
MILF Milk 1:
GROWING
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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MILF Milk 1: Growing

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Prologue

They were barely through the apartment door when Kelly was pulling him against her, forcing him to press her against the wall of the short entrance hall. They kissed passionately, their mouths finding each other and then their tongue intertwining as they explored each other. Michael tried to put his hands around her ass, but she grabbed his wrists and brought his hands up to her breasts.

He pawed them through her shirt but she didn't mind; Kelly wanted that. Her nipples were aching for attention. Together, with fumbling fingers and over-eagerness, they managed to pull her shirt and camisole up over her head, freeing her tits. Michael put his hand to her naked flesh and she moaned in the back of her throat. He was handling her roughly—it was obvious he was either inexperienced or had only been with women too shy to tell him what they wanted—but she was desperate to be roughly handled.

After a few seconds of roughly pawing at her firm breast, his fingers finally found Kelly's erect nipple and he—gently now—squeezed it between thumb and forefinger. Her light brown nipple ached for the attention and she groaned deeply now, loud enough to give Michael pause in his clumsy attempt at pleasuring her.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked breaking their desperate kiss. He kept her nipple trapped between his fingers while his other kept her wrist pinned against the wall.

"Yes," she moaned. "Do it harder."

Chapter One

“Janice, can you watch the twins on Saturday night?”

“Ohmygod, Kelly, do you have a date?” Janice’s over the top reaction was exactly what Kelly had been expecting. She tried to ignore it.

“No, I’m just…meeting someone. Don’t make a big deal about this.” It was hard enough for Kelly to admit that she needed to make this request and, worse, that she was doing it so soon. Having her friend get overly excited about something that should be…normal. “Can you watch them?”

“For you? Sure. Adam and Evan love playing with the twins.”

Kelly nodded, a gesture her friend wouldn’t be able to see on the other side of the phone. “Great. Thanks. We’ll talk details later, okay?”

“Sure. Sounds fine.”

After ending the call Kelly held her hands over her face and tried not to cry. She didn’t know why she was trying not to cry. She was fairly certain she had been cried out months ago. She told herself it was because she had needs that she couldn’t continue to deny and that made her ashamed.

Mid-30s MILF looking for a young gentleman for casual dating and other casual things.

It was the short intro on her bio on the adult dating website Kelly had opted to use. What she had found was that there was what seemed like hundreds of dating websites for anyone’s special interest. This one wasn’t heavily into extreme kinks on one side nor did it lean heavily the other direction of a modern day wedding matchmaker site. Friends and casual, fun sex. That’s all she was looking for right now.

Kelly had made a huge mistake on her first time through: she had mentioned her ethnicity. That had resulted in every man infected with yellow fever constantly messaging and emailing her. She had wiped her profile and started over, this time dodging the ethnic question and making her half Italian-half Korean the least important part of her life. Even her pics made her ethnicity seem uncertain.

Dark hair? Sure. Honey tan skin? Yeah. And so? Almond shaped eyes? Not so much that it was obvious, at least with the correct lighting and make up. The fact that she stressed her chest in her pictures probably turned more than a few men off, but that was fine. While she didn't have huge tits and massive cleavage, she liked her tits because they were, in a word, perky. If a man couldn't appreciate them, then she didn't want to date him.

Kelly was looking for a man that was younger than her, seemed polite, and wouldn't make an issue of her ethnicity. It took a bit of searching, but she eventually found Michael. He was cute with slightly shaggy sandy-brown hair, blue eyes and excellent grammar in his emails and texts.

After too much flirting online and too many delays, Kelly decided to take the plunge and meet him in person, but only after giving him her own assessment to determine if he was worthy of her.

Give me a compliment, she demanded in a chat.

—You have the kind of exciting personality that really comes through on text, Michael had responded. He worked in a bank but apparently that type of corporate job hadn't destroyed his sense of humor and an ability to be charming.

—Yeah, yeah. Great. Now compliment my body.

There was a pause and Kelly wasn't sure if it was because Michael was thinking or if the internet was slow.

—I haven't met you in person yet. How can I possibly compliment your body?

She almost laughed at his overly nice politeness. She had polished off half a bottle of wine while chatting with him. The twins were in bed and she was on the verge of making a bad decision. After yanking off her shirt and bra in one smooth movement she used her phone to take a picture of herself topless and sent it to Michael with the comment, How does this work for you.

The pause seemed interminable but was probably only a few seconds. Wow.

Grinning with a little bit of intoxication, Kelly replied, That's it?" Wow."

—Some things are so beautiful and awe-inspiring it takes poets ages to find the

right words to properly praise and describe them.

He did have the heart of a poet; she decided but couldn't resist pushing him more. Give me a dirty compliment. Do it right and it'll be worth your time this weekend.

There was a definite pause in his reply. You have the kind of tits that would make some men cry because of their beauty, other men would start wars to have them all to themselves, others would blind themselves because they know they would never see anything more beautiful in their life no matter how far they traveled or how many women they saw.

—Wow, was her one word reply.

And this time his reply was incredibly quick. That's it?" Wow." That's all I get?

She dodged the question. Did you major in English in college?

—Minored. Parents insisted on business.

Kelly finished her glass of wine and decided it was too late to continue this conversation. And she was probably too drunk because she was still sober enough to know if she continued she might wind up masturbating while he watched on a webcam. I'll see you Saturday evening.

—I'll be the one in the red hat.

Right before she signed off she gave him one last compliment. Thanks for not sending a dick pic. That would have sunk you.

"You're wearing that?" Janice said as she dropped her twin sons off at her friend's house.

"What's wrong with this?" Kelly asked looking down at her white blouse with jeans and knee-high brown leather boots. Casual but attractive; she had even unbuttoned one button below her usual level to give just the tiniest hint of non-existent cleavage that was hidden by a pink camisole.

“It’s not sexy,” Janice told her and then screamed over her shoulder at the rampaging boys aged six to nine who were already bouncing on the couch and loveseat. “Knock it off you monsters!”

“If he doesn’t want me like this, I don’t want him,” Kelly said with more confidence than she felt.

He was wearing a ridiculous red beanie hat emblazoned with the logo of a local and defunct sports team. But Kelly didn’t need the hat to recognize him; she had his face etched into her brain from the photos he had sent plus all the time they had spent chatting on Skype. She sat down at the table before he had the chance to see her and jump to try to give her an awkward hug or other inappropriate greeting.

“Hello Michael,” she told him with a small, nervous smile.

She had taken him by surprise. “Kelly. Wow. You’re even better in person.”

“Don’t lay it on so heavy,” she warned him. “You come off as desperate.”

“I’m not desperate. This is just who I am.”

