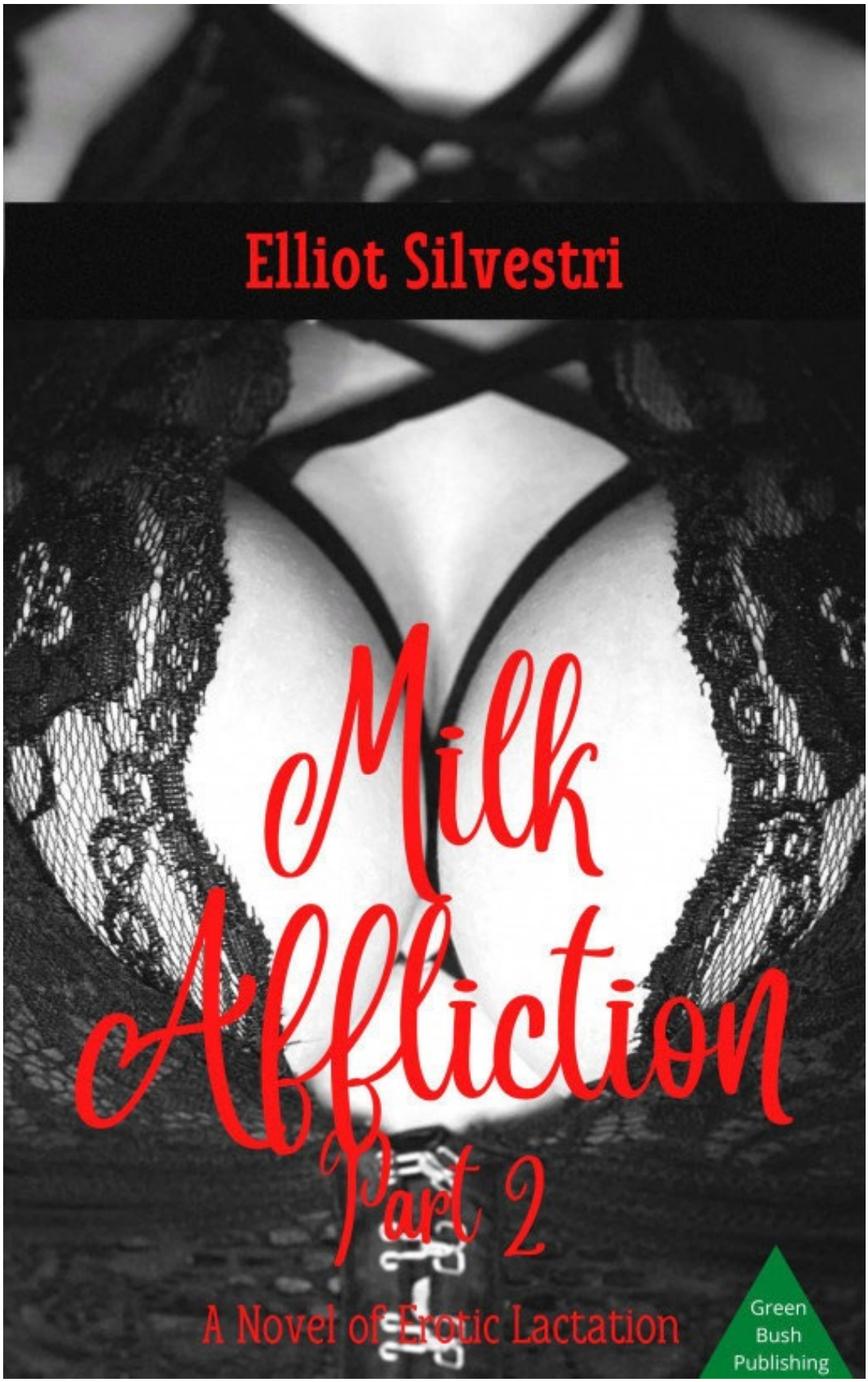
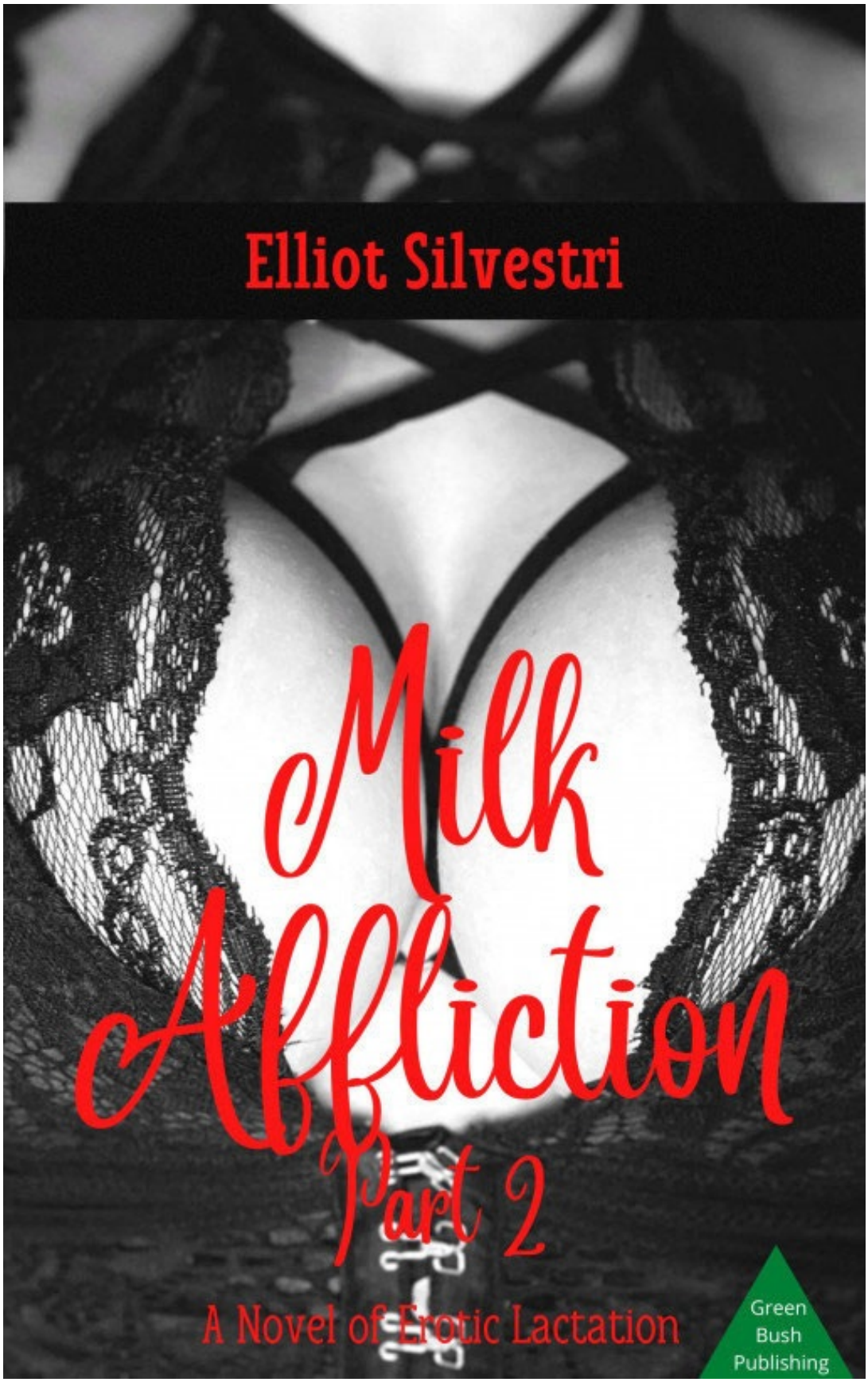

Elliot Silvestri
Milk Affliction
Part 2
A Novel of Erotic Lactation
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Milk Affliction 2

A Novel of Erotic Lactation

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Milk Affliction 2

A Novel of Erotic Lactation

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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 6

The only thing that made Carly feel better that evening was taking off Sidney's top and bra and sucking on her nipples while she shoved her hand into her panties and rubbed her clit.

