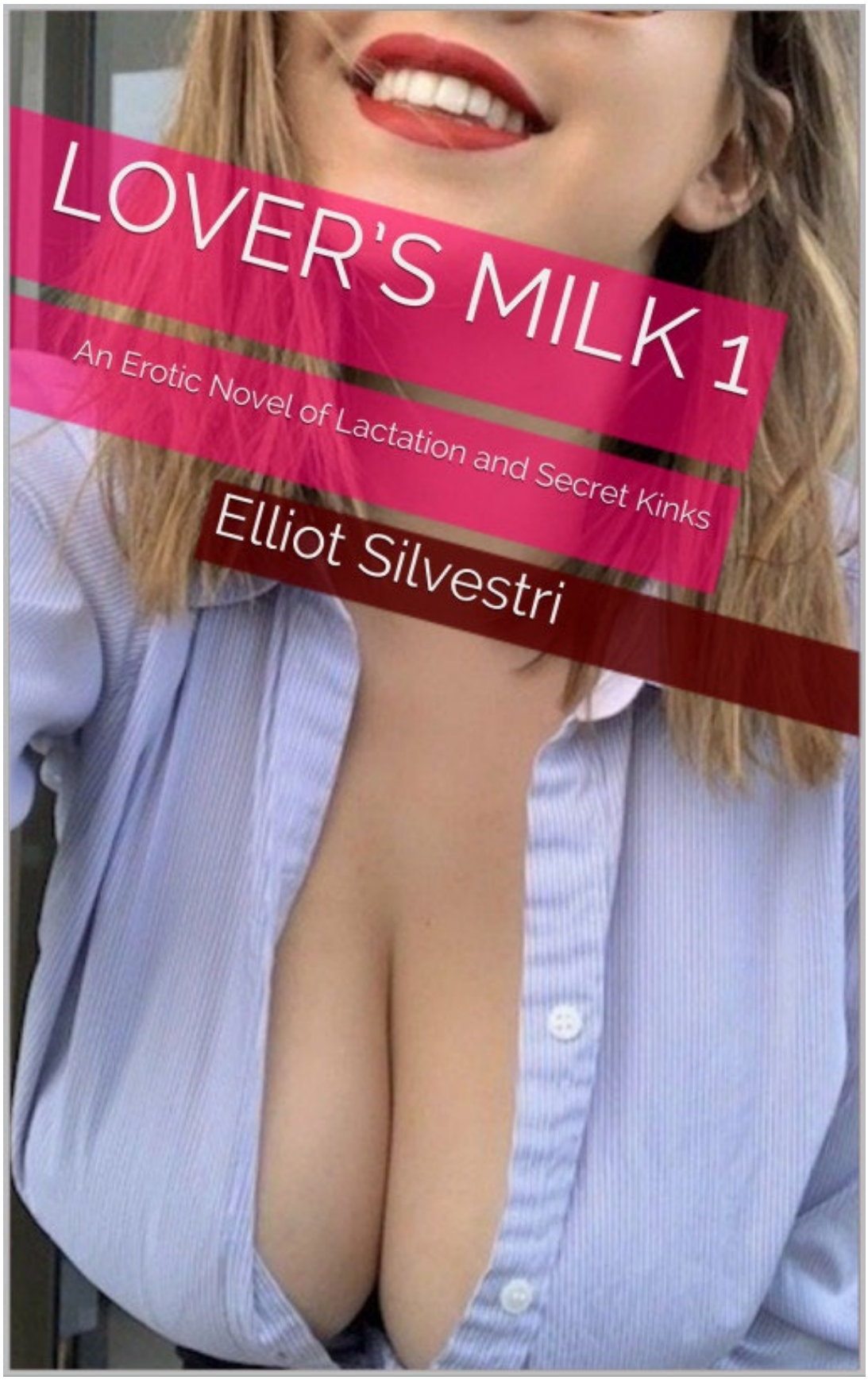
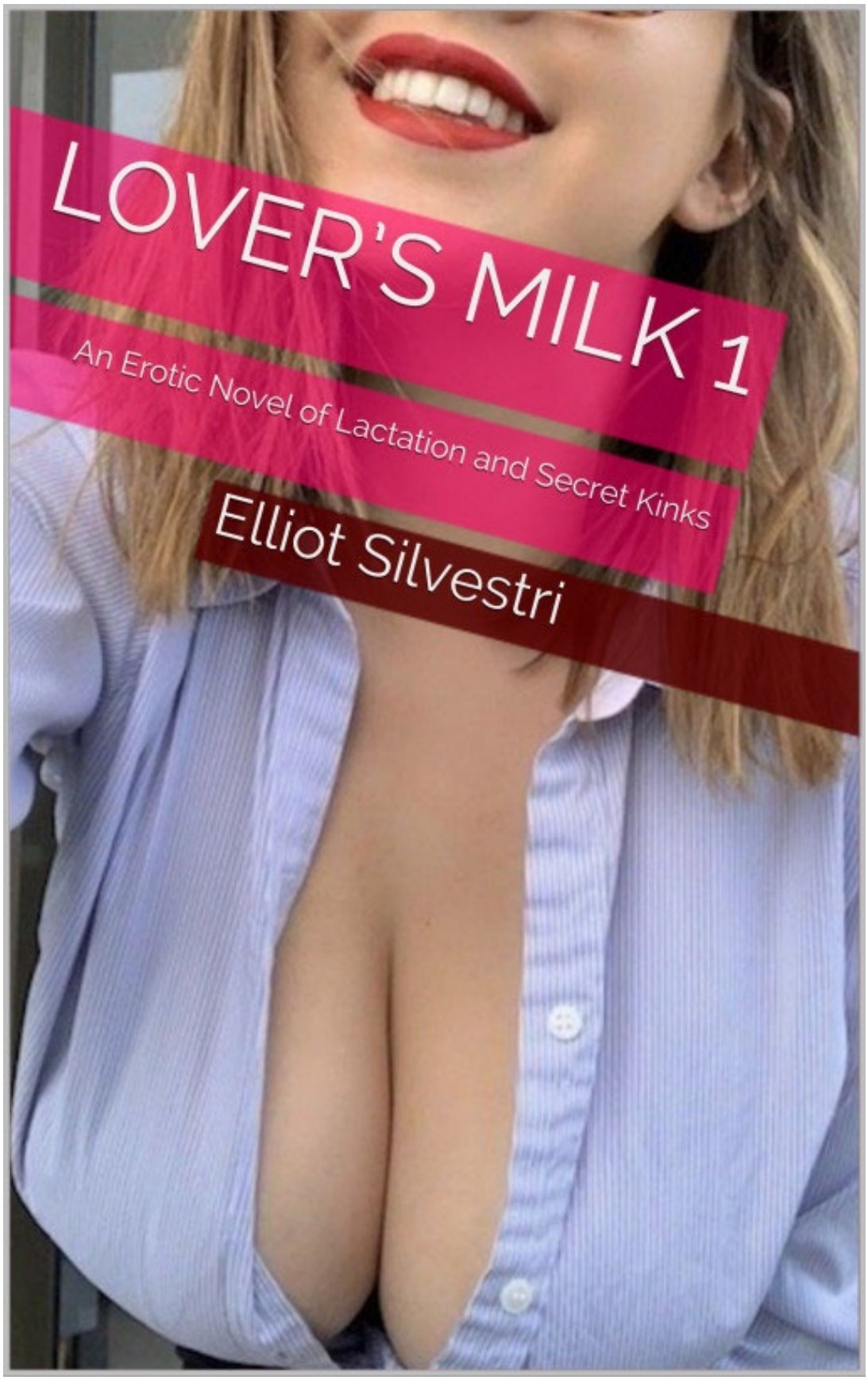

LOVER'S MILK 1
An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Secret Kinks
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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Lover’s Milk 1

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Version 2

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Chapter One

Kirk couldn’t help himself from staring at Jessa’s tits. Or rather, from staring at her cleavage. It wasn’t massive and it wasn’t like she was expressly trying to show it off, but the top button she had fastened on her white silk shirt was a just a little too low to be appropriate business attire.

