
An Adult Lactation Relationship Erotic Story
JAYSEN: MILK SLAVE 2
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Elliot Silvestri

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

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Chapter One

“I’m not going to do it,” I told her flatly. “It’s not going to happen.”

Disappointed, Paige dropped her tits back down from the height she had been cupping them and pouted. That was when I realized I was in real trouble because Paige wasn’t the sort of woman to pout. She was playing a game and she was going to get her way whether I wanted to play or not.

She turned her face partly away and looked at me from the corners of her eyes. “I thought you liked Isla’s milk. Isn’t that why you bought a slave? To have your own ready supply of milk whenever you wanted it?”

That was one of the reasons, but I wasn’t going to tell Paige that. I gave her the more obvious reason. “I wanted a slave, so I bought a slave. Easy access to sex. And she doesn’t complain or object like some women I know.”

Paige ignored the insult. “I doubt that’s the only reason.”

“Yeah, but the primary reason I’m not going to help you lactate is because it will surely fuck up your relationship with your husband. And that’s the best-case scenario.”

“I barely have a relationship with my husband. It’s been…I don’t know how long since he fucked me. He only married me for a financial alliance between our families, you know.”

“I know. You’ve told me a hundred times. I know.”

“And you don’t have any trouble fucking me.”

“Sex is one thing,” I said. “Participating in kink like lactation…that’s something else.”

“What if you get me pregnant.”

“That’s not going to happen, and you know it. You love going to have your flushy-plucky done. You’ve told me. Again, a hundred times.”

“I just don’t like getting my period. Monthly cycles are such a hassle. James is going to impregnate me soon enough. It’s a matter of timing…” She looked

unsure of herself, but I didn't bother to press that issue.

"So can we agree that we're not going to do anything stupid?"

I know she didn't like the way I phrased that question, but I wasn't going to risk my life and hers over something so stupid that I was already getting from Isla's tits.

Paige looked away from me. "Sure. We can do that."

It was Isla who spoke next. She spoke rarely because she knew her role as a slave. She knew it well because she didn't want a rift to form between us.

I'll be the first to admit that I had a certain deep affection—you might even call it love—for Paige. But I'd never admit it to her or out loud to anyone.

"Would you like to fuck me, sir?" Isla asked me. "Or have some more of my milk?" She was seeking to make peace between Paige and me. I couldn't blame her. She had no power and if there were problems with me or between me and Paige, there were problems for Isla that she could do precious little about.

I angrily grabbed my cock. "I'm soft. I'm fucked out. Your tits are empty." I rolled off the bed and headed to the bathroom for a shower. "I'm done for the night."

Right before I slid the door shut behind me, I glanced back into the bedroom. There were two beautiful women on my bed. A blonde lactating slave and a raven-haired goddess currently cheating on her husband. It was a fantasy come true for any man. I walked away from it.

By the time I got down showering, Paige was gone. Isla had cleaned the bedroom—not her job but she did it anyway because she wanted to keep me happy.

"Did she say anything to you before she left?"

"No sir."

"Figures."

“What would you have me do?”

Isla stood up before me. Her pale body was perfect. Or nearly perfect, I could overlook the minor flaws because I didn’t want artificial perfection. I was willing to live with flaws. Breasts small but full, a little deflated now that her milk had been drawn out by Paige. Her body was completely hairless because that’s the way I wanted it. I could just see her pouting lips protruding ever so slightly from her pussy in the tiny gap between her thighs. Her blonde hair was bed-messy but still hung halfway down her back. A fantasy come to life and my cock wouldn’t even stir at the moment.

“Nothing,” I said as I continued to look her body up and down. I felt no lust for her just then. I wanted to, but I was too angry. “Tomorrow we’ll go out. Get you some clothes. We’ll be a couple.”

She nodded in agreement.

Braking with my tradition of never seeing the light of day before noon, Isla and I got out of bed and my apartment before that extremely early hour. She was wearing a form-fitting dress that hid nothing of her body. Maybe it made her look like a tawdry woman or a prostitute, but I didn’t care. She was my legal slave and I’d display her however I wanted. As long as I wasn’t cited for breaking any indecency laws, I wasn’t concerned.

We went shopping. I bought her clothes and lingerie that had little chance of being used even for decoration, let along being seen by anyone other than myself. We ate at a fashionable restaurant. I could tell Isla was uncomfortable; where we were was well above her station, but she was my slave and performed admirable. I liked the looks she garnered from men and women alike. Some were jealous. Some were aroused. Some were disgusted. I relished them all. Isla withered under the attention.

I was sorely tempted to pull up her dress and fuck her in the middle of the restaurant, but my power and influence didn’t go that far.

I called her out on her discomfort.

“I’d rather be alone with you,” she said, self-consciously adjusting her dress.

“We’ll fuck when we get home.”

“Of course.” She pulled at her dress more and only then did it occur to me that her tits must be full of milk. I had kept up the hypoinjection schedule even though her milk was flowing. That was the advice from the med tech and I wasn’t going to vary from it. I valued her milk too much.

“Tits full?” I asked, lowering my voice only slightly.

For the first time she I had bought her, I saw Isla blush. She was human and could suffer embarrassment. Not alone with me, but out in the public. It made me wonder about her life before she became a slave.

“Yes,” she admitted.

“We could go to the restroom together. I’d be happy to suck them dry.” I grinned at her.

Isla was having none of it. “Not in a bathroom,” she dismissed. “That’s disgusting.”

She was right. I paid the check and called for an autocab. I wasn’t the sort of arrogant asshole who had to own a private vehicle that had to be manually piloted. Once the autocar appeared I was somewhat relieved to see that it didn’t have a human pilot. Not many did, but computer controlled were cheaper—and usually better. Only über-rich pricks liked to have chauffeured cars so show off their money even more.

I tossed the bags into the autocab, admired Isla’s ass as she climbed in and the door was barely closed before I was pulling down the top of her dress. She wore a bra underneath. Strictly speaking, she didn’t need it—her tits weren’t that large—but she was worried about leaking and the bra held the modesty pads in place. Once I had the bra pushed out of the way, I latched my mouth onto her fat nipple and started sucking happily.

Her milk let down immediately and I had to focus on sucking and swallowing as quickly as I could. She pressed both of the pads to her other breast. She was leaking and there was no effective way to stop the milk. I could have pinched the nipple to stem the flow, but that would be painful and I wanted to pleasure her at the moment.

The windows to the autocab were tinted but weren't blacked out. Anyone with an intense interest—or the right snooping equipment—could have spied upon us. It was the middle of the day, but who would think to look. When I was a teenager we would rent autocabs or borrow self-drivers from friends and family, and have them drive around the city while we fucked and performed all sorts of lewd acts on one another. But that was at night. And we were stupid teenagers. And we half wanted to be caught and half wanted to show off.

