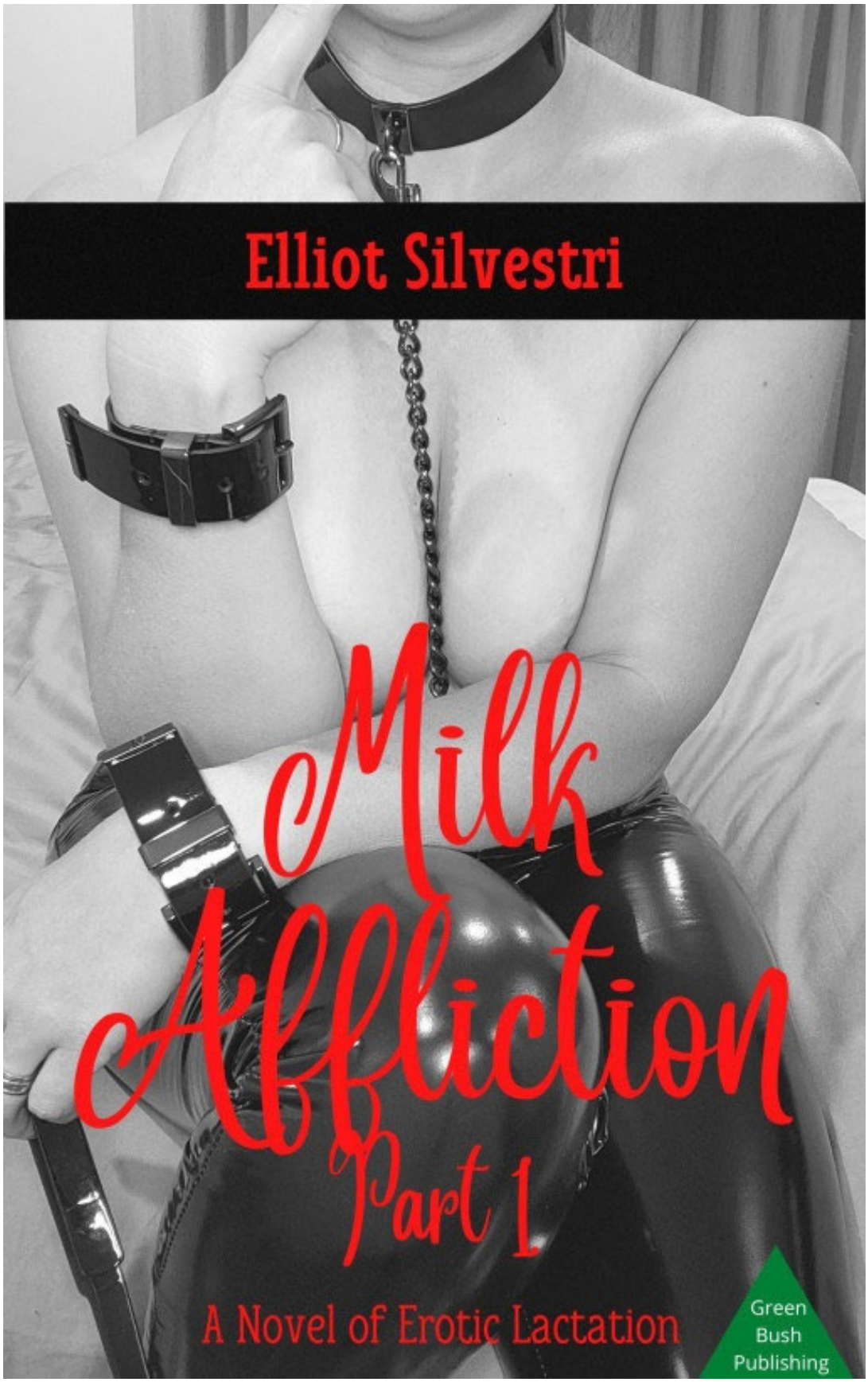
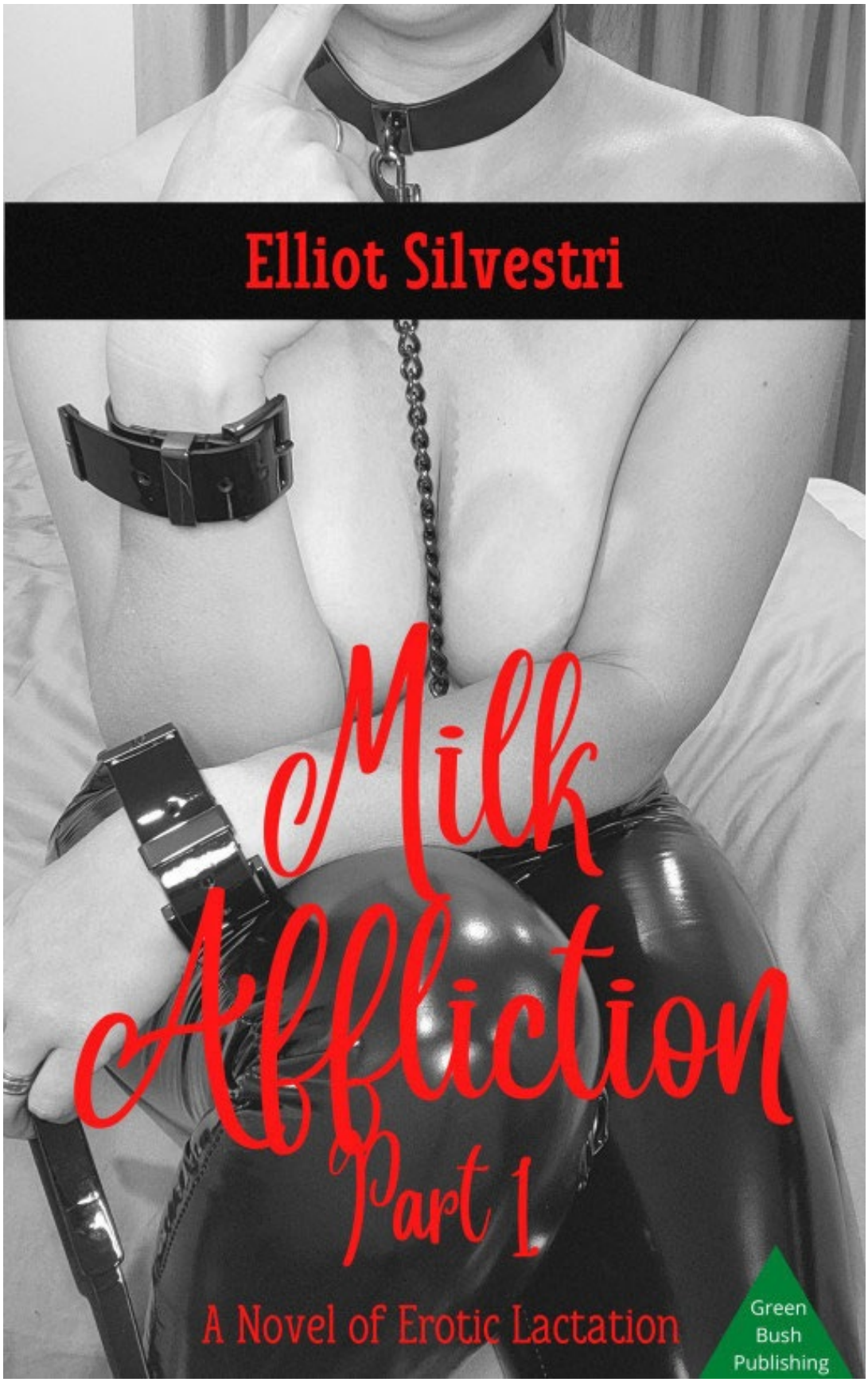

Elliot Silvestri
Milk Affliction
Part 1
A Novel of Erotic Lactation
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**Milk Affliction 1**

**A Novel of Erotic Lactation**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Milk Affliction 1

A Novel of Erotic Lactation

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Second Edition

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Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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# Chapter 1

Alcohol was involved.

When Sidney went over to Carly's apartment after work because it had been a year since Carly had broken up with Richard. A long year in which Carly had mourned the loss of her boyfriend to "that red-haired slut-whore" as she put it.

Sidney thought Carly was better off without Richard, but a year of not dating was taking it too far.