Then again, they weren’t meeting for business purposes. The day’s conference had gone well. He had been glad to see Jessa again. They only ever seemed to meet when these conferences were held every other month. They ate lunch together because their breakout sessions were the same. A few in their group decided a drink afterwards was a good idea.

Kirk and Jessa lasted out the rest of the group. They flirted shamelessly when they were alone in the bar. He didn’t want to get too drunk and do something completely stupid, so he made his move when his head was clear enough to know what he was doing, but not so clear that he lost his courage.

“I’d love to take you out on a real date sometime.” It was a weak opening, but it was all he had.

The gods were smiling down on him. She laughed and tossed her curly blonde hair back. He was certain she dyed it, but that didn’t matter to him. “When would be sometime?” she asked, leaning in and giving him another view of her cleavage. He was certain she was wearing a pink bra under the white shirt. That was a bold move.

“Tomorrow?” he asked. The conference was Thursday. Friday was date night.

“Why not tonight?” she asked, her eyes sparkling.

“Uh...are we on a date right now?”

“I don’t think so, but do you know what I consider a date?”

He shook his head and nervously finished the contents of the glass on the table in front of him.

“It’s only a date when I wind up in bed.”

Kirk swallowed hard, but his mouth was dry. “My place isn’t too far from here.”

“Well, maybe this could be a date,” she offered.

He wished his place wasn’t such a mess. Jessa didn’t comment on his housekeeping abilities. In the short drive over to his apartment, her following him, she hadn’t seemed to lose any of her lust. They were barely through the apartment door when she was pressing up against him and they were kissing.

It was unlikely she noticed any part of his messy apartment.

Her mouth was hot when she kissed him. Her tits were soft against his chest. She moaned a little as his hands moved down from her waist to the top of her ass. He pressed his leg between her thighs and she moaned louder.

“Bedroom?” he asked between kisses.

She nodded emphatically and kissed the side of his neck. She could feel the outline of his cock pressing against her body. Her need for it was greater than she could articulate, but she had another need as well. He’d find that out soon enough.

Summoning up all his willpower, he pushed her back, grabbed her hand, and led her down the short hallway to the bedroom. Once there it had been his intention to start undressing her, but Jessa was much more aggressive than he was. Her hands were quick and she pulled up his shirt, exposing his chest.

Jessa was pleasantly surprised. Kirk, while charming and more than just a little bit good-looking, seemed skinny under his clothes. With his shirt pulled up she saw that while he wasn’t by any means burly and still bordered on skinny, his body was incredibly well-defined. Maybe two percent body fat was her quick and probably overly hopeful assessment. Still, his muscles were incredibly hard and she couldn’t resist kissing his collar bone. He was a head taller than her, so that kiss was easy.

Her next kiss to his nipple was just as easy. She barely had to duck her head.

The kiss surprised him. It wasn’t just a kiss, but a suck. He’d sucked the tits of a lot of women, but it had never really been done to him. He found it more

enjoyable than he ever would have guessed. It sent a shock to his cock and made it harder, as if that were possible. He gasped loud enough to make Jessa look up at him.

“Did you like that?”

“Yeah...never had a woman suck on my nipple before.”

“What about both nipples?” she asked, switching from his left side to the right.

If anything his right nipple proved to be more sensitive than his left. He had to push her away again and desperately finished pulling off his shirt. As he tossed it aside, Jessa went down on his knees in front of him and started pulling at his belt. He was wearing jeans instead of more formal business wear, but it had been a conference day. If Jessa hadn’t had a presentation in the morning, she would have been as casual as him.

“You don’t have to do that.” he told her as she continued to open up his pants. He was thinking about his last girlfriend who stated on many occasions how she didn’t like to give blowjobs. He couldn’t remember Heidi ever putting his cock in her mouth.

She grinned up at him, her lipstick a little smudged now. Somehow that made her all the more attractive. “I want to do this,” she said as she fished out his cock.

In the moment if she had been asked if she was disappointed with his cock, she would have been lying if she said it was perfect. His length and firmness weren’t the issue. If anything, he was longer than most men she had been with. The problem lay in his girth; it was less than she was used to. But that was part of the adventure. Variety was what made sex with a new partner more exciting.

Proving to herself, and to him, that she was happy with what she had found, she licked the length of his cock from his sack all the way up to the tip where she surrounded the head with her lips and sucked the precum that was oozing out.

Once again Kirk shivered. It was like her mouth could control every part of him. He had to push her back.

“What’s the matter?” she frowned up at him.

“I don’t want to cum too soon.”

Her frown turned into a grin. “When was the last time you got laid?” she asked him as her hand wrapped around his slim shaft. She didn’t start jerking him off, but she did move her hand up and down his length.

“It’s been a while,” he sighed, closing his eyes and letting his head fall back. “My girlfriend dumped me a couple of months ago.”

Jessa nodded in sympathy and then took his cock head into her mouth again. She didn’t suck him off, but just teased him a little.

“When did you last cum?” she asked, smacking her lips as she released him from her mouth.

He groaned. There was no reason to lie. “This morning.”

She was a bit surprised. “This morning?”

He opened his eyes and looked down at her. “Uh-huh. I jerked off.”

Her grin was amused. “I’m sure you won’t cum too soon,” she said as she teased him some more with her hand, not really trying to make him cum, but keeping him hard by playing with him.

The motion of her hand caught his eye. More than that, the ring on her finger caught his attention.

Grabbing her wrist to stop her from jerking him off, he asked, “Are you married?” He pulled her hand up closer to where he could inspect it. She wore a gold wedding band and a matching engagement ring with a diamond that wasn’t huge, but was large enough that he should have seen it earlier.

“Yes,” she admitted with a casual shrug, pulling her hand back from his. “Is that a problem?”

“You’re married!” he burst out.

“So?” she said standing up. “Are you?”

“No.”

“So what does it matter? You aren’t doing anything wrong.”

“You should leave,” he said. His jeans were around his ankles and he made to pull them up, but paused when she abruptly opened up her shirt and exposed herself.

The pink bra she was wearing looked to be of an industrial design. Her shirt had hidden the full wealth of her tits from view, even with the plunging neckline. It wasn’t sheer, but he found himself wishing it had been.

He swallowed and tried to imagine what her tits would look like with the bra off. They were practically spilling out of the garment as it was.

He wanted to tell her to leave but then she kicked off her shoes, unfastened the button and zipper to her pants, and pulled them down.

They fell easily over her hips. Kirk didn’t know her all that well, but Jessa seemed a well-organized woman. Was it just chance that she was wearing pink panties that matched her bra or was she the sort of woman who planned ahead and always matched her bra and panties?

“Like what you see?” she asked.

Kirk didn’t want to, but he automatically nodded his head. He did like what he saw.

“Want me to take off my bra?”

He nodded again, ashamed of himself.

“What about my panties?”

“Y-y-yes...those too.”

“Do you want to fuck me?”

He swallowed and nodded.

“So what’s the problem?” Jessa lifted her left hand and fiddled with the shoulder

strap to her bra. It wasn't an effort to take it off. It was to show off her wedding rings.

"You're married," he pointed out unnecessarily.

"That's my problem, not yours. And your cock is telling me it's not a problem."

She was speaking the truth. His cock was pulsing up and down in time with his heartbeat, so it was almost vibrating.

"It's a bad idea…"

"Do you think this is the first time I've cheated on my husband?"