Even with the right, I didn't fully care now that I was an adult and it was the middle of the day. I shoved my hand up Isla's short skirt and found her bare pussy. She wasn't wearing any panties. She didn't have a need for them and I told her to leave them off before we went on our excursion. Since she was a good slave, she obeyed.

I had been sucking on her tits for a minute and that was long enough to get her pussy wet with little effort. A pair of my fingers slipped up into her and she moaned as I rubbed her engorged little clit with my thumb.

She was mine and I could do to her whatever I wanted. I got a huge thrill from that. Being a slave was a good life for her because she was the sort of person who enjoyed being used for other's pleasure. If her family had been rich, she would have been a renown slut, popular in bed with men and women alike, but that wasn't her destiny.

The autocab ride home wasn't very long, but I wasn't in the mood to deny myself the pleasure that I wanted. When her tits were half empty I shoved up her skirt, fully exposing her pussy and ass. She spread her legs as she leaned back against the semi-reclined seat of the autocab. I opened up my pants and got out my cock.

The posted rules in the autocab—and in the short-term contract agreed by my hiring the autocab—strictly forbade sexual relations in the cab. I ignored the rules. I could afford to pay their penalty. The pleasant hum of the autocab along with its motion made penetrating Isla in the large passenger compartment that much more fun.

A warning bleeped at us. There were cameras and sensors to look for illegal activity. I ignored the warnings. I wasn't sure if Isla was so far gone that she didn't hear them or if she—like me—didn't care.

We were fucking at full speed when the autocab arrived in the basement garage of my apartment building. The doors automatically popped open waiting for us to exit. I was close. I wasn't going to stop just because the obnoxious autocab already had another appointment. I was going to finish fucking my lactating slave and only then would I leave.

There were sounds from the garage. I ignored them. Isla moaned prettily and then in a panicked tone. I ignored her as well. Or rather, I used the noise she was making to help get me over the edge to where I wanted to be.

Isla was pushing and hitting at me as I came. I didn't mind. A little rough, illegal sex was always better than perfectly timed and efficient sex in the privacy of my bedroom. I came. I wasn't sure if Isla came, but that wasn't important.

"Fuck that was good," I told her as I pulled out. We had left an unsightly and probably unsanitary wet spot on the upholstery of the autocab. It would be a minor cleaning charge; one I was happy to pay for.

"I hope it was. That sort of illegal display isn't one you want to be known for." I turned my head as I tucked my cock back into my pants and Isla unsuccessfully tried to pull her dress back into position. I was annoyed that my sex-filled autocab ride ended with the judgmental tones of my lover.

"What the hell are you doing in my building's garage, Paige?" I asked as I exited the autocab. A moment later Isla followed me, still putting her clothing back into place.

"I have the fortune of good timing. I'm here to see you, of course. Why else would I be in this sleazy sector of the city?"

There were two other apartment buildings in the city more exclusive and expensive than mine. Paige was being a bitch.

"What do you want?" I asked as I headed to the elevator. Paige followed, naturally. Isla brought up the rear. She was a good slave that way.

"What do I always want?" she asked me. Her overconfidence was always charming…but not now. Now it was annoying.

"Go online. Rent an escort. I think we're done."

“Done?”

We paused at the elevator and waited for the doors to open. “Done,” I repeated for her benefit. “You have too many problems for me.”

Paige was suitably annoyed. Pissed off even. “You can’t be serious. We’ve got a three-year relationship here. You can’t throw that away now.”

The elevator doors opened and I walked in followed by Isla, who remained silent. “I’m not throwing anything away. If you want sex, got pick up some random prick and get fucked.”

The doors started to close and her face briefly turned to a mask of anger. Just before the doors were about to close she lithely slipped between them, trapping Isla and me in the small space with her.

Her actions had pissed me off. “What the fuck are you doing?” I demanded.

“This.” She went down onto her knees in front of me and yanked down the zipper to my pants. That was made easier by the fact that I hadn’t gotten it fully up after fucking Isla in the autocab. I didn’t exactly resist when she pulled out my cock and started sucking away.

All her efforts were for naught. I had literally just fucked Isla and I’m not superhuman. I could get it back up again, but not in an elevator two minutes after cumming. I needed a little bit of recovery time. Still, it was nice of Paige to clean my cum and Isla’s juices from my cock. Very polite.

The doors to the elevator slid open when we arrived at my floor. It would take more than a minute to get me fully hard even under the best of circumstances. I gently pushed Paige away.

“Thanks but no thanks,” I said to her and did my best to deftly slip around her and out of the elevator.

She followed, of course. The door to my apartment was only a few steps away. I stopped at the door and glared at her. “Not now, Paige. Not ever again.” I pressed my thumb to the reader. My door slipped open and Isla and I went inside. The door closed and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Turning to Isla I said, “Why don’t you take off your clothes and I’ll properly drain your tits.”

She was a slave and was supposed to maintain her composure at all times, but when I spoke those words to her, she smiled demurely and nodded. Just as she started to wiggle out of her skin-tight dress the apartment door opened.

I groaned and turned back to the door. Paige lifted her finger from the reader and stepped inside. I had forgotten she had access privileges. She stepped inside and let the door close behind her. Glancing at Isla who had her dress off but was still in her bra with no panties.

“Sex? Well sure, why not?” she asked and started taking off her clothes.

I should have ordered her out.

I should have pushed her out the door.

I should have called building security and had them remove her.

I should have called the municipal police and had her arrested for trespassing.

There were only two problems. First, any public incident would cause just as many problems for me as it did her. Second, my cock was getting hard.

Beyond the obvious there was a good reason my cock was getting hard. Two beautiful women more than willing to have sex with me wasn’t enough to get my cock hard under the circumstances. In addition to being gold dusted and having the ruby chip implanted in her tits, Paige had one more modification that I tried not to think about. She hadn’t even told her husband about it.

That was because only sex workers—prostitutes and escorts and professional seductresses—were the people to get pheromone emitters implanted in the skin around her pussy and in her armpits. They were invisible to the naked eye, but not the naked nose. I couldn’t help myself around her. If she wanted to fuck, then I’d get hard and we’d fuck. Normally that was fun, but not now.

The pheromones even worked on women, but to a lesser extent. Anyway, what was Isla going to do, say no to sex? She was a sex slave.

The pheromone emitters worked through clothes but worked better without them. By the time she was naked, I was hard. Paige noted the bulge in my pants and was happy to go down on her knees in front of me again. Turning her head she looked at Isla. “Why don’t you help me?”

Isla complied. She was happy to comply. Since I didn’t object, she was happy to assist Paige in giving me a blowjob. I was helpless to resist when one was sucking my cock and the other was sucking my balls. I leaned back against the wall and let her have me.

