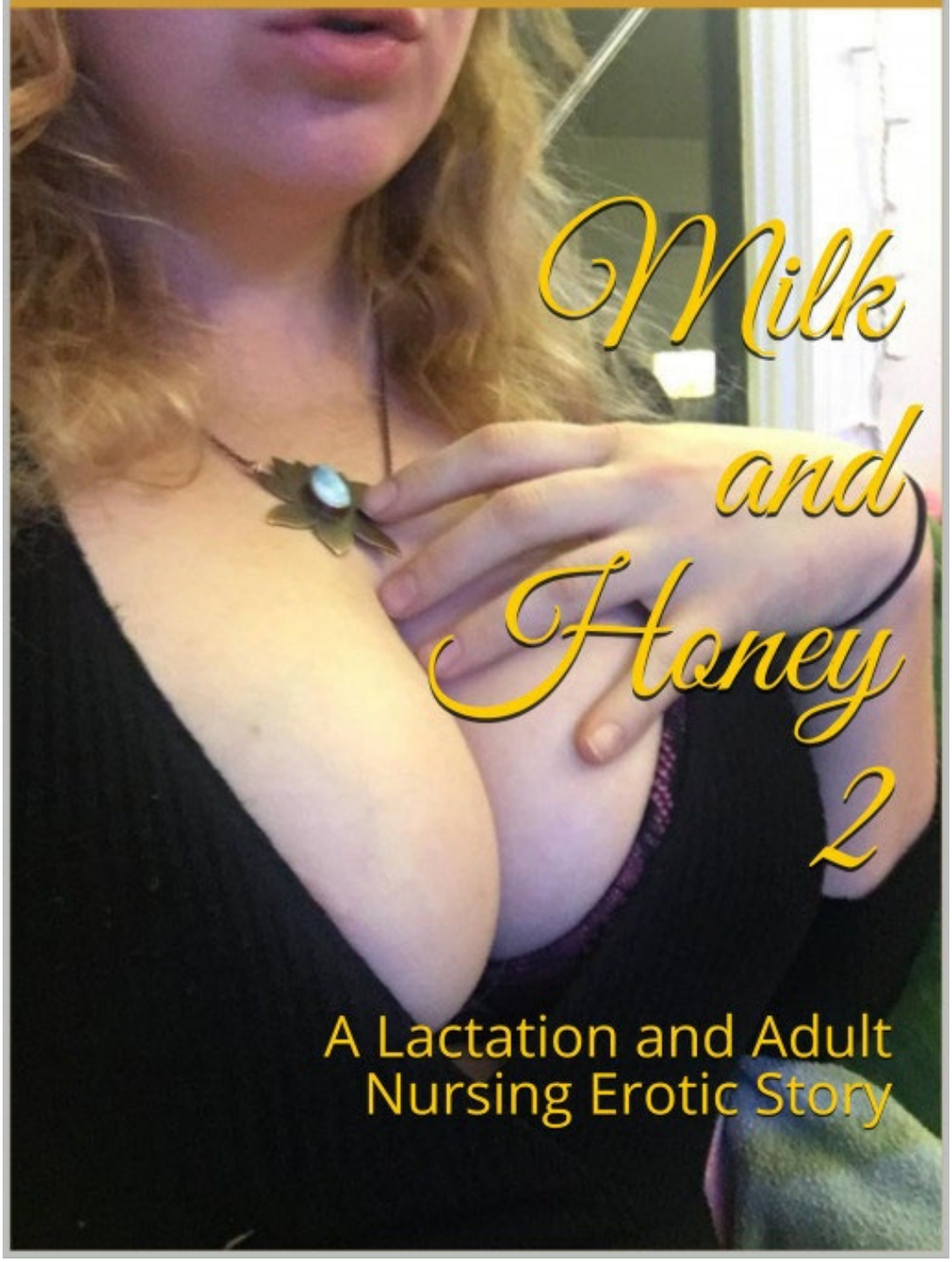
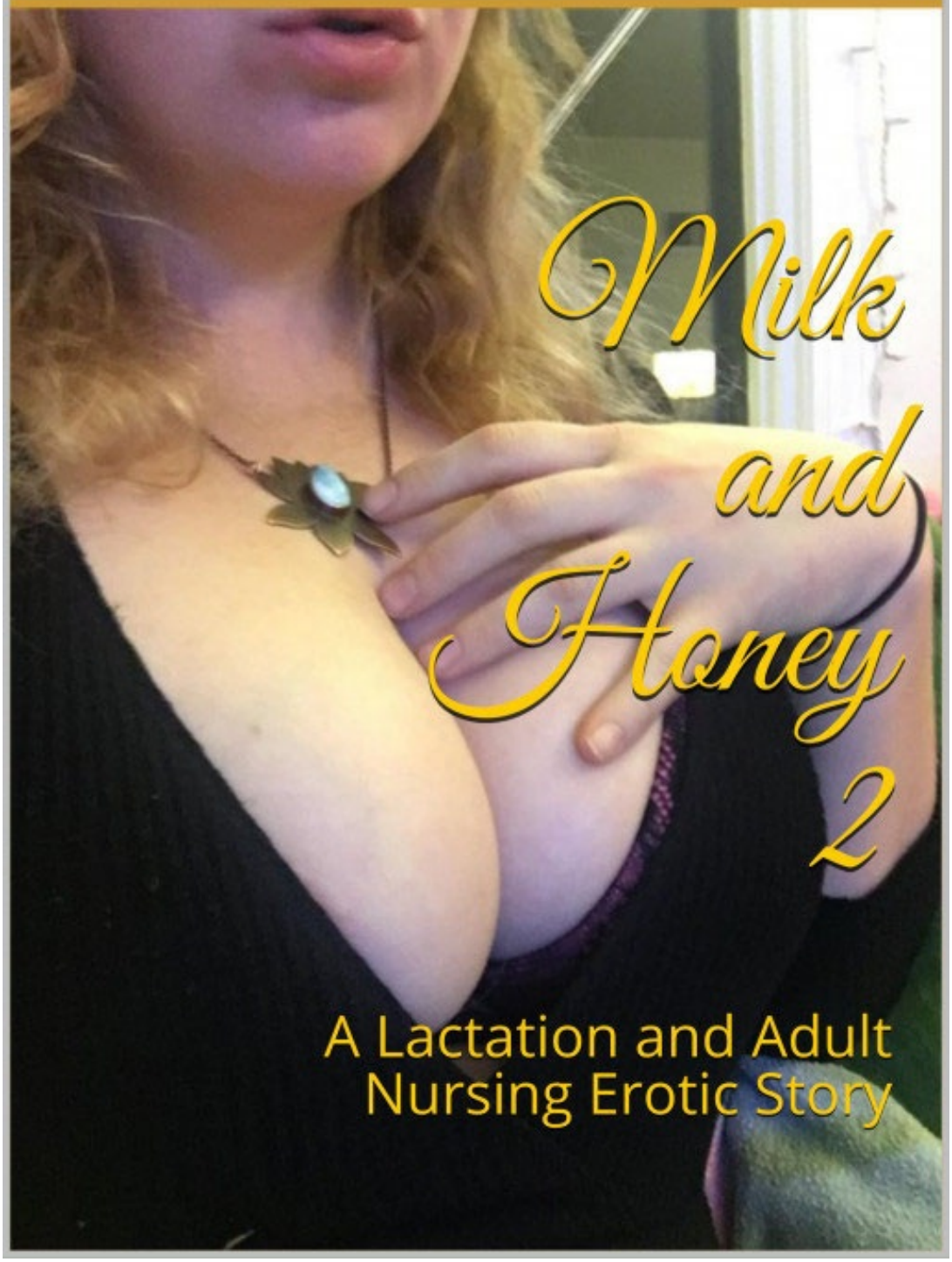
Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 2