His big goofy grin was more than enough to win her over, but the nagging insistence in the back of her mind told her to take things slowly. “Keep being who you are and we won’t have to stay here all that long.”

With that he gestured toward the menu. “I already ordered myself a coffee. What would you like?”

She looked him up and down. He was wearing jeans and boots like her—both concessions to the sudden drop in temperature with autumn’s sudden arrival—but was wearing a heavy sweater under a leather jacket. “Actually nothing,” she confessed. “Can we go back to your place?” The smile she tried was supposed to convey sexual confidence, but instead she felt like an idiot propositioning a man ten years younger than her.

He laughed at her an immediately her heart was crushed. “Wow,” he breathed. “I never had someone—anyone—be so direct before. I’m…flattered.”

“And what does that mean, exactly,” she pressed him.

Michael bolted down the remains of his coffee. “Let’s go.”

Outside the small café he asked her, “Don’t you know it’s dangerous to go back to a strange man’s apartment?”

She shook her head. “Better than inviting you back to my place where you can just kill me and leave the body. Your place is safer. After you kill me you’ll have to dispose of the body. If you’re an ax murderer I want you to work for it.”

Her statement caught him by surprise. “I…don’t know what to say.”

“Just don’t be an ax murderer,” she said as they arrived at the small parking lot intended for the café’s customers. “Drive together or separate?” she asked.

“I’m not an ax murderer,” he promised.

Going upstairs to his apartment transported Kelly back to when she had just finished college. It was a nice enough place, but she also felt like she was sneaking into a place, fooling someone: a parent, a roommate, maybe even a girlfriend who was away or lived elsewhere.

She liked the feeling.

After their quick, fumbling foreplay in the hallway, after Michael made her knees go weak when he pinched her nipple so hard she wanted to pass out, she found her confidence again. “Bed,” she demanded. “Take me to your bed.”

Michael broke their clinch and pulled her down the short hallway, leaving her shirt and camisole on the floor. The apartment was small and in no time they were falling into his bed. It was clean but smelled vaguely of his masculine, musky scent. The smell alone would have made her panties soaked if they weren’t wet already.

He fell on top of her, but Kelly wasn’t going to passively allow him to do with her as he wished; she had needs that had to be satisfied. Instead she pulled at his clothing, insisting he strip as they continued kissing. Getting his sweater and

undershirt off was easy and Michael didn't protest at all when her hands went to his jeans to open them up. Some more fumbling ensued while he kicked off his shoes and they pushed off his jeans and underwear.

What was revealed was glorious. His cock wasn't huge, but it was nicely proportioned, already hard with a gentle curve to the shaft, growing out from a base of sandy brown hair that matched what was on his head. Kelly leaned forward to take the glans into her mouth. She tasted the thin precum he was leaking and Michael shuddered as she sucked on the velvety head.

She glanced up at him. "It's been too long since I've sucked cock," she admitted.

"You do it well," he managed to say. Always polite, always looking to compliment her.

"Stop," she warned him. "One lick doesn't equal a skilled blowjob." But then she leaned forward and started sucking him in earnest. It hadn't been so long since she had gone down on a man that Kelly couldn't recognize a man nearly at the edge of cumming. She stopped without giving him any warning or relief.

"Why'd you stop?" he asked plaintively.

"I don't want you cumming too soon. My needs first." She settled back onto the bed. "Show me you want to earn it." When Michael reached for the zipper on her jeans, she slapped his hands away. "Play with my tits," she ordered. "Then we can move forward."

With a mental shrug, Michael laid down next to her, kissing the side of her neck and bringing his hand to her nipple. She pushed his head down from her neck to her breast. He took the hint and started sucking on her nipple. It didn't take that much effort. Kelly hadn't been with a man for far too long. He sharply pinched one nipple while sucking and biting at the other one.

"Harder," she encouraged him. Despite herself she was rubbing her thighs together, causing some friction in her pussy.

He complied, not letting himself worry about causing her too much pain. She seemed to like having her tits abused. Michael bit, twisted, and pulled on her little nubs until she was gasping with pain then, behind her eyes, there was a blossom of white pleasure as she muffled her orgasm brought about only by his

attention to her tits.

“Oh, thank you,” she blurted out. “I needed that.”

Michael half gasped-half laughed in amazement. “I never saw a woman cum from having her tits played with.”

She smiled in satisfaction. “Then you haven’t been dating the right women. Would you like a blowjob or do you want to fuck first?” she asked him. She was still sailing high from her orgasm.

“I get a choice?” he asked, showing his relative youthfulness.

“You get a choice if you have condoms,” she told him. “Otherwise no choice, just a blowjob.”

“I’ve got condoms,” he declared, scrambling over the side of the bed to reach underneath the frame. He pulled out a box that contained a few loose condoms and a bottle of lube. “See!” He held one up in triumph. She held out her hand; if they were going to have sex, she was going to be the one to put it on him. Kelly wasn’t stupid.

If nothing else, Michael was eager and able; he was still sporting a full erection. “You’d better get my pants off,” she told him as he handed over the condom.

A second later Michael was eagerly pulling off her boots, unzipping her jeans, and pulling them down as she toyed with the sealed condom packet. It had been a very, very long time since she had used one with a man, let alone put one on him, but she was also certain that it was like riding a bicycle. She’d remember how to do it.

After pulling off her jeans that were just a little too tight, Kelly was down to just her pink panties. Michael paused, excited at the prospect of what was to cum, but also nervous about possibly upsetting her and having the older woman change her mind about sex. His eyes went to her crotch and he could see the obvious moisture stain.

“I’ve never had trouble lubricating,” she explained to him. “I’m naturally well-hydrated.”

Grinning with eagerness, Michael reached for her panties with both hands, grabbed the waistband, and gently pulled them down over her curvy hips. Kelly always dressed a little bit conservatively, even in situations like this where she knew she was going to have sex. Her pink panties were plain cotton and were hardly sexy but they also served to cover up some of the stretch marks on her body that had mostly faded but were all too bright in her eyes. Michael didn't notice the marks, or at least didn't mention them, though she was certain he was just being polite.

Getting the panties off her was easy. Kelly lifted up her butt so they were easy for Michael to remove. The only real resistance was when her pubic hair was fully exposed and the waistband was down to her thighs but the crotch was still clinging wetly to her vulva. But hydrostatic tension wasn't enough to stop Michael's determination. The panties came off and Kelly was fully exposed. She let her knees fall open so that he could move between her legs. It had been her plan to grab his cock and roll on the condom before he got too close, but instead of moving up her body, Michael instead planted his face in her pussy.