The blowjob was exquisite. In short order Paige had me right on the edge.

And then she stopped.

“I don’t want to waste your load in my mouth, tasty as it might be.”

I groaned in frustration. “The bed?”

Paige got off the floor. “And my pussy.”

A minute later the three of us were in the bedroom. I was struggling out of my clothes, working around my rather impressive erection, while Paige sprawled on her back, legs wide open, as Isla licked her pussy. I could see my cum slowly leaking from Isla’s pussy. I’m sure Paige was already wet. She got wet when she released her pheromones, but those pheromones were working on Isla as well so it was only natural that my sex slave wanted to eat Paige’s pussy.

I roughly shoved Isla aside and replaced her tongue with my cock in Paige’s pussy. I spared Isla a quick glance. She was watching us intently—the pheromones had hit her harder than I expected—with her hand tucked between her legs. The sounds of her jilling off reached my ears. The wetness that was streaming from her pussy almost rivaled the milk leaking from her tits. Isla had progressed to the point where sexual arousal forced her milk to let down. That was perfect.

I helplessly fucked Paige while watching Isla masturbate and lactate. It would have been wonderful if I hadn’t been forced into doing it.

Oh hells, who am I lying to? Myself? It was still wonderful even when I was being forced into it.

The sex was only okay. There's a limited enjoyed to sex under chemical compulsion. I got Paige to cum twice before my body was ready to release another load of semen. I buried it deep into her pussy. Not that that meant anything.

I rolled off her with a resigned groan. The only solace I took was that the pheromones wouldn't last forever. I could feel the compulsion coming to an end.

"Mind if I play with your slave a little more?"

That was Paige. Always needing more sex.

"Sure. Why not. I'm fucked out anyway." And I was fucked to boot as well.

Still, human nature was human nature. I had to watch the two women in my life as they had sex with each other.

Paige pulled Isla on top of her and kissed her for a bit. To my surprise she then pulled Isla up a bit and went for her tits.

"They're mostly empty," I told her, but Paige didn't care and continued sucking. Isla's free breast dangled over Paige's body. It only took a few seconds for it to slowly start dripping milk.

"You're wasting it," I unnecessarily pointed out. I rather liked it when Isla leaked on me. Maybe Paige liked it as well.

"Why don't you join me then?" Paige asked between heavy slurps from Isla's breast.

I watched another minute. Paige knew I was helpless to resist. I joined them, Isla over Paige and the two of us sucking greedily at her tits.

As always, my slave loved it. The milk was pure and sweet; it flowed easily from Isla's tits like she had been born or designed to be a lactation slave. It was perfect.

Eventually her tits gave out. Even a perfect lactation slave had a limited amount of milk that could be drawn out at once. When she went dry I rolled away.

“Did you cum yet?” I asked Isla.

Her eyes were unfocused. They had that lovely glazed look that said she was near the height of ecstasy. “Uh-huh,” she acknowledged. “Just a couple of little ones.”

“Good,” said Paige, pushing my slave away from her. “My pussy needs more attention. Go down on me. Clean me. Make me cum.”

I grimaced at Paige’s sudden domination of my slave, but I didn’t voice my objections. This was all play and fun. It wasn’t like I wouldn’t have asked either of them to do exactly what they were doing. I just didn’t like it that Paige had used her pheromones on the two of us.

Isla played along, going down on my sometime lover. She showed excellent cunnilingus skills and brought Paige to two climaxes in short order.

That was enough for the moment.

“Are you going to leave now?” I asked Paige. “Did you get what you wanted?”

“You don’t want me here?” she asked innocently.

“You bring too many problems, too many headaches.”

“I’ll leave if you do two things for me.”

I sighed. “What?”

“First, a kiss.”

That was easy enough. If I could get rid of her that easily, I was happy to do it. I kissed her and right away I realized it was a mistake. She didn’t want just a peck on the lips, that I was prepared for. What she wanted was a deep soul kiss and I complied willingly. Only after a second of her tongue in my mouth did I taste the tartness of her kiss. I pulled back and started to spit, but it was already too late.

“Really?” I asked. “Was that necessary?”

Paige smiled. “You’re going to get hard in a minute,” she said, glancing at my

cock. It was soft, but I could feel the blood rushing into it. “I want you to fuck me one last time.”

“I don’t have any cum left,” I told her.

She managed to make that seem like surprise news to her. “Really? Well then, why don’t you suck on my tits. You and Isla. I want you to make me cum again.”

“And you’re going to leave me with a hard dick after that?” I glanced down at my manhood. In response to the chemical present Paige had given me, I was already impressively hard. It was part of the pheromone package that attracted men and women to her.

“You have a sex slave. I’m sure you’ll work something out.”

Just the words of her asking was enough to make me want to obey. That was another wonderful effect of the chemical she had put in me. I went to her and latched onto a breast, sucking like it was more exciting than it was. I pressed my cock into the mattress, willing it to go away while knowing that it wouldn’t.

“You too, Isla,” said Paige. “I want both of my breasts adored. And you can finger me as well. I want at least one more cum before I leave.”

I put my hand to her pussy and found myself competing with Isla to pleasure Paige. We were both going after her clit, trying to make her cum. I realized that Paige must have drugged Isla as well. That made me angry. If it fucked up my slave’s lactation I wasn’t sure what I would do, but it wouldn’t turn out well for either Paige or myself.

Paige, the slut that she was, didn’t have any difficulty cumming with two people sucking on her tits and fingering her pussy. She came. I was relieved. She dressed and left.

“I’ll see you later,” she promised me.

That didn’t make me happy.

“She drugged you, didn’t she?” I asked Isla when Paige was gone.

“Yes…I think so. Is that bad. I want to make love to her still…”

“Don’t worry. The effect will wear off in an hour or so. If you orgasm, it’ll fade quicker.”

Isla smiled sadly at me. “Would you like to make me cum, sir?”

I couldn’t say no to my slave. Not when she was in such need.

Chapter Two

The next morning I explained to Isla what had happened between Paige and I and she still didn't understand.

"But…if she drugged you and me with her…

"Pheromones," I helpfully supplied.

"With her pheromones, isn't that the same as sexual assault—rape even—by coercive means?"

Every once in a while Isla showed more intelligence than I normally attributed to her. That was unfair of me, but I wasn't a good person and I didn't know—and I didn't want to know—her background. I just wanted her to be Isla, my sex slave, and nothing more.

I nodded in agreement of her assessment. "Normally it would be, yes, but Paige and I are of the elite. We don't involve police and security in matters like this."

"Police are for the proles," she quoted to me. Paige and I were of the elite and therefore were well above simple folk like her. Only it wasn't that simple.

