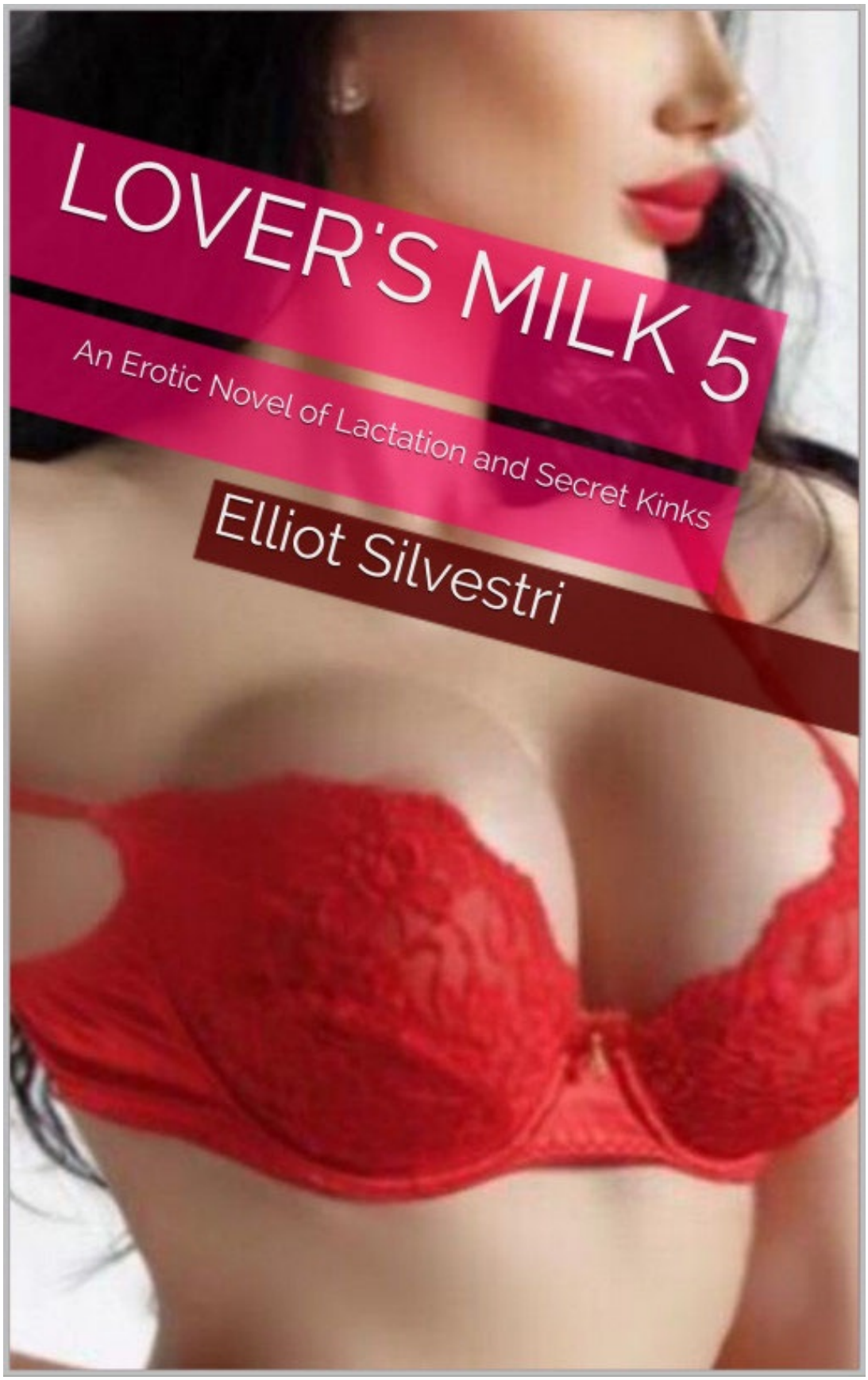
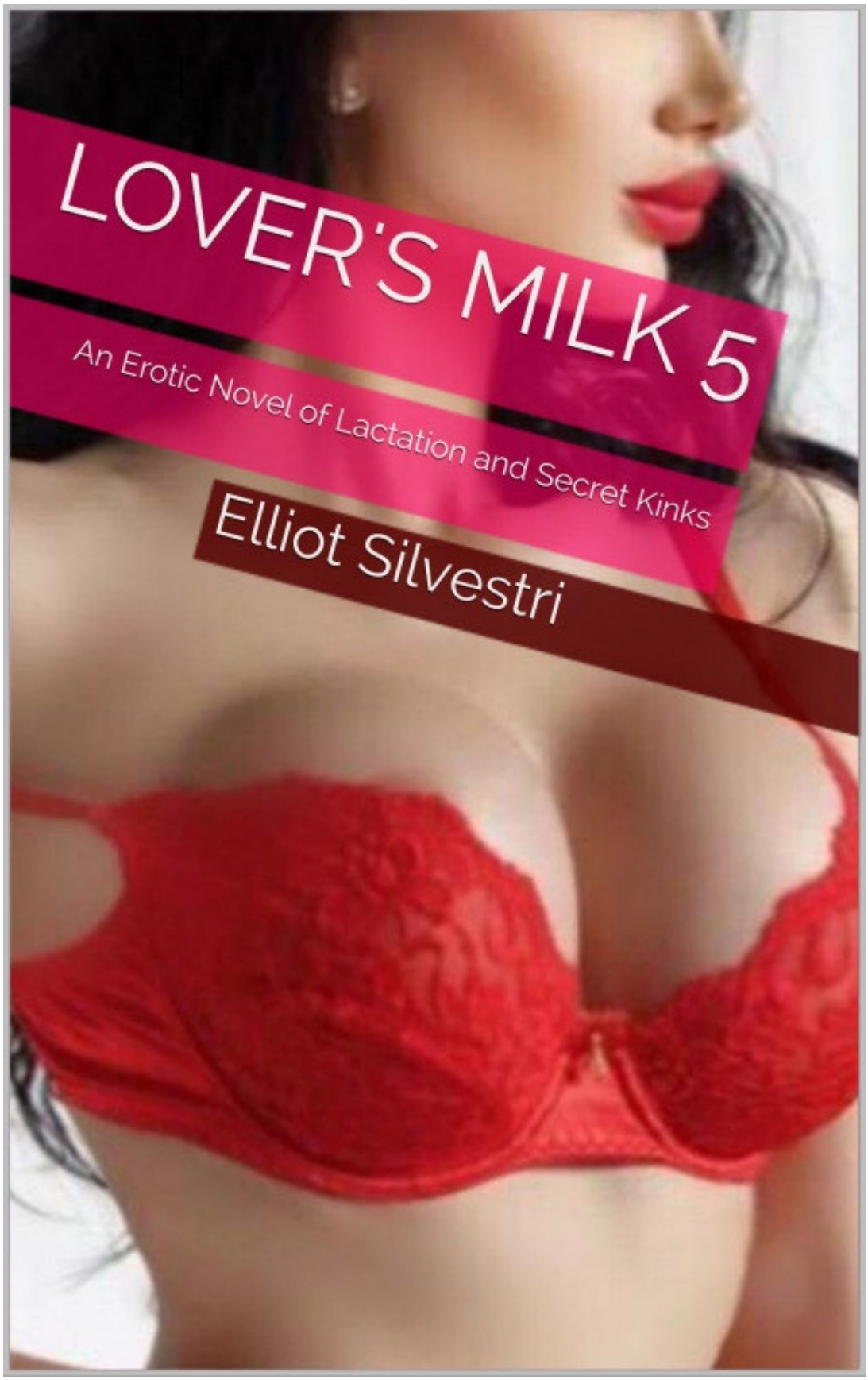

LOVER'S MILK 5
An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Secret Kinks
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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Lover’s Milk 5

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Chapter Thirteen

Jessa woke up to the most pleasant sensation in the world: she was being nursed. It took her a minute to realize it wasn't Jimmy drinking her milk. It was Kirk.