Not that Sidney was having much better luck in the dating department. For the past year every man she met was good for, at most five dates, and maybe two rolls in the bed before he disappeared. Sidney was starting to doubt herself, her sexuality, and her hopes of ever having a permanent partner in her life.

"Hel-loo," Carly slurred when she opened the door to her place. She juggled a bottle of wine that was mostly empty in one hand and a mostly full wine glass in the other as she dealt with the door. "I've been waiting for you, best friend."

Sidney had seen Carly drunk before, but this was a little much so early in the evening.

"I see you have a head start on me."

At once Carly's eyes riveted to Sidney's chest. "Ohhh…ghoood! I love that top on you. It makes your chest look…fucking amazing."

Sidney pushed her friend back into the apartment and closed the door behind her. It wasn't that she was embarrassed, but she worried about her friend making a fool of herself.

"You might be more than a little drunk already," Sidney commented as she saw a second wine glass on the living room's coffee table. It was only half full. She thought she spied lipstick on the glass's rim, but she forgave Carly for that.

Deep down, Sidney was self-conscious of her chest. She had been the first girl in her class—her elementary school class—to develop breasts. Too many men considered her breasts to be her personality and that always seemed to go double for new men.

“I’ve always wanted your tits,” said Carly as she offered her friend the half-filled glass from the coffee table, added to it from the bottle in her hand, and topped off what she had in her own glass.

Sidney was impressed with the metaphorical juggling act Carly did with the three vessels.

“No you don’t,” said Sidney taking a sip of the wine. It was very good. Too good to just drink to get drunk from. “Backaches. Clothes not fitting correctly. Always having to wear a bra. Let me go on.”

Carly pointed to her own, nearly flat chest. “No attention from boys. Bras are mandatory but a waste. Clothes don’t fit me ‘cause I got no boobs. Let me go on.”

“How about we just drink in silence.”

Carly was amenable to that.

The silence lasted all of ten seconds.

“I really miss Richard,” she whined as she finished her wine.

“You’ll find someone better.”

“Did you know one of the reasons he dumped me was because I have no boobs?”

“You don’t have no boobs, you just have small boobs.”

“Whatever.”

“And you don’t miss Richard, you just miss having a companion.”

“And the sex,” Carly added.

“And the sex,” Sidney agreed.

“I loved it when he sucked on my nipples.”

Sidney burst out laughing.

“I didn’t need to know that.”

“I have nipples,” Carly insisted. “See?”

She yanked up her shirt to reveal a rather modest bra. It was more akin to a camisole or training bra.

“Nice bra,” Sidney commented.

“Shit! Sorry. Missed the bra.”

“You don’t have t—” Sidney tried to stop her friend, but was already too late.

Carly yanked up the plain white bra revealing a pair of small breasts with equally small pink nipples.

“Very nice,” said Sidney. “You can put your shirt back down.”

Despite herself, Carly started to laugh and pulled her bra and shirt back into place. “Jealous?”

“No.”

“I’m jealous of yours.”

Sidney looked down at her impressive chest. “No you aren’t. I’m jealous of yours.”

“No you aren’t.”

They laughed together for a minute. Sidney took another drink of her wine and realized her head was already spinning a bit. She should have had something to eat before visiting her friend.

“I’ve got a confession,” said Carly.

“Do tell.”

“I love boobs.”

“You and everyone else,” said Sidney as she drained the last of her glass and

wondered if Carly would offer more.

“No. I’m serious. If I didn’t like sex with men so much, I’d be a lesbian, that’s how much I love boobs.”

“You must have had a big LUG phase in college,” Sidney commented. Her face felt hot from the wine. Or was she embarrassed?

“Lug?”

“LUG. Lesbian until graduation. How many girls did you mess around with in college?”

Carly’s face went bright red.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to embarrass you.”

“You didn’t!” Carly lied. “None! It was none!”

“Oh. Huh. To each their own, I guess. You must have missed your opportunity.”

Sidney looked away and wished for more wine.

Even in her inebriated state, a realization dawned on Carly. “Oh my god, you’ve had sex with a girl!”

Sidney breathed out and tried to remain calm. She thought that part of her life was behind her. “Okay, yeah, in college. Years ago.”

“That’s…I’m jealous! Again!”

They had been friends for a few years, having met at a job they had both left behind two years ago. Sidney either had had enough wine to be honest or wanted to make a confession. “Don’t be shocked, but I’m bi.”

Carly clapped both hands over her mouth and her eyes went wide. She was shocked. “No you aren’t!” she said immediately after releasing her hands.

“Well, not actively. At the moment. It was just two women. In college. It was to…experiment. I liked it. But I like men more. The sex was…was good…was great, but I’m more interested in men.”

“What was it like playing with their boobs?” Carly pressed in close, completely enthralled.

Sidney lifted her hands to her breasts, gently holding each and lightly massaging the soft felt. “Like playing with your own…only better.”

Carly was drunkenly nodding along with Sidney’s words. “Better?”

“Yeah, better. Sex with someone else is better than with yourself, so playing with someone else’s boobs is better too.”

They looked at each other for a moment. Sidney wished for more wine but none was immediately forthcoming.

Moving with incredible quickness for someone who was drunk, Carly was suddenly right in front of her friend feeling her up.

Sidney laughed nervously. “Yeah, like that,” she said uncomfortably.

“Is this okay?” asked Carly, fascinated with her friend’s large breasts and the way they happily squished unlike her own much smaller ones.

“I would have preferred that you ask first…”

“Sorry…swept up in the moment.” She was looking down directly at Sidney’s chest as she massaged the other woman’s breasts. “These are great.”

“Yeah…except for the back pain and too much interest from boys—and men—who can’t keep their hands to themselves.”

Carly didn’t take the hint. Or she was too drunk to understand. “Can you take your top off?” she asked as if mesmerized by the other woman’s soft flesh. “I want to feel them without your shirt…and bra.”

Sidney laughed nervously. She knew where this was going even if Carly didn’t. It was a bad idea. A terrible idea. It was the sort of thing that brought down empires…and ended friendships.

Carefully, Sidney pushed her friend’s eager hands away from her chest. She then pulled her shirt up over her head, leaving her wearing just a rather plain and very

effective bra. It was the furthest definition of sexy lingerie.

“Oh.” Carly’s disappointment was palpable.

Moving things along, Sidney turned around. “Unhook me, would you?”

Carly blinked. “Your bra has four hooks.”

“Yeah. Big boobs make that necessary.”

With fingers trembling, Carly released her friend’s bra and Sidney turned back around on the couch, tossing aside her bra. Carly stared at Sidney’s large breasts, topped by equally large areolas but rather average sized nipples.

“You can touch them if you want,” Sidney offered.

“Oh, thank you, Sid!” Carly grabbed the blonde’s large breasts, letting her fingers explore the softness of the flesh and lingering over her nipples.

It took no time at all for Sidney’s nipples to contact and harden which delighted Carly and she giggled nervously.

“I feel like I’m doing something wrong,” she confessed to Sidney.

“Well, I haven’t been felt up like this since eighth grade when Henry Donner made it to second base with me in the back of the bus.”

Sidney’s deadpan took Carly by surprise, but she looked up at her grinning friend and laughed in delight.

“Sorry,” she said, pulling her hands back nervously, not knowing what to do now. Her curiosity wasn’t sated in any way. She didn’t want to admit it to Sid, or even herself, but her damp panties were evidence of how this interaction had affected her.

“Let me see yours again,” Sidney said calmly.

Carly’s eyes went wide and unconsciously she put her arms in front of her small chest. “You want to see them again? Why?”

Sidney gestured at her topless state. “You’ve seen and touched mine…”

More than anything, Carly hated being put on the spot. But it wasn't like she wanted to escape this particular conundrum that she had created.

It was easy for her to remove her shirt and bra and she did so in one smooth movement. To call it a bra was a bit of exaggeration. It was really a camisole, just enough fabric to pull off the illusion of a bra and smooth out any unwanted nipple dents in her shirt.

The moment she was topless in front of Sidney, her light brown nipples immediately hardened into tight little nubs. It was all she could do to keep her hands away from her partial nudity.

"They're so cute!" Sidney wasn't being condescending. There was no better way to describe Carly's small breasts and matching nipples.

"Don't say that," Carly frowned.

"Why not? It's true." Sidney reached out and expertly caught Carly's nipples between her index fingers and thumbs.

