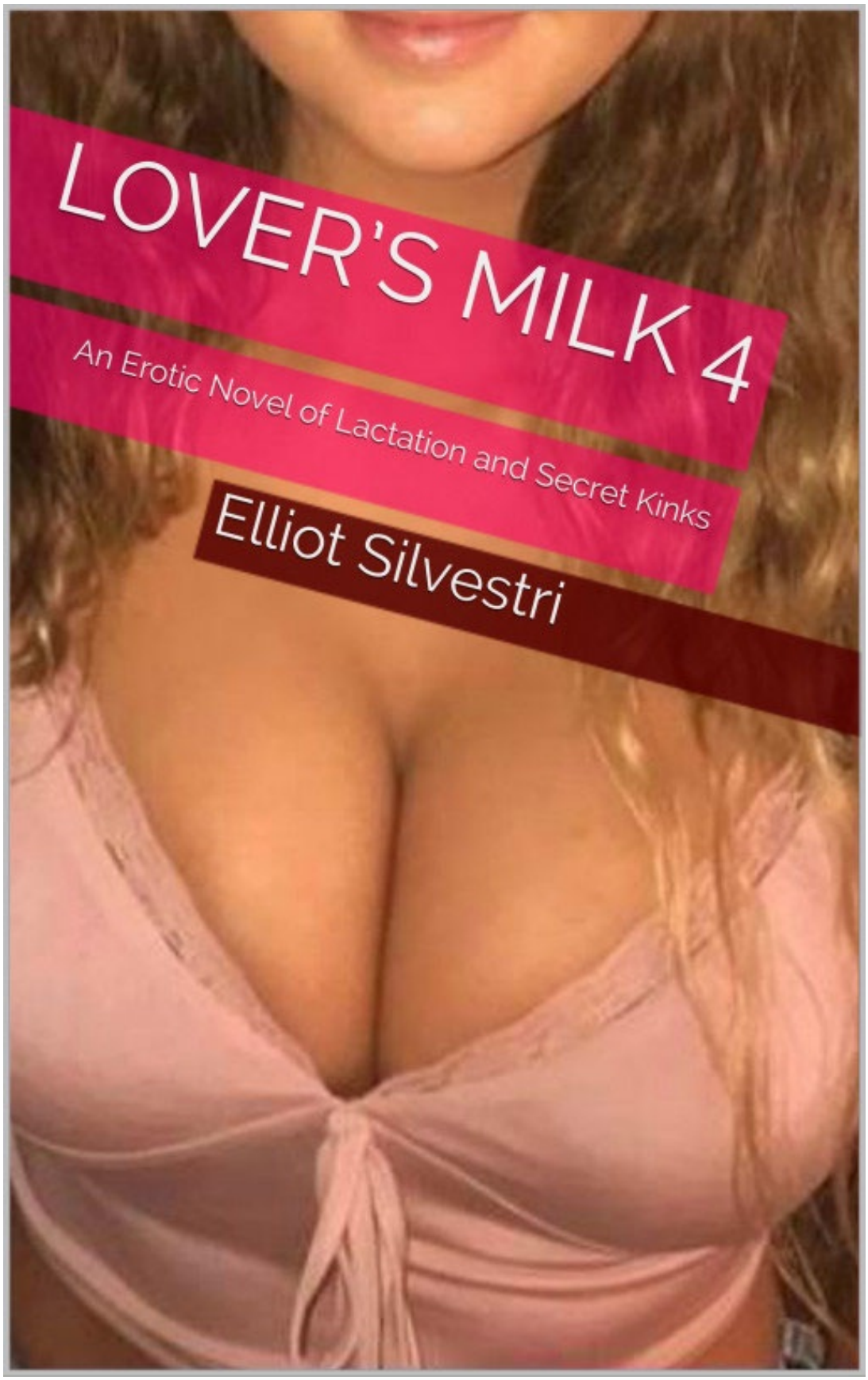
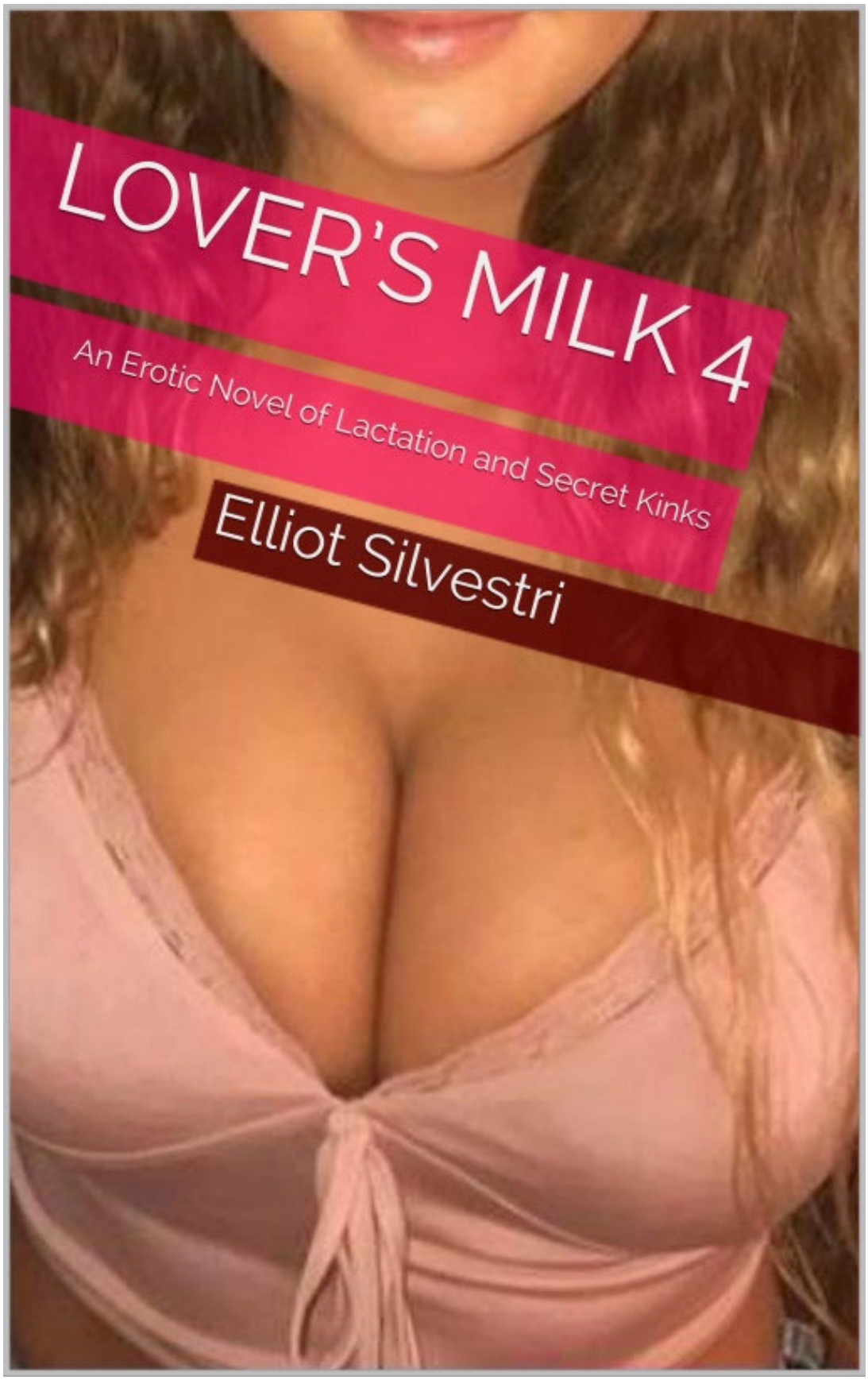

LOVER'S MILK 4
An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Secret Kinks
Elliot Silvestri


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Smashwords Edition

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Lover’s Milk 4

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Version 2

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Chapter Eleven

Hayley looked at the message on her phone. She had been with a lot of men and dated around a lot. She fucked around a lot as well. Those men who found this upsetting, she cut out of her life. Those men who were accepting of her lifestyle tended not to stick around for too long. Often her partners would come back, not for a reunion, but to relive an old episode where they had had wild sex.

This was a first for her. Two offers of group sex in less than a week.

It wasn't that she hadn't done such a thing before. She had. Admittedly both times it was more of a gangbang than partner swapping, but still.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to get back with Kirk. He had been a fun fuck, but it was a one-time thing. He wasn't that great in bed. He acted like a little bitch when she tied him up and wouldn't let him go. That was too bad. He could have been a lot of fun. But he was too much of a baby to let himself be tied up for long.

Thanks for the offer, but I'm seeing someone else right now.

