
A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story
ISLA: MILK SLAVE 1
ELLIOT SILVESTRI


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An Adult Lactation Relationship Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Isla: Milk Slave 1

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Chapter One

It’s an incredible feeling knowing you own another human being. Some owners say it’s bad form to consider a slave a fellow human being, but I don’t buy into that mindset.

To have another person completely under your control, to do with them as you will, for them to have no say in what happens to them in a rush greater than sex or any drug in the world.

I remember when I was starting the search with the agent and he asked for general parameters of what I wanted in my slave.

“Blonde, hairless from the neck down, not even on her arms, full breasts but not huge, natural, of course, not enhanced. Her skin should be pale, a little freckling is fine but nothing excessive. Blue eyes are preferred—easy with a blonde—but I’m willing to pay a premium for green. Trim body. Height isn’t important, but neither excessively tall nor short. Hair should be natural blonde, not dyed. No tattoos. No piercings. No brandings. No body modifications, even the newer styles.”

The agent looked at me impassively. He was polite and measured in everything he did; he had to be as a slave agent dealing with clients who were among the über-wealthy. It wasn’t his job to judge but to provide for his clients’ needs. I knew that. However, he also needed to be wise enough to guide his clients. He could provide whatever they wanted, but in order to make them happy, he had to know what they actually wanted.

“You don’t have to follow popular trends,” he told me mildly. “This is completely anonymous and private. I don’t care you if want to own a midget with three breasts and a hair lip if that’s your preference. If you want a boy who is cute with a huge cock, I can find you that as well. I just want you to be happy.”

“Blonde, all natural, unmodified,” I repeated.

He smiled thinly. “Perfect. A few clarification questions. Are ear lobe piercings allowed? It will be hard to find a woman without them.”

I considered his question. “I’ll happily pay extra for unpierced, but if that’s all you can find…”

“I’ll find her,” he promised. “The difference isn’t money. It’s time.”

“I’m a patient man.”

“Her age range?”

“Younger is better.”

“It always is,” he agreed.

“Keep her under thirty.”

He raised his eyebrows at me. “That opens up possibilities,” he commented.

“How so?”

The agent didn’t directly answer my question. “Wider parameters,” he murmured. “Can she have given birth or been pregnant at all?”

That question should not have caught me unawares, but it did. “Is that an option?”

“Everything is an option,” he said, spreading his hands wide and giving me his best non-oily grin.

“Are women who are…mothers…even available?”

“Of course. Some sell themselves into slavery to support their families.”

“This is to be a long-term ownership deal,” I clarified with him. “Up to ten years. My option.”

“Already understood.”

I nodded. “Then it doesn’t matter. As long as she fulfills the other requirements.”

His smile became happy. “Certainly. One last question. Do you intend to breed her?”

“What?”

“Do you intend to breed her, either with your seed or someone else’s? The child would be yours if you want, or given away. I can make that happen as well.”

“She won’t be bred.” I had decided to purchase a slave for my amusement, not for creating offspring.

“Standard clause in the contract is no breeding, but that can be changed by mutual agreement of both parties. Also standard in the contract.”

“Fine.” I had heard of owners falling in love with their slaves. I didn’t intend for that to happen to me.

He nodded and we signed the search agreement. He promised quick results.

I had high standards and was a patient man. I wasn’t expecting a slave to appear on my doorstep the next morning.

The first four I rejected. It wasn’t that they didn’t meet my standards—they did—but there was something about their faces and bodies that wasn’t exactly what I wanted. It was the ineffable descriptor: when I saw it, I would know it. To his credit, my agent didn’t complain at all. I’m sure I wasn’t the most difficult client he ever dealt with. While I was among the upper echelon of wealth in the world, I wasn’t at the top. I wasn’t even in the top one thousand or ten thousand. The thing of money is, when you have a little, it never goes far enough. When you have too much, you don’t know what to do with it.

I had more than enough, but not too much; just the right amount of excess. I could afford what I wanted but couldn’t waste it just to make a point.

Well, I suppose I could have, but I didn’t.

Fourth time was the charm. She was perfect. All the right aspects I had asked for: nearly flawless but naturally and not so perfect that she was artificial.

It had only taken my agent six months. I was pleased with his results.

She stood in the middle of my apartment, naked and perfect, eyes slightly downcast, saying nothing, doing nothing. She was well-trained; I liked that. I

circled around and around her, drinking in every inch of her skin with my eyes. I didn't touch. I was waiting; heightening the anticipation.

"She's trained, of course," the agent said. "Nothing special, but you didn't request anything beyond normal training."

"I know," I said absently. "I'll train her myself."

"We have people for that."

"I'll do it myself. I know what I'm doing."

The late afternoon light streaming through the wall of windows in the high rise where I made my home highlighted the slave's perfect skin. She was pale, but not colorless. She hadn't been subjected to light to make her skin that artificial gold that was so unnatural. More importantly, she didn't have any tan lines.

I tended to keep my rooms cooler than most people enjoyed. The slave's pink nipples puckered at the cool air. It was fetching. I judged her breasts at having a volume of roughly 400 ml each. I had a good eye for that sort of measurement.

I dropped my eyes to her buttocks and sex. Hairless, as I requested. Then I paused at her side. Her buttocks weren't muscular, but trim enough to meet my expectations. There was, however, a scar on her hip. It was the length of a finger and thin, maybe a half centimeter wide. It was faded white, not red and hardly noticeable, but it was a flaw.

"What's this?" I asked, indicating the scar.

The agent was unruffled by my question. "Old surgery scar. She had a minor procedure years ago. Excellent doctors and facility. I have the paperwork if you want it." He paused and then anticipated my objection. "You said natural. Natural comes with flaws and imperfections."

"I know," I said trying to hide my disappointment. "Still…so close to perfection…"

"I can keep looking," he offered.

For a fee, of course. It wasn't that I didn't have the money. It was I wanted

results after half a year.

“No. I’ll take her.”

And with that, I owned a human being. She came into my possession with literally nothing. The agent had her in a nondescript dress when he walked her in, and he walked out with the dress. She had nothing but herself.

I took her to my bedroom and fucked her.

She was very good. She obviously wasn’t a virgin, but I didn’t want a virgin. I wanted a sex slave and that’s exactly what I got.

You don’t know someone until you intimately rub your body all over theirs.

I was pleased with her body. All her body hair had been removed. Her skin was as smooth as a dolphin’s. I carefully inspected her pussy with both fingers and tongue and couldn’t detect a single hair, even around her anus. I didn’t bother to find out what method was used to depilate her. It didn’t matter as long as it didn’t come back.

Her breasts were perfect. Not too large, not too small, topped with perfect pink nipples and small areolas. I couldn’t have found a prostitute who was her equivalent.

She loved—or pretended to love with peerless acting—every position I fucked her in: missionary, doggy, cowgirl. She lubricated freely, which was a necessity for her job, and orgasmed three times. Certainly once wasn’t faked—I could feel her inner walls trembling around my cock—and the other two seemed honest, but I’m not a fool. Maybe she was faking. It didn’t matter. When I came, I was fucking her from behind and shot my seed deep into her.