First she panicked and then she relaxed. For a second she had forgotten where she was and what she (and everyone else) had been doing the night before. There weren't any sounds coming down the hallway from the guest room. It had been painful listening to her husband fuck Hayley (even though she was in bed with her lover). Maybe Jimmy and Hayley were fooling around silently.

Still, it had been a while since she had woken up to someone nursing at her tits. Kirk looked up at her with eager eyes. Maybe what she was feeling wasn't exactly love—it was much closer to lust—but that didn't matter. Her tits were full and her pussy was aching for attention.

Kirk could help her out.

He already was.

"Is this okay?" he asked, letting one nipple slip from his mouth so he could switch over to the other side.

Jessa nodded and offered up her breast to him. Kirk latched on right away and she let her hand trail down his body. It was easy to find his cock because it was big and hard and there was already a bead of precum forming on the tip.

Kirk moaned lightly in the back of his throat as he continued to nurse and swallow her milk.

It was easy for Jessa to make the decision to fuck him. Why not? She wasn't hiding anything from Jimmy.

Maybe her husband would be upset that someone else was drinking her milk, but she had plenty. She could share.

She wanted to share.

She wanted to share her milk in front of her husband.

Not just with Kirk, but with Hayley as well.

The thought gave her a shiver. She wasn't bi. She didn't know what was wrong with her. It was fine to have Hayley nurse from her if Jimmy was enjoying watching it, but the thoughts and feelings she was having made her...confused.

There was a way to solve that problem.

"Fuck me," she said softly, making a little moan as she stroked Kirk's cock. "I need you to fuck me right now!"

He looked up at her and let her heavy breast fall from his mouth. "Are you sure?"

"Of course!"

"Your husband is—"

"—right down the hall. I know," she filled in for him. "Why do you think I want you to fuck me?"

"I thought you liked getting off from being nursed."

"I like all sorts of kinky sex," she told him, pulling him on top of her. It was easy for her to open her legs to him and get his cock right where she wanted it.

It took Kirk a second to find her entrance. He was more self-assured with her body now. A couple of thrusts was all it took to slide all the way inside her warm, moist pussy. She moaned in satisfaction; softly, with a pleasant stretch of her arms before she clutched him to her body. It was okay if his long cock didn't stretch her walls out like Jimmy's did. The mere fact that she was cheating on her husband more than made up for Kirk's slight inadequacy in the cock department.

Kirk pushed himself up on his elbows and looked down at her chest. Her tits weren't massive, but they were pleasant rolling hills that gave Jessa her womanly curves that most others would die for. After his wake-up nursing her nipples were leaking milk. There was no easy way to stop it. He was certain that as he fucked her more, both nipples would start erupting like little milk volcanoes. Her entire sexuality was tied up in her tits.

Unable to help himself, he bowed his head and took up a nipple. She moaned

sharply at his rough handling of her breast, but once he resumed sucking, she made soft vocalizations, letting him know that she was enjoying both his cock and his sucking.

“I bet Jimmy is fucking his little slut right now,” Jessa said, running her hands through Kirk’s unruly and curly hair. That was something she couldn’t do with Jimmy. His hair was thinning; nothing at all like Kirk’s.

“Does that bother you?” Kirk asked, pausing in his sucking so he could switch sides.

She grunted as he latched onto her other breast. “No. Not at all.”

Kirk looked up at her, his eyebrows raised. While he knew that Jessa was fine with cheating on her husband, he didn’t know her stance on Jimmy fucking other women. Was she just being brave or was she truly at peace with her newly honest (mostly) and open marriage?

“Does it turn you on?” he couldn’t help but ask.

Her pussy tightened on his cock. Was it from the question or was it from him plunging his cock all the way inside her. She gasped a little as he reached places where Jimmy couldn’t go.

“A little,” she admitted.

He made a noncommittal noise as he continued to suck on her nipple. The milk was flooding his mouth now. He had to concentrate on swallowing as much as sucking.

Her milk was flowing freely. Glancing down at her free breast, the milk was welling up and leaking out. There wasn’t anything he could do about it.

Jessa’s hand came up and pinched the nipple, twisting it a little as well. It looked painful. The gesture made his cock get harder so he had to fuck her harder.

He sucked harder as well. Jessa groaned loudly. If the couple down the hall hadn’t heard them fucking already, then they must have by now. Jessa wasn’t a quiet lover.

“Make me cum,” she begged. “Make me cum. Make me cum,” she chanted over and over.

Kirk started slamming his hips into her as forcefully as he could. The noise of flesh smacking flesh filled the room. It was wet smacking; she was lubricating easily. He wanted to make her cum. His mouth dragged her nipple upwards as he sucked as hard as he could, his teeth digging into the sensitive flesh.

The sound she now made wasn’t one of pure pleasure, but of pain. Jessa was almost crying.

Almost.

She was almost there.

He sucked harder.

Finally it happened. Her entire body quivered. Her milk forced its way by her pinching fingers. The other breast completely overflowed his mouth. He swallowed as much as he could, but it was too much. Some escaped his lips and coated her breast.

She barely noticed. Her orgasm was everything and nothing else in the world mattered.

“Thank you, thank you,” she whispered in his ear.

His cock was like a bar of iron and he wanted to cum. Now that she had, he felt he had permission to finish.

“Thank you, thank you,” she continued to chant. It made him wonder if they had a different sort of relationship if she would be telling him that she loved him.

Her words shifted. “Cum in me. Fill me up. Cum in my pussy.”

Kirk didn’t need much more encouragement. Two more strokes and he was lost in her depths. Her ankles locked her legs around his waist, encouraging him to go deeper and deeper into her sex.

It felt like he was cumming forever, but he knew the orgasm couldn’t have lasted

much more than ten or fifteen seconds.

Finally he collapsed on top of her and she rewarded him with a kiss.

“This feels so wrong,” he admitted to her.

“I know,” she agreed and then said as softly as possible so there was no way that her husband could hear the words even though he was on the other side of the house. “That’s why I like cheating on Jimmy. It feels wrong but it feels so good at the same time.”

Kirk didn’t know if he had it in him to cheat on a girlfriend, let alone a wife, but he wasn’t the same person as Jessa. Would a partner want to have an open relationship like one Jessa and Jimmy was forming? Not that they had a great relationship, in his opinion. Jessa was a cheater. Evidence indicated that Jimmy was one as well. Maybe they deserved each other.

He had to change his train of thought.

“I didn’t know you like to be fucked in the ass.”

She smiled innocently up at him. “There’s a lot you don’t know about me.” There was nothing innocent about Jessa.

“I’m not sure I want to find out more,” he said nervously.

“Do you want to fuck me in the ass?” she asked. It wasn’t exactly an offer, but why would she ask such a thing if she wasn’t interested in at least trying?

“I’ve never done anal with anyone,” Kirk said, sidestepping the question.

“Giving or receiving?” she asked teasingly. Her hands cupped her tits in a vain effort to stop the steady leak she seemed to have sprung.

Kirk shook his head at her. “Neither. I don’t see myself as the receiving sort.”

Their bodies were still joined. Jessa let go of one breast to push her hand down to her pussy and his cock. “You’re still hard,” she said. “Don’t you want to put your cock where only one man has gone before?”

It was a tempting offer, but the circumstances were wrong. Kirk just shook his head again and rolled off her body, much to Jessa's annoyance. "I need to piss," he said, getting out of the bed and heading down the hallway.

When he returned, Kirk paused in the doorway. He had missed something critical in his short absence.

Jessa had someone else in bed with her. Hayley. It was all Kirk could do to not hide his soft cock behind his hands when they heard him walk in. Even though there was no reason for it, he felt that both women were judging him.

"Where's Jimmy?" he asked before things could get strange.

Stranger than they already were.

"Still asleep," Hayley reported. Her small breasts were above the sheets. He stared at them and wondered what they would look like if they were full of milk. His cock tingled but didn't rise up just yet.

"Jimmy is a sound sleeper," Jessa reported.