That was a question he wasn't ready for. "I don't know…"

"Maybe we have an open marriage," she suggested to him.

"Do you?"

"Would you like me to call him and find out?"

Kirk considered that. He knew that some couples had such arrangements because...for reasons he couldn't think of at the moment. The real question was whether or not he wanted to find out.

"I'm not sure I want to do that."

"I've got a secret," she said.

"I bet you do," he breathed. Keeping her at arm's length was almost impossible. Just her standing there in her underwear was wearing him down slowly and steadily.

"Well, it's not really a secret because a few people know."

"Do they know that you cheat on your husband?"

Kirk wasn't sure why he was arguing with her on this point. If he hadn't realized she was married—and that was something he should have realized ages ago—he would have been balls deep in her pussy. Was it that he had morals or was it

something else?

She smirked at him. “I’ll just let you guess at that.” Jessa then reached behind her back and unhooked her bra.

Despite everything else, Kirk still gasped...and she hadn’t revealed anything yet. She wasn’t incredibly beautiful; she was attractive enough with her curly blonde hair and fair skin. Maybe the lipstick she favored was a little too bright red and her brown eyes were rather plain, but she had a pleasant body with big tits and was more than willing to fuck him.

He didn’t consider himself an amazing example of masculinity, but he knew he was in near-perfect physical condition—the result of too much lonely time in the gym and hours of biking—and he’d never gotten a complaint about his long cock. They were well matched in their physical appearance.

Just as she was about to drop her bra, she pushed her upper arms together, temporarily enhancing her cleavage, making her tits appear bigger, and then she let the bra slip free.

Her tits were perfect.

And in the dim light of his bedroom, he could see a few tiny pearls on her nipples.

For just a moment he thought that maybe she had some unusual body modification. Instead of rings through her nipples she had implanted jewelry. But that wasn’t it because as she moved her body ever so slightly the pearls on both nipples coalesced together and ran down the bottoms of her breasts.

It was milk.

She was lactating.

Unconsciously Kirk licked his lips.

She pressed her arms together again. This time he saw the pearls form...and then they suddenly burst forth in a set of misdirected streams that filled the air between them.

The milk only reached halfway to Kirk. His first thought was her milk was going to make a mess of his carpet. Then again, he had dripped who knew how much cum onto the same carpet. His third thought was what her milk tasted like.

“What do you think?” she asked.

“About what?” His brain wasn’t working, not fully. He was too mesmerized by her tits.

“My breasts. My boobs. My tits. Duh. My milk.” She squeezed out a little more milk. Less came out this time, but it was no less mesmerizing to Kirk.

“They’re amazing,” he breathed.

“And the milk?” she prompted him.

“I’ve...I’ve never seen that before.”

She picked up one breast in her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. It wasn’t enough to make the milk come squirting out, but a few droplets appeared on the nipple and started running down her skin. Before it got too far, she wiped up the droplet and then stuck her finger in her mouth, tasting the milk. “It’s sweet,” she told him. “Very sweet. Would you like to try some?”

Too many thoughts ran through his head. “Y-y-yes,” he stammered out.

Not once in his life had it occurred to him that he would be offered a woman’s breast milk. Didn’t women only have milk when they were pregnant? Why would she offer it to him? Did she have a baby at home? That made it worse than being married. Was she currently pregnant? That would mean he wouldn’t have to worry about her getting pregnant by him. She didn’t look pregnant. Her belly was flat enough, but that wasn’t necessarily a sign of anything. What was wrong with him and why was he having these thoughts?

She squeezed her breast again and forced out some more milk. He was fascinated by the process of getting the milk out. There seemed to be more this time and she quickly caught it before it rolled too far.

When she held her finger out to him, he could see the moisture on her skin. It was too much to resist.

Kirk leaned forward and took her finger into his mouth.

She hadn't been lying. The milk was incredibly sweet. It was more like fruit juice than milk. The sweetness was incredible. It caused a feeling in him that could only be sated by one thing.

"More?" he asked.

She cupped both her breasts with her hands. The thought that ran through his head was they were more than a handful. Much more. He wondered how much of her tits was milk and how much was flesh. It didn't matter. Not really. Looking closer he could see the faintest evidence of stretch marks on her tits, signs that they had grown rapidly at one point. That didn't detract from his attraction to her at all.

"More?" she replied to him. "I have plenty more right here."

He looked down at her tits. The way she was cupping them he could just see the top edges of her areolas and nipples. He wanted to taste her milk directly from the source. He wanted it so much that he couldn't stop himself from leaning forward. She hadn't even given him permission.

He had completely forgotten that she was married. Maybe that was the best part of her lactating. It almost instantly erased his guilt.

Just as he was leaning in, she moved her hands, covering her sweet, pink nipples and moved a half step back.

"What?" he asked, thoroughly confused now.

"On the bed," she told him with a nod of her head. The bed was unmade, but it was clean. He had recently changed the sheets and hadn't had a female guest in them at all, sadly enough.

"Why?"

She laughed at him. "Because it's easier that way."

Without removing her hands from her breasts she went to the bed. He stared at her as she walked away. The view was enticing. Her panties weren't quite a

thong, but they were damn close. The bottoms of her ass cheeks were exposed and if it was possible his cock would have gotten harder.

Moving smoothly she seated herself on the bed and then lay down on her side, still hiding her tits, until she was in position. Jessa used one of his pillows to prop up her body and exposed her tits. They were now ready for the sucking.

She patted the bed in front of her. “I can assure you, nothing gets me hotter and wetter than having my tits sucked. What are you waiting for?”

What was he waiting for? Kirk couldn’t think of a logical answer to that question. He moved to his bed and joined her. After all, it was his bed and she invited him.

There wasn’t a kiss. She pushed his head right down to her breast. He did exactly what she wanted. His lips found her nipple and he drew it into his mouth. She had a unique smell but he couldn't’ tell if that was her perfume or her natural scent or her milk.

It didn’t matter.

The moment her nipple touched his tongue and he could taste her sweetness. It only took a couple draws of his mouth and it was flooded with her.

She moaned.

He swallowed the milk.

Her body shifted and she opened up her legs a bit, drawing him in closer.

His cock went between her legs and was trapped between her thighs and her panties. He could feel the wetness seeping out of her pussy. His cock curved perfectly along her panty-protected pussy. But he wasn’t focused on her pussy; his entire world was her tits.

Kirk had sucked enough nipples in his life to know that every woman liked it slightly differently. In his haste he had drawn her nipple into his mouth with an uncontrolled enthusiasm that should have hurt her.

It didn’t

Or at least she didn’t complain.

He sucked again and tasted her milk and swallowed it.

“More,” she told him softly, sweeping her hair back and settling against his body. She curled her hand around the back of his head and held him exactly how she wanted.

He sucked again. She moaned. He swallowed. It was delicious. She made a pleasure noise in the back of her throat and all his inhibitions about what she wanted from him melted away.

Whatever she wanted she was going to get.

Kirk continued to suck at her tits. The milk seemed never ending. He fell into a pattern of suck and suck and swallow and repeat and breathe and then switch breasts. The fact that whichever breast he wasn’t nursing from constantly leaked milk was a source of anxiety for him, but she wasn’t bothered by it, or so it seemed, so he said nothing and just continued on.

He carefully monitored her reactions to everything that he did. He moved his hands around on her hip, her side, her shoulder, and her breasts. Jessa didn’t shy away from his touch at all. If anything, she seemed to enjoy it.

She didn’t even mind when he grabbed her ass and pushed his cock deeper between her thighs, looking for some friction. There wasn’t enough there, but by this point her breathing had increased sharply and she was practically panting.

Kirk knew the common signs of a woman approaching orgasm. He glanced up at her face and saw her tightly shut eyes and a look of intense concentration.

She was almost there.