At once she wanted to tell him he didn't need to do that. And he didn't. She was wet and she wanted him to fuck her. While his tongue felt good on her clit and exploring her opening, it wasn't anything like the hard cock she was wishing for. Kelly tried to tell him eating her out wasn't necessary, but his tongue was limber enough to distract her long enough that she decided to lay back and enjoy the attention for a minute.

"Enough!" she declared when he had pushed her to the edge too many times in that short minute. Kelly knew her body. Pussy eating, while nice, wasn't going to make her cum. Only two things did: a good hard cock buried deep in her pussy or slave-like attention to her tits. She pulled his face out of her pussy and waved the condom packet in his face. "Time to use this."

She tore open the foil packet and removed the condom. Michael kneeled up in front of her, his cock still fully erect, sticking out from his crotch like a beautiful piece of wood awaiting attention.

Kelly's fingers hadn't forgotten the old motions. She squeezed the tip, put the rolled up condom on the top of his cock, and unrolled it onto his shaft. It only took a few seconds and then she felt back to the bed, her legs still wide open, inviting him inside.

Showing excellent control for someone so young and relatively inexperienced, Michael took his cock in hand and used it to guide himself into her pussy. He slipped inside her with surprising ease. “Oh…wow,” he said as he lay down on top of her and settled his cock all the way into her pussy.

“Stop saying wow and fuck me,” she told him.

“Uh-huh,” he replied and his hips started pumping up and down very quickly and very hard.

Kelly didn’t mind the rough treatment; she wanted to be fucked hard. She needed to be fucked hard, but almost right away she realized the thrill of the evening was too much for Michael. He wasn’t fucking her for fun and enjoyment at the moment; he was fucking to cum, to get the most thrill out of the next few seconds because an orgasm was about to take over his body and there was literally nothing he could do to stop or delay it. Kelly briefly considered grabbing him behind the balls and holding back his ejaculation, but in all likelihood that would just ruin his orgasm. He was a young man and she was certain he didn’t have just one orgasm in him for the night.

When he came, Michael lowed like a wounded bull, slamming his hips into her as hard as he could, trying to get every ounce of enjoyment out of the orgasm that he could. She was well-primed and ready for him, but it wasn’t enough for her to climax a second time.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to cum so quickly. I’m so sorry.”

“Stop apologizing,” she admonished him. The last thing she needed was to deal with an overly obsequious boy; she wanted to share a bed with a man. “We’ll take a break and go again,” she said.

Michael nodded and rolled off her. He went out the door, holding the condom to his cock while she lay in his bed. “Second time will be better than the first,” he called from the bathroom.

Kelly said nothing but put her hand to her pussy. She was still good and wet and her vulva was throbbing with excitement. She closed her eyes and envisioned what it would be like when he returned.

“I’ve never had a woman jilling off in my bed before,” he said as his walked in. She opened her eyes and noted that his cock, while softer and diminished in size, was still impressive and handsome.

“Then you’ve missed out,” she told him, patting the bed next to her.

“Want me to go down on you?” he asked a little too eagerly.

She shook her head. “No. Not right now.”

“What do you want?” He put his hand on her thigh and drew it upwards, crossed over her abdomen and trailed a single finger through the black triangle of her pubic hair. Owing to her heritage, her pubes were silky soft and largely straight, almost no curl at all. She didn’t groom over aggressively, maintaining what she thought was an age-appropriate triangle that covered her mound and labia.

“I want you to play with my tits,” she told him boldly. She sensed her pussy was going to bet plenty of attention.

Michael only half heard her words. “I like that you don’t shave your pussy,” he said softly. “Not that it matters but I see way too many bald pussies in porn.” That was revealing a little too much about his private sex habits than she wanted to know at the moment, but she didn’t stop him and Michael continued on. “When I was in high school, my grandfather died. My grandmother had passed on years before. I had to help my family clean out his house so we could sell it. I was the lucky guy who found his porn stash.”

“Do I want to hear this?” she asked him, uncertain as to where the conversation was going.

“Just listen to me a minute,” he pleaded. “I found his porn stash. This was right as porn was getting big on the internet but any easy supply of pictures of naked women a teenaged boy can more than appreciate. The stuff my grandfather had was almost classic, almost vintage, stuff like Playboys and Penthouses along with a bunch of videotapes.”

“I’m not sure I need to know this.”

“Hold on. Anyway because the stuff was older…I guess I developed an attraction to women who had a lot of pubic hair.”

“Ah. I see.”

“Yours is beautiful.” His finger was still curling in and out of her patch, not touching her pussy, but just feeling the soft hair.

“Thank you…I guess?”

“Sorry if this is making me sound like a pervert, but almost all the women I’ve… uh…dated must have stock in shaving and waxing companies.”

“Glad to make you happy.” Kelly wasn’t exactly sure why he felt the need to mention this to her, but it was a nice change from being objectified for being half-Korean.

“Let me tell you something else.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t?” she hinted.

He ignored her suggestion. “When I finally got full access to the internet, I looked up all the women in those old magazines and videos. Most of them have disappeared but a few still do adult stuff. Anyway, I think that’s what led me to you.”

“What? How’s that.”

“Okay, I’m twenty five, right? And you’re…” he realized he didn’t know Kelly’s actual age, other than she was older than him.

“Older than you. Not old enough to be your mother, let’s be clear on that.”

“Right,” he happily agreed when he realized he had almost shoved his foot in his mouth. “Older. Sexier. You’re a MILF and when you put that up on your profile, I thought it was perfect. I’m very lucky. Thank you.” He leaned over and gave her a kiss.

“You’re welcome,” she replied, almost ashamed that she had thought he was going to make some perverted proposition to her. “Now you need to play with my tits until you make me cum again.”

Michael was happy to comply. He was fascinated with Kelly’s tits, they were

perfectly shaped and sized, not too large to the point where they hung low on her chest and not so small that she looked like a child. To him, they were absolute perfection. She enjoyed the attention he gave them. Her nipples and areolas fit in his mouth like they were developed for that exact purpose. She inhaled with a shuddering breath when he sucked, gently at first and then with more enthusiasm, on the light brown flesh.

“More,” she begged.

That was all the permission that Michael needed. At that point he started biting, pinching, and twisting her nipples while massaging her flesh, holding her so that she couldn’t escape his attention, not that she wanted to escape. Her entire world shrank down to her tits and nothing else.

It didn’t take terribly long before the inevitable happened: her second orgasm just from nipple play. She clenched her teeth and gripped Michael’s head between her hands while she climaxed and rode out the event.

“You really like that, don’t you?” Michael asked when she was done.

“Uh-huh. More. I need more.” Her words cut right to his core and his already firm cock grew harder.

“Can I fuck you?” he asked while reaching for a condom from the box.