Maybe her response was a little terse and a little rude, but what was he expecting?

Besides, she had a better offer with Jimmy. It had been a while since she had fucked someone she didn't know at all. Jimmy's wife apparently knew someone she wanted to fuck and was going to extend an invitation to him. Hayley was certain it was going to be a disaster and she wanted to be a part of it because when else was she going to see a marriage implode before her eyes?

Maybe she couldn't get anyone tied up, but maybe she could mess around with Jimmy's wife. That would blow his mind. She couldn't think of a single time she had fucked both halves of a couple. It had been at least three years, probably four, since she had been with a woman. Maybe she could convince Jessa that it would be a good idea for the two of them to tie up Jimmy and then make him watch while they fucked.

But she didn't even know if Jessa was open to such a thing. There was no guarantee she was bi. There was no guarantee the four of them would wind up in bed or even fucking in the same room.

Kirk was surprised at the message from Jessa.

Don't bother trying to find someone else. Turns out that Jimmy found someone else.

He was confused and disappointed. While he hadn't expected to have a long-term relationship with Jessa, he had been hoping to try out the swapping thing she had proposed. How many times was that going to be a possibility in his life?

Still, he could be a mature adult about her message. It wasn't like this was the first time he had been dumped. And it wasn't really even getting dumped. She was ending the illicit affair they had been carrying on.

I understand. Thanks for the message. Sorry it didn't work out.

Though he was disappointed, Kirk was proud of himself for being a better person.

WTF? What's not working out? Can you meet us and whoever the fuck it is that Jimmy found on Saturday night? Dinner and bed. Wink wink and all that shit.

Kirk stared at the message. It took him a long time to comprehend what it actually said.

Back in high school Kirk's mother had insisted that he bring Brooke flowers when he took her out on a date. The date was a disaster. It started with the flowers.

Still, it stuck in his head and he considered bringing flowers to Jessa on Saturday night. Then he started thinking, did he need to bring Jimmy's date flowers as well? What about Jimmy? Was that too gay? Gay enough? Not gay at all?

Instead of giving himself a headache about what he was going to do, instead he went with a bottle of wine. It just seemed right.

He was relieved when Jessa answered the door. There was no protocol for greeting the husband of the woman he'd been fucking for the past couple of months.

"Hi!" he said and shoved the bottle of wine at her.

She barely acknowledged the gift. "Here's the cover story. We sort of knew each other from work and local conferences." It was a plausible enough beginning because it was largely the truth. "I found you on a swingers website offering your services to couples." Kirk blinked at that. It made no sense. What services would he be offering couples? "And I recognized the picture you posted and figured you were safe for what Jimmy and I were looking for. Got it?"

He blinked again. "Yes." He had already forgotten most of what she had said. "What's the name of the woman that he's found?" Kirk figured it was a good idea to know a little bit about the woman he was going to make a temporary pairing with.

"Helen or Heather. Something like that. I already forgot." She was drawing him into the house. While he didn't want to say it, he was impressed with the house. It wasn't huge and it wasn't flashy, but it showed that Jessa's husband must have been doing financially well for the both of them.

Kirk wasn't jealous, however, because he was certain that he was getting to fuck and suck Jessa more than Jimmy was.

"Is this the worst circumstances of meeting someone?" asked the man he met in the living room. He was maybe a few inches shorter than Kirk, a few pounds heavier, had some gray hair and his hairline was receding. Everything about him made Kirk feel better about himself. The fact that Jimmy seemed to be doing better than him financially didn't seem to make a whit of difference. "I'm Jimmy. Jessa's husband. She said you know her from work?" He extended his hand.

Kirk shook Jimmy's hand, glad that the other man didn't play the game of squeezing as hard as he could. It was a childish game that proved nothing.

“Right. Work. Not the same company. We met at a conference.”

“Are you ready to fuck her?” He asked the question just as Jessa returned from the kitchen. She was carrying the wine bottle and four glasses. The fourth glass reminded Kirk that they were still waiting for Jimmy’s partner—or whatever she was called—to show up.

“Uh…” was the best answer Kirk could offer.

Jimmy laughed. Jessa slapped his shoulder. “Knock it off, Jimmy.”

“Well, isn’t it going to happen tonight?”

She sighed. “We’ll see.” She gave Kirk a quick, conspiratorial wink.

Kirk didn’t know what to think.

“Knocking it off is old slang for sex,” Jimmy offered up, making the moment even more awkward.

“I knew that,” Kirk chimed in. He gladly took one of the wine glasses from Jessa and looked down at the fourth glass that was full but unclaimed. He hoped that the mystery woman would show up shortly because he didn’t want to be in bed with Jessa and have Jimmy watching, not without the buffer of someone else there as well.

“Is it just going to be the three of us?” he asked nervously.

“Hayley should be here shortly,” said Jimmy.

“I’m eager to meet her,” Jessa said.

Kirk wasn’t sure if he believed her. And then he flashed on the name that Jimmy had said. “Her name is Hayley?” That was an odd coincidence.

“I knew it wasn’t Heather!” Jessa cried out. “Oddly, Jimmy met her at work too.” Once more she winked at Kirk. “He said when he approached her she was shocked, and if she said no he was going to be humiliated.”

“But she said yes,” Kirk said.

“Well, yes,” Jimmy answered. “She’s part of our admin staff. The way my company is set up, the engineers are almost like a separate company, so it’s cool. We met—” before he could continue the doorbell rang. “I guess she’s here.” He exchanged a nervous glance with his wife.

“You’d better answer it,” said Jessa. “I wouldn’t want to scare her off.”

“Good idea.”

“Have you met this Hayley?” Kirk asked softly.

Jessa quickly stole up to him and gave him a kiss. It wasn’t much more than a peck on the lips but it was enough to shock the hell out of Kirk. “Nope. I’m kind of excited for it though,” she admitted after taking a step back. “My panties are wet. So are my breast pads.”

It was such an odd thing to say. He could smell food cooking in the kitchen, but he was so nervous he was certain he wasn’t going to be able to eat anything. He hoped he wasn’t so nervous that he couldn’t get his cock up.

And at that moment he was certain he was going to go through with this crazy plan. What the fuck did he have to lose?

“Jessa, Kirk, this is Hayley.”

Both of the pair froze at seeing Jimmy’s female companion. They both stiffened, in Kirk’s case that wasn’t a good thing. They recognized her immediately, but from different circumstances.

It took Hayley a second to recognize them.

Jimmy missed the significance of the three freezing at the sight of each other. He attributed it to something else entirely. “Yeah, this is a little awkward,” he said amiably. “A little wine and a little something to eat will settle everyone’s nerves, right?”

Although Jimmy was speaking with an air of authority, he was as uncertain as everyone else, but for different reasons. The last thing he wanted was for his wife to find out he had been having an affair. And at the same time he didn’t want her to think he was a loser who couldn’t find another woman to fuck him.

That’s why he had asked Hayley to their little group session. He figured if his wife was going to leave him, he might as well throw away everything in his life.

Realizing everyone was suddenly very tense, Kirk did the only thing he could think of to move events along. He stuck out his hand to Hayley. “Kirk. Hi. Nice to meet you. This is a little weird, isn’t it?”

“Of course it’s weird,” Jessa said softly. She was studying her rival very carefully. Had someone at Jimmy’s job gotten a nude picture of Hayley and sent it to him where she had found it in his bag? What type of slut was this girl?

Hayley’s first instinct had been to say it was a small world and declare that she and Kirk had briefly dated “a while ago.” That would have been a better story. Maybe. Now she couldn’t do that without getting Jimmy in trouble with his wife.

Or could she?

Instead she just shook Kirk’s hand politely and said the most sexually rude and aggressive thing possible in the moment. If the evening was going to be a disaster it might as well be a quick disaster where they could all go home and be done with it. “Are you the guy who is going to fuck me and Jimmy’s wife tonight?” she asked. “You’re pretty cute. I might just fuck you and to hell with Jimmy.” She laughed as everyone exchanged nervous glances. Dropping Kirk’s hand she shifted toward Jessa. “He introduced me as Hayley, but I’m also bi. How about you?” She offered her hand to Jessa who automatically took it.

Jessa slowly shook her head. “No. I’m not bi.”

Hayley pouted. “Too bad. I was looking forward to something really exotic tonight.”

Jessa was angry. She was angry that her husband had brought home the office slut, and she was doubly angry that the younger woman was prettier than her, and she was triply angry that the office slut thought she was boring and not exciting just because she wasn’t bi.

“I can give you something exotic,” said Jessa as she handed Hayley the last glass of wine. Kirk was thrilled that she didn’t throw it in the other woman’s face.

“Oh?”

“Ever try breast milk?”

