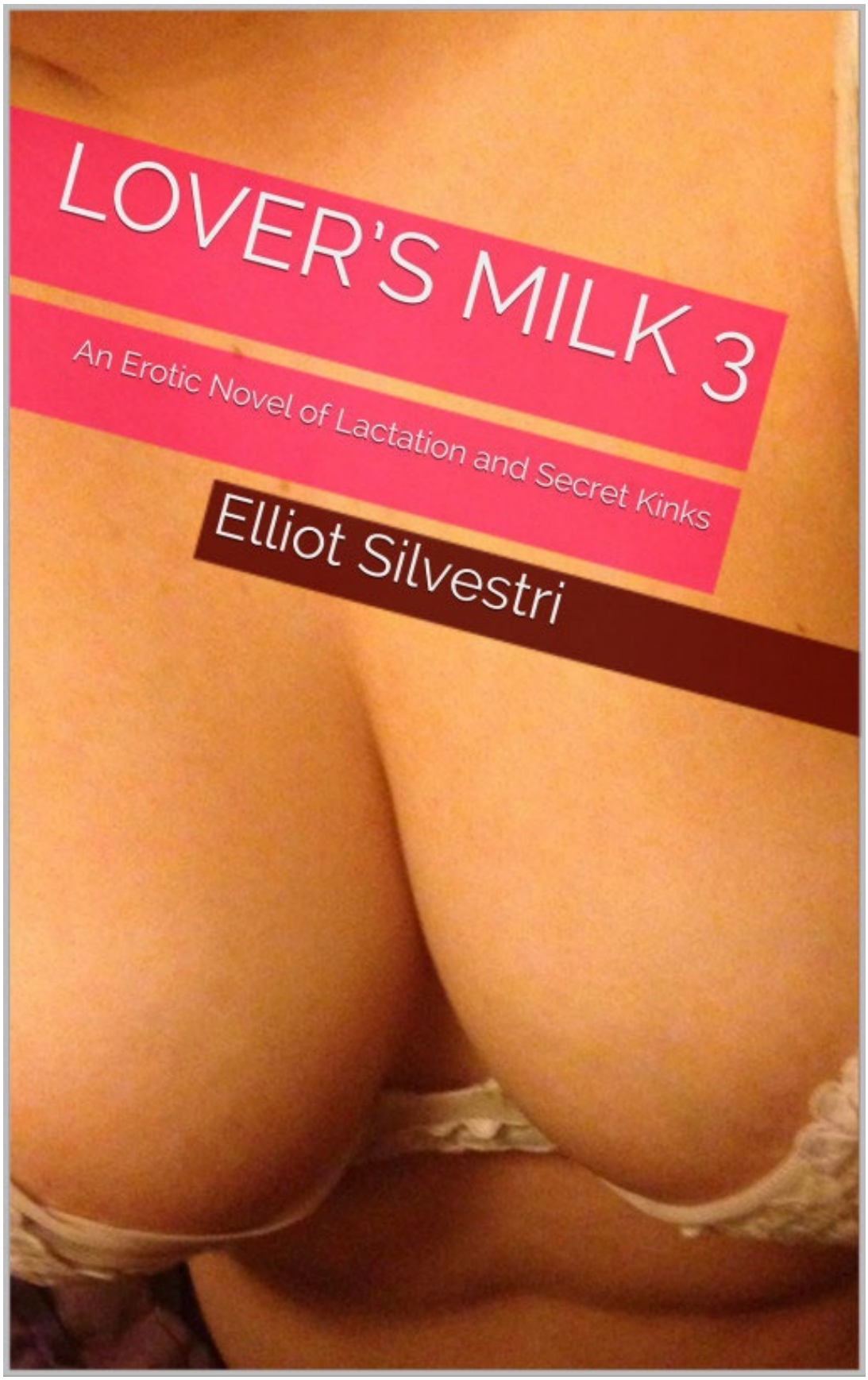
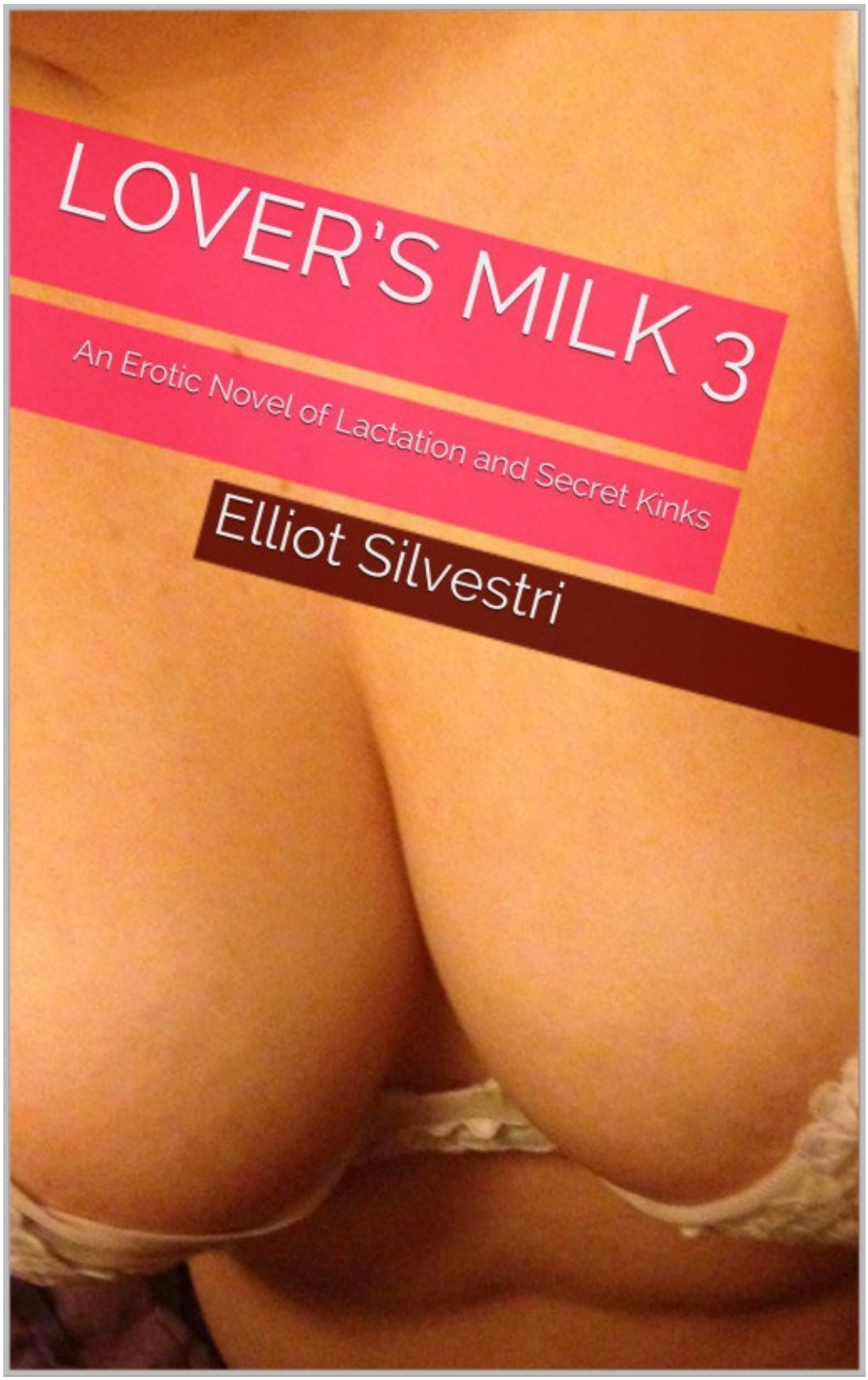

LOVER'S MILK 3
An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Secret Kinks
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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

Lover’s Milk 3

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Chapter Seven

Kirk brought Hayley's phone into her. She was still sleeping and he didn't have the heart to wake her. The room was warm which accounted for why she had allowed the covers to slip down her body during the night. Her tits weren't exposed, but the hint of what she was promising made his cock tingle.

But he wasn't going to stare at her like a creep. He slipped into bed next to her. Automatically Hayley moved closed and wrapped her arm over his chest. He fiddled with his phone, looking through some emails and other messages while she slept.