He hadn’t even touched her pussy.

Taking a chance, he shifted to sucking her lower breast and lightly pinched her upper nipple. There was a mild grunt of surprise and then she moaned deeply in her throat. He kept sucking and pinching. She loved it even if she didn’t say the words.

They were both rewarded a moment later when she came. He felt her pussy suddenly get very hot and wet enough to soak her panties. Her body practically vibrated like a bass string. While she didn't scream out like a bad porn actress, she made a deep moan that she tried to stifle and failed miserably on that account. She clutched him tightly to her breast.

He didn't stop sucking all through her orgasm. Maybe it was more pleasurable for her that way or maybe it was punishment. He didn't care which. She was beautiful when she came.

Only after it was obvious to him that she was done did he stop suckling from her. It was with some regret that he disengaged from her tits.

When he saw how red he had made them, and the little bruises his teeth had caused, he was shocked and apologetic.

Jessa laughed at him. "I get that all the time. It'll fade quickly. My nipples are tough."

He didn't know if that was a compliment or not, but decided to just let it go.

What he couldn't let go was his hard and pulsing cock. It was still caught between her thighs and he could feel the wetness of her pussy.

Or he thought he could.

"I'm glad I didn't hurt you," he said politely and kissed the tops of her breasts. He then boldly lifted his face up to her and kissed her on the lips. She kissed back but didn't pursue more with him. His lust hadn't abated at all and he hoped that she wasn't the sort who came once and was done. He had been with a couple of women like that, but they weren't into the sex as much as he was. "Do you want to keep going?" he asked hopefully.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?"

"Yeah…"

"Well, I did make a promise. But you seemed like you were going to back out earlier when you figured out I was married." Once more she flashed her ring, this time right in his face.

He was ashamed at himself for wanting to fuck her, but after seeing her cum and having his cock trapped he wasn't going to start questioning her morals again. He just wanted to get off and it was her problem to deal with from there.

Kirk nodded. "Well, we've gone this far—"

"Take off my panties," she ordered.

"Okay," he agreed and reached for the waistband.

She slapped his hands away. "With your teeth," she added.

That wasn't all that unusual of a request. It took a little effort on his part, but it wasn't that difficult to grab the thin waistband of her panties and work them off her hips and over her ass. She helped by moving her body around, freeing up the material so it wasn't caught between her and the bed.

A minute later he sat up between her spread legs with her panties between his teeth. He knew he must have looked quite a sight because of the way he was holding her panties and the way his cock stood up from his crotch.

She laughed at him again, snatched the scrap of material from his mouth, and tossed them aside. Her hand went down to his cock but then went lower and she fondled his balls. That wasn't exactly his favorite activity, but he didn't mind it. He had wished that he had thinned out his pubes a bit. He wasn't especially hairy but his last girlfriend had told him that only gay guys manscaped. That was just another reason for him to end it with her. He liked the way his cock looked with bare balls; it made his cock look bigger when his pubes were neatly trimmed.

"Do you want my pussy?" she asked. It was obvious that he wasn't going to tell Jessa no to anything for the next few minutes. He might not ever tell her no.

He nodded enthusiastically. "Yes."

"Want to go down on me? You're good with your mouth."

Once again he nodded eagerly and lowered his face between her legs. She hadn't really asked him at all.

He wasn't the least bit surprised to find that her pussy was completely shaved. It

was so smooth that she had either shaved it this morning or, more likely, she had it waxed. He supposed it was a nice attention to detail considering that her dark eyebrows made it obvious she wasn't a natural blonde.

Going down on Jessa wasn't really necessary. She had been worked up and was wetter than an overflowing swimming pool. She had cum once already. Jessa just wanted him to go down on her to prove that she had control over him. She was right; she was in complete control of the situation.

Still, he plunged his tongue into her, getting her taste all over his tongue. It temporarily wiped away the sweetness of her milk with the tanginess of her pussy, but it was an easy trade. Yet that wasn't what she wanted. He moved up and found her clit, which was surprisingly small. He had figured such a randy woman would have a huge clit, but that was just a cliché that held no truth.

When he sucked it into his mouth she gasped and started to push him away. He tightened his grip on her thighs and held her in position. She wasn't hitting him or telling him to stop. He wouldn't stop until she came or insisted that he cease. His cock was still pulsing and it desired to be plunged into her needy pussy, but he wanted to make her cum a second time before he put it inside her.

He wanted to hear her beg for it.

He doubted he was going to get that, but he still wanted it.

She cried out with a sound that was more pain than pleasure.

Looking up from between her legs he saw that her tits were soaking wet with her leaking milk. He met her gaze. The look on her face screamed that she wanted more.

But not more of this.

She wanted his cock.

"Give it to me," she begged.

If Kirk had been in the right frame of mind he would have gone to the drawer next to his bed and gotten out the box of condoms. He was stupid and drunk with lust. He just crawled up Jessa's body. She grabbed his cock and guided it into her

pussy. There was no resistance going in. He sank his slim cock all the way to the hilt.

It didn't exactly fill her up the way she liked, but it was satisfying to have a new lover inside her once more. Kirk didn't waste any time and got to fucking right away. There was a raw need that he had to fulfill or he knew he would explode.

The way he fucked her wasn't exactly subtle, but it got the job done. Neither of them were looking for fine technique or loving caresses. They were looking for raw, pure sexual energy and he gave it to her.

It was the best way to fuck a new lover. That's what Jessa told anyone when the subject came up.

Sadly the subject had never come up in casual conversation.

The unfortunate thing was that he was unable to make it last as long as he wanted. As with every lover, he wanted to fuck her forever, but after all the build up with Jessa, he knew their rutting wasn't going to last more than a minute.

He was pleased when he reached that mark. Deciding it was good enough, he let go and exploded inside of her, exactly as it was supposed to be.

"Sorry," he apologized when the moment of crisis was over.

"Whatever for?"

"I should have lasted longer."

"Like I have all night to fuck you." She chuckled. "This was good."

"It was good," he agreed. Taking a breath and heaved himself off her body. He had been worried about collapsing on top of her and crushing her tits, but Jessa hadn't complained at all. He took that as a good sign. Lying next to her he was certain that her tits were smaller than when they had started. It was impossible to tell for sure because she was lying down.

Even so, her tits looked amazing.

"Bathroom?" she asked.

“Out the door and to the right.”

She rolled off the bed. He stared at her ass as she walked out of his bedroom. It wasn’t an incredible ass, but it was nicely proportioned and generous in size.

He lay on the bed and contemplated what he had just done.

Sometimes he hated post orgasmic clarity.

He had just fucked a married woman.

He had just fucked a lactating woman.

He had just fucked a woman without using a condom.

He had just fucked a woman he barely knew.

He had just fucked a woman he couldn’t have a relationship with and he’d have to face again.

Those were all poor choices.

He regretted them all.

He also knew that he’d make the same decisions again.

Before he could start wallowing in self-loathing and depression, Jessa reappeared in his bedroom. She walked in tits first.

Even drained they were spectacular.

The first thing she did was pick up her small panties from the floor where she had flung them and put them on. The second thing she did was pick up her bra. Jessa noticed his expression suddenly fell.

“What’s the matter?”

“You’re going to put on your bra, aren’t you?”

She smiled sadly at him. “I do have to go home.” Once more she flashed her ring at him. “I’m married, remember? My husband is waiting for me.”

Other than the words But we're related nothing had a stronger effect on shrinking his cock.

"Right. How could I forget?" His tone was sour.

She ignored him for a moment, hunting on the floor for her clothes. She didn't put her bra back on right away which gave him a nice view of her bobbling tits as she moved around.

"Have you seen my pads?" she abruptly asked, straightening up from where she had been hunched over.

"Pads?" Kirk was confused. He was positive she wasn't on her period and she had said pads, not pad.