Hayley laughed nervously. “Uh. No. Of course not.” She stopped speaking when she realized what Jessa was implying. “Are you…?”

Jessa nodded. “Uh-huh. And Jimmy loves sucking my tits and drinking my milk, don’t you honey?” She sidestepped to her husband and put her arm around his waist.

Hayley turned to Jimmy, waiting for his answer.

“Well, yeah, why not?” he said nervously. “Just my little kink that Jessa lets me indulge in.” His knees were weak and he could feel the sweat beading on his forehead.

“You’re lactating?” Kirk blurted out to cover for himself. Only after he had a second to think about it did he realize that most people wouldn’t be turned on by a lactating woman.

“Yes.”

“I’ve never been with a woman who was lactating,” said Hayley, eager to prove that she wasn’t a prude. “How many people have tried your milk?”

“Just uh...just Jimmy,” she stuttered and quickly finished the wine in her glass. “It’s not like I go out having affairs or anything like that.”

It took all of Kirk’s willpower not to wince at that. “Is that why your boobs are so big?” he asked to make it seem like he was clueless.

It worked. Jessa rolled her eyes at him. “A little. I was pretty big even before that.”

“How big are they?” Hayley asked.

While Kirk didn’t have numbers or letters to compare the two women, he could easily see that Jessa was much bigger than Hayley. He had seen both women naked and handled their tits, but it was obvious to everyone with eyes that

Hayley was much smaller than Jessa.

“I wear a D or double D bra,” she said. “It depends on the cut of the bra. Nursing bras tend to run a little bigger than normal bras. I think it’s to accommodate the pads. What are you A or B?

“I’m a B,” Hayley said fiercely. She didn’t realize she was going to have to defend herself at this meeting. “The perfect size.”

“Before we start an argument,” Jimmy interrupted. “Why not some more wine...and a little something to eat?”

After a minute of moving around with Jessa running back and forth from dining room to kitchen, they all had refilled wine glasses along with the bite-sized portions of a meal she had prepared.

“What’s your thing?” Jessa asked Hayley.

“My thing?” she asked warily.

“Well, I like lactating for my husband,” she said.

And for every guy you fuck, Kirk silently added.

“What is your kink?”

“I like tying up men and riding their cocks until they give out.”

Kirk was glad he wasn’t in the middle of chewing or swallowing. His eyes went wide even though he knew it was the truth. “Really?” he asked, turning her way. His head was a little dizzy from the wine and little food, but that helped.

“And women too,” Hayley added. “But it’s been a while since I fucked a woman.” She made eyes at Jessa. It wasn’t missed by Jimmy. She turned to Kirk. “What’s your kink?” she asked him.

“I like fucking women,” he blurted out in case there was any question about it.

Everyone laughed at him.

“And I’m going to find out if I like swapping or fucking in a group or whatever.”

“I like fucking women too,” Jimmy hastily added in case there was any doubt on the matter. “I just haven’t had any other women since Jessa.” He smiled at his wife.

She smiled back. There was a bit of drunken savagery in her reply.

“I can’t wait to see you fuck her.” Jessa’s finger pointed at Hayley.

Jessa was partially shocked, partially turned on, and partially flattered. Still, she had to turn the conversation. Looking pointedly at Kirk she said, “Oh, come on! No one believes you. She’s into tying up guys and girls, and Jimmy and I do the lactation thing, you must have a kink as well. Hmm?”

Kirk hated being put on the spot. He let his emotions get the better of him and he focused on Jessa’s tits. “Like I said, I’m hoping to find out if orgies are my thing, but beyond that, I think my kink is fucking married women.”

Hayley laughed at the uncomfortable situation that Jessa had inadvertently created. Jimmy joined in while Jessa’s face turned red and not just from the wine that she gulped.

“Why don’t you help him find his kink, Jes?” Jimmy joked with his wife. “Are you the sort of woman who cheats on her husband?”

She glared at him. “It’s not really cheating if I’m doing it right in front of you, is it?” Finding courage from her anger, she stood up and grabbed Kirk’s hand. He stumbled away from the table as she dragged him away. “C’mon, Kirk. We’re going to fuck on the very fancy bed Jimmy’s parents bought us because they said you can’t have a happy marriage without a good bed!”

Hayley lifted her eyebrows at Jimmy as she finished the wine in her glass. “I didn’t see that coming, did you?”

“What the fuck?” Jimmy breathed, uncertain as to what had just happened.

“You might want to chase after them if you don’t want her fucking him,” Hayley said.

Jimmy stood up and started to move. “But...isn’t that what we’re supposed to be doing? Fucking other people?”

“Well, you and I have already been fucking,” she said. “I brought my bondage bag with me. It’s out in the car. Do you have a spare bedroom?”

Jimmy looked at her not comprehending anything other than “bondage bag”. “You brought that to my house?”

Finishing the last of her wine, Hayley shrugged. “Why not?”

He didn’t answer her. Jimmy just headed for the stairs, not exactly chasing after his wife because he wasn’t sure if he wanted to see her with another man. He was scared and excited at the same time.

“Damn,” Hayley cursed as she put the wine glass down. Not wanting to be alone, she grabbed Jimmy’s half-full glass and followed Jimmy up the stairs.

What Jimmy found stopped him dead in the bedroom door. Jessa was on the bed with Kirk. Her blouse was off and her bra straps had been pulled down, exposing her tits. Jimmy had seen them naked a hundred times before. A thousand times. More than that. But seeing them naked in the hands of another man was an indescribable feeling that he hated and loved at the same time.

Kirk ignored Jimmy, which was for the best. For her part Jessa allowed her eyes to flutter open, see her husband in the doorway, and then she shut them again. Jimmy had seen that same look on her face too many times to count. She was in the middle of lust and she was enjoying Kirk’s hands.

And mouth.

The other man had easily moved down Jessa’s body and taken one of her nipples into his mouth. Jessa gasped lightly and then moaned softly. He wasn’t hurting her; she was enjoying it much more than Jimmy wanted to see.

He felt Hayley’s hand on his cock. She had joined him in the doorway. Hayley wasn’t subtle and had gone right for his cock, which, to his shame, was incredibly hard.

“You like watching your wife get fucked by someone else?” Hayley whispered in his ear.

Jimmy swallowed. He was staring at Jessa’s tits. Well, the one that was mostly

exposed. Her hand was pinching her nipple and he could see the wet milk starting to flow out and over her fingers. He wanted that milk. He was jealous and wanted to throw Kirk out of the house and fuck his wife so hard that she would scream for his cock to hurt her.

Only he wanted Kirk to do that instead of him.

Jimmy staggered against the door frame. Hayley had to help support him.

Then he saw Kirk's hand was up Jessa's skirt. He couldn't see for sure what Kirk was doing, but Jimmy was positive that the other man's hand was in his wife's panties and was playing with her clit and fingering her pussy.

He wanted to see that up close.

Hayley pushed her hand down into his pants and groped his cock. She hadn't managed to get her hand inside his underwear, but that didn't matter. If she wasn't careful he was going to blow his load inside his pants.

"Stop," he whispered back to her.

Hayley removed her hand from his pants, but she didn't stop, not like how he meant it.

On the bed Jessa and Kirk were now laying down on their sides. Kirk was earnestly nursing from her which only served to make Jimmy more jealous. She had hiked up her skirt to the point where it was obvious Kirk's hand wasn't just inside her panties while he fingered her. Kirk was moving his hand to the point where both Jimmy and Hayley could hear the impact of his hand against her wet and swollen pussy.

Jimmy wanted to protest, but at the same time he wanted to see what was going to happen next. Just as he was about to move forward and put an end to everything because they had reached the point that he could tolerate and say the fun and games were over, he discovered Hayley down on her knees opening up his pants.

He let her.

He couldn't stop her if he wanted.

But he didn’t want to.

She got his cock out and put it in her mouth. As he looked down at her, she looked up and started sucking him in earnest.

It was too much for him. He had to look away. The scene on the bed didn’t help with his sudden realization that Kirk was going to fuck his wife and there wasn’t anything he could do about it other than to blow his load in Hayley’s mouth.

Together Kirk and Jessa had removed all her clothes except for her stockings. Her skirt and panties were on the floor next to the bed. Her legs were wide open now, giving him complete access. Jimmy hadn’t even realized his wife was wearing the thigh high stockings she saved for special occasions.

This was a special occasion.

The little noises she was making told Jimmy an orgasm was imminent from her. Just from Kirk sucking her tits. Jimmy loved to suck her tits and make her cum that way too. The realization that the married couple was going to cum first made Jimmy re-evaluate what they were doing.

It was great.

Jessa’s eyes opened and met his. “I’m gonna cum,” she softly announced.