"Most guys would try to wake me up and fuck me," she said, letting him know she was awake enough to be disturbed by his movements.

"Sorry. Would you like me to fuck you?" he asked as a joke.

"Hells yes," she said as she pulled back. "Let me go pee first."

Kirk looked at her flabbergasted as she padded in her bare feet to the bathroom. She had a fantastic ass and that was more than enough to fully stir his cock.

Where had all these women been when he was in high school and college?

He made sure that he had condoms at the ready for when she returned.

While Kirk didn't want to think of himself as ashamed of his body, he didn't have the attitude and confidence that Hayley had when she walked back in after using the bathroom.

She certainly had the body for it. Her tits, though a little small compared to what he was now used to with Jessa, stood up proudly and she strutted in like she was in charge.

If he had stopped to think about it, Kirk would have realized that she was.

"So, the sex last night was only okay," she began as if she had rehearsed a speech, "but we were both a little drunk. Why don't we try again?"

"Sure!"

“Great. Do you have any rope or handcuffs?”

Kirk looked at her blankly. “What?”

“Rope or handcuffs? You’re a guy so I’m guessing that you have a couple of neckties we could use.”

Somewhat recovered, Kirk managed to ask, “What for? To tie you up?”

“No. You.” She pointed at him with one hand resting on her hip and the other aimed somewhere close to his dick.

“On a first date?”

She laughed and tossed back her hair. “Technically this would be our second date. First date was last night.”

“I’m not into getting tied up,” he said carefully.

“You don’t want to have sex then?”

“I’m into having sex but…”

Her hand suddenly went over her mouth. “Oh! I didn’t realize you’ve never been tied up before. Sorry. I just always make that assumption. I mean, who hasn’t?”

Kirk thought that was a bold assumption on Hayley’s part. “Maybe I haven’t.”

Her eyes went wide. “Never.”

“Well, I mean, I’ve played around a little with one girlfriend.” That was an outright lie. Kirk had messed around with Anne back in college. She had wanted him to tie her up to the bed and pretend he had kidnapped her. There were multiple problems: he couldn’t tie knots, the dorm beds weren’t built with bondage in mind, and she was living some fantasy that he had no interest in.

“Great. So you aren’t a beginner.” She cast her eyes about. “Well, do you have rope or are we going to improvise?”

“I’m not sure I want to do this…”

Her expression soured. “You said you wanted to have sex.”

“I didn’t know that was going to entail me getting tied up.”

She looked down at his cock. “You look like you want to fuck.”

His cock, while not completely hard, wasn’t exactly limp either.

“Why do you want to tie me up anyway?”

The way she hesitated made Kirk think she was making up a lie on the spot. Or maybe she was just a terrible actress. “It takes me a while to get comfortable with someone to have sex with them.”

“We had sex last night!”

“Lousy sex. And I was drunk. And so were you. And I’ll repeat: it was lousy sex.”

“Yeah, I got that.”

“Let me tie you up and I promise it will be incredible sex.”

Kirk’s interest was piqued. She could tell that she had him because of the way his cock rose to the occasion.

They both looked at his hard cock.

“Okay,” he agreed.

Since Kirk didn’t have rope or duct tape in his apartment, he was forced to give Hayley several of his ties.

She proved to be surprisingly adept at tying knots that were both firm but didn’t cut off the circulation to his hands. Though he hadn’t bought his bed with bondage in mind, the wooden frame was more than adequate for her needs.

“My ankles too?” he asked when she was done securing his hands above his head and she had moved down to the foot of the bed to make sure he was completely in her power.

“Yes. You’ve never had a horny brunette ride you before, have you?”

He allowed her to secure him to the bed. He was reasonably sure that with some effort he could free himself. Looking up at the yellow tie around his wrists he knew he was going to have trouble facing his mother the next time he saw her; she had given him that tie.

“Ready?” Hayley asked.

“Obviously,” he said, looking down at his cock. “Wait. No. Not yet. I need a condom.” there was no way for him to put it on. “Can you...uh...help me with that?”

“I’m safe,” she said. “You don’t need a condom with me.”

What was it with women thinking they wouldn’t get pregnant, Kirk thought. But then again, they would know. But she was probably lying to him. She was at least a little crazy.

“That’s good to know. But how do you know I’m not disease riddled?”

Giving him an overly elaborate sigh, Hayley picked up the condom packet, tore it open, and expertly rolled it onto his cock.

Other than nursing from Jessa’s tits barely two weeks ago, it was the most erotic thing that had ever happened to him.

“Ready now?” she asked.

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

“I hope you like eating pussy,” she told him as she climbed on the bed and sat down on his face.

As it was, Kirk did like eating pussy. He had never had a woman sit on his face before, but Monty Python couldn’t be wrong.

Except for not being able to use his hands to move her around the way he wanted, cunnilingus with her on top wasn’t bad at all. She got to decide where to put her pussy and how much pressure was used and if her clit was to be touched

and sucked and teased. The only moment of panic that Kirk had was when she was cumming.

Hayley easily lubricated and when she started cumming it was like her pussy had turned into a faucet. She wasn't exactly squirting, but her body was ready for so much more than just his mouth. He wasn't going to drown from her wetness, but he might have suffocated when she ground down on him. Luckily she lifted up when her orgasm had passed.

All through the wonderful ordeal, she had held his cock, but hadn't bothered to put in her mouth or even to stroke it. She was entirely in control of the situation.

"You do know how to eat pussy," she told him after getting up to his knees and saving him from asphyxiation.

"Thank you." He could feel her amrita all over his face, especially his cheeks. He wanted to wipe it away, but he was without use of his hands.

"Ready for me to ride you?"

"Please!"

She turned her body around and straddled his hips instead of his face. Holding his still hard cock—he was glad that he hadn't softened at all—she inserted just the latex covered head into her pussy. Hayley paused there just a moment and looked at him.

"Get ready for the ride of your life."

"I'm ready."

She lowered herself all the way down. Hayley was as horny as she had advertised. She was a slut and arched her back as she descended, offering up her spry breasts to his mouth.

Kirk was only human, only a man. He turned his head and found her nipple with his mouth and started sucking.

Disappointingly they were devoid of milk but she seemed to like the attention he lavished on her tits.

She used his body as a playground, riding him for her own amusement. Since he had eaten her to an orgasm, she was already primed for more orgasms and did only what she liked as she fucked him.

He wasn't complaining but it was almost excruciating torture to have her ride and use him and see her cum three and then four and then five times while she didn't give him the opportunity to reach the crest where he could orgasm.

If anything, it seemed like she knew exactly where he was in his orgasmic cycle and made sure to back down every time he was about to cum.

"Please," he finally begged. "I want to cum."

"What would you do if I just…" she paused and shrugged her shoulders. "If I just got up and left you here."

"Beg some more," he said.

She laughed and stopped moving. "But really?"

"Tear this fucking tie off and beat off so I didn't get blue balls."

"You wouldn't chase after me?"

"Oh. Right. Well...I don't know now."

She laughed and let his cock slip out of her pussy.

"I think I want to find out."

Almost casually she started to dress. It took Kirk too long to figure out she wasn't kidding around and he started earnestly trying to free himself.

"Stop fucking around, Hayley. It's cool if you don't want to fuck any more, but you need to untie me."

"No," she said casually. "I'm going to leave you here. You'll be able to get out on your own."

"What the fuck, Hayley!" He struggled some more, it didn't seem like he was going to be able to free himself.

“Would you be upset if I told you this was my kink?”

“I’m already upset!”

She looked around the room and found where he had put down his phone. Taking pity on him, after she finished dressing she asked, “What’s your passcode?”

“What?”

“I’m going to give you your phone so you can call for help,” she said. “Don’t worry. I won’t mess with it or anything. You can change the code after I leave.”

“Absolutely not.”

She shrugged. “Okay, that’s your option.” She started to leave.

“No! Wait!” Hayley paused. “Well?”

He told her the code. After opening up the phone she fiddled with it for a minute.

“You told me you weren’t going to mess with it!”

“I’m not. I’m just putting my phone number in.” She looked up from the phone and winked at him. “You can either call me for help in an hour or call me the next time you want to fuck. This was fun.”

A hundred things to say filled his head, but he didn’t say any of them as she put the phone into his hand. “If you can’t get out after a while, why don’t you give someone a call to come untie you?” she suggested.