Sidney was confused at her girlfriend's odd need, but she went with it. There was no reason to deny her this small pleasure. Sid had boobs enough to share. She didn't need to tell Carly about her exchange with Jerry because Carly was obviously upset about something. It was odd that Carly wanted to nurse and masturbate instead of getting some attention from Sid, but she could be patient.

"Oh fucking god if you keep going like that, I'm gonna cum like you," Sidney exclaimed.

Carly barely glanced up at her, but she didn't object when Sidney pulled up her skirt and tucked her fingers into her panties so that she could jill off along with her lover.

She pinched Sidney's free nipple and the woman squirmed uncontrollably. Sidney had never had extremely sensitive nipples, but whatever Carly was doing to her was a brand of exquisite torture that she never wanted to end and needed to end right away.

Internally she struggled between allowing herself to cum and doing everything she could think of to stop it. Eventually she had no choice.

She came.

Much to her disappointment, she knew the orgasm originated from her clit. It was satisfying, but not exactly what she wanted.

Looking up from her position attached to Sidney's large breasts, Carly looked inquisitively at her lover.

"Keep going," Sidney urged her. "Make me cum again."

Carly nodded, an easy task with Sidney's large tits, and kept sucking and pinching.

Knowing it wouldn't be enough, Sidney pushed aside Carly's hand and brought

her nipple up to her mouth.

When she placed the large nipple between her lips, Carly's eyes went wide. She had to stop momentarily.

"I didn't know you could do that!"

"Keep going!" Sidney urged her around the nipple.

Together they sucked on her tits. Carly thought it was a bit weird, but Sidney said to do it, so she did. When Carly moved her hand between Sid's legs, the blonde slapped it away.

She got it then.

Sidney had been able to suck on her nipples for years, since high school when her tits grew to their over-sized dimensions. She had only ever really sucked her own nipples to amuse a lover once in a while. Doing it felt nice enough, but wasn't close enough to masturbation to really motivate her.

Doing it with Carly was another matter entirely.

Her second orgasm originated out of her nipples. She could feel it. The climax was intense and unlike anything she had ever felt before. She felt perverted and dirty doing it.

That made the orgasm even better.

Carly laughed with delight at her friend's spastic orgasm, and then held her tightly, thrilled at what they had done together.

It took a few minutes, but when she was back to normal, Sidney couldn't stop herself from telling her girlfriend what had happened earlier in the day.

"Jerry texted me today," she reported because she couldn't help being overly honest.

"Jerry?" Carly didn't look at her. The room was dim and the way they were holding each other didn't lend itself to eye-to-eye contact.

“My ex.”

“Oh.”

“Well, not really my ex. Sort of my irregular hookup. A friend with benefits if you will.”

Carly moved around on the bed. “What exactly are you saying, Sid? Are you asking for permission to go fuck this guy?”

“No!”

Carly didn’t seem to hear her girlfriend. “My ex contacted me today too.”

Sid was taken aback. “Oh? But it’s been a fucking year!”

“Don’t I know it.”

“Are you swearing off men forever?”

“I’m with you now, aren’t I?” asked Carly. She covered her face with her hands. “I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing. I love you. I hate Dick. But I think I want some dick soon.”

Sid blinked. “Mind parsing that out for me?”

Carly surreptitiously wiped away a couple of tears. “Yeah. Sorry. I hate Richard, my ex. But I don’t think I can go the rest of my life without having a cock inside me.”

With a smirk, Sid gave her friend a kiss on the forehead. “That’s why god invented vibrators.”

“Not the same.”

“And strap-ons.”

Carly’s eyes widened. “You can’t be serious.”

“And strap on vibrators.”

“Okay, stop.”

“And you haven’t had a really good vibrator.”

“Sid!”

“Should I contact Jerry? Tell him you’re interested in some extra cock and your girlfriend wants to watch and maybe join in.”

Carly playfully slapped Sidney away. “You’ll do no such thing!”

Chapter 7

Carly couldn’t believe what she was about to do.

Maybe.

She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and couldn’t decide if she was dressing too slutty or too conservatively.

Sidney walked up behind her, wrapped her arms around her waist, and kissed Carly on the side of the neck.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“We haven’t done anything yet,” Sidney pointed out. “We’re still in your apartment.”

“I can’t do this,” Carly blurted out. She didn’t want to start crying, but the tears were welling up.

“Shh, shh,” Sid soothed her, turning her friend around and giving her a little kiss on the cheek. “I’ll call Jerry and tell him no. It’s not going to happen.”

Carly gasped. “No! You can’t do that!”

The tall blonde blinked at Carly. “Why not? It’s not like I have a real relationship with Jerry. He’s just looking for some tail and a fun adventure.”

“I’ve never had a threesome before,” Carly said.

“I know.”

“And you have.”

Sidney shook her head. “No, I haven’t.”

Carly blinked. “But you said…”

“I said I’ve dated and slept with men and women. I’ve never had a threesome before either. I think Jerry has, though. At least he says he has.”

“Oh.”

Sidney looked down at her girlfriend. “Does that change anything?”

“I don’t know. I just want my tits sucked and to cum and to have a nice evening.”

“We can do those things with Jerry. Or not. We can stay home and I’ll make you see God.”

Carly started laughing despite the situation. “I can’t believe I’m contemplating having a threesome with a stranger and—” She gasped, cutting herself off. “Does he know I’m…” Sidney suddenly dropped her voice to barely above a whisper. “That I’m lactating.”

“I didn’t tell him.”

“Shit.”

“Want to tell him now? I can call or text. See how he reacts. But if I knew Jerry, he’s pretty open to doing all sorts of stuff in bed. Lactating boobs won’t turn him off.”

“I’m not sure that’s reassuring.”

“So…do you want to go or do you want to stay home…or do you want to give Jerry a big surprise?”

Carly looked at herself in the mirror one last time. She looked nice. While she couldn’t pull off a low cut blouse and show off any cleavage, she certainly could wear a silk top with an equally silk camisole underneath, basically going braless. Black skirt. Thigh highs. High heels. Somewhere between a courtesan and a whore. Perfect.

Glancing once at Sidney she was a bit jealous. Sid could more than easily pull off anything that showed her cleavage. She was doing so right now. Carly wanted to smother herself in her girlfriend’s large tits. It was a flower top, but she wore tight leggings that showed off her ass as well.

“Let’s go.”

They had agreed to meet at a bar and see how things went from there. Carly promised herself only one drink and then she'd make a decision to go through with this stupid plan.

Even though they were late for the appointed time, Jerry wasn't there. Sidney assured her that was normal for Jerry.

"Why do you think I didn't bother to be here on time?"

Jerry showed up after Carly had her first sip of wine.

She didn't need a second sip to decide she wanted to fuck him.

What Sidney hadn't told her was how fucking handsome he was, but he pulled off an aw-shucks attitude to go with it so he wasn't some overconfident and self-centered prick.

Carly tried hard not to stare, but after two minutes of staring at Jerry's chiseled jaw and sexy stubble, she had to excuse herself to the ladies' room. She didn't need to use the facilities. She needed to text Sid.

Let's take him home and fuck him right now!

After a brief moment of contemplating the bad choice of masturbating in one of the bathroom stalls, she forced herself not to think of Jerry's tight black jeans and dress shirt casually unbuttoned at the neck.

"Really?" Sidney asked her when she got back to the table.

"What?" Carly asked innocently.

"You don't have to be so obvious about it."

With a wild grin on her face Carly snatched up her wineglass and downed the entire contents.

Sid and Jerry watched, not exactly in amazement or shock, but certainly concern.

“Whose place are we going back to?”