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri



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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Milk and Honey 2

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Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Two

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

After that exciting Saturday night, we began doing things a lot differently in our sex lives. First, I got Seth to start sucking on my tits whenever we were in bed together. Not only did it feel good, but I was positive I could sense lactation starting in them. Maybe it was my overactive imagination, but I knew I could feel it. Second, we started looking for other opportunities that would allow Seth to experience some exhibitionism and public sex, but without the involvement of the police.

And on Monday morning I used part of my Amazon package on the way to work. They were called snake bites, but in reality they were just small suction cups. Small suction cups that were designed to fit over an average woman's nipples. Luckily my nipples were of average size and they fit perfectly. They didn't hurt when I applied them, but after a few minutes I could definitely feel the pressure they exerted.

That didn't stop me.

I wore a cotton camisole with a large, loose-fitting sweater over it. It was easy to pull down the cami, exposing my tits, put the snake bites on, and then allow my giant sweater to cover them up while I happily drove to work. Yeah, if you knew where to look, you could definitely see weird projections over my tits, but who was going to be looking at my tits inside my suburban assault vehicle during rush hour traffic.

I hoped no one.

I'm sure Seth hoped that someone got at least a hint.

Halfway to work I really started to feel the effects of the snake bites. I could have just pulled them off—it wasn't like they were irremovable—but I had made myself a promise to use them to and from work every day until I truly started lactating.

In my excitement to try out my snake bites (and keep them a secret, temporarily, from Seth) I hadn't planned out how I would remove them before walking into the building. I only started thinking about that when I pulled into the parking lot. As it turned out, it was a fairly simple problem to solve. I sat in my ridiculously oversized and factory lifted station wagon for a few minutes, pretending to listen to the radio, while I reached under my sweater and slip off the snake bites.

Hiding it was the was the easy part. My sweater was so huge that I could have hidden a couple of pineapples and a keyboard inside my sweater and no one would have been the wiser.

No, the problem was when I took off the first snake bite, I wanted to cry. While I hadn't cut off circulation to my nipples, I hadn't been actively promoting it either. The moment the blood started to flow, I experienced pain like I had never had before. It wasn't worse than childbirth, but it was fucking damn close… except that it was centered on my tits and not lower down.

I'm not ashamed to admit that I used every pain management technique I had ever heard of to get through my minute of crisis.

"That's going to leave a bruise," I panted.

After briefly contemplating leaving the other one on for the rest of the day and to hell with prying questions and weird looks, I took in a deep breath and braced myself.

The pain wasn't as bad as I expected. It wasn't comfortable, but I didn't pass out.

"Yeah, two fucking bruises."

I pulled my cami into place and was glad I wasn't wearing a restrictive bra. Still, I had to walk carefully so that my boobs didn't jump around all over the place and knock me to my knees in pain.

In retrospect, wearing the snake bites for so long was probably a bad idea.

However, also in retrospect, even though my nipples and areola were slightly bruised, I was never more turned on at work than that particular morning. I went through the day with a beatific smile on my face and a pleasant demeanor no matter who came to me with the stupidest of problems.

Putting them back on was a bit more difficult than taking them off, not because of the pain, which had mostly worn away during the day, but because I was trying to do it in my car in the middle of the parking lot without attracting attention. I got smart and dialed down the amount of pressure on the snake bites, so getting home was a lot easier. I felt the stimulation without the pain. It was all a learning process.