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

“I’m going to go home and jill off,” she told him. “Not because you didn’t make me cum, but because this is really getting me hot and bothered.”

She bent down and kissed him quickly on the lips, so fast that he wasn’t certain that it had happened.

“You’re fucking insane!” he declared.

“No,” she said, shaking her head slowly. “I’m maybe a little crazy and more than a little horny, but I’m not insane. I’ve seen a doctor. She said I have issues, but I’m not insane.”

And with that she walked out the door. Despite his vulnerability and the terror he was feeling, Kirk couldn’t help but admire her ass as she left.

“Fucking hell!” he shouted mostly to himself.

He had a couple of options. Call someone right away. Scream and yell and hope to attract the attention of a neighbor. Free himself and vow never to pick up a stranger from a bar again.

The least humiliating option was to free himself. Kirk could have called 911 right away. He reasoned that he couldn’t have been the first guy to wind up in this sort of situation.

Maybe.

Probably.

There were a couple of people he could have called, but it was a hard ask and he didn’t know how long it would take them to get to his place.

Had Hayley left the door unlocked?

While Kirk didn’t live in a high crime area, it was worrisome enough that he redoubled his efforts to free his left hand. She had put the phone in his right.

He hated himself for buying such a sturdy bed.

He hated his mother for buying such a quality necktie that was impossible to tear.

He hated himself more for allowing Hayley to put him in such a stupid situation.

That was enough hate for him to pull hard with his left hand, that combined with the sweat that had burst out all over his body from anxiety in the moment, allowed his hand to slip through the loop that Hayley had used.

He hyperventilated for a few seconds when his hand was free.

From there it was a simple process to untie his other hand and his feet. He didn't need to call anyone.

He didn't need anyone.

Once he was fully free he opened his phone and looked at the contact that Hayley had added. It was just her first name—fucking hell! He didn't even know her last name!—and a smiling emoji. And a phone number.

He briefly considered deleting it. She was too much for him to take.

She was crazy.

The old advice of never sticking your dick in crazy suddenly came back to him.

In his defense, he was drunk when he brought her home.

Deleting her number was the best course of action. If he needed to he could get her number from Cecilia.

It was the smart thing to do to never see her again. To block her number. To delete her number.

Instead he sent her a message.

Got myself free. It's best if we never see each other ever again.

He took a shower and re-evaluated his life. He then sent a message to Jessa.

Really missing you and your tits and your milk. Kirk decided to be honest with himself and everyone around him. He was a new man. There was no reason why Jessa shouldn't be aware of how he saw her.

A message popped up.

It was from Hayley.

He groaned.

I can’t wait to fuck you again. It was a simple and direct message. It was accompanied by a picture of Hayley’s pussy with two of her fingers up inside.

Kirk’s groan intensified. His cock started to stiffen. He hated himself.

Seeing the only possible outcome, he blocked and then deleted Hayley’s number. He didn’t need that sort of crazy in his life.

He had Jessa and that was enough.

Chapter Eight

Her tits were full and the milk flowed easily from them.

Kirk was having trouble drinking it all. Jessa actually laughed at him.

While he didn't know what it was called he just decided it was autolactating. He had started on her left breast and gotten it flowing. Seeing that she had been holding a nursing pad to her right, he switched but didn't bother to pinch off the left nipple. Neither did she.

Her desire was strong and her moans showed it. After just a few seconds of him sucking on her right, the left suddenly went from a few drips to a light spray.

"We're making a mess," she told him.

They were on his bed—it still smelled vaguely of Hayley because he hadn't had time to wash the sheets—with his head on a pillow situated on her lap. Jessa was topless and happy to have him nursing on her. He didn't mind if she got milk or anything else on the sheets.

Jessa, though maybe she was a cheating slut to her husband, was a hundred times saner than Hayley and Kirk needed that right now.

"It's a good mess," he said and pushed her hand away when she attempted to soak up the spray with the breast pad. He let the milk slowly soak into his t-shirt while he continued nursing.

There was no reason for Jessa to fight him. If he wanted to make a milky mess all over his bed, that was his right.

They continued to nurse together on the bed. Jessa let her head loll back against the headboard. She felt her lust rising. She had rushed out on Jimmy to have this little meet up with her latest lover.

Jessa couldn't stop thinking about the photo that she had found in Jimmy's bag. She hated herself for it, but it was so easy to think that Jimmy was having an affair with the younger, prettier woman.

She knew that the thought was wrong. Jimmy would never cheat on her.

But if he was...that absolved her guilt of fucking other men.

All the other men she had fucked. Not just Kirk.

That thought turned her on.

That and Kirk sucking on her tits.

That and Kirk sucking on her tits along with the way she could see the large bulge in his pants.

She closed her eyes and focused on her tits and the suction and his tongue and her husband's imagined infidelity and Kirk's bulge and what they were going to do next and the fact that she was most definitely cheating on her husband (her favorite thing) and her breathing suddenly increased and should could feel it in her pussy and her tits and——

When she came both of her tits sprayed enthusiastically. Kirk had switched nipples again and her autolactation now soaked his hair. He didn't care. She was beyond caring. The orgasm was what she needed.

Kirk had to swallow fast and steady so he wouldn't choke on her milk. Even after her orgasm had passed her tits continued to spray milk, though it seemed somewhat diminished.

"I want to fuck you now," he told her, pulling away and starting to strip off his clothing.

That surprised her. Always before Kirk had been somewhat reluctant to suck and fuck with her. She had always talked him into it, which was fairly easy because he was a man and horny and he had quickly grown to love her tits and milk, but this was new.

Although it was also new when he had texted her and proposed a meet up.

Maybe he was coming around to her way of thinking, and acting, about sex.

He was naked in just a few seconds. His cock was already hard. She only had to get out her jeans, but it took her much longer than him to get undressed.

The moment her jeans were free of her legs he yanked down her panties—and these were proper, bikini panties this time, not a thong—and started crawling on top of her.

“No,” she insisted, pushing back and not letting him climb onto her.

“What?” He was confused now. “I thought you wanted to fuck.”

“I do. But I need to be on top.”

“Why?”

“Just trust me.”

Kirk wasn’t interested in an argument. He just wanted to fuck and a debate over positions was stupid. He rolled onto his back and held his hard cock in his hand, waiting expectantly.

Jessa wasn’t the sort to mess around either. When she got on top of him, Kirk watched her tits the entire time. The way they moved and jiggled and shook, even when they were partially full of milk, drew his attention. He wanted to know how much milk was still in them.

He wanted to drain them completely.

Once she climbed on top, it was easy for her to slip his cock into her pussy and sit all the way down. It was so easy that Kirk was starting to suspect that they had a relationship. Had they gotten so familiar with each other that the sex was no longer new and exciting, but routine and...bland?

Just as he started to think that while Jessa was pumping her hips and thighs, riding him for her enjoyment. That was enough to distract him. Kirk reached up to caress her tits, which were leaking milk and they bounced pleasantly.

She slapped his hands away. “What?”

“Don’t touch them.”

“Why not?” he complained.

She just grinned down at him and then grabbed his hands. Thinking she was going to give him permission to play with her tits, he went along with what she was doing and quickly found himself with his hands trapped under her knees.

It didn't exactly hurt, but he couldn't move them and it wasn't pleasant either.

"You like that?" she asked.

"No. Not really."

She sat up and cupped her tits with both hands. "You like these?"

He nodded.

She started moving faster on top of him and massaging her tits. As always, when her lust rose, so did the need for her body to expel her milk. It went from slight dribbling to a steady flow. With a bit of massaging the flow increased to a spray.

The milk arched out of her tits through the air to eventually land on Kirk's face and chest with the rest wetting the sheets and pillow.

"You're wasting your milk," he said as she continued bouncing and massaging.

"It's my milk to waste." Jessa's eyes were unfocused as she concentrated on enjoying herself and not worrying about Kirk. His cock was secondary to her pleasure.

"I want to drink it," he all but begged. "Please let me nurse from you."

She paused in her bouncing. "Are you going to make me cum?"

"Always."

"You need to make me cum first before you cum," she lectured him while squeezing one tit to make it spray more. Some of the droplets hit his open mouth.

"I promise." Almost by reflex he started to raise his hand in the Boy Scout salute, but was stymied when he realized his hand was still pinned down by her knee.