It had been planned ahead of time that if Carly and Sidney were to go through with the ménage à trois, they would go to Jerry’s place. That way, if things went wrong, they could leave at any point they wanted.

That was the logic, at least.

Carly’s head was fairly floaty from the fast imbibing of her wine, but she was stone cold sober when they walked into Jerry’s apartment. It was the home of a man who lived alone and didn’t live at home all that much. Sid had told Carly Jerry traveled a lot for work. The apartment had all the hominess of a model house in the middle of suburban tract development.

That was fine with Carly. She wasn’t there for the decor.

After a five second viewing of the living room, Carly turned on Jerry. She knew that if she gave any further thought to her actions, she'd chicken out. “Sid says you’ve been in a bunch of threesomes. How do you want to do this?”

She was holding Sid’s hand. Even so, both Jerry and Sidney could only stare at her boldness.

“I-I-I wouldn’t say I’ve been in a lot of them,” Jerry stammered out. “I mean… what’s a lot?”

“More than ten,” Carly blurted. “No. Five.”

Jerry winced. “Then maybe a lot?” he suggested.

“Carly, you’re being a little—” Sidney started to say, but her girlfriend cut her off.

“Boy-boy-girl or girl-girl-boy?” Carly asked.

“Uh…both?” Never before had Jerry had to deal with this. Sometimes his threesome partners were eager and willing, sometimes they were nervous and unsure, and sometimes it was just a drunken minor orgy. Confronting a woman

with a hundred questions about what he had done in the past was new.

“Which do you prefer?”

“Girl-girl-boy,” he answered quickly, happy he knew what to say.

“You like watching girls make out?”

“Uh…yes. Lots of guys do.”

“You like one on your dick and the other sitting on your face?”

Jerry looked nervously at Sidney who gave him a shrug. As much as she was embarrassed at Carly’s questions, she was curious to hear Jerry’s answers. He had claimed to have threesomes before, but with her it had always been one-on-one.

“Sure? But we can do other stuff.”

“What do you think of tits?”

It was all Jerry could do to stifle a laugh. “I love ‘em. What straight guy doesn’t?”

“You say you’re straight, but you’ve done a boy-boy-girl group before.”

“Yeah, but it was at her request. I wasn’t sucking his dick or fucking his ass or anything like that.”

“Would you?”

“Would I what? Suck a guy’s dick or fuck his ass?” To Jerry’s ears, her questions were becoming accusatory. “Uh…probably not, but I guess context is everything.”

Carly nodded her head once. “Do you like big tits or little ones?”

“All sizes,” he answered honestly.

In one smooth movement Carly pulled up her silk shirt and camisole, exposing her small but pert breasts to Sid and Jerry.

Sidney rolled her eyes.

Jerry grinned and nodded.

“What do you think of these?”

“They’re beautiful,” he said easily as he started to reach for the spirited brunette, but she backed away, holding up a warning finger.

“I didn’t give you permission,” she said. “Besides, wouldn't you rather watch this?”

Through her questioning Carly hadn’t dropped Sid’s hand. Abruptly, she pulled close to Sidney and kissed her girlfriend.

“Nice,” was Jerry’s comment as he adjusted his crotch. His cock had grown hard and it was eager to be let loose.

Though she was surprised by Carly’s kiss, Sidney kissed back. She went so far as to move her hands down Carly’s body to grip her small ass through her skirt.

“Take your top off, Sid,” Jerry instructed. “I want a full show.”

“Maybe you should show us your cock first,” said Carly, backing away from her friend but making no effort to cover up her tits. She wanted to be in control. The power was going to her head.

With a shrug Jerry said, “Sure.” He popped a couple of buttons on his shirt and then yanked it over his head.

Carly stopped herself from licking her lips at Jerry’s lean body. He had a light covering of hair on his chest; it made a neat T between his nipples and went all the way down to his waist.

“You don’t have to,” Sidney said, but Jerry ignored her.

He kicked off his shoes. “Why would I not want to?” he asked, freeing the button on his jeans, lowering the zipper, and pulling them down with his underwear to release his cock.

It had been a while since Carly had seen a cock in its natural state. Maybe her assessment was flawed, but to her, Jerry had a beautiful cock. It wasn't overly thick or long, neither too small or short either. It was just the right size with a pleasant curve that just begged for it to be handled.

Or sucked.

Or put in a pussy.

"Oh…wow," Carly said, going down on her knees, Sidney all but forgotten in the moment. She reached for Jerry's cock but stopped herself at the last moment. "May I?" she asked politely.

Jerry chuckled. "Well, yeah. That's why we're here, isn't it?"

Sidney snorted, but Carly reached out and wrapped her fingers around Jerry's cock. A moment later she was licking the underside. Between her tongue and fingers she could feel every little pulse of his cock, every little bit of straining he had in anticipation of what was to come.

When her tongue got to the end of his cock, she tasted the slipperiness of his precum. She hated to admit it, but she smacked her lips at the delight of it, being with a man in far too long.

"I love your cock," she said.

Jerry stopped himself from laughing. "Thank you. I get a lot of that."

"Don't listen to him, Carly," said Sidney, joining her girlfriend kneeling on the floor in front of Jerry. He turned his body so that both women could get to his cock. "He's just being an egotist."

This wasn't the first time he had done this.

"Double blowjob?" Sidney suggested.

Carly wasn't exactly sure what that meant, but she was willing to try it just to say she had done it.

It was almost like they were fighting over Jerry's cock. He certainly enjoyed two

women sucking on his hard flesh, licking him, teasing his balls. Carly was clever enough to exchange kisses with the other woman as they pleasured Jerry.

“I thought you said she’s been out of practice,” Jerry said to Sidney as she watched Carly grab his cock away from her and proceed to swallow the entire length. Carly was no deep-throating expert, but the mood took her.

“For a year now,” Sidney commented dully.

“Like riding a bike,” Carly said triumphantly. “But I don’t want to just suck your cock, if you know what I mean,” she said to Jerry with a wink.

“How do you ladies want to do this?” he asked.

Sidney got to her feet. “I’m feeling overdressed.” In a wink she whipped off her top showing off the corset-like bra supporting her tits. Pulling down her form-fitting pants was just as easy, leaving her in just the bra and thong. Sid was happy to pivot on one foot, showing her ass to both Carly and Jerry. “I’m going to bed. Who’s going to join me?”

Carly had to admit that her girlfriend had a beautiful ass. Giving Jerry one more eager lick on the underside of his cock, she scrambled to her feet. “Ever see a woman eat another’s pussy?” she asked him, dashing away in search of Sidney.

“Actually, I have,” Jerry said with some satisfaction. He pursued them more slowly. He wanted to catch them in the middle of the act, whatever it might be.

As it was, he found them on his bed, limbs entwined, Carly still wearing her skirt that had ridden up enough to show she was wearing thigh high stockings. They were kissing like lovers.

That made Jerry pause. He knew he’d never have a serious relationship with Sidney, but watching the two of them together told him they were much more serious about each other than just two horny twentysomethings looking for a sexy distraction from their routine lives.

That wasn’t going to stop him, however. He joined them on the bed, cock first.

With the two women kissing, it was hard to insert himself between them, so he didn’t. He just watched as Carly showed considerable skill in getting Sidney’s

bra off her. Not wanting to just be a spectator, Jerry then eased Sidney's thong over her hips and down her legs. The curvy blonde didn't complain. She especially didn't complain when Jerry pushed his face between her legs and started eating her pussy.

Sidney gasped and pushed Carly away.

"Problem?"

Sid shook her head. "No…he's just…good," she said, glancing meaningfully down at the man between her legs. "Different, but good." She leaned in close to Carly. "You're still better."

"Moan for me," said Carly as she moved down and found one of Sidney's nipples to suck.

Sidney moaned beautifully.

They worked together on Sidney, Jerry sucking on her clit and Carly on her tits until the pretty blonde climaxed and announced it loudly to her audience.