I couldn’t wait to tell Seth all about it. I just had to suffer through dinner and teenagers for that to happen.

“What do you think of these?” I asked Seth when we were getting ready for bed. I displayed my sore nipples to him, pulling down the straps of my tank top that I was wearing to bed.

“Nice,” he said, but then his brow furrowed. “What’s…what’s wrong with them?”

“Bruised,” I said sadly. “I wore my snake bites to work and I got this.” I gestured to my chest.

“Snake bites?” And this is where I learned I shouldn’t try to keep secrets from my husband.

“Yeah…let me explain about that.”

I showed him the snake bites I had purchased. He was calm about it, which pleased me.

“And you put them on your breasts and they gave you bruises?”

Looking down at my bare breasts I nodded. “Well, yeah. But the bruises are barely visible. I don’t think I actually bruised until I wore them home. If I had just stuck to wearing them in the morning I would have been fine.”

“Then why did you do that?” he asked me insistently.

I smiled at him and couldn’t help licking my lips a little. “Because it felt good. I mean…really good.” I started to reminisce about something that had literally happened less than twelve hours earlier. I was fantasizing and I didn’t regret it in the least.

He looked at me with mild exasperation. “How am I supposed to suck on you if they’re bruised?”

I loved him for that. First, that he was fully throwing himself into my fetish. Second, that he was showing compassion for my stupidity. And third, that he wasn’t insisting that he suck on my tits in the middle of the cul-de-sac, though I

probably would have gone along with that inane plan if it meant I got my tits gently sucked so that I could cum.

“You can still do it,” I told him. “But you just have to do it carefully.

Seth’s eyes narrowed on me. “Only if you promise not to use those…snake bites to the point where you’re hurting yourself.”

I raised my hand as if taking an oath of office. “I solemnly swear I won’t use my sex toys to hurt myself.”

We got into bed and Seth made good on his promise to nurse from my gently and carefully. It felt great. It didn’t make me cum, but it want enough to get me relaxed and wet. It was also enough to get him hard. And that combined was enough for the two of us to carefully fuck, and on a Monday night now less. That got me off. And it got him off. I’m sure he was fantasizing about fucking me in the middle of the cul-de-sac, but that was fine with me. We’d do that soon enough…when the weather warmed.

The next morning was Tuesday and we had our usual sex before getting out of bed. Seth led off with another round of careful nipple sucking, but by then my bruises had faded enough that it didn’t make a difference. I was starting to think that my tits and nips were plenty tough and it was going to take more than just some mild snake bite usage to hurt me.

I had taken my new usual position on top of Seth and he was happily and gently sucking on me while I rode him. It was very nice. It was the best way to start the morning, much better than the plain missionary position we used to use just enough to keep true lust at bay.

“You like this?” I asked him while thinking about how much effort it would take to smother him with my tits. They were sure to grow as my milk came in.

“Oh hell yes I do,” he told me in a slightly muffled voice. My boobs were very good at absorbing excess sound.

“Even though we’re not doing it in the middle of the cul-de-sac?”

That made him laugh. He didn’t exactly choke, but I’m sure he would have if milk was actually flowing from my tits. “Do you want to do that?”

I smiled down at him. His cock was still nice and hard. I liked having that fleshy spike up inside my pussy. It connected us in a way nothing else could. “Sure, if you want to.”

“I think that would be a little…excessive. And probably illegal.”

“I thought that’s what you got off on.”

He chuckled again. “No, I get off on people watching us fuck. Or maybe the risk of getting caught while we fuck in public. I don’t get off on getting arrested by the police.”

“Okay, then we’ll have to figure out a way to do it in public without getting caught by the cops.”

Seth cupped my breasts and lightly massaged them, which felt really great, and was almost enough to distract me from what we were supposed to be doing.

“I’ve already got a plan for that,” he said.

“You do?” I moaned. My hips were going up and down on their own accord. Maybe I liked having my tits played with but that didn’t stop the rest of my body having desires as well.

“I do.”

“What…what is it?” I managed to get out. I was getting close to cumming. I wanted to cum. I wanted to cum while Seth pinched my nipples but I couldn’t articulate that just yet. I was going to, but right at that moment I wanted to ride his cock and nothing else.

“There’s lots of possibilities. We can record ourselves fucking. We can do it on a webcam. We can go to a swinger’s club. What do you want to do?”

I couldn’t answer him. What he was suggesting was crazy. I’d never do anything like that, but I wanted to make him happy and the more I thought about it while he fucked me—because I wasn’t capable of moving on my own any longer—the more I wanted to go along with his crazy schemes. They all seemed so dirty…so I wanted to try all of them, but I couldn’t—I wouldn’t—tell him that.

I didn’t want him to think I was that type of woman…even though I really was that type of woman. And that type of wife. The type who’d do anything for her husband as long as he fulfilled my fantasies as well.

When I came I shuddered on top of his cock. It was perfect. My orgasm was just subsiding as he came inside me. I collapsed on him and let him finish. I was trembling to the point where I couldn’t remain kneeling.

“Sit up,” he told me, pushing on my shoulders.

I struggled into the position where he could see my full breasts. “Like this?”

“Uh-huh.” He reached for the nightstand. I didn’t understand what he was doing at first, but then he had his phone in his hand and I knew he was using the camera. “Just a quick picture,” he said focusing on my tits. “This is the first step.”

I realized it was just a baby step, just my tits, but they were my tits and not his dick.

But then I realized the thrill of being photographed just for his sexual pleasure and it was easy to let him do it. I trusted my husband.

Maybe I shouldn’t have.

Maybe he shouldn’t have trusted me.

