hand back on his cock. She found the black rubber ring and tossed it to him. It had a diameter that was just big enough to slip his balls through one at a time and then stuff the shaft through. It was tight, but not too tight. It would get tight when he got hard. It would make him very hard. It would make cumming a struggle, but it would also make cumming that much more powerful. He both loved and hated wearing his cock ring; that was the irony of sex. It was a struggle and a lot of work, but it was worth it in the end...except for the repercussions.

She unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor. Jerry paused in putting on the ring. She was wearing white lace panties that matched her bra...and she was wearing them over the garters. That alone made his cock stiffen and he hurried to push his cock all the way through the ring so he didn’t have to get ice to make it go down just to go back up.

Yolanda stood six feet away from him. She already saw that he had noticed her panties; she was just waiting for him to say something about it.

Jerry was having trouble forming words as all his blood rushed from his brain to his cock.

“Yes?” she prompted him as he tried to force out a few words and only managed to make a few choking noises.

He had seen her wear a garter belt and stockings before. Usually it was when they were going out on a date and were coming home to have sex or going out to have sex someplace exotic. Occasionally she had worn stockings and garters to work, but when she did that it was always—always—with her panties underneath the garters.

When she put on the garters and stockings in anticipation of sex, the panties

went over the garters.

He didn’t know which way she wore them this morning.

Of course, over the entire work day she would have had plenty of opportunity to switch things up, but still…

“Do you like what you see?” she asked him innocently, trying to prompt him and still making it worse.

All he could do was point at her mostly hidden crotch. He could see the little dark triangle of pubic hair partially obscured by the lace material. He knew what she had hidden in her underwear; he had been between her legs and inside her body many times, but that didn’t stop him from getting hard for it once again.

“Yes,” he managed to say.

“Good. Lie down on the bed so I can chain you up. I’m going to ride your cock all night long.”

That was an obvious exaggeration, but it didn’t do anything to stem the flow of blood to his cock. Still, he did exactly as she requested because he wanted it as well. He liked when her body moved close to his face. He could smell whatever soap or lotion or perfume she had put on that morning, in addition to the natural scent of her body. He helped her restrain his body because it was in both their interests to do so, plus he was excited to hear what she had been up to all day.

Once all four limbs were restrained—he had a bit of movement but nothing significant and not enough to where he could release himself easily—she stood at the foot of the bed and let her eyes focus on his cock. It wasn’t huge, but it was more than big enough to satisfy any woman who liked to be filled up. And now, with the ring in place holding back the blood from easily returning to his body, it appeared bigger than usual and was definitely redder than normal. But that was fine. She wanted all of that.

Reaching out with her fingertips, she flicked his manhood to the side just enough to make it slightly painful. They watched as he bounced back and forth.

“That’s all I get?” he asked, trying to move things along.

“Of course not,” she replied and abruptly slapped him. She struck the underside, making his cock smack into his stomach and he gasped as the double impacts. It didn’t hurt—much—but the mere action was enough to let him know his place.

“Fuck! That hurt!”

“It was supposed to,” she said as she stepped out of her shoes. Some men went wild for high heels; Jerry didn’t care all that much. The first time they had seriously played she was relieved when he told her to take off her shoes. They were pretty, but stumbling about in a bed with high heels on was just a recipe for disaster for one or both of them.

Getting back on the bed, she started to straddle Jerry’s body, but then she abruptly turned around and lowered her crotch to his face.

Jerry didn’t mind this at all. A little tease, a little torture was perfect. As she lowered herself down, Jerry noted that the panties, though sexy, were still practical. They weren’t all lace; they had a cotton panel over her pussy, but even that was thin and he noted—just before she made contact with his face and mouth—more than just slightly damp.

He licked the thin material. The heat of her pussy was radiating through her. He could not only smell her musky scent, but tasted it as well. She was wet. Not just damp, but wet. She wasn’t just worked up about getting to have kinky sex with her husband. Something else was going on.

Yolanda wrapped her hand around his cock and gave the side a lick, letting him know she was ready to blow him, but taking care not to actually make contact with the head or the sensitive underside. She had a story to tell him.