"What now?" asked Carly, glancing back and forth between the other two. Oddly, she found that she was prepared for anything and wanted to try everything.

"No offense, Sid, but I've fucked you before." Jerry glanced almost shyly to Carly. "Would you mind if we had sex?"

"Go for it," said Sidney. "But first, you need to play with her tiny tits a little. They're so sweet."

"Is that all right?" he asked Carly.

She nodded eagerly and laid back on his bed. "Let me get this skirt off first." The other two watched as she did so, taking her panties off in the same motion, but she artfully left her stockings on, leaving her the most dressed among them.

"Very cute and soft," said Jerry as he moved on top of her, palming one of Carly's breasts while pressing his mouth to the other. Sidney intertwined her finger with Carly's and they shared a look as Jerry started sucking Carly's

nipple.

Sidney gave her girlfriend a quick kiss in anticipation of what was to happen. She knew that when Carly got excited, it didn't take much—

Using his mouth Jerry pulled Carly's breast away from her chest as much as possible, stretching out the small amount of flesh. It was slightly painful, but Carly found herself enjoying the agony.

Abruptly he let go and gave Sid a glance. "You're right. Her tits are sweet. Are you wearing some lotion or something?"

Both women let out peels of giggles.

Jerry gave them a lopsided grin. "Okay, what game are you two playing?"

"Breast milk is always very sweet," said Sid as she lowered her mouth to the breast that Jerry hadn't been sucking on. Almost at once she could feel Carly's milk flood her mouth with saccharine goodness.

When she pulled back Jerry was looking at her with large eyes.

"Why are you making milk with such small tits?" he asked, confused.

Sidney glanced down at his crotch. None of this had caused his erection to abate.

"She's special," said Sidney and grabbed Carly's breast. The slight brunette didn't complain when Sid expertly squeezed the soft flesh, causing multiple streams of white milk to fountain into the air, falling back on her skin a second later. Sid didn't hesitate to lick up the milk.

As she licked, she looked up into Jerry's eyes, at the same time she could feel Carly looking at her.

Jerry just grinned in amazement. "Is this what you're into now?" he asked.

"I'm into all sorts of kinky shit," Sidney replied. "I fuck women too."

"She sure does," said Carly, not wanting to be left out or treated only like an object. A fun, sexual object, but still.

Sidney squeezed Carly's other breast, making the milk well up and flow over her little mound of flesh. "She loves it when you suck her milk. She gets so turned on and wet. Fucking her is like fucking Venus."

That was all the encouragement Jerry needed. He lowered his mouth to her nipple and sucked urgently. This time he knew to expect the milk and he was pleasantly surprised.

It was definitely different sucking on a woman's tits and getting milk out of the effort. It took him some effort and coordination to suck and swallow the milk, but it was instinctive as well.

It was only a little weird, but it got weirder when Sidney moved around and took Carly's other breast into her mouth and nursed alongside Jerry.

Carly didn't complain at all. She moaned in appreciation. She wasn't so far gone from the real world that she didn't have the presence of mind to reach for Jerry's cock. When her fingers found the organ, she delighted in his hardness, stroking his length even at the awkward angle. He wasn't going to cum from her attention, but it kept him standing tall.

"Oh…fuck…yes…more…now! Now! NOW!" Carly didn't consider herself to be all that verbal a lover, but having both nipples sucked at the same time tipped her over into ecstasy and she found she couldn't shut up.

Jerry was the first to stop sucking. Maybe the breast he had been sucking from had gone dry or maybe he had just had enough. It didn't matter. He looked up at his newest lover in delight. "Did you just cum?"

"She certainly did," Sidney said before kissing her girlfriend, offering Carly some of the milk the brunette had just produced but Sid held in her mouth.

"That's amazing."

Carly gave a little shrug to her shoulders. "I've been able to have nipple orgasms for years."

"Sexy."

"Thanks."

“Enough cute talk,” Sidney interrupted. “I came here for some hot sex, and to watch some hot sex. Jerry, please fuck my friend.”

Sid backed away to the other side of the bed, tucking her hand between her thighs to watch the other two enjoy themselves.

Carly was nervous at first, but Jerry seemed to take the whole change in dynamics in stride. “Wait a second,” he said as he moved to the side of the bed. As Carly watched, he opened a drawer and pulled out some condoms.

Just as Carly was about to say that he didn’t need to use one because she was still on birth control, Sidney touched her arm and shook her head. Jerry rolled on the condom without being asked. There was much to be said for him that he did it on his own.

“Are you ready for this?” he asked, rejoining her on the bed, kneeling between her parted legs.

Carly had never felt so vulnerable and so eager at the same time.

“Yes.”

“It’s been a year since she’s been properly fucked,” said Sidney. “By a man,” she added.

“No pressure then,” said Jerry with a grin. He slid his hand up her thigh. “Are you wet enough?” he asked when he reached her pussy.

The little gasp that escaped her lips was one of delight.

“Oh, I guess you are more than wet enough.”

“It’s never been a problem for me,” Carly admitted as she reached for his cock.

There followed the slight awkwardness of getting into position. Carly guided his cock into her.

Jerry pushed in slowly and steadily, following her lead. He was amazed the small woman was able to so easily take all of him.

Her groan was of frustration and an ache she hadn't felt in a year. She was stretched and loving it.

"Am I hurting you?" Jerry asked when he was all the way in but he didn't start thrusting yet.

"No…it just feels…so good."

"Fuck her," Sidney urged him. "Fuck her good and hard." Her hand was already busy on her sex, and the sounds of her pussy play filled the air.

"Fuck me," Carly said as she brought her knees up, allowing Jerry more room to penetrate her.

Jerry looked down into her eyes and saw her eagerness.

He started thrusting.

No matter how much she had used her own fingers or Sidney's to cum, they were nowhere near as good as a nice, hard cock. Jerry's hard cock. It was all she wanted right now.

"Make her cum," Sidney encouraged him. "Make her cum again."

Jerry just nodded. He didn't want to cum too soon and he didn't want to disappoint either woman.

Luck was in his favor. Once Carly started down the orgasmic highway, it was impossible for her to not get off at every exit. In less than a minute she felt herself overtaken with ecstasy again as Jerry drilled her hard.

"More," she begged. "Fuck me more!"

He could do that. His ego was satisfied.

He fucked her more.

He made her cum again.

Just as Carly was cumming a second time on his cock, they were reminded of Sidney's presence as she moaned loudly as she made herself orgasm.

Jerry paused.

“When was the last time you had a cock in your sweet pussy?” he asked Sidney.

They locked eyes. “Too long,” she said.

Carly whimpered as he withdrew from her, but she didn’t have the energy to complain.

Thumbing off the condom he had used with Carly, Jerry grabbed another from beside the bed, rolled it on and started to pull Sidney down on the bed.

“No,” she insisted as she turned over. “From behind. Fuck me like an animal.”

That he could do. Her pussy was nice and wet when he slipped it in her.

This was the position that Sidney loved. Jerry loved fucking her from behind and watching her rotund ass shake with every impact of his body against hers. Seeing the little waves of force travel through her fleshy ass was a thing of beauty.

“Get…get over here, Carly,” Sidney begged her girlfriend.

Carly found she barely had enough energy to approach her lover. She started to move so she could kiss Sidney, but the blonde waved her off.

“No. I want to eat your pussy.”

Getting fucked from behind by a man while eating a woman’s pussy was one of those secret bucket list items that Sidney hadn’t realized she wanted until presented the opportunity.

It wasn’t at all distracting to get fucked while exploring Carly’s familiar folds and creases. Sidney was proud she made Carly cum one more time before her own orgasm overtook her.

It was a pleasant orgasm that made her body shake in all the right ways and a fine sheen of sweat broke out all over her body. It was more than she could have asked for.

Jerry was still holding out.