Jimmy just nodded. He hoped it was from Kirk sucking her tits and drinking her milk. Kirk seemed to know what he was doing with Jessa’s pussy, but that wasn’t what Jessa liked to start with. After years of marriage Jimmy knew that.

“Is she going to make you cum?”

Jimmy looked down guiltily at Hayley’s head bobbing up and down on his cock. He blushed with shame. He knew he shouldn't have shame because his wife was being just as unfaithful to him as he was to her. It was just that she knew now; it wasn’t like when he was fucking Hayley in private.

“Uh-huh. Do you want her to stop?” Jimmy asked.

Jessa didn’t answer. She pushed Kirk away from her tits. His mouth tried to stay attached with a noisy slurp. Her hands immediately got busy undressing Kirk.

He helped even though Jimmy wanted them to stop.

And at the same time he wanted to see what they would do next.

When Kirk was naked, Jimmy couldn't help but stare at his cock. It wasn't huge, he was relieved to see, but not tiny either. Average. Very hard but average. That was good.

It was good until Jessa went onto her back and opened up her legs and pulled Kirk on top of her.

Jimmy couldn't see the details but he knew that Kirk was about to penetrate his wife. Kirk was a little younger than he was with a slim, athletic build. Maybe his wife was more attracted to Kirk physically and that was the impetus to make him push Hayley off his cock.

"No. Wait! Stop!" He stumbled across the room, his pants held up with one hand, doing his best to not look like a fool and failing completely.

"What?" Jessa protested. She wasn't angry but she was certainly annoyed that her husband had stopped her from fucking Kirk. It wasn't like she hadn't fucked him before, but Jimmy didn't know that. She couldn't let him know that. "Isn't this what we wanted?"

Coming up short, Jimmy dropped his pants to find his dignity. Being half naked in front of his wife while she was about to fuck another man, it was difficult to find that dignity, but he did his best. "Right. Yes. This is what we wanted. I just...I just want to see it."

Jessa was alarmed. She had cum once already from Kirk sucking on her tits and maybe she had gone a little far with initiating sex right away. She had forgotten herself, but she still wanted to fuck. She wanted to fuck Kirk. She wanted to fuck Kirk in front of Jimmy. And in front of Hayley who had risen up off her knees and kicked off her shoes. She had moved into the room for a better view.

Kirk was nervous. He was naked with nothing but an erection. His cock head was wet with Jessa's amrita; he had been between her lips but not fully inside her yet. The moment had taken him and he didn't know how Jimmy was going to react. Staring at the other man's hard cock, wet with Hayley's saliva, Jimmy couldn't claim the moral high ground. Kirk just hoped that Jimmy wouldn't

insist on fucking Jessa.

Then again, Hayley would be worth fucking again. She was crazy, but she was worth fucking.

“Well, get to where you want to watch,” Jessa told her husband and pulled Kirk back on top of her.

Jimmy moved down to the end of the bed where their feet were pointed. He looked up between their legs and was just barely able to see Kirk’s cock probing her labia. He swallowed hard and wondered if it was too late to ask her to use a condom. Jessa’s hand appeared in the mix, holding Kirk’s cock, and guiding it into her.

Watching another man’s cock filling up his wife was a life changing experience for Jimmy.

He didn’t regret it.

He especially didn’t regret it when Hayley’s fingers curled around his own cock and started jerking him off. He turned his head to look behind him. She had taken off her shirt and jeans, but her bra and, presumably, her panties remained on. He couldn’t see down to her hips so he wasn’t sure.

“You like seeing your wife get fucked?” she asked Jimmy and then kissed him.

It was one of those awkward over the shoulder from the back kisses, but Hayley knew exactly what she was doing.

Jimmy nodded and went back to looking at Kirk fucking his wife while Hayley continued to stroke his cock. He didn’t want to cum from her hand but he didn’t want to spoil the mood either.

How had he gotten himself into this situation?

Hayley let go of his cock and moved around in front of him, spoiling his view of Kirk penetrating his wife. Just as he was about to angrily shove her aside, Hayley bent forward over the edge of the bed and pulled down her lacy black panties.

“Instead of just watching him fuck her, why don’t you fuck me?” she asked.

If Jessa and Kirk heard them or cared, they gave no indication. They just continued on, Kirk mostly in silence, Jessa vocalizing louder now. If Jimmy had stopped to think about it, he would have realized his wife was close to orgasm. But with Hayley bent over the bed and offering him her ass, he couldn’t focus. Since his pants were already off, he shucked his shirt and knelt down behind her. He should have spent a little more time warming her up with some cunnilingus, but the moment he put his cock between her legs and she reached down to guide him in, he realized she was incredibly wet.

Apparently tying up her partners wasn’t the only thing that got Hayley hot and wet.

Jimmy easily slipped inside Hayley’s pussy.

Hayley moaned loudly. Jimmy thought it was loud enough to distract his wife and was disappointed when she didn’t even acknowledge what he was doing.

He pulled back and then shoved his cock into Hayley as hard and deeply as he could. She cried out in surprise but didn’t protest. “Yes...harder,” she encouraged him.

Jimmy’s eyes were entirely on Jessa. “I’m fucking her,” he announced to Jessa. “Is that okay? Is that what you wanted?”

Jessa turned her head enough to see what Jimmy was doing with Hayley. She smiled. It was almost a drunken smile. “Yes...that’s exactly what I wanted.”

It was what Jimmy wanted as well.

He got serious about fucking his mistress in front of his wife. If they were going to go through with this, he might as well go all in on it.

If Jessa minded that he was fucking another woman right in front of her, or right next to her, more accurately, she gave no indication. She might have taken note of the pair next to her, but not that Jimmy could see. They were just two couples fucking next to each other.

That, in and of itself, was hotter than Jimmy could have imagined. There was a

certain freedom and thrilling satisfaction in fucking another woman in front of his wife.

For her part, Jessa barely took note of Jimmy and Hayley. Kirk was so nervous he wasn't sure what he should do and tried to put the fact that there were two other people in the room out of his head. The easiest way to do that was to keep fucking Jessa and, more than that, to duck his head down and feast eagerly on her tits.

As always, her breasts never stopped making milk. If anything, they were especially ripe tonight, he barely had to suck on them to get the milk squirting into his mouth. When he occasionally released her nipple, it would keep erupting with warm liquid, forcing him to lick it up from her soft breast before he could continue on nursing.

She loved the attention Kirk was giving her. While he was busy fucking and sucking her, Jessa discovered that while cheating on her husband was fun and had given her thrills she needed to stay sane, fucking in front of her husband was even better. Maybe it was because he had given her permission but he was still nervous about it, maybe it was because she could be a slut in front of the man she loved.

Either way she had cum once already and she knew it was going to happen again. She wanted Kirk to cum inside of her just so she could show it to Jimmy and then see his reaction. It was insane, in the back of her mind she knew that, but she wanted it to happen. She didn't want to keep cheating on him because it was so fucking complicated. What she needed was his permission to fuck other people. That would be perfect.

Kirk was going to make her cum again. She felt it was close and she welcomed it. She angled her hips upward and wrapped her legs around his waist. That made it a little more difficult for him to suck on her tits, but it didn't stop him. She felt the orgasm coming and she turned her head and by chance she locked eyes with the other woman.

Hayley the slut.

The younger woman had brown hair and smaller tits and gave Jessa what she thought was an almost apologetic look...right before she came from the pounding that Jimmy was giving her. The vocalizations that Hayley made were incredible.

She would never admit to it, but that was the final factor that gave Jessa her second orgasm on the night.

She almost reached her hand out to grasp Hayley's fingers in some sort of gesture of solidarity, but Kirk was still fucking and sucking her. He was close, she could feel it. His cock was hard and throbbing within her.

"Cum," she whispered in his ear, almost begging. She shook her head. That wasn't how she wanted to do this. "Cum, baby!" she cried out, acting without trying to make it seem she was showing off for Hayley and Jimmy. "Cum for me. Cum in me!"

That was enough for Kirk. He pumped her once and then twice and then she felt his hot seed spilling into her as he groaned with relief as pleasure sated his body.

She kissed him. Doing that in front of Jimmy felt like real betrayal and she savored it. Turning her head to see what the other two were up to, she saw the contorted look on Jimmy's face. He was close, oh so close to cumming. She had seen it on his face a hundred, hundreds, maybe even a thousand times before. Maybe more than a thousand times.

But his cock was buried in another woman's pussy and it made Jessa suddenly extremely jealous. She knew that she had no right to the emotion because she was a cheater and had encouraged Jimmy to fuck Hayley and had fucked Kirk right in front of her, but emotions weren't logical.