"My breast pads?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Round pads, white, about this big," she gestured with her thumb and forefinger.

Not wanting to sound like an idiot he shrugged and started hunting with her. It took him a couple of moments, but eventually he found what she had been describing. It had gotten mixed up in the sheets. The other one was found a second later.

"Thanks," she said, taking them from him. She slung the bra around her body and got it into place, once again hiding her tits away. This disappointed Kirk. And then she slipped the pads inside the cups of her bra. This intrigued Kirk.

"Oh," he said, understanding. "For when your breasts leak."

"Smart man." She continued dressing. Kirk made no motion to get dressed. He wanted to fuck her again, but knew he wouldn't have time to get hard again before she was gone. His only hope was to remain unclothed with the belief that would entice her back into his bed.

"Thank you."

He leaned against the doorjamb as she finished dressing and slipped on her shoes. With her rather plain business casual clothing she looked just like any other woman coming home from work. There was no way to tell she was a freak.

She walked up to him and went up on her toes to give him a kiss. Not knowing what else to do, he kissed back, but it could have been a kiss from a sibling or cousin.

Until she reached down and fondled his cock. “Can’t wait to have this again,” she said as she pushed by him.

“Wait? What?” he said, hurrying after her.

She paused at the door to his apartment.

“You have my number. Call me.”

She walked out the door.

Chapter Two

Jessa was only mildly surprised that Jimmy wasn't home when she got there. He often worked late. That was the disadvantage of being married to an engineer.

The advantage of being married to an engineer was it gave her a lot of free time to fuck around behind his back.

She went into the house, stripped, and shoved all her clothes into the washing machine, along with whatever else was in the hamper. After drinking as much water as she could stomach, she hopped in the shower and washed away any evidence she had been fucking another man.

Jessa had never been caught by Jimmy and she wasn't going to take that risk. It was too much fun to fool around behind his back and she couldn't have the lifestyle she loved if he divorced her. Jimmy made up more than three quarters of their income.

After showering she put on the silk nightie that Jimmy said he loved to find her in and waited for her husband to get home.

It was nice to have time to herself.

It wasn't terribly late when Jimmy arrived home; in fact, he was earlier than usual. That made her a little bit nervous. She hoped her tits had worked their magic before he came to bed.

He popped his head into the bedroom, said hello, gave her a kiss, and then headed to the shower as well. Jimmy was a chemical engineer. He often came home stinking like the plant.

"Did you miss me today?" he asked when he walked back into the bedroom. Jessa was reading a book, waiting patiently for him.

"Terribly."

"How terribly much?" He kissed the top of her head and dropped his towel. She let her eyes linger on his cock only a moment. It was the cock she had fallen in love with. She had fallen for Jimmy after she had fallen for his cock.

"So terribly much that my body calls out to be used by you," she said deadpan.

He couldn’t hold it together and sniggered at her delivery. “I almost believed you.” He slipped into bed next to her, his naked body separated from hers only by the silk nightie.

“Would you believe that my tits are screaming with pain and you need to suck all the milk out of them?” She pulled down the front of her nightie, exposing her large breasts.

“That...that I would believe,” Jimmy told her. He was salivating at the sight of her perfect tits. Perfect in his eyes at least. They were flawless with their light brown nipples and areola, full and prominent, waiting to be used.

He got into position next to her on his side and immediately latched on to her right nipple. She made a soft noise—his attachment was a reminder of her previous encounter with Kirk—and then settled into their usual evening routine.

While she liked cheating on her husband, more than that, she liked him nursing from her. It was his kink to begin with. From the first time they had sex up to today, he had indulged her every desire for fancy lingerie and perfect bras. She allowed him to play with and suck her tits whenever he wanted. At first it just turned her on as foreplay and when they had sex. Then, much to her surprise, she started lactating.

Claiming that’s what he always wanted from her, he continued on with it. There were downsides to being forced to lactate: bigger tits, pain when she wasn’t nursed, a desire she never knew she would have, difficulty in getting pregnant. There were also upsides: a more intense sex drive, bigger tits, attention from men she wouldn’t otherwise garner, constant attention from Jimmy, and Jimmy’s complete devotion.

Now she was stuck with milk-filled tits and a need to cheat on her husband.

It wasn’t all bad or bad at all.

She was used to Jimmy’s mouth and tongue and his nursing style. It was easier for her to cum when she had a new lover sucking on her tits, but Jimmy was a pleasant reminder of what she loved about being nursed.

Jessa didn’t realize she had been moaning until Jimmy stopped, swallowed hard, and chortled. “You’re loud tonight,” he commented.

Although they nursed every night, they didn't always have sex. She had made a little promise to herself to never have sex with Jimmy on the same day she had sex with one of her lovers.

"You've really got me going," she replied. "When was the last time you fucked me?"

He squeezed her breast and admired the milk squirting out of the nipple in a confusion of directions. A bit hit him in the face, most of it got on the sheets, some of it landed on his tongue. "I can't remember."

She grunted at his rough handling of her breast.

"And if I can't remember then maybe I should fuck you just in case it's been too long."

Normally she would have made light of his request, but she was turned on and at the same time she didn't want another cock in her pussy after fucking Kirk.

"Want to do it my way?" she asked.

"You're kinky tonight."

"When was the last time you fucked me in the ass?" she asked him, pulling her breast from his hands, moving up to her hands and knees.

Underneath her nightie she wasn't wearing underwear. There was no need for underwear in bed. Not being subtle at all, she turned around and aimed her ass at Jimmy, looking backwards over her shoulder.

"Like what you see?"

Jimmy hadn't tried anal sex before he met Jessa. He was glad she had introduced him to it.

The lube they used was kept in the nightstand on Jessa's side of the bed. He reached for it now, popping open the top and dribbling a generous amount down between the globes of her ass. He added some to his already hard cock—his cock was always hard after nursing from Jessa—and then rubbed between her cheeks, making sure that the lube wasn't just on top of her hole, but was inside

her as well.

He was an old pro at this now and pushing his cock slowly into her ass was as easy as traditional penis in vagina sex was. He eased the head by her sphincter and then rested a moment as she groaned, getting used to his thickness.

Jimmy didn't have a huge cock but it was thick. Short and thick was his stock in trade, so when Jessa first proposed that he fuck her in the ass, he was surprised. She knew how big he was. Her reply was that if he couldn't make her happy with anal sex it was never going to work out between them.

He considered their now seven year marriage to be a success.

"You good?" he asked her.

"Uhhhh," she moaned. "Give me another second." She wiggled her hips and adjusted her stance. It was her preferred position to be fucked in the ass when she was on all fours though Jimmy liked her on her back. More than once they had switched from traditional missionary to anal missionary without missing a beat. "Okay. Go."

He didn't just start pounding away like he was in a second-rate porn movie. Jimmy started slowly and built up his speed. They were barely a minute into it when Jessa moved her hand to her pussy to rub her clit. That was usual. Though she said he loved being buggered, Jessa always needed that extra little kick to make things more exciting, more perverse, more kinky, more incredible.

"Yeah, baby, keep going."

It wasn't that Jimmy loved or hated anal, it was just something that his wife did and she seemed to like and want it, so he didn't complain. Why would a man complain about a woman who wanted her ass fucked? It wasn't like that was a subject that came up in casual conversation all that much.

He started moving faster, almost in time with her hand rubbing her clit. There was something satisfying in having a wife with a definite and vocal preference for anal sex. He grabbed her hips and kept her moving exactly as he wanted.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed at he increased his pace again. "You're gonna...you're gonna hurt me!"

He slowed down. “Better?”

“No. Faster. Make it hurt,” she whined.

Having seen her face before when he was using her ass, he knew that her brow was creased and she was undoubtedly biting her lip. She liked a little pain mixed in with sex.