“Cum in me,” Sidney begged, lifting her face from Carly’s pussy. “Fill me up!”

“I’m wearing a condom,” he pointed out just before he grunted and released.

Sidney felt him cumming in her, but only the way his body shook and the way he tightly gripped her waist at the flare of her hips. She loved that she was making him cum, but she couldn’t feel his spunk inside her pussy.

She missed that.

But it was an easy exchange if it meant she got to fuck him and fuck Carly and do things she had only ever secretly dreamed of.

“Fuck yes!” Jerry punctuated his orgasm as he collapsed back into a full kneeling position and breathed heavily a few times before withdrawing his cock and stumbling off the bed.

Carly watched him stagger to the bathroom.

“That was a quick exit,” she commented softly to her friend.

“Yeah, well, he’s got a kid.”

“Really. Wow.” If there was one thing that Carly knew about herself right at this moment, it was that she did not want to have kids in the immediate future. Maybe years down the line, but right now kids were not a possibility.

“Yeah, he told me a little about the boy. Basically, it was with a woman he was hooking up with regularly and she lied to him about being on birth control and then refused to get an abortion. I don’t know why. I guess he’s a pretty good dad because he makes an effort and all, but I’ve never heard him say one good thing about the mom.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah, not good. That’s why he always uses condoms now.”

“Makes sense.”

They heard the toilet flush, water run in the sink, and then Jerry returned with a

confident smile on his face. “

“Hello ladies.”

“Ready for round two?” asked Carly.

Chapter 8

Carly was glad that they had agreed in advance that no matter what, she and Sidney would return to her apartment at the end of the night. There was no way they were going to spend the night with Jerry.

Sidney had willingly made the agreement, but she found it incredibly difficult to leave. But with Carly she knew what she was getting and staying with Jerry had, in the past, only led to heartbreak and upset.

Waking up with Carly sucking on her nipples was one of the better ways to greet the day.

“Good morning, honey,” she greeted the small eager woman who shared her bed.

Seeing that she had woken the statuesque blonde with her hungry mouth, Carly eased her hand between Sidney’s legs, searching for the entrance to her pussy.

“Hi! Wanna fuck?”

Sidney laughed. “So early in the morning?” She kissed her girlfriend.

“We’re both naked…”

Once again Sid laughed. They had removed all their clothes last night before crawling into bed exhausted from having too much sex with Jerry.

“I need to pee.”

“You’re spoiling the mood.”

“I’ll spoil it more if I pee the bed.”

With a sigh Carly withdrew allowing Sidney to throw back the covers and dash to the bathroom.

When she came back, Carly was trying to look sultry, laying on her side, with her small breasts exposed. The look was spoiled by her slightly puffy face and rumpled hair. Laughing, Sidney rejoined her girlfriend practically shoving her tits into the smaller woman’s face. “See if you can make me cum with just your

mouth.”

Carly mumbled something to Sid’s fleshy mounds even as her lips sought out Sidney’s nipple.

“What?”

More mumbles.

“I can’t hear you,” laughed Sidney.

Finally Carly succeeded in pushing her away. “That’s too much work, unless you want me to go down on you.” Pretending she was shy, she traced a finger down Sid’s arm. “I like to do that now.”

“I thought you liked to suck cock. You all but swallowed Jerry’s last night.”

“That was for you, dear. I can enjoy both cock and cunt you know.”

“So go down on me then.”

Carly lifted a hand to cup one breast. “I’d love to but…”

“But what?”

“My tits are aching.”

“What does that have to do with my pussy? Give them a little break. They got sucked a lot more than usual last night.”

Carly shook her head. “No. That’s not it. They aren’t sore that way.”

Sidney rolled her eyes. “Then what?”

“I can feel the milk in them,” Carly said in a small voice.

Though she was intrigued, Sidney didn’t want to show that she was intrigued.

And turned on.

When had that happened?

“What do you want me to do about it?” Sidney asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

Carly ducked her head and extended her tongue while lifting up her breast. Her nipple was still several inches away from her tongue. Finally she relented. “I can’t do it myself. I need someone to suck out my milk.” She gave her girlfriend her winningest smile. “Will you help me?”

With another roll of her eyes that was obviously faked, Sidney said, “I suppose. If you’ll stop complaining about it.”

“Okay!”

The two women repositioned themselves and Sidney soon found herself nursing on Carly’s small breasts.

That’s what it was, she realized. She was nursing from the other woman. It wasn’t just sex; it was something else. A special connection that they shared. But it was sexual at the same time. It was weird and Sidney couldn’t fully wrap her head around it.

However she could fully wrap her lips around Carly’s luscious nipples. They gave up their milk so willingly and happily. Sucking on Carly’s tits, Sidney found herself getting turned on. That was completely expected.

Sidney had always been unsure if she’d wind up with a partner who was a man or a woman. Having sex with Carly and her wonderful tits seemed to tilt the balance toward a woman, but it was getting increasingly complex. This wasn’t what she was expecting in her life.

“Oh…fuck! Keep going! Don’t stop! Please! Harder! Harder! Make! Me! Cum!”

The words poured out of Carly’s mouth as she approached climax. The weird thing was that Sidney didn’t need to change her intensity or focus. She just kept steadily sucking on Carly’s nipples and swallowing the milk she made. It was intensely sexual and intimate.

Sidney made Carly cum just by sucking on her nipples and swallowing her milk. Sidney was proud of herself and Carly was left panting and spent.

“That’s the way I need to wake up in the morning,” she exclaimed after catching her breath.

“So glad I could be here for you.”

“Do you want a turn? I promise I’ll make you cum.”

“I just had sex last night. With a man, no less.”

“And a woman,” Carly added, pushing her friend onto her bed and climbing atop her. “Doesn’t mean you can’t have it this morning.”

Sidney started to protest, but was silenced by Carly’s kiss. The kiss didn’t last long. A moment later she was down sucking on Sidney’s nipple. Sidney happily parted her legs to let Carly finger her. It wasn’t exactly the same, but it was what the blonde needed.

She worked on Sidney’s tits and pussy for the next fifteen minutes. Sidney appreciated every bit of effort, but she knew she wasn’t going to cum easily.

“I need more,” she informed Carly when the slightly built brunette took a pause from sucking Sidney’s large nipples down her throat.

“More what?”

“Go down on me. Use your fingers.”

A month ago Carly would have run out of the room. Today she slipped down between Sid’s thick thighs and buried her face in the other woman’s pussy. Knowing what she liked, Carly started carefully sucking on Sid’s clit while slipping a pair of fingers up inside her lover.

It was a bit to maneuver everything around, but when Carly found that hidden spot inside Sid’s pussy, the Viking-esque woman’s thighs started to tremble.

Carly, determined, didn’t stop. Not when Sid suddenly called out so loudly that she was certain the neighbors would bang on the wall. Not when Sid’s thighs started to tremble uncontrollably. Not when Sid pounded the mattress with her balled-up hands.

She only stopped when Sid suddenly tensed up and all but drowned Carly with a gush of amrita that forced Carly to swallow.

It left the smaller woman laughing in delight. Sidney couldn't say anything. She was fully spent and literally had nothing left.

Sid could barely kiss back when Carly crawled up her body. It was weird to be tasting herself on Carly's lips, but considering the amount of bodily fluids they had been exchanging, it was entirely expected.

"I could get used to this," Sidney announced.

That startled Carly. "You could?"

"Yeah. Why not?"

"I…I don't know. I mean…things have been fun and kinky, but…"

"But what?"

"I'm not sure I see myself with a woman for the rest of my life."

"Me neither. Let's not jump ahead a hundred steps. I'm just saying I'm having a good time with you."

'You mean you like nursing from my tiny tits?"

"I wouldn't say they're tiny…"

Carly looked down at her chest. "Thanks. I still wish I had yours."

"Back ache. Half my income goes to bras."

Giving her a kiss, she said to Sidney, "What the hell are we doing with this relationship?"