It was thrilling knowing I could fuck her that way without any fear of consequences.

Everything was perfect…until the next morning.

Chapter Two

Paige walked into my apartments because I had—perhaps foolishly—given her door permissions. To keep her out I'd either have to cut off her thumb or reprogram the access pad—both of which I was too lazy to do.

She woke up both me and my slave when she strolled into my bedroom like she owned the place. It was almost her right to do so—we had been physically intimate for over three years.

"Cripes Jayson. You should warn me when you have a guest!"

In terror, my slave pulled the sheets up around her body. She was a slave and should have known better. She was supposed to have no shame in displaying her nudity. I simply chalked it up to her being woken up so suddenly.

"We're not married, Paige," I told my most frequent lover. "I don't have to report to you."

Smoothly as always, Paige smiled and held out her hand to my bedmate. "I won't wait for Jayson to introduce us. I'm Paige. And you are?"

My blonde slave eyed me nervously. I glanced at Paige with her evil smile and black hair the flowed down from her head like a bleak waterfall. She said nothing.

Paige waited.

"You're scaring her, Paige," I said as I climbed out of the bed. Paige barely glanced my way. She'd seen me naked before and she wanted to size up her competition.

It wasn't a competition.

"What's her name?" she asked me.

I paused. I didn't know.

"I don't know," I admitted.

Paige spared me an arch look and a shake of her head. She withdrew her

proffered hand and folded her arms across her chest. “This is a new low, even for you Jayson. Prostitute or trollop? Where did you meet her?”

“Neither,” I replied. “She’s my new slave.”

Showing complete control, Paige only blinked once. “I didn’t know you had a slave before her.”

“I didn’t.”

“Well…you were a respectable human being before you started dabbling in the human flesh trade. It’s been nice knowing you.” She started to turn away and walk out the door.

“But I’ve never been a respectable human being, Paige.”

“Don’t I know it.” She stopped at the bedroom door. “What’s her name?”

I glanced at my slave. “Does it matter?”

“Is she a person or an object?”

It was a good question. I didn’t have an answer, so I made one up. “Isla.”

“Really?”

“It’s her name,” I told her. Adding silently to myself, now.

It occurred to me that I didn’t know why Paige was in my apartment. “Why are you here at this completely insane fucking hour?”

“It’s noon, Jayson.”

“I was up all night fucking…fucking Isis.”

“Isla,” said Paige.

“What?”

“Isla. You said her name was Isla. Or did you already forget.”

“Too fucked out to think correctly.”

“Uh-huh.”

“You haven’t answered my question. Why are you here?”

“My husband is still away on his trip—not sure if it’s business or if he’s fucking whores again—but this is the usual time that we make sure I commit adultery on a twice weekly basis.”

I looked down at my flaccid cock. Normally I had a little morningwood, but I was fucked out after my first night with Isla.

It didn’t take me very long to memorize her name.

“I don’t think I’m up to it this morning,” I told her and smiled. “Literally.”

Paige glared at me. “You’re not worth the effort, Jayson. You just aren’t.”

“I’ve heard that from so many women,” I agreed with her. “I need to try harder.” I grabbed my cock and shook it at her to emphasize my point about being harder.

“I’m leaving.” I wasn’t surprised. If I was her I would have left as well.

“Message me later,” I called to her as she finally walked out. “I’ll make sure to be ready for you tomorrow!”

When the door slammed, I looked back at Isla—I had decided that I liked the name I had given her—and frowned. “I’ve been planning something for you. I’m going to enjoy it. I hope you do too.”

“I hope so.” Those were the first words she spoke to me. I had heard her voice before—sort of—when she had been screaming in passion the night before when I fucked her, but these were her first actual words.

I liked her voice.

I didn’t tell her that, of course. I just went to the cabinet where I was keeping the little surprise for her, pulled out the kit and approached the bed where she waited expectantly.

I wasn’t exactly sure why purchased slaves were so willing to go along with whatever their owner proposed—training, physical and mental conditioning, drugs, psychological defects—but I was happy for it. I didn’t want to chase her all over the room and pin her down to give her the cocktail that was specially prepared for her and purchased by me.

It wasn’t cheap but I was assured that it would work.

She blanched—as if that was fully possible with her pale skin—when I opened the small case and showed her the hypersonic injection gun. “I don’t want to do drugs,” she said in a small voice.

“Don’t worry. This isn’t dangerous. It won’t get you high or destroy your mind or body. It’ll just make your tits grow and lactate.”

She just started to open her mouth to object, but then fell silent. I appreciated that. She was a well-trained slave. I wasn’t going to keep her is she was a problem. After a long uncomfortable second she offered up her arm to accept the injection.

The rules of slavery—everything in our society was regulated—gave me great license with Isla’s body. But it didn’t include murder, extreme body modification beyond the parameters in our slavery contract, forced mind-altering drug use, or abusive behavior. Setting out those laws were easy; getting those parameters enforced against incredibly rich men and women was another thing entirely.

But I wasn’t trying to hurt my slave. It was an honor owning her.

“I don’t need your arm,” I told her. “Turn around and give me your ass.”

I’d spoken those words to women before. Not a slave, of course, but willing sex partners. I had said them not to give them an injection, but to put my cock in their pussies or their anuses. Today was different.

I had read the instructions for performing the injection a hundred times. I had memorized them. It was simple enough. Clean the skin with an antiseptic. Press the needle housing against the skin, not where there is bone. Pull the trigger. It was easy.

I inserted the propellant cartridge into the gun’s handle and the injection package

into the barrel. Isla shivered when I ran the cleaning pad over her left buttock and inhaled sharply when I pressed the device to her skin. “This won’t hurt a bit.”

It didn’t. Well, it didn’t hurt me one bit.

Isla jumped when the injection went into her. I can’t imagine it hurt that much. I’ve had hypersonic guns used on me before and there’s very little, almost no, pain.

When it was over I slapped her on the ass to let her know we were done. I headed for the bathroom and the shower.

She stayed in bed. I guessed she was wondering what was expected of her. Or maybe she was rethinking her life’s choices. I don’t know.

I had made plans for the day and they didn’t involve taking a slave with me. I had things to do.

“Make yourself at home,” I instructed her as I finished dressing. “Don’t leave, of course. My cleaning staff will be in shortly. They can help you if you need anything. The small blue bedroom at the end of the hall is yours if you want it. Otherwise I’ll come home and fuck you this evening.”

It wasn’t the sex; it was having her as a possession.

My days are boring. There’s nothing terribly interesting about them. A little work, a little recreation. I could have burned myself out creating a business and growing it, but I preferred to relax and take in the best things in life.

By the time I got home, I was exhausted. My staff had left dinner for me and I found Isla in the large living room watching some mindless entertainment on the screen.