And then he came. "Fuck yes!" he cried out.

A look of pleasant euphoria came over Hayley's face as Jimmy finished in her.

Jessa wanted to kill the other woman at that moment, but she managed to control herself. She still had something that Hayley didn't. Jimmy had been the only man to fuck her in the ass. Jessa knew it was twisted, but she felt that was something a wife should only do with her husband. Jessa was going to have a serious talk with Jimmy and make him swear never to fuck anyone in the ass other than her.

"That's a lot of milk," Hayley commented. She had been staring at Jessa's tits. They were still leaking milk.

Self-consciously Jessa covered her nipples with her hands. “Yeah. Jimmy loves it. He made me lactate, isn’t that right, honey?”

Jimmy was still in the last clutches of his orgasm. “Uh-huh,” he agreed. “Fucking love her milk.”

“It is very tasty,” Kirk chimed in.

“Do you mind if I taste it?” Hayley asked.

Everyone looked at her. She could feel their eyes boring into her, but she shrugged it off. More than once she had been accused of being a kinky slut and she was determined to keep that title in whatever group she was in.

“Taste it?” Jessa asked, unsure of how to proceed.

“Yeah. Jimmy and Kirk have tried it. I’ve never tasted another woman’s breast milk. Is it any good?”

“It’s incredible!” Kirk practically sang out.

“I love it,” Jimmy repeated.

“Do you mind?” Hayley asked.

“Uh...I guess not,” Jessa said in measured tones. Kirk politely moved off Jessa’s body and she squeezed her breast a few times, making a milk fountain. Her fingers were wet with milk and she offered them to Hayley.

The young brunette ignored the other woman’s proffered fingers, not because she was above sucking another woman’s fingers—she wasn’t—but because she wanted it direct from the source, just like Jimmy and Kirk had done.

Jessa knew she should have protested when Hayley quickly crawled up the bed, making Jimmy’s cock slip from her pussy, and grabbed Jessa’s breast before the other woman could protest. Hayley had played with plenty of other women’s breasts and she wasn’t the least bit shy about licking or sucking her nipple. Knowing that she might only have this one opportunity, she quickly lowered her mouth to Jessa’s nipple and sucked, not too hard and not too softly, but just enough to draw the milk.

Looking down at Hayley in shock, Jessa knew she should have protested, but the other woman's soft lips and firm sucking was unlike anything she had ever had with Kirk or Jimmy and any of her lovers. Was it because Hayley was a woman or because it was unexpected or because she was doing it in front of Jimmy? There was no way to determine.

It wasn't what she wanted. But still, Jessa heard herself softly moaning as Hayley nursed from her.

It was too short. Jessa wanted it to keep going, but Hayley unexpectedly let go of her nipple.

"Oh...wow! That's incredible. It's not exactly like sugar water, but sort of. Very sweet. Not like cow's milk at all."

"No. It's not," said Jessa. "I'm not a cow."

"Sorry," Hayley quickly apologized and flushed bright red with shame. "I didn't mean. I just didn't know what to expect."

Jessa was rather flattered at the intent of the compliment. She had also liked the way Hayley had nursed from her. She also liked that the girl seemed to know enough to blush in a display of good manners.

"It's okay," Jessa said automatically because she had good manners as well.

"Can I?" Hayley asked and then didn't wait for an answer. She just lowered her head and started nursing from Jessa's other breast.

"Holy fucking shit that's hot," Jimmy exclaimed. He had just cum and his cock was already rising up again. He didn't know exactly what he was going to do with his cock, but he wanted to do something with it.

Jessa felt her lust rising again, which she appreciated because if she was turned on she didn't have to think about the uncomfortable position she was in—literally being in bed with her husband and her boyfriend and another woman her husband had just fucked who was now sucking on her tits. "More," she begged.

She wasn't sure what she had meant, but she was fairly sure that she meant for Hayley to keep nursing from her.

Instead Kirk moved back closer and took up her free breast.

Now they were both nursing from her. She could feel the milk draining out and was certain that she wasn't going to have any for Jimmy.

And she didn't care.

"Oh fuck I need this," she sighed when she saw that Jimmy was watching. His hand was on his cock and he was slowly jerking off.

"You like that?" Jimmy asked, his expression one of lust and confusion.

"Uh-huh," she moaned. "Don't jerk off. I want you to fuck me...fuck me when...when they're done."

He slowed the pace of his hand on his cock. "Okay," he agreed immediately without protest.

Jimmy watched intently as the other two nursed from his wife. It was wrong and it was kinky and so it turned him on more than he expected. They shouldn't be doing this, but he still wanted to do it.

Jessa's face scrunched up and she was entirely focused on the moment; he knew what was going to happen next and yet, when it did, he was still surprised.

She came. Of course she came. She always came when her tits were sucked on long enough. He was certain she wasn't going to have any milk left for him when they were done, but that was beside the point now. He just wanted his chance with his wife.

Her orgasm seems to go on forever. Her new partners didn't stop sucking while she came. They just kept going, pinning her down and stealing her milk.

Finally Jessa had had enough and pushed them away. "Enough! Enough! Too much!"

Hayley and Kirk followed her command. They were both sated, or perhaps they didn't want to risk not getting with her again.

"More," said Jessa, looking directly at Jimmy. "I want more."

“What more do you want?” he asked as he approached her on the bed.

“I want you to fuck me.”

“I can do that.”

“I want you to fuck me in the ass,” she specified.

Kirk’s eyes went wide and he pulled back from Jessa. He was surprised at her eagerness to perform such a vulgar and kinky act in front of the group, but he supposed she was showing off.

The more violent reaction was from Hayley, who all but jumped back as her face soured, looking like she was going to vomit. “That’s not a great idea,” she said firmly.

Jimmy looked at her strangely. “Why not? Haven’t you ever been fucked in the ass?”

It was a rude question considering the circumstances, and Jessa didn’t want to spoil the moment, but she was curious, yet remained silent.

“Yes,” Hayley spat at him. “And I didn’t like it. I hated it.”

“Doesn’t mean that I don’t like it,” Jessa said casually as she rolled over from her back and got up on her hands and knees. She went so far as to wiggle her rounded posterior at Jimmy, and for the benefit of the other two who were watching her. “And I do like it. Please fuck me in the ass, Jimmy.” She wasn’t begging and she wasn’t ordering, but it was more than enough to make Kirk’s cock get hard. Jimmy was already hard. He wondered what Hayley would say the next time they were alone if he asked to fuck her in the ass. He knew she hated it, but some times people did things during sex that they said they hated because they had to.

“Have you...have you done this before?” Hayley asked, hesitatingly. It only made sense to her that another woman would ask to be fucked in the ass during their carnal orgy. She had figured that Jessa was taken away in the moment. While Hayley enjoyed having her princess plug in place during sex and just whenever, she couldn’t imagine inviting someone to use her that way.

Except maybe when her desire was out of her control.

But maybe not even then.

Before she could think the whole affair through, the couple was already moving. It made Hayley wonder about them. Jimmy had never spoken much about his wife, other than to whine about how he was cheating on her. It seemed to Hayley that he loved Jessa, even if he was fucking her on the side. Him loving his wife was good for Hayley; she didn't have to worry about him suddenly wanting to leave his wife and make a life with her. Hayley wasn't ready to settle down at all.

Jimmy found a bottle of lube from under the bed and filled her hand with the clear gel before applying it to her back opening. Hayley watched with wide eyes. She couldn't believe they were actually going to do it. Kirk had gotten down from the bed and backed up against the wall, which still afforded him a good view of what was about to happen. Jimmy took the bottle from his wife and applied what seemed like an obscene amount of the gel to his cock.

Hayley was familiar enough to anal sex to know that more lube was better. The one exception was when she was putting in one of her plugs. Too much lube to a metal princess plug would make it slip out too easily.

Had they planned it? Hayley wondered to herself. Were they the sort of exhibitionists who got off on fucking other people and then fucking in front of other people? That made sense but why anal?

Hayley knew she was hung up on that perverted act and she felt like her lover was subjecting her to a bit of torture. She knew that Jimmy was aware of her distaste for anal, but she didn't know that his wife was so eager to do it. That didn't make sense to her at all.

And then, as she watched in horror and fascination and a bit of envy, Jimmy pressed his hard cock against her puckered anus. Hayley could hear Jessa force out a breath to relax and then Jimmy's cock disappeared halfway into her ass. He paused and pulled back a little and then pressed forward a second time, this time going almost all the way in.

Hayley gasped louder than Jessa. The smoothness with which they accomplished the act amazed her more than Jessa's affinity for doing it. Jessa moaned

appreciatively and somehow managed to catch Hayley's eye.