I didn’t know what he did with the picture. Of course I had my guesses as to what he was going to do with it, but I wasn’t certain. After our usual, but reinvigorated, Tuesday morning sex everything proceeded as normal. Shower. Dress. Breakfast. Drive to work.

Seth left first.

That gave me the opportunity to slip the snake bites on my nipples before I left the driveway. I had planned even better this morning with a comfortable bra that was easy to pull down and a nice and roomy sweater. I was rapidly running out of loose and roomy sweaters, but I surely wasn’t going to be using the snake bites for weeks on end. I could feel my milk forming. It was just a matter of time.

I had learned from my previous mistake and didn't put them on with so much pressure that I was too keyed up to work. I also wasn't going to get bruised a second time.

Work was supposed to be a distraction from my now-crazy sex life. (Okay, it wasn't completely crazy, but it was crazy compared to what my life had been for years.) Everything started normally and then we had a department meeting.

The one thing I can say for my company and my manager is that we don't have unnecessary meetings. We'll have a hundred and a half emails before the subject of a meeting is even broached.

I went into the conference room nervously, half certain that the majority of the staff was being fired because of "business decisions."

In the end it was something worse.

We were introduced to the latest round of interns from the local college. There were a lot of them which meant two things. First, computer sciences were still popular majors. Second, just about everyone in the department was assigned an intern.

I wound up with Joe.

He was young and handsome and didn't have any of the usual nerdy computer science major trappings.

This was bad. Very, very bad.

Mostly for me.

Mostly because I knew I wasn't going to be able to help myself.

For the most part we all just accepted the presence of our interns with resigned silence.

I brought Joe to my cubical/office. My tits were slightly tingling as I thought about what I wanted to do with and to him.

That was bad, very bad. But I knew I was going to go down that very bad path

because I was becoming that sort of person.

Luckily Joe wasn't a full-day intern. Just the mornings. I was a bit jealous because he was getting college credit and paid for it as well. I only had to control myself in the mornings. And presumably only Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings because I was definitely still having sex with Seth on Tuesday and Thursday. I only needed to make sure I didn't come to work horny three times a week.

I thought about that for a minute.

I knew I was going to fail.

After showing Joe around the office and following the instructions of our manager that he would be shadowing me for a week followed by actually helping the following week, I noticed that Joe had eyes for one thing.

My tits.

That was not good. My sweater wasn't showing off my tits, it was actually making them look smaller than normal. Not that I'm small by any means, but if a college student can't stop staring at a nearly middle-aged woman's breasts for a minute, I was screwed.

Or, more likely, Joe would be screwing the MILF all too soon.

It was making me hot and bothered and I found myself wanting to pull off my sweater and letting him have his way with me.

Thankfully lunchtime rolled around before too long and he had to leave.

I couldn't wait to see him the next morning.

I both dreaded and looked forward to telling Seth all about my day.

Chapter Two

“How do you feel about fucking on camera?” Seth asked me in the privacy of our bedroom when things had winded down for the evening.

I blinked at him. “Like a porn star?”

“Umm…more like a cam girl.” He paused. “Do you know what that is?”

I glared at him. “I work in IT blocking porn from our employees. Of course I know what a cam girl is and I don’t want to be one.”

“I’m not saying you should be one. I was just getting your point of reference. There are a bunch of websites where basically you fuck on camera for whomever wants to watch. Not for cash.”

“Seems like it’s something a decent looking person could make some cash doing,” I pointed out.

“Well…yeah.”

“But I don’t want to do that. Apparently I’m the sort of woman who gives it away for free; not the sort who charges for it.”

“So…you’re willing to do it?”

I changed the direction of the conversation. “What did you do with that picture you took of me today?” I started undressing. I didn’t bother pulling out any sexy sleeping lingerie from the dresser. I didn’t own any and I wasn’t going to play that game. I found an old soft t-shirt and some comfortable panties that were the opposite of sexy. But both the shirt and panties allowed easy access for sex. Seth followed my lead and stripped down naked before pulling on a pair of pajama bottoms. No underwear, no t-shirt. Maybe he knew that I found that sexy, maybe he didn’t, but I wasn’t going to let that distract me from the conversation.

“Nothing. It’s still on my phone.”

“Really? Nothing?”

“I looked at it,” he admitted. There was the implication that he had masturbated to it at some point. Maybe not to completion, but he had definitely touched

himself while looking at his wife's naked tits on his phone.

The fact that I was the wife and they were my tits made me a little wet between the legs. Not that I was going to admit that to Seth. Not yet.

"Did you like looking at it? Did you share it with anyone?"

"No. I mean, yes. I mean…I liked looking at it, but I didn't share it with anyone."

"Put it on any websites?" I demanded, a little angry. It was scary asking that question because I wasn't sure if I wanted him to do that. I mean, my face wasn't in the picture and there weren't any obvious indictors that it was me. Just a pair of above average tits. What would be the fallout if he had posted it on some dirty picture sharing website.

I didn't want to think about it.

"No! I'd never do that without asking you."

"But how do I know that?"

He just stared at me. "You just…have to believe me."

To keep the conversation off kilter for him I switched directions one more time. "We got the new round of interns at work today."

"What?" He wasn't keeping up.

"My intern's name is Joe. I have to say he's kinda hot. What would you think if I showed him my tits?"

Seth just stared at me. He didn't know what to think. "Please tell me you're kidding."

"I'm not kidding."

Slowly he said, "Do…do…do you want to do that to him?"

I shrugged, making sure that my breasts bounced fetchingly under my t-shirt. I glanced down and saw that my nipples were standing at attention. I'm sure Seth

noticed as well. “I wouldn’t mind it. Would you mind it?”

“Would…would you only just show him your tits?”