I had her sit next to me while we ate. I stared at her breasts the entire time. It was too soon for the lactation to begin, but in some ways I’m not a patient person. We ate together. She was hesitant at first, but eventually settled into eating normally alongside me.

I closely watched how she ate. She had manners and knew how to behave—she wasn't a savage—but it was obvious from her manners she came from a lower-class background. That was no surprise. People from the upper crust didn't sell themselves into slavery because they had no need to.

Well, that's not entirely true. I knew of a few who did it for the thrill or out of boredom. It wasn't for the money. It was because they had done everything else in their life and wanted to see what it was like. Generally the contracts were short, a few months at most.

I don't think I could ever be that bored.

When we finished I asked to inspect her breasts. Isla expected that and stood in front of me at the dining room table while I inspected and squeezed her breasts. They were gorgeous but I wasn't going to tell her that. Not right away, of course. They were pert and pink and perfect. Based upon my close-up inspection of them the night before, I couldn't see any size change and when I squeezed and massaged them, I didn't express any milk, but it should take a few days.

In this I was impatient.

"No milk yet," I commented.

"No. I apologize. I'll try harder," she promised.

I shrugged. "Nothing you can do about it. The injections say at least three days and up to a week for results. Drink more water." I tilted my head to the side and smiled. "The recommendation was to also stimulate the breasts. Let's lay down on my bed and I'll suck your tits. Fun for us both."

She didn't object; she didn't have the capacity to object. That was the beauty of owning a slave.

I can't fully convey to you how wonderful it was to suck on Isla's nipples. They fit my mouth perfectly. They were just the right combination of firm and soft. They were pert enough that we could lay on our sides while I suckled on her and they were pert enough that I could lay her on her back and they would stand up proudly while I sucked. Hell, I even had her straddle me and put her tits in my face. They hung down a bit, but she was youthful enough that it was perfectly natural.

“Anything yet?” she asked as I was pinching one of her nipples and sucking on the other. She was naked because she had no clothes and had no need for them. I was still fully dressed. I could have fucked her but I wanted to let the anticipation build.

Or maybe I was afraid that by fucking her again I wouldn’t be able to live up to how well I had used her body the night before.

I had some performance anxiety issues. Money and drugs can only go so far.

“No. Not yet.” I pushed her back a bit and pinched both her nipples at the same time. She winced in pain and I took that as a compliment.

“What can I do to make my milk come in for you? Maybe give me another shot right now?”

“That’s a bad idea.”

I had no idea if that was a bad idea or not. But I had spent a ridiculous amount of money on Isla and I wasn’t going to fuck things up by not following directions.

“But I want to please you,” she said. “I need to please you.”

I hadn’t expected that. I didn’t want an emotional connection with my slave. That’s why I bought a slave to avoid emotional connections. Sex and milk and pleasure, nothing else.

I didn’t have an answer for her.

Luckily I was saved from having to confront an uncomfortable situation when Paige buzzed my handset.

I pushed Isla off me and answered the call. “Yeah?” I wiped my face as I answered. There wasn’t any milk on my face, but it felt wet. Or maybe guilty. I don’t know. I try to avoid feelings.

“I’m horny and I want to come over and fuck.” That was Paige, direct and to the point.

I smiled. “What about your husband?”

“He’s fucking some slut on the other side of the world,” she said. “Or maybe some boytoy. He’s been eyeing men a little too much than would be considered normal. I don’t think he’s gay, but I’d bet half your fortune he’d suck your cock while I watched if I asked.”

“Thanks?”

“My pleasure…speaking of which. My pleasure, that is. I’ll be there in ten minutes. Don’t worry about getting your cock hard. I’ll take care of that.”

“I could have Isla do it for you,” I offered, but she had already broken the connection.

“Go to your room,” I told Isla. “My girlfriend is coming over. I’m not sure if she’s into three-ways. Maybe we’ll bring you in later.”

For just a second Isla was disappointed. I could see it in her face. But she was a slave and she had to do what I asked.

“Isn’t she married?” Isla asked as she was leaving my bedroom, proving that she did have ears and understood complex relationships.

“Yes. That’s what makes sex with her better than with other women.”

She left. She had no choice. I straightened up a bit, made sure the remains of dinner were disposed of and greeted Paige at the door with a kiss.

“You shouldn’t be kissing me in the hallway,” she told me. “People will see.”

“And you coming over to my place in the middle of the night isn’t suspicious in and of itself?”

That was the end of our witty repartee. She slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulder and dropped her dress to the floor of the hallway.

Paige was a classy lady. She wasn’t naked underneath. She was wearing underwear and a bra. There was only one other occupant of my floor. I doubted Mr. and Mrs. Fleishman were interested in seeing Paige naked or in any state of undress.

Or maybe they were. Who am I to judge?

I grabbed Paige's hand and pulled her inside. The thing about seeing Paige naked—or nearly naked—was that she had some serious body modifications done. I liked them well enough, but it was a lot to take in.

Some years before I had met her, Paige had been gold dusted. It was a popular trend because it was, first, expensive for most people and second, it set her apart from the rest of the population…except for everyone else who had their skin gold dusted. And except for those who had been silver dusted because there are just those people in the world who have to take a trend and twist it.

But beyond all that, the gold dusting to her skin was rather beautiful. It made her shimmer and sparkle, everything but her hands, face, and presumably the bottom of her feet (I'd never checked there). The lighting in my bedroom wasn't made to illuminate her skin to make it sparkle, but that wasn't important because as I was admiring her body (perfectly maintained by the finest drugs, exercise, professional trainers, and muscle building TENS) she unslung her bra from her tits.

They were gorgeous. They always were. She had them perfectly done probably when she was gold dusted. Her size and shape and hang and perkiness were mathematically determined to be perfect.

So of course Paige went one step further and had ruby chips implanted all around the edge of her areolas. Just another level of decoration that was completely unnecessary. Plus I hated the way they felt went I sucked on her tits.

No, that's not the reason I bought a slave. It's not the reason that I'm making my slave lactate either.

Paige cupped her breasts and offered them up to me. "They're bigger than Isla's aren't they?"

"Yes," I admitted as I started to undress myself. "But I've got her on a hormone regimen. She'll be lactating in a few days and I'm sure her tits will grow. Maybe they'll be as big as yours."

Her eyes narrowed at me. "You're serious, aren't you?"

“Why wouldn’t I be?” I asked as I stripped of my underwear and looked down at my cock. It was flaccid. I was expecting Paige to do the hard work of making me hard.

“Why would you want that?” She put her hands to her hips, pausing as she was about to lower her panties.

I shrugged. “Why wouldn’t I want it? Human breast milk is a rare commodity. I could buy some from some desperate underworlder, but I want mine fresh from a beautiful and fertile woman.”

Paige just shook her head at me. “You’re twisted.”

“Says the woman who has had flakes of gold implanted into her skin along with ruby chips into her tits.”

“You told me you liked it.”