I winced when she spoke those words. I had said the same thing a thousand times before to denigrate the socioeconomic group that she came from. It hurt to hear it from her lips. "That's true enough," I agreed.

Glancing at my handset I saw Paige's message, that she'd be by my home soon enough, and she expected sex. I wasn't sure if I was upset or excited.

"She's coming, isn't she?"

I nodded again. "I can send you out, if you want. She's going to want to fuck us both."

"I won't leave you," Isla said, showing me more loyalty than I would have given her.

"But you don't want to have sex with her," I said slowly.

"I'll do—and want—whatever you want," said Isla, showing her training had

taken strong hold on her psyche. Under other circumstances that would be a good thing.

“I want to protect you.”

That hurt. I held Isla close and refused to let her go. I was rather proud about myself when I didn’t get hard and try to fuck her.

But that pride withered away when I realized that I was saving myself and my cock for Paige.

Isla answered the door because I made her do it. I sent her to the door alone, naked, and vulnerable because I was a coward.

It was only Paige. It wasn’t like some monster was going to get inside my building without security realizing it.

“It’s nice to be greeted by such beauty when I come to your place,” said Paige as she casually strolled into my living room. I was on the couch staring out the window at the vista that was supposed to be a perfect view of our ultra-modern city. It was a view I had become bored with. I didn’t even spare Paige a glance, but I saw her reflection in the window. She was wearing a yellow dress that was both expensive and demure. Only I knew that she was a tawdry tart, cheap and whorish.

In the poor reflection afforded by the windows I could see Isla standing politely behind her. My beautiful slave stood with eyes downcast, her arms folded behind her back, her full breasts sticking out almost impudently. I could barely see the top edge of the crease that delineated her pussy.

“Are you talking about the cityscape or my slave?” I asked, not caring.

“Neither, I meant you.”

“You’re a terrible liar.”

“True. But let’s do what I came here for.”

“You can get fucked…” I said pausing just long enough to get a reaction from Paige. Her normally pleasant mask only briefly transformed to one of anger before she got control of herself. “…by anyone in the city. You have the money and the beauty. Why me?”

“Why not?” she asked. “You’re pretty and you’re easy.”

I didn’t reply to her. I was waiting for her pheromones to hit me so I wouldn’t have to fully involve myself in whatever sort of sex she wanted.

After an appropriate pause she dug into her purse and pulled out a gun. I gasped and started to panic, but then I recognized what she was actually holding. It wasn’t a gun designed to blow my head off, but in the end the effect was going to be the same.

“Why do you have a hypoinjector?” I asked her. I already knew the answer, but I had to go through the motions.

“Because you’re going to use it on me,” she said.

“Taking up drugs now, are we? Heroin? No, too old school. Euphor suits you better. It’s a classier drug. Cherrybomb isn’t your style.”

“Incorrect all three times,” she told me as she walked around the couch and tossed the hypoinjector in my lap. I could see the cartridge was already loaded. She pulled up the skirt to her dress and showed me her rump. Because Paige was a classy woman, she was wearing a thong underneath her dress; it wouldn’t do to have a member of the elite out in public—even if she was just visiting her lover—without panties on.

“I’m not injecting you,” I told her flatly.

“I’ve already done it three days in a row.” She dropped her skirt back down and twisted her body around while cupping her full breasts. They were hidden by the dress but I was intimately familiar with their size and shape. I knew what she was hiding.

“I’m still not helping you.”

“Do it freely or I’ll make you do it.”

I was staring at her face. I could see her moving her tongue against the inside of her cheek. I wasn't sure of the exact method she used to release her pheromones, but I knew the trigger was in her mouth.

"Then make me do it."

I wasn't going to give her one iota of willingness. She'd have to drag it out of me entirely.

She shrugged. "Your choice." She made a motion with her tongue inside her mouth and then blew me an open-mouthed kiss. I couldn't smell it, but my body reacted to the pheromones. My cock started rising and I could feel an undeniable lust that I needed to slake.

Paige approached me with confidence, leaned forward with confidence, giving me a view down her top, showing me her cleavage, as if I needed such a visual stimulation, and kissed me.

I accepted the tartness of the kiss, knowing what she was doing, and let her drugs hit me hard. While I didn't immediately start clawing at her clothes, I wanted to. When my fingers found the release tab at the top of her dress, she pushed me away. She grabbed the hypoinjector from the couch and pressed it into my hand.

Once more turning away from me, she pulled her dress up, exposing her ass once again. "I'm already on the verge of lactating," she unnecessarily informed me. "Just do it so we can fuck."

I had no resistance to her considerable physical and chemical charms. Pressing the nozzle of the hypoinjector to her firm bottom, I pulled the trigger and took pleasure in her gasp from the sudden injection. I knew it didn't hurt, but I pretended that it did.

She looked over her shoulder at me. "Thank you. Now get your cock out."

While I opened up my pants and got out my already engorged manhood, she shimmied out of her panties, still facing away from me. It felt wonderful when she started to sit down on my cock. Her hand guided me into her wet pussy. Why was she always wet for me?

I slid into her, familiar with her most intimate part. It was like coming home. She wiggled up and down on me for a minute before pausing.

“Isla come over here,” she ordered my slave.

I should have objected, but I didn’t want to. Isla willingly obeyed. There was no way for her to say no. She was a well-trained slave; her conditioning wouldn’t allow her to disobey a direct order and with Paige’s pheromones in the air, she was just as turned on as I was.

The first thing Paige did was kiss Isla, directly passing to my slave the tart chemical that made us her practical sex slaves. “Your tits are perfect,” Paige complimented her, gently squeezing Isla’s tits, massaging them a bit as Isla stood stock-still in front of her. I could just see her milk start to let down and Paige immediately latched on to her breast, sucking the milk noisily.

I was envious. I wanted to taste Isla’s milk as well. She was my slave after all, but my cock was hard and happy inside of Paige’s pussy.

My lover took a quick break from nursing to give me an order. “You’ll have to fuck me,” she said. “I can’t ride you and suck her milk at the same time.”

So I fucked her because I had to. Because I wanted to. Because I didn’t know what was good for me. I held onto Paige’s hips and fucked her like I had fucked her so many times before. I watched and listened as she greedily sucked on Isla’s tits, drinking her milk. The milk that I wanted.

Paige was so fucked up and so eager for milk that she was inducing lactation in herself regardless of the consequences. This was the life of an elite. Sex and debaucher and self-destruction in the face of common sense.

Pressing her face against Isla’s chest, Paige took a quick break from nursing. “I’m not saving any for you,” she told me. “You’re going to suck on my tits and make my milk come in. Isla’s milk is mine now.”

I didn’t object. I wanted to make Paige lactate. A lover and a slave who both lactated was modern heaven. Not that I believed in a god or an afterlife or—worst of all—a heaven.