Carly gasped but didn't pull away. She felt an electric spark between her nipples that traveled down through her stomach all the way to her clit which started throbbing. More than anything she wanted to let Sidney have her way with her… but she was too ashamed to say anything.

Sidney gently twisted Carly's nipples making the brunette tremble with anticipation at what was to come next. Her breathing started to come in short little gasps.

"Do you want me to let go?" asked Sidney. She studied Carly's small breasts. There wasn't much there, though what was there was perfect. Small and pert, just enough to fill the hand and not overflow. Sidney was more than a bit jealous.

"No," gasps Carly, afraid that taking in too deep a breath would be painful, but not wanting for Sidney to let go either. She didn't want to pull away…but there was just the slightest frisson of pain the way Sidney pinched and rolled her nipples. Men had played with her tits before in all sorts of ways, but most were uninterested in her tiny tits. Once they saw what little there was to work with, they headed south and focused on her pussy. "Yes," Carly said, changing her

mind. Her entire body was trembling at Sidney's touch.

"Which is it?" Sidney teased.

"Whichever you want," Carly all but cried.

Just when she thought the pain couldn't get any worse, Sidney pinched harder and twisted her nipples halfway around causing her to cry out in pain.

A second later Sidney released Carly's left nipple, but kept a firm grip on the right. Right after that, Sidney leaned in and softly took Carly's free nipple into her mouth, soothing the abused nubbin of flesh.

"Oohh…" she moaned as the pain ebbed away. Sidney released the pressure on Carly's left nipple, but didn't let it go.

It took the brunette a moment to realize her friend wasn't just giving her a bit of pain relief with her mouth; she was actively pleasuring her.

Much to Carly's surprise, she loved it.

"Ohhh," she softly commented as she realized how much she liked what Sidney was doing.

It took some doing, but Sidney carefully eased her friend down to the couch, laying atop her like a proper lover.

Carly was torn between protesting and just letting it happen. After all, there was nothing wrong with what they were doing.

And Carly's body was desperate for any sexual touch.

She let it go on for longer than she wanted.

And then she let it go some more.

And some more.

She felt like she was back in high school and was curled up in the corner of Jimmy Sterline's basement rec room with Ed Dabney who had gotten her shirt off and she experienced for the first time what it felt like to have someone suck

on her nipples.

It was heaven.

She let Sidney keep going. And going. There was a moment of frustration when Sidney switched from one small breast to the other, but then Sidney pinched the one she had been sucking on and Carly couldn't control herself any longer.

Carly didn't get how some women couldn't orgasm. That wasn't a problem for her, she just needed some nice steady rubbing on her clit.

Cumming for the first time just from having her nipples sucked was scary and exciting, better than the steepest roller coaster she had ever ridden.

When she came back to herself, she saw that Sidney had released her nipple and her head was up, staring directly at Carly's face.

"Are you okay?" Sidney asked, concerned.

"I came," Carly said, her face flushed with her orgasm and embarrassment.

Sidney giggled. "Wow. I didn't know I was that good."

Shyly, Carly said, "Can I…can I…try it too?"

"Try what?" asked Sidney, already knowing what and was eager to say yes.

"Can I…suck on your breasts a bit?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

Giggling, both women changed positions so that Sidney was now on her back. Her breasts didn't exactly disappear but they did flatten giving her an appearance similar to what Carly had all the time.

That didn't stop Carly. She knew that if she didn't plunge forward, she'd chicken out, so she closed her eyes and leaned in, taking up one of Sidney's nipples in her mouth.

The nipple was still semi-hard, but immediately contracted again at the touch of Carly's tongue.

It wasn’t nearly as weird as she thought it would be. It was a lot more exciting than her initial thought that it would be so bland and boring.

Carly hadn’t admitted to Sidney that she liked kissing and sucking on her male partners’ nipples when given the chance. Most were reluctant to let her do that, but Sidney was the complete opposite.

She liked how Sidney let her hands wander around Carly’s back, gently stroking and caressing her. It was comforting and sexy.

It got a whole lot sexier when Sidney rested her hands on Carly’s small and firm ass. It was enough for Carly to gasp around Sidney’s nipple, but not enough to get her to stop.

The two women made eye contact and Carly just nodded, encouraging her friend to keep going while she explored the delights that were Sidney’s nipples and breasts.

Sidney simply laid back and enjoyed the skin to skin contact. This was much more sensual and relaxing and enjoyable than the last couple of guys she had been with who had simply fucked her and left. She let Carly explore and enjoy herself.

“Should I stop?” asked Carly.

“Why?”

“You…you don’t seem to be getting as worked up about it as me,” she said.

“I’ve never had a nipple orgasm,” said Sidney. “We can stop if you want…or we can do something else if you want to keep going.”

“Something else?” asked Carly, confused. “Like what?”

Sidney gave her a look like she was an idiot. “Well, for that I’d have to take off my pants.”

It took the brunette a moment. “Oh. Oh shit! Wow!” She sat up. “I’m suddenly a hundred percent sober.”

That wasn’t the truth, but what Sidney was implying said a lot with very few words.

“We don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

Carly calmed herself. The last thing she wanted to do was hyperventilate herself into passing out. “This went a lot further than I thought it would.”

Slowly Sidney sat up. “That’s fine. We don’t have to. This was fun. And illuminating. Maybe we should get something to eat?”

“I didn’t say no,” Carly said slyly, realizing she was just a little bit drunk. Not nearly as much as she wanted to be, but more than was good to be making a serious decision like this.

Sidney gave her a knowing smile. “So…you want to.”

Carly made a weird face. “I didn’t say that either. I don’t know what I want to do.”

“We can just jill off next to each other if you want,” suggested Sidney. “That’s what I did the first time I messed around with another woman.”

“Okay…”

“Or you can watch me,” Sidney said, pushing things along the way she wanted them to go.

“What?”

Sidney didn’t answer. She kicked off her shoes and stood up, unzipping her pants and pulling them down, revealing a rather fancy set of panties that were floral with lots of lace and were of a much cheekier cut than her bra would have implied she was wearing.

She caught Carly eyeing her ass. “When you have to wear boring bras because your boobs are too big, you tend to go fancy with the underwear.”

Carly nodded silently. She was rather relieved that Sidney sat back down with her underwear on.

Sidney brought her knees up to her chest, putting her heels on the edge of the couch. Since Carly didn't object, Sidney slid her fingers into her panties and quickly found her wet pussy.

"Oh my god," Carly breathed.

"Do you want to watch?"

Carly nodded again, not knowing what else to do.

Sidney smiled and started rubbing.

It was one thing to watch porn. It was another thing entirely to watch another person masturbate directly in front of her.

Carly knew she could have made it weird by kneeling on the floor between Sidney's legs as she jilled off. That would have been a little too far. Carly had no idea where that strange thought had come from, but she was tempted.

She liked being tempted.

Instead she just sat next to her friend on the couch, one hand on Sidney's bare knee, while the blonde busily rubbed her clit. Sidney's eyes were closed and Carly wondered if her friend was concentrating or fantasizing.

It didn't matter. The whole process only took a minute before Sidney moaned deeply and pressed her thighs in on her hand. Her body trembled visibly for a second and then she relaxed.

A moment later Sidney opened her eyes to see Carly staring at her.

"Your turn," said Sidney.

"What?!"

It only made sense, but Carly was still shocked.

And tempted.

And turned on.

But she couldn’t do it.

“I want to watch you. It’s only fair.”

“I…I can’t…I can’t do that sober.”

Sidney looked pointedly at the empty bottle. “Do you have more wine?”

Carly jumped off the couch and ran to the kitchen. A minute later she returned with a bottle and two glasses. Sidney still had her hand in her underwear but she was no longer visibly playing with herself.

“No wine. Vodka,” said Carly. She splashed a good serving in each of the glasses and gulped down half of hers while Sidney carefully sipped at hers.

“Okay, I can do this,” she said after setting down her glass and wiggling out of her soft yoga pants.

She retook her position on the couch, now wearing only her panties, and closed her eyes. More than anything she wanted to do this, but it was too far, too much.

Still, it was easier to push her hand down into her panties and insert a finger up into her pussy, getting it nice and wet, than it was to kick out her friend and wonder what might have been.

Once her finger was wet enough, she stopped teasing herself and brought her finger back up to her clit where she circled the little organ, fantasizing about Sidney, her ex-boyfriend, some nameless men, an attentive audience, and imagining herself with hugely distended breasts.