"I don't know. But did you have fun fucking Jerry last night?"

Carly didn't want to answer, but she did anyway. "Yes…but only because you were there."

“So…you’re not going to leave me for Jerry?” Sidney teased.

“I’m not going to leave you for anyone!” Carly nearly shouted. “Especially Jerry! He’s got a kid! And I don’t even know if I’m with you!”

Sidney blinked. “We’re not together?” The hurt in her eyes was painful.

“We are…” Carly didn’t know how to define their relationship. It was easy enough to think of Sidney as her girlfriend, her lover, but what did that even mean?

“You don’t sound like you believe that.”

“I don’t want to have an argument this morning.”

“Then let’s not have an argument.”

The tension between them went from nothing to the sort that could be cut with a knife.

“I always thought of a couple as being together when they actually lived together,” Carly spat out. “Like when me and Richard were living together.” She inhaled sharply and then gasped, trying to prevent herself from sobbing. “Before he left me.”

“I’m not going to leave you,” said Sidney. “But it sounds like…”

“Sounds like what?”

“Like you’re asking me to move in with you.”

Carly laughed uncomfortably. “I’m not asking you to move in with me. I sort of like living alone. Except I like having sex with you too. If you lived here, we could have a lot more sex.”

“I still have six months to go on my lease,” said Sid. “Want to talk about this again in six months?”

“I have only five on my lease.”

“Five months then.”

“Five it is.”

They kissed again. Then they had to get up. Their jobs wouldn’t wait forever.

Chapter 9

It was a typical exhausting day. The only thing keeping Sidney going was Carly's promise of another sleepover. But, to be honest to herself, half of the reason Sidney wanted to sleep over was to nurse from Carly's tits again. Her milk was so sweet and the way she reacted from being nursed really got Sidney going. It was weird sex, but all sex was weird when thought about for too long.

All she needed to do was stop by her place, pick up some clothes, grab the mail, and go to her girlfriend's place. By default they had been spending most of their time at Carly's because her apartment was closer to both their workplaces and was slightly nicer.

Living in a townhouse converted to a set of three apartments was fine by Sidney. She saved a bunch of money living in the basement. She had been saving that extra money to someday put a down payment on a house. The only downside was that her father kept asking her if she was Laverne or Shirley. Even after being informed about the ancient sitcom Sidney didn't find her father funny.

The moment she opened the door she knew something was wrong. There was an odd smell that hung in the air. She didn't panic until she stepped into the living room and her shoe squished on the carpeting.

"What the fuck?"

Pausing a moment she heard water flowing. Not a lot, but enough.

"Oh shit!"

She raced through the apartment in a panic. Her footsteps squished on the carpet. When she reached the kitchen she slipped and grabbed for the counter but missed. Sidney fell to her ass.

"Ow! Fuck! My ass!"

She was in pain and wet and this was the worst day ever.

She did find, however, the source of the water. The baseboard radiator in the kitchen was leaking. It wasn't her fault.

It was still a fucking mess.

“How the hell does a radiator break in spring?” she moaned as she stumbled to her feet. Her purse had fallen and it was wet too. There was a good inch of water on the floor. “Fuck fuck fuck.” Fishing out her phone she found the emergency number to her landlord.

“I’m not fucking paying for this,” she vowed as the phone rang.

Three hours later Sidney appeared on Carly’s doorstep. Her ass hurt from falling. She had two bags packed with the essentials. She was physically and mentally exhausted.

“Hi honey!” Carly said brightly as she opened the door.

Sidney burst into tears.

It was easy for Carly to hug her friend and hold her tight. She didn’t need to say a word.

After a minute of just holding her in the doorway, Carly let go and drew Sidney into her apartment.

“How bad was it?” she asked the still shaking blonde.

In response Sidney pulled out her cell phone and opened the photos. She had documented all the water damage. Carly flipped through them with a grim look on her face.

“I’m no expert, but this doesn’t look terrible.”

“It looks awful!” Sidney wailed.

“Honey, I’m an insurance adjuster. I’ve seen places under six feet of water. This is fixable.”

“I don’t have a home any longer! I’ll have to live in a motel or on the street or in my car or…or worse!”

Carly regarded the normally very in control Sidney with a jaundiced eye. “Are

you saying staying in my apartment is worse than living on the street?”

“No, no,” Sidney sighed and collapsed on the living room couch. “I’m just so… exhausted.”

“You can stay here as long as you want.”

“Thanks.” Sidney was staring straight forward. Her eyes were dull. She was barely aware of her surroundings.

“But you’ll have to pay me.”

“Sure,” Sidney automatically replied. “Wait. What?”

“Not with cash,” Carly specified.

“Sure, I can help with the housework and groceries.”

“I means sex, Sid!” Carly exclaimed with a barely controlled giggle.

“Oh. Right. Yeah. I can do that.”

“I’m turning you into a whore,” Carly continued to giggle.

“I’m okay with that. Want me to pay now?”

“You look totally exhausted.”

Sidney nodded. “Yeah. I just want to go to bed.”

“Nice.”

“To sleep.”

“If that’s what you want…”

“I’m hungry though.”

Carly cupped her small breasts. “My tits feel very full. Want a little something to drink.”

With a half-smile Sidney slowly shook her head back and forth. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“But have you had anything to eat tonight?”

“No.”

“Dinner first. Then dessert.”

It was Carly’s habit to make herself a dinner that yielded several days of leftovers that could be reheated when she wanted. She spooned chicken, rice, and veggies onto a plate from her fancy Tupperware and put the plate into the microwave. Two minutes later Sidney was eating like a man starving for the pussy of his lover after being away for half the year.

It was easy for Carly to entice Sidney to her bed. She had already changed her clothes after getting home from work. Wearing nothing more than a camisole, an unzipped fleece, and pajama bottoms wasn’t exactly sexy, but it was extremely easy to slip off the fleece and pull down the cami to expose her small, but full and perky, breasts.

There wasn’t any questioning it now. Sidney knew what she was doing and so did Carly. Yes, it was a little weird and kinky, but that’s what made sex fun. Carly had too many pillows on her bed, but that helped support her body as she lay on her side and Sidney curled up next to her.

Sidney’s eager mouth found Carly’s small nipple and latched on immediately.

This seemed so normal now.

It only took a few seconds of Sidney sucking, nursing on Carly’s nipple, before the smaller woman’s milk let down. Carly could feel the milk flowing from her breasts. Both of them. The one still half in her cami was slowly dripping and making the soft cotton wet, but she didn’t care. Carly and Sid were both focused on the one breast that was being nursed.

To Carly, it was the center of her being. The milk was flowing. It felt wonderfully good. While she had always considered her breasts to be part of her sexuality, Sidney’s nursing had only intensified that. Maybe they weren’t as important as her clit, but it was starting to feel that way.

To Sidney, Carly's breast was the center of the universe. There was nothing more important. The milk nourished Sidney, body and soul. It felt good to have a physical connection to the other woman, her lover, her girlfriend. It wasn't supposed to be a sexual thing, nursing, but together they had made it the focus of their relationship. She never wanted to give this up.

When Carly's milk gave out on her first breast, she was torn between encouraging Sidney to switch or to just keep sucking. She was right on the edge.

Sidney, knowing her lover well now and having much experience with other women, kept sucking on the empty breast.

All she had to do was lay her hand on Carly's small, tight ass to make the brunette cum.

"Oh…oh fuck…oh yes," Carly babbled as she came.

Sidney released the empty breast, tilted her head up for a quick kiss, before ducking down again, this time for the second breast.

"Oh, no, you don't have to," Carly said softly but her protest was weak and she made no motion to stop her girlfriend.

"I want to," said Sidney as she freed the small breast from the camisole.

Her milk was already flowing and Sidney was treated to the sweet milk flooding her mouth. When Carly went to push her hand down her pajama bottoms, Sidney stopped her. She wanted to make Carly cum a second time, but it was going to be just from her tits.