“Maybe yes. Maybe no. Would it upset you if he touched them?” I looked down at my boobs again and pressed my upper arms inward, making them appear larger.” After a long pause I looked up at Seth. He was focused on my hidden nipples and their little bumps. “Well, would you?”

“Would I what?” He was mesmerized.

“Would you get upset if I let Joe touch…touch and suck on my tits?”

Somehow Seth managed to get himself under control and answer my question. “Yes. Yes, I think I’d be upset if he did that.”

That made butterflies form in my tummy. It was wrong and still I wanted it. “Then I think that I might want to do that.”

“No!” he said too quickly.

“No?”

“I…that seems crazy.” He shook his head. “No. That seems like cheating.”

“How about if I let you watch while he nursed on me?” I had no idea where that question came from, but it seemed the natural thing to ask.

Seth crossed the bedroom in two steps, grabbed me and practically threw me on the bed. Before I knew it he had pulled up my shirt, exposing my boobs, and lowered his head to take my left nipple in his mouth. It felt perfect. Even better I could feel his hard cock on my thigh. I wasn’t sure what I wanted more: his cock in me or his mouth on me. Luckily I knew that he could do both. Was it crazy to think that we were going to fuck again?

Did Seth have it in him?

I sure as hell hoped so.

“You know how to please your wife,” I complimented him.

“Do you mean it?” he asked briefly before switching tits.

“Of course I do. Your mouth is very pleasing to me.”

He shook his head which translated to a weird sensation through my breast, but I went with it. “No. Do you mean you want your intern to…to do this to you?” He proceeded to suck hard and long on my nipple, making me gasp from the pleasure and from the pang of pain.

“I’d love for him to do that to me,” I replied. “I want everyone to do that to me?”

“Everyone?”

“Everyone,” I said confidently. It was a lie. I didn’t know who I’d even begin to approach about nursing from me other than Seth. I mean, sure, I could ask Joe. But that would probably just put me in front of an HR rep explaining why I was sexually harassing an innocent college boy by showing him my tits.

That made me think of all the bras I had in my dresser. Which one would produce the most cleavage? Which blouse did I have in my closet that would reveal the most cleavage without being obvious or borderline obscene? It was the sort of social/fashion calculus that I had very little experience in doing, but I was eager to find out how skilled I was at it.

“You’re going to ask Joe, aren’t you?” Seth looked up at me with puppy dog eyes that were filled with very adult lust.

I was starting to pant. Every time he took his mouth from my nipple I wanted to slap him. I needed to be nursed. I needed his mouth there. It was impossible to live without it. “No, no I’m not. I can’t.”

“I want to fuck you in front of the world.”

“We can do that,” I said too quickly. “Get out your webcam, set it up. Fuck me hard. Let everyone know what a slut your wife is.”

I wasn’t a slut. Not yet. I was just having lusty thoughts. Abnormal lusty thoughts, but lusty thoughts nevertheless. It should have occurred to me right then and there that maybe, just maybe Seth was manipulating me as much as I was manipulating him.

I liked that.

“We’re going to have to hide our faces,” said Seth. Maybe we were both a little to practical and down to Earth.

“Maybe I want to let the world know that I’m a bit slut,” I told him, getting a little too into our game.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

I pulled my knee up to my chest, found the waist to his pajamas, and shoved them down with my foot, freeing his cock. I used my other hand to pull aside my panties so that he could enter me. He slid into my wet pussy without any further discussion.

“Yes, yes I would like that,” Seth agreed.

I admit it; I wore the snake bites again. They felt too good not to even though I knew that I was going to be all revved up when I saw Joe. I was hoping that a day would give me some perspective. I was wrong. If anything, Joe was even more handsome when I saw him the second time.

Tall. Auburn hair. Broad in the shoulders to show he had some muscle on him, but not so much that he was obsessed with bodybuilding. Brilliant smile with just one tooth that was ever so slightly crooked that showed he wasn’t perfect, but didn’t take away from his perfection.

And I knew I was acting and thinking like a school girl, but I went with it. I was going to at least display my cleavage to him and let it go from there.

To my credit, I wasn’t overly obvious about it, bending over in front of him to let him get a chance to peer down my blouse. (Which was something that always struck me as odd. I mean, what are guys—or girls, whatever—trying to see down that space between the breasts? There’s literally nothing there. I can understand looking for a nipple, but an empty space? Come on!) It worked like a charm. I had to pick up some papers from a box on the floor of my cube. I caught him staring down at me.

That was easy.

To be honest, I kept checking him out as well. His pants didn't do justice to his ass, but I could clearly see the outline of his cock on more than one occasion. He wasn't huge or even fully erect, but it was more than enough to keep me moist through the morning.

I could have just ripped open my shirt and commanded him to go to town on me, but that was a little over obvious and I wasn't living in the plot of a crappy bit of pornography. I had my self-respect and an actual job to think about.

Plus Joe's cock. I couldn't stop thinking about his cock. Which led me to thinking about his lips on my breasts and him nursing from me and everything that would follow from that.

I was a mess.

The last thing I said to Joe was, "Give me your phone number in case I need to contact you." It was the most business-related comment I made to him all morning. It wasn't loaded with any innuendo or implied extracurricular activity. It was the sort of thing that everyone in the IT department did. I had a whole list of contacts in my phone of just work people that I hardly ever called or texted.

"Contact me for what?"

Without even thinking I said, "In case I'm desperate for a booty call in the middle of the night."

You know, the sort of normal thing anyone would say in the office.

"I'm a heavy sleeper. Make sure you call before midnight." He was grinning a little too eagerly.

"Well then, my husband would probably take care of my needs in that case."