I fucked her for I don’t know how long. She kept telling me not to cum, so I

didn’t cum. She made sure to suck up all of Isla’s milk before letting me cum. Maybe Paige came while I fucked her, maybe she didn’t. I couldn’t tell any longer. It didn’t matter. Paige wasn’t there for the orgasms. She was there for Isla’s milk. She was there to make me her slave. She was there to lactate herself.

After I emptied my balls into her , Paige leaned back on my body, while I was still seated on the couch, and spread her legs wide. I couldn’t see her face, but I already knew she had a smirk on her face. “My pussy is messy,” she unnecessarily informed Isla. “You need to clean it.”

Isla obeyed. She went down on my lover while Paige was seated on my lap. I could feel Isla moving her tongue all around Paige’s sex, cleaning up my cum and Paige’s copious juices.

I’d be lying if I didn’t say I enjoyed what Paige was doing.

Finally my lover was satisfied with Isla’s effort—or maybe she grew bored. She pushed Isla away and turned around to face me. With a smug grin, she pulled her dress up over her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra or other support. Maybe her dress had a built-in. I don’t know. Paige took a moment to display herself to me before pressing her tits in my face.

As always, I was helpless to resist. My mouth found a nipple and I started sucking.

Unlike Isla, there was no milk. I sucked for a few minutes and there was still no milk. Paige wasn’t lactating yet, but beyond the drug package I had injected her with, the only other way to induce lactation was the old-fashioned way, by sucking. I was willing to do that.

It would be a lie to say that Paige didn’t orgasm while I sucked on her. I would have thought that much oral attention to her nipples would be painful. Maybe it was, but Paige either liked the pain or pushed through it. But she didn’t want attention just on her nipples; she made Isla lay between her legs while still straddling me, and use her tongue on her pussy.

When I was done, she was nearly exhausted from the multiple orgasms we had given her.

I was exhausted and so was Isla.

Paige put on her clothes and left.

I knew she was coming back.

I hated myself, but I was looking forward to it.

Chapter Three

I never really had that feeling of being trapped in a situation and lacked the ability to escape. That comes from being from the elite, the über-rich, the top echelon of society that had no restrictions on what we do and want to do.

And then I bought a slave and had my lover want to lactate for me alongside my slave. Only Paige could create such a situation and I was trapped. I couldn't kick her out of my life because it amused her to see me tortured and if she told her husband it would ruin my life and hers—she didn't seem to care about her life, but I cared about mine.

And about Isla's.

So Paige started arriving at my apartments every day for the next week. It was always the same thing: sex and milk and slavery. Under normal circumstances, that would have been great. But I was being forced.

Mostly.

Sort of.

Sure, she used her pheromones on me and Isla, which I didn't exactly hate, but I didn't like that it took my agency away from me.

Maybe I needed to be a little more like Isla and want to give away my autonomy.

Not that the sex wasn't hot. It was. Very hot. All the time. I saw Paige do things to Isla that I wouldn't have dreamed of. Her fingers and mouth explored every orifice in Isla's body.

My slave was more than happy to go along with it because I was more than happy to watch.

And participate.

The same applied to me. Paige suddenly went from a tawdry slut behind closed doors to a sexual dynamo behind closed doors. If she wasn't already married I could easily see her selling herself off for a short-term contract on the sex slave auction block. She would have gone for a high price with her long black hair, almond eyes, tight pussy, gold-dusted skin and ruby-implanted tits. I wouldn't

have put it by Paige to try it anyway just to piss off her husband.

Which was why she was doing this to me.

I couldn't figure her out. I mean, I could, but I didn't understand Paige at all.

Once her milk came in, it more than rivaled Isla's. Maybe it was because Paige started with bigger tits, maybe because Paige was genetically predisposed towards lactation, maybe she was double pumping the hypoinjections that got Isla started. I don't know.

She took great pleasure in expressing her milk. She loved to make Isla nurse from her tits. I liked to watch that too. I liked to nurse from her tits just as much. To be truthful, I loved to nurse from Isla's tits as well. (And as an aside, I noticed that my own food intake had decreased because I had integrated so much milk into my diet. On the other hand, Isla commented to me that since she had started lactating, her hunger had rapidly increased. It only made sense, but it was still a remarkable process.) As did Paige. While she wanted to put on an act of being the superior woman, dominant over both of us, more than once I caught her hungrily going after Isla's milk.

I didn't blame her.

How could I?

I was as hooked as she was. Maybe even more. It was hard to tell.

Paige liked to start things off with giving Isla a milk bath, squeezing the milk out of her tits all over my slave's body before licking it all up. Sometimes I was allowed to join in. I loved seeing the milk fountains that Paige could make with her tits. The multiple streams of milk that she created quickly coated Isla's body. I didn't mind in the least seeing her milk used that way. It was like Paige had a never-ending supply.

I should have talked her into lactating for me, that way I wouldn't have had to buy a slave.

Not that Isla wasn't worth it. She was worth every credit I had spent on her. She was a wonderfully slutty and willing partner in bed with her body, but I wasn't sure I needed two women supplying me with milk.

We had just finished fucking—I had blown my load in Paige's pussy while she fingered Isla—and I rolled off her.

"I'm going to miss this," she sighed giving me a kiss. I didn't taste the tartness of her pheromones. She hadn't used them on me yet today.

"What makes you say that?" I asked innocently.

"I'm not coming by tomorrow."

That piqued my interest. "Oh?"

"Husband is coming home from his…business trip." The way she said the last two words said everything about what she felt about her husband.

"What are you going to do about these?" I asked, nudging her tits, making them bounce back and forth in a lovely fashion. They were half empty and I was considering nursing from her because after fucking I was both thirty and hungry…plus it would get me hard again so I could fuck her once more. Every time she mentioned her husband, I wanted to fuck her again, to mark her as mine. To claim her. To piss off the man whom I had never met.

"Don't worry about me. I know what I'm doing."

I had my doubts about that, but I remained silent. What else could I do?

"Just suck me dry. My milk only lets down when I see you or Isla. I'm not worried about him. I'll just pump when I'm alone, or hand express. It'll be easy. I've been fooling James for years. You think he's going to find out I'm lactating? And so what if he does? I'll just blame it on a medical condition."

It was a sound plan, a good plan. It was as if she had thought things through. What could possibly go wrong?

The next day I was rudely awoken by my front door alarm going off. Generally that meant a problem with the door or a sensor had gone hinky. I didn't want to get out of bed because Isla was curled up next to me and my first thought was to slide down her body, find a nipple, and start sucking. I already had a

morningwood, so after a minute or two of nursing, she'd be ready to fuck. I wanted to fuck and suck her at the same time.