"Please," Carly begged.

Sidney said nothing and just shook her head, a slightly painful treatment to Carly since Sidney refused to give up the breast.

This time she didn't have to empty the breast before Carly came a second time. She hadn't needed to touch herself to cum, she just wanted to take the easy route. Sidney hadn't allowed that and maybe it was for the best. Nipple orgasms were completely different from the ones arising from her pussy.

After the climax, Sidney slowed her insistent nursing and slowly sucked the last of the milk from her lover as she slowly recovered.

“I could get used to this,” Carly declared.

“Good,” said Sidney. “Because I’m already used to it.”

Chapter 10

The next morning was awkward, not because of sex and nudity, they were fully used to each other now, but because they had to share one bathroom for the both of them to get ready for the day. Somehow, before, when they had spent the night at each other's apartments this hadn't been an issue. Now that Sidney was a resident of Carly's place, even if temporary, it was a scheduling problem.

"Maybe you shouldn't have spent twenty minutes this morning sucking on my tits," Carly complained as they both squeezed into the bathroom to apply makeup and brush teeth.

"You weren't complaining then."

"You were making me cum!"

"I know. You're beautiful when you cum."

"Sidney," Carly warned her.

"Oh, you love it."

"I do, but we can't rush around like this every morning."

"We'll figure something out. At least I have an easy answer for people when they ask what you are to me."

That stopped Carly.

"What am I to you?"

"You're my roommate," said Sid with a grin.

Carly folded her arms across her small chest. "Really. That's all I am to you?"

Sidney grabbed her, hugged her tight, and gave Carly a quick kiss on the cheek. "And my girlfriend. And my lover." She looked down at Carly's unimpressive chest. "And my daily dose of dessert."

Laughing, Carly pushed her away. "Tease."

"Tramp."

“Go to work!”

The day before had been exhausting, but Sidney was determined to have a good day today. Creating actuarial tables wasn’t exactly fun, but it paid the bills.

As usual, the office was half empty. That was good. She didn’t like being in a crowded office. Covid had been good in that respect. Working from home was even better…when she had a home.

She blazed through all her stated morning goals by 10:30 so she decided to reward herself with a few minutes of cell phone time.

To honor Carly with the new status of their relationship Sidney decided to delete all her hookup apps. It wasn’t like she couldn’t get them back. But it was a nice gesture.

It would have been a nice gesture if she hadn’t seen one of the messages still there waiting for her to respond.

Does it really count as Sweet Home Alabama if it’s your third cousin?

It took Sidney a minute to process the meaning of the message but it all clicked together when she parsed the screen name of the man who had texted her.

RobinSCowl.

She texted him back because it wasn’t a crime to flirt with a third cousin, was it?

Robert S. Coule, if your great-great-great-great grandmother knew you were on a hookup app she’d…well, she’d roll over in her grave if she knew what a hookup app was.

How’d you know it was me?

You’ve used RobinSCowl since high school.

Middle school?

Actually, 5th grade. Elementary school.

You were very precocious.

So were you. Hooking up with your cousin when you were only fifteen.

It was an overstatement to say they were cousins. There was some family connection between them. Some shared ancestor back five or six generations. Their families had been friends going back for years, a by-product of having never moved out of the same town. His branch of the family spelled their name Coule, hers spelled it Coulier. They didn't share any grandparents or great-grandparents as far as they could tell.

Having attended all the same family parties and picnics and being the same age, it wasn't all that surprising that they had fooled around when they were teenagers.

Are you so desperate for female companionship that you need to troll the internet? How long are you in town?

A few months. Company is moving me around, so yes I'm looking to get laid. And I saw your picture when I was matching. I couldn't resist. Wanna have a dirty date tonight?

A few months back she would have said yes immediately. They kept it quiet because of the perception of some older family members was that they were family and shouldn't be having sex, but that hadn't stopped them in the past. Rob was one of the few men that Sidney would have happily given up women for the rest of her life.

Umm…no.

Drat. Just me and my hand tonight then, I guess.

I'm seeing someone.

So it's serious?

Serious enough.

Well, if you and he ever break up, let me know.

It's a woman.

The pause of his response struck her. She had hinted before she was interested in women, but with Rob it was always about sex and getting off. They had never intended to be serious, though they teased and laughed about it.

I knew you were bi.

I've told you I thought I was bi many times!

Yeah, I just like to hear it. Makes my cock hard.

You're disgusting.

Are you in love with her?

I think so.

Good for you. I'm happy for you.

Thanks.

She and I fucked another guy earlier in the week.

There was no pause this time.

God fucking damn it! I'm a couple of days late for a threesome with you!

Maybe I can talk her into another one…

You're a fucking tease.

No tease. We'll do it.

You're every man's dream.

I need to tell you a secret.

A secret other than you're living a subrosa lesbian lifestyle?

Have you ever tasted a woman's breast milk?

What the fuck, Sid?

I've gotten kinkier in my old age.

It was, perhaps, the best day of Carly's life. She felt like she was on top of the world. Her girlfriend had moved in with her. Sex with Sid was great. Her job seemed to be what she was born to do. Realizing she could date and be happy with men or women was an eye-opener. Everything was great.

Tyler was one of those workers who never seemed to be in the office on a regular basis. That was fine. Today, when he walked by Carly's desk he paused and smiled at her.

"Hey."

She barely glanced up. "Hi."

"You're looking happy today."

Carly was glad she didn't say she looked hot or pretty or complimented her on her looks. "Thanks."

"Things are going well? Any problems?"

Now Tyler was starting to annoy her. She finally glanced up at him. "Is there something I can help you with, Tyler, or are you just going to continue to leer at me?" The annoyance was front and center in her voice.

He was puzzled for a moment. "I'm the team lead on the integration project, Carly. I've got questions for you."

She slapped her hands over her mouth. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry. I was distracted." Her words were muffled by her hands.

Tyler was a better person than her. He smiled and waved away her rudeness. "Don't worry about it. Working here, I get used to insults all the time."

“But I shouldn’t have…I’m so sorry. My friend is going through a rough time.”

“Hmm. That’s not showing on your face.”

“Right. Well, my friend is now my roommate because her place got flooded and it’s just putting stress on me that I didn’t realize. Sorry.”

It was a terrible lie. She wasn’t stressed out. The only stress Carly had was thinking about how long it would be before she got to go home and fuck her girlfriend again. Or have her girlfriend suck her tits. That would be lovely.

“It’s fine. You know what I do when I get stressed?”

“No. What?”

“I like to go down to the Super Fun Park and drive the go-karts around. Then just soak all the people driving the bumper boats. And then get one of their ridiculously oversized ice cream cones.”

Carly smiled and chuckled a little. “That sounds nice.” Her smile broadened. “Actually that sounds like a lovely date.”

Tyler nodded and waited.

It took Carly a second.

Her hand went to her mouth again. “Oh! Are you asking me out on a date?”

“Not if you’re going to say no.”

A million thoughts went through Carly’s head. She didn’t want to admit she was in a relationship with a woman, not to the office, not yet, though really it didn’t matter. And she didn’t want to say she was dating her roommate. And it had been too long since anyone had asked her out on a date. And Tyler was cute… and had a nice ass. And nice forearms. But she didn’t want to betray Sidney either. They were a couple. Maybe she should go out on a date with him just to keep the public guessing. It didn’t have to mean anything and Sidney didn’t have to know.

The thought that rattled her was when she wondered, Does he like the taste of

breast milk?

More than a few seconds had passed.

Tyler grimaced. “If you don’t want to say yes, just forget I said anything. I’m terrible at this sort of thing.”

Quickly, she put her fingers on his forearm. “No. It’s not that. I was just… thinking. I’m not really looking for a relationship right now, but I don’t want to say no either.” She made a weird face. “A date sounds nice. I was thinking about when it would work for me.”