Seeing what he was doing and watching while he rolled the bit of latex onto his erection, she nodded eagerly. Kelly understood the importance of sharing and taking turns during sex. If Michael didn’t she was more than happy to teach him.

Once he was armored, he rolled her to her back and got between her legs. Slipping his cock into her pussy was easy once again, and then both relaxed with the joining of their flesh.

“My tits,” she told him. “Play with my tits.”

He did, reaching with one hand to hold her nipple while using the other arm to keep his weight partially off her, but that wasn’t enough for Kelly. She pushed his head down, making him awkwardly bend his neck so he could latch on to her nipple while still fucking her.

And that, that was enough. He fucked and sucked at the same time bringing her to the sharpest peak of orgasm she had had in the longest time, longer than she could remember.

It was enough to get her off and himself as well. He came with a series of hard thrusts into her pussy, each one accompanied with a spurt of cum until he was completely spent and fell onto her exhausted.

“Was that good for you?” he asked, half joking.

“Very good.”

“My neck is sore,” he complained. “I guess I’m not that limber.”

“Thank you for the effort.”

“This would have been easier with a third person. I could fuck you from behind while you got your tits sucked.”

“Don’t get any wild ideas,” she warned him. But his words sounded delightful to her; she just couldn’t admit that to him.

They rested together, limbs wrapped around each other until Kelly judged the time was right and pushed him aside.

“Where are you going?” he complained.

“Home.”

“So soon?” Michael sounded like a teenager pleading for his girlfriend not to go home so soon.

“I’ve got to pick up my kids from the sitter’s and it’s getting late,” she informed him as she put her underwear back on.

“Oh. Yeah. I sort of forgot you have kids.” His eyes went to her waist as she pulled up her jeans and buttoned them. Though they were faint, there was still evidence of stretch marks from her pregnancy. He reached out and touched her skin, tracing the vertical marks on her body. “Those are kind of sexy. I’ve never seen them before on a woman I had sex with.”

She didn’t know how that statement made her feel, but she just smiled at him. “Where’s my shirt?” she asked.

“Uh…I think we left it out in the hallway.”

Kelly bent down and kissed him lightly on the lips. Michael reached out and cupped one hanging breast before she pulled away. “I’ll get it on my way out.”

Picking up the twins was a struggle because they didn’t want to leave their friends’ house. It was late and Kelly was exhausted by the time she fell into her own bed, alone again.

The problem was, she was wide awake. She had been nice and relaxed at Michael’s but the duties of motherhood had called on her. Now she needed to relax herself and her mind kept wandering back to the same thing. It was wrong, but she knew it would work if she was willing to make the effort.

The machine was shoved into the corner of her bedroom between the wall and her dresser. It had been stored there for the past eight years, half forgotten, brought out twice when friends had borrowed it but eventually it always made her way back to her.

Kelly had gone back to work only three months after the twins were born. Things were good back then and they could afford to buy a top of the line breast pump. It had been a boon because, much to her surprise, her small tits had produced a huge amount of milk. Maybe it was genetic, maybe it was because she had twins nursing, but either way, she had no trouble pumping at work or at home. Her twins had been well-supplied when she wasn’t around.

What she didn’t admit to her husband or anyone else was how much she had enjoyed pumping. The twins nursing was all well and good and made her feel like a real woman and very motherly, but the pump was her secret shame and her secret pleasure.

Her room was far enough away from the twins and the machine was quiet enough that she knew she wouldn’t wake them up. Kelly stripped down but left her panties on because she wouldn’t need access to her pussy. The machine was in a faux leather storage bag that had a light coating of dust on it which spoke

volumes about Kelly's housekeeping skills along with her lack of time over the past year to see to her own needs. Setting it up was easy. The muscle memory of constant repetitions in preparing the pump and bottles kicked in without a conscious thought.

Switching on the pump it hummed lightly when the compressor started pumping air through the two funnels in a steady beat of suck and rest, suck and rest. Kelly switched off the pump and shivered once, but not because she was cold.

Just the sound brought back old memories. The memories were enough to get her body ready for more of what Michael had given her, only more so. Turning off the pump Kelly was tempted to put it away. She wasn't sure she wanted to start down this path, but as she sat alone and half-naked in her room, she realized that her panties were moist, not from Michael but from the promise of what the machine promised her. Understanding that she was only delaying the inevitable, Kelly pressed both suction funnels to her breasts and held them in place with one hand while switching the pump on with the other.

It hummed to life again and almost immediately pulled her nipples down the length of the collection tubes. Her light brown nipples were extended to an almost obscene length before the air pressure released and they abruptly retracted. Glancing at the pressure control she saw the pump was only at three-quarters strength. That was good.

The pump pulled at her tits a second time and she settled back into the pillows piled at the head of the bed. She remembered the first time she used the pump just setting it to one-quarter of full strength was almost too much. Now she needed it to be as powerful as possible.

After a few of the suck and release cycles, the cones had enough vacuum built up so that she didn't have to hold the cones to her breasts any longer. If she was a different type of woman, she would have slipped her fingers into her panties and masturbated with wild abandon. But Kelly didn't need that. She just needed the fantasies in her head and the breast pump pulling hard and long at her nipples.

She should have been exhausted after getting fucked by Michael and him making her cum twice by having her nipples properly abused. But she wasn't. She was excited and she needed more and more. With one hand she turned up

the power on the pump, not all the way but close, while she used the other to pull at one cone, stretching out her breast looking for that critical point between pain and pleasure but not wanting to break the miracle seal that made her body crave contact.

When the pump worked on her, she lost all sense of time. Kelly existed in a blissful twilight state, not fully awake or asleep, neither conscious nor unconscious. Her body became nothing more than a nexus of pleasure. When she was still lactating, breast feeding her babies, she would force herself to stop the pump when the milk stopped. That wasn't a problem now, she just let it go, relaxing and enjoying her body.

The orgasm shook her awake. It was almost a surprise orgasm. Maybe she had slipped off into full sleep, maybe it was just the way her body reacted when it was done with the pump. She came and woke up in the same instant. Her body shook uncontrollably while she came and it briefly frightened Kelly, but once she grasped that she was cumming, it was fine and she rode it out. The orgasm seemed to go on forever, but it probably truly only lasted two minutes at the most. When it was over, she rolled over and switched off the pump, getting her arm tangled in the tubes in the process.

It took a few moments for the air pressure to release enough for her to slip the cones from her tits and drop them to the floor. Looking down at herself she saw her breasts were swollen, pink and sore, but they felt so good at the same time. Her panties were incredibly wet but there was no reason for her to take them off. Kelly just wrapped herself in her blankets and drifted off to sleep, her small breasts throbbing in time with her heartbeat

Chapter Two

“How was your date last night?” Janice asked. Her phone call came ridiculously early for a Sunday morning. It didn’t wake up Kelly, though. She had been woken up by the scream of joy her sons were making in the living room as they played some insane video game.