I didn't smell any smoke, so I figured all I had to do was get out of bed and reset the alarm. Unless I was the victim of a brash, early morning burglary it was nothing to worry about.

Before I could gently move Isla aside, bodies started walking into my bedroom. They were large, nicely dressed men in suits who looked decidedly unhappy. I said nothing. I didn't have the capacity that early in the morning to think and speak clearly.

The quartet of large men said nothing. A few seconds later the alarm stopped sounded and an immaculately groomed man in an expensive suite with an expensive haircut on his silver hair and expensive glasses and expensive shoes walked into my bedroom. Everything about him screamed that he spent money on himself and he was glad to do it.

I was still in my very messy bed, naked, with my sex slave.

I didn't feel anywhere near the same level with him socially or financially, mostly because James Avogradent was one of the ten wealthiest men on the planet.

His wife was my lover.

I was an idiot.

"Pardon my rude intrusion, but I'm a busy man, I have no time to waste on petty matters, and this was the only time I could fit…you…into my schedule.

I unnecessarily gathered the sheets around my crotch. My erection had already faded and my slave was huddled next to me, too afraid to do or say anything.

"So glad we could meet in person," I said. I didn't bother extending my hand to him. He certainly wasn't going to shake my hand or offer his own.

He looked at me disdainfully. "I'll make this short and to the point."

"Good," I agreed. It was a good sign he was talking to me. I took that to mean I

wasn’t going to be killed. At least not immediately. Murder is an ugly word and an ugly act, and while one of the world’s richest men could easily wiggle out from a murder charge, it was an unnecessary distraction. I knew his type. I was almost one of his type, but I didn’t have the sociopathic tendencies to be him.

I didn’t want to be him,

I just wanted to fuck his wife, and look what that got me.

“You’ve been fucking my wife,” he said crudely.

I opened my mouth to deny his accusation, but he held up his hand.

“I don’t want to hear your denial. Frankly, for a long time I didn’t care. You were a nice distraction for Paige which meant there was one less thing for me to worry about. I didn’t have to entertain her. You were her entertainment. You actually did me a service.”

“Happy to help,” I replied.

He frowned at me. No, his lips curled back to an ugly grimace that made me fear for my life. The smart thing to do if he wanted me dead would have been to seen a goon and have me tossed out a window from the ninety-fifth floor. Maybe he wanted to be there to witness my death.

I started to get worried.

“And then you fucked her and got her pregnant,” he said.

My eyes went wide. “She told me that—”

Once more he held up his hand. “Yes, yes. Fine. I’m sure she told you all sorts of lies. It’s what she does. But I can’t have my wife indiscriminately breeding with men of…an unsavory background”

I wasn’t nearly as rich as he—my family money wasn’t that lush—but I wasn’t unsavory.

Well, maybe I was a little unsavory.

“Of course,” I agreed with him. “But how do you…”

“Her flushy-plucky two days ago. Monthly cleaning of her uterus. Keeps the monthly bleeding away. Wonderful innovation of medical technology for women. Of course, I have a medical report sent to me every month to monitor her. She came up pregnant this time. And your DNA was scrambled with hers.”

“Oh.”

I wasn’t fixed. I figured that Paige was being safe. We had discussed this years ago. But maybe she intended to get pregnant.

Or maybe it was the drugs she was taking. The ones she wanted from me. I kept my tongue motionless.

“The little indiscretion you two created is gone. Flushed down the drain. I hope you aren’t the sentimental sort. That was a life that was never to be.”

“I’m not sentimental at all,” I informed him.

“Good. You’ll never see Paige again”

“Of course,” I said quickly. “I’ll make sure she’s locked out of my place.”

“Don’t bother. I’ve already had her sent away to a very nice resort for wives who have strayed. Don’t attempt to contact her. If by some chance she contacts you —” and he snapped his fingers. One of his goons handed me a card. Paper. No electronic trail. “Contact me. Immediately. Or we’ll see if you can fly without wings.”

“Of course.”

James smiled. It was an ugly rictus of a smile and made me more uncomfortable than I had been a moment before. “Good. One last matter to attend to.”

I waited with a blank look on my face. For the first time I saw James flick his eyes toward Isla. I wondered if he was going to take her from me. I wondered what I would do about that…if anything.

Instead he approached my side of the bed. “You have a very pretty face. I just

fucked a very pretty face yesterday. He sucked cock like you wouldn't believe. I don't remember his name, but that doesn't matter."

James then pulled his cock out of his pants. It was soft and unimpressive. I said nothing. I didn't know what to say. What is the etiquette when one is facing the cock of your lover's husband?

From his coat pocket he withdrew a small vial, opened it, and inhales sharply, once.

A few seconds later his cock started growing. Maybe he was an older man, but his plumbing still worked, albeit with a little chemical assistance.

"What are you…" I started to ask, but I realized I didn't want to hear his answer to my question.

"Shut up!" he barked at me as he took his engorged cock in hand and started pumping it. He was only an arm's length away from me and while I wasn't uncomfortable with other men's sexuality, I wasn't particularly excited to have him jerking off just inches away from my face.

I started to back up across the bed, nudging Isla to make room so that we could escape. If an ultra-elite wanted to masturbate in my bedroom there was little I could do about it other than leave.

Two of the goons moved closer to the bed and the smaller one simply said, "Don't move."

He looked like he could unscrew my head from my shoulders like I would unscrew a lid from a jar. I didn't move.

I saw the ridges on James's cock that Paige had mentioned many times before in an effort to get me to have the same modification done. They weren't very big and I couldn't figure how many women actually enjoyed having that sort of texture to a cock, but I wasn't judging. I was judging, however, the size of James's cock. It wasn't huge. It wasn't tiny. It had grown from something unimpressive and soft to a nicely sized sexual instrument with a pleasant curve to it. He was rich enough to get mods to his body to have a cock the literal size of his thigh if he wanted it, but that would be stupid.

James showed me how smart he was. He had the perfect sized cock: neither too big nor small. The sort of cock that was happily please any woman—or man—who went to bed with him.

While I was contemplating James's cock modifications, his eyes were screwed tightly shut as he masturbated. Whatever fantasy he had whipped up in his mind was working because I could see the intense concentration was quickly going to result in an ejaculation. An ejaculation that had me way too close.

I started to lean back.

One of the hired goons put his hand on my shoulder and glared down at me.

This was part of the punishment that came with being Paige's lover for three years.

I wanted to say worse things had happened to me, but that would be a lie. While I had never had sex with another man, I'd been in plenty of group scenes and had witnessed my fair share of cum shots to the face. Always before those cum shots had been to women who were more than willing to have a man's spunk on her face.