"I was going to use the bathroom, but it was occupied," Hayley said, tossing aside the sheets and passing him in the doorway. She let her tits brush his arm as she casually cupped his cock as she walked by. "I'll be back for this."

Kirk went white and then bright red.

"I hope you can get it up for her," said Jessa as if she were discussing the weather. "I'd like to watch the two of you fuck again."

"I think I should get the hell out of here in case your husband has a change of heart and thinks going postal on me is a good idea."

She scoffed at him. "Jimmy's not like that. Get back in bed with me." She patted the mattress. Her tits were on display as well.

There was only so much temptation that Kirk could take.

He knew that getting his clothes on and getting out of the house was the wise decision.

He had been making too many bad decisions lately.

He rejoined her just as he heard the toilet flush.

Hayley all but ran back to the master bedroom and scooted into the bed putting Kirk in the middle of her and Jessa. “Ever double team a guy?” Hayley asked Jessa.

Jessa laughed nervously. “No. Never.”

“Want to try it?” Hayley’s hand was already going to Kirk’s cock.

“Uh...I think I need to pee first.”

“Hurry up,” Hayley told her. “Guys love it when two girls make out in front of them.”

All of her self-assurance dissipated and Jessa took her turn in the bathroom.

“Think she’ll be jealous if she comes back to find me riding you?” Hayley asked.

“Probably not.”

“You’re right,” Hayley agreed. Her hand was manipulating his soft cock. “Are you not into it right now?” She seemed crushed that her touch wasn’t enough to rouse him.

“I just came. Jessa and I fucked.”

“Oh…” A wicked grin came over her face. “I know what will get you hard again.” She lifted her lips to his and gave him a gentle kiss before saying, “I can’t wait to taste her milk again.”

Hayley was right. The kiss did nothing; it was the question that caused his cock to start rising.

“What are you two doing?” Jessa said as she walked back in.

Kirk hadn’t heard the toilet flush. He was too lost in Hayley’s kiss.

“N-n-nothing,” he stammered.

“Waiting for you to get back so we can suck your milk again,” Hayley said boldly.

Jessa gave them a half-smile and put her hands to her tits. “Kirk already had his morning taste. Are you sure that you want to share with her?” Jessa asked him.

“You didn’t tell me that!” Hayley protested, reaching out and giving Kirk a sharp pinch on the shoulder.

“Ow! It didn’t come up in conversation,” he protested. “And you had your tongue down my throat anyway.”

Hayley rolled her eyes and shrugged one shoulder. “Okay. True.” She fixed her eyes on Jessa. “I still want to taste your milk before Jimmy wakes up.”

Jessa had been flattered that the two of them wanted her. Again. And she was still turned on from her earlier session with Kirk. While she wouldn’t openly describe herself as a slut, she was certainly acting that way more so than ever before. To suddenly get back in bed with both Hayley and Kirk was perhaps a bit too far for her. While Jimmy couldn’t rightly complain about her fucking Kirk, it was something else entirely to get involved with Hayley.

Jessa reminded herself that she wasn’t bi, even if Hayley was.

Even if Hayley was sexy with her messed up post-sex morning hair.

Even if Hayley just wanted to taste her milk.

Even if Kirk being there meant there was a buffer making things safe.

Unable to stop herself, she walked slowly to the bed while the two already there watched her closely. She kept hold of her tits, not out of a false sense of modesty, but because she needed to hide what they wanted.

And she was gently tweaking her nipples as she strolled across the floor.

Once on the bed there was a confusing scrum of bodies as they looked for the best way to ravage her body. It became obvious that the easiest way to nurse

from her was for Jessa to go onto her back and the other two to lie on either side.

She moaned loudly and without embarrassment as they latched on and started sucking. In the back of her mind she was thinking that if she could rouse her sleeping husband, maybe she wouldn't further debase herself.

When she felt a hand between her legs, she automatically opened them wider. Maybe she wanted to be debased. Maybe she wanted her husband to see her with two other people at the same time.

Or maybe she wanted to enjoy sex with two other people at the same time.

Feeling two mouths on her tits at the same time, she knew they were going to make her cum. It was only a matter of time. That and having Kirk's hand playing with her pussy, she knew it was a losing battle to fight an orgasm. Not that she wanted to fight it. She wanted to cum again and again.

Shifting her body slightly, her eyes flickered open so that she could look at the eagerly nursing pair. They were making eyes at each other, almost ignoring her. Jessa noted Kirk's arm was across her lower belly, idly pinching and tweaking Hayley's nipples.

That gave her pause and then a realization that if Kirk was playing with Hayley's tits then it was Hayley's hand on her pussy.

And on her clit.

And up inside her.

Jessa shivered and fought the urge to protest. There wasn't anything wrong with what she was doing.

She kept telling herself that.

It was easy.

When her orgasm came she was glad, not just for the physical and emotional and mental relief, but because it gave her an excuse to push the two of them away from her.

Hayley wasn't done yet and neither was Kirk. When her occasional lover gave her a kiss, Hayley took the opportunity to do so as well. It was a confusing tangle of limbs and organs and mouths, Jessa told herself.

She had trouble finding her voice as Hayley moved back down her body, barely pausing at her tits—which had mostly stopped leaking milk at this point but she could still feel they were partially full, which would be good for Jimmy—and then moving lower.

Jessa knew what Hayley was going to do. She should have said something. She should have said no.

She didn't.

Hayley moved herself between Jessa's legs and put her face into Jessa's pussy. Looking for help, Jessa turned her head to Kirk. He was already enthralled by what Hayley was doing. His cock was hard and his hand had started stroking his organ to greater size and firmness.

Just as Jessa was ready to call a stop to Hayley's cunnilingus, the talented brunette sucked on Jessa's clit and her words dissolved into a pleasant moan.

"Holy shit," Kirk exclaimed softly.

"You like that?" Hayley asked, briefly letting go of Jessa's clit and then licking her tongue over Jessa's pussy.

"Hell yes," he answered, not realizing that Hayley was addressing Jessa. It gave her reason to remain silent. It was one thing to remain silent on saying no; it would be going too far to admit to liking having another woman eating her out.

Hayley laughed and inserted a pair of fingers up into Jessa, curling them upward, looking for her g-spot. It had been too long since she had been with a woman; she had almost forgotten how much she liked lesbian sex.

"Why don't you fuck me then?" Hayley half asked and half invited Kirk. She spread her legs wide open, just to make obvious to him what she wanted.

"You sure?"

“Positive,” said Hayley.

Much to her dismay, Jessa found she needed more of Hayley’s attention. She took both her hands and pushed Hayley’s face back where it belonged. Hayley chuckled a little before sucking on the other woman’s clit. Jessa’s hips, of their own accord, started slowly rocking up and down, directing the action she needed.

Kirk, knowing this was never going to happen again his entire life, quickly moved behind Hayley. His cock was hard. Reaching between the apex of her thighs he discovered she was completely wet. Almost drenched.

While he would have been happy to climb on top of her and pin her to the bed, Hayley interpreted his touch to get up on her knees—never moving her mouth from Jessa’s pussy—and offer Kirk a more advantageous angle of entry.

Kneeling behind her, it was incredibly easy for him to slide into her. Hayley moaned in appreciation of being serviced while eating out Jessa. The married blonde woman closed her eyes and tried to banish the thought of what she was actually doing. She just focused on the sensations. There was nothing wrong with that.

Kirk knew he wasn’t going to last long. As much as he wanted this moment to last forever, it wasn’t going to happen. Jessa was already on the edge. There was no way for him to judge Hayley’s place in her rise to orgasm, so he just went for it and started fucking her as hard and fast as he could.

If he could have heard himself he might have slowed down; he was huffing and puffing with the exertion. The sound of his stomach and hips slamming into Hayley’s ass made it sound like he was a pimp bitch-slapping a particularly truculent whore.

When he came the strangled groan made it sound like he was dying.

That encouraged Hayley to suck harder on Jessa’s clit and pump her fingers wildly into the older woman’s wide-open pussy. Jessa came again. She knew she should have been embarrassed at cumming from being eaten out by a woman, but Hayley was truly the best she had ever had. Better than any of her boyfriends. Better than any of her illicit lovers. Better than Kirk. Better than Jimmy.