Did she know? Hayley wondered. Did he tell her about me? Was this some sort of weird revenge?

"So fucking good," Jessa moaned as Jimmy started fucking her ass in earnest. The sounds that Jessa made weren't quite human and Hayley experienced a pang of jealousy that made her wish Jimmy would fuck her in the ass.

It's not fair!

She saw Jessa move her hand down between her legs. While she didn't dare ask, there were only two possibilities. Either Jessa was rubbing her clit or she was grabbing Jimmy's cock to control him.

If she likes getting fucked in the ass so much, why is she playing with her pussy? Hayley wondered.

Tearing her eyes away from the erotic and tawdry display of sexuality, Hayley saw Kirk watching the two of them intently. His hand was on his cock, slowly masturbating. Hayley took a careful look at the other man. His cock was longer than Jimmy's, though not by much, and at the same time it was thinner, also not by much. It probably would have been more comfortable up Jessa's ass than Jimmy thick, short tool.

Or maybe Jessa liked being split in half.

It made Hayley wonder what it would be like to have Kirk's cock up her ass.

Long ago Hayley had made herself a promise to explore every sexual thought that came into her mind. Maybe she wasn't going to take Kirk's cock up her ass tonight, but she was determined to make it happen just so she could say that Jessa was giving something to Jimmy that Hayley couldn't.

But there was no way she was going to take Jimmy's cock in her ass. She needed to work up to something that size.

Kirk barely noticed when Hayley sidled up to him. The married couple was too

involved in each other to notice what the guest stars in the bedroom were doing.

“You into this?” Hayley asked.

“What?” he replied, confused.

“Anal sex. You like buggering women?”

He shook his head, even more confused. “I’ve never done anal with anyone,” he said quickly.

“You mean you don’t like buggering women?” Hayley was half abusive and half aggressive in her come on to him.

“I mean I’ve never done it. Never asked. Never been asked.”

“Uh-huh,” she said doubtfully. “Do you want to bugger Jessa?”

Noticing that his hand was still moving up and down his shaft as if of its own accord, Kirk moved his hand away but made no motion to hide his erection. “Not really. I mean if she asked me, maybe.”

Hayley didn’t miss his nervousness. She didn’t miss his hard cock either. She reached out and caressed his hard shaft. He whimpered a little. “Do you want to bugger me?” she asked.

“Do you...do you want me to?” was his reply.

“Not right now,” Hayley teased as her hand continued moving on his cock. “Did you know I was going to be here tonight?” she whispered in his ear.

“No,” he softly answered. “That’s fucking crazy, huh?”

Her hand went faster and he moaned a little. The couple on the bed was reaching their apex. Jessa’s head hung down as she breathed heavily. Her arm jiggled faster and faster as the wet schlick schlick schlick noise her pussy made from being abused reached his ears. Jimmy was holding his wife’s hips, controlling how he fucked her. Kirk found the scene to be powerfully arousing.

“I think the universe is trying to tell us something,” said Hayley.

“Oh yeah? What?”

Jessa groaned loudly, she was trying to stifle the noise by screaming into a pillow, but that only served to make her vocalizations that much hotter. Kirk had been with her enough to know she was cumming, but whether the orgasm was from being fucked in the ass or from her busy fingers he’d never know.

Hayley was jealous that Jessa was cumming again. It was unfair. She needed to orgasm as well. Her hand hadn’t stopped moving on Kirk’s cock. “Fuck me,” she said and pulled him back to the bed.

She got on the bed next to Jessa and in the same position: hands and knees. The blonde woman looked at Hayley just as Jimmy grunted deeply a couple of times and pulled his cock out of her ass. He didn’t even need to pump himself with his hand. He just let his cum fly. It landed on Jessa’s ass and back.

Hayley wasn’t going to let that stop her fun. She still had a grip on Kirk’s cock and she pulled him in place behind her. He got the hint. His life lately had been a series of bad decisions. This was just another bad decision that seemed right in the moment.

He couldn’t let Jessa know that he had fucked Hayley previously.

He reminded himself that Hayley was a person he had just met this evening for some really strange sex.

Really strange and really good.

He sank all the way into her wet pussy.

Whatever was going on in Hayley’s head had her plenty ready to be fucked again.

He had forgotten how good her pussy felt around his cock.

It wasn’t better than Jessa’s, just different.

As he started to fuck her, he reminded himself that Hayley was fucking insane.

“I’m glad you two are getting to know each other,” said Jessa.

Kirk laughed. “Is that what you call it?”

“You’re fucking her aren’t you?” Jessa grinned. She reached behind her back and wiped up some of the cum that her husband had deposited on her ass. He had collapsed back on his heels and was looking incredulously at the pair rutting next to his wife. Jessa licked his cum from her fingers with a self-satisfied grin.

“She’s got a hot tight pussy,” Kirk reported.

That made Hayley laugh and then gasp when he smacked her ass. She wasn’t accustomed to being used this way. She liked it more than she thought she would. “Thank you,” she said.

He wasn’t sure if she was referring to the smack or to the compliment or the way he was fucking her.

It didn’t matter.

He tightly grabbed her hips and started fucking as fast as he could. There was no reason to be subtle. He just wanted to fuck and be done with it and maybe get the hell out of there alive.

“Are you going to cum in her?” Jessa asked, her eyes bright with lust.

“Maybe,” he muttered.

“Cum in me,” Hayley begged. “I want you to cum in me. I want your hot cum!” She was a bit embarrassed at being so vulgar, but no one commented. They barely noticed her filthy mouth.

Kirk thought that cumming in her was a terrible idea. The woman was crazy. Who knew what types of risks he was taking? The last thing he needed was to scramble his DNA with hers.

“Cum on her,” Jessa ordered.

Jimmy’s head came up from where he was recovering and his eyes lit up.

“What?” Kirk asked.

“Cum on her ass and I’ll lick it up for you.”

That was all Kirk needed. It wasn’t even an excuse. He was on the verge and her words pushed him over. He pulled his cock out and immediately started ejaculating. The amount of spunk he shot over Hayley’s ass wasn’t that impressive. Jessa still cooed her appreciation.

Jimmy couldn’t believe what his wife did next.

Neither could Kirk.

Hayley still had her ass up in the air and Jessa took the opportunity that presented itself by licking up the cum that Kirk had left behind.

“I...I thought you weren’t bi,” Kirk breathed amazed and thrilled at what Jessa was doing.

“I’m not,” Jessa said between licks. She took care to just lick up the spunk that Kirk had left behind. She wasn’t touching Hayley’s tits or pussy. She had to touch her ass, however. That’s where Kirk’s cum was. “I just like the taste of your cum.”

Hayley let the other woman clean her ass and back of Kirk’s cum. It was something new for the both of them and Hayley saw no reason to say no.

“What now?” asked Jessa as she wiped her lips with the back of her hand. Grinning like she was the cat that had eaten the canary, she collapsed back on the pile of pillows at the bed’s head.

“You want more?” Kirk marveled.

“Maybe a little break is in order,” Jimmy suggested.

“I need to pee,” Hayley said, stumbling off the bed.

“Down the hall and to the left,” Jessa directed.

After the brunette had wandered out the door, Kirk said. “I should probably think about going,” he said. “This was great and all.”

“Want to spend the night?” Jimmy blurted out.

“What?” Jessa blurted out just as quickly.

“What?” Kirk was confused. He thought the married couple was on the same page and now it seemed...they weren’t.

“Want to spend the night?” Jimmy repeated. “You can share this bed with Jessa and I’ll take the guest room with Hayley.”

Jessa’s eyes bugged out at her husband.

“What?” he said innocently. “It’ll be fun!”

“What will Hayley say?” Kirk wondered.

“What will Hayley say about what?” said Hayley as she came back into the bedroom, her business finished. She collapsed on the bed.

The married couple was briefly silent. “Uh...Jimmy just invited me to spend the night with his wife...and for you to spend the night with him.”

Hayley smiled. “Kinky.”

Chapter Twelve

It was more than passably strange to settle into bed next to Jessa. The last time Kirk had actually slept with another person was months ago, right before his girlfriend dumped him. They had a rocky relationship for weeks before she just up and left.

He later found out she was sleeping with another run.

Fucking another guy.

She was just sleeping with Kirk.

But getting between the sheets of what could accurately be called Jessa's marriage bed, the bed where he had recently fucked her, had recently fucked Hayley, and had witnessed Jimmy fuck Jessa in the ass, was more than just passably strange.

It was outright fucking weird.

But the first thing he thought to say as she cuddled up to him was, "I've fucked her before, you know."

That made things weirder, actually saying it aloud.

"What?"

"I've fucked Hayley before," he clarified.

"What? Really? When?" Jessa didn't believe him, but why would he lie about something so bizarre?