I knelt down in front of her and pulled down her panties, exposing her pussy. She left a strip of natural pubic hair just barely covering her slit. It was an aesthetic choice. A decision had to be made where to stop the dusting. The strip gave a natural border along her sex. I hadn’t done a close inspection of her crevice, but I knew the dusting stopped very close to her puckered anus. I’d violated that little organ more than a few times.

Today I wasn’t interested in evaluating the quality of her body modifications. I was more interested in tasting her pussy. That wasn’t something I could do with my slave—well, I could have but it seemed too submissive to me. I liked eating pussy and Paige’s was always ready for oral attention.

Pressing my face into her pussy I inhaled her scent before extending my tongue and licking her lips. She was only slightly swollen, something I resolved to quickly change. This wasn’t exactly how I envisioned our little session going, but I was easily adaptable.

It didn’t take much to motivate Paige. It never did. A little moan fled her lips and I pushed her back against the wall. It was difficult for her to spread her legs to give me full access to her pussy and clit and still stay upright. Against the wall I could pin her in place and she could wedge herself into position.

The nice thing about fucking the über-rich is they spend a lot of time and effort maintaining their sex organs. Paige's was beautiful and opened up to the attention I showered upon it. The little strip of wispy black hair tickled my nose. Her juices flowed easily and filled my mouth; they were delicious but I still couldn't wait to taste Isla's milk.

"Fuuuck," she moaned. "You're gonna make me cummm…"

I pulled my face back from her pussy and asked, "Do you want me to stop?"

She immediately grasped the back of my head in both hands and pressed my face back into her pussy. "Make! Me! Cum!"

I could do that. It wasn't that challenging to make her cum. She was always hot and ready to go. All that was necessary was for me to vigorously and firmly rasp my tongue against her clit. It took a couple of minutes, but then she shook pleasantly against the wall, shaking to the point where I was worried that she might give herself a concussion banging her head on the hard surface.

"Was it that good?" I asked her, still kneeling between her legs, my face wet with her excitement.

"It was okay," she allowed. "Should I leave now or do you want to fuck me properly?"

I looked down at my cock. It was turgid but certainly not fully erect. Not yet. It would need some attention. "Let me invite you into my bed."

We moved to the bed. We had been doing this long enough that we didn't need to have conversations about what was expected. We knew the other too well. Once we were on the bed, she took the initiative again and put her mouth on my cock. I'd had blowjobs from many women in my life; Paige wasn't the best, but she wasn't the worst either. The thing about sex with Paige was it was always good and it was a known quality.

She sucked. I rose. I pushed her down. She spread her legs. Very efficient, very transactional.

The feeling of putting my cock into her pussy was exquisite every time I entered her. I wasn't sure how many modifications Paige had had done, other than the

obvious gold dusting and ruby implants, but I highly suspected her breasts were not natural and she more than likely had some medical magic done on her pussy. It was rude to ask and I didn't want to spoil the illusion.

I grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the bed above her head as I thrusted into her. She grinned up at me and tilted her hips to accept my thrusts more deeply and against her clit.

"I love it when you fuck me hard."

"You just love fucking."

"Uh-huh," she happily agreed. "You know we're committing a crime, right?"

"Adultery. Sure. As if anyone other than your husband cares." I got her to shut up by kissing her. She hated and loved it when I kissed her because she wanted to save something for her husband. It was a reasonable request considering that I'd cum in her pussy, mouth, and ass over the years. I should have been able to uphold her wish not to kiss her, or at least not to kiss her and push my tongue into her mouth.

I put my tongue so deeply into her mouth I thought I might choke her.

I couldn't kiss her forever. When she finally broke the kiss, she said, "I like committing crimes with you."

"You're a twisted woman. I like that."

She closed her eyes and focused on what I was doing to her lovely pussy. "Uh-huh. Umm. Yeah. You should have ridges installed in your cock. I'd love that."

Paige had often talked about her husband's cock, but only when we fucked. I wasn't sure if she got off on the cheating or got off on comparing cocks. I was positive I wasn't the only man that she was fucking other than her husband, but he was the only one that she compared me to.

"I'm not changing myself for you."

"If you loved me you would."

I didn’t say anything to that. I was too close. I wasn’t in love with her. I wasn’t sure I was capable of loving anyone. Fucking, sure. Loving? I had no idea. She wrapped her legs around me and locked her ankles. I was able to hold off long enough to get her to peak one more time before I let loose my load into her.

Sex with Paige was always good.

I didn’t remember falling asleep. Then again, who does remember falling asleep?

Chapter Three

It was Isla that woke me up when she came into my bedroom. Just the opening of the door was enough to disturb me. I'm not a particularly heavy sleeper, but when the person next to me snores—like Paige did—I wake very easily.

"I wanted to make sure I got my injection this morning," Isla apologized.

I groaned as I came awake. "What time it is?"

"Noon," she answered.

Paige groaned as well and rolled away from me. I saw she had a crease on her face from where she was laying gracelessly on the sheet. The sheet itself had slipped down low enough to expose her enhanced and decorated breasts. Isla couldn't help but look at them. I didn't blame her. I couldn't pull my eyes away either.

"Pretty, aren't they?" I asked her.

"Yes sir."

I smirked. That was the power of owning a slave. She would do whatever I wanted. She had to. She was required to.

Apparently that also extended to agreeing with my opinions.

"Right. Noon. You need your shot. Don't worry, I'm sure your tits will get as big as hers once you start lactating."

I started to stand up from the bed, but I was somewhat hampered by my morningwood. No matter. Both Isla and Paige had seen me naked and with a huge cock before. Nothing to be ashamed of…except it's a pain in the ass—well, cock and groin—to walk around with an erection. I'm not huge but I've never had complaints…except from Paige who wanted me to get so-called improvements.

Male genital surgery has come well along in the years, with many men choosing to get a big as possible. I remember the backlash from women complaining that sex hurt because their lovers wanted to have huge cocks.

They were idiots.

The men, not the women.

Isla watched as I got out the kit and set up the injection. This time she was less nervous. “Turn around and give me your ass.” Yes, I’m an emotional child so using the same words as I had previously amused the hell out of me.

She obeyed and I loved that. Just knowing she was willing to do what I wanted made me harder. That got me wondering who I’d use my erection on: Isla or Paige.

The quick hiss from the gun let me know that the injection had gone in and we were well on our way.

“Turn around and squeeze your tits,” I told Isla. “I want to see if you’re making milk yet.”

She did as I asked. Her tits looked the same size and she gamely gave them a few firm squeezes. It was fascinating and arousing to watch, not that I needed more arousal.

There was no milk, however, much to my disappointment.

“I’m sure I haven’t sucked on them enough,” I mused aloud. “Have you been drinking enough water?”

Isla nodded enthusiastically. Her blonde hair was caught up in a ponytail, making the tail bounce along like it had a mind of its own. “Yes, sir. I drank as much as I could yesterday. I was peeing every hour. It was very clear. I could give you the exact volumes if you want.”

I held up my hand. “Ah…no. That’s a little too much information, thank you.” I couldn’t help but smiling at that point. “I would like to suck them just to be sure.”