So keyed up she was that it seemed like it took no time at all for Carly to reach a climax.

It was strange to find Sidney staring at her when she opened her eyes again.

It was stranger still to kiss Sidney, but she didn’t stop herself from kissing the blonde woman.

# Chapter 2

Carly groaned as she opened her eyes. It was nice to be in her bed, even if her head was throbbing and the morning sunlight was pushing past the blinds which weren't completely closed.

She snuggled up against the warm body next to her.

And a second later she sprang out of bed when she realized it was Sidney in her bed, naked.

Well, mostly naked. She was still wearing her pretty panties.

Carly normally slept naked herself, but she was wearing her panties as well.

And then she remembered everything that had happened the night before.

She groaned and pressed her back to the wall, slowly sliding down its surface, never moving her eyes from Sidney who was slowly stirring.

"Ugh," the blonde moaned. "I shouldn't drink vodka. I have such a hangover."

"Me too."

Sidney rolled over and looked at Carly. "Good morning."

Managing a weak smile, Carly said, "Morning." Her eyes went right to Sidney's breasts which were fully exposed because she had let the bed sheets slip down.

Was it intentional or accidental?

"Hair of the dog?" Sidney asked.

Carly groaned and turned her head. "The last thing I need is more booze. No, no, no. Just no."

Sidney laughed. "I wasn't talking about drinking. I was talking about a little sex."

Her words made Carly stiffen.

And tremble.

And—if she was being honest with herself—to get a little wet between her legs.

In her pussy.

She could so easily imagine Sidney's inquisitive fingers diving into where no woman had ever gone.

"I…I think that last night…last night was…"

"I thought it was great," said Sidney.

"Yeah…it was…it was good."

"If you don't want to, that's fine."

Carly breathed a sigh of relief while trying to make it seem like she wasn't breathing a sigh of relief.

"I've never done that sort of thing before," she admitted, though Sidney already knew that. "With a woman, I mean."

"There's always a first time."

Carly chuckled and slowly stood up. "I need to pee and get a drink of water," she said while heading directly for the bathroom.

She stared at herself in the mirror as she drank the water. Pretty enough. A little puffy in the face from sleeping, but not unattractive. Small tits. Too small. Maybe perfect in Sidney's eyes?

That thought startled her and she wished she had thought to grab her robe on the walk to the bathroom.

Taking a deep breath she went back out to the bedroom. Sidney was already standing up.

And she was completely naked.

Right away Carly's eyes went to the blonde's crotch and she saw that Sidney shaped her pubes into an artful triangle.

It made Carly suddenly self-conscious about how she had let her grooming fall by the wayside in her year-long grief for an unwanted breakup.

“I thought you were going to be in there forever,” said Sidney as she quickly moved past her friend.

Carly watched as Sidney’s large breasts moved and bobbled fetchingly. She couldn’t help but stare at Sidney’s full butt as it jiggled in a way that made her stomach drop.

She found that she had to sit down on the bed for a minute.

“Do you want to?” Sidney asked.

So lost in thought she had been that Carly didn’t realize that Sidney had emerged from the bathroom.

“Want to what?” she asked innocently, not knowing she was being seduced.

Sidney just leaned down, showing off her large breasts, and kissed Carly on the lips.

Carly, much to her surprise, kissed back.

Sidney’s tongue was warm and eager and insistent.

They fell back together on the bed.

Carly didn’t know anything about herself any longer, but she was determined to enjoy the precious little time she had with Sid.

She felt herself trembling when Sidney slowly slid her fingers into Carly’s panties. This was something more than a few men had done to her over the years, but when it was done by a woman, it was something entirely different.

Sidney slid her middle finger along Carly’s wet channel and Carly breathed deeply, trying not to pass out.

Maybe getting fingered by a woman wasn’t completely different, but Sidney definitely knew her way around the lady bits better than any man Carly had ever

been with.

The only thing to do was let it happen. And she did. And it was wonderful.

Sidney moved down Carly's body and Carly felt another electric shock as Sidney started sucking her small nipple.

She came too quickly and she giggled in embarrassment.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to cum so quickly."

"Don't apologize for that," said Sidney. "I like making my partners cum."

She didn't remove her hand from Carly's pussy and went back to sucking on the brunette's nipples.

When Sidney moved down Carly's body, the smaller woman thought about telling her friend no, but there didn't seem to be any reason to deny herself this little pleasure.

Getting her pussy eaten by Sidney was instructional in so many ways. Sidney made the slightly-built woman cum two more times before Carly finally wiggled out from under her new lover, laughing with delight but also protesting that she needed a break.

Laughing along with her, Sidney got up on her knees, displaying all of her naked body and full breasts. She wiped her wet chin with her hand, removing the amrita that Carly had unwittingly deposited there.

Carly watched with wide eyes as Sidney tasted her fingers.

"I couldn't do that," she blurted out.

"What couldn't you do?"

"Um…taste myself."

"I'm not tasting myself, I'm tasting you."

Carly blushed furiously. "I mean…"

Sidney put her hand to her pussy, experimentally penetrating herself and then offered her fingers to Carly. “Would you like to taste me?”

“Oh my god…I mean…I’m not ready…”

Sidney laughed. “You don’t have to.”

“But you should get to cum too!”

The full-figured blonde gestured to her body. “I’m not going to stop you. I didn’t stop you last night.”

Though she was reluctant to admit it, Carly knew she had done some things last night she wouldn’t have done if she wasn’t drunk…and she had gotten drunk enough that most of what she had done she couldn’t remember.

“I…I don’t think I can,” she admitted. “But I can do this.”

Reaching up, Carly caressed Sid’s big breasts and fondled the nipples. Sidney looked lovingly down at her. “You certainly can.”

Going further, Sidney leaned forward and dangled her tits in Carly’s face. The little brunette was happy to suck on the other woman’s breasts. She felt a little smothered, but that was part of the fun.

She didn’t comment on the fact that Sidney was holding herself up with one hand; the other hand she was using between her legs. They both heard the wet sounds of her inflamed pussy.

It didn’t take Sidney all that long to climax. Carly was left wondering how much she had contributed to the other woman’s orgasm.

“Can I use your shower?” Sidney asked. She had collapsed to the bed and the two of them lay next to each other, lightly stroking each other’s skin, as they rested.

“Sure…but I don’t think any of my clothes will fit you if you want something clean to wear.”

Sid gave her a grin. “You’ve never gone home wearing dirty clothes after doing

the dirty deed? Doing the walk of shame? The slut parade? The stride of pride?"

"Not since college."

This time Sid gave Carly a wink. "I did it a few months ago." She levered herself off the bed and headed to the shower.

Carly couldn't help herself and watched the other woman's ass as it rolled back and forth. She couldn't help but wonder what was wrong with her.

Then she had another thought. Was there anything wrong with her?

She thought about what she had done and what she wanted the entire time while Sidney showered.

When Sidney came out of the bathroom, she just gave Carly a smile and started to dress in her clothes from yesterday.

Somehow Carly found her courage.

"Are we really going to do this?" she asked Sidney as the busty woman strapped on her bra.

"Do what?"

"This…again."

Sidney smiled and licked her lips. "You want to do this again?"

"Can we?"

# Chapter 3

Never in a million years would Carly have seen herself dating another woman. She certainly wasn't going to admit it to her family. The bonus was that she could easily pull off the ruse of "Oh, Sidney is just my friend."

She didn't have to add, "My friend who I have sex with."

It wasn't so much the sex as it was Sidney's boobs. Carly found herself obsessed. She wasn't really jealous of Sidney's large chest. She just wanted to play with them. Squeeze them. Tease them. Pinch them. Suck them.

In the week that followed their first encounter, Sidney came over to Carly's place almost every night. And every night they had sex. On the nights Sidney wasn't at Carly's, Carly visited her friend. And they had sex.

Carly was in a state of denial. She didn't want to admit to herself she was much further along the bisexual spectrum than she thought she was, but she was enjoying sex and breast play with Sidney.

Sex with a woman, she realized, was much different than with a man. Not just the mechanics, but the emotional aspect as well.

When Sidney brought over her vibrator, Carly got nervous again.

"I thought we might take it up a notch," said Sidney, displaying the rather large toy to her sort-of-girlfriend. They hadn't defined their relationship yet.

"I haven't even gone down on you yet!"