“It wasn’t a date,” Kelly immediately corrected her friend.

“Oh. A booty call then?” Janice giggled. The only thing worse than her pasty white middle-class, middle-aged friend calling her too early in the morning was Janice using slang that did not fit with her image or personality.

And still Kelly lied about it. “It wasn’t a booty call. Gross. We had coffee and we talked and…it was nice.”

“How far did you get with him?” Janice asked eagerly. She had been married to the same man for far too long. “Holding hands?”

“No,” Kelly lied.

“Oooh. Further. Hand job?”

“What? Janice, no!”

“Blowjob? It’s fine to admit it. I’m hip.”

“You’re not hip, Janice. You’re horny and you’re trying to live vicariously through me.”

“Not true!” Janice protested. “I got laid last night. Jim was a dream in the sack. I just need…variety.”

“Don’t look to me for that.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it. Are you going to see him again?”

“Who? Michael? I might.”

“So it did go well then. I’m so happy you’re getting out there again.” She could sense her friend beaming through the phone.

“Well enough,” Kelly said. “It wasn’t perfect…and I don’t know what I’m looking for right now.”

“As long as you aren’t the third or fifth wheel at every gathering,” Janice replied. “Not that we don’t want you around, but you need something more.”

“I know, I know,” agreed Kelly as she looked at the breast pump on the floor. She did so with a mix of guilt and excitement. Her tits were still a little sore from the double treatment she had gotten the night before with Michael and the pump. But sore in a good way, as if she had won a marathon but was now too exhausted to move. She didn’t want to continue the conversation with Janice and used an easy excuse to end it. “Oh, shit. Something just crashed downstairs,” she blurted out with accomplished practice. “I’ve got to go. Who knows what the boys have destroyed now.”

“Okay. Talk to you later.”

Kelly ended the call and instead of going downstairs, she turned on her laptop to look at her dating profile. One date with Michael wasn’t enough for her to pull it down or change her status and, as usual, there were several new messages in her inbox. After sorting out all the garbage, of which there was plenty, she was left with one intriguing email.

—While I’m not a young gentleman, I can certainly see that you have the assets I look for in a mature woman. Would you be willing to chat online or perhaps meet in public for a casual drink?

It was short and to the point and polite. Everything that Kelly had been looking for. He said he wasn’t a young gentleman, but that could mean he thought everything under the age of twenty one was young, or maybe he was fifty years old. Still, the message didn’t come with a dick pic and she was riding high on her previous evening, so she found herself replying.

—If by assets you mean my breasts, I can see that you have a keen eye. What type of gentleman are you and where would you take me for a casual drink?

She knew it was a waste of time, but it was fun to flirt online. It would never amount to anything.

Checking her account in the evening, Kelly was shocked that there was a reply from her perspective paramour.

—The Wolf Road Exchange, the bar in the Desmond Hotel. And I'm a gentleman who knows how to treat a lady in whatever her needs are. That's why I'd meet you at a hotel bar, just in case we need privacy afterwards.

The response made Kelly laugh with delight, partly because she had consumed half a glass of wine and partly because it was almost the complete opposite of what Michael had done for her. Variety, she decided, definitely had its benefits.

Kelly started to write a reply to the email and was halfway through her answer when she noticed that SStephenK was online. By now she had finished her glass of wine and her head was pleasantly spinning. She activated the chat function and waited for him to answer her greeting.

—So I know you're a gentleman…but what if I'm not a true lady?

She waited patiently for an answer, spending time browsing Facebook and was about to turn to some parenting forums, which she knew usually offered terrible advice but she couldn't stop herself from reading them, when the chat box popped up with a reply.

—It doesn't matter if you aren't a true lady, a gentleman will always treat a woman as a true lady.

"Oh my, you're good," she complimented SStephenK to herself.

Does a gentleman see to a lady's every need? Drinking and flirting was not Kelly's strong suit.

—Always. Every need.

She laughed and found she couldn't resist replying, I have some very special needs. Can you take care of them?

SStephenK replied: It depends on the need. I'd do my best to see to it, or find a solution that would satisfy you.

Before Kelly could reply, SStephenK added a second comment. While I like

flirting online, I don’t like wasting my time. Not to be rude, but I’d like some bit of evidence that you’re actually a woman and not a guy living out his deception fantasy.

Giving it no thought at all Kelly clicked on the video chat function and waited. Her picture immediately popped up in the chat box, showing her face and shoulders. The portion of the chat box dedicated to SStephenK’s image just showed the message “Waiting…”.

Kelly had too much time to study herself in the image and decided that this was a bad decision. She had no makeup on and the lighting of her bedroom was terrible. Right as she was going to click off the video chat function, SStephenK’s image popped up.

He was attractive enough with dark hair and a short beard that Kelly didn’t want to turn the chat off. He was older, but that was okay, even if she was just looking. Automatically Kelly went into hostess mode, “Hello,” she said. “So nice to meet you in person. Sort of.”

He smiled at her. “Sorry to make you do this. I hate to waste my time on people who only have time to waste.”

“Oh, no, that’s fine. How many times have you talked to someone you thought was a woman, but it was actually a man?” Her question didn’t come across very clearly, and the connection was so-so at best with some lag and jumps, but it was a nice change from text chat.

She could tell he was trying not to roll his eyes. “More times than I care to remember.”

“Really?” Kelly hoped she wasn’t so drunk that she couldn’t carry on a coherent conversation.

“Apparently those people get their thrills not in meeting new people and forming relationships, but in fooling other people.”

“I’m not like that,” Kelly said.

“I’m glad to hear it. And please call me Shane. What should I call you? I don’t like using people’s strange usernames.”

“Not Steve?” she asked biding for time. Kelly wasn’t sure that revealing her real name, even only her first name, was a good idea.

“Shane, with an f sound. I assume your name isn’t JadeGreen00.”

She laughed politely. “No, that the color of my eyes. Green.” She leaned forward and let the camera try to pick up the actual color of her eyes. Due to her mixed heritage she should have had brown eyes, but the vagaries of her ancestry along with human variation had granted Kelly with a green color that wasn’t exactly vivid, but it was striking.

Shane critically examined his screen and nodded in agreement. “A hazel green,” he agreed. “Very pretty.”

“You can call me Kelly,” she blurted out without thinking. That was the best way to deal with the moment, just let her emotions take hold of her because she was having fun. He hadn’t commented on her angled eyes or asked about her parentage, so she gifted Shane with her name.

“So nice to meet you, Kelly.”

“Do you meet many people this way?” she asked him.