Hayley was laughing at the quivering, moaning, near-hysterical reaction from Jessa. “Did you like that?” she teasingly asked.

Jessa had. She didn’t want to admit it, but she had.

“I know she did.”

Jessa gasped; embarrassed that she had been caught. Kirk turned around and looked at the interloper, pulling his cock out of Hayley’s pussy. Looking over her shoulder Hayley spotted Jimmy who was lounging casually against the doorway. He was naked, his hard cock in hand, though it wasn’t obvious if he had been jerking off observing the scene or if he was just holding himself as he watched his lover plowed by another man while his wife was eating out to the best oral orgasm of her life.

“Hey Jimmy,” Hayley called out to him. She was the only one not worried at what had just gone on. “Did you like the show?”

“Yes.”

“Would you mind doing me a favor?”

“What?”

Hayley wiggled her hips, showing off her wet and used pussy. “Mind fucking me? These two already got to cum. I need my turn.” She paused and licked her lips. “Unless you want to fuck your wife first.”

“No, I can fuck her anytime I want. I want to fuck you.”

Kirk moved aside, more than happy to let Jimmy have a go at Hayley.

“Great. It’s been a while since anyone had sloppy seconds with me,” Hayley announced. It sounded like she was bragging.

“Just let me get up,” said Jessa.

Hayley was quick to wrap her arms around the blonde’s thighs. “You’re going nowhere, honey. Don’t you want to cum again? Don’t you want your husband to have a proper show of what a slut you are?”

Before Jessa could answer, Hayley ran her tongue along Jessa’s clit, making her quiver once again and forget whatever it was she was going to say.

There was no reason to protest now. Jimmy had seen her at her worst.

Or maybe it was her best.

Jimmy slipped his cock into Hayley’s hot pussy. She was still wet from her own amrita, but also from Kirk’s cum. If it disturbed him that Hayley was already full of another man's cum, he didn’t let it show.

Kirk backed up and let the trio do as they would. He was momentarily sated and was thrilled that Jimmy wasn’t angry with him for fucking Hayley and his wife this morning.

Grabbing her hips, Jimmy started pounding into Hayley just as enthusiastically as Kirk had been.

“Oh yeah baby. Do me just like that,” Hayley purred as Jimmy fucked her. Kirk couldn’t help himself and looked at the intersection of the pair’s genitals. Jimmy had an impressively sized cock, much thicker than Kirk’s, but he still easily slid into Hayley, not because she was a loose slut, but because she was so well lubricated after being fucked by Kirk.

Jessa’s eyes were clamped tightly shut. She was on the verge of cumming again, Kirk could see that. If he had had it in him, he would have started jerking off again, but after cumming twice in the morning, he was completely spent. He wasn’t sure why Jessa was holding back; he wanted her to cum. He wanted Hayley to cum.

He didn’t care if Jimmy came or not.

It was Hayley who was the first to go. She had to pull her face out of Jessa’s pussy and cried out as Jimmy spanked her ass several times which intensified her orgasm. She still had a pair of fingers in Jessa’s pussy and continued to frig her while she came. Once her orgasm had passed, Hayley found the other woman’s clit and sucked the whole of it into her mouth.

It was all too much for Jessa. She came. She came hard. While she had already cum several times that morning, she had been holding back and this time when

she came it was the hardest she had cum in possibly ever.

She drenched Hayley's face and hand in her amrita.

"Holy fucking shit!" Jimmy exclaimed right before he came, spurred on by her powerful climax.

While Jessa had supplied plenty of liquid from her tits to all her lovers on many occasions, she had never cum so hard that she had squirted. This was a first for her and she was humiliated at having done it.

"Oh shit! I peed!" she exclaimed, half crying with humiliation. "I didn't mean to do that."

"You didn't pee," Hayley said calmly while wiping away the excess of liquid from her face. "You just squirted. You never did that before?"

"What do you mean I squirted?"

"When you have a really good orgasm, some women squirt. It's not pee." She shoved her hand into Jessa's face. Jessa opened her mouth in surprise and Hayley put her fingers on her tongue.

What Jessa tasted definitely wasn't pee. It wasn't the familiar flavor of her pussy either. Maybe Hayley was right.

"That's fucking hot," Jimmy declared. Jessa looked to where he was staring and saw the huge wet stain she had left behind on the sheets.

Still embarrassed, and now having come to her senses, she realized that fucking three people in her bed wasn't the best plan in the world.

The problem was how to get them out of the house before she ran to the bathroom and hid in the shower to wash away her shame.

Even though one of the three was her husband, she would have been glad for Jimmy to leave as well. How had she done such things in front of him with Kirk? And Hayley. It was bad enough she fucked other men, but now a woman.

Luckily, Kirk came to her aid. "I'd better get going," he said, casting around for

his clothes. After two morning orgasms, he was done for a while. Even having two willing women in the bedroom with him wasn't enough of an incentive to make him want to stick around.

With some relief, Jessa slid out of the bed and helped him. She also gathered up whatever Hayley had dropped and made a little pile for her as well.

Without wanting to seem rude, Jessa made the decision to all but run away. "I need a shower. Don't wait for me." Grabbing her robe she all but ran to the bathroom, closed the door and turned on the water, letting the world melt away as the warm water flowed down over her body.

She didn't know what to expect and didn't want to have to face the others.

Lost in the luxuriating warmth of the water, she didn't hear the door open.

"You okay honey?"

She was relieved it was Jimmy, but why was he coming into the bathroom when she wanted to be left alone?

"I'm fine," she lied.

"You're a terrible liar," he said.

She wanted to laugh at him. She was an excellent liar. She had had more lovers since they had been married than she could count. It was just at this moment that she wasn't able to focus and plan her lies.

"I'm freaked out about what just happened," she admitted. It was a safe way to go because it was obvious she had been freaked out.

"Well, they both left, so you can calm down a little." Jimmy slid the frosted glass shower door to the side and stuck his head in to look at her. Their bathroom wasn't huge, but it was one of the major luxuries of their house. The shower was big enough to accommodate the both of them and maybe a third body if they wanted to get really close together. Supposedly the previous owners had it remodeled for a family member who needed assistance with daily living. Jessa didn't care about that; she loved how it was easy to fuck in the shower when they wanted.

“Were they angry?” she asked. She was in the process of shampooing her hair because she didn’t want to just stand in the water like she was an invalid or had had a psychotic break.

“No. I think they knew we were done and needed some alone time.” Even though he hadn’t been invited he moved all the way into the shower. He was still naked. Jessa wanted to kick him out of the bathroom but at the same time she just wanted to hold him and cry.

She took the second option.

The tears didn’t come right away, but the sobs did. Jimmy wasn’t exactly sure why she was crying, but he didn’t bother asking. Sometimes it was his job just to be there.

It took a minute but eventually the sobs abated. Jessa was glad the water was spraying all over the place because it washed away the tears.

“Feeling better?” he asked her.

“I’m so sorry!”

“For what? Crying? You don’t have to apologize for that.”

“For peeing in front of you. For fucking Kirk and Hayley. For...for everything.”

“Honey?”

“Yeah?”

“You don’t have to apologize for fucking Kirk and Hayley. Especially Hayley. Watching you fuck her was incredible. You can do that any time you want.”

She laughed. Her laughter was mixed with sobs. She was borderline hysterical and she didn’t like the feeling. “You don’t really mean that.”

“What if I do?” he asked her, pulling her chin up from his chest and kissing her on the lips. The water was hitting her on the back of the head which served to get rid of the shampoo. Jimmy went so far as to wipe the remaining bits of suds from her forehead and temples.

“You’re crazy. You’re just trying to make me feel better.”

He kissed her again. “This was my idea too, remember. And I was there fucking Hayley as well.”

“But you didn’t have Kirk suck your cock.”

“Well...no…but I’m not faulting you for anything you did.”

“Even when I peed on the bed?” She was still embarrassed and put her face against his chest again.