Imitating them as best I could, I closed my eyes and turned my head slowly. There was no way I was going to open my mouth and I wasn't going to take a shot to the eye either.

James gave me a warning of sorts when his breathing suddenly changed timber and the soft sound of his palm sliding on his cock increased in speed. He made a little noise and I winced.

His cum wasn't boiling hot or anything like that. I suppose it was something like getting spit on with a huge amount of saliva. Only it wasn't saliva.

"Don't move," the only goon to have spoken said.

I didn't move or say anything. I could feel James's sticky cum slowly sliding down from my forehead and cheek to my jawline. A hand suddenly grasped the top of my head while I felt cool glass being drawn along my face. I couldn't feel any cum on my eyelid, but I wasn't going to take a chance and open up before I could wipe my face.

“Make sure to get it all. I don’t want to have to repeat this.”

Unable to resist the temptation I open the eye that I had turned away from James. He was in the process of zipping up. One of the goons had a glass sample tube in his hand and was getting as much of James’s cum into it as he could.

I wondered how much of a bonus—if any—a hired goon got for spooge mopping duty.

When he was satisfied with the collection duty, James nodded to the goon and they filed out in silence.

“Why…why did he do that?” Isla asked. She was still in shock. I went to the bathroom and wet a cloth to wash my face. The goon had done a good job and collected almost all of the cum.

“To prove his superiority,” I answered my slave.

“But…why not just cum on your face and then leave? Why collect it?”

I looked down at the cloth in my hand. He had left DNA evidence behind, but that was meaningless. Any security video of the incident would quickly be scrubbed from the building’s records. I had a few interior security cameras but they ran through the building security as well. There was no evidence other than his DNA…and James didn’t care about that. He was too rich and powerful to be held back by mere charges of sexual assault or murder.

I grimaced. “He collected it because he’s going to use it to inseminate Paige.”

“But…why not just have sex with her?” Isla asked. “Or if he doesn’t want to have sex with her, why not something more…clean? Why involve you?”

“To humiliate and degrade me. It’s probably the only thing that gets him off.” I sighed and sat down on the bed next to my slave. “Unfortunately, when you become too rich and powerful, sex is just another commodity that you can have any time and any way you want. He probably encouraged Paige to have an affair. Or drove her to one. Or allowed her. This might have been the best orgasm of his life.” I let out a short, rueful, barking laugh. “Or maybe he’s just a fucking pervert.”

Paige didn’t contact me again. I didn’t contact her either. I didn’t search it out, but a few months later there was an announcement in the social networks that Paige Avogradent, wife of banking magnate James Avogradent was pregnant with their first child. I was amused and sad when I noted the nearly thirty years age difference between them.

I kept Isla as my slave. She was a very good slave, and a very happy slave. Her milk never dried up and we grew into a relationship that neither of us expected. I just wanted a slave to own and fuck and make lactate for my amusement. She wanted a master to pay her to get rid of some very serious debts. She kept her previous life vague and I didn’t press her on it because I didn’t want to know, it would only cause heartbreak and misery for me and her.

I wasn’t stupid.

Knowing I had an emotional masochistic streak in me, I kept tabs on Paige in the social networks. She wasn’t hard to follow; the über-elite like to make certain announcements all the time. Over the next five years the Avogradent empire was blessed with a total of three heirs all issued from Paige.

I wondered if each child came from the load that had landed on my face.

I wondered if Paige ever saw her husband after that day he appeared in my room. There was never a mention of them together in public. To him, she wasn’t a woman; she was a baby machine.

I wondered if Paige ever had sex again. That was the thought that made me sad.

After five years, we came to the end of Isla’s contract. My agent contacted me to arrange for her return. I told Isla because we weren’t just master and slave; we were lovers. We were partners of a sort.

The night before she was scheduled to leave, I was nursing at her breast. I wondered how she was going to keep them full…and then I realized that maybe she wouldn’t bother. She was just a slave and she didn’t need to do anything for me ever again.

I started crying. It was the first time I had ever felt true emotional pain. Paige being taken from me didn't hurt at all. Isla's imminent departure left me an emotional cripple.

Isla just held me and allowed me to nurse from her until she was dry. My tears stopped and eventually I fell asleep, my head on her breast.

In the morning she put on the outfit I had bought for her departure. She was beautiful. I could barely look at her.

At noon, an alarm chimed on my apartment communicator. "I can't go with you," I said and retreated to my bedroom.

I was a coward.

Isla left. I could hear the door slide shut behind her footsteps. I knew my agent was down in the parking garage waiting for her. I couldn't bear to see that.

I went to my bed and cried.

It hurt.

Fifteen minutes later the door chimed. I wasn't expecting anyone so I ignored it.

I ignored it for the next five minutes as it chimed again and again.

Eventually I went to answer the door because I couldn't stand to listen to some bot's limited programming mistake.

It was Isla at the door. She smiled brightly when the door slid open and extended her hand. "Hello, sir. My name is Clareta LaMandeta. I'm recently unemployed and am looking for a job as a personal assistant. I have many skills and am well-trained in a vast variety of…personal needs."

I blinked at her. "The agent is downstairs."

"I told him I didn't want another contract. Five years was enough. My debts are paid."

"Your family…"

“I don’t want to see them. I want to see you.”

“I don’t need a personal assistant,” I told her.

“I’m not above prostituting myself,” she said. “I like sex with men and women and I’ve been told I’m extremely talented at sucking cock.”

“What I’m looking for is a slut with big tits who likes them sucked on all the time.”

She adjusted her impressive, but not huge, tits under her blouse. “Then I have a special treat for you, sir.”

I took a step back and allowed her into my place.

End

Preview

Milk and Honey 4

I remained frozen there like a deer in the headlights while my husband continued to remove his clothing. Ruth gazed first at me, but then focused her eyes on Seth. Or at least I think she did. The lighting in the orgy room was dim and the walls were covered with dark drapes so it seemed almost impossible to truly see anything.

The group on the bed didn't stop to notice us. That's the thing about sex; when you're in the middle of it, you aren't aware of your surroundings at all. Seth and I had just finished fucking and I could feel my milk dripping down my breasts. I started to pull my dress and bra back into place, which would have made me the most clothed person in the room, but Ruth stopped me.

"They're lovely. Don't hide them."

She made me pause. I didn't want to stick out as the one person who wasn't willing to get naked at the orgy. "I'm Malka," I said for lack of knowing what else to say.

"And is this your boyfriend…?"

"Husband. Seth." I was glad he spoke up for me.

Already Ruth's focus was off me back on Seth. Or rather, back on Seth's cock. He hadn't entirely deflated and I was certain that he was starting to get hard again.