"A couple of weeks ago. I hooked up with her at my cousin's engagement party."

"Huh. Small world."

Jessa ran her hand up and down Kirk's chest and abdomen. He was in much better shape than Jimmy. She slipped her hand lower and cupped his cock. His cock wasn't as thick as Jimmy's but she liked it just the same.

"I don't think I'm going to be able to get hard again," he said quickly to dispel her of any notion that they were going to fuck in relative privacy.

“That’s fine,” she said, “because I think Jimmy has fucked Hayley before.” Her admission made things weirder by a factor of fifty.

“What?” This went beyond it being a small world and mere coincidence. It was the gods trying to tell Kirk something.

What they were trying to tell him he couldn’t say.

“I found a picture of her in his work bag,” Jessa told him.

“So? Don’t they work together?”

“A nude picture.”

“Oh.”

Down the hall, in the guest room bed, Hayley drew Jimmy’s hand over to her pussy. She had spread her legs wide and was ready for anything. Her pussy was still wet and she hoped that Jimmy could get it up again. Fucking him in his house with his wife down the hall...just the thought was making her wetter.

“I’m not sure I can get it up again,” Jimmy told her. In the clarity of post-coital bliss, he was starting to rethink his proposal of having overnight guests. While he had wanted another opportunity to fuck Hayley, he had forgotten that would also give Kirk a chance to fuck his wife alone.

He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

“Do you like hearing me tell dirty stories?” she asked him, half-whispering in his ear. She gently bit the lobe.

“Uh…”

“Want to hear something really, really dirty?”

“I'm not sure…”

“I’ve fucked Kirk before.”

Jimmy sat bolt upright. “What?”

“I fucked him before.”

“You were acting like you’ve never met him before!” He said it like he was accusing her of committing a felony. “He acted like he didn’t know you.”

Hayley just shrugged. “Maybe he didn’t remember me,” she lied smoothly. “We were both pretty drunk.” They weren’t drunk the next morning, but she left that detail out of her story.

“When...how...why did this happen?”

Settling back into the pillow she pulled down the sheets to reveal her tits, just to distract him. He had already pulled his hand back from her pussy. “A few weeks ago,” she said, carefully looking him in the eyes. It was too much for him. Jimmy’s eyes were dragged down to her tits. He was mesmerized. He was so easy to manipulate.

“Uh-huh.”

Seeing that she had him where she wanted him, she continued on. “It was at a bar. He was attending some sort of party for a cousin or something. We were both pretty drunk. He was a good lay though.”

Jimmy specifically didn’t ask if Kirk was a better fuck than he was. Knowing would have been worse than not knowing.

“Do you...do you think he remembered you?”

“Right away...probably not. But once he put his cock in me, oh yeah, there’s no way he forgot anything about this pussy.” She dragged his hand back between her legs. This time he didn’t pull away. He stuck the first knuckle of his middle finger into her and rested his palm against the little strip of dark curly hair. He was glad she was different from Jessa; it was easier to tell them apart when he was fucking. Not that he minded his wife having a completely smooth pussy. Maybe he liked it even better than Hayley’s tight and hot and wet pussy.

“Oh fuck…” he moaned. He was getting hard again. He wasn’t sure how he was going to deal with fucking her with Jessa just down the hall. He all but had her

permission, of course, but it was different. He had to change the subject.

“Did you like Jessa’s milk?”

“I want to fuck her alone. Does that answer your question?”

His cock got instantly stiff. Moving his hand away from her, Hayley slid on top of him and whispered in his ear, “I brought my stuff with me. Do you want me to go to my car and get it so I can tie you up?”

He did. He wanted it more than anything in the world. But how would he explain that to Jessa?

Instead he just grabbed her hips and probed with his cock, trying to find her entrance.

Laughing, she assisted him in putting his cock where it belonged.

“Do you hear that?” Jessa asked Kirk.

The door was closed, but after they were both silent for a few seconds he heard the unmistakable sounds of a woman in the throes of passion. “I think they’re fucking,” he reported to her. “That sounds like Hayley.”

“You would know, wouldn’t you?” she asked, accusingly.

“I…”

Down the hall, Jessa made an interesting offer to Kirk.

“Want to fuck me in the ass?” she asked.

“What?”

“Want to fuck me in the ass?”

“Why?” It wasn’t the best answer to the question, but it was all he had.

“Because the only person who has ever fucked me in the ass is Jimmy. I want you to fuck me in the ass. Is that too much to ask?”

Her hand was down on his cock. Apparently he had had enough of a rest because he was getting hard at hearing her offer.

“Okay…

To be continued

Preview

The Urge 3

Being alone with Evan in his house was not a situation that Yolanda had prepared herself for, though she knew that she should have. Ir wasn't like the situation had happened by chance; it had been carefully laid out by her and Morgan.

And yet still she was nervous.

"What do you want to do?" Evan asked her. Morgan had left with Jerry. They were alone. They could do anything they wanted...except have sex because the key to Evan's chastity cage was locked away in the little tube safe for close to the next two hours.

"I was going to say go to the bed room but…" she shook the key keeper that Morgan had handed her. Two hours wasn't long, but it felt like an eternity when all she wanted was to pull off Evan's clothes and get his cock inside her. She couldn't even give him a blowjob, the cage he was wearing was unyielding steel and there was no way for him to even get hard inside of it.

"Why not?" Evan asked innocently.

"We can't have sex," she explained unnecessarily to him. "Duh."

"We can," he said, "or at least I can go down on you. Oral sex is sex."

"Oral sex is real sex's black sheep cousin," she said, frustrated. "I just want to cum like a woman."

Evan nodded and asked, "Do you mind if I take off my clothes?" He didn't wait for an answer. He just started stripping.

Yolanda watched. He had a beautiful body. Obviously he worked out, but he wasn't overly muscular. Nice forearms, though. She focused on that rather

mundane feature until he pulled off his jeans and underwear. It was odd seeing a man who was completely devoid of hair from just below his belly button all the way to the tops of his thighs.

It was sort of nice.

She then focused on the shiny metal tube and ring and lock that covered up his manhood.

It was almost cock-like, which only made sense since it encased his shaft. She couldn't really see any of his penis, but his balls were red and swollen just behind the tube he wore.

"Does it hurt to wear it?" This was the first time she had truly asked him about wearing the cock cage. She figured it was just the way it was between him and his wife. Normal and natural for them, even if it was extra weird and unusual for her.

He shrugged. "Sometimes.Only when I get turned on and I can't turn it off."

She laughed at that. The whole situation was ridiculous, but she went along with it. "What man can turn off their desire?"

"Well, I can't, not really. I mean. I'm getting hard right now, but…"

"But…?" she prompted him. Maybe it was rude to stare but she imagined his cock cage was twitching not with the movements of his body but because he was getting hard and he wanted to fuck her. She wanted to fuck him as well, but she could be patient for a couple of hours. After all, it wasn't like she couldn't get some pleasure out of the time while they waited.

"But I've learned there are things I can do to stay soft."

She was running her fingers up and down the row of buttons that closed her dress. Normally she didn't unbutton them at all and just pulled the whole thing over her head, but maybe slowly undoing them one by one would be a good way to prolong their banter and turn him on.

"What things?"

“Cold water or ice.”

“That doesn’t sound fun.” She popped open a couple of the buttons. There were two dozen of them. Normally three was all it took to make sure her head could get out of the dress.

“It isn’t.” He watched her fingers pop open a few more buttons. “But there are things you do for love and lust.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And when it gets bad, I think of dead puppies.”

She stopped moving her fingers. “Gross.”

“It works.

“Yeah. I bet. I’d rather think about your cock and my wet pussy.”

“Is it wet?” he asked going down to his knees in front of her.

“Why don’t you check for yourself?” she asked as she pulled the dress up over her hips, revealing her stockings and garters. Evan helped, exposing her panties and garter belt. Working together they got it all the way over her small breasts and she tossed it aside.

Evan looked up at her with eyes of admiration. “You dressed for the occasion,” he said, commenting on her matching bra and panties and garter belt. It was a lingerie outfit she only got out when she was interested in seducing a new lover. Evan wasn’t exactly new, but they were truly alone for the first time where they could fuck with abandon and so he deserved the treat.

“I did. Do you like?”

“What’s not to like?” he asked as he reached for the panties that surrounded her hips. He wasn’t as yet familiar with her body as he was with his wife’s, he was eager to learn. She was leaner and more angular than Morgan; that was a nice change.

She stood with her feet firmly planted shoulder width apart as he lowered the

lacy panties down her hips and off her legs. He assisted her in getting them over her high heels before he dared looked at her naked pussy.