“It wasn’t piss. It was girl cum.”

“Right…”

“But even if you did pee the bed, I don’t care.”

Jessa pushed her good luck and her forgiving husband. “Would you care if I came home with my panties full of cum because I had just fucked some random guy?”

“Umm...do I have to answer that?”

“Yes!”

“Would you be upset if I came home after fucking some other woman?”

Jessa gasped and tried to get a handle on her emotions. How would she feel? She had seen Jimmy fucking Hayley and, in the moment, had been fine with it. Would she rather know about Jimmy fucking other women or would she rather he just keep it a secret?

“I’d be upset,” she admitted. “But...but I could live with it. I’d want to know why you are fucking other women, though.”

“Would variety and thrill be enough of a reason?”

She didn’t know what she would want to hear. “I don’t know. Maybe I want you where I can see you when you’re cheating.”

“Is it cheating if you know about it?”

“You’re avoiding the question!”

“Okay, then...we don’t have sex with other people unless we bring them home and do it in front of each other?”

Jessa was surprised at how appealing that sounded to her. No more cheating and she would still have the thrill of fucking other men...but she wanted more and wanted to control Jimmy at the same time.

“What if...what if we gave each other permission to fuck other people, but we’d have to tell about it afterwards?”

“Like...in detail?”

“No. Well, maybe. I don’t know. Okay, what I’m trying to say is if we decide to fuck someone else, it can’t be a secret.”

“Do we need permission before the act?”

Jessa wasn’t sure why Jimmy was asking, but she was glad that he was.

“Okay, how about this? We give permission for a certain person, but we have to tell before if we’re going to fuck someone else. If that’s not possible, you need to fess up as soon as possible.”

He grinned down at her. “Is this something that is turning you on?”

There was no way she was going to admit her cheating kink to him. Already she had plans to fuck Kirk—and maybe other men—and then come home and tell him. It was only honest to do it that way.

“No. Maybe. You know what gets me turned on, don’t you?” She grabbed his wrists and dragged one to her breast and the other to her pussy.

“I sure do,” he said as he slipped a pair of fingers between her nether lips and squeezed her breast. Normally that would have forced out some milk, but after being sucked on by both Kirk and Hayley, she was temporarily dry. “But are you getting turned on thinking about fucking other people?”

“Uh-huh,” she admitted as his fingers slowly thrusted in and out of her. “You?”

“I’m going to fuck Hayley again,” he told her. “And then I’m going to come home and tell you all about it and then I’m going to fuck you. What do you think about that?”

She cried out softly into his chest as she reached a little peak of orgasm. “I can’t wait for it to happen.”

Chapter Fourteen

Their plans came together rather easily. Both Jimmy and Jessa wanted to fuck Kirk and Hayley again. They both carefully concealed from the other their previous relationships, but both had suspicions about their partners. The two completely bought into the concept that a marriage was a story written and believed in by two people. It was Wednesday night that they agreed they would go to their secondary partners' places for some pre-approved extramarital sex.

Jessa was all over Kirk the moment he opened his apartment door. She didn't bother taking off her clothes but aggressively stripped him. It was her pleasure to go down on her knees in front of him and take his cock into her mouth, sucking it eagerly, greedily. It was the most guilt-free sex she had ever had.

And then he pushed her back off his cock.

"What's the matter? Don't you want to?" Jessa was upset.

"Um...I need to get my shoes off," he said. "And my pants before I trip and fall."

She looked down between his feet and saw he was trapped. Doing what was right, she helped him remove his pants. Having him naked in front of her while she was still fully dressed gave her another thrill. Her tits were aching to be sucked and she wanted to share her milk with him, but at the same time, she liked the feeling of power their situation gave her.

She grabbed his cock and stroked it as she remained on her knees. "Do you know what I'm going to tell my husband what I was doing tonight?"

Kirk shook his head.

"I'm going to tell him I was fucking you." She grinned triumphantly up at him before putting his cock back into her mouth and sucking again.

"Is that…is that a good idea," he gasped out and pushed her away from him again. "I don't want to cum in your mouth."

"Why not?" she pouted. "I'm going to make you cum at least twice tonight. I'm going home to Jimmy with my panties full of your cum."

"That's not a good idea," he said, not believing he was turning down sex with

her.

“Sure it is. We talked it over and I can fuck you whenever I want.” She paused and thought for a moment. “And he can fuck Hayley whenever he wants. Do you want to fuck Hayley again?”

“No! I’m not going to fuck that crazy bitch again!”

“Why not?”

“She’s fucking crazy!” Even though his argument was a syllogism, it was a solid argument. “Can we stop talking now? I just want to fuck you.”

She shook her head at him. “No. You need to drain my tits first.”

“Okay,” he readily agreed. While it was still more than just a little bit strange to him that he was fucking a woman who had tits full of milk and liked to share it with her husband and her lovers, he had thrown himself into it.

Her milk—and presumably the milk of every lactating woman—was warm and sweet and seemingly addictive. While Kirk knew there was no way that breast milk could be physically addictive—it was just food, after all—he was starting to believe that it was psychologically addictive. He looked forward to sucking her tits and drinking her milk almost as much as, maybe even more than, fucking her.

And he knew that was fucked up.

Jessa got up to her feet and slipped off her blouse. There was no way for the big-breasted woman to walk around in public without wearing a bra, not if she didn’t want to pretend to have a modicum of modesty. The bra she was wearing today was rather plain and utilitarian. She wasn’t dressing up in fancy lingerie to seduce him; their relationship was all about sex now, not romance.

Unslinging it from her body, she revealed her tits. Or at least she revealed one of them. A breast pad clung to one nipple. She had been leaking enough milk to lightly adhere it to her skin. Kirk plucked it from her breast.

“Sorry about that,” she said.

“You don’t need to apologize,” he said as he lightly caressed her tits. They weren’t leaking milk. Not yet. It wouldn’t take much. Some simple caresses. Some squeezing of her breasts and tweaks of the nipples. All he might need is a kiss if she was horny enough.

Jessa trembled lightly at his touch. “Are you just going to mess around?” she asked frustrated.

“Maybe. Maybe I want to play with your tits and see you cum before we move on.”

“I want you to drain my tits,” she requested again. Her eyes were closed and she was shaking ever so lightly.

“Why?”

“I want to go home to Jimmy with empty tits and a full pussy.”

“Pussy full of what?” he asked.

“A pussy full of cum. Your cum,” she moaned.

That made him squeeze her tits. Not hard, but just hard enough. She was turned on, that was obvious. It didn’t take much beyond that.

Little fountains of milk erupted from both her nipples. Streams of the translucent white liquid sprayed all over the place. Some got on Kirk’s hands and arms, a bit reached his chest. Most of it fell to the floor and soaked the carpet.

Jessa moaned. It wasn’t enough to make her cum, it was damn close. He was certain that the only thing keeping her upright was his hands on her tits.

“Please,” she begged.

He grabbed her, which was a slight difficulty because his cock was still hard, and forced her down to the couch. She didn't fight him; she couldn’t. She wanted to be used as much as he needed to feast upon her.

There was a small struggle as he latched his mouth onto one nipple and started sucking. She moaned in relief as the milk flooded out and filled his mouth. Her

hand reached for her other nipple to pinch it and prevent more milk from leaking out; it had continued to spray milk as Kirk began his nursing, but Kirk's hand was already there.

He pinched harder than necessary. At first she hated what he was doing, and then it felt wonderful. He twisted the nipple and she gasped. Unable to help herself, she thrusted her hand down inside her jeans and panties just to run her finger along her clit.

Her panties were soaked, not from her milk but from her amrita. It was infuriating and frustrating at the same time because she couldn't get her hand where she needed it to truly masturbate.

It was hard to concentrate, but she pulled her hand back out of her jeans and hastily undid the button and yanked down the zipper. That gave her just enough space to get her hand into her panties.

But it was already too late. Kirk pinching and sucking was enough. She came. She didn't want to cum so quickly, but there were certain needs her body had and she couldn't do anything about it.