She squirted him a second time with her milk and then leaned forward, just far enough to offer a nipple to his mouth but not so far that his cock slipped free of her pussy.

Once he was latched on, he nursed from her while rocking his hips upward, fucking her while she held still.

“Good,” she said softly. “More. Keep going.” She shifted her shoulders, pulling the first breast free to offer the second to him. It was ripe and full of milk. He sucked eagerly, swallowing all of the precious milk while the free one continued to release its contents as well, getting his sheets wetter than ever.

Her breathing became rapid and she started vocalizing in a tone that was now familiar with Kirk. She was going to cum again. She was every bit the slut that she claimed to be. He would have labeled her a perverted and kinky slut, but it wasn’t about compliments at this point.

It wasn’t that difficult for him to hold off, but it was impossible for her to do the same. She started riding his cock again, pulling her breast to the full extent of the flesh. It was mostly empty at this point but Kirk wasn’t going to let it go without making sure a hundred percent that he had gotten every drop. She liked the little thrill of pain he caused as he continued to nurse.

When she came her pussy heated up and squeezed down on his cock. Her body shook. Her tits forced out the last of her milk. Kirk struggled to swallow all that leaked out of the one he was latched on to. The milk from the other was lost to the bed.

He’d have to wash his sheets.

It was more than worth it.

“I love cumming when I’m being nursed,” she unnecessarily said. Kirk had already figured that out a while ago.

“My turn,” he said, yanking his hands out from under her knees. They were sore from being pinned down to the mattress but it didn’t bother him where he needed to stop because of it. He grabbed her tits to hold her in place.

Jessa yelped in surprise but didn’t fight him.

She liked how he suddenly took control.

“Are you going to shoot your load into me?” she asked fiercely.

“You fucking know it.”

He felt the last of her milk dripping all over his palms as he thrusted his hips up into her. The slap slap slap of flesh on wet flesh filled the air, competing with her groans and vocalizing.

Kirk just let himself go and a moment later he came, shooting his load up into her wet pussy.

That was enough. He let go of her tits and she fell on top of him. The warm wetness of her tits was more enjoyable than he would have imagined.

“Do you want more?” she asked him, almost whispering in his ear.

“Always,” he muttered in reply.

She moved up on his body, his softening cock slipping from her pussy. It left a little trail of cum and amrita as she slid along him. Putting her elbows on either side of his face she once again offered him her tits. “I think there’s a little left,” she said.

He turned his head and found a nipple. Once more he was sucking her essence from her tits.

There wasn’t much left.

Her tits were almost completely dried up at this point.

They were both exhausted from fucking.

Kirk was positive there was no way he was going to get it up again, not after his episode with Hayley that morning. That was something that he was never going to tell Jessa. Some things were just better left unsaid.

Eventually, after he had completely drained both tits, she pulled her nipple from his mouth and rolled off.

“I’ve got to get going. I can’t spend the entire afternoon in bed with you. What will my husband think?”

“I don’t know,” Kirk said confidently, rolling to his side to watch her. “What will he think?”

For a split second Jessa considered confiding in Kirk about the nude picture she had found in her husband’s bag. She opted not to. There was no reason to complicate her life any further.

“He’ll think I’m up to something,” she answered vaguely.

“Do you want to use my shower?” Kirk asked.

“What? Why?”

“I’m sure you smell like me and your pussy is still full of my cum, unless I missed something.”

Her pussy didn’t feel all that wet to her at the moment. She considered, but then maybe having a shower at home would be fun. It was risky and she was into risky things, moreso now with her affair ongoing with Kirk.

The real risk was that her tits were empty. She could tell. They felt and moved differently. She had eight hours before she’d be getting into bed with her husband and he’d expect to nurse to either go to sleep or as prelude to sex, but there wasn’t anything that she or Kirk could do about that.

“I’ll shower at home. Who knows? Maybe Jimmy will get turned on that his wife is fucking someone else.”

She knew it was a risk to come home without showering first. But it was a bigger risk to not have any milk for Jimmy. Instead of throwing all caution to the wind, Jessa stopped at a Stewart’s in her drive, used the bathroom to clean her pussy as much as was reasonably possible, and bought a liter and a half bottle of water, which she proceeded to down during the second half of her drive.

The whole process made her feel more than a little bit dirty. She both loved and hated that feeling. She preferred it before sex with an illicit partner because it made the sex that much more intense. She was willing to deal with it afterwards in the same way she was willing to deal with cum in her panties afterwards: it was a necessary by-product of sex.

As she drove, she contemplated her place in her marriage. While she didn't regret cheating on Jimmy, she did worry about getting caught. In her mind there wasn't anything wrong with some extramarital sex. She knew she should have been honest with Jimmy, but half the fun of taking new lovers was keeping the secret from her husband.

It was a conundrum.

When he asked her to participate in his kink of breastfeeding, she willingly went along so that her guilt would be that much less. How many women were allowing their husbands to nurse from them? Very few indeed. How many women were allowing their husbands to have sex with other women (and men)? While Jessa didn't have the answer to that question she knew it was significantly more than those lactating.

In her mind she kept her affairs a secret as a favor to him.

It was all good.

After downing her bottle of water and then drinking as much as she could for the rest of the evening, Jessa could feel the buildup of milk in her tits. That was good. Everything seemed almost normal with Jimmy.

The one thing that kept bothering her was the picture that she had found in Jimmy's bag. Was he having an affair as well? Was he hiding something from her? Was he up to something?

It wasn't like she had the moral high ground, but she wanted to be as honest as possible with him. Even if it was a relative moral honesty.

She pretended to be a good wife through the evening until they got ready for

bed. Then she acted like an improper wife in every way possible.

Maybe getting out the sexy bedtime lingerie was a step too far, but once he noticed that she had dressed up for him, Jimmy didn't complain and he was completely focused on her tits.

"What's the occasion?" he asked as he crawled across the bed to her. She had already gotten between the sheets, but only up to her waist. Her back was against a pile of pillows and her bedtime nightie was cut in such a way that it displayed her breasts without too much cleavage. It was almost classy.

Almost.

"I'm horny and my tits are full." She shrugged which made her breasts jiggle in a way that put Jimmy's brain into neutral.

"Sounds good to me," he said. He was in his typical nighttime attire of t-shirt and boxers. She watched as he pushed down one strap of the nightie which exposed one full breast. Grabbing a pillow from the side on the bed, he put it in her lap and laid his head on it. A moment later he was nursing happily.

Her milk let down right away. Her body was so conditioned to respond to being nursed that it took no effort at all on his part or hers for the milk to fill his mouth.

This was what passed as foreplay for the two of them.

Jimmy didn't mind that at all.

Jessa wished that maybe, just maybe, there was another way for him—and her—to initiate sex, to have some other sort of foreplay.

But then her milk started flowing easily and it was too much of a distraction to focus. The nursing made her pussy hot and then it made her wet and then she couldn't resist and she put her hand down between her thighs to rub her clit.

Jimmy switched from one side to the other much earlier than she was used to. Her free nipple wasn't spraying milk. In fact, it was barely dribbling it when he switched. Normally he only switched when he was teasing or a breast had gone dry. It was sort of necessary for him to switch back and forth during a nursing

session because he would draw out all the easily accessible milk and her breast needed a minute for the milk to come forward.

The switch was far too early.

Still, when he latched back on to the second breast, she found she couldn't focus. Just the act of being nursed had trained her body to become aroused and need sex. They had been in an adult nursing relationship for so long, it was impossible for her to fight against what was now second nature. It didn't matter what she did, she was going to need to fuck when he had drained her tits.

Almost unconsciously she kept her hand between her thighs and put the other one down inside Jimmy's boxers. He wasn't fully hard, not yet, but she knew that it would happen. It always happened.

Rubbing her clit and moving her hand on his shaft, caused everything to shift and her breathing altered. Before she realized it, she was heading upward to another climax.

Her body was a playground and she was a little girl who had no self-control.

The peak was quick, it wasn't powerful, but it was what she needed to relax and come to her senses. Her hands were still both busy, but that was to be understood.

"You don't have much milk tonight," he said, letting her nipple go with a loud slurp. Her breast bounced back and she looked down at her chest. Yes, her breasts were deflated but there was no way they could be that empty yet. All that water drinking had been for nothing and she felt like she needed to pee.

