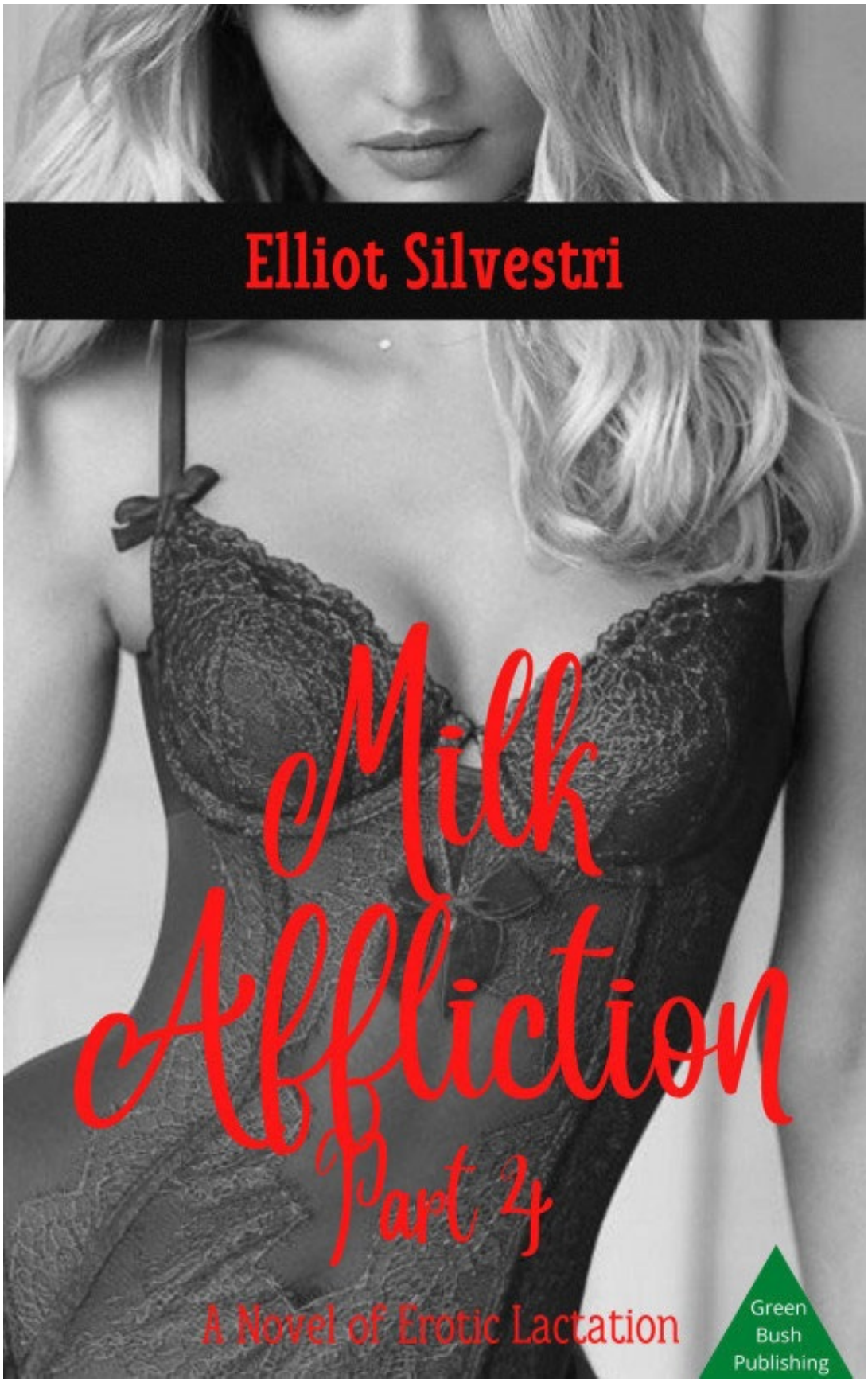
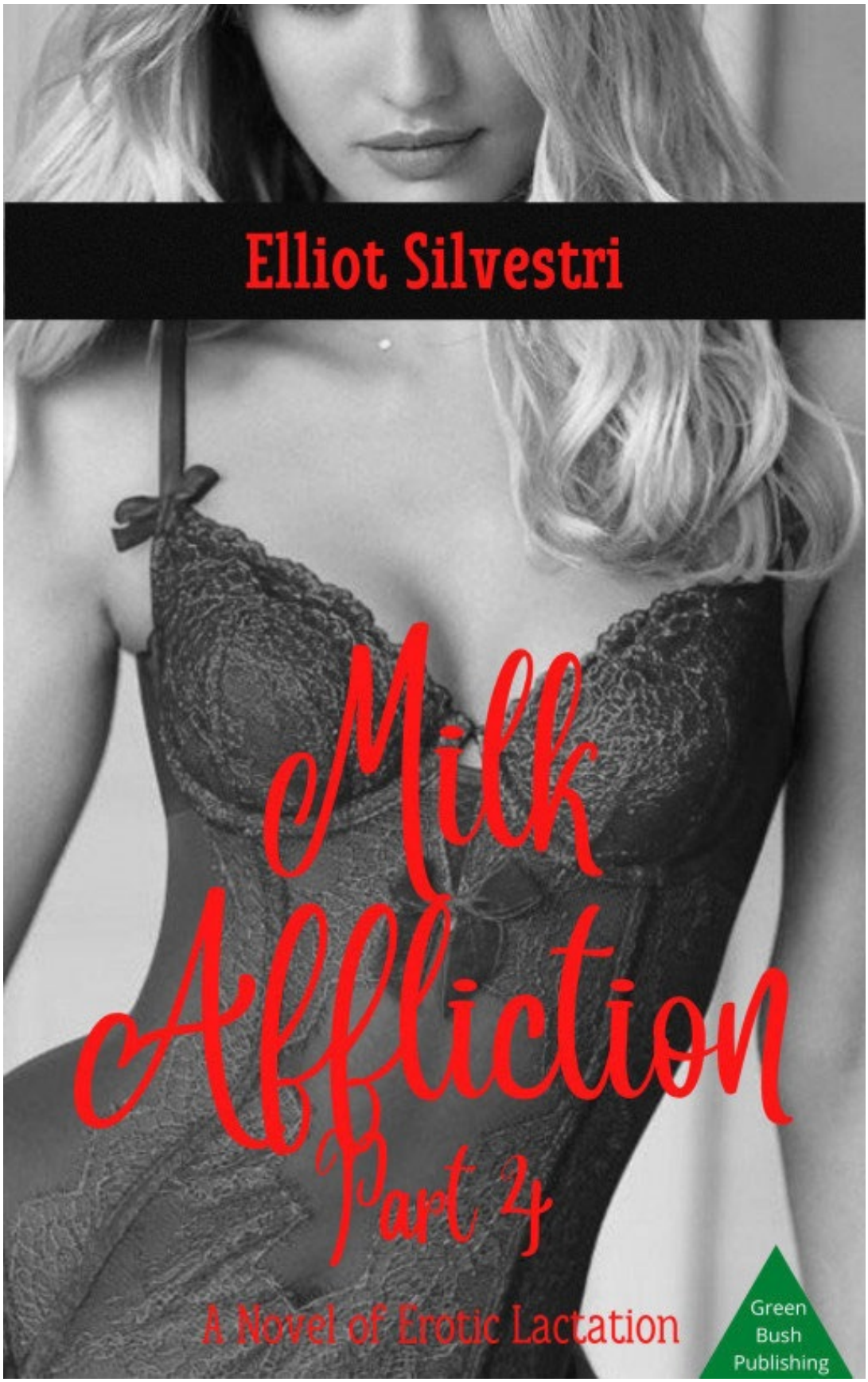

Elliot Silvestri
Milk Affliction
Part 4
A Novel of Erotic Lactation
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Milk Affliction 4

A Novel of Erotic Lactation

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Milk Affliction 4

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.

Contents

Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Preview

About the Author

Chapter 15

It was nice to sleep in their shared bed after Robin left. There was plenty of space but Carly could still smell his masculine scent on the sheets. That's what told her she was definitely bi and not a lesbian. That and her vague fantasy of fucking Tyler with Sidney. And actually fucking Tyler by herself.

Carly woke up horny. She was always waking up horny now. That wasn't a bad thing. Right away her hand went to Sidney's large breasts. Her girlfriend was snoring softly, an endearing trait, but it certainly didn't stop Carly from happily licking her girlfriend's nipple and then sucking on it.

"Nooo…" Sidney vaguely complained as she struggled to stay asleep. Or maybe she struggled to wake up. Carly didn't care. She was horny and she wanted to play. As she sucked on Sid's tit, Carly put her hand between her legs and found she was already wet. Not sopping wet, but well on her way.

Sidney was going to have to come out and play.

Using her other hand, she lightly pinched Sid's other nipple.

"Oh…please stop," Sidney begged.

That made Carly giggle and she had to stop sucking for a moment. "You don't sound like you want me to stop."

"I'm not a sex machine. I can't just perform every time you want to play."

"Sure you can," Carly replied and resumed sucking on her nipple. Sidney's large pink nipples were hard now. She loved the hardness in her mouth. She loved the hardness between her fingers. She wanted to fuck Sidney and then go to work and maybe seduce Tyler again. She wanted to seduce him and bring him into her bedroom with Sidney and watch the two of them play and have them both suck on her nipples and drink her milk…

Her fantasies were getting away from her.

Her fingers urgently frigged herself as she continued her assault on Sid's nipples.

"Are you playing with yourself?" Sidney asked slyly.

Carly looked up at her girlfriend, her eyes sparkling, and she didn't stop sucking, but only nodded her head, a feat made easy because of Sid's large breasts.

"Ride my thigh," Sidney instructed her. "Hump me like a horny high school slut."

Carly laughed and lost her girlfriend's nipple. That was fine. She shifted position so she was now on top of the larger woman, Sid's thigh trapped between Carly's legs, allowing her to rub her pussy and clit. Leaning forward, she continued to suck on Sid's nipples, first saying, "I'm going to make you cum."

"Good luck," Sid moaned. "I don't cum that way and you know it."

Carly did, but that didn't stop her from sucking on Sid's beautiful breasts.

When she abruptly stopped, Sidney was annoyed. "No, no, keep going."

Carly shook her head. "You're sweet."

"Thanks. But that's no reason to stop."

"No, no. I mean, you're actually sweet."

Her words annoyed Sidney. "It's too early in the morning for this," she complained.

"Your tits are sweet. They taste like breast milk," Carly explained while trying not to be condescending.

Sidney's heart started to race. "You're being ridiculous," she said but immediately grabbed the breast that wasn't the current focus of Carly's attention.

Her hands knew what to do. She massaged her breast in the way that she knew worked on Carly. It was ridiculous. She had only been doing this for a few weeks at most. Yes Carly liked playing with her boobs, but it was Carly's tits that were lactating.

The moment the few little pearls of milk formed on the tip of her nipple, Sidney's heart stopped.

“No fucking way,” she gasped.

“That’s fucking hot,” said Carly and licked her friend’s nipple, tasting the sweetness Sidney had produced. “Do you think that you’re making milk because you’ve been drinking so much of mine?”

Sidney just stared at her wet nipple. Her large breasts, though they tended to flatten out when she was on her back, were still large mounds. She couldn’t believe this was happening. It was wrong.

Carly, not cluing in to what Sidney was feeling, reached out and pushed aside Sid’s hands, then massaged her girlfriend’s breast for her. Several more beads of pure deliciousness formed on the nipple and once again Carly licked them off.

Sidney didn’t react at all.

Trying the same massaging technique on the breast she had been nursing from, Carly was disappointed she couldn’t get any more milk from that breast.

“I don’t think you’re making much at all right now,” she reported to Sidney. “I must have nursed it all away. Do you have much more in this one?”

She switched breasts and Sidney allowed her body to be used. She had always liked her breasts and nipples to be played with, but she hadn’t expected this. While she knew that she should have expected it, to actually see and experience it was something else.

Knowing what her girlfriend liked, Carly nursed on the breast that was still giving a little bit of milk while slipping a pair of fingers into Sid’s pussy. The blonde was surprisingly wet considering that she was also in shock.

The only thing to do was allow Carly to use her body as she wished.

It was easier for Sidney to lay back and enjoy the moment than to have to think about what had just happened.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” she burst out after a few minutes of Carly’s attention. The climax caught her by surprise. That shouldn’t have been a thing, but the orgasm was real.

“Oh good, you came,” said Carly with a note of satisfaction. She sat up and stuck her middle and ring finger in her mouth, tasting the amrita coating her fingers. “Now it’s my turn.”

“Your turn?” Sidney was confused. First she started lactating for no good reason and then Carly made her cum and her brain wasn’t fully functioning any longer.

“My turn to cum. You owe me.” She leaned in and kissed Sidney on the lips and then adjusted her position, hanging a small breast over Sidney’s mouth.

Instinctively Sidney’s lips sought out the other woman’s nipple. Once found, she hungrily started nursing. It was automatic. It was what she did with Carly and had done with gusto so many times before. But she couldn’t get out of her head that drinking Carly’s milk had made her lactate as well.

But was that so wrong?

Was she in love with Carly?

Did she want to live like this?

No, it wasn’t wrong.

Yes, she was in love with Carly.

Yes, she did want to live like this.

Only she wanted more.

Sidney nursed eagerly from Carly. The brunette’s milk flowed from both breasts, dripping down onto Sid’s body and hitting the sheets as well. While Sid held Carly’s hips, the little brunette inserted the fingers that had so recently been inside Sidney into her own pussy.

This wasn’t unusual for them, but it had suddenly taken on new significance for Sidney.

She didn’t know what to think but she didn’t want it to stop either.

The only thing to do was the suck eagerly from Carly’s tits and get an early start

on breakfast while her girlfriend jilled herself. Sidney held Carly's small tits to get them in the right position while she nursed.

Making Carly cum was easy. Sidney tried not to think of her girlfriend as easy, but that was part of the fun.

Watching her entire body shudder as she came was better than going to watch a big budget Broadway production.

"Satisfied?" Sidney asked while trying not to sound annoyed.

"For the moment," Carly replied and threw her leg over the big blonde to get off the bed. "I'm going to shower first. Don't join me or we'll never get out of here in time for work."

"Mmm-hmm," said Sid. She rolled to her side and picked up her phone from the nightstand.

Showing impressive skills of focus and time management, Carly returned to the bedroom in less than five minutes, made a show of dropping her towel in the middle of the floor and parading around naked gathering clothes from her dresser and closet.

"Innocent pink or slutty red?" Carly asked, displaying two different pairs of panties to her lover.

Sidney was still laying in bed, glaring at her phone.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked Carly, dropping the underwear to the floor and slipping back into the bed.

"Ugh. Just…my mother. Everything about her. I hate it when she does shit like this." She handed the phone to Carly who read the passage Sidney's mother had texted her.

YOu are coming to the family reunion, right sidney?

If I can, Mom.

You can and you will

family obligations

I meant what I said.

Ane when you come youll stay away from rob

You know I dont like him

I’m an adult, Mom. I’ll do what I want with who I want.

Do not take that tone with me and you know what i know and that will not happen

I’m not having this conversation, AGAIN.

And I’m not having it via text.

You don’t have to be that way, Sidney.

The last text came through as Carly was holding the phone.

“She…uh…replied to you,” she said as she handed the phone back.

“I think she has some sixth sense about me and Robin. Every time I have sex with him, she seems to pull shit like this.”

“It is sort of spot-on, isn’t it?” asked Carly as she pulled on the pink panties, going for innocent over slutty. “I mean…we did just have sex with him. Am I right in guessing she’s not cool with you having a relationship with a fifth cousin?”

“She seems to think that any cousin basically means brother. She drives me up a fucking wall and I want to strangle her sometimes.”

Sidney’s normally pale face had gone red with her anger.

Carly grimaced. “I’m not going to get between you and your mother.”

“Very wise.”

“But this definitely seems to be a sort of situation where you’d better not mention me either.”

“You’re still a secret to them.”

“Good, good.”

“I need a shower.”

At work Carly couldn’t concentrate. She knew why and she knew that she just

needed to screw up her courage to talk to Tyler. She didn't have his cell phone number so she couldn't text him. She wasn't bold enough to actually walk up to him and start a conversation. Instead, she stupidly used the company's internal email system.

She even typed it up like a formal request.

She felt stupid afterwards.

Tyler:

I need a few minutes of your time. Are you available for a meeting later today?

Carly

Her heart started pounding the moment she hit send. It started hammering behind her breastbone when his reply popped up.

Sure. I'll be over in two minutes.

"Fuck fuck fuck," she cursed under her breath. The office was half empty and no one was around to hear her, but she felt her nipples tighten up and her rather modest panties got damp.

Hell, that was underselling it. Her panties were getting wet to the point where she was certain she was going to have to change them.

Was this cheating? Was this something else? She and Sidney had agreed that having sex with men was fine. Alone or in a threesome…or more. They just couldn't have sex with other women.

Carly didn’t want to have sex with other women. Just Sidney.

But did Sidney want to have sex with just her?

The moment Carly started having that internal crisis, Tyler appeared at her desk.

“Hey. You wanted to meet?”

Carly’s mouth went dry. She wanted to fuck him. She wanted him to suck her tits. She wanted to watch while he fucked Sidney. She wanted to fuck him alongside Sidney while Sidney fucked someone else. The possibilities raced through her head.

She realized she had been staring silently at him for far too long.

Did he think that she wanted to talk about work?

Fuck that.

“Yeah.” It wasn’t the best way to start a conversation.

“About what?”

“Um…” Carly looked nervously around. No one was near. No one was listening. No one cared. “Can I have your cell phone number?” she said as softly as possible.

Tyler grinned and held out his hand. “I’ll enter it for you.”

Silently she handed over her phone and felt like an idiot. He knew she wanted to hook up again and that was awful. He must think she was some sort of slut.

Whore.

Tramp.

Bimbo.

Floozy.

Harlot.

Jezebel.

Tart.

A hundred other insults came to mind.

“What’s this all about?” he asked when she handed back his phone.

“Um…can you just…wait a second?” she asked and quickly pulled up the text app to her phone.

She sent him a text. She wanted to be quick but it grew as she tried to put her every thought into it.

It’s about us. I’d like to meet again. I’m trying to be discreet. I’ve got a lot of questions about what you’re interested in.

Realizing she was going on for far too long, she just sent what she had.

A second later his phone produced a little chime, announcing the arrival of the text.

Glancing at it, Tyler didn’t bother answering via text.

“I appreciate discretion, but you know half this office is fucking the other half, don’t you?”

Her face went bright red with embarrassment. Either at her naivety or because he was so bold.

“I…didn’t know that.”

“I’d like to do it with you again.”

Her voice was barely above a whisper. She realized talking that way would just attract more attention. She reminded herself to smarten up. “You’d have to do it with me and my…girlfriend.”

The moment she said the words, Tyler’s mildly amused smile morphed into a

broad grin. “That’s a selling point, you realize.”

“Right,” Carly said in a normal tone of voice. “But I need to tell you she’s started lactating too.”

She would have sworn it was impossible for his grin to get wider. She was wrong.

“Selling point!”

Carly blinked. “Really?”

“Oh yeah.” He leaned in and conspiratorially said, “I’ll admit it. I’ve jerked off to a couple of different fantasies about you.”

Her eyes went wider than ever before in her life. “Wow. Well. Okay then. That’s great.”

“Just call or text me a time and place and I’ll be there however you want.”

“Great. Um…I need to use the ladies’ room.”

Carly jumped up from her desk and all but ran to the bathroom.

She was smart enough to bring her phone.

The first thing she did was lock the door and thanked her lucky stars that the office was small enough that it was a private bathroom. She then hiked up her skirt, pulled down her sodden panties, and quickly masturbated like never before, her back against the wall, barely able to stand. It took her less than a minute to cum. She wasn’t sure if she should have been proud or ashamed.

Maybe both.

With her immediate need sated, she quickly washed her hands and sat down on the toilet before texting Sidney.

This wasn’t something that could wait.

Tyler wants to fuck the two of us.

She sat there bare-assed on the toilet staring at the text message waiting for an answer.

She waited so long Carly started to worry that Tyler was thinking she had run into the bathroom to shit and was now constipated. She had too much time to think. She told herself that most likely Sidney was busy working—something she herself was supposed to be doing in the moment—and wouldn't reply for a while. She should just go out to the office floor and tell Tyler she'd get back to him with a time and day that worked for them all.

But then Sidney replied.

Sounds hot. Where and when?

Carly couldn't believe what she was seeing. That's all it took to talk her girlfriend into bed with a stranger.

Then she realized that was basically all she had done when Sidney had set up their previous threesomes.

It was just now she was in charge.

I'll get back to you on that.

Also: he knows you're lactating.

He's into it.

This time the response from Sidney was much quicker.

I'm barely lactating. Not like you.

Carly gasped.

That's not the point! She texted back.

What's the point then?

Carly didn't have a good answer. Maybe he's way too kinky for us?

Let's find out. Set a time and date.

This isn't good.

Why not?

I've fucked more guys with you than in my entire life!

That was an exaggeration, but it felt like it was true.

Do you want to stop?

Carly didn't have to give any thought to her answer.

No.

So let's do it then. I have to get back to work.

Weirdly, Tyler was still at her desk when she returned.

"Does Friday at six after work sound good to you? My place?" Carly asked with a boldness she didn't feel.

"Sounds great."

Chapter 16

The moment after she ended her text conversation with Carly, Sidney had every intention of getting back to work. She had been adjusting her breasts inside her bra all day and it was getting annoying. She had purposely worn her most comfortable bra that morning because she was paranoid about her newly discovered lactation situation.

Instead of working she had been messing around on the internet and that hadn't made the situation any better. While it was fine and dandy to have a girlfriend who was lactating—how many more chances in life would Sid have to fuck and suck a lactating woman?—it was another thing entirely to be the one who was lactating.

Lactating was hot on other women, not on her.

The soft bra worked for her. It didn't do wonders for her tits other than making them feel comfortable. Normally. They didn't feel comfortable now. Maybe she was too focused on them. Maybe they were bigger. She was definitely worried about possible leakage and people finding out.

Maybe she was adjusting things too much and that's why they were uncomfortable. It was definitely psychosomatic, she had decided right before Carly had texted her.

And then she was distracted by the thought of having another threesome with her girlfriend. It had been nearly a year of just a few sexual encounters most of which were unsatisfactory and certainly weren't going to lead to a relationship. Now she was fucking Carly every day because they were living together. And they had fucked two different men together.

She didn't want it to stop.

It was heaven that Carly was in charge of bringing the hard cock this time.

And then the fucking messages from her mother started once she was in the correct mindset to work.

Sidney you know I havent been pushing you but its time for you to get serious about finding a man

“Fuck no, Mom. I’m not getting married.”

She said it aloud but didn’t text it to her mother. She wasn’t insane.

In her mind, Sidney relented and maybe one day she’d get married, but it wasn’t in the future any time soon.

Not now, Mom. I’m working. It was a simple and direct message. Of course her mother ignored it.

I know you have something with robin

You need to stop that now and find someone appropriate

“Would a woman be appropriate to marry, Mom? Robin and I aren’t even related for fucks sake.”

Working was her one word response.

Ive been talking to friends and ive found a couple of young men you should meet

That elicited an immediate response from Sidney.

No. Mom, just NO. I don’t want you setting me up with anyone for any reason!

Sidney just wanted to turn off her phone at that point. But she was also anxious to hear any additional information from Carly. She would have gladly left work in a heartbeat if it meant fucking someone new…as long as she was fucking that someone new alongside Carly.

Youll never get married if you dont get serious about finding a man sidney

Sidney knew exactly how to piss off her mother so she did exactly that.

Unless he comes with a huge dick and a bigger wallet, I don’t want to get married. I’m happy sleeping around.

SIDNEY! THATS DISGUSTING AND YOU KNOW IT1

Sid had to twist the knife.

Want to hear about the women I've had sex with?

There wasn't a response from her mother for several long minutes. Sidney felt good about herself…and disgusted at the same time. She hated the way her mother just expected her to get married and have grandchildren for her. Maybe she had given the old woman a stroke or heart attack.

Sidney wasn't that lucky.

I know your saying those things to upset me

Im not going to get upset

You need to think long and hard about what your doing with your life

Sidney gave the finger to her phone. "Fuck off, Mom."

Her phone remained silent for a good hour.

The next buzz from it was an alert from Carly. Does Friday at six work for you? Tyler wants (or so he says) to nurse from both of us and wants us to wear matching lingerie. Are you up for that?

Sidney's response was quick. We don't wear the same size.

But we can wear the same color and style. Want to live out a teenage boy's fantasy and go lesbian lingerie shopping?

Thursday night lesbian lingerie shopping was hardly the exciting experience that too many fantasies and terrible romantic sex comedies made it out to be. The pair spent most of their time trying to find matching styles that had both of their sizes. It was less sexy and more of an exercise in logistics and compromise.

Eventually they had to settle for flowered blue and green bras. There wasn't much choice when it came to finding a bra that came in both 34B and 38DD. Luckily their choice of panties was easier.

"Thong, g-string, or bikini?" the saleswoman asked them. She obviously knew

that Carly and Sidney were up to some sexual hijinks, but, like so many people who worked in retail, she simply didn't care. She'd do what it took to make the sale and that was it.

"Thong," said Carly quickly.

"G-string," said Sidney just as quickly.

They eyed each other.

"You could buy one of each," the saleswoman suggested.

"We aren't the same size."

"We're trying to be sexy, not slutty," Sidney pointed out.

"Speak for yourself."

They each opted for their preferred undergarment. Maybe it wasn't exactly matching, but they were reasonably sure that Tyler wouldn't care.

It was waiting the rest of the week that killed them. Carly and Sidney spent too much time in bed having sex and sucking each other's tits. As much as she didn't want it to happen, Sidney realized that indeed her milk was coming in. She didn't exactly match Carly in volume, but it wasn't because Carly wasn't trying her damnedest to establish a steady milk supply in her lover.

It was strange, but Sidney started to love it. She looked forward to nursing her girlfriend every night and every morning. She loved nursing and being nursed at the same time.

The sex afterwards was spectacular.

Since Tyler didn't spend all of his time in the office, Carly only saw him once more before the big day. They just passed by each other in the hallway and exchanged pleasantries. She was convinced that no one in the office had a clue what they were up to.

Meanwhile, Tyler did send her texts.

I can't wait to fuck you again.

Me too.

Is your girlfriend's milk as sweet as yours?

Sweeter.

Can you send me a picture of her? Nothing dirty.

No. She's going to be a surprise for you.

How about a dirty pic then?

No. Just no. (To that she added a winking emoji.)

Carly showed all of these texts to Sidney. She was as amused and excited as Carly.

Once, at Sidney's request, he sent a picture of his hard cock.

Both women squealed like high school girls at the sight of it.

"Oh…I'm going to enjoy tomorrow night!"

It was supposed to be about sex and nothing else. Carly had mentally prepared herself for that. So had Sidney, but she was a more experienced hand at this sort of thing. Carly had spent extra time sucking on Sidney's tits, morning and night, to encourage the development of her milk. At first Sidney was resistant to Carly's advances and insistence on nursing from her, but she gave in.

She couldn’t cum from being nursed like Carly, but she was more than happy to enjoy the experience. She was happy to let Carly nurse her. It felt unnaturally good.

It was sort of exciting having a strange man come over to her apartment just for sex. Carly was the one to open the door when Tyler rang the bell, mostly because she insisted. She was floored when she saw him standing there holding not one, but two bunches of flowers, one in each hand.

“How…how did you ring the bell?” she asked.

He gave her a wink. “One of my many talents.”

Sidney appeared over Carly’s shoulder. Her eyes went wide at the flowers. “For me?” she exclaimed as she pressed her hand to her large chest and pretended to swoon.

Tyler extended a bunch to her. “Well, one is for you. It seemed rude to arrive here empty handed.”

Carly quickly snatched the other bunch out of Tyler’s hand, taking the bouquet that was mostly purple flowers while leaving the pink bunch to Sidney. She noted the flowers were mostly tulips, which made sense with the season and their city’s Dutch heritage.

“I have vases for both,” she said, leading the way to the kitchen.

“It’s been forever since someone gave me flowers,” said Sidney. She stopped mid-step as they moved from the door to the kitchen. “Shit.”

“What?” asked Carly as she positioned her step stool to reach the top cabinet where she kept her rarely used glassware.

“The last time I got flowers from anyone was the formal I went to in college. And that was a fucking corsage.”

The small group was uncomfortable at her revelation.

“I…uh…I was going to bring roses, but that seemed a little clichéd and all,” said Tyler to break the silence. “I mean, rose petals in bed sound nice but…”

“But you didn’t get a chance to scatter them in our bed, right?” said Carly to move things along. It was then she noticed that Tyler had been staring at Sidney.

That only made sense because Sid was tall and blonde and beautiful and had big boobs.

It took Carly a moment to realize that Sidney was silently crying.

This was not how Carly wanted the evening to go. She wanted to take off her clothes along with Sidney and get her tits sucked and get fucked and cum too many times to count.

She didn’t want to comfort her girlfriend as she had an emotional breakdown.

Still, she couldn’t do nothing and quickly went to embrace Sidney, setting aside her bouquet while Tyler uncomfortably filled the vases and did his best to make artistic arrangements of both.

“Don’t cry, honey. That’s not what this is all about,” said Carly.

“I know, I know,” Sid sniffled. “I’m sorry.” She inhaled deeply and then exhaled slowly. “Okay, I’m better now. Let’s go have sex and completely forget what an idiot I’m being.”

Tyler perked up. “I thought we were going to start with…uh…the milk thing.”

“Right,” said Sidney brightly, desperate for anything to distract her from her unintentional emotional display. “I suppose that Carly told you she’s made me lactate?”

“Hey!” Carly protested but Tyler ignored her.

“She sure did. I mean, when I tasted her milk…wow! I had a new kink that I never would have imagined. I wanted to do whatever it took to get her back into bed and then she invited me to a threesome with her and with you and she told me that you’re lactating as well…holy shit!” He spent the entirety of this verbal diarrhea staring at Sidney’s chest, a detail she didn’t miss. “She didn’t tell me your boobs were so big, though. Do you have a lot more milk than her?”

His eyes were shining by the time he looked up to meet her eyes.

Carly laughed and answered for her girlfriend. “Nope. I make more. A lot more.” She gave him a wink. “In this case size doesn’t matter.”

“Like hell it doesn’t,” said Sidney not wanting to be cast into a secondary role to her lover. “Everyone knows that bigger is better, right Tyler?”

“Uh…I’d love to make a comparison so I can make an educated judgment.”

“That’s a come on if I ever heard one,” said Sidney as she toyed with the hem of her shirt. She knew she should have worn a lower cut shirt that showed some cleavage, but she didn’t want to overshadow Carly. So she had worn a tight shirt instead. Something even small-busted Carly could do. “Shall we?” she asked her girlfriend.

This was the moment that Carly had been waiting for. “Yes.”

Her shirt wasn’t nearly as tight and she didn’t have the tits to show off, but that wasn’t going to stop her.

Almost simultaneously they pulled their shirts up and off. Automatically Carly slipped her right arm around Sid’s waist and Sid put her left around Carly’s.

“Nice bras,” was Tyler’s comment. “Would you be offended if I told you I was rock hard right now?” His eyes flitted back and forth between the massive amount of cleavage that Sidney had, her tits barely being contained by the powerful straps of the bra, and the thin chest that Carly sported, her small mounts completely covered by her bra.

“I think I’d be more offended if you weren’t,” said Carly. “What does this do for you?” she asked before turning directly to Sid. She lifted up her chin and the two women kissed.

“Oh fuck,” Tyler groaned. “This is torture.” He started to move toward the two women, wanting to do everything to them, wanting to do anything they would allow.

Carly stopped him with an upraised hand. “Wait. Watch.”

She went down to her knees and kissed Sidney’s tummy. She then pushed down Sid’s yoga pants but was careful to leave her g-string in place.

“Fucking hot,” Tyler declared, looking away from Sidney’s still mostly hidden tits for the first time.

“Wait, you haven’t seen it all yet,” Carly said as she got back on her feet, pulling down her own pants in the process, showing off her trim ass to Tyler, giving him a much more explicit view of her body than the simple side view Sidney was giving him. “I think thongs are more sophisticated and classy than slutty g-strings, don’t you?” she asked Tyler as she carefully turned both her and Sidney’s bodies so the only man in the room could get a good view of their asses.

“Hey! You two matched!” He said, suddenly cluing in to the fact that they were wearing matching lingerie at his request.

“Thank you!” Carly said boldly. “Do you know how hard it is to find matching lingerie in completely different sizes?”

“Uh…no. But I’m going to go with very difficult.”

“Smart man.” Carly smacked her girlfriend’s ass, making the flesh jiggle. “And doesn’t she look like a slut in a g-string?”

“I like sluts,” Tyler declared. His hand had gone to his crotch. He was starting to massage himself through his khakis.

Seeing him awkwardly masturbating, Sidney said to her girlfriend, “Come on, Car. Let’s go to bed. My nipples are begging to be sucked.”

“Oh!” The little noise that Tyler made sounded painful.

The two women ignored him and paraded out of the kitchen and toward their shared bedroom.

Tyler admired their asses for a moment before he chased after them.

The two women fell onto the bed together, having agreed to tease their guest a bit first. Watching them kiss was incredibly arousing for Tyler. He didn’t know what to do with himself. This was his every fantasy made real.

“Do you…do you mind if I jerk off?” he asked. His cock had gotten hard to the

point of pain. He needed to do something.

Sidney sat up. “Wouldn’t you rather play with us?” she asked.

“Well, yeah, but I didn’t want to be rude and interrupt.”

Carly moved behind her girlfriend and, with a little effort, managed to unhook the four stiff closures that held the bra shut. As soon as the pressure was released, her brassiere practically slipped off her shoulders.

Sid shimmied her torso a bit, letting the cups fall free of her breasts. She arched her back to better show off her huge tits.

“Or would you rather suck on my nipples?” She cupped the bottoms of her breasts, offering the soft orbs up to Tyler, keeping the large pink nipples exposed. She ran her thumb over her erect nipples, hiding them and then making them pop out again.

“Oh…fuck yes! Can I?” Tyler’s excitement was obvious in every way, and he was still fully dressed, having only kicked off his shoes.

“Please.”

“Yes, please do,” echoed Carly, moving aside so that her co-worker could suck the tits of her girlfriend.

There was a bit of moving about as the two got into a position that suited them both. Tyler was polite enough to kiss the tops of Sidney’s breasts before he lowered his lips to her nipple.

Sidney groaned. She could feel her milk welling up.

Carly sighed. Seeing a man with her lover made her pussy gush.

Tyler just made little sucking sounds as he nursed from Sidney’s breast.

Then he made a little sound of delight. Sidney’s eyes met Carly’s and they shared a moment and an emotion neither of them could describe.

After only sucking on her tit for a few seconds, Tyler abruptly pulled off. “Holy

shit your milk is sweet!”

Sidney blushed. It was a compliment she didn’t really expect or want, but when she heard it, the power of his words went right to her clit. “Thank you.”

“Sweeter than mine?” asked Carly. She was watching them closely, her hand tucked down into her thong so she could finger her pussy.

Tyler looked at her. “I don’t know. Can I compare?”

“Of course.”

It would have been more exciting if one of the others took off her bra for her, but Carly wasn’t going to complain. She smoothly unhooked her bra in the back, tossed it aside, pushed back her shoulders to show off her small but full breasts, and moved closer to Tyler, offering him a nipple that was threatening to burst forth with milk.

Showing no shame, Tyler eagerly moved from Sidney’s large soft breast to Carly’s much smaller one.

Carly shivered as his mouth made contact and he started sucking. It felt fantastic. Her milk was right there and a moment of nursing started her flow.

It also started her other breast dripping. The rich white liquid fell down onto Sidney’s neck and shoulder. She did the only appropriate thing and turned her head, catching Carly’s leaking nipple between her lips.

“Oh…yes…please,” she moaned as she was simultaneously nursed by the two of them.

It was so wrong and that’s what made it so right. Carly clutched both of their shoulders and focused on what their mouths were doing to her tits. It was everything she wanted.

“Don’t stop,” she begged. “Please don’t stop. Make me cum. Make me cum.”

Her lovers were in an accidental competition with each other. Sidney knew how much milk Carly could make. Tyler was impressed with how her milk kept flowing and flowing even with her tiny tits.

He was surprised at how easy it was to make the slight brunette orgasm just from some double nipple stimulation.

“Oh FUCK! I needed that!” Carly declared and pulled back from the two of them.

Tyler, always smart and in control of himself, looked back to Sidney. “I wasn’t sure if hers was sweeter or yours was. Can I sample you again?”

Sidney offered up her tits again. “Please. But don’t just sample. Indulge.”

That Tyler could easily do. He glommed onto her breast, sucked up the nipple, and nursed like he was starved.

Carly backed up a little, watching the other two. This was exactly what she wanted to happen, what she wanted to witness.

Sidney closed her eyes and focused on the beautiful sensation of Tyler nursing on her tits. Taking an opportunity, Carly leaned in and kissed her girlfriend, causing Sidney’s eyes to flutter open.

“Is this what you wanted?” asked Sid.

“Yes. And I want to watch him fuck you.”

Glancing up at Sid’s large tits, Tyler briefly let go of her nipple. “I’m all for that.”

“Let me help,” said Carly.

As Tyler resumed nursing, Carly did all she could to help Tyler out of his clothes. It was made difficult because he insisted on continuing to suck and play with Sid’s tits, but that was also half the fun. His shirt was the hard part because it involved unbuttoning or pulling it over his head, which broke his latch, but she managed.

More fun was opening up his pants and stripping them off his legs and releasing his cock. She stroked his hard length as she helped him get naked. Nothing serious, just enough to continue to show her interest and to check that he was sufficiently ready to fuck her girlfriend.

“I’m indulging, but there’s not a lot here,” said Tyler, wetly releasing Sid’s nipple from between his lips.

Sidney groaned in annoyance.

“But she has huge tits,” giggled Carly.

“I mean she’s all out of milk,” said Tyler. “But she does have big and lovely tits,” he agreed.

“You need to fuck her,” said Carly.

That caught Sidney’s attention. She nodded eagerly. “Yes! Yes! He needs to fuck me.”

This was the strangeness that pulled at the essence of Carly’s sexuality. What they were doing was wrong, but in the moment it felt wonderfully kinky and wonderful. There was nothing wrong with it.

Carly went so far as to help Sid take off her g-string. That left Carly as the most dressed of the bunch.

She only wished she had a better view of his cock filling up Sidney.

Once he started pounding away at her pussy, that didn’t matter.

“Fuck her,” Carly encouraged him as she pushed her hand down into her wet thong. It seemed only right to masturbate next to the rutting couple. Taking off the thong was somehow going too far. She wanted one of them to take it off her.

Amazonian wasn’t a wrong way to describe Sidney. Tyler was older than them but ruggedly handsome in a sophisticated way. He wasn’t old, but seemed mature. For some reason Carly felt like she was back in high school doing something she wasn’t supposed to.

She liked watching his trim ass tighten up as he slammed into Sid’s pussy. They were two beautiful people born for each other and Carly was the ugly duckling.

That didn’t stop her from making herself cum. She let them know by her loud moans. Sidney gave her a glance and blew Carly a kiss. Tyler was focused on

fucking.

Sidney wasn't a stranger to the simple goddess of orgasm. They all wanted this so Tyler didn't have to put in all that much effort to make her cum. He continued pounding away as her body shook with her climax. Only when she was done did he pause.

"Is it okay if I…if I stop?"

"You already did," Sid pointed out.

"Yeah…Is it okay if I stop and fuck Carly before I cum?"

The two women locked eyes. They knew the answer in an instant.

"Yes!"

"Please!"

It was a struggle for Tyler to pull out of Sidney, but she wanted to see her friend fucked as much as Carly wanted to be fucked. But the small brunette insisted on getting on all fours so that Tyler could fuck her from behind.

"She's got a tight little ass," commented Tyler as he pushed into her.

"Are you saying I have a fat ass?" Sidney teased.

"No!" Tyler was frightened he had just fucked himself over with his casual comment. "You've got a great ass! It's perfect!"

The two women giggled at him. "Come over here, Sid," said Carly with a gesture.

The big blonde cupped her breasts. "I'm all out of milk."

"That's fine, I want to eat your pussy."

"Oh…fuck yes!" Tyler exclaimed as he started pounding away at Carly's pussy. This was a dream realized. He would have loved to ask to fuck her in the ass, but he didn't want to push his luck.

Showing no hesitation at all, Sid positioned herself on the bed, legs spread, on her back and scooted down so that Carly could lick her pussy while getting pounded.

As much as he wanted to, Tyler couldn't hold out. He was good for another minute and then he exploded in Carly's pussy, grabbing her ass for balance, moaning and grunting as he came.

She wasn't distracted at all. Carly focused on sucking Sid's clit and pistoning her fingers in and out of the other woman's pussy, teasing her g-spot. Tyler was exhausted from his orgasm, but stayed inside Carly as she worked Sid hard and long enough for the other woman to cum.

"I just want to thank the two of you for this night," he said. He had stayed hard after his orgasm and through Carly's cunnilingus. Only now did he withdraw from her.

"You're more than welcome," said Carly as she slumped to the side, tits up next to Sidney who was still quivering with aftershocks.

"Yeah. It's been great."

Tyler was kneeling on the bed and he flicked his eyes back and forth between the two women. "Sidney, I don't want to be rude, but Carly's breasts are literally leaking milk. Would you mind if I…?"

Sidney's eyes opened up. "I don't mind if you don't mind," she said as she rolled to her side and moved down the bed. She found Carly's left nipple and started sucking.

Seeing that he was being invited, Tyler got on the other side of Carly and resumed nursing from her.

Being pinned between the two larger people didn't bother Carly in the least because she was getting her milk sucked out. The only thing that wasn't perfect was her inability to use her hands; she wanted to play with her pussy.

It didn't matter. Her milk flowed. Sid and Tyler exchanged kisses. Carly was on edge for the excruciating minutes as she was milked. Only when Sid was bold enough to put her hand between Carly's legs was she able to cum again.

Carly didn’t like that. She wanted a nipple orgasm, but had to do with a clitoral one. She didn’t complain but she did start to wonder if her body was starting to betray her.

Tyler was disappointed that eventually Carly’s milk gave out. He did observe that her breasts were slightly smaller than before but he was quick to mention that was in no way a disparaging remark and that all breasts were beautiful, big or small, he loved them both.

They laughed at how hard he worked to keep the both of them happy.

After their first intense round of sex in the bed, it was decided that drinks and snacks were in order. After that particular need was sated, Tyler had a request.

“I’ve never had the opportunity before, but would you two mind giving me a double blowjob? I might never get the chance again.”

They were both amenable to that request. Sidney made a big show of it, sliding her lips up and down his cock. Carly was happy to share kisses with her over and around his cock. She was happy to suck his balls while Sidney deep-throated his shaft. It was crowded but fun. Doing a double blowjob was a first for the both of them as well.

When Carly was sucking on his balls and Sidney was pumping his shaft with her hand, Tyler abruptly said, “Better stop! I’m gonna cum.”

It was Carly who said, “Want to cum in my mouth or on our faces?”

Tyler didn’t know how to answer.

He was shocked by Carly’s answer. “Our faces!”

Carly had blurted out the answer before she had thought through her answer.

“Holy fuck yes!” Sid blurted.

Tyler had his cock in hand and pumped it twice before he unloaded onto the two of them.

Carly was smart enough to shut her eyes as his hot spunk landed on her cheeks

and nose. Sidney had done this sort of thing before, but the sensation was still thrilling.

“I’m never, ever going to forget this!” Tyler panted.

Sidney opened her eyes to see Carly covered with semen. The sight inflamed her; it was too fucking hot. She kissed and licked the spunk from her girlfriend’s face, smearing the spunk on her own face back onto Carly. She got the idea of what she was supposed to do after a few seconds and eventually they cleaned up each other.

“Well, it’s not milk, but I still like it,” said Sidney, licking the last drops off her fingers.

“I’m all out of milk,” Carly pouted.

Sidney gave Tyler a sly smile. “If you spend the night, I guarantee her tits will be full in the morning.”

Chapter 17

Tyler did not spend the night. Sidney wasn't sure if she was disappointed by that or not. Even so, it was nice waking up in Carly's arms. Normally the women didn't hold each other during the night, or at least Sidney didn't remember waking up that way. When she did wake up she realized that her head was resting on Carly's shoulder, with her nose right next to the smaller woman's breast.

Sidney was sure she was hallucinating it, but there was a certain scent in the air.

It wasn't flowers.

It wasn't sex.

It wasn't morning body sweat.

It was a mix of Carly's normal perfume…and milk.

It was her milk.

Sidney knew that was just crazy, but she was certain she smelled Carly's enticing milk in her breasts. Carly wasn't leaking, so that wasn't it.

For half a moment she reflected and realized that maybe, just maybe, she was all but addicted to Carly's milk now.

Not wanting to think about that, Sidney pushed the thought aside and did what came naturally to her now: she wiggled her body lower down and found Carly's ripe nipple.

She only had to suck gently before her mouth was flooded with sweet milk.

Carly moaned a little as she started to come awake.

"Sleeping…" she mumbled and vaguely pushed at Sidney, but the big blonde was insistent. Once she got a taste of Carly's milk, she wanted it all.

Sharing with Tyler the night before had been torture.

Sweet, wonderful torture mixed in with a lot of orgasms, but torture nonetheless.

Once Carly's milk got flowing, it was impossible to stop it. Sidney latched on and nursed happily. She opened her eyes and looked at the milk slowly leaking out of Carly's free breast. She rested her hand lightly on the other woman's tummy and wondered if she should just reach for her pussy and make love to her girlfriend.

"Oooh…feels good," said Carly as she started to wake.

Letting go of Carly's nipple, Sidney gave her a quick kiss and then latched on to the leaking breast.

"Touch me," Carly begged. "Make me cum."

That was all the enticement Sidney needed. While continuing to suckle, Sidney moved her hand to Carly's pussy. The brunette willingly opened up her legs, giving the blonde full access to the gates of heaven.

Between sucking her tits and rubbing her clit, it was incredibly easy to make Carly cum.

When Sidney broke the latch, Carly begged, "No! You can't stop now!"

"It's my turn," Sidney insisted. She had nursed from both of her girlfriend's tits and the majority of milk had already been drunk. Carly pouted, but got into position willingly enough.

The moment Carly brought Sid's nipple to her mouth, the big blonde gasped and pulled away.

Miffed, Carly said, "What gives?"

Sid carefully cupped both her breasts. "They're sore!"

Reflecting for a moment, Sidney realized that her breasts had been sore since she woke up, but the lure of Carly's milk was more than enough for her to ignore that issue. The moment her tits were touched with any real intent made her realize how sensitive she was.

"Was Tyler too rough on them last night? Was I?"

Carly gave it some thought. “No. Not at all.”

“Okay, let me look,” Carly insisted as she carefully peeled Sidney’s hands away even as the blonde resisted. “They look okay…maybe a bit swollen.”

“Don’t touch them!”

Carly grinned. “I think you’re just lactating more than you realize and there’s only one way to relieve the pressure.”

“No!”

Carly ignored her girlfriend and carefully applied her lips to one fat, swollen nipple. Sidney sharply inhaled but didn’t object.

The brunette nursed a little, using as much suction as she dared. It didn’t take much. Sidney’s milk almost immediately let down and filled Carly’s mouth. She swallowed and said, “See. Simple solution.”

“Don’t stop,” Sid told her and cupped her free breast and Carly resumed nursing. Sid moaned and laid back on the bed.

It hurt and felt good at the same time, the irony of good sexual contact.

Sidney couldn’t help herself. She kept massaging her free breast. Between that and Carly’s mouth and the whole situation, when she squeezed hard enough, her milk sprayed up into the air. Several small fountains of the white liquid erupted from her nipple, shooting in all directions. Some got into Carly’s hair. Some fell back onto Sidney’s chest and skin, some landed on the sheets, making them wet.

Much to Sid’s surprise, the sensation of making herself spray milk was enjoyable. It was akin to masturbation. Maybe not as good as that particular activity, but certainly in the same arena.

She kept massaging and squeezing, not caring if she soaked Carly and the bed. She just wanted to cum, but it wasn’t going to happen because she didn’t have nipple orgasms, not like her girlfriend.

Abruptly Carly stopped nursing. “No! Keep going!” Sidney insisted.

“You’ve dried up. No more milk.” Carly gave her a light kiss on the lips. Sid could taste her sweetness.

“Don’t stop anyway. I need to cum.”

“I’m going to help with that,” said Carly as she moved down the big blonde’s body.

Sid knew exactly what that meant and happily opened up her legs for Carly. The brunette noted that her girlfriend and allowed a short plush of pubic curls to regrow. How had she not seen that before now? She then eagerly licked Sidney’s puffy labia and used her fingers to spread Sid’s lips, exposing her clit.

As keyed up as she was, it took little effort on Carly’s part to get her girlfriend off. She liked it when her face was coated with Sidney’s amrita. It was dirty and sexy in the right combination.

Sharing kisses afterwards was the best part.

“We need to talk,” said Carly.

“No, no!” replied Sidney, hopping out of bed. “Talking about a relationship is the best way to doom it!” Naked, she dashed for the bathroom with every intent to shower and remove the excess milk that had gotten all over her.

Carly was right behind her. “Yes. We need to talk. About us. About Tyler. About Robin and Jerry and even fucking Dick my ex.”

Sidney had already turned on the water and set the showerhead to pulse, not because she wanted a massage, but because she wanted to drown out Carly’s words.

“Sorry! Can’t hear you over the shower. We’ll have to talk later, much later.” She started scrubbing herself with body wash, hoping that Carly would take the hint.

Instead of leaving, Carly slipped into the shower with her. Carly’s apartment was modest and the shower was standard sized. Even with the smaller than average Carly, Sidney’s height and big boobs made the space seem incredibly close. When Carly reached up to adjust the showerhead into a spray rather than a pulsing drumbeat, Sidney smirked and giggled when her fingers fell just an inch

short.

“I guess we’ll talk later,” Sidney said to reinforce her point. “Maybe you should step out so I can finish washing.”

Angry, Carly grabbed Sidney’s breasts. Her nimble fingers found Sid’s large nipples and pinched them causing the other woman to gasp and freeze in place.

The pain in her tits was exquisite and paired with the steady pulse of the water beating on her back, she was in sky blue heaven.

“We need to talk. Here and now,” Carly insisted.

“Sh-sh-sure,” Sidney stammered. “Can…can…can you let go of my tits?”

“No. I need you to pay attention.”

“Okay,” Sidney agreed. She could have pushed Carly’s hands aside but that would have taken away the beautiful pain and pleasure.

“Are we going to continue to fuck guys together?” Carly asked bluntly.

“I sure hope so,” Sidney said dreamily. Thinking about what she and Tyler—and Carly—had done last night made her pussy faintly pulse in anticipation.

“I’m not sure I want to be in a disjointed threesome for the rest of my life,” Carly snapped at her.

“Oh? Why not?” She slowly shimmied her shoulders back and forth, increasing the tension from Carly’s pinching fingers.

In response Carly twisted Sid’s nipples causing her to gasp and want to fall to her knees. That wasn’t something she wanted to risk. Slip and falls in the bathroom were always dangerous. She put a hand against the shower wall and remained on her feet.

“Because I’m not a fucking lesbian!” Carly all but shouted at her girlfriend.

“Neither am I!” Sidney shot back. “I’m bi!”

“Well, I can’t marry a bi girl!”

The two of them looked directly into each other's eyes.

"I'm not ready to get married," said Sidney, gently pushing aside Carly's hands.

The brunette released Sidney's nipples. She was wet now—and not in the good way. The water was spraying all over. She couldn't believe what she had said.

"I mean, I could marry you," said Carly realizing she had just fucked up her relationship. "I'm just not ready to get married."

"Then why'd you bring it up!" Sid thought about her mother's recent texts and ignored that problem.

"I don't know!" Carly burst into tears. "Because I love you. But I can't imagine marrying a woman! I mean, I love fucking men, don't you?"

"Didn't you see me in your bed last night?"

Carly threw her arms around Sidney, hugging her tight. "Everything is so messed up right now."

"I don't think an impulsive decision and a shower argument will solve anything," Sidney said gently.

"I know. But I don't know what else to do."

"We've only been dating two months."

"I want to get married."

Sidney pulled back. "I didn't know that."

"Well, I do. Maybe not tomorrow, but I want to get married and have kids and have a partner for the rest of my life…"

"And I'm fucking that up?"

"Not exactly. I mean, I guess I always pictured myself getting married to a man. Marrying a woman…I mean, sure. Why not? But that calls into question how I'm going to get pregnant."

“You mean besides all the threesomes we’ve been having lately.”

Carly blinked. “Oh. Yeah. Right.”

“We’re getting way ahead of ourselves.”

“You’re right.”

“Want to talk about this more out of the shower?”

“That…would be a good idea.”

They were strangely silent after that. Both were lost deep in their thoughts. They didn’t mention the shower conversation again, but they kissed each other goodbye and went their separate ways for the morning.

They both couldn’t stop thinking about each other…and their milk.

Sidney’s first act upon arriving at her office was to pull out her phone and actually call Jerry. She didn’t need to be at the office. It was Saturday morning but she needed time away from Carly.

“Please tell me you’re not dead,” he said when he answered the phone.

“Obviously not.”

“Then why the hell are you calling me? Is someone else dead?”

“No. Can’t we have a normal conversation?”

“Yes, but…I’m busy.”

“Do you have another woman in bed with you right now?”

“What would you do if I said yes?”

“Ask you if I could join?” She hadn’t gone into the office yet. She was just sitting in her car.

“Shit. I’m in Rochester. No way could you get here in time…and I’m alone to boot.”

“I’ve got something serious to tell you, Jer.”

“Fire away. I’m just taking care of bullshit anyway.”

“I got a marriage proposal this morning,” she reported.

There was silence for a long moment before Jerry finally said, “Was it a serious proposal because last I knew…”

“It was accidental.”

“How does one make an accidental proposal?”

“Never mind about that. But it was from Carly.”

“Oh. Going full-on lez then?”

“Don’t be crude. And no, we’re not.”

“Do you want to marry her?”

“...maybe?”

“That must have crushed her.”

“Not really, because she wants to get married, but not necessarily to a woman. I think she’d prefer a man because she wants to have kids.”

“There’s lots of guys who will gladly fuck two women at the same time. Case in point: me.”

“Ha. I can see why your comedy career has taken off.”

“There’s also sperm banks.”

“Great. Thanks for the advice. But I think she’s in love with me, but she doesn’t want to marry me.”

“Okay. Interesting. Do you love her?”

Sidney appreciated how Jerry was so accepting and understanding of the situation.

“Yes. But love alone doesn’t make for a good marriage.”

“True enough. So what are you two going to do about this little conundrum?”

“I…don’t…know.”

“Ever hear of group marriage?” asked Jerry.

Since it was Saturday, Carly knew that her office would be deserted. Instead, she went shopping and was upset to realize that the mall didn’t open for another couple of hours. But that was fine. She had people to call.

But she didn’t know who to call.

There was Britney, her cousin. But she wasn’t going to make that call. As much as she liked Britney, there was no way Carly could tell her cousin that she was in a romantic relationship with a woman.

Her friend Margie from college was an option. But Margie was on the west coast now and it was too early to call, wasn’t it? Margie wouldn’t judge and she’d give good advice, but they hadn’t spoken in…how many months? Was it over a year now?

Scrolling through her list of contacts she hesitated on Dick’s name.

“Fucking Richard,” she said under her breath. “That’s a terrible idea.”

She knew that if she called him, they’d hook up. It was literally that easy. She was horny and confused and she wanted to be in a relationship, she just didn’t know if she wanted to be in this relationship.

As difficult as it was, she moved on from Dick.

She paused on Dominic’s name. She knew it was a bad idea. Dominic was a nice guy but they had broken up after college because they wanted different things in life. He wanted to travel and adventure. She wanted to get married and have kids.

It was easy to convince herself that she could present this as an adventure.

It was early, but not that early. The last address she had for him was his parents’ house, just an hour away. It was a stupid longshot, but she called anyway.

“Hey! Dom! It’s Carly! It’s been a long time, right?”

TO BE CONTINUED

Preview

Overly Familiar 2

Grey had spent far too much time researching what a familiar can do. Half of it was pure baloney or wishful thinking of women who considered themselves witches because they left the Catholic church and communed with nature by taking pictures of themselves hiking in the local park, but still.

It was several days later when I was looking across the table at Jack who casually answered my question.

“You can do that?”’

“Of course.”

I glared at him. “Why haven’t you told me you can do that?”

His answer was calm and collected. “Because you never asked.”

That was true. We had spent the last few days having a lot of sex. I worked, he slept, and we had sex. Oddly, we were having a lot of sex, but I wasn’t getting sore down below.

I glared at Jack. Obviously there was a lot about having a familiar I didn’t know about.

Yet.

Apparently Sharon’s meeting had gone well because she hadn’t harassed me since her big meeting. That was important because it gave me time alone with Jack at home.

But I was going to change that soon.

“So I can see through your eyes?” I asked to confirm.

“Oh girl, you can do so much more than that with him.” Grey smiled. “And I’m not talking just about in the bedroom. Or with his cock.”

“What can you do?” I pressed Jack.

He shrugged. “You can see through my eyes, hear through my ears, all of it. You can sense what I sense...when I’m a cat.”

That was going to prove useful.

“And you didn’t tell me this.”

“You didn’t ask.”

I glared at him. “How am I supposed to know what you can do? I’m not a witch or a sorceress.”

“Witch,” said Grey. He quickly clarified himself. “Witches have familiars. Sorcerers have a demonic heritage that gives them power. Witches and warlocks get their powers from a pact made with a celestial being.”

“What? I never made a pact with a celestial being!”

Jack nodded in sympathy. “True, but your great-great-great-grandmother did.”

“And I have to carry her...curse?” I wasn’t sure if this was a curse or not. “So wait, does that mean I’m a witch?”

Grey shrugged. “Maybe?”

“Close enough,” Jack confirmed.

It was all a little much for me, but with a little practice and help from Grey, who was just as much of an annoyance as he was an assistant, I was able to learn the neat trick of riding along in Jack’s subconscious when he was in cat form and I was wearing the collar. It was strange seeing the world from a cat’s perspective, but revealing as well.

Plus Jack was so horny all the time the scent of a female cat would always distract him.

That was weird.

And unsettling.

But he was my familiar and I managed to control him to the point where he was going to be helpful as hell.

I had ridden Jack's subconscious out a good distance from my neighborhood. I pulled back leaving an instruction in his mind to come back home. There was no need for me to experience the whole thing.

"How jealous are you?" asked Grey as I opened a can of tuna and picked at it with a fork, eating directly from the can. Some of Jack's feline nature was rubbing off on me.

It was a good thing I liked tuna.

"Jealous? Of what?"

"Of your...boyfriends."

I wasn't stupid. I knew what Grey was asking. I had never really had a steady boyfriend. I think four months was my longest, most serious relationship. Being a one-night stand girl was more my speed. "I don't have a boyfriend right now." I was going to make him come out and ask the question.

"Okay, fine. Jack. He's a cutie and all and you've already seen me blow him so we know he loves beautiful boys. Are you willing to share him with me?" Grey was eager, I could see that.

"He's my familiar. Why should I have to share him with anyone?"

"Dammit girl, I want to fuck Jack. I'm begging you. Please. Let me at least ask him. I'll do anything—anything—to suck his cock again. I'll do anything twice if he'll suck mine. Or more."

The strange thing about Jack was that I knew he wasn't fully human. He wasn't really a cat either. He was something in-between. Being open-minded was one thing, but when I stopped to think about the fact that I was having sex with something that wasn't really human…I started to question my life choices.

"I don't own Jack," I flatly told Grey.

"But you're his mistress. He does what you tell him."

“I’m not his owner.”

“I never said you were,” he quickly interjected.

“But you’re acting like I’m his mistress.”

“Isn’t that what you call a woman who owns a cat?”

“It’s also the title given to a woman who is bedding a married man.”

“But if Jack and I were to...hook up, would you be angry with me?”

I didn’t answer his question. “See if you can seduce Jack and see how that goes. Then I’ll give you my answer.”

Grey was frustrated. That amused me. “Girl, you’ve got a lot of nerve to cockblock a horny and available gay man!”

“I’m not doing that. I’m just telling you to seduce him and see what happens.”

Grey lifted his chin. “I will.”

I didn’t know what to think about that. The idea of Jack and Grey having sex of any sort excited me. I wanted to see it, but I was also possessive of Jack. He was mine. What he was exactly was still to be debated, but I didn’t like that Grey was acting like I owned Jack. He wasn’t my slave.

Though that idea excited me as well. My underwear would attest to that.

For the moment, though, I needed to focus on my plan for Sharon.

And I needed Grey for that.

“Why the hell do I have to be involved in this?” Grey groused while he drove the chase vehicle, following Sharon. I was crouched down in the passenger seat of his Mini Cooper while he struggled to keep up with my boss who drove like a maniac in her BMW. I was wearing a hoodie and an old boyfriend’s baseball cap while I hunched down. Totally anonymous.

“You inserted yourself when you wanted to have sex with my familiar,” I told him. “Keep up with her!” I all but screamed as Sharon cut tightly across two lanes of traffic to exit the interstate.

Grey more than proved his potential as a professional driver when he easily followed her. Of course, he was a professional driver. When he wasn’t trying to steal my boyfriends he was working for a car service as a driver.

“This bitch drives like a ugly whore working the street: terribly.”

I giggled. Jack growled his dislike of the sudden maneuvers. He was in cat form on my lap. I didn’t have a pet carrier so he was riding unrestrained. I wondered what would happen to him if he died in an unexpected accident.

I didn’t need to let my thoughts wander to the morbid.

The easy solution would have been to look up Sharon’s address in the company directory, but I didn’t trust her to put the right information in it and I didn’t want to get caught that way.

So we went old school. A rousing drive through the city’s interstates after work like we were living in a 1970s cop drama.

Eventually we arrived—alive—to a tony neighborhood on the city’s north side. Expensive McMansions and neo-nouveau riche money from the interwebs. Flashy cars. Swimming pools used two months out of the year. Loose women and looser morals. All that good stuff. Sharon pulled into the driveway of one of the huge houses; Grey was smart and drove past. We noted that she parked on the driveway and got out. She didn’t pull into the four bay garage. Interesting.

Without missing a beat Grey pulled into the driveway two houses down from Sharon’s destination.

“What are you doing?” I squealed. “Someone will see us here!” I didn’t have an alternate plan, of course, but this seemed to be begging for attention.

“No one is going to see us,” Grey reassured me. “I drive sex workers up here all the time. I can tell when someone is home and when a place is unoccupied.”

I studied the house and couldn’t tell anything; I would have to trust Grey. “You

drive sex workers up here? Why?"

"Because they don't like being called hos," he laughed.

I frowned. "You know what I mean. Sex workers? Really?"

"Who else would pay a car service to deliver a person up here. Lyft and Uber are too good for them."

"You drive for Lyft."

"Indeed I do." Grey refocused me on the task. "Are we just going to sit here discussing my career or do you want to get your nefarious plot underway?"

I turned Jack around on my lap to look directly into my eyes. When he was in cat form I couldn't comprehend him any better than a normal person.

Unless I made a connection with him. We locked eyes. I got dizzy.

...and then my consciousness shifted. I was inside Jack's head.

I looked at my body. I was sitting in the passenger seat, passed out. That was weird. I could also see up my nose. That was weirder. I was also getting a new perspective on my boobs. They were just lumpy bulges under my sweatshirt. Still, I was a bit impressed.

"Do you have a plan or am I a suspicious driver for a passed out girl and her cat?" Grey asked.

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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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