"But your finger work is exemplary. Much better than my fingering when I was learning violin."

Carly snort-laughed. "Yeah. Great. But you know I'm more concerned with your boobs."

"But I like being penetrated." The blonde displayed the toy she had brought along. It was a light purple with a smooth surface but was hard underneath. Carly was intrigued. She had only had fingers in her pussy in months. Buying a vibrator, even anonymously off the internet, was a step too far for her. "You can use it on me. And we can use it on you as well." She turned it on and gave her

friend a wicked smile before handing her the toy.

Nervously, Carly took it in her hand and pressed the buttons randomly trying to turn it off. “I’ve never used a vibrator.”

“WHAT!”

The intensity of Sidney’s response startled Carly. “I mean…I just haven’t. My boyfriends have always been enough.” She blushed a little. “That and my fingers.”

Sidney grabbed back her toy. “Girl, you are missing out. Let’s get naked and I’ll give you so many lessons you’ll think you’re back in high school.”

They went to the bedroom of the small apartment. It had become so easy to get naked and show affection with Sidney. They had only been out in public as a couple briefly a couple of times but Carly knew that was coming eventually. For now, though, she was happy to undress and let her lover explore her body.

She was still envious of Sidney’s big boobs.

Stripping off her clothes was easy because Carly had planned on it, but then she realized she was naked in front of a fully dressed Sidney. Well, fully dressed except for her shoes.

“What are you doing?” Carly asked nervously.

Sidney eased her friend into the bed with a hug and a kiss. Carly loved kissing Sidney’s soft lips. It was easy to tell herself kissing meant nothing.

But it actually meant everything.

Sidney was an outstanding lover. Carly loved her hands and lips on her body. Sidney wasn’t the least bit shy about eating pussy and showing her affection. Carly wasn't there, not yet, but she wanted to be.

She especially loved it when Sidney sucked on her tits and played with her pussy at the same time. And Sidney knew that. So it was no surprise when Sidney was sucking on Carly’s pert little nipple when Carly felt something foreign slipping between her wet labia.

The gasp that Carly let out was loud enough to alarm Sidney.

“Oh come on,” Sidney teased. “I’ve barely touched you with it.”

“Okay, okay,” Carly relented, realizing she was being a bit overdramatic. “Just go easy on me. That’s a huge fake cock.”

“I got the average sized one. If the guys you’ve been with are small…well, that’s your problem. I’m just going to ease it inside you and then we can explore the vibrator, okay?”

Carly just nodded and let out a breath, forcing herself to relax, which was a ridiculous thing to try.

Sidney, using more patience than a Kindergarten teacher, slowly eased the vibrator into Carly’s pussy.

When it was halfway in Carly realized how much she had missed penetrative sex. Her moan was one of pleasure and relief.

“Good?” asked Sidney.

“Oh…yeah…”

Sidney was silent as she started to pump the toy in and out of Carly. Right away she started to hyperventilate. That only encouraged Sidney. She grinned at her friend and she held her down with one hand on her chest and continued to use the silent vibrator.

“Want me to turn it on?” Sidney asked.

“N-n-n-no…fuck yes!” Carly screamed as she came. Her reaction startled Sidney, but she was pleased with the results.

“You’re a slut at heart,” said Sidney as she kissed Carly.

“Th-th-thanks,” she panted. “That felt wonderful.”

“And I haven’t even turned on the little buzzy part yet,” added Sidney.

“I don’t think I could take it.”

“I’ll give you a minute to rest before we try it out,” Sidney said as she snuggled up next to her lover.

For the moment Carly said nothing. She was curious about using the vibrator, but didn’t want to at the same time.

“Sex with a woman is so much easier than with a man,” Carly suddenly blurted out.

That made Sidney laugh. “Why would you say that?”

Carly was silent for a moment before she finally replied. “I don’t have to worry about getting pregnant.”

“Well, there is that.”

“Less messy too.”

“You haven’t been nearly drowned by a flood of girl juice in your face,” countered Sidney.

“Sorry about that.”

“It’s fine. I liked it.”

“Do you know what’s crazy?”

“You mean besides everything in the world?”

“Well, yes, that. That and I’m still on birth control pills.”

Sidney sat up and looked at her friend. “Ah…okay, well, if they work for you…”

“I was hoping that Richard would come back and…well, I didn’t want to use condoms or something else in the process of going back on the pill. And they really regulated my cycle.”

“That’s good. I tried them once. Terrible side effects.”

“Almost nothing for me,” Carly reported. “Except when I first started out, my breasts got really sore.”

“These little things?” Sidney asked, grabbing her lover’s tits.

“Yes!”

“Let me kiss them and make you feel better.”

Sidney didn’t just kiss them. She sucked, pinched, and bit them. Carly loved it mostly because Sidney made her orgasm again. Sidney loved getting her girlfriend off like that; she found it a marvel that Carly could come from nipple stimulation alone.

“I want to make love to you,” Carly said softly after she came.

“Okay, sure. Let me get undressed…”

To prove to herself she was eager and fully involved, Carly helped Sidney out of her clothes, occasionally distracting her with kisses and a couple of pinches when Sidney’s impressive nipples came into view.

“I love your tits,” Carly confessed.

“I know. You’ve said so before.” Sidney said this without missing a beat as Carly sucked on Sid’s large pink nipples.

The proof came when Carly let go of Sidney’s breasts and pushed the woman onto her back. It was the brunette who pulled Sidney’s panties off her. Sidney was more than happy to spread her legs and display herself to Carly.

“Ready for me?”

Carly nodded her head. She was still turned on from Sidney’s exquisite pussy eating.

After noting that Sidney had edged her pubes back to a perfect triangle and trimmed the length, Carly planted a little kiss on Sidney’s belly, and then the top edge of her pubes, and then the ridge of the pubic bone. Then she stopped.

Sidney was laying back, her eyes closed, her hands on her tits, gently playing with her erect nipples.

Carly didn’t want to disappoint her girlfriend and took the plunge.

She already knew what Sidney’s pussy would taste like. She had experimented with tasting her own. And she had tasted Sidney’s fingers after being fingered.

Still, tasting pussy directly was much better than any other way.

Maybe doing this was wrong, but Carly found herself enjoying it much more than she should have.

It had to have been the responsive moans from Sidney.

After a minute Carly regretted having been so reluctant in the past.

After five minutes Carly felt like she was the champion of the world the way she was making Sidney writhe and moan and beg for release.

It wasn’t quite ten minutes before it all became too much and Sidney came on Carly’s face.

Sidney wasn’t a squirter like Carly, but that didn’t matter. She felt like she had won a gold medal.

She didn’t bother to wipe her face when she crawled up Sidney’s body and gave her a kiss.

“Was I any good?”

“Darling, you were the best.”

While Carly didn’t fully believe her, she was satisfied. She was even more satisfied when she got to snuggle up to Sidney’s big chest and drift off to sleep.

# Chapter 4

Carly woke up to Sidney nuzzling her small breasts.

“Keep going,” she encouraged her lover.

It was nice for someone to pay them the attention they deserved.

Just because Sidney was sucking on her, didn’t mean that Carly was just going to lay there and take it. She reached down and grabbed a handful of Sidney’s big breasts, located the nipples, and teased her girlfriend as Sidney became more insistent with her sucking.

“Careful,” Sidney cautioned around Carly’s little nipple.

“Make me cum,” Carly begged. “Make me cum like a good girl.”

For some reason, Carly felt an ache in her breasts. That was unusual, she hadn’t felt that in months. Not since she had started on her birth control pills. But it was a sort of pleasant ache that eventually blossomed into an orgasm courtesy of Sidney.

“We need to go out on a proper date tonight,” said Sidney as Carly was still floating pleasantly from her orgasm.

“Okay,” she agreed too easily and too quickly. A wicked thought occurred to her. Just before her breakup in a desperate effort to keep Richard from leaving, she had bought the sleaziest set of lingerie she could find. She had never worn it for Richard.

She was going to wear it for Sidney.

Carly was staring down at her hand. Her fingers were intertwined with Sidney’s as they both rested their hands on the table.

“I don’t think my fingers are that pretty,” Sidney said, bringing the small brunette back to reality.

“Was I staring?”

“Yes.”

“I’m nervous. I’ve never been on a date with a woman before.” Carly blushed and looked around the restaurant. It wasn’t anything special. Just a nice place to eat. Literally no one was paying them any attention other than the waiter who periodically came by during the meal.