He slammed his cock into her, not caring at all if he hurt her. He had been too rough before. She said a little blood and tears was worth it.

Her ass suddenly clenched up on his cock and she cried out in a high whine. It was sometimes both a literal and metaphorical pain in the ass to bugger his wife, but it was usually worth it. He loved it when she came when he was in her ass.

The one thing she didn’t like was him actually cumming in her ass. She said she hated shitting cum and he didn’t blame her. It didn’t sound pleasant. They had tried it a few times but both opted out.

When he was right at the point of inevitability, Jimmy pulled out and pumped his cock a couple of times with his hand. His cum spurted all over her lower back and ass. He made noises he wished that he could get control of because he thought he sounded stupid when he came, but Jessa never complained.

Her hand came around and started rubbing the cum into her skin. She had told him she didn’t that so it didn’t drip all over the place. It was unintentionally hot, like how when she wore her hair up in a loose, messy bun and a few strands of hair fell out and accentuated her neck making him want to kiss and bite it. More than once he had requested that she get a tattoo on her lower back so that he would have a target to aim for.

Jessa said she wouldn’t mar her skin with a tramp stamp.

He had then asked for a butterfly or flower tattoo on the back of her neck, going with the logic that it wasn’t a tramp stamp.

“No,” was her answer.

He opted not to ask her to get something on her ass. Maybe his expectations of his wife were too high.

“Was it good for you?” he asked after he had regained control of his breathing. While not out of shape, Jimmy knew that he needed to spend more time exercising. He could feel his body slowly deteriorating which was a shame because in high school and college he had been in top form from being on the track team.

“It’s always good for me when you fuck me in the ass, baby,” she all but purred at him.

Jessa went down on her chest but kept her ass in the air, letting him look at her ass and pussy. “I just came, honey. I don’t think that I can do it again right away.”

She laughed at him and wiggled her ass around some more. “I was just showing off your handiwork for you,” she said as she slowly unfolded herself and got out of bed.

“Shower time?” he asked.

“Of course. I love your cum but I’m not staining my sheets for that.”

He nodded and lay down as she headed to the bathroom. He looked at his thick cock, now limp. It was still slick with lube and cum, but there wasn’t evidence of any santorum on it. That was one thing he couldn’t get used to, but Jessa was almost always spotlessly clean.

He sighed and realized he should shower after she was done.

In the bathroom Jessa turned on the shower and let the water run a moment before getting in. As she waited she disdainfully looked at the heap of clothing Jimmy had left on the bathroom floor. He hadn’t even bothered to put it in the hamper.

As he listened to his wife shower Jimmy suddenly realized he had left his clothes on the floor. Jumping up he was halfway to the bathroom before he forced himself to stop.

There was no reason for her to be suspicious.

He didn’t leave any evidence behind, even if he didn’t shower afterwards.

His heart was thumping in his chest and he told himself there was nothing to worry about.

He told himself he was in the clear.

He told himself that his wife—though beautiful, loving, and kinky—was clueless about his activities.

Still, he couldn't help but worry. He hadn't fucked up like this in a long time...if ever.

He had read about how suspicious Japanese wives would test their husbands' underwear with a black light or chemicals to find traces of semen. He didn't think that Jessa would do that, but it was out there and if he had heard of it then she had certainly heard of it and that wasn't any good.

Unable to stop himself, he went into the bathroom. Jessa hadn't closed the door all the way and when he pushed it open she was alerted to his presence.

"Hello?"

"Just me."

"Who else would it be?"

"Serial killer?" Jimmy suggested. "Mass murderer? FBI?"

"Hilarious," she deadpanned. "What are you doing in here?" She looked over the shower wall at him. Though it was fancy and modern and convenient, she wasn't a fan of the shower space. There was no curtain. There was no door separating the space from the rest of the bathroom. It was just a wall, which worked well enough but it had the vibe of a locker room at an upscale gym.

"I left my clothes on the floor," he said, scooping them up and dumping them in the hidden hamper, shoving them down as far as he could without making it obvious. "I know you hate that."

She all but glared at him. "That's not why you came in here."

He gave her his most innocent look. "It's not?"

“I know you. It’s not.”

“Then what is it?”

“You want to see me shower. You’ve got a kink for that, don’t you?” She grinned knowing that she knew more about him than he liked to admit. On one of the many occasions he had been watching porn, she had walked in on him and it happened to be two purported lesbians in the shower.

Every time since then he had walked into the bathroom when she was there, she made the same joke.

“I want to fuck you in the shower,” he said as he walked away from the hamper and around the shower wall.

She was mostly clean though some soap bubbles still clung to her skin.

He went down to his knees and kissed her tummy. “Tits or pussy?” he asked.

“What?”

His mouth went to her right breast. It was wet from the shower. He only had to suck a few times to get a little taste of her sweet milk. There wasn’t much of it. He had almost completely drained her.

She still moaned and pulled him closer.

His hand went up between her legs and found her pussy.

She moaned a little as he penetrated her. She briefly worried that he would know what something was amiss, but then he pulled his finger back out.

Her concern shot up again when he pulled away from her breast and knelt down lower, pressing his face into her pussy.

She felt him inhale her scent and tensed up. Although she had showered and bathed and showered again, there was always that little bit of risk.

That’s what made it exciting. The risk.

His tongue found her clit and she shivered, half from his advances, half from her

anxiety.

She sighed. The water was too hot but she didn't want him to stop. "Are you going to fuck me?" she panted.

Jimmy pulled his face back from her pussy. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

"I bet you can't get it up," she teased.

He laughed and pressed his face back into her pussy. This time he added a pair of fingers and penetrated her. She was right. There was no way he was going to get hard again. He had fucked her just five minutes earlier.

And he had fucked his girlfriend two hours before that.

Chapter Three

Two hours and a bit earlier Jimmy was lying face up on his girlfriend’s bed. His arms were straight out from his sides and his feet were together. Both wrists and ankles were tightly bound with thick leather straps. Jimmy couldn’t let Hayley leave marks on him, which was a shame because she was very good with rope.

The bed was huge, just large enough for his hands to barely dangle over the edge of the mattress, leaving the wrists exposed. He was positioned so that his ankles were similarly positioned, only at the bottom of the bed. The leather manacles were secured by sturdy chains that were hooked to bolts in the bed frame.

Although he had his suspicions, Jimmy had never asked outright if Hayley currently worked or had previously worked as a professional escort. She certainly had enough equipment to outfit a small sex dungeon.

This was the thrill that Jimmy liked. Being held down by a woman. Letting her be in charge. It was like that way with Jessa as well...but not enough with her.

He pushed thoughts of his wife from his mind.

He justified his every transgression with Hayley by reminding himself that she was the one who had approached him. It was terrible to have an affair with a coworker, but he figured one of them would move on or get fired soon enough and that would be that.

The first time they hooked up Hayley had brought him back to her place and asked if she could tie him up. It was stupid and too risky and made him feel incredibly vulnerable.

He couldn’t say no.

She had watched while he stripped and then tied him up and then she took off her clothes and fucked him.

It was the best sex of his life.

He couldn’t stop not saying no.

They met far too frequently after work. Her place was easy and convenient.

The same could be said of Hayley herself. She was pretty enough but with her straight brown hair and common looks there was nothing special about her.

Until she took off her clothes and started having sex.

Jimmy looked at her riding his cock. She always said she liked how his girth stretched her out. He didn't care if that was true or not. Right now she was riding him reverse cowgirl and he was admiring her ass. There was a lot to admire, but the most important thing wasn't her pale skin or wide hips. It was the gem that hid her asshole.

The blue glass gem was the handle of a butt plug—though she referred to it as her princess plug—that she had inserted when her ass was over his face. She lubed it up and slipped it in. Just watching the process made him hard, as if he wasn't already hard after being bound by her.