Again.

"I must not have been drinking enough water," she said. It was the only lie she could think of.

"You've been drinking nonstop all night," he said. "Is something the matter?"

"It must be my cycle," she said, pushing the pillow and his head off her lap. "I need to go to the bathroom."

While sitting on the toilet she considered going all the way with the lie and telling him she just got her period. It was an excuse and a lie. And she was horny.

She pulled her straps back into place and stood up to flush. Because she had planned this from the start, she hadn't involved underwear in her outfit.

By the time she got back to the bedroom, Jimmy was completely naked and on his back. His hand was stroking his erect cock. It wasn't huge; he was just keeping it hard and ready for her.

Jessa smiled. This was what she wanted. She had always wanted to have a happy husband who liked to fuck.

She hadn't counted on having a husband who wanted her tits to lactate all the time. She also hadn't counted on having a need to fuck other men as well.

Under the veneer of good things, there were a lot of things wrong with her life and most of those things she couldn't tell anyone about.

Not bothering to take off her nightie, Jessa got back on the bed, crawling up Jimmy's body from his feet to his chest. She paused at his cock to lick and suck it for a moment, but she wasn't into giving him head. They both wanted something else.

"Why'd you put your nightie back on?" he asked.

"Because it's sexier to fuck with something on," she replied, grabbing his hand and putting it up between her thighs. "I'm not wearing any panties."

"I can feel that. But I like to see your tits." He felt around her pussy for a moment before slipping a finger up into her. She shivered a little at the penetration but let him go as deeply into her as he wanted.

"You want to nurse on my tits," she said as she got into position over his cock. Movement was difficult because he still had a finger up inside her, but that didn't stop her.

Eventually he had to move his hand away if he wanted anything to progress. She sat down on his cock and they automatically started moving in the familiar

motions that had become commonplace in their sexual routine.

And that's when it hit her. Their sex, even as good as it was—above average—was routine. It was kinky, with her lactating and all, but it was routine. Common. Bordering on extremely boring.

Jimmy's hands went up to her tits and he started to pull the straps off to expose her.

"No." She slapped his hands away but didn't stop moving on top of his body.

"But I want to see your tits."

"You've seen them before."

"I want to suck on them," he tried. "I want your milk."

Normally that worked on her, but not day. "They're already empty."

"Why?"

She wanted to slap him across the face. "Because they are," she said in annoyance. She knew he wasn't going to shut up about it so she lifted herself up off his cock.

"Hey!" he protested.

But Jessa wanted to fuck just as much as he did. Moving around on the bed, she put her back to him and once more straddled his hips, lowering herself back down. Reverse cowgirl was a stupid name; it was just a slight alteration of doggy style, which was another stupid name.

Still, Jimmy got a nice view of her ass. While he had a definite preference for her breasts, he still liked his wife's ass.

And even in the moment as she was riding him, he realized her ass wasn't as good as Hayley's. And she wasn't wearing a princess plug like Hayley did. But he still loved her.

Even if he felt guilty about fucking another woman.

“You’ve got a great ass,” he told her as she started to bounce on him again.

She grunted in reply. She just wanted to cum now. The sex wasn’t that good. She didn’t like how his cock fit in her from this angle and her emotions were controlling her more than she wanted.

Knowing she wasn’t going to cum made it easier for her to move in a way that he appreciated. She could have gotten herself off by rubbing her clit while riding him, but that was unnecessary. She just wanted it over.

Jessa had never been so relieved when Jimmy came in her. It wasn’t much of an orgasm, but it was good enough. They finished and she crawled off him and went back to the bathroom. She was spending too much time in the bathroom lately.

Fucking bathroom.

By the time she returned to the bedroom, Jimmy had rearranged everything so it was now more suited for sleeping than for sex.

He tried, he really did try. He wasn’t perfect, but neither was she. Her nightie was still on but he was naked. She liked how it felt when she slipped between the sheets and curled up next to him. Placing her head on his chest she said, “I love you.”

“Do you?” he asked. “That was some...some really lousy sex.”

She gave a little chuckle. “I thought it was perfectly average.”

“Is that where we are? Average sex?”

She gave a little shrug. “I guess. What else is there? I’m already lactating for you.”

“Well there’s the whole range of kinky human sexual behavior.”

“I’m not dressing up in leather and spanking your ass.”

“I didn’t ask you to.”

“So what then?”

“I don’t know. The only kink I ever had was to get a woman to lactate for me. So I guess I’ve completed my bucket list.”

She couldn’t bear to voice her need to fuck other men. “I guess you can die happy now.”

“I don’t want to die.”

She rolled and looked up at him. “If I did die, would you ever marry someone else?”

Now it was his turn to shrug. “I don’t know. Maybe. Then again, maybe not. Maybe I’d just date a bunch of women and never have a serious relationship again.”

“You just want to fuck other women.”

“Sure,” he chuckled “I want to fuck other women.”

There was an uncomfortable pause as they both realized they had said too much but the other didn’t realize it yet.

“Do you?” she finally asked.

Taking a deep breath, Jimmy decided to veer into philosophy instead of personal needs. “Well, just because we got married didn’t make me stop looking at other women. Sure, if the right opportunity came along, I’d happily fuck someone else. I don’t want you to die for it, though.”

“So you want to fuck other women?” she asked with an accusatory note in her voice. Jessa hated herself for that because she was guilty of what he was expressing an honest interest in.

“Do you want to fuck other men?”

“Sure,” she said. “Just like you want to fuck other women. But it’s never going to happen.”

They paused in silence in the dim light of the bedroom.

“Why not?”

“Where would we start?”

Chapter Nine

“Have you ever participated in wife swapping?” Jessa asked Kirk as she unbuttoned her shirt.

He was staring at her every motion. It was all he could do to rip her shirt off her body along with her bra. Unconsciously he licked his lips.

Had he become so accustomed to nursing from her that he actually anticipated the flavor of her milk on his tongue? Kirk wasn’t sure if he looked forward to her milk more than the sex, but he didn’t care. He was going to get to have both.

“I’m sorry, did you say something?” he asked.

She was in the process of pulling down her bra straps to reveal her breasts in all their glory. Jessa rolled her eyes in frustration. They had barely been carrying on their affair for a month and they had already advanced to the point in their relationship where he didn’t hear a word she said.

“Have you ever participated in wife swapping?” she said right as she pulled the cups off her tits.

They were glorious as they always were. One nursing pad clung to her left nipple for a second before falling to the floor. Her nipples were already erect, but he couldn’t tell if that was from sexual anticipation or because of the cool air in his apartment.

“I’m not married,” he said as he reached out for her breasts. She allowed him to gently cup her full tits and run his fingers across the nipples. It made her knees go momentarily weak and her pussy dampened. She was looking forward to getting fucked as much as she was looking forward to getting sucked.

It took her a moment to find the focus she needed. He wasn’t squeezing yet, but she could feel her milk already letting down. If he wasn’t careful he was going to get a face full of milk spray. Or maybe he wanted that.

“You know what I mean. Ever...ever swap partners with someone?”

“No.”

“Ever cheat on a girlfriend?”

“No.”

“Ever have a three-way or a four-way?”

He laughed at her. “No. Why are you asking?”

“No reason,” she said just as he bent down to take a nipple into his mouth. They hadn’t even made it to his bedroom. She had walked into the living room before starting to strip.

Was she trying to distract him?

Maybe.

He paused. It wasn’t a tease. Something was up and he instinctively knew to tread carefully. “You don’t just ask a question like that for no reason.”

Unable to think of a valid reason as to why she would ask such a question without revealing everything, she instead pulled his face to her breast. He opened his lips and sucked in the nipple.

She produced milk at once. It flooded his mouth. He swallowed. More milk followed.

His cock started getting hard. He was positive that her pussy was getting more than a little damp. Her free nipple started dripping milk. A thought occurred to him.

“Do you want to have two guys sucking on your tits at the same time? Is this a three-way fantasy for you?”

Jenna wanted to go to the couch and let him nurse from her until she came. To nurse from her until he wanted to fuck her so hard that she lost track of time and space.

“No,” she almost moaned. “Swapping. You and me and Jimmy and whoever.”