"Fuck!" she screamed as the orgasm tore through her.

Kirk backed off but didn't let go of the nipple he was pinching. "Did you just cum?"

"Yes…" she admitted with a bit of shame.

"Fucking slut!" He switched breasts and started nursing on her again.

Jessa moaned. It was almost too much. She pulled her hand back out of her panties—again—and shimmied them over her hips and down her legs. She had already kicked off her shoes. Kirk wasn't helping at all so it was a struggle to get naked, but once she did she was much happier.

Kirk's cock was still hard and she could feel the precum oozing out of the little slit in the head.

"I need you in me," she whispered.

“I need your milk,” he replied, taking a quick breath before going back and sucking harder.

His nursing actually hurt. He was going to leave a bruise. That was fine with her. Jimmy knew what she was up to. She was going to come home to him with drained and bruised tits and a pussy full of cum.

She was the perfect slutty wife.

And then Kirk’s cock penetrated her and she gasped as he opened her up and delved into where only her husband should have been.

It was a struggle, but Jimmy was stronger than Hayley and he had his experience as a high school wrestler. At first Hayley thought he was just playing around with her, teasing her. She had gotten out her bondage cuffs and was ready to tie him up when he walked through the door of her apartment.

He had gone along willingly enough...until they got to the bedroom and suddenly he was putting the cuffs on her.

“Wait. No. You’ve got it backwards,” she told him, half laughing and half truly protesting.

“No. It’s your turn to get tied up. I’m going to fuck you so hard that you’re going to regret letting me use my fat cock.”

There was precious little she could do. It wasn’t like Hayley hadn’t been tied up before; it was just that she preferred to be the one who was in charge. He got the wrist cuffs on easily enough and hooked them to the bed. She struggled as he undressed her from the waist down before sitting on her legs and putting on the ankle cuffs.

“Okay,” she said firmly. “Enough. You’ve had your fun.”

Jimmy shook his head. “I haven’t gotten my cock inside you yet, so I haven’t had my fun.”

Hayley struggled and then realized there was no easy way for her to slip off the cuffs. Worse, they hadn't established a safeword. While she was figuring this out, Jimmy had gone to her box of toys and found what he wanted. He had seen it in the box before. The ball gag wouldn't completely silence her, but it would muffle her cries enough to stop the neighbors for worrying.

"Wait! No! You can't use that on me!" she said when she saw what he had in his hand.

Jimmy didn't listen to her. He knew what he wanted. Hayley struggled but it was wasted effort. He was bigger and stronger and she was already tied up.

Once the ball gag was between her teeth and buckled behind her head, he pulled up her shirt to reveal she wasn't wearing a bra. He pinched a nipple.

She made a noise of protest, but he just grinned.

"I don't want to fuck you like this," he said. Her legs were still free, but she was face up on the bed, her arms straight out at her sides, almost spread-eagled. It took him some effort because she fought with all her might, which wasn't much, but eventually he got her flipped over so she was no face down with her arms restrained with the cuffs hooked to the bolts in her bed frame.

From there it was easy to hook the ankle cuffs to the bolts as well.

Finally, Hayley just gave in. He was going to fuck her. She wanted to be fucked. This wasn't exactly how she wanted to be fucked, but she had been fucked plenty of times in her life in ways she didn't like.

She wanted to be fucked by Jimmy, she just liked to ride on top of him and be in charge. She wasn't going to get to do that tonight.

"You've already given me a workout, girl," said Jimmy as he started stripping off his clothes. She turned her head to look at him and shrugged her shoulders as much as she could to let him know that she didn't care. She wasn't going to admit to him that the wrestling match had gotten her pussy wet. She was glad to see that it had gotten his cock hard because there was no way for her to blow him with the gag in or give him a handy with the cuffs on.

She liked looking at Jimmy's thick, hard cock. It would be nice to get it into her

pussy. Once he fucked her and was temporarily sated, he would release her and then she'd be back in charge.

He smacked her ass and she cried out as much as was possible behind the ball gag. Again, she didn't mind a nice warm-up spanking for sex, but it wasn't her thing.

Jimmy grabbed a pillow and shoved it under her hips, raising up the angle of her ass. She knew she'd have to wash the sheets and pillowcases when they were done, but it would be worth it.

"Do you have any lube?" asked Jimmy as he briefly rummaged through her box of toys and bondage equipment.

The question puzzled her. She knew she was wet enough.

"Ah. Here we are. Classic KY. Perfect." He smeared some on his cock and then knelt on the bed between her legs. She couldn't see him without painfully turning her head so she just rested her cheek on the mattress and waited for him to get on with it.

His hand went to the apex of her thighs. A moment later he'd realize the lube was unnecessary.

But then Hayley realized he wasn't putting it on her pussy. He was higher up. His fingers were probing at her asshole. She tensed up and violently began shaking her head back and forth. The words she tried to form were unintelligible, but it was obvious to anyone that she was telling him no. She didn't want this.

"Shh, shh, honey. Settle down. I'm just going to fuck your ass."

She tried to say No! But the word was unclear. Still he knew she didn't want this.

"I fuck my wife in the ass; she loves it. You'll learn to like it. I know you had a traumatic start to anal sex, but a little training and you'll be fine. I'm more of a breast man myself—God I love Jessa's tits and milk!—but you have small tits and no milk."

He paused. His index finger was pressingly lightly on her anus. She was already clenched up in an effort to deny him entry. She didn't want to get fucked in the

ass.

“Tell you what. I’ll give you a choice. I can either fuck you in the ass and we’ll have that be a part of our usual sex. Or...or if you want, we can start training your tits to get you to lactate. Which is it going to be? Hmm?”

He pressed his finger harder into her. Her tight pucker resisted just a little, but he was stronger and the lube gave him the advantage.

His digit slipped inside her where he shouldn’t be. He was up to the first knuckle and Hayley inhaled sharply.

It wasn’t good or bad. It made her feel things she didn’t want to feel.

She didn’t know how to answer his question.

Chapter Fifteen

It was late when Jimmy got home. Jessa was already in bed. Her tits were sore, but not because they were full of milk. They were completely drained. Kirk hadn’t left a single drop of milk for him.

That was fine. He was too exhausted anyway.

For her part Jessa didn’t want to have sex with her husband. Kirk hadn't just drained her tits of milk; he had literally fucked the lust out of her.

At least for this night. Tomorrow was another matter.

“You’re home late,” Jessa commented when Jimmy all but staggered into the bedroom.

“Fucking Hayley is exhausting,” he said as he stripped off his clothes and got in bed with her. He knew he should have showered, but he couldn’t be bothered.

“Are you using ‘fucking’ as a verb or an adjective?”

It took Jimmy a minute to understand what she was asking.

“Verb.” He thought a bit more. “Both.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?” She wanted to tell him that her tits were empty of milk, and her pussy was full of Kirk’s cum—or was mostly full of his cum—and still she wanted to know more about his time with Hayley.

Who would have known that having outside partners would make their sex lives and marriage better?

“Yeah. Did I tell you that she likes bondage?”

“No! Do tell!”

“She likes bondage.”

Jessa was nonplussed. “I was hoping for a bit more detail.”

“She likes to tie her partners up.”

“Kinky fun. Did you enjoy that? Getting tied up?”

Jimmy thought about her question. It would be so easy to lie. He didn’t want to lie because it got so fucking confusing. “I tied her up.”

“Really?”

“Yeah…”

“Did you like doing that to her?”

“Sort of…”

“Go on…”

“I really wanted to fuck her in the ass,” he said, telling a half-truth.

“Did you?” Jessa was intrigued and a bit aroused. While Hayley had projected the image of a slut who would try anything, she got the impression that the younger woman was just bragging and trying to be bolder than she actually was.

“Yeah. I did.” He wasn’t able to control his voice like he wanted. The room was dark enough that Jessa couldn’t see the expression on his face, but he sounded almost sad.

“Did she like it?” Jessa asked cautiously.

“She didn’t want to, but I think she did.” He managed to say this, but his voice was cracking. “I gave her a choice.”