“Is that a yes?”

“It’s a yes, but I can’t give you a time just yet. Can I get back to you tomorrow?”

Carly felt awful, but when she got home that night and spoke with Sidney, she realized she had an opening because Sid needed to be at her apartment with her landlord the next evening.

“Do you want me to help?”

“No, I don’t have that much more stuff to bring over. He said most of my stuff can stay where it is for now.”

“Okay. Good. That’ll give me a time I can work late at the office.”

Carly had never been a cheater. Was she cheating now? There was something that Tyler could give her that Sidney couldn’t.

To make it up to Sid, Carly not only let her drain all the milk from her breasts that evening, she insisted Sidney do it again the next morning.

The date was casual, but she could tell that Tyler wanted it to be so much more.

That was fine. Carly wanted more as well.

After a couple of rounds of go-karts and spending way too many quarters on the

water blasters, and eating the ridiculously oversized ice cream cones, Carly was exhausted. And turned on.

And her breasts ached.

“I guess I’ll see you tomorrow in the office?” said Tyler as they walked back to their cars.

“I’m not ready to go home just yet,” she said.

“Oh. Where do you want to go?”

“How about your place?”

At first she felt guilty for kissing Tyler on the front porch of his small house as he fumbled with his keys to let them inside. Then she realized how strong and muscular he was. It was completely unlike kissing Sidney. Not necessarily better, but different.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” he asked as they stumbled inside.

“Yes. I haven’t been properly fucked in…” She wanted to say in over a year, but that wasn’t true. “In far too long.”

Was a day far too long?

She loved the way he moved her through his house as they slowly shed clothes, dropping them everywhere. She had been sure to wear one of her proper bras because she was worried about her milk.

He had removed her bra and was kissing her neck as he lowered her to the bed. Without her bra she was just down to her fancy pink panties. He was wearing his jeans but nothing else. She felt his hard cock against her leg.

When his kisses met the top of her breast she wanted to say something, but the words caught in her throat. A second later he was sucking on her nipple and she groaned hard and deep.

He stopped sucking and looked up at her. She met his gaze. After letting her nipple fall from his mouth, he said, “Am I hurting you? Too rough?”

Vehemently Carly shook her head. “No. It feels…wonderful.”

As much as she loved having sex with Sidney and her soft, smooth body, having a man do it was almost better. He was hard and strong in all the right places.

She told herself this was fine because she and Sidney had fucked Jerry together.

Of course, that had been together.

He sucked on her nipple again.

“I love women with small tits.”

She made a non-committal noise as he sucked some more. And then some more. And then harder.

And then he stopped.

“Your tits are so sweet,” he said looking down at the little mounds and had all but faded away to nothing as she lay on her back. “I mean literally sweet.”

And then he saw the middle trickling out of her nipple.

His eyes went wide.

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Overly Familiar 1

If I knew now what I knew then...well, we've all had that thought, haven't we?

My job was working as an actuary for a mindless, faceless, and thoroughly evil corporation. I should have been happy to have the job—this was pre-COVID—but I wasn't. I hated it. My boss...oh gee, how do I describe her? Sharon was one of those women who hired younger women not as a gesture of solidarity in the corporate world against men who would take advantage of them. No. She was the woman who hired other women because it was easier to take advantage of them and pay them less.

I hated her. She was the face of the corporate faceless evil.

Anyway, I was an actuary and the first task I was assigned when hired was to tame a spreadsheet—it was the master spreadsheet for Sharon's division, so to bring it to heel was a gigantic job. In Sharon's own words, "The thing is just demonic. I have no control over it."

She wasn't lying.

I wound up working day and night on it for a week. It was truly demonic. I lost my entire social life.

Not that my entire social life was all that great to begin with—mostly it was hooking up on apps for sex and no second date—but I still wanted something.

Then Sharon dropped the hammer and I had two weeks to finish up what was turning into a years long project.

I was working constantly: at the office, at home, when I was awake and when I was asleep. It was a monster and I was determined to defeat it.

I became convinced it was truly demonic and started speaking in tongues to it when I was at home. Cursing it out. Asking for its devilish assistance. Demanding it bend to my will. Pleading that it free me from my bindings.

Eventually I got it to the point where it was under control if not entirely useful. I went to bed and had the most vivid sex dream of my life.

It was the usual sex dream uncertainty. I was in my apartment, sitting on the balcony overlooking the forest that doesn't exist outside my building, when a handsome man came walking in from the kitchen. I didn't have a balcony and my kitchen was tiny, but no matter.

The man was gorgeous. He was tall and leanly muscular with jet-black hair that was a little too long and hung in his eyes that were brilliant green. The look he gave me made my knees go weak and my stomach did flip flops. Other parts of my anatomy were also affected.

He had a small scattering of hair across his chest that narrowed to a triangle down to his navel. Only when my eyes followed that treasure trial of hair did I realize he was naked. Fully naked.

And was wonderfully endowed.

He wasn't hard, not yet.

"Hi," I said.

He said nothing. He just studied me like a predator.

I stood up from the metal and glass bistro table where I had been working on the demonic spreadsheet. My thin silk robe fell open.

I owned no such silk robe.

My body was smooth and elegant as I slowly revealed myself. I'm not smooth and elegant. I'm slightly overweight with small boobs, mousy hair, and thick glasses. At home I wear sweatpants and baggy t-shirts; at work I wear khakis and a dress shirt.

This wasn't me.

This was a better version of me.

Jack approached me. I knew his name was Jack without asking. Since my robe was open, I knew he could see my womanhood, but my breasts were mostly hidden by the open robe. Mostly. I glanced downward and realized the thin robe was sheer as well. My nipples were clearly visible.

That didn't matter either.

When Jack reached me I tilted my face up and we kissed. He aggressively pushed his tongue into my mouth. His arms were incredibly strong; I pressed up against him, feeling his hard pectorals and abdomen against my soft body.

His manhood rose up and pressed against me.

I couldn't help myself and backed up a bit, still kissing him, while I wrapped my fingers around his substantial girth.

I wanted it in me.

I hated that I was a slut that way, but I had made peace with it.

We continued to kiss and then he whirled me around to half bend me over the railing that protected those on the balcony from falling to the forest below. The robe was gone. Naturally I wasn't wearing any underwear.

He pressed up against me. I felt his hardness against my butt. Jack's hands went around my body to cup my breasts and tweak my nipples. I moaned in response to his needs. I knew where this was going and I let it happen.

When he started probing between my legs, I opened up my stance and realized I was wet. Incredibly wet.

And I wanted him more than I could articulate.

Then he was between my lips and pushing inside. It felt like he was opening me up for the first time but I was hardly a virgin. He wasn't sporting a telephone pole but I could feel every inch of his veiny erection and it felt good.

My hands were braced against the railing as he started thrusting. My small breasts shook with each impact of his body against mine. I looked out over the forest scene and realized the sun was setting. Or rising. I couldn't tell.

I came. I came so hard that I woke up.

My hand was between my legs and I was wet. My fingers were wet. My thighs were wet. My sheets were wet. For a second I wasn't sure if I had peed the bed or had an explosive orgasm. It was still the middle of the night.

I opted to change the bed anyway.

After dumping the sheets in the washing machine, I was confronted with a black cat sitting on my window ledge. How he got up to the second floor I can't imagine, but he was trapped on the outside of the ledge by the window screen. I had left the window open for the fresh air; it was a nice night.

"Shoo. Scat. Go away."

It wasn't that I didn't like cats. I love them. I just didn't want him in my apartment.

So I opened the screen to wave him away. I wasn't fully awake. Instead of letting me grab him, he ran and disappeared into the apartment. I searched for him and figured he must be hiding under the couch.

Since I wasn't willing to turn the furniture upside down just to get rid of a cat, I opened all the window screens so he could escape if he wanted. I went back to bed.

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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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