"You're married?"

How had I forgotten to mention that to Joe in our two days of interaction? It had probably slipped my mind. And I had my wedding rings on. I wasn't hiding anything. Not really.

“Yeah. I’m married.”

Joe suddenly looked uncomfortable. “I shouldn’t be flirting with a married woman.”

I rolled my eyes. “Oh please. Flirting is nothing. It’s meaningless. Just give me your damn phone number, if for nothing else than to tell you not to come in some day when I’m not here. Why waste your time, right?”

He nodded in understanding and gave me his number. I immediately sent him a text message so he would have mine as well.

“Completely not for flirting purposes,” I said firmly.

At the end of the day I took a picture of my cleavage, but before I put the snake bites on for my drive home, and sent him the photo with the caption, Completely not for flirting purposes. Or anything else.

What was wrong with me? I regretted sending the pic almost immediately after I had done it. But it was too late. It was done and gone. I was incredibly stupid. The only thing I could claim was that the picture was not me and I only sent it to goof around. My job didn’t give me a work phone, so this was sent on my own phone on my own time, but it was still an incredibly stupid thing to do. I was lust drunk.

When I got home I took off my snake bites (my nipples were getting tougher and I was getting used to wearing them—plus I’d swear that I could feel my milk forming in my tits. If nothing else, they felt bigger.) and checked my phone. Joe had sent a reply. I was scared to look at it, but I couldn’t help myself.

Not helping myself was going to destroy my life.

Of course not, was his reply. Joe sent back a photo that I couldn’t make out. It was too much of a close up and all I could tell was that it was of his pants. My natural instinct was that it was of his cock, hidden under the fabric. But it wasn’t his cock because it wasn’t of his crotch. It took me a minute of zooming and examining to figure out it. I was definitely looking at his pants. I had spent enough time looking at his ass and crotch during the way that the color was burned into my brain.

Was it a fold in his pants that made it look like his cock? Was it his actual cock? If so, it was huge.

That sort of appealed to me. I'm no size queen, but a little variety from my husband's cock—and my very tiny collection of vibrators, and a vibrator is no substitute for a cock when a woman really needs a cock.

I was trying to think of a compliment or flirty way to reply when Joe sent me another message.

Usually it's the guy sending an unwanted pic.

I found my MILF confidence and tapped out a response. I'm older than you. I'm mature and sophisticated. I know what I want and I'm not going to play games to get it. My text was long and wordy. I'm like that. I was forced in school to always write in complete sentences.

His response? What is it that you want?

If a guy has a cock halfway into a pussy, that's not half a fuck, which is really just a stupid way of saying, "In for a penny, in for a pound."

I wouldn't mind having your cock. I was fucked, and not in a good way. I was ruining my life and Seth's and Joe's. I was stupid and lust addled. I should have stayed a boring, middle-class suburban wife and mother.

You're married.

I replied with an ease that I didn't feel. My husband is fine with it. That was a lie, but I was an accomplished liar now. I was also spending too much time in my car in the garage. My kids were inside the house and probably wondering what the hell I was doing.

Probably.

That's very modern of you.

Again, another lie: We're a progressive couple.

We should talk this over some more. Probably in person.

Me, feeling the boldness that wasn't me at all: Ever have sex with someone watching. I might as well toss in my husband's kink at the start.

That's out of nowhere.

Me, annoyed: Well, have you?

No.

Me, secretly pleased: There's going to be a first time for you, I promise you that.

Him: We need to talk later.

Me, wet but without him knowing it, unless he wasn't clueless and knew I was a horny MILF: We're going to do more than just talk.

Him: Lol. I'll talk to you later, Mrs. Brandt.

Mrs. Brandt. He was calling me old. At work he called me Malka. Still, I was pleased. I still had enough appeal for a college student to want to fuck me. Unless he was one of those college students who had worked out his fetishes and kinks and they were for significantly older women.

I sighed and picked up my eyes from my phone. It was only then that I noticed that I was the last one home. Seth's car was already parked in the garage next to mine.

Under stressful circumstances people make odd connections. At that moment I was reminded of a story I read about prostitutes in Victorian England. Most of their income wasn't from sex, but from pickpocketing. The lowest class prostitutes who worked outside would service their Johns up against a building in an alleyway. A partner would sneak up behind the John while they were in the middle of the act and the pickpocket—who didn't need even decent pickpocketing skills—would go through the John's pockets and rob him blind while he was…distracted.

I was distracted.

When I went into the house, no one seemed to notice I had spent way too much time in the garage in my car.

Everyone was fine and normal.

I wasn't sure if I was relieved or upset.

Teens. Dinner. Cleanup. Get ready for tomorrow. Head to the bedroom to sleep.

"Are you ready?" Seth asked me when I walked in from the bathroom. I was wearing another oversized t-shirt and no panties. I knew what I expected of Seth. I was going to spill the beans about Joe and our flirting, but Seth seemed to be focused on something else.

"Ready for what?" I was clueless.

He pointed to the little camera set up he had mounted on the dresser. The webcam he was using wasn't very fancy, but it would do a decent job. Our bedroom wasn't lit like a porn studio, but he had rigged up some mobile filming lights. I guess I was expected to make my porn debut that night.

I found that I didn't mind.

"Ready for your close up, Mrs. Brandt?" he asked with a leer.

"Are you just going to film me naked and focus on my tits and pussy?" I asked with some well-faked exasperation.

Seth had the good sense, or natural inclination, to be offended. "Of course not. I'm going to film our nightly ritual and then edit it for the general viewing public. Editing software is really easy to use now, did you know that? And I've already figured out how to blur our faces, if that's what's worrying you."