“But you have had sex with one,” Sidney pointed out.

“Sid!” Carly hissed at the woman she was starting to think of as her girlfriend. It was wrong but it was so right at the same time. “Someone’s going to hear.” She tried to pull her hand back. Sidney tightened her grip.

“No one cares.”

Carly knew that was the truth, but she was still nervous.

“Let’s play a game,” Sidney suggested. They were literally down to dessert. There was no special hurry to go home.

“What sort of game?” Carly asked warily.

“It’s a game I played with an ex…years ago.”

“Okay…”

“Look around the restaurant. Tell me who’d you want to go home with.”

“That’s crazy. And stupid.”

Sidney made a show of looking around the dining room. There were at least twenty tables in the place with maybe fifty people eating. They were from all walks of life and all ages.

“The guy in the blue shirt near the corner. He looks like he has a big dick.” Sidney grinned and scooped up the last of the cheesecake with her fork, luxuriously depositing it on her tongue and sucking the fork’s tines to remove every last bit of the rich dessert.

“He’s eating with his wife. Or girlfriend,” Carly said after spying the man. “And

he looks too old for you."

"Doesn't matter. Big dick. Your turn."

"I don't want to play."

"Too bad. You have to."

Carly tried a tactic she knew wasn't going to fly. "The woman directly across from me."

"Ha ha. Nice try. Choose again."

Carly scanned the room. The choice wasn't great. "Honestly, the waiter. He was nice."

"And gay and too young for you."

"So?"

"So pick someone else."

Carly had already picked someone else and was afraid to reveal her choice, but it was just a game.

"The woman in the red dress, way over there," she discreetly pointed with her fork.

"The one with the big tits?"

Carly blushed furiously.

"Yes."

"I had a feeling about you, Miss Santiago."

"Can we go now?" asked Carly. "I have something special to share with you at my place."

Stripping for another person wasn't something that had ever really occurred to Carly. She had been asked a couple of times by previous boyfriends, but she was always self-conscious about it.

Putting Sidney down on the couch and then slowly taking off her clothes turned her on more than she would have thought. She had danced ballet through high school, but ballet didn't automatically lend itself to the more exotic dance arts.

Still, she tried.

When unwrapped the dress from her body and showed off the fancy lingerie she had worn for Sidney, the other woman came off the couch, embraced her, kissed her, and said, "You really earned that ballet shoes tattoo, didn't you?"

They both looked down Carly's body. Her one tattoo, the impulsive act of a college freshman, was a pair of pink toe shoes that danced along the edge of her pelvic bone on her left hip. Her mother would have been scandalized if she knew.

"Yes?"

They kissed. Carly felt the intensity of the kiss as an ache in her breasts.

"Let me undress you?"

Carly was trembling. She didn't know why. She knew what they were going to do and she wanted to do it. It had to be the anticipation.

She already felt naked. Shoes. Thigh high stockings. A thong. A bra. Her jewelry: a simple necklace and a few rings.

Sidney reached behind her back and expertly released the single hook that held Carly's bra closed.

That made it a little easier for Carly to stand proudly. Maybe her tits were small, but she had nothing to be ashamed of.

Sidney then kissed her way down Carly's body, kneeling as she went, as the small brunette stood there. Sid was careful to avoid Carly's tits, teasing her. She planted a little kiss on the ballet shoes tattoo before reaching behind Carly and

cupping her small, firm ass.

The shiver that raced through Carly's body excited her as Sidney pulled her thong down, leaving her in stockings and shoes.

"You've had a little work done," Sidney commented, running her finger along Carly's trimmed and shaped pubic triangle.

"I did it myself."

Sidney kissed the top of Carly's mound but was stymied because of the angle and the difference in their sizes.

Standing up, Sidney said, "Let me escort you to bed, young lady."

Carly felt saucy as she walked mostly naked, holding Sidney's hand, to the bedroom. When she attempted to take off her shoes, Sidney stopped her.

"No. Leave them on. Makes you look like more of a slut with the stockings and shoes on."

She barely had time to nod before Sidney pushed her down on the bed and was on top of her. Carly felt a bit overwhelmed being ravished by the bigger woman who was still fully dressed, but then she felt Sidney's mouth on her nipple and all her concerns were washed away.

"Oh…that feels really good, babe," she said softly, running her fingers through Sid's blonde hair. "Oh. Oh! Just go careful…I'm really sensitive right now."

Sidney barely heard her. She was too focused on sucking Carly's delightful nipple while pinching the other one. Carly squirmed about but the stress was what made the tension so delightful. Before she realized it, Carly was right on the edge and then she was cumming even before Sidney touched her pussy.

Carly was left panting heavily while Sidney moved to the side and gently slid her hands all over the brunette's skin, feeling the softness.

"That was intense."

"And I'm not done yet," said Sidney, reaching up and firmly pinching Carly's

nipple, making her yelp in response.

“Hey!” she protested.

“You like that?” Sidney asked in her wickedest voice.

Clutching her breasts, Carly said, “Sort of, but it hurt.”

“I made you cum.”

“Yeah…but they’re extra sensitive right now.”

“You in that part of your cycle?”

Carly started to answer, but then caught herself. “No. Not at all.”

“So…?” Sid asked expectantly.

Dropping her hands, Carly looked at her small breasts. They were a little bigger than normal. Maybe that was from getting played with by Sidney and just having cum. Experimentally, she cupped her breasts and gave a little squeeze.

She gasped in surprise as her nipples both formed little beads of white liquid.

“Good fucking God!” Sidney exclaimed.

It took Carly a moment longer to process what was happening. Her first thought, oddly, was that she had cancer and was dying. After a half-second’s reflection she realized she was being stupid and her breasts, having been the center of Sidney’s attention for nearly two weeks, were simply having a reaction to all that sucking along with her birth control pills.

“Oh…that’s…unexpected,” she said in an oddly calm voice. “I’m lactating.”

Sidney blinked. “You are?”

“What else would you call this?” she asked, wiping one nipple, displaying the thin while milk, and then without thinking, she tasted it.

Sidney gasped.

Carly realized what she had done after the fact, however, she was pleasantly surprised by the sweetness of her milk.

“Oh. Huh. I can see why babies like it.”

Sidney blinked. “Why?” she asked cautiously.

“It’s very sweet.” Carly squeezed her breast again, forcing out some more milk. Not much. Just a drop, but enough. “Try some,” she said, angling her body toward Sidney who backed away.

“No thank you.”

Carly laughed at her. “You’ll have sex with all sorts of men and women, but you have qualms about a little breast milk?” Carly had no idea where her sudden boldness was coming from, but she liked it.

She even loved it.

“Don’t try to shame me into doing something I don’t want to.”

Carly grinned, feeling a bit of sexual power and dominance she suddenly had over Sidney. “If you want to have sex with me, you’ll taste my boob milk,” she said, lifting up her tiny tits and once again offering them to Sid.

Sidney just glared at her. “You think that’ll work?”

Silently, Carly nodded and flopped back onto the bed and spread her legs wide. She elegantly extended one hand into the air and then allowed it to descend to her pussy where she gracefully started diddling her clit.

“Fuck,” Sidney cursed. “Fine. I’ll do it.”

She shoved aside Carly’s hand, lay atop her, and took one small nipple into her mouth, and sucked gently.

Her mouth sparkled with sweetness.

“Oh!” Sidney exclaimed. “Okay, I thought that maybe you had just a certain body lotion or something.”

“What?”

“Your tits have tasted pretty sweet for the past few days.”

“Huh.”

“You’ve been making milk for a while is what I’m saying.”

“That makes sense…I guess.” She started to sit up but Sidney pushed her back down. “I want to sit up,” Carly protested. “I want to take off your clothes.”

“And I want to suck on your tits a little longer.”

Sidney was bigger and stronger. She held her lover down and continued to suck on her tits. Despite herself Carly relented and allowed Sidney to draw out her milk.

The process was made easier when Sidney’s hand went to Carly’s pussy. Being fingered and sucked at the same time was Carly’s newest favorite thing.

Her second orgasm of the evening was brought about by both Sidney’s mouth and fingers. She couldn’t tell if her orgasm was clitoral or nippular. Or both.

After the orgasm, Carly pulled Sidney’s face up to hers and kissed her girlfriend fiercely.