“Of course, sir.” I liked how she called me sir. I hated it when other servants called me sir, but from her lips, it was music.

Isla stepped close to me and I sat down on the edge of the bed. I rather liked the

way she shoved her tits in my face and placed her hands on my shoulders to brace herself so she wouldn't fall over. I took one delightful nipple in between my lips and started sucking. Just to balance everything out, I placed my hands on her hips with the intention of circling around to cup her ass, but I focused too closely on sucking, tasting for the sweetness of the milk that I wanted, but there was nothing.

Nothing but a few small moans from Isla. So that was nice.

"I suppose I shouldn't complain, but it's annoying to wake up to see my lover with another woman."

I let Isla's nipple slip from my mouth and smiled at my lover. "You were asleep."

"You could have woken me up if you wanted to fuck."

Like I said, Paige always wanted to fuck. "I didn't expect you to spend the night."

She reached out and took my cock in hand. Since I was already hard, she began stroking me right away. I knew exactly what she was doing; she was trying to pull me away from Isla and assert her control over me. It was an entirely unnecessary action because there was no way that Isla would ever have any control over me. She was my slave, not the other way around.

But I still didn't stop Paige. I wasn't going to turn down a handjob, blowjob, or any other sort of job if it involved my cock.

"I wasn't going to."

"And yet here you are. Isn't your husband going to worry about you?" I looked down at her hand and the way my cock's head kept disappearing and reappearing from under her fingers.

"No."

"Uh…why not." I was losing my focus.

"Because he's away and he probably doesn't even know I didn't spend the night in our home."

“But does he know that you’re fucking someone else?”

She didn’t answer that question. Instead she leaned forward and practically consumed my cock. I let her suck me for a minute.

“Shouldn’t you send your slave girl away?” she asked, her eyes flicking over to where Isla stood politely by the bed.

I followed Paige’s gaze to see Isla where she was patiently waiting. She wasn’t staring at us—her eyes were downcast—but she certainly had been watching us. I didn’t know Isla’s sexual history and I didn’t care to, but I knew Paige’s.

“You don’t like fucking in front of other people?” She had been as much a libertine as anyone in her younger years but we had never fucked in front of another person or couple.

She sucked me another moment and then said, “Well, she’s not really a person, is she? She’s just a slave.” Paige’s mouth went back on my cock and I didn’t have the will in me to argue.

Paige came up one more time for air. “Are you really trying to make her tits lactate?”

That got me harder than I could have imagined…and I have an active imagination. That was part of my problem. It might have been my entire problem. I had bought Isla with the intention of having a partner who was compelled to follow my every whim…and a woman who was lactating and more specifically for lactating for me.

I tilted my head to the side and considered Paige’s tits. They were gorgeous, even if they were more than a little over-decorated. Paige regularly cheated on her husband with me and probably with other men. I wouldn’t put it past her to cheat on her husband with other women as well.

Should I have asked her to try out my little kink? Her husband would have found out eventually. Maybe.

“Yes,” I said, coming back to myself. “I’m trying to make her lactate.” I paused as Paige sucked particularly hard on my cock head. “She’s going to lactate. It’s just a matter of…time.” My statement degraded into a long, drawn out moan.

Paige gave me the briefest respite by pausing to ask a question. It was the question I didn't want to hear. "How come you didn't ask me to do it for you?"

"Uhhh." I tried to make it sound like a moan, but she wasn't sucking me and she wasn't even jerking me off. She was just waiting for an answer.

"Well?"

"I was pretty sure you would say no because your husband might have a few questions about why your tits were suddenly making milk."

She gave me her exasperated and skeptical look. I was used to seeing that look. "How often do you think I have sex with my husband?"

I didn't have an answer to that question. I made one up. "Once a week like all good married couples?"

She laughed at me. I didn't blame her.

"The next time James fucks me, it'll be to get me pregnant. I haven't had his cock in me in I don't know how long. He's just keeping me around to give him an heir." She let out a rueful laugh. "He might want to get me pregnant by artificial insemination. I can see him spanking off into a little cup and having some nurse slide his sample up into me when I'm ovulating."

"That sounds romantic." My sarcasm was perfect. At least I thought so.

"I only married him because our families wanted an economic and financial alliance."

This is what the world had developed into: rich families ruling the world through money and money alone. Fuck democracy.

And I was hiding in my little fortress happy at my sizeable but still small fortune.

"He wouldn't be upset if you were fucking someone else?"

"As long as the someone else didn't get me pregnant."

And that was the state of our world as well.

I was hard enough and I was done with conversation. I pushed Paige onto her back and got between her legs. There wasn't a struggle. She wanted to fuck just as much as I did. As always, I slipped easily into her pussy. She was moaning in no time. We had both fucked in front of an audience before; we just hadn't done it together.

I liked fucking in front of Isla. It gave me a feeling of superiority.

Paige moaned lovingly as I rammed her again and again. It was just sex, not even weird and kinky sex—except for our audience of one—but sex didn't need to be bizarre and complicated to be good.

I wasn't sure when she came, but after I did, she had that wonderful blissful expression on her face that told me everything I needed to know. She had cum and cum more than satisfactorily.

When I looked over at Isla, she was smiling happily as well. Why exactly, I couldn't tell, but that didn't matter. A happy slave was preferable to a miserable one.

Rolling off Paige I exhaled a sigh of relief, the sort of sigh that can only be generated after perfectly exhausting sex. My cock flopped wetly on my thigh and I wanted to reach out and feel Paige's pussy, just to check how wet and hot and swollen it was.

"What do you need of me now, sir?" Isla asked me.

I knew I wasn't thinking of her needs—because she was a slave and her needs didn't matter to me—but I loved how it made me feel when she was more concerned about me than herself. "Right now? Nothing." I paused and considered that. Isla didn't have a lot going on in her life other than seeing to my needs and hopefully developing some milk in her tits. Any job I could give her would help her self-esteem.

"Wait. Yeah. I could use your help. Why don't you suck my cock and clean it off?"

"Of course."

A second later she was on the bed with us and had my cock in her mouth. I knew I was going to stay soft for more than a few minutes and her eager sucking in an effort to clean Paige's juices and my cum off was actually painful and uncomfortable. I pushed her away. "Okay, that's good enough."

It wasn't but I wasn't going to suffer just to please a slave. That's not how it worked.

"Come up here," I told her. "We might as well spend some time developing your tits while I take a break from fucking my girlfriend."

"Lover," Paige corrected me.

I looked to her. "You like that term?"

"Better than 'girlfriend'."

I didn't care to continue the conversation, so I turned my head back from my lover and latched onto one of Isla's nipples. I sucked, enjoying the sensation of her flesh in my mouth and the little shiver she gave when I earnestly pulled as much of her into me as possible. It was half sexual and half aggressive. I wanted to remind her that she was my possession.

Since I had closed my eyes I wasn't aware of it when it first happened, but there was a subtle shift to the weight on the bed. I felt Paige move closer. I was intrigued so I opened my eyes.