Unable to stay bent over, Kirk went down on his knees in front of her which brought his face almost even with her tits. “I thought that you said that your husband didn’t know anything about your...affairs.”

“He doesn’t,” she said.

“So what’s this all about?”

“I...I...I can’t say.”

“Why not?”

“Just suck my tits,” she begged. “Make me cum. Maybe then I’ll tell you. Suck me. Fuck me. Please.” She wasn’t just begging. She was pleading for something. Kirk was intrigued and wanted to know why.

He wasn’t all that interested in getting involved with her husband and “someone” else. The way he figured it he had maybe a good two or three months with Jessa before she got bored or the risks became too great or he got annoyed.

All women had breasts. How hard could it be to convince another woman to try lactating for fun? He wasn’t admitting that he had a real interest in sexual lactation, but he was willing to explore it further.

Kirk guided her to the couch, but didn’t let her sit down. He insisted that she lay down while he knelt on the floor in front of her. As he nursed his hand went up her skirt and over the top of her panties.

She opened her legs to him, allowing him access to her clit and pussy. He was right. She was hot and wet and ready to be used. He was thrilled with how willing she was to have sex whenever she showed up at his place.

It wasn’t like they had a relationship outside of sex. Kirk couldn’t decide if that was a good thing or not.

He sucked her tits for a bit while fingering her pussy and the question she had asked him nagging at his mind, Kirk finally pulled back and blurted out the question.

“Why are you asking me about swapping and cheating?” he demanded. “What are you trying to do?”

Jessa let out a moan of frustration. She hadn’t gotten all the way to climax yet, not even nearly there, but his wanting to talk now wasn’t what she wanted.

“I’m not trying to do anything,” she lied. “I’m trying to...I’m trying to...I’m just trying to get off right now.” She smiled at him and curled her hand around the back of his head, pulling him closer and so he could resume his nursing.

“Bullshit.” He resisted her hand; it was easy because he was that much stronger than her. “Tell me the truth.”

She sighed in anger and pushed his hand from between her thighs. While he had stopped fingering her, he hadn't taken his hand away from her pussy.

“Why do you care?”

“Why did you ask me in the first place?”

“Okay. Fuck it. What does it matter? Another month and we’ll be done anyway,” she muttered, mostly to herself, but partially for his benefit. “Things are getting boring between Jimmy and me. We’re looking to...and I hate this phrase, I hate it...we’re looking to spice things up.”

Kirk snorted, half in derision, half in mock surprise. “You’d think a woman cheating on her husband and him insisting she lactate because it’s his kink wouldn’t need any additional spice in their relationship.”

“Who are you to fucking judge? You’re fucking a married woman.”

“You’re the one who came onto me and pursued me!” he protested. This was not how he had wanted the day to go.

Before things could get out of hand, she took a deep breath and centered herself. The only way for her life not to get completely fucked up in the next five minutes was to be calm and collected about everything.

“You’re right,” she admitted. “I’m not making any judgments here. I’m just trying to save my marriage.”

“Save your marriage?” Kirk was doubtful. “By sleeping with other people?” He scoffed.

“Believe it or not, yes. I knew that there was no way I was going to be able to survive in a marriage fucking just one man the rest of my life. I promised myself

that when I had affairs I'd be discrete and they would only be short term. And when Jimmy asked me to lactate, I saw it as my out. I'd give him what he wanted and I'd give myself what I wanted."

"That's not very honest with him," Kirk pointed out.

"True. But don't worry about that now. We were discussing opening up our marriage and so I thought I might mention it to you."

"And why me? Because we're already fucking you thought that maybe you'd invite me over to your house so Jimmy can watch me fuck you?"

"Actually, no. We said we'd look for another couple to swap with," she said boldly. "The problem here is that you don't have a girlfriend. Which means if Jimmy and I do find another couple, you and I are going to be done."

Kirk sat back on his heels at that declaration. While he knew that it wasn't going to last forever with Jessa, he didn't want to get dumped. Not just yet. He was still intrigued with her tits. He had been seduced by the siren call of lactation. He wondered how the other men had reacted when she had ended her other affairs.

"Are you dumping me?"

"No, but Jimmy and I are going to look for another couple. Or maybe two people who are willing to play with us," she said. "I'm just letting you know." As much as she wanted to cover up her tits, she wanted him to continue nursing. "Maybe you know an ex that might be looking for a kinky friends with benefits situation? I'd suggest finding a new girlfriend who wants to jump into the deep end of the kink pool right away, but that's asking a lot."

"I might know someone," he said.

Chapter Ten

Jimmy looked at the glass jewel that topped Hayley's buttplug—princess plug, he corrected himself—as he eagerly licked at her pussy. She was crouched over him in the classic sixty-nine position, sucking on his cock. It wasn't like he had much choice in the matter. She had bound him to her bed as she always did, and had gotten exactly what she wanted.

She had promised him that he could cum in her mouth and she would swallow all of his load if he could make her cum with his tongue alone.

It wasn't like he had a choice.

It wasn't like he minded.

He knew he should have asked the question before they had gone this far.

What Jessa had proposed was insane, but the more he thought about it, opening up their marriage would give him the opportunity to come clean—mostly—about his affair with Hayley and maybe, just maybe, he could extract himself from the complicated life he had somehow created without meaning to.

Getting tied up was what he liked to do now with her. He knew that if he came he wasn't going to be able to ask the question, so he did the only logical thing in the moment.

He pulled his face back from her pussy where he had been vigorously licking her clit and was able to move back far enough to get his lips and teeth around the metal base of the princess plug.

It took her a second to realize what he was doing. She had put the plug in well before he had come over to her place. She was going to wear it while they fucked. After he made her promise to swallow she resolved that she'd keep him tied up until she could get him hard a second time so they could fuck like a normal couple. The plug was halfway out of her ass before she realized that he fully intended to remove it.

"What...what are you doing?" Hayley gasped as she let his cock slip from between her lips.

Jimmy didn't answer. If he tried to answer, he'd lose his grip on her plug and

he'd be right back where he started. He needed to get her attention and hold it and ask the question and be done with it one way or another.

She could feel the plug just crowning. It wouldn't be difficult to stop him. She could either pull up and get it out of his mouth—that took the risk of it coming all the way out, but she could easily put it back in—or she could just reach around to her ass and push his face away and seat the princess plug back where it belonged.

Instead, she was curious. Holding the base of his cock she licked his length as he struggled to get the plug out. Everything about what he was doing was distracting and not that sexy, but she allowed him to struggle. Hopefully it would make him more tractable.

Jimmy hated having his lips wrapped around the plug's base. He needed to use his teeth to get a sufficient grip and the edges were just smooth enough to make that difficult without making it impossible. He was grateful that it wasn't cutting his gums.

After a minute of this struggle, as fun for her as it was, Hayley ended the episode by lifting up her hips and allowing the device to slip free of her anus. Having the widest part of the teardrop insert pulling her sphincter wide open was that fine balance of pain and pleasure.

The moment it was free, she asked him, though she was addressing his still-hard cock, "Why did you do that?"

He had trouble answering right away. Jimmy was forced to turn his head and spit out the plug. It landed heavily on the bed next to him.

"I've got a question to ask you."

"You already made a request." She wrapped her lips around the corona of his cock head and sucked eagerly. He groaned. She released him. "I'm happy to swallow, but you need to cum first."

"No, that's not what…" he trailed off as she sucked him some more. "I wanted to know if you've ever swapped partners with someone."

Though he couldn't see it, her brow furrowed. "I once dated a guy that my friend

had been with. She said he was a good fuck. He was really just average."

"That's not what I meant."

She put his cock back in her mouth and pushed it all the way to the back of her mouth. Deep throating was a talent she had developed all the way back in high school. Guys loved it but she found it more effort than it was worth.

Taking his cock back out she said, "I know. But what the fuck are you asking?"

"Things haven't been great between me and Jessa lately," he began.

She immediately cut him off. "Nope. Terrible idea. I'm not going to get in bed with you and your wife."

"You haven't even listened to me yet!"

"Opening up a marriage isn't going to save it. I don't want to hear if you two are breaking up. It's not my fault. I didn't force you to fuck me."

"We're bored," he tried to explain. "We're just looking for a little something new and exciting."

"Just because I'm bi doesn't mean I want to fuck your wife."

"I...I didn't know you were bi."