I looked back to Ruth and gave her a ruthless evaluation. She was slightly above average in looks, had a nice body but small tits, smaller than mine at least. Brown hair loose around her face. There was a tattoo around her right ankle, but otherwise she appeared to be like any other person in the world. Except she was in the middle of an orgy with a bunch of middle-class white folks in the industrial edge of our city. And there was me and my husband trying to get involved. Or at least I was giving in to Seth's fantasy of fucking in public.

Or semi-public since this was a sex club and no one was the least bit shocked at our behavior. That behavior having had sex in the corner while we sort of watched everyone else fuck on the bed in the middle of the room.

“I was watching the two of you.” She set down the wineglass she had been carrying, which made her possession in the world absolutely nothing now. “Would you care to join us?” she asked, gesturing to the crowd on the bed. As far as I could tell she hadn’t been active in the orgy, but it was supposed to be an open forum.

I was about to say no thanks, but Seth was too quick for me. “We’re new. I’m not sure if that’s our scene. But would you like to join us?”

I glared at him, but I shouldn’t have been surprised. His cock was steadily rising, which was amazing because he could rarely get it up that quickly a second time after sex. He was in his glory and I knew that I shouldn’t do anything to destroy his enjoyment of the evening.

Truth be told, I was enjoying it as well. But I wasn’t going to admit that out loud.

“Sure!” she said with far too much enthusiasm. Ruth didn’t even glance back at the people behind her. Was she here with someone else or was she one of those rare single women that Danielle had said were allowed in the club?

Don’t get me wrong, I’m not uptight at all. What kind of woman could be considered uptight if she was lactating for her own sexual pleasure and fucking her husband in near public? Besides, I’d gone to bed with Joe in front of Seth because my husband wanted that. It was just that I’d never considered a three-way with a woman before. I wasn’t sure what I should do. Was it going to be a group thing where I’d be expected to find my Sapphic side or would I just watch the two of them go at it?

Oddly, I was fine with that.

“Should we go to a private room?” Ruth asked. She approached Seth as he finished removing his pants and underwear. I wasn’t sure if I was proud or upset that his cock was now at full staff. She hadn’t even touched him yet. There was some jealousy there because I knew she wanted to fuck him, but at the same time I felt a little pride because another woman wanted to fuck my husband; that made him all the more desirable to me.

“You tell us,” said Seth, seemingly in his element. “This is our first time here.”

The smile on her face was wicked, but she quickly hid it. “Semi-private, then, I think.”

Without asking she grabbed Seth’s hand—I suppose I should have been glad that she didn’t grab his cock—and then my hand and dragged us out of the orgy room.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

Ruth glanced back over her shoulder. “It’s not far.”

We didn’t really leave the orgy room; no one acknowledged our retreat even. Ruth took us to a short hallway in the opposite direction from the central room where the bar was. There was a doorway with no door to a smaller room. No bed in here, but there was a low padded table and some large wedges and half circles of furniture. I didn’t need to be told that this was sex furniture. I found myself wanting to try it. The lighting was dim, coming from recessed fixtures in the walls. Whoever had set up this little sex club knew exactly what they were doing. Not too much light, but just enough to reveal what everyone wanted to see without being starkly clinical.

Before I could ask what we were going to do, Ruth whirled around and said, “Mind if I go down on you husband?”

She didn’t give me time to answer. In a flash she was on her knees and Seth’s cock was in her mouth.

He shuddered and looked to me. “Is this…is this okay?

I just nodded. I’d had Seth’s cock in my mouth hundreds of times. I’d had his cock in my pussy hundreds of times. This was completely unlike that. I wanted to smack the cock out of Ruth’s mouth, but I also wanted to watch him get fellated by another woman. I wanted her to make him cum. I wanted to watch it all.

Sometimes we don’t know what until we see it and have it right in front of us. I was still wearing my dress, even though my tits were exposed. Feeling turned on and a bit foolish at being the only one still dressed at all, I shimmied out of my

dress, tossing it into the corner of the room.

Without thinking about it, I slipped my hand between my legs and started masturbating, slicking my finger along my slit and then teasing my clit. It was a natural move for me. My other hand crept up to one breast where I tugged and pinched my nipple.

Ruth took Seth's cock out of her mouth and watched me for a second before speaking. I felt embarrassment at having been caught jilling off, but Ruth wasn't worried about that. "Want to join me?"

"What?"

"He's your husband," she said. "You should know what he likes in a blowjob."

Seth nodded eagerly. Of course he would. What guy wouldn't want two women going down on him. Well, gay guys, probably, but besides that…

I joined Ruth kneeling in front of Seth. She handed his cock over to me. I slid him between my lips while she watched. Seth and I weren't all that much concerned with oral sex. Yes, we did it, but it wasn't the primary focus of our sex life. I never would have called myself an accomplished fellatrix nor did I have an obsession with sucking cock, but this was the right moment to show off my skills.

Ruth's eyes were intent upon me. I could feel them. I could feel Seth looking down and watching us. I sucked and bobbed my head for a minute, tenderly cupping and massaging his balls, before Ruth moved back in and pressed her head up against mine. I took the hint and let her have him. In that moment I looked at her face, her cheeks hollowed in as she sucked on Seth. She was pretty, or maybe every woman looked pretty with a cock in their mouth. I don't know.

"Your turn," she said offering Seth's cock back to me. I did as I was told. Seth let out a little moan.

"Problem?" Ruth asked him.

"Torture getting sucked by the two of you."

"Good torture," said Ruth. She was intimately close, our shoulders touching, our

faces close enough to kiss. I should have expected a kiss from her, but instead what I got was her hands on my tits.

I should have jumped back and said something, but I didn't. I sort of liked her touch.

"Is this okay?" Ruth asked.

"It's fantastic," Seth answered. I'm sure he was talking about just himself, but it was the answer I would have given if I had been bold enough to answer and I didn't have his cock in my mouth.

"Your boobs are wonderful," she whispered in my ear. It was loud enough for Seth to hear. I was looked up at him and his eyes snapped open at Ruth's word.

I took his cock from between my lips and said, "Thank you." Being polite came naturally to me.

"Did you oil them?" she asked. "They feel a bit wet."

I froze for a second. I was turned on so that meant my nipples were leaking milk. There was no way to prevent it. I realized now that they were dripping steadily. Watching Ruth suck cock and helping her out had pushed my body to its limit of being able to contain the milk in my tits. I didn't know what to say to her.

"She's lactating," Seth explained. "It's milk."

"Oh…interesting," Ruth declared. She had been toying with my nipples, that's why she felt the wetness. I had been enjoying her soft hands on my tits and had lost myself in the moment. She squeezed and pinched a nipple. The milk flowed easily and I shuddered from the wonderful sensation. Without hesitation she drew her fingers back to her mouth and tasted my milk.

"Wow. It's very sweet. Are you pregnant?" she asked me.

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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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