Paige, apparently bored by my distraction or intrigued by my burgeoning kink, had pressed her face close to mine and was happily sucking on Isla's other tit next to me. Isla was still kneeling over me, but even her small breasts were pliable enough for her to reach in. The look of concentrated bliss on her face was arousing.

But I was more intrigued that my lover was so willing to participate in my kink with my slave. I wasn't judging negatively, I just wished she had said something sooner.

Then again, I hadn't said anything earlier either, so my complaint was without weight.

“I didn’t know you liked sex with women,” I said to Paige.

She let Isla’s nipple slip from her mouth. “Who says I do. I was just curious about what you were doing with her.” She wiped at her lips with her fingertips. “I don’t taste any milk.”

“It’s too soon.”

“Then why are we sucking on her tits?”

“To get it to come in.”

She arched her eyebrows at me. “Not because you like sucking on women’s tits?”

“Well…that too.”

“I kinda liked it as well,” Paige said and gave me a quick peck before pushing Isla away and rolling off the bed.

“Call me when she starts leaking milk like I cow. I want to sample it.”

And that—for the moment—was that.

Chapter Four

I didn’t have to call Paige at all. She came over the next day and then again the next. Both days she watched me hypoinject Isla with the hormone and drug package that was supposed to make her lactate. After we both sucked on Isla’s tits to try to get her milk started, we’d have sex.

I quickly figured out that Paige liked fucking in front of an audience. She would have made a good porn vid performer if she hadn’t been high-born. It was one thing for the upper class to debauch themselves as a slave for a few months, but it was completely unacceptable to do that for posterity.

It was weird, to say the least. Inject. Suck. Fuck. Relax. This was only in the morning, of course. I didn’t know Paige’s schedule nor did I care to get fully involved her in daily life. In the evenings I would fuck Isla however I wanted. My slave seemed to like that. She liked the attention I gave her after she was home all day, even after I had the pump delivered that she was to use on her tits every hour. I was getting impatient for her milk to come in.

I’m a patient man, but I’m only so patient.

Isla was very good in bed. I enjoyed my time with her, but I wanted her milk more than her body. I considered complaining to my agent, but I hadn’t asked for a woman who could lactate and that was my mistake.

The second day after we fucked and I had left my load inside Paige, she had more questions for me.

“Aren’t you worried about getting her pregnant?”

“Fuck no. She’s safe. And I’ve got a whole year’s worth of flush-pluckys paid for her already. No monthly dripping and if she does somehow get knocked up, they’ll vacuum that shit right out of her.”

“You’re so couth, Jayson.”

“When was the last time you had a period, Paige?”

Modern technology was wonderful for women. At least for those who could afford it. Any woman with the money would go to a clinic once a month and get a package of hormones injected while having her uterus cleaned and any stray

pregnancies removed. Most women loved it because it solved many of the problems women faced on a monthly basis.

There are, of course, those weird outliers who think it's unnatural. How natural is it to wear glasses or contacts or to have eye surgery done to prevent near-sightedness?

"It's been a while," she admitted. Her hand went down between her legs. I could hear her fingers busily swimming around in her pussy.

"Are you still horny?"

"Always."

"I can have Isla suck me and get me hard so I can fuck you again. Or you can do it…"

"I have a better idea," Paige said and gave me a kiss. She leaned back on the bed and raised up her knees while spreading her legs, giving the slave that stood naked at the edge of the bed watching us a view of her sex. "Clean me up, girl."

I grinned. I couldn't help it. To watch my slave with my lover seemed a great idea. It was the next real indicator that Paige was much more adventurous than I had ever thought she would be.

Gamely, Isla crawled onto the bed and lowered her face to Paige's pussy. Of its own accord, my cock started to rise. Men were truly meant to watch women having sex with each other. It was only natural, of course.

Paige looked at me lasciviously. She knew exactly what she was doing. I had deposited my cum in her and now my slave was cleaning her sex. It was supposed to be humiliating and a display of dominance on my lover's part.

Both of those worked for me. My cock quickly grew hard. Paige saw my reaction and grabbed my manhood.

"I knew you'd like that," she said as she slowly stroked me up and down.

"You're a slut," I whispered in her ear.

“Always have been. Always will be.”

“Does her tongue please your little clit?”

I could tell that it did. One of the wonderful things about gold dusted women who were aroused: even under terrible lighting, the dust seemed to flash and glitter all the more.

“Uh-huh,” she moaned softly. There was no complaint from Isla; she was a slave and didn’t have a right to complain. “But I want your cock.”

“You always want my cock.”

“Is that wrong?”

In a way, yes. We were committing adultery. Technically a crime, but who was going to actually bring charged.

I let Isla keep going at Paige’s pussy. She was an easy lover and it didn’t take Isla that much work to make her cum again.

“Fuck me again,” Paige begged after she came. “I need your cock.”

That was surely an exaggeration, but I didn’t point it out to her. Instead I pushed aside Isla, slipped my happy cock back into Paige and started fucking her again.

“I can’t wait so share her milk with you,” she whispered in my ear.

That’s all I needed to cum.

The next day was a breakthrough. It was an expected breakthrough, but a breakthrough nevertheless.

Isla’s tits started offering up milk.

It wasn’t a lot, just a little. Enough milliliters that could taste her sweetness and be urged on to taste even more. I kept Paige away for a couple of days, claiming exhaustion. She was miffed but I didn’t care. I continued the hypoinjection on Isla and soon she had a full supply of milk.

Her tits swelled; they didn’t become huge, but the results were flattering to her body.

The milk was always there on my demand whenever I sucked. She seemed to enjoy it as well.

I fucked her well and good. She needed it. I needed it. There was nothing like fucking a woman while sucking her milk at the same time. It was what every man should want. I did.

It was as if everything was perfect.

And then Paige reinserted herself into my life.

I found the two of them together in bed. That wasn’t a surprise, and I sort of had been expecting it. Isla was always in my apartment. Paige had full access to my home. I wasn’t sure if Paige was staging it for me, waiting until I walked into my apartment after being gone most of the day, or if she had fallen under Isla’s milky spell.

They were naked in bed with each other, the sheet drawn up to their hips, both on their sides. Paige’s golden skin was shimmering in the carefully tuned lighting she had created in my bedroom, which sort of pissed me off but I had another distraction at the moment. The distraction was the two of them having sex without me.

Technically they weren’t having sex. Paige was simply sucking on Isla’s tits, drawing out her milk and swallowing it. I couldn’t blame her. I had spent the night sucking on Isla’s tits, drinking her milk as well. It’s addictive. And tasty. Can’t forget tasty.

She saw me watching them and made sure to luxuriously suckle on Isla’s breast for another long moment before stopping. She looked at me innocently--or at least as innocently as Paige could muster considering who she was.

“Is something the matter?”

“You’re using my slave and stealing her milk,” I pointed out as she went back to

nursing.

She paused for half a second. “It’s delicious. Would you like to watch me fuck her?”

The answer to that was obvious. “Yes. But I’d rather fuck her instead.”