"You learn something new every day." She rolled off his body and considered freeing him from the straps that held him down. In her eyes Jimmy was now a toxic asset. If she continued to fuck him, it was going to come back and bite her in the ass. "I'm still not fucking your wife."

"I'm not asking you to. I'm just wondering if you know anyone who you'd be willing to bring over to, you know, maybe do some partner swapping with us?"

"What?"

"Jessa and I are considering some swapping. Inject some excitement to the marriage. The idea is she'll fuck some guy and I'll fuck you and we'll watch each other. You won't have to fuck her."

“And how would you possibly explain to her how you met me?”

“I don’t know.”

“And what makes you think your wife will want to fuck some random guy that I bring off the street?”

“I don’t know. Maybe we’ll have a meet up first?”

“Is your wife that sort of slut that she’ll fuck a guy right after meeting him?”

“She and I fucked on our first date,” Jimmy said too quickly. “She’s plenty kinky and horny.”

“Oh really? So why are you fucking me?”

“Because you came onto me. I’m weak.”

She laughed at him. “And what’s so great about your wife? What makes her kinky and horny?”

“She’s lactating and she loves it when I nurse from her.”

His sudden admission gave Hayley pause. “Are you kidding me? Is she pregnant?”

“No! She’s not pregnant!” he cried out, annoyed and pulled against his restraints in frustration. “It’s just something we enjoy.”

Despite herself and despite all of her common sense and good sense telling her this was a terrible idea, Hayley was intrigued.

“Something you two enjoy?” she asked.

“Yeah…”

“So...you suck on her tits and her milk…”

“I drink it. Yeah.”

“That gets you off?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s fucking kinky.”

“Sort of. I guess. Maybe. I’m just used to it now so it seems normal.”

She looked down at the naked body of her lover. She had convinced him to let her tie him up and fuck him that way. In no way was that normal, but that was the way she liked to have sex.

“Okay, I’m intrigued. I’m in.”

When Kirk unblocked Hayley’s number, he wasn’t surprised to see what seemed like a hundred messages from her. That gave his ego a huge boost. Even after the way things had ended between them, she still wanted him. At least he figured that she wanted him. Why else would she text him and send all those messages?

Kirk didn’t bother reading any of the messages. He just sent his own.

Sorry I didn’t reply to any of your messages. I needed to think some things through. This may seem a little crazy, but do you want to meet up again? I’m seeing someone else right now and she’s asking to do something that’s a LOT crazy.

To Be Continued

Preview

The Urge 2

“How would you define sex ‘in the normal way’?” Yolanda asked Morgan as the blonde woman with the big tits rolled off the bed and went to one of the shelves that held the plentiful amount of sex toys and gear. Yolanda admired Morgan that she was bold enough to leave these things out to general view, though it was in the room she and her husband called the “sex room.” It made Yolanda seem tame in comparison with the toybox she and Jerry had back in their bedroom. It had never occurred to her to convert their spare bedroom from a guest room to a sex room.

“Well, penis in vagina,” Morgan replied as she selected what looked to be a flesh-colored dildo and something that seemed to be mostly straps. It made Yolanda wonder if they were going to strap down Evan or Jerry or both of them.

“Not oral then?” Yolanda asked. It seemed her question was so innocent which was crazy since she had just watched Morgan ride her husband’s cock after the two women had had sex to get Jerry all worked up. “It’s been a while since I’ve done anal.”

That made Jerry perk up his ears. He and Yolanda had experimented with anal at the beginning of their relationship, but neither had claimed to enjoy it much. Her response made Jerry wonder how long ago it was since Yolanda had tried anal. Was she talking about with him? Was she withholding information about one of the guys she had fucked? Had she done anal with someone before him and he hadn’t measured up to what she had experienced before? It was starting to worry him.

Morgan grinned because she knew something that Yolanda didn’t. “Really? How long? Doesn’t matter. Never mind. Did you like it?”

“It was…” Yolanda glanced nervously at her husband lying on the bed. His cock was still semi-stiff but had been slowly detumescing. It pulsed slowly now, as if

deciding if he wanted to get fully hard again or if he was content to go fully soft. “It was good. I mean, it wasn’t my favorite, but variety is what makes things exciting, right?”

Morgan leaned forward and gave her new friend a little kiss. “Don’t worry about it. You aren’t going to be taking a cock up your ass.” She turned to Evan. “He is.”

“What?” asked Jerry.

“What?” asked Yolanda.

Morgan held out the straps of the harness she was holding. “Don’t tell me that you never pegged a man before.”

“I’ve never pegged a man before,” Yolanda said automatically. “What is pegging a man?”

Morgan laughed. Even Evan chuckled a bit. “The woman puts on a strapon dildo and fucks the man in the ass. Very hot.” she turned her head toward her husband. “Get undressed. You know you’re leaving the cage on, right?”

“Of course,” he answered and started stripping.

It wasn’t just Evan’s forearms that were muscular. His entire body was lean and well-built. He didn’t quite have the perfect crotch-V of a model or bodybuilder, but it was close. Yolanda also noted that he removed all his body hair which made his steel cock cage stand out all the more from his body.

“Let me help you get this on,” said Morgan, holding the harness out to Yolanda. “This is a simple model. No stub for you to ride while you fuck him, but that’s okay. There should be plenty of clit action for you and you don’t want to get too distracted your first time, even if Evan is a pro at this.”

Evan was completely naked now, except for his cage, and was climbing on the bed. “Hey! I’ve never accepted money for getting pegged,” he protested, half jokingly.

“What dirty acts have you accepted money for then?” his wife asked him as she assisted Yolanda in putting on the harness. It wasn’t a complicated device and

went on exactly like she was wearing panties, only the panties were crotchless and made completely out of soft webbing material. Morgan adjusted the straps with a practiced hand, getting everything snugged into position so it wasn't too tight or loose.

Seeing that the bed was about to get crowded, Jerry quickly moved off it and stood next to the wall. His cock was rapidly shrinking now and he alternated his focus between the action on the bed and struggling to get his hard rubbed cock ring off. Doing it without hurting his balls was the most difficult part.

Evan ignored his wife's taunt. "Do you want me on my back or hands and knees?" he asked Yolanda who had no idea how to answer him.

Luckily, Morgan was there to assist. "On your hands and knees, like a real man."

While Yolanda had doubts about where the position mattered when Evan was getting fucked in the ass, especially if it meant whether he was a real man or not, she wasn't going to object to Morgan's decision. She had no idea what she was doing.

Yolanda looked down at the artificial cock that was jutting out from her crotch. The cock was a shade too light to match her skin and she was a woman, not a man, but having a big cock sticking out from between her legs—or rather, right above her legs—made her feel powerful, like she was in charge.

Because she was in charge.

Taking instructions from Morgan, Yolanda got into position behind Evan and quickly realized that the man didn't just shave the pubes above and around his cock, but he shaved his balls as well, which wasn't a shock at all, but he also must have spent a lot of time shaving his ass and the cleft between his buttocks. After a careful look she realized that he was basically bald from the very tops of his thighs to just below his waistline. Evan wasn't very hairy to begin with so it wasn't like it was easily notable, not until she was up close and personal with him in this position.

Unable to help herself, Yolanda reached out and caressed his right ass cheek as he bent forward and offered his back entrance to her. He was incredible smooth; baby-skin smooth.

“Did you shave today?” she asked him.

Her question made Morgan chuckle and she could see the side of Evan’s grin where his face was half-planted against the mattress, but turned enough to catch her eye.

“He doesn’t shave,” said Morgan. “It was last week when we went to get waxed, wasn’t it hon?”

“Yeah,” he agreed without shame. “Last week.”

Morgan ran her fingers over her husband’s bare, smooth ass. “When we agreed he was to go into chastity full time we knew we had to do something about the hair.”

“It pinches and pulls against the cage,” Evan added.

Nodding, Morgan said, “Shaving is an option, but I was already getting waxed because…” and here she paused and looked frustrated with herself. “Because I got a Brazilian years ago because I wanted to try it out.”

“And now she hates pubic hair,” Evan added.

Morgan slapped him smartly on the ass. “Careful or you may get the full body treatment next time.” She shifted her gaze back to Yolanda. “Anyway, good for the goose, good for the gander.”

“How...how do you go into a place like that and get waxed?” asked Jerry.