Shane shook his head. “No. Not many. Like I said, a lot of time wasters in the world.”

“I don’t believe in wasting time. Life is too short. When do you want to meet for that drink?” The moment she asked the question she immediately regretted it. “I’m sorry. I’m not normally that impulsive.”

Her reaction caused Shane to chuckle. “No, that’s fine. I did extend the invitation. Would Friday work for you? I have a busy work week and normally can’t do anything in the evening.”

“That would be great,” she agreed and a thought occurred to her. “Have you ever met someone online you thought was a woman, but when you met in person, that didn’t turn out to be the case?”

“No,” he said with a shake of his head. “What are you getting at?”

“I mean, you’ve only seen my face. With some makeup and the right attitude, I could be a guy pretending to be a woman.”

A smile crossed Shane’s face. “I don’t think so, but I’ll find out the truth on Friday, won’t I?”

“I can prove it now,” Kelly said, her impulsivity getting the best of her. She abruptly yanked up her shirt to expose her breasts to Shane for a few seconds before pulling the material down and covering herself. “See, I’m a woman.”

“I didn’t doubt it for a second,” he answered. “And thank you for the show.”

Friday couldn’t come fast enough for Kelly.

“Two dates in less than a week?” Janice asked with a smug smile. “You’re really putting yourself out there.”

“Sometimes when it rains, it pours,” Kelly answered, dodging the question.

“Same guy?”

“Uh…no.”

“Slut!” Janice accused her with a laugh. “I’m teasing. Congratulations, actually. Two dates with men in less than a week. You are being careful, aren’t you? Using protection and all that?” She gave her friend an overly broad wink and laughed again. A crash of small body hitting the carpeted floor came from the living room. “Was that Adam or Evan? You’d better not have broken any bones!”

“He’s fine!” a young boy’s voice called down the hall followed by laughter. “We were…just having fun!”

“Have less fun!” Janice demanded in her mom-voice and then she turned back to her friend. “You’re going to dump them on me again, aren’t you?”

“Would you mind?”

“Not at all. Tell me all the juicy details afterwards?”

“Sure,” Kelly agreed far too readily.

Janice raised her eyebrows. “Maybe I don’t want all the details.”

The two women laughed.

Kelly knew that she shouldn’t have arrived early, but she couldn’t help herself. She was eager to meet Shane in person; internet video chat didn’t count. During the week they had exchanged a series of messages and he remained just as charming.

The difficult part of setting up the date with Shane was that Michael was also pestering her for another date. Kelly pushed him off with the explanation that she had family obligations and maybe they could do something next weekend. He didn’t seem thrilled with her answer, but if he wanted to date a MILF he’d have to deal with the realities of it. And she found that sexting with Michael was an acceptable substitute for the moment. As a single mother she had too little time and energy to waste on anything. A computer date was better than nothing. Michael had been thrilled when she took off her top and chatted with him online while he stared at her tits.

It was the afterwards that made her slightly unsettled. Once the computer was off and she was alone in bed, it was too much of a temptation to plug in the breast pump and turn it on because it had everything she needed to go from her turned on state to full climax with no effort. If it had been just a once or twice a week occurrence, it would have been fine, but Kelly found herself using the breast pump every night, letting the cones pull at her sensitive nipples until she had a satisfying orgasm before switching it off and falling to a deep sleep.

Apparently machine assisted orgasms were exactly what she needed to get the rest she had been missing out on for nearly the past two years. Oddly, she was sexually satisfied and sexually recharged as well. The only downside to her new activity was that her tits were almost perpetually sore. She knew she had the suction power way too high to be truly comfortable, but the pain was actually part of the thrill. She’d go to sleep with her tits throbbing in delight and wake up with them just sore and red. Kelly was forced to wear her softest and most

comfortable bras to work and slowly the pain would ebb away during the day. When bedtime arrived the next night, her body was telling her she needed to start the process all over again.

Secretly she like what was happening to her but she couldn't admit that to herself let alone reveal it to anyone.

When Shane walked into the bar Kelly had downed half a glass of wine on a mostly empty stomach and was ready for anything, which she realized was a stupid way to start a date. This time she had planned ahead a little better and had packed her oversized purse with any supplies she might need. She told herself she was being a modern woman, prepared for anything. In truth she knew she was looking to get laid again.

Shane greeted her with a kiss when he arrived. They recognized each other right away, even in the crowded bar. The one thing about Shane that was a disappointment in person was that he wasn't very tall. He wasn't short, he was just perfectly average. Still, Kelly told herself she could work with that.

After he ordered a drink they chatted for over half an hour. By now they were familiar with each other and had fallen into the state that was between friendship and flirting. They both knew where they wanted the evening to go, but they had to let it unfold naturally. That happened when Shane finished his drink and he shook the remains of the ice cubes and lime wedge in the bottom. "Should I order another…or should we plan on doing something else?" he asked with a smile that hinted at absolutely every possibility in the world.

"Something else, I think," said Kelly.

"Here or somewhere else?" he asked.

"Here," she decided.

"Very good. Shall we go to the front desk and see what's available?" He signaled the bartender with his hand and that's when everything stopped for Kelly.

She grabbed his wrist and pressed his hand down on the bar, frowning. "You're married," she hissed at him noting the band around his third finger.

"And you're not?" he asked innocently.

“I…was,” she replied and shook her head, determined to not let him turn the conversation to her. “You didn’t tell me that you were married.”

“You didn’t ask. Is that a problem? Wait, no, I can see it is. Would it reassure you if I told you I was in an open marriage?”

“No!”

He turned his head to the side. “Why are you bringing this up now?” he asked. “Other than seeing my wedding band? This is all in my profile.”

Kelly paused. She had glanced at Shane’s online profile when they started chatting but he couldn’t remember looking specifically at his marital status.

Shane pulled out his phone and gestured for her to do the same. “Go ahead. Check. I’m not lying to you.”

Hating herself for doing it and hating herself more for not double checking this information before meeting him at the bar, she pulled out her smartphone and pulled up the dating app. As promised on his profile his marital status was listed as “married, open relationship”. Also on the profile was a link to the woman he claimed as his wife. Kelly couldn’t stop herself and clicked on the link to CCDD. A picture of a pretty blonde woman with large breasts popped up. There was a link back to Shane’s profile and her status was also, “married, open relationship.”

Kelly put her phone down. “I’m sorry,” she apologized.

“Don’t be. If this is a problem for you we can leave this here. No hard feelings. Or you can call my wife.” He extended his phone to her showing a different picture of a woman who matched CCDD and her contact information.

Kelly shook her head. “Or we can just ignore it and go upstairs.” She couldn’t believe what she was doing. She wasn’t this person. No, she corrected herself, I used to be a different person. I’ve changed.