“What choice?”

“To be fucked in the ass or to start training her tits to give milk.”

“And what did she choose?” Jessa asked nervously. She already knew the answer; she was just worried about what Jimmy had done to get to the result.

“To be fucked in the ass. She chose it.”

“Well, that’s something.”

“I’ve fucked her before,” he suddenly admitted. “Not in the ass. Normal sex. But we...I cheated on you.”

“I know,” she said softly.

“She’s tied me up and rode my cock and loved it and this time I tied her down and fucked her in the ass.”

“She loved nursing from me,” said Jessa, dodging the more awkward part of his confession. “I’m surprised she didn’t want to try it.” She cupped her tits and massaged them a little, trying to force out some more milk. There was nothing there. Kirk had drained every drop and they hadn’t had time enough to produce more.

“I think she wanted to have a relationship with you,” he speculated. “Girl on girl stuff and your milk too.”

“I...well...maybe…”

“I wanted to fuck her in the ass,” he admitted. “I hope you aren’t angry about it because that was something we shared that was special.”

“It’s fine,” she said and realized that it was. She was fine with knowing her husband had fucked another woman—had cheated on her—and had fucked that other woman in the ass. “I mean, we’re just married. I don’t get to tell you what you can and can’t do.”

Wiping away tears that she couldn’t see in the dark, Jimmy asked, “How did it go with Kirk tonight?”

“He completely drained my tits and fucked me.” She grabbed Jimmy’s hand and brought it down to her pussy, tucking his fingers into her panties. He could feel her wetness...or was it Kirk’s cum? “Does that bother you?”

“No...I saw him fucking you last weekend.”

“But now I fucked him alone.”

“I know. I fucked Hayley alone.”

“I like this,” she said, kissing Jimmy. “I like cheating on you and you knowing it and you liking it.”

His fingers went further up into her pussy. His thumb rubbed her clit while his fingers curled forward, looking for that little hidden spot that would make her tremble.

“You’re a slut,” he said, trying out the word on her.

“I know,” she moaned. “Are you going to fuck Hayley again?”

He chuckled and kissed her throat. “She’s fucking crazy. No. I don’t think so. Not after what I did to her.” He kissed Jessa’s lips now. “Are you going to fuck Kirk again?”

“Uh-huh,” she quickly admitted and threw all caution to the wind. “I’m going to fuck him again. I’ve been fucking him.”

“Been fucking him?”

She nodded, her eyes wide open. She couldn’t see his gaze in the dark bedroom, but she wanted to be honest now. “Uh-huh. I’ve been cheating on you.”

“You are a slut!”

“Uh-huh.”

“You like cheating on me?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Are you going to fuck Kirk again?” he asked again.

The answer was easy. “Uh-huh. And I’m going to find someone else to cheat on you with,” she admitted. “I’m not going to tell you until after the fact.”

Jimmy crawled on top of her, his cock found her greedy opening. “I wouldn’t expect any less of you.”

End

Preview

The Urge 3

“I can’t believe you wanted me to leave Evan at home,” Morgan said when Jerry answered the door and ushered her inside. “He’s disappointed he’s not going to get laid tonight.” She greeted Yolanda in the kitchen with a peck on the cheek.

“I thought he never got laid,” Yolanda answered her with an eager smile.

Morgan laughed. “That’s not true. He gets laid whenever I want him to.”

“When was the last time that happened?” Jerry asked.

“I pegged him yesterday,” she said, unable to contain a grin from spreading across her face.

“But it that really getting laid?”

“It is for me,” Morgan chuckled again.

The women shared a laugh while Jerry looked on nervously.

Noticing his trepidation, Morgan gave him a wink. “Don’t worry, Jerry. I won’t try to coax you into wearing a chastity cage.”

Jerry glanced at his wife and she tried to keep her face neutral, but failed. “You told her?” he asked. “You actually asked for advice?”

“Don’t worry about it,” replied Yolanda, trying to brush off his concern

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked, angry now. It was the response of a teenage girl who was desperately trying to avoid confronting a part of her personality that was emerging and she didn’t want to face it or show the world who she actually was.

“It means that she’s curious and excited by keeping her male partner in chastity,” said Morgan, “but she doesn’t know exactly how to go about doing it.”

“I’m not going to do it,” Jerry said flatly.

“No one is asking you to,” Morgan said, annoyed at her friend and how the conversation had gone off the rails right away. “Look, I came over here to get laid and laugh about how I left my husband at home, in his cock cage, suffering for me. Are you two going to destroy all my fun?”

“No,” said Jerry quickly.

Yolanda gave him a quick look before nodding her head. “Of course not.”

“Good,” Morgan said with a deep breath and moving closer to Yolanda. “You said that Jerry was going to watch us?”

“Yes…” Now that the moment was here, she was nervous when she didn’t have any real need to be nervous. Whatever was going to happen, was exactly what she and Jerry wanted. At least, that’s how the discussion had gone before Morgan arrived.

Her tentative answer made Morgan look askance at her. “Is it or isn’t it?”

“I might have hinted that he was going to be given permission to join in...if that’s all right with you…”

Morgan once again laughed. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Maybe you came over just for me?” she said in a small voice.

“Sure, you can believe that if you want,” Morgan replied and gave Jerry a wink before she moved into close to Yolanda and kissed her.

It wasn’t a friendly peck on the cheek. It was so much more. They kissed like lovers because they were lovers, they had shared a bed and they had shared husbands. It wasn’t possible to get much more intimate.

Jerry watched as the two kissed. They tilted their heads back and forth. He could just see Yolanda open up her lips and accept Morgan’s tongue into her mouth.

The two women pressed up against each other. Morgan's large breasts crushed into Yolanda's nearly flat tits. Their arms went around each other and Jerry moved to the side just enough to see Morgan slide her hands down over Yolanda's trim ass.

It was Yolanda who broke the kiss. "Okay, wow. This is going pretty fast."

Morgan looked at her innocently. "All we've done is kiss and I've grabbed your ass. I went further on my first date in eighth grade."

"Huh. You've always been a slut then, haven't you?" Yolanda asked boldly.

Morgan nodded her head. "Pretty much. Want to go to the bedroom and we can go down on each other while your husband jerks off in the corner?"

"Hey!" Jerry protested but they ignored him.

"Yes."

The two women giggled and Yolanda grabbed her friend's hand to pull her to the bedroom.

Jerry gave them a little space and then followed. He was certain that, for Morgan at least, having sex in front of an audience, even an audience of one, was part of the thrill. He wouldn't have been surprised if she and Evan had streamed their sessions in bed on the internet. There was plenty of kink to go around on all the strange, secret corners of the digital world.

By the time he got to the bedroom, the women were on the bed and Yolanda's top was off, along with her bra. Jerry tried to remember if his wife had even bothered putting one on. They knew that Morgan was coming over and they were going to have sex and with her small tits a bra wasn't entirely necessary…

Settling into a chair where he had a good view of the both of them, he watched as Morgan continued her slow descent on Yolanda's body. She was adept at unbuttoning Yolanda's pants and together they slid off the lithe woman's bottoms and panties. While Yolanda wasn't shy, Jerry was still blown away at how eagerly she got naked for a woman—not even a man, a woman!—and opened up her legs to let Morgan dive between them.

He was used to hearing about her fuck other men. He had dreamed about watching her fuck other men, but to see her with another woman—again!—made him consider himself the luckiest man alive.

Yolanda let out a moan as Morgan pushed her tongue into her pussy. Her knees went up and she let out a deep sigh of relief. Jerry was amazed at how the two of them just settled into oral sex right away. Any sex right away. He knew his wife was a slut and Morgan had to be as well, but to actually see it happening in front of his face was amazing, even after having witnessed it before

They were ignoring him, which was fine. He wanted a show. Yolanda placed her hand gently on the top of Morgan's head, guiding her lesbian lover to the exact spot in her pussy that needed attention. Judging from the moans and gasps escaping Yolanda's lips, Morgan hadn't forgotten anything about how to eat pussy and more importantly, how to eat Yolanda's pussy. Jerry knew it was the truth that Morgan was making his wife approach climax quicker than he ever had. He wasn't embarrassed about it. He figured that Morgan just knew what she was doing. And maybe, just maybe, the wrongness of the situation—Yolanda having sex with a woman—was a stronger turn-on because it was forbidden made the sex better.