Paige slurped noisily at Isla’s swollen breast. Or previously swollen. They had grown remarkably once her milk had come in. She wasn’t as large as Paige--her of the perfect tits that were man-made and medically enhanced--but they were much more impressive than her previously nearly flat mounds. But as I eyed them, I realized that Paige must have emptied her completely because they did not have their new-found swell.

“How about we both fuck her?” Paige offered.

I was fine with that. I stripped down while Paige slipped a finger up into Isla’s pussy, just checking to make sure that she was wet and ready for me.

I’ll happily admit that my cock was already hard because watching the two of them together was all it took to get me in a fully turgid state. As I approached the bed, Paige frowned and wiggled her hand between Isla’s legs. “She’s not ready for you,” Paige reported.

If there’s anything I hated, it was a dry, unready pussy. “Why not?” I demanded, playing along with her game as I approached the bed.

“I think I sucked all the moisture out of her.” Paige squeezed one of Isla’s tits. No milk came out, not surprisingly. “Why don’t I just go down on her and get her nice and ready for you?”

Before I could object or speak up in support of her idea, Paige had slithered down Isla’s body and placed her face in the slave’s pussy. I hadn’t expected that, but I liked it. The sheets had slipped from their bodies and I admired the contrast of Isla’s pale, slightly freckled skin to that of Paige’s glowing and golden skin. The fact that my lover was eating my slave’s pussy was just a bonus on top of that. Seeing that the only pussy available for use was Paige’s I decided to make the most of the situation and fuck her first. Moving around to the bottom of the bed, I started to kneel on the mattress behind Paige’s upturned ass, when I paused.

“What’s this?” I asked running my finger up from her pussy to finger her anus. Or rather, I tried to finger her anus, but was blocked by a bright green gem over the exit to her alimentary canal. It was a rather pretty adornment in contrast to the odd light brown pucker that was normally there.

“Just a little decoration,” she said, lifting her head from Isla’s pussy. “So you know where I want to be used today.”

I’d never seen my lover with a plug up her ass before. I wasn’t sure if she wanted me to pull it out and fuck her there--something she had requested on more than one occasion--or if she wanted me to fuck her pussy. She moaned when I started to pull it out so I figured she wanted it to remain in place. Easy enough.

Unlike Isla’s pussy, I slid into Paige without any difficulty. Then again, I hadn’t touched Isla’s pussy, so maybe Paige was lying to me because she wanted to eat Isla’s pussy while I fucked her. I didn’t mind, I was just curious.

What I did mind was Paige drinking all of my slave’s milk.

Since Paige’s pussy was so wet and eager, it made me wonder if she had Isla go down on her and make her cum before I showed up. Anything was possible.

Still, it was pretty to watch Paige eat pussy while I fucked her pussy.

Isla moaned prettily. Paige had trouble concentrating on her act of cunnilingus while I fucked her. I considered making Paige cum a few times and then expending my load in Isla, but that seemed a lot of work. Instead, I just kept fucking Paige, making her cum once, before I spanked her ass a few time--because the gold dusting it took a lot of effort to make it pink up, but I spanked her just for the thrill of seeing her flesh shake--and then dumped my load into her.

She seemed to like it.

“I thought you were going to fuck Isla while I watched,” said Isla.

“One pussy is as good as another.”

“Crude.”

“I do what I can,” said as I pulled my softening cock from her pussy and then collapsed on the bed next to them. I was curious to see if Paige was interested in making my slave cum. How many times had one of the elite make a slave cum in that way? Probably more than I wanted to know, but it seemed so humiliating for Paige.

I pulled my slave over to me and experimentally squeezed her breasts before sucking on them. As I expected, they were completely empty, much to my disappointment. Isla couldn’t meet my gaze. I figured she was ashamed, but it wasn’t her fault. It was in her nature as a slave to do what an elite asked of her. If Paige wanted to fuck her, she had to fuck. If Paige wanted to beat her ass, she wouldn’t be able to sit down for a week. If Paige wanted to suck her milk, she would offer up her breasts and lay there until she was dry.

Which was exactly what she had done.

Paige was still down between Isla’s legs, giving her an idle lick and circling her clit with her finger while I played with the slave’s tits. I didn’t know what her ploy was. There had been a few occasions with Paige when I had bound her to the bed and made her cum again and again until she was screaming and crying from exhaustion. I didn’t want to make Isla cum and cum and cum. I wanted her milk.

She was my slave and I deserved her milk.

I watched a little more as Paige continued to eat Isla’s pussy. She wouldn’t be denied. Eventually my slave had a nice orgasm that seemed to satisfy them both. When the blonde creature was done cumming, Paige slithered up her body to look across Isla’s temporarily deflated tits at me.

“I bet you want more milk, don’t you?”

I looked askance at her. “Why would you think that?”

“Because I stole your milk from her.”

“You’re very insightful.” I let the sarcasm drip from my lips like a poison.

“What if you could have twice as much milk than you’re getting now?”

“Her milk is still coming in. She’s not fully developed yet.” I liked talking about Isla like she wasn’t there; I liked her as an object.

“Don’t play games with me. I’m ready to start the hypoinjections.”

I looked at her blankly. “What are you talking about?”

“I want to make milk for you.” She put her hands under her tits and offered them to me. They were still golden and ruby-flecked and I still wanted them, but I couldn’t imagine milk coming out of them.

“That’s an extraordinarily bad idea. Your husband? The danger?”

Her eyes shined with anticipation. “That’s what makes it more exciting!”

I knew I was in trouble.

To be continued.

Preview

Milk and Honey 3

I told Seth everything about Joe, not that there was much more to tell. We had moved past even the concept of our marriage being completely monogamous and into the wide-open field of permissible infidelity. I wouldn't have been the least bit surprised if Seth came home from work the next day and told me he had fucked a random stranger.

I would have asked for details.

"Are you going to fuck him?" was Seth's only real question.

Of course I had already considered that possibility. And of course I had already made the decision that, given the opportunity, I was going to fuck him. But it was one thing to make that mental decision, another to actually do it, and finally it was something else entirely to admit it to my husband.

"Probably," I admitted. "I mean…I'm not going to call him right now and invite him over for a friendly fuck, but I know that I'm going to try to secretly engineer things so that we wind up being in a position so that we can…" I was starting to babble. "Are you okay with that?"

"Why don't you call him up and invite him over?" asked Seth. "I'm fine with that…as long as I can watch."

That made me wonder if Seth just wanted to watch and record or participate as well.

"I'm not inviting him over because we just had sex, I'm tired, and we have two kids sleeping on the other side of the house."

We both knew they weren't sleeping. We both knew that they were either pretending to sleep, playing on electronics, or doing something else parents don't want to think about their kids doing. Even so, I wasn't going to invite a strange man over to fuck behind closed doors because it would cause too many questions.

If we didn’t have kids however…

Seth slipped back in bed next to me. It felt good to have his naked skin next to mine. “You can go ahead and fuck him,” Seth offered.