Hayley liked being on top. She liked sucking his cock when he couldn't stop her. She liked riding him and letting him cum inside her pussy. She had never offered for him to fuck her ass, but that was fine. He got plenty of that at home.

Though he tried not to think about Jessa, he couldn't help but wonder if there was a way to bring up the idea of a butt plug to his wife. How would he propose that she wear such a thing? He was reasonably sure that Jessa would be open to it, but it would undoubtedly make her wonder where he had gotten such an idea.

He could feel the teardrop shaped plug inside of Hayley's ass. It rubbed up against his cock as her hips and ass went up and down, fucking him. There was only one dim light in the bedroom and when it caught her butt plug in just the right way, it winked at him.

"It's beautiful," he breathed, speaking without meaning to.

Hayley didn't even bother to look over her shoulder at him. "My ass?"

He couldn't not tease her. "No. The gem."

Now she turned her head. "You like it?"

"Uh-huh."

“First time fucking a girl with a princess plug?”

It was a pointless question. She knew that he only had sex with her and Jessa. She fucked other men—she liked to tell him about them—but he was limited.

“Yeah…”

“Most guys love it,” she said, turning back around and focusing on pumping her hips up and down as fast as she could. It felt wonderful on his cock so it made him wonder how it felt to her pussy and clit.

“Ever been fucked in the ass?” He had told Hayley all about Jessa’s love of being fucked in the ass, but he had never mentioned lactation. That was his thing. He couldn’t imagine having to nurse from two women. It would be too much.

It would be wonderful.

Hayley stopped moving.

He had fucked up.

“Yes,” she said. Her voice was tight.

“Sorry. I don’t need to know.”

“A guy put it in my ass when I didn’t want him to. Third guy I ever had sex with. I fucking hate him. It hurt like hell.”

“I’m sorry.”

“He made me bleed. Do you know what that’s like?”

Jimmy shook his head. “No. I didn’t mean to—”

“Don’t want to be fucked in the ass ever again.”

“Makes sense.”

Her hips resumed their motion.

Jimmy couldn’t stop himself from asking the next question that popped into his head. “Then why do you have a plug up your ass?”

She stopped again. He wanted her to just finish him off. This was torture.

And annoying.

“Because I was the one who put it up there, not some asshole.”

He opted not to comment on her choice of insult.

“Right.”

“It feels good to fuck a man like this,” she said. She was rolling her hips now and adjusted her legs.

Jimmy was silent as she focused. The gem between her buttocks pulsed and seemed to want to go into her body and then there was the familiar shaking of her thighs and the little mewling cries that were her orgasm.

“Do you want to cum?” she asked him when she was done.

“Yes…”

Sometimes she allowed him to cum in her. Sometimes she would get off and suck him off. That was good. Occasionally she would use her hand. That was also fine.

What he hated was when she got off and didn’t release him from the bindings until he had gone soft. She had sent him home to his wife in that state more than a few times.

He hated blue balls.

He hated using Jessa as the vessel for the orgasm that Hayley had pent up in him.

Once in a while she would get off, put her pussy on his face, cum again by his tongue, and then put his cock back in her pussy to finish him off.

“Do you want to cum in me?” It seemed a ridiculous question because he was already on the edge.

“Fuck yes!”

He was going to cum whether she wanted him to or not. The only question was where he was going to cum.

As it turned out, Jimmy didn’t have much of a choice. Though his hands and feet were pinned down, his hips were not. She kept moving her hips and ass and he suddenly thrust his hips into her as he came. He could feel his orgasm blossom and explode inside of her.

For her part Hayley laughed at him as he came and rode his cock like a dirty cowgirl.

“Why are you laughing?” he asked when he was finished.

“I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“What?”

“You might not like it.”

“Why not?”

She didn’t answer him. Instead she lifted up her hips and let his deflating cock slip out. She then started backing up. Her ass, the princess plug, and her well-used and dripping pussy got closer and closer.

Jimmy could have protested, but he was curious and, as always with Hayley, he was eager to see what she had planned for him.

When she lowered her pussy to his face, he did what any real man would do: he started eating her out. The mixture of his cum with her amrita wasn’t offensive at all.

Just performing the act was enough to make his cock get hard again.

He knew she wasn’t going to do anything with it.

He started wishing that his wife would do this sort of thing to him.

He didn’t have the courage to make the request.

She kept her pussy on his face with the princess plug right above his nose, until he licked her to another orgasm.

He knew it was supposed to be a way for her to humiliate him, but he found that he liked it more than he had expected to.

It was just another wrinkle to his inherent submissive nature.

Her orgasm wasn't all that powerful but it literally put him in his place.

Afterward, as she released his bindings, she leaned down for a kiss. She tasted her amrita and his cum on her lips.

"Have you told your wife about me yet?"

He looked away. "No."

"Why not?" She continued to loosen the chains that held him down.

"I don't feel like getting divorced." He sat up after she released his hands and freed his ankles on his own. From there he hopped off the bed and started dressing. He wanted to get out of her apartment as quickly as possible, even if that meant skipping a shower.

"I'd like to fuck you in front of her. I want her to watch us."

"No," Jimmy repeated.

"So it's okay for you to cheat on her, but it's not okay for her to participate."

"Look, it's complicated okay?" He quickly buttoned his shirt and found his shoes.

"I'm bi. Did you know that?"

"No." It wouldn't have changed anything between them, but it made him wonder about...about everything.

"I'd be happy to fuck your wife while you watch," she offered.

"That's not going to happen." He finished tying his shoes.

“I’ve done everything there is possible with a woman,” she stated.

“I doubt that,” he sniffed, thinking about his wife’s breasts and milk.

“What do you think I haven’t done?”

He smiled at her.

To be continued

Preview

Dorinne's Dream: Sexy Preg 2

I stared at the woman who I recently met and realized I was falling in love with but didn't want to admit that to myself for a lot of good reasons, the least of which was that she was many months pregnant, and said, "Well, go on. Explain. Explain why some other guy is going down on you."

We didn't have a real relationship. We weren't in love. We weren't a couple. We were just...fucking for fun would be the best way to explain it.

"This is...uh...Kevin," she began.

Kevin, to his credit, pulled his face away from Dorinne's pussy and turned to look at me while still kneeling on the floor between her legs. "Hi. I'm Kevin."

"That's great. I was going to ask if she remembered your name correctly."

"He's the father," Dorinne blurted out.

"I am?" Kevin questioned

"He is?" I seconded him.

"He...uh...he might be. There's a couple of other guys."

Kevin looked back at her. "There are?"

"Uh...yeah. I told you that."

"Yeah, but you said that there was one other guy."

Dorinne winced. "I might have been a little vague…"

Kevin looked back to me. "Whatever. You want to fuck her with me, dude?"

“I...uh...I fucked her earlier.” I looked around and my eyes eventually fell on the clock in her oven. 10:30. Not terribly late in the morning, but I didn't know when it was I had drained her tits that morning.

“So is that a no?”

I thought of all the objections I could voice. Dorinne is crazy. I’m not into her. I can’t get it up. I’m not into three-ways. I don’t even know you, dude.

I didn’t say one of them.

“Sure, why not?”

I had no idea why I had agreed to this. I wasn’t even that horny. I had just fucked and sucked Dorinne. It was in that moment of being offered to double-team Dorinne that I realized I wasn’t wearing anything. Neither Dorinne or Kevin seemed all that upset at my nudity, maybe because she was already mostly naked and having her pussy eaten and maybe because he was used to this sort of thing.

Maybe?

“Good,” Dorinne said, getting up from the chair and dropping her robe as she sauntered back to the bedroom. I watched her belly go past me and then her round bottom as well. It was a good look for her.