“Not as sweet as I wanted your kiss to be,” said Carly with a pout.

“I think I drank all your milk,” Sidney reported.

“That’s okay. I'll make more. Take off your clothes. I want you naked. I want to play with you.”

Carly only helped Sidney get half of her clothes off. She essentially stopped helping remove Sidney’s clothes once she got the busty woman’s bra off. The moment her big boobs came into view, Carly attached her mouth to the blonde’s nipple.

“Mmm…that feels nice, but I don’t have any milk for you,” said Sidney.

“A girl can dream,” said Carly around Sidney’s large nipple and went back to

sucking and squeezing the large mounds of flesh that decorated Sidney's chest.

Showing boldness she hadn't ever felt before, Carly felt between Sidney's legs and found her pussy, sinking a finger deeply into her lover.

"You could use a vibrator on me," said Sidney. "I've got several in my dresser drawer. I can show you my favorite."

Carly moved atop Sidney and kissed her way down to the small triangle of dark blonde curls. Sidney paused and happily groaned as Carly licked her clit before sucking the little organ, causing Sidney to gasp.

"You like that?"

"I love it!"

Carly took her time. She showed an enthusiasm for eating pussy she had never displayed before. Sidney took it all in. It took the application of her fingers while sucking on Sidney's clit to make her cum, but Carly felt a great deal of satisfaction in her accomplishment.

They kissed without Carly wiping away Sidney's amrita from her face.

"I think I love you," Carly blurted without thinking.

Sidney just stared at her.

Clapping her hand over her mouth, Carly backed away, humiliated. "I'm sorry. I always say it too soon. Forget I said anything." She made to move out of the bed and find her clothes.

"I love you too," said Sidney. "There's no thinking about it."

Carly paused. "You do?"

"I'm not saying we're getting married, but there's nothing wrong with saying I love you if that's what you feel. It's never too early."

"I love you."

"I love you too."

# Chapter 5

Carly woke up to Sidney sucking on her nipples.

It felt weirdly arousing and satisfying.

“Am I making milk?” asked Carly.

Sidney looked up at her and nodded silently when they made eye contact.

The sweetness that Carly was creating was pure bliss on Sidney’s tongue.

Silently, Sidney kept on nursing from her lover. It was exceedingly strange to be doing this, something that felt wrong on every level. Milk was for babies, not lovers. But at the same time, she didn’t want to stop. She loved the taste of the milk and she loved how nursing on Carly’s breasts made the thin brunette react.

She reacted like it was the most incredible sexual experience of her life.

With her eyes closed, it was easy for Carly to pretend a lot of things. It could be anyone sucking on her tits. Her reaction could be caused by almost anything.

But she knew that it was her female lover that was sucking on her small tits. It was Sidney making love to her. It was Sidney’s eager mouth that was giving her little waves of ecstasy that she had never before experienced.

“Oh…oh…suck harder,” she encouraged Sidney. “Make it hurt! Make me cum!”

Sidney did the best she could. She caught Carly’s little nipple between her teeth and held it tightly as she sucked. At the same time she grabbed Carly’s other nipple and pinched it.

Or tried to pinch it. Carly was leaking milk, making her nipple wet and slippery. That only caused Sidney to grab the whole of Carly’s breast, gripping it firmly, and then pinch the nipple.

In reaction, she felt a little gush of milk on her fingers. And a gush of milk in her mouth.

Carly let out a strained scream as she was subjected to beautiful torture by Sidney. It was unlike any orgasm she had ever had before.

Sidney watched in surprised pleasure as her lover shook with her climax. As Carly started to come down from her peak, the small woman grabbed Sidney's face and brought it to her own, giving her an intense kiss, tasting her own milk on her lover's lips and tongue.

"I love you," she blurted out, not ashamed of the admission this time.

"We're going from friends to lovers awfully quickly, aren't we?" asked Sidney. "Not that I mind. And I love you."

"This is all a little much for me," Carly admitted.

"You're the one making milk," Sidney pointed out.

"You're the one drinking it."

"I like it though," they both said together before dissolving into giggles.

"Let me play with your boobs for a minute," said Carly, pushing Sidney to her back and kissing her way down to the woman's large breasts, instinctively finding a nipple before starting to suck.

Sidney started to complain, but realized she had nothing to complain about.

She especially had nothing to complain about when she felt Carly's hand between her legs.

Maybe her orgasm wasn't as intense, but Sidney more than appreciated the effort Carly put into it.

"You seem awfully chipper today, Ney," said Albert. Ney was a terrible nickname, but since Sidney had started calling her coworker Bert instead of Al, it was what she deserved.

"Just having a good day." The office was mostly quiet. Half of the staff was either out on calls or home trying to avoid Covid. Oddly, after the start of the pandemic, working for SAV Enterprises had gotten a lot better.

“Uh-huh,” he said doubtfully, slowly stirring his coffee. Al was an older man with a short, trim beard going to gray, but was still in good shape. More than once Sidney had caught herself at his large, muscular forearms. “Why is it so good?”

“No reason.”

“The last time you were acting this way, you had just started dating someone new. What’s his name?”

Sidney mashed her lips together.

Al waited patiently.

She hated his patience.

“Let’s just say I’m taking it slow.” That was an outright lie considering everything she had done with Carly over the past couple weeks. A quick ransacking of her brain didn’t yield any results when trying to remember if she had told any of her coworkers, specifically Al, if she was bi.

“Smart. Where’d you meet this guy?”

Sidney didn’t correct Al. “Friend of a friend.”

“Decided to stop using online dating and hookup apps?”

She gave him a wicked grin. “Not yet…”

Al chuckled. “Naughty girl.”

“Get back to work, Bert.”

He did what she suggested. As if the universe wanted to intercede in her new life, Sidney got an unexpected notification on her phone.

*UpDogg55 has sent you a text.*

*UpDogg55 has sent you a pic.*

Checking to see that Al was back at work, minding his own business, Sidney

opened the app. She knew she shouldn't. She was supposed to be working. She was in a relationship with Carly. She had always regretted looking at unsolicited pictures sent by strangers on any app.

Logging into the app, it took her directly to the text message.

*Hey. It's Jerry. I'm in town. You said to send you a message when I was back. I'm back. Busy tonight?*

He had enough class not to send a dick pic.

He sent an artistic full body shot. It was black and white of Jerry framed in a large window. He was facing away from the camera. Light was streaming in, partly obscuring his body. She could barely see the outline of his naked ass, but it was already etched in her memory.

Sidney envied the window.

"Fuuuck," she cursed slowly.

The temptation was more than there.

Al didn't even look up as she hurried from her desk to the bathroom.

She wasn't going to use it for its intended purpose.

*I know it's been a while, but I wanted to get back in touch.*

Carly glared at the message on her phone for far too long.

"Fucking dick. Fucking Dick." She knew he preferred to go by Rick. Occasionally calling him Dick made her feel better.

At first she was angry at the message. After more than a year she was finally in a good place. Maybe she was uncertain about her relationship with Sidney, but she was happy. She didn't need Rick coming back into her life and confusing things.

The smart thing to do would have been to ignore his text and block him. She had

—finally—moved on.

Of course the other reason she had called him Dick more than once was because of his wonderful cock. It wasn't huge, but it was just the right size. She was Goldilocks and his cock wasn't too big or too small, it wasn't too hard or too soft. It was just right.

*Why?*

It was a one word text and she felt even that was too much.

His response came far too quickly. She felt like everyone else in the office was staring at her.

In reality, no one was looking her way. No one cared.

*Because maybe I did some things I regret.*

A single word angered her.

*MAYBE???!!! She fired back at him.*

*I do regret a lot of the things that I did and said.*

*Can we get together sometime soon? Tonight? Tomorrow? Next week?*

Carly stared at Rick's question for far too long.

She was tempted.

She was disgusted.

She felt like she was cheating on Sidney just considering his request.

*No.*

It was easy to send back the reply.

Carly was in the process of trying to figure out how to block his number from her phone when his reply came back.

*You can’t mean that.*

She burst into tears and turned off her phone.

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

# Turn Off My Feelings 5

Amelia liked getting invited to her boss's house. Not just because it was a break in the routine of work, but because of all the extra benefits.

"Should I invite Evan or Bill to accompany me?" she asked.

"Do you even have to ask?"

It wasn't a completely stupid question. Amelia needed to know if she was to bring her husband-to-be for humiliation or her boyfriend for fun.