He groaned into her pussy. “Keep going, honey,” she told him. “I’ve got something to tell you.”

Jerry asked a question but since her pussy was directly over his face and she was for all practical purposes actually riding his face, the words were incomprehensible. Before lifting up her hips, she licked the other side of his cock. A tiny bead of precum oozed out of the slit at the top of his head. She pushed aside concern that his cock was unnaturally red. He had worn the cock ring before and it had been fine every time.

Sighing because it meant that she'd have to break contact with his lips and tongue, Yolanda reluctantly gave her husband a little breathing room. He had been busy running his tongue along her slit and seeking her little clit. The pleasure he had been giving her was somewhat limited, but soon she'd shed the panties and that would change.

"What was that?" she asked just to be obnoxious.

"What was his name? How did you find time to fuck him?" He deeply inhaled her scent, wondering if they had used a condom or not. He figured it had to be no because she was wearing her panties and trying to keep her new lover's cum inside her pussy.

In response Yolanda laughed. "What makes you think I fucked him?"

"Why else would we be doing this?" he replied, lifting up his head to run his tongue along the soaked gusset of her panties. She shivered and pulled away. This time she let her lips surround his cock head, locking in right behind the corona and sucking hard to taste whatever precum he had to offer.

It took all her now limited self-control to move away from him. She didn't get off the bed but stripped off the panties. He looked up at her magnificent pussy. The lips were wet and swollen. There was nothing dripping from her. Jerry chalked that up to her panties soaking up the excess juice she had been exuding and her new lover's cum not having yet had the opportunity to slide out.

She was a bit red and looked only slightly sore. Maybe it was a quick fuck. He admired her clean-shaven lips and the carefully formed triangle of dark brown curls that decorated her mound. Shifting back into position she lowered her pussy back down to his face.

"Get to work," she told him, still holding onto his cock and closing her eyes. "I need to cum first."

He would have loved to grab her hips and hold her in position as he ate her pussy, but seeing that his arms and legs were chained down, that was impossible.

It didn't stop him from eating her pussy with enthusiasm and vigor, alternating

tickling her clit with his tongue and then sucking on it causing her entire body to quiver.

Much to his surprise, she reached a quick, hard climax faster than he thought was possible. He was been searching for the taste of another man inside her pussy, but couldn't detect anything other than her natural flavor.

Maybe they had fucked early in the morning and she had been waiting all day to come home and fuck her husband.

It would hardly be the first time that his wife had fucked him and another man on the same day.

"Ooohhh….fuck," she moaned, laying down on his body and gently caressing his hard cock with her soft cheek. "I needed that."

"Do I eat pussy better than him?" Jerry asked.

She lifted herself up and twisted enough to catch his eye by looking down between their inverted bodies. "I'm not sure," she said thoughtfully. "I'll have to do some more study to figure it out first.

Quickly reversing her body, she turned around and inserted just the head of his cock into her pussy. She wanted to sit down and take all of it into her. She needed to feel the joining of their bodies, but she managed to hold off because she had one more bit of torture ready for him. They had talked about it but had never gone through with it. They had the equipment, but sometimes fear was more powerful than lust.

But not tonight. Not for her.

Seeing that she had paused, Jerry lifted up his hips and tried to drive his cock deeper into her. She flexed her legs and made the target disappear. His cock slipped free from its tenuous insertion and flopped back with an audible smack onto his belly.

"What the fuck!" he complained. "You want it as much as me!"

Climbing off his body, Yolanda said, "Probably more. But we have to do this right." She went directly to the toybox and started searching through it.

“Just get on top of me,” Jerry begged. “Tell me all about the guy you fucked. You know that gets me off.”

She ignored him after finding what she wanted. It was just a six foot long piece of thin rope and a one pound weight, both repurposed from their original intent. When Jerry saw what she was holding, he tried to shrink back both literally and metaphorically, but he was well-chained to the bed and his cock wasn’t able to go down at all thanks to the hard rubber ring he was wearing.

“No. I don’t want to do that,” he said.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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