It was exactly as he remember it. Dark brown curls shaped into a small triangle, pretty and different from his wife's. Their scent was similar and he inhaled her musk before pressing his face into her crotch.

Yolanda let her head fall backward a bit as she grabbed his head and held it to her sex. The gesture wasn't done out of lust, but to help keep her upright. His tongue sought out her clit, but standing upright it was practically impossible to reach, even as she opened up her stance. It was still enjoyable, but she wanted it all.

They hadn't made it to the bedroom yet, so she took two careful steps backwards and found the couch.

"You're wet," he reported to her.

"I know."

Evan let her sit down on the edge of the large couch. As she parted her legs, he moved in eagerly and applied his tongue to her pussy. While Yolanda enjoyed a good pussy licking, for her it was only a preliminary. She loved having a cock inside her body; her pussy, her mouth, her ass. She could cum from oral but she had her preferences and she didn't care what anyone else thought of them.

Evan proved he was an accomplished cunnilinguist and slipped a pair of fingers up inside her pussy as he tongued her clit. She wouldn't have minded him teasing her anus, but one thing at a time. Since they had plenty of time, she decided to let him do with her as he pleased. The cock cage wasn't coming off any time soon, so it was just as well that he get her worked up with his mouth and tongue and lips and fingers. A few little orgasms would be a great way to start the evening.

She rode his face, lifting and lowering her hips, proving that she was in control, but eventually she stopped that. He knew what he was doing; she didn't have to help at all. That was nice. It was nice to be waited on and treated as a queen. She was starting to see the attraction of keeping a husband's cock caged at all times.

His fingers knew exactly what they were doing. Between his sucking on her clit

and moving his fingers inside her, a pleasant little orgasm erupted much quicker than she would have guessed would happen. Abruptly she pushed his face away with the heel of her hand.

“Did you cum?” he asked innocently.

“You know I did,” she breathed.

He grabbed her hands and moved them out of the way so he could dive back in. She was sensitive from her initial orgasm, but she allowed him to go back down on her. His fingers went up inside her pussy and she realized what he was doing.

Yolanda had never squirted in her entire life. She couldn’t decide if the women doing it were just peeing or if it was something else, but she knew it wasn’t something for her, something that she could do.

She was wrong. Evan stopped using his mouth and moved to the side, holding her in place while actively using his whole hand on her. When his palm came down on her swollen labia there was an audible wet slap. She had never gotten this wet so quickly and without a cock in sight. Everything felt like it was rushing to her pussy and she wanted him to stop but found she couldn’t talk. Yolanda squirmed backwards, but he held her in place, preventing her escape, preventing her from denying herself an orgasm.

As much as she wanted him to stop, she also wanted him to keep going because she wanted to see what would happen.

When it happened, she had never been embarrassed in her entire life...at least when it came to sex. The orgasm was sharp and long and beautiful. She was certain she was peeing—not a lot, but even so—and she couldn’t stop it. Evan’s face was right there in her pussy and as she came she realized she was squirting on his face.

He didn’t seem to mind in the least.

“Ohmighodimsosorry!” she blurted out all at once even though Evan seemed to enjoy having her unleash her liquid lust on his face.

“Why are you apologizing?” he asked as he casually wiped of his face.

“I didn’t mean to do that!” Her face was bright red, not with lust but with shame. As much as she liked sex, she liked to be in control a little more than that. She didn’t want to humiliate him, though after a moment’s reflexion she realized that she should have. If anything, Evan probably loved to be humiliated because it had to be humiliating to have to wear a cock cage all the time.

“I liked it.”

“You did?” She was more shocked than he was. If anything, he was more than pleased to have made her cum so hard that she lost control of her sexuality—and her body—if only for a moment.

“Why wouldn’t I have loved it? I like making you, making all women, cum.”

“But...I peed on you,” she said. Her hands were over her face, ashamed at what she had done, even though he sought to reassure her.

“You came on me. Girl-cum. It’s beautiful and tasty.” He ran his finger along the liquid that had soaked her thighs and still clung to her nether lips and offered the nectar to her.

Yolanda hesitated. She had tasted pussy before, hers and Morgan’s, but this was something different. She wasn’t shy about swallowing Jerry’s cum, or the cum of any of her lovers, and she knew she was going to love eating Evan’s cum once she got his cock in her mouth, but she couldn't move past the idea that there was no such thing as squirting. Whatever she had just produced was something...wrong.

And still she stuck out her tongue and sucked the liquid off her fingers.

It was mild in flavor and inoffensive. Maybe a bit salty and sour, but nothing that was disgusting.

What was wrong with her? Yolanda shook her head. She knew there was something wrong with her. She had cheated on every boyfriend she had ever had, but it was only for the sex, the lust, the urge to fuck as many men as she could. Somehow she had gotten lucky with Jerry and he encouraged her to fuck other men. While she couldn’t understand why he hadn’t taken advantage of the situation and fucked as many women as he could have, it didn’t matter. Everything was working out.

Except for her urge to try any new sexual adventure that came her way, including sex with a woman and sex with a man who was in chastity and now tasting her own girl-cum.

But what she really wanted at the moment was to get a cock inside her. The timer was still counting down. She'd have to find something else to temporarily occupy her time.

"Okay, it's not so bad," she admitted to Evan.

"I knew I could make you squirt," he bragged.

"I'm glad you made me do it."

"To make Morgan squirt like that I have to put a small bullet vibrator up her ass and really go to town on her pussy. My arm winds up getting sore before I can make her cum."

"She likes that?" Yolanda asked, thinking about having a little vibrator up her ass. A little anal couldn't hurt right now…

"She loves it."

Yolanda nodded and stood up. Her back was a bit sore from half laying on the edge of the couch. She noticed how much she had squirted; there were wet spots on the rug and small droplets on the hardwood floor.

"We should clean that," she said, her face flushing again.

"No. I'll do it. It's my job," he said, scrambling to his feet and rushing to the kitchen for cleaning supplies.

She hadn't meant for him to jump to it and serve her, but she figured it must be the dynamic that existed between him and his wife. It was strange. Between her and Jerry, everything was more or less equal, but Evan was definitely the more submissive of the other couple.

He rushed back in carrying paper towels and a spray bottle. Yolanda was in the middle of stretching. Her bra cut into her shoulders and she considered removing it. Wearing a bra, garter belt and stockings was a little silly since her panties

were off and Evan was wearing only his cock cage. As she started to reach behind her back to release the two hooks of her bra, he stopped her from his kneeling position on the floor where he was wiping up her mess.

“Leave it on,” he all but begged her.

“Why?” she almost laughed. “You’re practically naked, why can’t I be naked too?”

“You look sexier with it on and just your pussy exposed.”

“My ass too,” she said, half pivoting and wiggling her posterior at him.

“Your ass too,” he agreed, “but women who are half naked are sexier than those who are completely naked.”

“I thought tonight was supposed to be about me,” she said, following him to the kitchen where he threw away the paper towels and put away the bottle. “Do you think you’re getting laid?”

“Yes,” he said emphatically and then abruptly grabbed her and kissed her passionately.

Yolanda melted against him. She had forgotten that it wasn’t just about the urge to fornicate with as many men as possible. Sex was also about making a human connection to another person. She could see herself falling in love with Evan, if she wasn’t already in love with Jerry. She could never betray her husband in that manner. It was sex and sex alone. It was fine to had feelings for her lovers—it would be wrong to share her body with someone she didn’t like and respect—but she couldn’t fall in love.

Up to the moment that Evan had kissed her, she had no problems compartmentalizing her emotions. She had her lovers and she had her husband.

Evan kissed her with more enthusiasm and passion than she had felt with anyone for a long time. Too long a time. And she realized as her tongue explored his mouth while his explored her, that included Jerry. He loved her, she knew that. But maybe she had lost some of the passion they had once shared.

She liked the feeling of his hard cage pressing against her stomach. He wasn’t

hard, but the cage was and that made her realize how much Morgan controlled Evan. It was cruel to Evan, but apparently he loved it. He was just a tool, a toy, to Morgan. He could be so much more to her...and they only had a few minutes before he would be more to her.

Breaking the kiss, she had to push him away, but kept a grip on his strong forearms. She had never admitted to anyone, even Jerry, that more than once she had masturbated to images of men's muscular forearms. Jerry's were nice, but Evan's were nicer.

"Let's go to the bedroom," she told him.

"We still have about fifteen minutes," he told her after glancing at the metal tube and timer than contained his cock keys.

"Sometimes sex isn't all about you," she told him and sauntered away.

Evan followed. She knew that he would. She had studiously avoided going into the sex room that Evan maintained for him and his wife. Nothing was more about romance than it was about sex—but it was all about sex too.

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