What could Jerry do to make sex between him and his wife just as forbidden?

The strange thing about the situation, as if there wasn't anything about the situation that wasn't strange, was that Morgan was completely clothed. Only Yolanda was naked and she didn't seem to mind. Hell, Jerry was pretty sure she didn't even notice she was the only one in the room unclothed.

From where he was sitting he couldn't see everything that Morgan was doing, but it was perfect judging from the noises Yolanda was making. He wasn't going to interrupt them by moving closer or telling that what to do. He knew that if he behaved himself he'd get to do this again.

Abruptly Yolanda locked her knees around Morgan's head and her body started jerking. It looked painful, but Jerry recognized the signs of orgasm in his wife. Normally she didn't climax so powerfully from simple cunnilingus—she usually needed a good pounding or a strong vibrator for her body to shake like that—but this was an unusual circumstance. She all but screamed and rubbed her pussy in Morgan's face. Jerry couldn't tell if that delighted Morgan or not, but the other

woman wasn’t complaining.

When it was over, Yolanda relaxed with a long, drawn out moan and let her legs flop to the bed. Morgan looked up at Jerry. Her face was wet with Yolanda’s pussy juices. A smug smile was on her face. She kissed the peak of Yolanda’s mons. “Was it good for you?” she asked.

Yolanda smiled happily. “It was great.”

“Do you need a cock?” she asked after another light kiss was planted on her swollen clit. Morgan gave Jerry a surreptitious look before she locked eyes with her lover.

“No.”

“No never or no not yet?” Morgan asked.

“No...I want to eat your pussy first.”

Jerry’s cock had been hard inside his pants the entire time he had witnessed his wife being eaten out by Morgan. It should have been impossible for it to get harder.

It got harder. His pants were uncomfortably tight.

“Think you can make me cum?” Morgan asked.

“I know I can make you cum.”

“Okay then.” Morgan sat up and started taking off her clothes. Yolanda shifted around on the bed and gave Jerry a clandestine wink. It happened so quickly he wasn't sure if it actually happened or not. What exactly did his wife mean by it? Was she enjoying sex with Morgan more than she enjoyed it with him? With other men? With Evan even though Morgan’s husband hadn’t gotten his cock into her yet.

Yolanda didn’t let Morgan undress completely on her own. She pushed the other woman over onto her back and got between her legs. Her bra and panties were still on. Yolanda didn’t bother with subtle kisses or seductive licks and caresses. She went right for Morgan’s panties, grabbing the elastic waistband between her

teeth and drawing the downward.

Morgan helped with the process. Jerry couldn't help but crane his neck so that he could observe the other woman's bald pussy come into view. Once she was bared, the two of the worked together to get her panties all the way off and then without any hesitation, Yolanda moved between her lover's legs and buried her face between Morgan's thick thighs, directly into her pussy.

If Yolanda wasn't a natural at eating pussy, she must have learned a lot from the one other time she had had sex with Morgan. Or maybe she had been reading a lot of pointers. Or maybe women just knew how to eat pussy and please another woman because it was inborn for them. If nothing else, Morgan was enjoying the attention that Yolanda was pouring on her, but she wasn't completely swept away by the moment.

Turning her head she looked at Jerry while Yolanda continued to lave and suck at her pussy. "Why don't you get your cock out and jerk off?" she asked him.

Jerry didn't know what to think. Or do. Yolanda kept working at Morgan's pussy.

Morgan kept staring at Jerry, waiting patiently at first, but at the same time she was distracted by Yolanda's busy tongue.

"Well?" she prompted him. "I like seeing men's big cocks."

"Do you like to watch men jerking off?" Jerry asked her as he slowly lowered his zipper and started to pull out his cock.

"I prefer to watch them fucking women with their cocks."

Jerry looked at his now exposed and hard cock. He then looked over at his wife on her knees and elbows, her ass in the air, her pussy left moist by Morgan's busy mouth and her own natural lubrication. Did Morgan want him to fuck Yolanda while his wife was proving her cunnilingus skills?"

"Do you want me to fuck her?" he asked. Jerry wanted to fuck either of them. HE wasn't picky. He would do whatever Morgan wanted. He knew that. He knew he could have walked away, but he didn't. If at that moment she had asked him to put on a cock cage so she could control his prick he would have willingly

done so, even with his raging hard on that would have prevented the application of a cage, but still.

He eagerly awaited her permission to fuck his wife. “No, not yet,” said Morgan as she settled back onto the pillow and opened her legs a little wider to let Jerry have a view of his wife eating out Morgan’s pussy. “Maybe not at all tonight.”

Jerry stopped moving his hand on his cock. He hadn’t even realized he was jerking off.

“Don’t stop!” Morgan barked at him. It might have been understandable that she was ordering Yolanda to continue on, but the lithe woman hadn’t lost any focus from her descent into lesbianism. Besides, Morgan was glaring directly at Jerry.

He started moving his hand again. She smiled at him and nodded before closing her eyes to focus on Yolanda’s tongue.

It was a difficult thing to do to masturbate without cumming. Jerry had jerked off to plenty of lesbian porn scenes and this was his opportunity to do in in real life. He would just have to keep edging himself until Morgan gave him permission to do something else.

From his position at the edge of the chair he had a good view of Morgan’s pussy and his wife’s face. Either Yolanda wasn’t confident in her pussy-licking skills or she was just more interested in manual manipulation than Jerry. She had inserted a pair of her fingers into Morgan’s pussy and was actively working them in and out as she tongued and licked Morgan’s clit.

At some point as Jerry continued to jerk off while watching them, Yolanda ran out of stamina and abruptly pulled back in frustration. “I’m sorry,” she apologized. “My arms are too tired. And my tongue too. And neck.”

“Fuck!” Morgan cursed. “I was almost there.”

“Want me to lend a hand?” Jerry offered.

The two women looked at him as if he were intruding on a private conversation.

“What do you think?” Yolanda asked Morgan.

The curvy woman looked at Jerry with his cock out and lust dripping from his eyes. “Can you make a woman squirt?” she asked him.

“Of course,” he said with a little too much confidence.

Morgan nodded. She was on edge and needed to be finished off. It didn’t matter how it happened in the end, she just needed to cum however it could be provided.

Sliding over to the bed, he took a position next to Morgan’s right leg and put his right hand to her pussy. It was wet and very hot. She was right on the edge, he judged, and it wouldn’t take much to push her to the limit. It was easy to push his middle and ring finger into her pussy.

Morgan moaned. “Mmm...okay, I like men’s hands better.” Her eyes opened up and she looked directly at Yolanda. “Bigger fingers.”

“Uh-huh,” Yolanda acknowledged and watched her husband as he got to work on her lover.

He didn’t go after her like a jackhammer, but it was damn close. The way he moved his arm rapidly, forcing his fingers in and out of Morgan’s quim, it caused his palm and outer fingers to slap against her vulva. The slaps sounded painful, but Morgan didn’t complain. If anything, she let out a little cry of passion with each impact. The slaps were wet; Yolanda could sense Morgan’s juices being splashed around as Jerry continued to frig her. Unable to use her hand or mouth on Morgan, Yolanda knelt up and kissed her husband, which he happily returned. If Morgan saw what they were doing, she didn’t complain or compliment; she merely moaned louder as Jerry continued to work her.

The orgasm she had was short and sharp and surprised even Morgan when she squirted enough to soak the sheet between her legs. Jerry’s hand was left dripping and Yolanda was impressed with what her husband had done. She couldn’t help herself and reached down to wipe up some of the liquid that had gushed forth from Morgan’s pussy. Her skin was glistening from her orgasm. The girl-cum was almost sweet, which confused Yolanda, but it didn’t stop her from greedily sucking her fingers.

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