"It's one of my many worries," I said. It was, but I had a hundred other worries to think about as well, including how to tell my husband that I was flirting with a twenty year old and I was pretty sure that I wanted to fuck him.

"So take off your nightshirt, get your tits in my face, and let's see what happens!" He hopped on the bed with more eagerness than I thought he had in him. This was part of his fantasy, or the first step. Not exactly public sex, but filming to put it out there for everyone to watch. It was exciting to think about, but the consequences…

Who was I to talk about consequences?

I took off my shirt and went to the bed. Seth did whatever was necessary with the setup he had created. There was no dramatic lighting change or any indication at all that he had started recording, but I knew that he had.

I waited expectantly on the bed and when he joined me…everything was pretty much the same as it always was. He sucked on my nipples and played with my breasts, sometimes running his hands over my body and focusing on my ass. There was the impression that maybe he was cheating to the camera a little, so I went with that, but overall it felt the same.

I knew I'd have to wait for the finished product to really understand what was going on.

Being me, I couldn't just let Seth nurse on me in silence. I wasn't going to turn on any music or start giving him fake moans because I wasn't a porn actress, so I ran my mouth instead.

I'm good at that.

"Do you know what I did today?"

"Uh-uh." His response was muffled by my breast. It was probably my imagination, but I was certain they were getting bigger.

"I flirted with Joe."

Seth paused and removed his mouth from my nipple. Looking up at me he tried to keep a neutral expression, but I could tell he was more than a little intrigued, and it wasn't just from the pressure of his cock against my leg.

"I knew you would." He went back to nursing.

"Do you want to hear all about it?"

His head nodded eagerly, but didn't let go of my breast which made it jiggle in a way that I found more enjoyable than I should have.

So I told him. I told him everything. I told him all about the texts that I

exchanged with Joe in our garage, about the semi-dirty picture I sent and the one he sent back, and how I wanted to suck Joe's cock and let him fuck me, and let him fuck me in front of Seth and—

"Would you let me film that?" Seth interrupted me.

I was lost in being nursed and telling my tale that it was fucking annoying when Seth stopped sucking on me just to ask his stupid question. "What the fuck. Sure. Why not?" I shoved his face back to where it belonged at my breast. "You're recording this now, aren't you?"

He paused; I needed to remember just to talk and not ask questions because that took attention away from my boobs which was where it needed to be at all times. "Uh-huh."

"Good," I said with a little too much satisfaction.

From there I quieted down and so did he. We were getting to be a little mechanical at that point, but it still got me off. I got my first orgasm from Seth just sucking on my tits. I was pleased with the way my body was able to train itself to cum from such an odd bit of stimulation. Then Seth would get on top of me and fuck me, I would cum a second time from that because I was already keyed up and finally he'd cum, finishing us up. Sometimes I got a third orgasm as he finished. It depended.

The fallout started the next day.

Chapter Three

Seth sent me the video in the middle of the day. He wasn't stupid and sent it to my phone rather than my email. Watch and let me know what you think. It was a simple thing to do, but it scared the hell out of me.

But it also got me excited; I couldn't deny that.

I looked at the thumbnail for a moment before finding the courage to start it.

It was more than strange to see my bedroom in a small video. It was stranger still to see my naked body on video. And then Seth. And then what we were doing.

Seth had done a decent job editing the video. There were a couple of weird cuts and there wasn't any close up stuff, which was probably good because I don't need to see an amateur gyno exam. Seth had added some generic music to the background which covered up most of our conversation, which was good. He had also blurred out our faces, which was my primary concern. Since we didn't have any tattoos or any other really obvious identifiers, I presumed that we didn't have anything to worry about if strangers were to watch the video. The thing was, I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to see it.

Don't get me wrong. I know that out there are more kinks than I could possibly imagine, but the video was…boring. Just two people going at it without being that explicit or containing any interesting editing or good production values.

I must have been taking too long because Seth sent me another message. Well? Yes or no?

I knew what he wanted. He wanted to share this video with the world, which meant some porn site. It didn't particularly worry me because it was so generic and boring and would get lost in a sea of similarly boring videos. But I knew it was just a first step. What Seth wanted was to fuck in a truly public place where others could see us. It wasn't just the possibility of getting caught, he wanted people to watch.

Did I want that?

Maybe.

More importantly I wanted to give my husband what he wanted so he'd give me

what I wanted. It was fucked up and complicated and so the only answer was—

Yes. It's fine. It's kind of boring though.

I had to cut him down just a little.

The response back that I got? The next ones will be better.

I didn't want to be a porn queen. We were going to fuck in front of other people. That would be a lot safer.

A few minutes after that he sent me another text. It was just a link to a porn site.

I clicked on it.

It was the exact video that Seth had already sent me. I was thrilled and scared to see it on the site. Of course I played it. It worked perfectly. Seeing myself having sex on my phone was a little disconcerting and disorienting, but I managed to live through it.

And then I saw the hit counter.

Maybe the hit counter was a complete fiction. Maybe it wasn't.

At least one viewing was mine. I figured at least one came from Seth. Maybe a few were from the website's operators, also just checking to make sure it played correctly.

That didn't explain the two hundred other views.

The pit of my stomach tightened and I felt fear. I don't know what I was truly afraid of because nothing was going to happen to me. Not immediately. Maybe not ever. It was exciting, but the wrong type of exciting.

That didn't stop me from slipping into the bathroom and jilling myself off. It was a dirty thing to do, but I wasn't ashamed. It calmed me down and got me through the day.

I couldn't help but check the website before I left work that day. The hit counter was over a thousand. The thrill was still there, but somewhat muted. This was

normal, I tried to reassure myself.