Turning back toward Kevin, I saw that he wasn’t as fully clothed as I had first believed. His jeans were open and his semi-hard cock was hanging out. I figured he must have been beating off while eating out Dorinne. That’s what I would have been doing. He stood up and took off his shirt before tucking his cock back into his jeans so he could walk to the bedroom. “Ever double team her before?” he asked me.

“No…” I answered cautiously.

He elbowed me with a grin. “Just like double teaming any other woman, am I right? You want her mouth, her ass, or her cunt?”

I just stared at him as he walked by, unable to say anything.

He paused right before going into the bedroom. “We can switch it up, dude. It’s

not like she’s going to say no.”

That was the thing with Dorinne. I got the impression she never said no to any sexual proposition.

I was only a few paces behind Kevin, but by the time I got into the bedroom, his face was back between her legs. Dorinne was on her side, one artfully bent over Kevin’s head and her foot resting on his shoulder while he ate her out.

“Get your cock over here,” she told me.

It was as good an invitation as I was ever going to get. I admit, I was a little confused as to why Kevin was eating her pussy, but now wasn’t the time for that sort of question. I got on the bed near Dorinne’s head and she grabbed my cock, guiding it into her mouth.

A three-way is always held out as this incredible sexual event that cannot be duplicated under any other circumstances. Maybe that’s true for the person who is this focus of the encounter (in this case, Dorinne) but for me it was much like any other sex, just with someone else in the room, watching and participating at my partner’s other half or side.

Even so, it was great. Dorinne knows how to give a great blowjob.

Or she did until she had to remove my cock so she could hyperventilate and cum from Kevin’s cunnilingus. Apparently he wasn’t too bad in the oral department. Maybe that was why she invited him over. Or maybe he just showed up. Or maybe I had overstayed my welcome and Dorinne had a tryst planned with him all along.

There was an easy way to find out (asking Dorinne) but I wasn’t that brave. I just wanted to get laid.

“I’ve got her pussy all prepared for you, dude,” Kevin said politely. “Want to fuck her now?”

“Fuck you, you little shit,” Dorinne complained. “I’m not here for you to use however you want.”

“That’s not what you said last time we fucked,” he interjected.

She ignored him. “Get on your back, Travis. I’m riding your cock.” Her need for cock surprised even me. I knew the pregnancy hormones were affecting her libido, but I had just fucked her satisfactorily a few hours earlier. Now she needed two guys to fuck her again?

I might have found the perfect woman.

I went to my back with my cock happily pointing at the ceiling. Dorinne climbed on top of me, her belly leading as always. She grabbed my manhood and tried to guide it into her pussy, but something was wrong with the way she was squatting on top of me; the angle wasn’t right.

That’s when I felt another hand and the words, “Here. Let me help. I know her cunt better than anyone.”

“Fucking rude, Kevin,” Dorinne complained, but sighed when Kevin found the perfect angle and she sat down on me. Her pussy was wetter than it had ever been before. Up to that moment I wasn’t sure how I felt about another guy grabbing my junk, but I appreciated the effort he put in to helping me.

Dorinne rode me up and down for half a minute while I played with her tits. In the short amount of time I had been asleep, she had built up a good supply. It didn’t take much effort to get them dripping again. I was about to ask her to move a bit so I could start sucking on them again, when she leaned forward.

“You know the angle I’m looking for, babe,” said Kevin. “Is this enough lube for you?”

“I’ll tell you when you put it in my ass,” was her reply.

It took me a second to realize what was going on. I had sensed his fingers down near Dorinne’s pussy. I thought he was just massaging her ass or doing who knows what.

The who-knows-what he was doing was lubing up her asshole so he could bugger her. Dorinne stopped moving on top of me as he knelt behind her, got into position, and pushed his cock up into her ass. I could feel his cock through whatever thin layers of tissue separate her ass from her pussy.

It was...more than I had woken up anticipating for the day.

Not knowing what to do, I froze there. It wasn't like I had much choice being on my back with the very pregnant Dorinne on top of me and now the both of us being pinned down by Kevin. I was also vaguely disturbed that my first three-way was with a man I didn't know and a pregnant woman I had been fucking way too regularly. I was definitely disturbed that I could feel his cock moving inside of her. It was beyond disturbing that I was getting off on all of it.

Since I couldn't move, I just let Kevin do all the work. I mean, I suppose I could have made a little effort and done a little thrusting, but I was beyond logical thought at that moment. Dorinne moved a little, but she was restricted by being between two virile men along with her belly.

I was going to ask them to stop and make me escape, but then Dorinne's tits started dripping milk all over me and I was mesmerized and knew I would let this play out to whatever conclusion was in store. Unable to help myself, I managed to get one of Dorinne's nipples between my lips and started sucking.

Her milk flowed freely into my mouth and I greedily swallowed as much as I could, desperate to start sucking on the other one that was leaking on my chest.

I couldn't understand why Dorinne was into getting railed by two men while she was pregnant, one in her ass and one in her pussy. I wasn't into anal all that much myself. I had only done it with a couple of women who were curious. It was fine and they were nonplussed by it, so it never became a thing for me.

It was, however, a thing for Dorinne. Or maybe getting railed by two men while she was pregnant, one in her ass and one in her pussy was a thing for Dorinne. I didn't know her that well.

"I'm gonna cum!" She abruptly blurted out and then, of course, she came. Cumming made her milk pump out of her tits. I switched from the left one to the right, swallowing the sweet nectar as quickly as she could make it. By now I was soaked with her milk and it was all over her skin as well, but we weren't about to stop.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" she all but screamed.

Kevin stopped moving his hips. "Do you want me to stop?" He had already stopped so the question was pointless.

“No!” I blurted out before Dorinne could answer.

Her eyes, tightly squeezed shut a moment before while she came, suddenly popped open. A laugh was about to erupt on her lips. “No,” she agreed, licking her lips and staring down at me. “Keep fucking my ass. See if you can make Travis cum.”

Those weren’t the words I wanted to hear, but I didn’t protest. I want to say I didn’t protest because I didn’t know what to do, but it was close to the truth to say that my mouth was full of Dorinne’s breast and milk. I was too cowardly to say that maybe what we were doing wasn’t my scene.

I realized after the fact that it might have been very much my scene.

Between Dorinne’s warm pussy clenching on my cock and her milk filling my mouth and stomach, along with Kevin steadily thrusting into her ass so elegantly that he was essentially rubbing my cock with his, I couldn’t hold back.

It wasn’t the best orgasm of my life, but it was the most unusual.It was the relief that I needed right then.

And immediately afterwards I regretted my every life decision that had led me to be pinned under Dorinne while Kevin buggered her. I couldn’t go anywhere until he moved away and she climbed off me. I might be a pervert, but I wasn’t going to shove her around and risk hurting her baby. I wasn’t a monster, just a pervert.

Kevin wasn’t done. I was. Dorinne wasn’t done either. Her face had that faraway look of a woman who needed to cum just one more time and being fucked in the ass was going to do it.

“Ready for me?” Kevin grunted.

“Don’t cum in my ass,” Dorinne begged as she started to collapse against me. I’m sure she was exhausted. How much sex can a pregnant woman take anyway?

“Why not?”

“Don’t!”

Kevin showed that he had some class. I felt him withdraw and then heard the

familiar sound of a man’s fist pumping his cock.

“Do it!” Dorinne had changed her tune. There was a beatific look on her face. “Cum on my ass.”

It didn’t take long for Kevin to finish his mission. Somehow Dorinne managed to push her hand down between my body and her belly. My cock was slowly shriveling up but that didn’t interest her. I could feel her fingers moving on her pussy and clit. It only took a touch and she was cumming once again.

I was starting to get worried that I had fallen into a ring of perverts.

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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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