Shane smiled. “Or we can do that,” he agreed.

“They are beautiful,” Shane agreed upstairs in the hotel room. “Much better in person than over the internet.”

After a bout of passionate kissing just inside the door, Kelly had pushed Shane away and taken off her top and see-through lace bra for him. He only got to see the bra for a few seconds before it was removed, but that was always the way with fancy lingerie.

“Thank you,” she said, stepping back and sticking out her chest a bit to accentuate her tits. The buildup had taken so long she knew exactly what she wanted and she wanted his hands on her body.

Taking the hint, Shane reached out and gently ran his fingers up from the bottom of her ribcage up to the undersides of her tits to trace his way up to her nipples. When he reached her already erect flesh, she trembled at his touch. Her knees went weak and she wanted to fall to the floor. Instead she pressed her back against the wall and locked her legs in place. She knew it was going to happen, but the familiar feeling of her wet panties was a welcome sensation.

“You like that?” Shane asked.

“Yes,” she moaned. “I love having my tits played with.”

“Mm-hmm,” he said thoughtfully. “Can you cum from tit play alone?”

It was the first time she had been asked the question; Shane was more perceptive than Michael. “Yes,” she admitted. Kelly didn’t know why, but that fact embarrassed her.

“Very good.” He continued to lightly trace his fingers over the bumps in her areolas and even more lightly over the nipples proper. The amount of friction was negligible but it was the most intense feeling she had ever had. “Do you use nipple clamps?” he asked. It was almost a clinical question, like a dentist inquiring if she flossed daily.

“What?” She understood the question, but his fingers were distracting her from concentration.

“Have you ever used nipple clamps?” he repeated.

Slowly Kelly shook her head back and forth. “No. Never.” She had never heard of such things but could readily imagine exactly what he was talking about. The idea both thrilled and frightened her. She shivered with that fear, lusting on it.

“You would do well with them, I think, but not tonight. Your breasts call and control you, don’t they?”

Kelly’s eyes were closed and she concentrated on that Shane’s fingers were doing to her body; at the moment they were hardly doing anything, but what little they were doing was making her entire body tremble. “Mmm…yes.”

“You’re not pierced either?” he asked.

“No…”

He nodded. “I imagined as such. That might be a little much for you, but maybe, maybe in the future. What do you like having done to them?”

At first she couldn’t reply. Her legs were shaking and she wanted to fall down, preferably on the bed with her tits being mauled by Shane, but at the moment she would take whatever he had to offer. “Mmm…everything,” she responded, her voice thick with lust. “Pinch, pull, lick, suck.” The more she spoke the easier the words came. “Twist, slap…everything.”

“Would you like me to make you cum tonight…just by playing with these?” he asked as he slowly started applying pressure between thumb and forefinger, pressing down on her nipples. He wasn’t pinching, not yet, but soon.

“Yes,” she begged. “Please.”

Shane stretched out her nipples, pulling them away from her chest, and she remained flat against the wall, her hands flat on the rough wallpaper. That was starting to hurt but she didn’t move; she wanted the pain. When they reached the full distance of their elasticity he abruptly let go of them and she gasped at the sudden lack of attention. Her eyes popped open. “Why?” she asked plaintively.

“You haven’t earned it yet,” he told her cruelly. “What are you going to do for me to make me want you to cum?”

In the blink of an eye Kelly fell to the floor on her knees and scrabbled at

Shane's belt, trying to unbuckle it and open up his pants. If he had wanted to, he could have done it himself, making the process easier and quicker, but it wasn't about ease or speed—it was about pleasure and denial.

But Kelly wasn't incompetent. In fairly short order she had his pants open and halfway down his legs along with his black underwear. His stout cock was already erect and poking out from under his shirttail. Kelly didn't give any thought to putting it in her mouth and sucking eagerly.

Shane's hands went to her head and he tangled his fingers in her long, thick black hair. He wasn't controlling her movements; just making sure she was doing what he wanted. Kelly had to open up her jaws as wide as possible. Giving a good blowjob was a talent she had worked on but it had been primarily with her husband; she liked doing it, but her skill was limited primarily to one man's cock and Shane's cock was completely different than what she was used to. All of that didn't give her any reason to pause in sucking off Shane.

He watched her suck his cock and bob her head up and down on his shaft, keeping the hair out of her face so he could observe. She occasionally looked up at him for approval and he smiled down at her. The taste of his precum was different from other men's; sweeter, she was sure, but even more different than just that. Even if it had been as sour as vinegar, she wouldn't have stopped. She wanted to please him and make him take control of her tits.

"Do you want me to make you cum?" she asked, taking a quick break from having his cock in her mouth. She needed the pause but continued to pump his short length with her hand.

"Do you like men to cum in your mouth?"

She blinked at the question. "I don't mind it. Do you want to cum that way? You can cum in my pussy if you want." The words sounded foreign in her ears, as if she weren't speaking them. This wasn't normally how she talked nor was it how she behaved. After a year and a half of going without male companionship apparently she had reached her breaking point and now needed sex—and a man's cock—more than she realized.

"Your mouth now and your pussy later," Shane declared. "I don't want to waste time on a woman who can't give a good blowjob. I have my standards."

She wanted to laugh at his statement; he was serious and funny at the same time. Moreover, she wanted to prove to him that she was more than worth his time. Fellatio was a talent she had learned and wanted to keep her skills sharp.

If she were the type of woman to believe everything she read or heard, she'd believe that some men would cum as soon as a woman's lips touched his cock and that there were other men who took no pleasure in a blowjob. Kelly wasn't so naïve. She put her heart and soul into fellatio, sucking on Shane while gripping his balls and pumping his cock with her other hand. From the throbbing of his cock she could tell he was right on the edge and she wasn't going to stop, not even when the effort made her drool over her chin.

"Now," Shane whispered and a second later the first thick shot of his cum flooded her mouth. She backed off far enough so that just the head was covered by her lips, all the while sucking and swallowing and pumping with her hand. His balls shook with her ejaculation and the rich sweetness of his cum was far from unpleasant. Swallowing Shane's essence was a true pleasure. The only thing she didn't like about the process was that her knees were starting to ache by the time he had finished cumming.

"Oh, you're very good. You must have made more than a few men happy in your time."

She laughed ruefully at his assessment of her skills. "Just a few," she told him. "Less than a handful."

"I don't believe that for a second," he said as he pulled his shirt over his head. He was flushed and panting, though all he had really done was stand in front of her allowing Kelly to perform all the work. She sat back on her heels and wiped her lips and chin with her hands, swiping away saliva and a little of his semen. Shane struggled out of his shoes and pants. It was odd to see a man undress after a blowjob, but she said nothing about it.