She invited Bill, who naturally accepted.

"But should I really be meeting your boss and her husband?" Bill asked a bit nervously as they traveled together to Kristen's fabulous house.

"Why not? She introduced me to her boyfriend." Amelia couldn't help herself. "She likes to call him her bull."

Bill frowned at that. "You know I don't like that term…"

Amelia laughed. "You'll fuck me in front of Evan, but you get nervous about a word…"

"It's not the same!"

Amelia and Kristen had a wonderful time. The meal that had been prepared wasn't cooked by Kristen or Jonas; they had it specially catered.

"The meal was delicious," Amelia complimented her hostess as Jonas cleared away the dishes and leftover food.

"Thank you. I hired the caterer myself." The two women laughed together and Bill smiled. "I did make a special dessert all on my own, though," she added, standing up.

Instead of going to the kitchen, she instead circled around the table and stopped next to Bill. “Do you need some help in the kitchen?” he asked.

“No. Not at all.”

Kristen sat her butt on the edge of the table and, showing a grace that a woman her age shouldn’t have, kicked one leg over Bill’s head so that she was suddenly seated directly in front of him. She planted a foot on either side of his chair. Her skirt rode up her thighs revealing stocking tops but not her panties.

Bill didn’t know where to look. Kristen’s tits were right in front of him at eye level. He wanted to look down at her crotch because he felt she wanted him to look there. Looking up at her face was awkward, so he wound up looking to the side to take a cue from Amelia.

She gave him a neutral, but interested look.

“Do you know what’s for dessert?” Kristen asked Bill.

He looked anxiously at Amelia who merely gave him a slight shrug of her shoulders.

“I don’t know,” he answered.

“Pussy’s for dessert,” she said, hiking her skirt all the way up her thighs to show off her red panties covered in lace flowers.

Amelia was mildly surprised Kristen was wearing underwear at all.

Bill looked back and forth between the two women.

“You can’t be serious,” he said.

“Completely serious.”

Bill’s eyes went to the kitchen door where Jonas had disappeared. “Your husband…”

“Oh, he’s seen worse,” said Kristen. “Besides, Amelia will see to him.”

Her thumbs went into the thin waistband of her panties and pulled them down to

mid-thigh before lifting one foot so she could pull them down the rest of the way, leaving them dangling from an ankle.

Her thighs were spread.

Bill stared at her bare pussy.

“Start eating,” she told him, leaning back.

Bill turned to Amelia. “Is this okay?”

“Of course it is. Don’t make her wait. It’s rude.”

Leaning forward, Bill pressed his face between Kristen’s thighs and tentatively licked at her pussy.

She let out a little groan of appreciation and leaned back further.

“Harder,” she urged. “Work my clit.”

It was a wanton display of Kristen’s power and sexuality. While Amelia wanted to feel nothing when her boyfriend—her Artemis approved bull—was eating out Kristen, she was instead vaguely aroused.

“Oh...fuck,” Kristen exclaimed. “He knows how to please a woman, doesn’t he?”

Amelia just nodded. She didn’t know what to do with herself. She didn’t want to reach into her panties and start jilling off to her boss being eaten out by Bill, but that seemed appropriate.

At least it did until Jonas suddenly appeared at her side.

“I’m supposed to invite you to the bedroom,” he said softly into her ear.

“Oh?” It was just the mildest exclamation from Amelia.

“Go with him,” Kristen muttered. “His key is in the bedroom. Fuck yes.”

Amelia knew when she was being dismissed. She stepped away from the table. She knew the way to the bedroom. She had been there more than a few times

with Kristen and Jonas.

“I’m so sorry,” said Jonas as soon as they were in the bedroom. “I didn’t know she wanted to have sex with him.”

“Mmm-hmm,” was Amelia’s response. “Strip.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Amelia was certain that Kristen had made the decision to fuck Bill the moment after meeting him. She was like that.

Jonas knew how to undress quickly and efficiently. Amelia appreciated that. She was left looking at his caged cock and wondering what to do.

“She...she said that, Kristen said, that is, she said you could unlock me if you wanted.” He was oddly nervous. They had had sex before many times. It was because they were alone, without Kristen, that he was unsettled.

It wasn’t that Amelia was uninterested in fucking Jonas. She liked the variety she had between Evan, Bill, and Jonas, plus any other lover she cared to take if the moment struck her. She had fucked Jonas before. He was good in bed. But she didn’t feel like rewarding him when Bill was fucking her boss.

“I don’t want to,” Amelia said coldly.

“Oh. Then why are we here?”

She only considered that question for a moment before kicking off her heels and unzipping her pants, letting them fall to the floor around her ankles.

“Get on the bed. Hands and knees. Ass in the air.”

He did as she asked. Amelia had been in the bedroom enough times to know where everything was kept.

She was starting to think that maybe Kristen kept some supplies on hand just for her.

The harness she chose from the small selection was specially built for a dual-

ended dildo. It was easy to fit in place.

“Face down into the pillow,” she ordered Jonas and then pulled down her panties. Her pussy was throbbing now. She could feel the tightness in her tits. Almost to her shame, after pulling the harness around her hips, the short end of the dildo easily slipped into her pussy and nestled just where she wanted it. The ridges on the little device pressed against her clit and she took a moment to enjoy the sensation.

She left on her blouse and bra. There was no reason to remove them. She’d give Jonas a good rogering and see where that led.

The longer end of the dildo looked almost ludicrously large, but Amelia knew that it wasn’t too much for Jonas to take.

Hell, he probably wanted it that large.

She greased up her girlcock and then applied some to Jonas’s well-used asshole. She had fucked him more times than she cared to remember. She had seen Kristen fuck her husband that way as many times.

Just as she knelt behind Jonas, it occurred to her that he was probably getting fucked up the ass more than he was using his cock.

That wasn’t her concern.

Though it was a bit distasteful, Amelia had grown to like fucking Jonas in the ass. Hell, she liked fucking Evan in the ass the exact same way. It made her feel powerful and in charge because she was powerful and in charge. She liked wielding a cock.

The dildo slipped easily into Jonas’s ass. He grunted in satisfaction as she started thrusting. Her motions felt as good to her as it did to him. The way the double-ended dildo was shaped was perfect for her. She felt full of cock and had her clit stimulated and got to put a man in his place.

She had left the bedroom door open. The house was big but it wasn’t so big that she couldn’t hear Bill and Kristen going at it. Her vocalizations were loud and a bit shrill.

“Your wife is getting it good from my boyfriend,” she commented to her lover.

“Yeah. She told me she was going to fuck him.”

“She’s such a slut.”

“That’s...that’s why I love her.”

Amelia hoped that wasn’t the only reason Jonas loved his wife, but that wasn’t her concern. She focused on fucking his ass.

She noted that he lifted a hand from the bed to manipulate his cock through the cage. She didn’t mind; it wasn’t like he was going to get himself off that way.

On the other hand, she was going to get herself off by using the dildo. That was the real reason she was pegging Evan. She didn’t care if he came or not. If Kristen wanted her to make sure Evan had proper sex and an orgasm she would have specified it.

Amelia just kept thrusting until the climax blossomed through her body. She felt her nipples tighten up around the metal piercings giving her a sting of pain that made the orgasm more intense.

After coming down from the climax, she pulled the cock free of Jonas’s ass and noted he had ejaculated on the bedspread.

“Clean up your mess. I’m going to check on Bill.”

It occurred to Amelia that she should take off her cock and harness, but that wasn’t the person she had become. Instead she simply walked down the stairs, her strapon bobbing as she moved through the house.

She followed the sounds of fucking. She already knew the way, of course, but it amused her to listen to her boyfriend and her boss going at it.

It would have been smart for them to move to the living room couch, or even the carpeted floor, but Amelia found the pair still on the dining room table. They had pushed back the few dishes that had remained and changed position, but that was it.

Kristen was now bent forward over the table with Bill behind her fucking for all he was worth. She was completely naked at this point. Upon entering the room Amelia could see that Kristen was still wearing her nipple crowns and belly chain, presumably to highlight her fit body.

Bill was also naked. Their clothes were piled on the floor. She loved watching the way Bill's firm buttocks contracted as he fucked Kristen. She watched a moment longer; they didn't seem to take any notice of her.

"Can I join in?" she asked because even watching her own private porn wasn't that interesting.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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