“Really?”

“If it’s going to happen…”

“But you want to watch.”

“Would he be okay if I recorded it?”

I didn’t know. But I could find out. There was one easy way to do that, but I wasn’t going to do it over the phone. I knew how to control Joe. Maybe it was dishonest or manipulative, but I knew what I wanted in life and Joe just might have to go along with that.

My tits ached enough the next morning that I insisted Seth nurse from me for a few minutes before we got out of bed. It wasn’t much, but it relieved me from the achy pain. I didn’t remember the exact process my body went through when I was breastfeeding my kids, but this wasn’t the same. There was definite pleasure from Seth’s nursing on me. It didn’t get me off, but we didn’t have time for that. He just sucked long enough to take away the pressure.

“Very sweet.”

I wasn’t expecting that from Seth. “Aren’t I supposed to say that to you for helping me out?”

“I was just telling you that your milk is sweet. Not as good as coffee to get me going in the morning, but it’s not a bad way to start the day.

I didn’t wear my snake bites to work that day. I didn’t need them. I didn’t need extra aching in my tits that day.

And of course I looked forward to seeing Joe and was crushed when I realized his internship didn’t have him in the office that day.

FUCK!

All day I was aware of the milk my tits were making. Maybe I was being overly sensitive and hyperaware, but I knew what was going on so I couldn't stop thinking about it.

In the late afternoon I couldn't stand it anymore and went to the bathroom to take off my bra. I hefted my tits and realized that they were much fuller than I had expected. They were swollen and that's why the ache wouldn't go away. I had no way of getting rid of the excess milk. Well, no other way other than the old-fashioned way.

And me without a horny college boy or husband around.

While I was reasonably well-endowed in the chest department, I wasn't large or limber enough to suck on my own tits, and I wasn't going to do that either. I have my limits to my kink.

I meant the other old-fashioned way.

Back when I was breast feeding, my youngest was fussy and wouldn't want to work a little to get things flowing so I had to massage myself to release the milk. Those old skills kicked in easily enough and a minute after I started my hand massage to express myself, I was in business.

The women's bathroom at the office was private so I could stand topless in front of the sink and spray my milk into the basin. It wasn't the best solution because I couldn't stop thinking about what a waste all that precious and hard-won milk down the drain was, but that's the way things were. I was in a steady rhythm, when I realized I could get something out of this little exercise. It took me just a minute to set up my phone and get things ready, but soon enough I had my phone recording me massaging my tits and spraying the milk all over the place (okay, actually into the sink, but anything that missed I later wiped up).

It was silly, but I liked it. After I was done the only thing I had to consider was who to send the video to: Seth, who'd post it to the porn website, or Joe who'd probably beat off to it.

Or both.

Naturally I sent the video to both of them, but I didn't let the other one know I had sent it to them both. I wasn't trying to stir up trouble; I just wasn't thinking about what the hell I was doing.

Joe got back to me first.

Holy shit! Is that you?

The way I had shot the video just showed me from the chin down. It could have been any woman squeezing her tits in the bathroom of my office.

Of course it's me. Do you think I would send out random videos of women expressing themselves?

His reply: Maybe. I know a guy who sends dick pics he pulled off the internet. Pretends it's his.

Me: That's fucking stupid.

Him: Yeah.

Joe's conversational skills via text weren't great. I mean, if some woman actually goes to bed with your friend, she's going to be disappointed.

Joe: Or relieved.

Me: Or maybe he never gets to bed them.

Joe: I didn't know it came out in a whole bunch of streams.

It took me a moment to understand that he had switched back to the original topic. Yeah. There's not just one hole. There's a bunch of them.

Seth: Can I post this on the site?

Seth's message actually interrupted our conversation. It popped up on my phone as a separate conversation, but the sudden non sequitur threw off my rhythm.

Me, to Seth: Sure. My face isn't on it. What does it matter?

Joe: Heh. One hole. One hole to rule them all.

Seth: Want to shoot it again and show your face.

Me, to them both in separate windows: No.

To Seth: Just post the one I gave you. That seemed an entirely stupid way to give permission for my husband's growing voyeur and porn-posting fetish, but I was beyond carrying

To Joe: That's vile.

Joe: Sorry. I thought it was funny.

Seth: You got it.

Me, to Joe: It was funny. Want to see them up close in action?

Joe: YES!

Me: Be ready tomorrow.

I was exhausted.

The thing about lactation is you forget how necessary it is to keep doing it all the time. With a baby around, it's easy because they're always hungry and there's a relief method. Having been induced to relactate, I was now a slave to my tits and the schedule that I had inadvertently created with my husband and the snake bites and Joe. Other than getting one of those three to do something for me, I would have to get out the breast pump that I had ordered from Amazon.

I wasn't a big fan of breast pumps in general, having sporadically used one years before, and I wasn't going to get out the one I had already purchased, hoping that maybe I could just send it back. I didn't necessarily want to be dripping milk all the time—though that's not how it worked—because I wasn't the outlet for someone else's lactation kink. I was the one who liked making milk and getting sucked on. I couldn't force others to help me, but apparently I was going to get plenty of help from Seth and Joe.

Seth was happy to suckle from me that night. We didn't even have to get the

camera out and record because, as he put it, “I want to get something original. And I want to do it out in the front of the world.” That was a bit of an exaggeration, but I knew what he meant.

I still managed to get off while he nursed from me. Admittedly, I had to use my trusty finger to help me along, but I was fine with that. So was Seth. Apparently masturbating in front of my husband was an acceptable sexual outlet. Plus he probably liked watching. The quick fuck that followed wasn’t disappointing; it was just…plain.

The next morning I woke up with my breasts hard and all but screaming in pain. It wasn’t exactly passing out pain, but it was more than I wanted to deal with in the morning. Shoving my tits in Seth’s face and ordering him to drink my milk was an easy choice on my part. Seth didn’t argue. He was into pleasing me more than I would have thought; before I could push my hand down between my legs his fingers were in my pussy, finding my wet slit and teasing out my throbbing clit.

Opening up to him was easy. I wanted to be nursed and I wanted to be fingered and—as things developed—I wanted to be fucked.

The fuck was quick and efficient. Seth first got me off by fingering me and then I rolled on top of him and rode him, with my tits in his face sucking all the while, until he came, depositing a big load into my pussy.

I almost wanted to skip showering that morning because I wanted his scent and his cum to be on me all day. I wanted to see what Joe’s reaction would be when he found my pussy full of my husband’s cum. I knew it didn’t work like that, but a girl could have her fantasies, couldn’t she?

“Are you going to fuck him today?” Seth asked as I got off him and headed to the bathroom.

“Maybe,” I hedged.

He followed me into the bathroom as I turned on the shower. “What’s stopping you?”

“Don’t you want to watch the first time your wife fucks another man?” I was about to step into the water when Seth grabbed my arm, stopping me.

“You’d let me do that?”

I kissed him on the lips and pried his fingers off my arm. “Of course I would. I love you.”

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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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