For a slightly older man, Shane was in good shape. He was short and stocky, but not with fat, but muscles. He didn't have a Greek god's six-pack on his abdomen, but he was no flabby couch potato either.

Once he was fully naked he said, "I think I made you a promise earlier." Bending down he cupped her breasts and encouraged her to stand.

“Oh, I don’t think I can do that right now.” The blood circulation to her legs had been partially cut off while she had been kneeling, but Shane insisted on helping her to the bed where she first sat, and then flopped back on the firm mattress. He smiled at her lying on her back.

“They are perfect and perky,” he told her. “Are you sure you aren’t a teenage girl?”

She laughed at him and covered her nipples with her hands. “I’m sure.” She pulled at her nipples and thrilled to the delight that caused in her body.

“Do you play with them a lot?” he asked as he lay down next to her and moved her hands away from her tits.

“More than I should,” she admitted.

“What do you like the most?” he asked rolling one nipple between his fingers.

“I like them sucked on,” she sighed, closing her eyes and abandoning her body to him.

“Surely you can’t suck on them yourself,” he said. “Do you have many lovers who do that for you?”

Her mind was free and wandering. Her head flopped back and forth as she answered him. “No. I use a breast pump.”

“Really?” he sounded truly surprised and not as if he was just flirting with her. “A breast pump. Does it make you cum?” He pressed harder with his fingers, pinching slightly. She barely noticed.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“I don’t suppose you brought your pump along with you?”

“No…”

“Would you like me to suck on your nipples?”

“Yes,” she begged. “Suck. Pinch. Slap.” She shuddered as he pinched harder but

didn’t tell him to stop. “I always want to slap them but I’m too afraid to do it myself.”

Shane lowered his mouth to her nipple, but paused right before his lips touched the succulent flesh. “I’ll be sure to make your happy,” he told her, his hot breath cause her nipple to tighten even more in anticipation as to what was about to come.

And then he was actually sucking on her nipple with pinching the other as hard as he could with his hand. She arched her back and called out in pain, but she didn’t tell him to stop and he didn’t want to stop. He wanted to see how she responded to suffering and was pleased when her body writhed not just in pain, but expectation as to what would shortly happen.

He varied his technique, moving smoothly back and forth between her mounded breasts, sucking on one nipple while pinching the other. She was flat on her back and unable to escape the weight of his body…but she didn’t want to escape the weight of his body so there was no need to complain.

“Bite me,” she pleaded.

He lowered his teeth onto her flesh and she sobbed in pain, but held his head close, not allowing him to leave. Switching to the other nipple he bit down again and left little red marks. She was certain she was bleeding but that didn’t bother her. She wanted more.

When Shane let do with his teeth she anticipated him switching back to the first nipple, but before that could happen a flower of pain blossomed from the just abandoned breast.

“Fuck!” she exclaimed.

She wasn’t sure what had happened and was about to complain when the same pain exploded on her other breast. She cried out again and sat upright, only able to do so since Shane had moved to the side.

He roughly pushed her back down to the bed and slapped her breast again. Hard, like he was delivering a vigorous spanking to a querulous child. It hurt, but there was an undeniable pleasure in her flesh as well. “I’m not stopping until you cum,” he grunted and landed another slap.

Kelly didn’t know what to think. She wasn’t sure she could stand his harsh treatment of her and then the slaps started coming fast, without pause. Tears welled up in her eyes and she wanted to truly cry, but oddly, his abuse of her body also felt good and she didn’t know what to do. She wasn’t used to this.

And then it happened. A slap and another rapid flowering of sensation, but this time it wasn’t pain, it was the pure pleasure of an orgasm, one that seemed to go on forever, shaking her body and setting her skin on fire.

When she came down from her climax, Shane was staring down at her grinning. “Was that the most fun you ever had with your pants on?”

At that moment she realized she hadn’t removed her pants and was still half dressed and at the same time had still had the most powerful orgasm of her life. Kelly wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her, kissing him passionately. “Thank you,” she told him between kisses. “I loved it and I needed it.”

“I think there is much I can do for you,” he said. “You only have to put your trust in me.”

“I trust you,” she blurted foolishly.

“Then I think I know what we can do with your tits next.”

“Yes. Hi. I was looking for Shane,” Kelly said nervously and then added, somewhat nonsensically because she was obviously at the correct house, “Am I at the right place?”

The blonde laughed. “Yes. Of course. Shane’s at the store buying bread. Easier to buy it than to bake it. He’ll be back in a minute. I’m CeeCee. Cecelia. Call me CeeCee.” The short woman extended her hand and Kelly shook it, and was all but dragged inside the house by the strong-willed woman. “Come on in. I’m just finishing the marinara sauce. I can only cook simple foods.”

The kitchen smelled wonderful and Kelly nervously took the glass of wine Cecelia offered. “So, tell me everything you’ve done with Shane,” the blonde asked as she stirred a bubbling pot of noodles.

Kelly froze. “Uh…I wouldn’t know where to begin.”

Cecelia smiled and turned a quarter of the way toward Kelly. In profile the other woman, even with the heavy sweater she wore, proved to have extremely large breasts which was at odds with her otherwise small, trim frame. They were contrasts in body type which made Kelly wonder what Shane saw in her. And then she remembered the pills and the pump. “Don’t be shy, hon,” she said conversationally. “Shane tells me everything. Or at least he says he tells me everything. Don’t worry; we have an honest and open relationship. It’s good that you arrived while he’s still at the store. I’m going to compare what he’s told me with your version of the story.”

Instead of calming her, Cecelia’s words drove Kelly into a panic. “He just played with my boobs and I’ve gave him a blowjob. That’s it! I swear!” Kelly gripped the wine glass so tightly she thought she might shatter it.

Cecelia laughed. “Okay, that’s fine. That’s about what he told me. But he added you have very beautiful breasts and very sensitive nipples.” She looked meaningfully at Kelly’s chest. The dark-haired woman was glade she had chosen to wear a traditional bra and a heavy pullover sweater that hid everything, even as her nipples contracted to hard points under her clothing. If Cecelia sensed that, she didn’t comment. “Shane is a breast man.”

“So why is he interested in me?” asked Kelly, glancing down at her small chest.

“He’s a breast man, but he’s not obsessed only with huge tits, he likes all varieties.” She shimmied her breasts to accentuate them. “Big, small, in-between. I’ve gotten used to it.”

“Okay…” between the wine and Cecelia’s constant talking, Kelly’s pounding heart was slowing down and she was becoming more comfortable.

“How are the pills and pumping going?” Cecelia abruptly asked.

“How…?” Kelly didn’t know how to answer.

End Part One

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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