Evan picked up his head. “Once you’ve got a cock cage on, pretty much all shame goes right out the window.”

Jerry didn’t know what to think. “I meant...what I was asking was…” He cleared his throat and rephrased. “You wear that to get waxed?”

“Of course,” Morgan answered for him. “I’m not risking some slutty spa girl giving my husband a handy because he decides to slip her a twenty.”

“Hey!” Evan objected. “I’m never do that.”

“Of course you wouldn’t,” Morgan agreed and kissed him on the cheek. “Now put your ass back up in the air so Landa can fuck you.”

He obeyed. Jerry got the impression that Evan actually liked getting fucked in the ass. Pegged, he told himself. Pegged in the ass.

A little more instruction from Morgan followed as she also applied lube to Yolanda’s fake cock and Evan’s puckered asshole. Jerry had seen enough porn to know what was going to happen next, but he still needed to move closer to get a first-hand view.

There was some first-time jitters and awkward maneuvering, but eventually Yolanda got the head of her fake cock into his ass.

“Slowly,” cautioned Morgan. “Just a little at a time.”

Evan groaned musically as he was penetrated deeper and deeper by Yolanda’s strokes. Even though it was her first time wearing a strapon and fucking a man in the ass, she took to it almost instinctively. Morgan added more lube to make sure things were nice and slippery for the two.

From his groans and little noises, Jerry could tell that Evan loved being pegged. Yolanda seemed thrilled to be in charge of what was going on. Her grin went from ear to ear and she occasionally looked over at her husband. With her hands on Evan’s ass, she was a commanding presence; she was showing off for Jerry and he couldn’t fault her for that.

Morgan’s hand went down between Evan’s legs and checked his caged cock.

“Doing okay, honey?”

Evan just nodded in response. Kneeling down so that he could get a better look, Jerry saw that while Evan wasn’t hard, because he couldn’t truly be hard inside the metal cage, he was swollen and red. The cage was primarily a curved steel tube with some small openings at the end. Jerry could see the flesh of Evan’s cock pressing against the holes.

“I’m going to leave it on, okay?”

Once more Evan just nodded.

Morgan withdrew her hand and Jerry noted the thin strand of precum that had leaked out of Evan's cock and through the holes of his cage. When her hand pulled far enough away, the strand broke. Morgan noted the wetness on her fingers and palm. "Cuckold tears," she commented mostly to herself and licked the fluid off, cleaning her hand.

Jerry saw the casual action and realized this was routine for the couple; he wondered what sort of path he was going down with his wife.

"How many men actually get waxed like that?" Jerry softly asked Morgan as they watched their spouses engage in the perverted and probably immoral act in front of them. Jerry couldn't deny it was arousing him for his cock was starting to stir again, and Morgan seemed enthralled by seeing her husband's ass abused by Yolanda.

"I don't know," Morgan answered, "but when I asked my spa to do it for him, they weren't surprised at all." A small smile pulled at her lips. "The owner even asked if he was caged before she knew anything."

"I didn't know waxing places were so...discrete."

Morgan let her hands drift downward. One went to her pussy, the other went to his cock where she wrapped her fingers around his shaft, enjoying the sensation of the slow, steady growth that occurred with every beat of his heart. "Only the good ones are discrete. Mine is very discrete."

"Maybe I should tell Landa to go there."

"I sort of like her little triangle."

"How long should I go?" asked Yolanda, interrupting their quiet conversation. She seemed happy to keep going but she didn't want to offend her hostess by abusing Evan to the point where she was no longer welcome.

"Until he cums," Morgan answered casually.

Yolanda kept happily pounding away at Evan's ass. "Can he...can he cum with that...with that thing on his cock?"

"Oh yes," Morgan said happily.

“Nooo…” moaned Evan.

“Ignore him,” Morgan said sharply and then leaned in to whisper in Yolanda's ear. “If he wants you to stop, he’ll use his safeword.”

That was enough reassurance for Yolanda and she kept going, figuring that Evan could have said something other than “no” or he could have pulled away. If anything, he seemed like he was truly loving what they were doing.

Morgan moved back to stand next to Jerry, her hand once again on his cock. She turned her head and for a second he was certain she was going to kiss him. “See her nipples?” she asked, indicating Yolanda’s small, bouncing tits. Her nipples were large and erect.

“Yeah…”

“I think she’s getting off on pegging him.”

“Yeah…”

“You’re going to need to fuck her when she’s done making Evan cum.”

Jerry didn’t have anything to object to; he would happily fuck his wife, but he didn’t think he was hard enough to do that, not at the moment.

As if reading his mind, Morgan went down on her knees next to him and put his semi-hard cock in her mouth. It was easy enough for her to turn her head ever so slightly so she could monitor what the two on the bed were doing.

Jerry didn’t know what to think. He loved the sensation of Morgan’s warm, wet mouth on his cock. He could fuck his wife any time, but somehow doing it in front of an audience seemed like more fun.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Evan cursed.

Morgan paused her blowjob and took Jerry’s cock from her mouth. “Go ahead and cum, honey,” she crooned at him. “Do it and it’ll all be over.”

“Can’t…” he whined. His face was toward them and it was bright red with strain. It was easy to tell he was on the verge of orgasm but without direct

stimulation to his cock, it wasn't going to happen.

"You need to cum, honey," Morgan said sharply as her hand moved up and down Jerry's cock, casual with her semi-adultery. "Jerry needs to fuck his wife. You're not getting released tonight so if you can't cum in the next minute, you're going to be done and you're going to suffer for a week. If you can't get that little cock to cum I'm going to make you wear Kali's teeth all week and then you'll really be sorry."

As Morgan lectured her husband, Yolanda increased the ferocity of her thrusts. The sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the air. Yolanda seemed to have cast away all inhibitions and was ready to do whatever perverted act was asked of her.

The lecture and threat was enough. Evan let out a groan that seemed like pure pain. His cock twitched and strained inside the hard metal cage and then Jerry saw the other man's thick white ejaculate start dripping out of the metal tube. He couldn't imagine how it must have hurt to cum like that, caged and unable to grow, but still orgasming all the same.

"Very good," Morgan murmured. "Very good. Keep cumming, honey, get it all out of there. You don't need to keep that cum inside of you."

The gasping that Evan made sounded like he had just run a marathon and was ready to collapse. Seeing that he had climaxed, Yolanda stopped her thrusts, but questioned her action.

"Should I keep going?" she asked Morgan.

"No. He's good." The big-busted woman stood up and caressed her friend's shoulder. "You look like you're ready for more though."

It had been more effort to fuck Evan than Yolanda had anticipated. She nodded in agreement. "Yeah, but I'm tired."

"Lucky for you, I've got your husband's cock all ready for your pussy."

Morgan still had her hand on Jerry's cock and gently brought him over to his wife.

“Let me get this off,” said Yolanda as she started to loosen the straps but couldn’t find the buckles.

“No, leave it on,” Morgan insisted. “He can get to your pussy just fine with it on.”

It was true. The straps of the device left Yolanda’s pussy exposed. Morgan insisted the Evan get out of the way and she pushed Yolanda down on all fours. By this point Jerry was more than ready to fuck again. Seeing his wife in the strapon wasn’t a deterrent; if anything, it turned him on to see her still sporting the device.

Although her help was unnecessary, Morgan still managed to get a grip on Jerry’s cock and guided it into Yolanda’s waiting pussy. As expected, Yolanda’s sex was dripping in anticipation after pegging Evan. Jerry went easily into her. Morgan rewarded him with a kiss and then moved down to her friend and gave her a kiss as well.

Right after entering her, Jerry knew he wouldn’t last long and didn’t want her to be disappointed so he leaned forward, angling his cock to rub against her g-spot while with one hand he reached around her hip and down between her legs, searching for her clit.

He encountered her fake cock first and froze.

“Forgot your wife was packing heart?” teased Morgan, seeing what he had done.

“Yeah,” he chuckled as he moved his hand around the base of the harness and finally found her swollen clit. Yolanda shivered and moaned.

“Don’t,” she cautioned but he didn’t stop.

A few seconds of rubbing and thrusting was all she needed to cum. Her body shook and her pussy clamped down on his cock. That was all he needed to cum. He grunted and filled her up with his seed.

Morgan clapped her hands together in delight. “See. That was perfect!”

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub