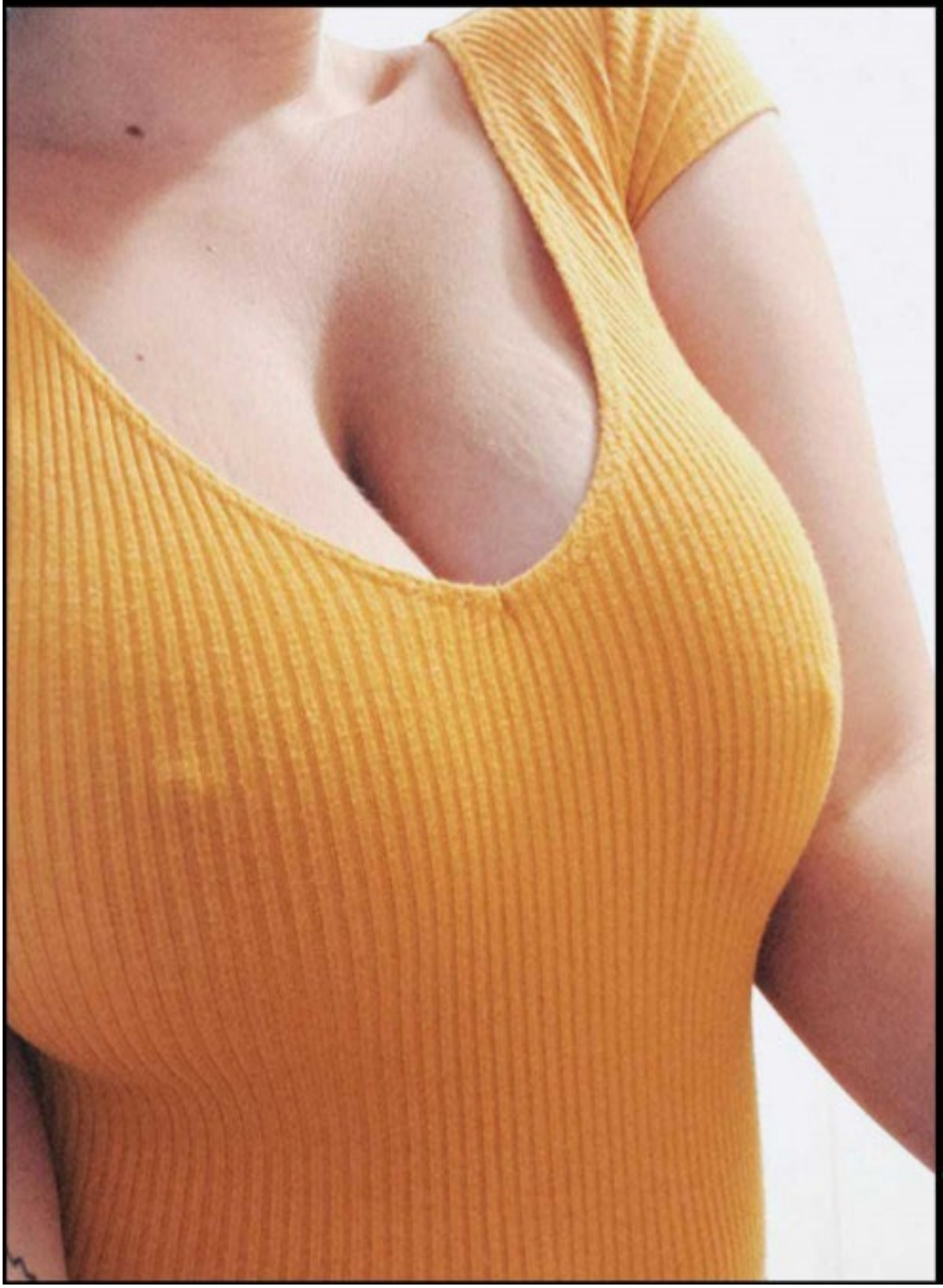
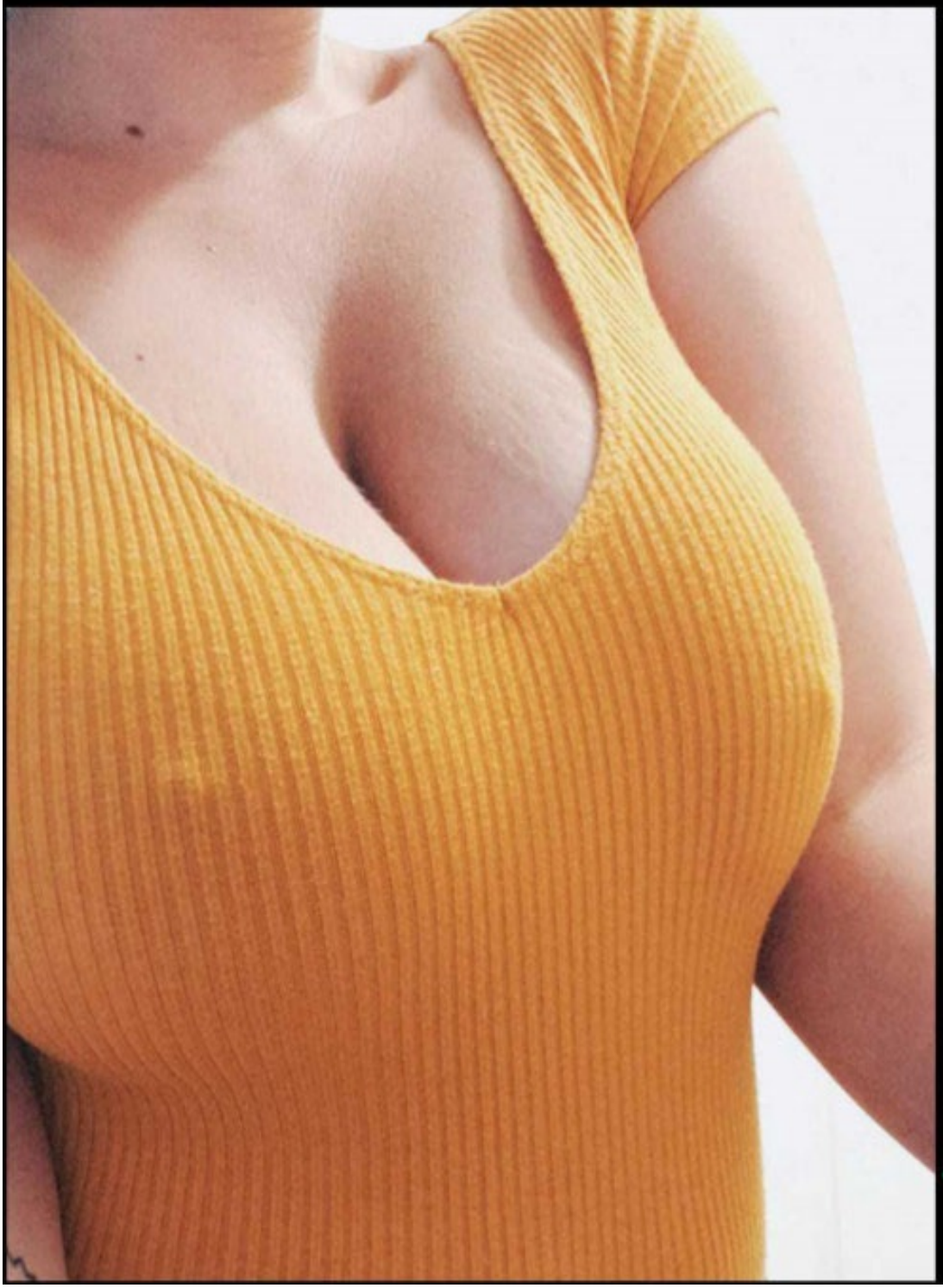
Elliot Silvestri



Milk Fever: Drive

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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Milk Fever: Drive

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Chapter One

First there was the problem of Analise, but before that problem, there was Analise's boyfriend in my bed sucking on my tits, draining them of milk. It felt too good to make him stop.

Sure, I could have told him no, he couldn’t come into my place. Or I could have told him no, stop texting me and blocked his number, but I was horny and stupid. I was starting to sympathize with being a nineteen year old boy and all the hormones they had to deal with.

It was late when I got back to my house. It was dark. Skip’s truck was out front. He was waiting for me. It was almost like I had a stalker, except that I had set up a date for him. It was strange seeing his truck with his landscaping tools in the back when I knew he wasn’t going to be using them. And my brain, dysfunctional as it is, immediately started to think that I had to pay him for coming over and would that make him a prostitute.

But he wasn’t coming over to mow my lawn; he was coming over for a hookup.

As soon as I had parked my car in the garage, he was out of the truck and heading toward the front porch. I went through the house and met him at the door. He didn’t say anything but I still drank him in with my eyes for the brief second before we started kissing. His sandy brown curly hair wasn’t carefully arranged. It was tousled and unkempt. He wasn’t wearing his usual tank top but had on a short sleeve shirt. That was fine. I could still see his muscular forearms. The night was slightly cool so he was wearing jeans instead of shorts. That didn’t stop me from circling my hand around his waist and down to his ass.

After a few seconds I realized that making out on the front porch was an invitation to get the neighbors gossiping so I pulled him inside, though that meant taking his tongue out of my mouth and removing his hard from my breast. I didn’t mind forcing his hand off my tit because it was slightly sore and swollen. I knew that I was making more milk than usual because he had been sucking on my tits.

Being an autolactator, I was used to milk leaking out. After years of living with this condition I usually just stuffed my bras with a nursing pad and didn’t worry

about it because normally it wasn't a problem, Sometimes if I wanted to wear a thin bra or, so help me show off my large tits, go braless, I'd hand express the milk out so I didn't have to worry. More than once at a party or gathering I'd accidentally-on-purpose spilled my drink on my shirt to cover up my leaking.

We stumbled to my bedroom because we were both overeager to get there and we couldn't keep our hands off each other. The fact that he was mauling my tits didn't make it any easier. When we finally reached my bedroom I pushed aside anything resembling good manners and just pushed him away, which was physically difficult because he's strong and emotionally difficult because I wanted his hands and cock all over me, and pulled off my blouse and bra in one smooth movement. At least I hoped it was smooth. My bras tend to be on the larger, industrial size because of my large boobs, but I felt I pulled it off nicely.

"They're still amazing," he told me, leering at my tits.

I liked him leering at my tits. I beckoned him over to the bed and we both jumped on it. He went right for my breasts, any pretense of kisses as precursor to sex thrown aside. The moment his lips touched my super-sensitive nipples I could feel my milk letting down on both sides. He eagerly sucked on the nipple he had chosen, swallowing my milk as quickly as he could draw it forth while my other nipples just leaked steadily all over my breast.

Unable to help myself, I wiped my fingers across my breast, gathering up as much of the milk as I could. I greedily sucked up my own milk. I'd tasted it before. It was sweet and light and had the flavor of fruit juice. I didn't get myself off with it, but Skip loved it.

He was the first of my lovers to actually claim he liked it. I'm a thirty one year old woman. All my lovers up to that point had either stated it was "disgusting" on one level or another, or claimed it was "fine" but they didn't appreciate my special talent.

I needed to find kinkier lovers and I found one in Skip.

I had always been easily orgasmic—sucks to be you, Analise, better known as Skip's girlfriend—and so Skip sucking on my nipples and me occasionally playing with the free one was more than enough to make me cum. My body needed it. That's what I was telling myself.

The sensation of having milk drawn out of my tits was wonderful. I was providing something to Skip that he loved—I hoped—and he was into me because of it.

Let's be honest. Other than having big tits, I don't think I'm much of a prize. My body isn't fantastic, I probably have a few too many curves to be considered sexy and I know I have cellulite on my ass that looks exactly like cottage cheese. My hair is dun brown and straight with nothing special about it. At least I wasn't excessively short or tall or anything. I was boring.

Except for my tits.

I liked sharing my tits.

It wasn't like Skip and I had formulated an official agreement on what we were going to do in bed, but we both had the understanding that it would undoubtedly involve my tits, at least initially. He just went at my tits, sucking and pinching and rubbing and playing. He was good enough that I didn't even bother rubbing my thighs together to stimulate my pussy and clit. I just focused on my nipples, hoping for a nipple orgasm.

We weren't too far in before I realized that it was definitely going to happen. I was further along than I realized when Skip momentarily paused and looked up at me.

"What?" I asked him, annoyed at the pause.

"You're really loud. You're loving this, aren't you?"

I had to admit that I was, but I didn't say the words. I just pulled his mouth back to my breast and he got the idea. Encouraged by his words and enthusiasm, I let out my inner beast and let myself get loud. Maybe I was showing off a bit, but not much. I liked it when I came. The peak was hard and sharp.

Skip was laughing at me when I came back to myself. "What's so funny?" It was more an accusation than a question.

"I made you cum like that."

"Yeah? So?"

“It’s just sort of...I dunno...amazing that I can do that to you.”

“You should be thrilled that you’ve found someone who can cum so easily. Someone who can cum and not just lay there.” I knew I was coming dangerously close to telling him his girlfriend was a lousy lay—though he had given me that information. I wasn’t looking for a romantic relationship. I was just looking for someone to have sex with. Nothing else.

“I appreciate it,” he said quickly. “Now...do you want me to make you cum again?”

“For that you’ll need to use your dick.”

“I can do that.” He hopped off the bed and in a flash stripped off his clothes. I didn’t even get to enjoy the show. The one nice thing was that he wasn’t hard, or at least he wasn’t fully hard, not yet. His cock was just starting to get hard. I reached out from the bed and grabbed his manhood, pulling it over to my mouth. Already he was leaking slippery precum. I coated his head with it, moving my tongue all over the velvety surface, before taking the whole thing into my mouth.

He responded quickly and well. I could feel him getting harder with every pulse of his heart. It was a minor miracle and I loved to be the beneficiary of it. Eventually he got hard enough that I wasn’t making him rise any further and was just blowing him in an effort to make him cum. I was certain that if he came, I was going to swallow his load. I wanted to, but at the same time, I wanted his cock in my pussy.

Sex is complicated.

It didn’t take long to get him close. I could tell because from the few times we had already had sex, his expression and breathing changed. Plus his cock was quivering in my mouth.

Abruptly, I stopped. I wasn’t going to have him waste it in my mouth, though I was interested in swallowing him again. His cum was tasty.

“Don’t…” he begged, almost whining.

“You need to fuck me,” I told him flatly. My pussy was wet. I wasn’t gushing out

girl juice like a faucet, but when I rolled off the bed and shimmied out of my pants, my panties clung to my skin I was so wet. I don't think Skip appreciated how eager I was for him. What did he care? He was only nineteen and any pussy or mouth he was getting was golden. "I want to ride you again."

Skip wasn't an idiot, but a little lust-sotten. He struggled getting a condom on while I watched. It wasn't like he was too big to put it on; he was just nervous and eager to get things going again. I had intentionally stopped and was patient because I didn't want him just sticking it in and thrusting twice before he unloaded. I wanted proper sex. And since I was in charge, I was going to get it the way I liked.

The thing about sex in certain positions is they look great on screen (Hollywood style or pornography style) but are only so-so at best to actually experience. Missionary is great. Doggy style is great. Cowgirl or reverse cowgirl is only okay, but it shows off the girl's tits, doesn't it? Being a good cowgirl also allowed tits to do what they do best. At least, the position allowed my tits to do what they do best.

"You ready?" I asked him when he finally got the condom on. He hadn't softened at all. That was good.

"Yeah!" He started dragging me back on the bed, but I moved quickly enough that he allowed me to climb on top and straddle him. As always putting him inside my pussy was easy. I was wet. He was hard. Thing came together perfectly. I sat down on him and we quickly settled into a good position. I wasn't squatting but kneeling so he could do all the hard work.

"Go ahead and fuck me," I encouraged him as I knelt above him. To encourage Skip, I idly played with my tits, rubbing and squeezing the nipples.

"What?" He was dazzled by my tits. I liked that.

"Fuck me," I instructed him. "You do the work and I'll do the enjoying." I gave my left breast good squeeze with both hands. There's sort of an art to it, but I'd learned a long time ago how to make my milk spray out. It wasn't that impressive, but I got a little volume and some distance, enough to land droplets all over his chest and a few on his face. I wiped up the ones on his cheek, feeling the light stubble of his face, and offered the wetness to him. He eagerly sucked my finger and then started thrusting up into me.

That’s what I wanted. I kept playing with my tits as he fucked me. I could make the milk squirt out. I could make it dribble. I let it go all over my skin and onto his chest and face and neck. He loved it. I loved it. I even went so far as to put my nipple in my mouth and suck out some of the milk.

That made his cock jump around inside my pussy.

“You like that?”

He had a tight grip on my hips, holding me in place while he bounced his ass off the bed and pounded his cock up into me. It was great the way he fucked me. I got all the enjoyment and didn’t have to do much at all. “Uh huh,” he muttered.

He wasn’t even looking at my face, let alone at my eyes. He was staring at my tits. I liked that he was staring at my tits.

“Want to suck them?” He had just been sucking them ten minutes earlier. It shouldn’t have been a treat or an incentive.

But it was.

“Hell yes!” he said emphatically.

I started to lean forward, offering my right to him because it felt a little fuller than the left. When he lifted up his head to latch on, I pulled back and straightened up, denying it to him.

“No,” I told him while caressing and cupping both breasts. “Not yet. Not for you. You need to make me cum first. And you’d better not cum before me.”

With just those words I managed to make him fuck me harder than before. I gasped at the pleasure and rode it out. It wasn’t going to be that hard to make me cum. The real trick was stopping him from cumming first. I wasn’t sure what would happen if he failed...and I wanted to push Skip as hard as I could so I lifted my right up to my mouth and sucked a little more.

The milk flowed easily. It was delicious: not too sweet, just the right amount of flavor.

I think I upset him because his eyes went wide and he fucked me all the harder.

I sort of liked sucking my own tits. It was almost like masturbating, but I don't think I would have done it unless I was in front of Skip; it wasn't my kink. But since it drove him wild and let me control him, I was happy to do it.

It made me wonder what else I could do to control him.

But that thought was temporarily banished when I felt myself cumming. I gave myself over to it. I had done nothing to deserve that second orgasm, but I certainly let myself enjoy it as if I had.

Cumming was the whole purpose of sex for me. I let Skip know that I was cumming and when I was finished he was looking up at me with amazement.

"You're beautiful when you cum."

"Only when I cum?" I managed to ask him. "That's not much of a compliment."

"When you cum you're especially beautiful," he quickly corrected himself. "You're beautiful all the time."

"Nice save," I told him. "Now why don't you cum. I want to watch you."

He went right to it. His cock was still hard and I was still in position, though I was starting to get tired. It only took him a minute of thrusting up into me before he had the little death and finished. When he was done, I immediately starting thinking about what we needed to do for him not to have to use a condom. I wanted to feel him completely inside of me.

His expression was rather silly when he came, so I didn't comment on that. I just rested my hands on his chest and let him do all the work.

"Do you know your tits squirt milk when you cum?" he asked me.

It wasn't the most shocking thing he could have said. "They pretty much drip milk the entire time we have sex," I pointed out.

Slowly he shook his head. "No, well...yes, but no. When you were cumming, they were squirting much more than at any other point...except maybe when you were squeezing them."

“Good to know. Did you like that?”

“I loved it,” he said quickly. Maybe too quickly. I was certain that I had him hooked.

“Do you want to fuck again?”

“Right now? Give me a minute.”

I shook my head. “Not right now. Tomorrow.”

“Sure!”

“Want my milk?”

“More than your pussy!”

I was taken aback by his enthusiastic answer. “And why is that?”

“You’re the only woman I’ve ever had sex with that lactated.”

“Oh. Well...if you want my milk, you’re going to have to earn it.”

“How do I do that?”

I put a finger to his lips. “You’ll find out tomorrow.”

Chapter Two

I had no idea how I was going to make him earn my milk. It was a great idea in concept, but I wasn't great at creating scenarios where a willing young man was happy to come over to my house and somehow earn the right to drink my milk and fuck me, mostly because I wanted him to come over to my house and drink my milk and fuck me.

Skip texted me in the middle of the day. How do I earn your milk today?

Fuck he was eager and horny.

I did what every single woman in the world did because she's too busy to take care of things herself.

My message back to him: Go over to my house and clean it. I don't have time. If you're still there when I get home, you can have a taste.

I had no idea where I was going with my instructions, but he didn't text back. Either he didn't know either, or he was so eager, that he immediately went to my place and scrubbed it from top to bottom.

Turned out, he immediately went to my place and scrubbed it from top to bottom, doing the best cleaning job a nineteen year old could do, which was a damn sight better than I had been doing over the past few months. I had to admire his ambition. My place isn't that big, but in a few hours he had managed to pick up, vacuum, mop the kitchen and bathroom floors, scrub the shower and tub, take out the garbage, do the dishes, and just some general tidying up that I had been meaning to get to for the past...let's just say longer than I'm willing to admit to.

He followed me around the house like a puppy dog as I inspected his work. It was fantastic. I didn't let on how much I was impressed; that would be bad. I didn't ask him how he got into my house. He was either clever enough to figure

it out or had broken in and cleaned up and fixed anything he had broken. Or, more likely, I had left a door unlocked and he had slipped in that way. I was absent-minded in that way.

“It’s acceptable,” I finally said, whirling around to face Coleton. His eyes went from looking low to briefly glancing at my face and then back down to my chest. “Were you just staring at my ass.”

“I couldn’t see your tits when you were facing away from me,” he admitted way too quickly.

I toyed with the top button to my shirt. “I suppose you want your reward.”

His face lit up. When it did that I could see why he still had the childish nickname of Skip. His sandy brown curls and boyish good looks didn’t help. He was a man but all I could see was a horny and over-eager boy. “Yes!” he said too emphatically.

I couldn’t resist continuing the tease. “Well then, take off your clothes.” I turned once again and headed right to the living room couch. I had a plan. I knew that Skip would go along with it because of course he would.

He followed, but he didn’t take off any of this clothes. He just watched as I sat down on one end of the couch and patted the cushion next to me.

When he started to move across the living room I put up a warning hand, indicating he should stop.

“What?”

“You need to strip first.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to see your beautiful cock, that’s why.”

That wasn’t why.

Okay, that was partly why. But I had plans for him and I needed him naked.

And I wanted to assert my dominance.

And I wanted to watch him take off his clothes.

He did what I asked, because he was eager to taste my milk. I certainly hoped that was the case because I wanted him to taste my milk.

The problem with being an autolactator is twofold. First, my breasts are constantly producing a little bit of milk all the time. It can start to leak at any time as well. All that is fine and good; I was used to it. The second problem was that when I had someone actively nursing on a regular basis, my tits kicked into high gear and I started producing a lot of milk all the time.

In short, my boobs were swollen and full of milk and tender. I needed some relief and since Skip was the cause of my milk production, he was also the solution to my problem.

“Okay,” he agreed and started taking off his clothes. It didn’t take long. He just had a t-shirt which he took off to expose his smooth chest with the little treasure trail down his rock-hard belly to his belt buckle. He kicked off his work boots (did he have any other footwear?) and then unbuckled his belt and dropped his jeans. Either he lowered his underwear with his jeans or he wasn’t wearing any. His cock, as always, was beautiful. I wanted to hop off the couch, get down on my knees, and suck it, but I managed to control myself.

His hand went to his cock, not to hide it but to stroke it. He wasn’t instantly hard, but he was already half of the way there. His manual manipulation just brought him up to full attention. I realized that he was staring at my chest where I was idly playing with my shirt buttons. He was waiting for me to whip out my tits.

I decided to let him wait a little longer.

“Lay down here,” I said, patting the seat cushion next to me again.

“Are we going to…” he left the question unfinished.

“Soon,” I promised. It was a vague promise.

As he got on my couch, I unbuttoned my shirt and was then presented with a

problem. I could either take off my shirt and bra, which I felt would leave me too vulnerable and exposed, or I could just haul my tits out of my bra, which was a problem in and of itself since it was one of my more industrial strength bras (I hadn't planned very far ahead) and getting my tits out wasn't going to be easy.

I slowly opened my shirt all the way, which was unnecessary but it gave me time to think. I wished I had tits small enough that I didn't need a bra.

In the end I opted to slip the straps off my very rounded shoulders which gave me a little slack and some room to maneuver. From there it was easy to slip down the cups and expose the glory of my breasts. Or at least a good portion of the flesh and the nipples.

Skip had been watching closely and started to move in, but not the way I wanted. He needed instruction.

"No. Lie on your back, put your head on my lap." My tits were big enough that I didn't even need to put a pillow on my lap. He got the idea right away and only had to turn his head slightly to catch a nipple between his lips and start nursing.

It was a relief and a distraction. I sighed and forced myself to concentrate. It wasn't going to be difficult, but I wanted the milk out. I wanted the pleasure of his nursing.

I wanted his cock in my hand.

Forcing myself to ignore what he was doing to me, I reached out and found Skips wonderful cock. Already precum was leaking from the tip. I rubbed this a bit, making the head slippery and then I slowly began jerking him off. I wasn't abusive or rough, but I was firm and demanding. While a high school student might appreciate a handy from an older woman (was I really an older woman at thirty one?) I knew that's not what Skip wanted. He might settle for cumming in my mouth, but what he really wanted was to fuck my pussy.

My pussy wanted that too. I was getting so wet I was certain I was going to leak through my panties and slacks and leave the cushion a mess.

I sort of liked that idea.

"You need to make me cum before I make you cum," I told him even as I felt my

climax slowly rising. Was it a special ability to be able to cum just from having my nipples played with? I'm sure it was but I couldn't put my finger on the number at the moment.

I'm pretty sure that Skip mumbled something like "okay" into my breast as I got busy jerking him off. I wasn't going to give him an easy time just because he had cleaned my house. He needed to earn the right to nurse from me even if he had cleaned for me. I deserved the best breast orgasms because he wasn't going to be able to go to his frigid girlfriend and get it.

That thought made a happy bubble in my mind. I could feel my orgasm rising even as I moved my hand up and down on Skip's shaft faster and faster. I had been sure I'd let myself cum first, just teasing him along, but now I wanted to see if I could make him cum before me. He'd be so humiliated.

Skip then cheated. He reached up and pinched my free nipple. True, it was leaking milk all over the place, but I didn't care. I was going to shower afterwards. But I loved how hard he pinched me. I needed it. A good hard pinch and the pain was almost better than the way he was sucking on me. The milk flowed and he swallowed at a steady pace. I could hear myself breathing. Each breath came shorter and harder as we moved along. My arm was starting to get tired but I wasn't going to give up. I was going to make him cum and shoot his load all over his chest and belly.

Just before I peaked I slapped his hand away from my nipple. He had been pinching so hard that I could feel the blood rushing back to the sensitive flesh. I gasped loudly as I came and I saw my milk go squirting out from my nipple, spraying over his face and neck and dribbling down to my lap. The nipple he was sucking on shot more milk into his mouth than he was able to handle. I could see it dribble out.

It was kind of sexy, but not nearly as sexy as when I got really busy with his cock and made him shoot his load. It seemed to splash everywhere: my hand, his chest, his belly, my right breast. I'm sure if I looked I'd find it somewhere on the couch. I didn't want to look because I wasn't done with him yet.

Skip gasped and said. "I wanted to fuck you." He was almost crying.

"Maybe you'll get a chance," I said and bent my head down to kiss him. I tasted my milk on his lips and tongue. I wanted him all the more because of that. "But I

can still feel milk in my tits so you need to keep going."

Skip met my eyes for just a moment, wondering. I was controlling him and I had no shame in it. I needed my tits drained even though I knew that if he did what I wanted, they'd inevitably fill again to the point of painful swelling and I'd have to repeat the process all over again. I'd done it with one lover after college, it was fun for a while and then it became a burden. I wasn't thinking straight, but I didn't care. I was chasing after my lust.

Since he was just nineteen and didn't know any better, Skip did exactly what I wanted and went back to nursing from me. It was heavenly. It took me much longer the second time to reach orgasm from just nipple stimulation, but I was fine with that. Skip drained my tits completely and made me cum, that's what I wanted. He was such a good boy doing what I wanted, I almost felt sorry for him the way I was using him for my pleasure.

Almost. I almost felt sorry. He could have said no. He could have walked away.

I was sure he was bragging to his friends, whoever they were, about his conquest of an older woman. I knew teenaged boys.

And I didn't care.

The second orgasm wasn't as satisfying as the first, but I wasn't done with him yet, not yet. I had other plans. I was getting to that point where an orgasm didn't relieve the lust I had, but only served to increase it.

I liked that.

"You came again?" he said, marveling at me, letting my breast slip from his mouth.

"Of course," I panted at him. "Isn't that the whole point of this?" I rolled my shoulders a bit, making my tits wiggle in his face.

"I thought breasts were to feed babies," he shot back at me, trying to be a smart alec.

"They are," I said flatly, making the situation more uncomfortable. "But you seem to like it."

“Only because you like it,” he replied, trying to recover some dignity. It’s hard to be dignified when you’ve just been nursing on your lover’s tits, drinking her milk, making her cum, and covered in your own cum because she jerked you off.

“And I loved it,” I said, giving him another quick kiss. “And I know you’re going to do it again, but right now I need a quick shower...and so do you.” I trailed my finger through the drying cum on his skin. I pushed his head off my lap and stood up. From there it was easy to wriggle out of my pants and panties.

Once again he followed me through the house, this time he was naked and his cock was soft, but that was fine. I went right to the bathroom; I was certain his eyes didn’t move from my ass. Boys are like that.

He followed me into the shower and I turned on him after we got under the water. He was surprised when I took the shower puff and body wash and proceeded to wash his entire body. So what if he smelled like gardenias? I like the smell of gardenias.

After he was clean from his cum and my milk and his sweat, he, like a gentleman, got down on his knees and started kissing my pussy. I didn’t need that. I needed his cock.

The attention I gave him plus his interest in my pussy was all that he needed. I kept an eye on him and he rose to the occasion once again. Having the hormones of a nineteen-year-old had to be wonderful and terrible at the same time. I could remember wanting to fuck that much when I was the same age, but I never had the chance to put my body to that good use.

“I want you to fuck me,” I told him. The warm water was pouring off my body and down on his. I didn’t know how he was eating me out and not drowning at the same time, but I didn’t care. That was his problem.

“I can do that.”

“Are you hard?” I asked him even though I could clearly see that he was. His hand was on his cock but I dismissed that as general horniness.

“Yeah.”

I pushed him away. “Then you need to fuck me now.” I turned around, pressed my hands and chest to the wall and stuck out my ass.

“Now?”

“Do you have a better time?”

“What about…” he didn’t finish the question. I knew what he was thinking, but between my previous orgasms and his busy tongue on my clit, I didn’t care.

I was pretty sure I was safe.

Pretty sure.

Young men being young men and Skip being as horny as fuck because he was fucking me and drinking my milk, he didn’t need a second invitation. He knew it was a bad idea, but when you’re that young and that horny, you don’t care.

He had to dip his knees and get in close behind me. My ass isn’t that large but we still had to figure out the angle and the best position for us both, but sex always wins out and eventually he got in right behind me, slipping his cock up between my legs, found my opening and plunged right in.

Water is not a sex lubricant. Luckily, I produced plenty of lube on my own and he went right in where he belonged. It was glorious getting pounded in the shower. I had to turn the shower head so the water wasn’t a distraction, but once we found our rhythm and things got really slippery and steamy, it was perfect.

I braced my feet and Skip leaned into me, fucking me hard with short, sharp thrusts while gripping my tits. He wasn’t massaging them but just pinching the nipples. It hurt, but I loved it. That’s how fucked up sex with him was at that point. I wanted him to fuck me so hard that it hurt.

It did hurt and it was good. I came and I came so hard I wanted to fall to the floor (it’s generally not a good idea to fall to the tiled floor of a shower, concussions and all being common outcomes for such an event) but instead Skip pinned me to the wall and continued fuck me as hard as he could. Being pressed against a hard shower wall isn’t usually much fun, but in this case it was. The sounds of my flesh slapping against his with every thrust was disturbing and sexy at the same time.

I wasn’t treated to just one orgasm, I had a second because he didn’t give me any time to rest after my first one (the one in the shower, at least—I wasn’t counting the ones on the couch) and so it was easy to give me a second one.

Only then did he cum. I felt him shooting his thick load into my pussy, deep into me. He kept thrusting with every little bit of ejaculation, slowing as his moment of crisis passed. Each thrust decreased in intensity until we were both just left panting against the shower wall.

I would have been happy to stay there forever, hot water washing over us. It would never end because I had wisely installed an on-demand water heater, but eventually human frailty gave out and Skip’s cock slipped from my pussy. After that awkward moment after sex we both knew was incredible but it wasn’t exactly planned and we had done something that was risky to us both.

I knew my cycle and was fairly certain I wouldn’t get pregnant. I was pretty sure that Skip wasn’t riddled with disease. But one can never be sure...but at the same time, that was half the excitement. Danger was a turn-on.

We didn’t say anything and I just grabbed my shower puff and started washing Skip again, focusing on his cock, washing away the bits of cum.

“We shouldn’t have done that,” he said while I was busy.

“I know, but it was good.”

“What if you…” He couldn’t finish his statement. I finished it for him.

“Get pregnant?” I asked. “Don’t worry. It won’t happen.”

“How do you know?”

I took the puff and poured more body wash on it then got to work on my tits and pussy. “Because of birth control and it’s basically impossible for a lactating woman to get pregnant.”

“It is?” He seemed surprised and relieved by my news.

“Yes. Don’t you know anything? Sheesh. It’s not like I want to get knocked up by a teenager and have to explain that to my priest.”

“What?”

“Kidding. I’m not even Catholic. My family left that racket years ago.”

“So...you won’t get pregnant?”

I went up on my toes and gave him a little kiss on the nose. “It’ll be our little secret,” I promised him.

Chapter Three

“Are you the slut who’s been fucking my boyfriend!?”

It was a mistake to answer the door at eight in the morning. I didn’t have to go into work until noon.

It was especially a mistake to answer the door at eight in the morning in my semi-sheer bathrobe that barely covered my tits and wasn’t really long enough to cover my ass, let alone anything else. (My pussy. I was talking about my pussy.)

It was an incredibly stupid mistake to answer the door without looking to see who it was first. I mean, who the fuck rings a doorbell at eight in the morning? (In my defense, I thought it was Skip coming to suck my milk. I would have happily welcomed that, but he had gone home late the night before. He was probably still sleeping.)

I didn’t recognize her because I had never met her, but when a young woman was at my front door screaming at me accusing me (correctly) of fucking her boyfriend, there’s only one logical conclusion I could make.

I had opened to door to Skip’s official girlfriend, Analise. She was angry. I couldn’t blame her, but I certainly wasn’t going to put up with shit from a nineteen-year-old girl who couldn’t properly bed her boyfriend. Plus, I was pissed she woke me up from a dead sleep.

“I don’t know,” I snottily replied. It was my house and she was on my property, so I could be as shitty as person as I wanted to be. “I’ve been fucking a lot of men lately. What’s his name?”

“Slut!”

“Why don’t you leave before I call the cops and have you arrested for trespassing?” I gently suggested. I was surprised I was so calm and collected considering I was being personally attacked.

“Coleton,” she blurted out. “His name is Coleton! And you’ve been fucking him!”

Analise was rather pretty is straight ash-blonde hair that just barely hung into her eyes. It was long enough to reach the nape of her neck. She had a round face, bright blue eyes, painted red lips and artistically applied makeup—even at this early hour, holy shit!—and was wearing a stylish dress that put her at least one socio-economic level above me. Except for the dress I realized something right away: Skip had a type. Except for the age difference and her more expensive taste in clothing and makeup, it was a little like looking in a very disturbing mirror.

And I had bigger tits. Let’s be clear about that. I checked out her chest and I could tell right away that she couldn’t hold a candle to me in comparison. Though, to be fair, I was lactating and she wasn’t.

“Oh. You mean Skip.”

Her hand went to her mouth in surprise, as if Skip’s nickname was some sort of secret. “Yes,” she said, trying to control her emotions. I could see the tears welling up in her eyes. I felt sorry for her because she didn’t deserve any of this, but then again I didn’t deserve to be woken up at eight in the morning when I didn’t have to get up for another three hours.

I decided to end it before either of us did something we would regret. “Look, I’m offering him two things you aren’t: breast milk and a good lay. Maybe you can work on one or both of those, but he’s going to dump you if you don’t try something.” I closed the door in her face.

Through the door I could hear her burst into tears. Looking out the living room window, I could see her running away. She jumped into a BMW that wasn’t new, but it wasn’t exactly old either. Daddy’s hand-me-down. I was just glad she didn’t crash into my car or one of the neighbors’ as she zoomed away.

Sighing I found my phone and texted Skip, even though he had been at my place until after midnight. I just met your girlfriend. You might be in for a rough day.

With that I turned off my phone and went back to bed.

I didn’t even turn my phone back on until I got to work because, I’ll admit it, I was afraid of the fallout of what I had done. I figured at work I’d be too busy to reply to any texts and, hopefully, by the end of my shift, Skip would have been permanently dumped by Analise or he would have sworn his ever-dying love for her and would never contact me again.

Not very brave, I know, but it was what I was hoping for.

It was, naturally, not what I got.

First, things were slow at the plant. The manufacture of complex chemicals and plastics can be, and often is, as the name implies, incredibly complex where anything and everything can go wrong and a hundred adjustments have to be done on a daily basis. This was the one shift in my five years at the plant where everything was running smoothly. That would have been great because for the first hour I was at work, all the messages I got were work related. I was willing to suffer a few days of swollen, sore tits as my milk supply slowly dried up because I no longer had a lover who was nursing from me on a regular basis.

The first text I got was not what I expected. It was from a number I didn’t recognize and wasn’t in my contact list. I want to apologize for what I did.

I stared blankly at the message for a minute wondering who had misdirected a message to me. I had gotten my phone number ten years prior and I was still getting messages from the previous owner who had moved back to Arizona to live with their racist friends.

Just as I was about to text back a very witty Huh? I got a message from Skip.

Letting you know that Analise might be texting you.

I stared at that message a long minute, trying to process what it meant, exactly, while I wished for a plant emergency that would take me away from idly browsing the internet at my desk.

I opted for a very to the point: What the fuck?!

Skip: We talked.

Me: Huh. You don’t say. She already fucking texted me AFTER waking me up

at 8am and accusing me of fucking you. News alert: you've been fucking me.

Skip: Have you replied to her yet?

Me: No. And I don't intend to.

Skip: Why?

Me: Because I don't need this shit in my life. Fuck me and suck me, but don't bring your fucking problems to my doorstep.

Skip: What problems?

Me: Your fucking girlfriend.

I had too much time. I needed to find a problem and work on it. I didn't need this shit. I had my fun fling with a pretty boy and I was done. I wasn't going to get involved in some stupid teen drama because he couldn't manage his life and relationships.

Skip: It's your fault. She smelled the body wash you used on me and figured it out.

That was fucking bullshit. I called him on it because I was angry now. So you fucking lie to her. Tell her it was your fucking mother's body wash and you ran out of Iron Pig Manly Man Body Scrub (™). How the fuck does she figure that out without you breaking down and confessing like a little bitch?

It was an undeserved rant, but I was tired of this sort of thing already. I wasn't looking for a relationship and my tits were sore and I realized that I wanted to fuck Skip again because my body was demanding it. I was getting dragged in when I didn't want to be.

It took Skip a while to reply back. I thought that maybe I'd pissed him off enough that he was calling it quits with me. I was fine with that. I could get another landscaper. I could get another lover. There had to be enough kinky men who would suck the milk from my tits.

Skip: We don't know each other too well, but I should probably tell you that my mother died five years ago. Analise knew the body wash wasn't mine.

FUCK!

I didn’t know how to reply, but I knew that I had to because otherwise that would make me the asshole and I needed to at least extricate myself from this shit-show of a relationship with some dignity.

Me: I’m sorry. I didn’t know your mother had passed. I’m sorry if I messed up things between you and Analise. I’ll send her an apology as well.

I was in the midst of pecking out an apology to the unknown number that I presumed was Analise when Skip’s reply came back.

Skip: You didn’t know. It’s fine.

Me: Did you break up with Analise?

Skip: Sort of.

Me: What the fuck does that mean?

Skip: We’re taking a break.

I noticed how he didn’t really answer my question. I reacted in the most stupid way possible, because that’s how my life had been going lately: me making stupid decisions starting with my decision to bed a nineteen-year-old.

Me: So do you want to come over tonight and suck my tits?

Of course he did. He was happy to tell me that right away. It was wrong. I knew it was wrong, but I intended to go through it anyway, after all, Skip wasn’t my boyfriend.

I felt some guilt when I finally texted Analise back.

Me: You don’t need to apologize. I should apologize to you. I’ve been talking with Skip. He says you two are on a break.

The reply was slow in coming. I was fine with that. I had a long shift to finish and I only had to leave my office once to make a minor adjustment to a flow valve.

Analise: I wanted to apologize for my behavior at your door. I shouldn't have done that.

I decided to lie to her because the whole affair was exhausting.

Me: I didn't know Skip had girlfriend, otherwise I wouldn't have done anything with him.

Analise: It doesn't matter. Not now. We're taking some time to think things over.

I just stared at my phone. I didn't have a reply to her. I had ended her relationship with Skip because I was acting like a horny teenager.

Before I could send a reply, she sent me another message. He told me you were better in bed than me and that's why he kept going back to you.

That was honesty I didn't need. I spilled the beans. To be fully honest with you, he's a little obsessed with my tits and my milk. That's something you probably don't have.

It took a bit for her to get back to me. Her reply? WHAT?!

I let it sit there a minute. Most likely she hadn't fully understood what I was saying that morning. I don't know what Analise was doing in bed with Skip, but she might have just been laying there while he tried his hardest. Skip wasn't the best lay of my life, but he was pretty good. I had to take him at his word that she was the lousy lay, possibly frigid, and even more possibly anorgasmic.

I was smiling when I typed out the response to her one word text. He loves nursing from my tits. He loves my milk. I don't know what you are like in bed, but you need to up your game or you're going to lose every boyfriend you ever had, pretty face or not.

There wasn't an immediate reply. There wasn't even a five minute gap before her reply. I didn't get a reply for an hour. I kept waiting until she finally replied.

Analise: Are you serious about him nursing and drinking your milk.

I smiled. Yup. He loves it. I left it at that. Let her stew.

She didn’t stew for very long. Her reply was surprisingly quick. That’s fucking weird. I didn’t know he was such a pervert.

I could have done a lot of things to change her mind. “Don’t kink shame.” “It’s not perverted. It’s natural.” “Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it.” “Maybe you should try doing something in bed other than lying there, you frigid bitch.”

I didn’t think any of those would help. Nothing would help. So I just dismissed her.

Me: Well, he’s your boyfriend. Or ex-boyfriend. Whatever. If you want to keep him, you know what he’ll expect of you.

It was blunt and to the point and probably a little bit cruel.

I didn’t care. I wasn’t into fixing the feelings of teenagers or twenty-year-olds or anyone else.

I didn’t get any more texts from that that night. I was relieved. If it was over with Skip, it was over. So what. There are plenty of other kinky landscapers out there.

I went home. It was late. My tits were sore. I wanted to take a hot bath and get my breasts back to something resembling normal for me. I could hand express some milk or suck it out myself if I wanted. If things got desperate I could go to the local twenty four hour box store and buy a cheap breast pump for a little relief. Whatever it took.

I barely got in the door and started to undress when the front door bell rang. I sighed. This late it could only be a few people. Skip. Analise. My sister. A couple of other family members. The cops.

I shuddered when I thought it might be the cops.

This time I checked the view before I opened the door.

It was Skip. Who the hell else would it have been?

“I’m not playing games with ‘We’re on a break.’” I told him.

He held up his hand. “We’re done, Analise and me.”

“What have you done to deserve my tits?”

He swallowed. “I broke up with my girlfriend for you.”

It was a sacrifice, I could see that. I gave him a tight smile. “Good. My tits are heavy and full and I need some relief. Don’t think you’re fucking me tonight. You’re nursing my milk and making me cum and we’re done.”

In my short time inside the house I had managed to take off my blouse and bra but had left on my pants. Before answering the door I had thrown on a t-shirt. When I led Skip back to the bedroom, I looked down at my chest and realized I was already leaking. Two wet spots adorned the front of my shirt. Yanking it off, I tossed it aside and whirled around on Skip.

“This is a special treat for you,” I told him. “Tomorrow you need to paint the gate to the fence in the back yard.”

“For free?” he protested.

“No, for all the milk you can drink. Where else are you going to get fresh breast milk?” I cupped my tits and offered them up to him.

Skip didn’t need to be told twice what to do. He went down to his knees and immediately latched on to one breast. I was already leaking. When he sucked the milk squirted into his mouth. I could feel it from my tits down to my pussy and clit. My free breast sprayed some milk and I pinched the nipple to keep it from getting out of control.

I liked the way it felt when I pinched it. I probably would have liked it more if it was Skip who had been pinching my nipple, but I was too desperate at the moment. He was moaning into my tit, drinking down the milk as fast as I could produce it. He had both hands circled around to my ass and was squeezing my fleshy bottom. Before I knew exactly what was happening he had my pants undone and was lowering them over my hips. I didn’t protest. I knew it was going this way.

He was a little surprised that I was wearing a thong—a thong that was completely soaked through at the crotch by now—but delighted in continuing to

maul my ass while sucking on my tits and running his fingers along the intersection of lace and flesh.

Yeah, I had worn an inappropriate thong to work. It made me feel sexy after getting into an argument with a teenaged girl over fucking her boyfriend. I was that sort of woman.

I didn't let him take it off my, not before he finished draining my tits. I made him stay on his knees in front of me, nursing, until I had cum—twice—and he was completely sated on my milk.

"It's hard standing up and cumming," I told him when I pushed him back.

"Can I fuck you?" he asked me desperately. He was in jeans but I could see the outline of his hard cock, hidden but just there.

"Why should I let you fuck me?" I asked him. I was more than happy to have him make me cum with his cock, but I had cum twice. It was probably a good idea to keep him on a string that I could pull at any time. He wanted and needed me more than I wanted him.

That's what I was telling myself.

He didn't give me a justification. He just begged. "Please…" It was almost a whine, like a child, but not quite.

"Undress."

He pulled off his shirt, stood up, kicked off his boots, and pulled off his pants in the matter of a few seconds. His cock, hard and leaking plenty of precum, bounced up and down at it was freed from his pants. It then jiggled with his every movement. I was entranced by it, but I couldn't let him know that.

"Okay," I agreed. "But only until I cum. And you'd better make me cum."

Not thinking, Skip readily and eagerly agreed. It didn't occur to him that if I came first then he wouldn't get to finish. If he came first...well, I was willing to dream up a punishment for him.

On the bed he peeled off my soaking thong and quickly got into position. He

didn’t fully go down on me, but just kissed my pussy and mound a little, getting my scent and teasing me. I pulled up on his shoulders and he got the hint, moving up to plunge his cock into my pussy.

Only then did it occur to him what a risk he was taking. “No condom?” he asked, both scared and eager.

I sighed and pulled his cock forward, letting the slick head part my lips. “Silly boy. I’ve taken care of the birth control. The last thing I want is to get pregnant by you.” Acquiring birth control in America is a pain in the ass, but I had gotten what I needed. It was worth it to fuck a nineteen-year-old again.

It took a few strokes and he got all the way in, filling me up. He fucked me energetically, which is what I needed. I didn’t hold back at all. I wanted him to make me cum as soon as he could. It was obvious he was holding back, trying to be a gentleman and let the lady get what she deserves before him.

Silly boy.

The show I gave him when I came was Oscar worthy. While I didn’t exaggerate anything, I let him know I had definitely cum and I had assuredly enjoyed it.

“Okay, stop,” I told him. “I’m done.” I could have cum a dozen more times, but it pays to keep you lover wanting more.

“What’s the matter?” he gasped.

“I told you that you could only fuck me until I came. I just came. You need to stop.”

“What?” The look of shock on his face was perfect. I sort of wanted him to keep going, fuck me hard, and make me cum again while he finished, but Skip proved he wasn’t a giant dick.

He pulled out.

I grinned up at him. “Oh, you’re a good boy aren’t you? Always doing the right thing.”

“I try,” he said nervously, looking down at his hard and wet cock.

“Why don’t you finish,” I suggested.

He brightened. “I can fuck you?” he asked while moving back on top of me, cock in hand.

“No,” I said firmly. “Finish with your hand. Finish on me.”

Clearly he was disappointed, but he did as I wanted, kneeling between my legs and pumping his hand up and down on his cock. I watched, fascinated. I’d never seen a guy jerk off before. In person, at least. Every guy I’d ever been with always refused to touch their own dicks when they were with me. I didn’t get it. Pussies.

It didn’t take long for him to finish. I loved the expression on his face when he came, his lip curled and the intensity of the moment must have overwhelmed him.

The hot cum landed on my tits and chest and belly. He seemed to shoot it everywhere. I wasn’t expecting him to have the aim of a sniper, but I wasn’t expecting a shotgun effect. Then again, I’d been leaving my milk all over him, so I’m one to talk.

He seemed rather proud of himself when he was done. I went to the bathroom and wiped the cum away with a washcloth. Milk was one thing, but I’m not a huge fan of having globs of cum absolutely everywhere.

When I got back to the bed, Skip was already lightly snoring. I couldn’t help but shake my head and grin as I slipped in next to him and pulled the covers up. He hadn’t ever spent the night with me and I was happy to have him do it for the first time.

In the morning I woke up Skip by shoving my breast into his face and forcing him to start nursing. He was surprised, but he didn’t complain. I had woken up because my tits were full and since he was the cause of my sudden over-production, he could be the solution as well.

There’s nothing like waking up horny and having your partner there. He was

already hard so as I half laid on top of him, I kept my hand busy on his hard cock. I resolved that I'd let him finish in me this time. He deserved it.

But first I deserved a nice nipple orgasm, which he gave me. My tits were leaking everywhere and I couldn't stop it because I was only half awake. That was fine. I was going to change the sheets anyway.

"Want me to ride you?" I asked getting further on top of him.

"I need to piss first."

"You take the fun out of it," I complained.

"I need to call my dad too," he said. "He doesn't know where I am."

"Does it matter? He'll figure it out."

He pushed me off and headed to the bathroom. I waited anxiously in bed for him to return. Before he did the doorbell rang.

"Fucking hell," I complained and looked at the clock. It was just after nine. That wasn't good. I had plenty of time to get to work.

Skip came out of the bathroom and grabbed his jeans, pulling them on. "This isn't fucking good," he complained.

"No, it's not. I like a nice hard cock." he was soft and I wanted to fuck. The hell with whoever was at the door.

"I need to see who it is."

"No you don't," I said, but he was already headed to the stairs.

After grabbing my bathrobe, I caught up with him at the front door. He checked who was there and still opened the fucking door.

Analise was there. Naturally. She glared at Skip, then saw me and raised her finger to begin a rant. She didn't say a word to me but turned back to Skip.

"You fucking lied to me!" She slapped his face so hard that the impact snapped his head to the side. It sounded like a gunshot. Then she ran away. She was good

at running away. I watched her out the front window. She had a nice ass, though. I'm sure under other circumstances he would have appreciated the view of her rolling buttocks a little more.

"She's crazy," I told him as he rubbed his reddened cheek.

"I know."

"Didn't you ever hear the advice 'don't stick your dick in crazy'?"

"Yeah...but I'm not good at that."

It wasn't until much later did it occur to me he was referring to both me and Analise.

To Be Continued

Preview

Margaret Over Billy 2

“It won’t hurt, I promise,” said Hedy with the entire sincerity of a person who was either an accomplished liar or entirely believed her promise.

“That’s what you said about fucking me in the ass,” Billy replied.

“Pegging you in the ass,” she corrected him. “And did it hurt?”

He paused before answering. “Kind of, sort of. At first.”

She had pegged him several times now. Every time seemed better than the last. He could barely remember the last time that he had fucked her.

Was fucking all about putting the cock you owned—real or not—into someone else? Was it a dominance thing?

If that was the case, Hedy had definitely dominated him. He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

Oddly, he didn’t miss actually penetrating her, mostly because she was now penetrating him.

It was more than just a little bit of mind-fuckery.

“But did it hurt?” she asked again.

“No…it felt really good,” he admitted.

“So there might be just a tiny bit of…discomfort, but it will be worth it in the end.”

They were sitting together in what was essentially the waiting area of the spa. Hedy had assured him plenty of men were treated here. They were both wearing the cliché white terrycloth robes that covered everything on Hedy and seemed to be just a little too small and snug on Billy, which was strange considering it was a fucking robe.

He was nervous but didn't want to admit it. While he wasn't going for a manicure or facial, Hedy had scheduled him for a waxing, something she did monthly but he had never done even once in his life.

Surely he could cope with a pain that she went through every month, right?

"What are we getting done today?" the aesthetician asked when they were ushered into the room. It was clean and antiseptic and looked pretty much like he imagined it. Massage tables. Potted ferns. Big, white, fluffy towels. Soft atonal music playing in the background. Some aroma therapy bubbling on the shelf.

He could smell the hot wax as soon as he walked into the room.

Hedy dropped her robe and when immediately to one of the tables. While he imagined it wasn't just a like a gynecologist's examination table, it did have the stirrups and everything else that accompanied such a table. Billy noticed that she had left on her simple bra that was more of a tank top than an actual bra. Now he felt stupid for being completely naked under his robe.

Without a word she expertly put her heels in the stirrups and leaned back. "Just the usual, Anne. Leave the triangle. Nice and smooth."

"Always."

The other aesthetician looked at Billy, waiting for instructions or for him to drop his robe, he wasn't sure. He was also unsure if he was relieved or upset that his aesthetician was a woman. She had a unique look with dark purple hair that was shaved on one side with tribal tattoos on the exposed skin. He supposed that was smart because she could just let her hair grow to cover the tattoos.

"And for you?" she finally asked.

"Uh…"

Hedy laughed at him. “Full swim trunks, Myl,” she called from her side of the room. “Back to front and everything in between.”

That made Myl smile. “Take off your robe and lay down,” she said. “This might take a while.”

Billy wasn’t particularly hirsute. He had been jealous of guys in high school who had chest hair when he had none. Now he was completely switched on that opinion. Even so, he had more hair down and around his cock and balls that Hedy wanted. And it was more than he wanted because shortly it was all going to get ripped out.

“Is this going to hurt?” he asked as he took off his robe like he didn’t care and got into position.

“Yes,” Myl told him.

The women then laughed at him. While Billy wasn’t particularly hung up on the size of his cock, he was glad his wasn’t shrinking up and trying to hide away like a turtle. Hedy had insisted that he shave down the length of his pubic hair before they made the trip today.

It had been at her insistence, because, as she put it, “I’m tired of pegging your ass and seeing all that hair.”

So here he was with his legs spread, his heels in stirrups, his knees to the ceiling, and his cock bobbling around as Myl moved into position between his legs. He was certain she wasn’t going to give him a blowjob. The fear kept his cock small, which he was glad for because getting a boner in front of the aesthetician would have been humiliating.

“Just relax,” she told him as he heard a little grunt from across the room. Hedy’s aesthetician was going ahead at full speed, but then again his girlfriend was a pro at this. “I’ve done men before.”

“Okay.” What else was he going to say?

“How sensitive are you around your cock?” she asked.

“Uh…lots?”

She chuckled at him. “Just kidding. I’m glad you cut down the length already. I hate doing that.” She smiled up at him. It wasn’t the smile he had seen on other women how were about to go down on him. He got the distinct impression that she liked doing this to men.

The warm wax felt good going on. Soothing almost. The first fabric strip she pressed onto his skin wasn’t bothersome. When she tore it off he wanted to scream.

Instead he just made some strange noises through gritted teeth.

“I’m impressed,” she said. “I’ve had guys cry like a baby on the first strip.”

“Thanks?”

Myl wasted no time. That made sense since the more customers she worked on, the more she earned. She had started at the top of his thighs so he could get used to the process, and then focused on his patch above his cock. He gasped when she grabbed his cock to either keep it out of the way or to make sure it didn’t get caught up in the wax.

“Sorry. Giving a warning isn’t a great idea. I just do it.”

“Uh-huh,” Billy managed to vocalize.

The patch above his cock hurt the worse, which was no surprise. He expected his balls to be the worst, but since his was so sparse there, it wasn’t too terrible.

Just when he figured he was done, she told him, “Turn over.”

Glancing over at Hedy to see her reaction, he saw that she was already up from the table and putting her robe back on. It made sense. This was just maintenance for her. For him, it was the start of a process. Had she had to turn over?

“Just do it, hon,” she said casually. “This is why I brought you here in the first place.”

Whatever he and Hedy were paying for this treatment, it wasn’t enough for Myl, Billy realized. What was the appropriate amount of money to pay someone to look at your asshole and then tear away the hairs around it?

He was wrong. The patch above his cock wasn't the worst. The worst was the little hairs in his crack. He refused to cry but he did gasp a few times.

"You were braver than the last guy I had," said Myl when she was done. "He actually cried and said he was going to go home and get high."

That wasn't the case for Billy. He knew he was going back to Hedy's place because she wanted to fuck him in his newly denuded state. Looking down at his body he was struck at how smooth his skin was. It almost looked like he was wearing nude shorts. His hair stopped right below his belly button and he was naked until the top of his thighs. It was weird.

However, it did feel fantastic to run his fingers over his smooth skin.

He could see the attraction.

This was the first time she wanted him on his back. Hedy's harness was on and she was proudly wearing the bright pink dildo she favored using on him. Her cock was already up his ass, his knees were well up into the air, and she was rocking her hips back and forth as she pegged his ass.

He liked this. It was more intimate than he would have imagined. Her hand was holding his hard cock, stroking him in rhythm with her strokes. She was naked except for her harness. He had learned that not only did she take emotional pleasure from her pegging him, but there was a small dildo inside the harness as well that she put inside herself, so as she fucked him, she was fucking herself as well.

"I'm going to make you cum all over yourself," she told him, her wicked smile firmly in place.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Make me do that. Make me cum." He knew he was far too into getting pegged. It was crazy, but sex often didn't make sense.

She wasn't riding him; that would be something different. She was kneeling between his legs with his lower back half wedged under a triangle prism-shaped support. It was sex furniture but he wasn't surprised that Hedy had such a thing.

It was a different position to be in and he loved it. No wonder so many women loved being in traditional missionary; they got to lay back and enjoy getting fucked. He didn't exactly lie there, but she was doing most of the work.

"I love how smooth you are now," she said as she kept a grip on his cock but allowed her fingers to trail over his hairless balls. It tickled a little but he didn't mind. It was an easy tradeoff for getting fucked like this.

What he didn't exactly love was when he came. He still loved cumming, but he hadn't realized how much his lower body clenched up when he climaxed. What he noticed the most was when Hedy pegged him that his sphincter tightened up incredibly. It was clamping down on her hard dildo and afterwards it was sore—but from being overworked rather than damaged. But maybe he loved it more than he realized.

"You like me being in control, don't you?" she asked him.

"You know I do," he groaned at her. He was so close…

"You like it when I humiliate you too."

He wasn't sure if she was asking a question or telling him, but he couldn't answer regardless. He was right there. Her cock was stretching his ass wonderfully and her fingers were keeping his cock under control.

And then she pulled her fingers away, denying him of his climax.

He panted heavily, outraged at having been robbed.

But then her fingers were back and she wasn't jerking him off eagerly like she had been, but they were lightly trailing up and down his erection, just barely in contract with the sensitive underside. His erection looked bigger than ever and was purple with denied pleasure. It was also bright and shiny and slick with the extra lubricant she had slathered all over him.

"Please…" he begged, trying to thrust up against her hand to get some more friction, but she wasn't having any of that.

Abruptly she slapped his cock.

It hurt. He gasped. But it didn't hurt as much as he thought it should.

She kept fucking his ass and then slapped his cock again.

He groaned in pain.

Finally she grabbed him with an almost crushing grip and pulled on him once, twice, three times.

Ultimately on the fourth pull his body gave out and he went over the edge of orgasm. His thick spunk arced through the air but quickly splashed back down onto his body. The first shot reached his sternum. The second landed next to his navel. The last few landed on his lower belly right under his cock head.

Hedy was laughing at him. "That's all?" she asked. "Just one little cum."

"It was one big cum," he told her, happy at having been fucked by her.

"I've had three while pegging you," she said. "Men are definitely the weaker sex."

"I know. I could tell each time you did."

She furrowed her brow at him. "You could tell? How?"

"You stopped fucking me and just the expression on your face said it all."

This was news to Hedy. She frowned and nodded. "Fair enough." Still kneeling between his legs, she kept her fake cock inside him, waiting for him to say something, for him to ask her to remove it. She liked teasing and torturing him that way. While she waited she reached out and ran her index finger through the small puddles of cum on his chest. It was still warm but rapidly cooling. Billy watched her for a minute fascinated at her interest in his cum.

"What are you doing?"

"Finger painting."

"Why?"

"Because boy cum is different from girl cum."

Once more he marveled at her. “I don’t understand you.”

To that she lifted up her finger to her mouth and tasted his cum, just to see his reaction. Hedy had swallowed plenty of cum from her partners, Billy’s was no more or less offensive or tasty than any other she had consumed.

Just the action alone was enough to make his cock twitch and start to harden again.

Then she ran her fingers through the cum a second time, but now she offered it to Billy, holding her dripping finger an inch from his lips.

“Uh…no thanks.”

“Who said you have a choice?”

Billy wanted to pull back, but he felt trapped. “I’m not interested in eating my own cum.”

“Try it,” she encouraged him. “You might like it.”

“Ummm…”

“You weren’t interested in me pegging your ass until we tried it,” she reminded him.

“If you try it, maybe I’ll let you put your cock in my pussy.”

She was trying to tempt him and in that moment, he was sorely tempted. It had been a couple of weeks since they had had traditional, boring penis in vagina sex.

He wanted that again.

He opened his mouth and she smeared the cum on his tongue.

It wasn’t so bad, he told himself as he swallowed and she smiled smugly down at him.

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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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