It just didn't seem normal, but maybe I was making a strange situation to be normal. I liked that.

I hadn't stopped sexting with Joe, but I didn't tell him about my special video that Seth had posted. I kept things at a low boil.

Joe: Do you like being called a MILF?

Me: I've never thought of myself like that.

Joe: How do you think of yourself?

Me: Someone who doesn't get enough attention.

Joe: What kind of attention?

Me: Well, specifically my tits.

Nothing terribly out there, but just enough to let him know I was interested.

Ten minutes after he showed up for his internship, I determined there was a problem that I needed to solve in the server room and this was the perfect opportunity to show him some simple repairs.

The nice thing about the server room at my office is that it's very small. Server closet would be a better term. There's just enough room for the servers and one or maybe two technicians. It's easier to work in the server room if the door is closed…and it's basically impossible to open the door because of bodies blocking the way.

Naturally we were basically pressed up against each other. It only took a minute to swap out the server that didn't need repairing. I intentionally pressed my tits up against Joe.

"It's…uh…tight in here," he said.

I bet his pants were tight too with his huge cock getting hard.

I found the boldness a MILF on the verge of relactating needed to have. Looking

down at my chest, which was showing only a modest amount of cleavage, I asked him, “Do you like my tits?”

Joe’s eyes bulged. I wished I could look down and see if his pants were bulging as well. “Uh…yeah.”

“Good. They’re my pride and joy.” Without saying anything else, I started unbuttoning my blouse. Joe just watched. I was literally blocking the door, preventing him from leaving. That was Sexual Harassment 101 and I knew it, but it didn’t stop me.

He watched while I unbuttoned and revealed the one bra that I owned that had a front closure.

“That’s a very pretty bra,” he said to break the silence.

“No one cares about bras,” I said and released the clasp.

His eyes didn’t move away from my chest. I could feel my nipples contracting, getting hard, standing up with pride.

“I-I-I-I do,” he managed to stammer out.

“What do you think of them?” I felt like a sex goddess, displaying myself in front of him, tempting him with my body, knowing that he wanted me right then and there, and knowing that this was all with the tacit permission of my husband. It felt incredibly lewd and I loved it.

“They’re beautiful. You’re beautiful.”

“Why don’t you touch them,” I encouraged him. “See how wonderful they actually are.”

At once he lifted up his hands and made to reach for me, but then he pulled back, scared. “Can…can I?”

I nodded. I’m sure I had a goofy grin on my face because I was so eager to have his hands on me.

It had been years since someone other than my husband had touched me in a

sexual way.

It felt wonderful.

I tried to remember that I wasn't cheating. I had my husband's permission to play with another man. Joe was barely a man—going strictly by age—but it was what I needed.

He was a bit rough in his massage of my tits, but I half expected that. His inexperience was tempered with his youthful enthusiasm.

What I really wanted was to have his lips on my breast, sucking on my nipple, bringing me pleasure that way, but baby steps had to be taken first.

"That feels really good," I told him, moving closer.

"They're wonderful."

"Want to suck on them a little?"

He looked up and met my eyes. He started to nod eagerly, but I lost control at that point and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him in close for a kiss.

It was one thing to be mauled in the chest by an over-eager intern. It's something else entirely to kiss him.

I loved doing it anyway.

We kissed for far too long while he continued to squeeze my tits, mostly because I was mashed up against him and he had nowhere to move.

When I broke the kiss he let go of my tits and looked down at his hands. "Wow. You got me really worked up. My palms are sweaty."

His palms weren't sweaty. My milk was leaking out, but I didn't tell him that.

I knew something was different. It had felt incredibly good while he was massaging them, almost better than when Seth nursed from them.

"We're pretty worked up," I said, hooking my bra back into place and quickly buttoning up. I didn't know how much milk I had but I hoped it wasn't much

because I didn’t want to leak through my bra and blouse. “We’d better go. People will start talking.”

“Right.”

No one saw us. No one commented.

I made the vow to tell Seth everything when I got home.

I should have thought through my plan of telling my husband everything. Work was still work and being on the IT team meant I had to be there for emergencies. Most emergencies are because someone did something stupid. I wound up playing games with our servers until nine that night. It could have been worse. Someone could have figured out what I was doing in the server room with Joe.

The one thing about emergencies is that they do feed us, so I wasn’t starving when I got home, but I was horny. And my tits ached.

I went right to the bedroom where Seth was waiting for me. Or more accurately, where he was lying in bed watching TV.

“Hey hon—” is all he managed to get out before I jumped on top of him, kissing him, stripping off his and my clothes at the same time, barely giving him time to breathe. My resolution to tell Seth about Joe quickly faded and I promised myself that I’d tell Seth what happened after I fucked him.

I didn’t stop removing clothes and kissing Seth until his pants were down, his cock was hard and firmly seated in my pussy. I was leaning forward, offering my breasts to him, letting him nurse as had become second nature to the both of us. Once I was settled down, having gotten the first half of what I wanted, eventually he would give me the second half.

“Are you sure you want this?” Seth asked me between nursing on my tits.

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because the webcam is live.”

Only then did I notice the camera setup on the dresser had been improved and it was most definitely on. Seth had only resisted my advances a tiny bit at the beginning because I was giving him exactly what he wanted. On top of all that, he had been speaking softly. I didn't know how sensitive the microphone was, but suddenly spilling all the details on me and Joe didn't seem like a great idea.

I must have been staring at the camera for far too long because Seth turned my head back to look at him. "Is this okay with you?"

"Are faces aren't blurred," were the first words out of my mouth. I was barely speaking above a whisper.

"Yeah, I know that. You didn't give me a chance to explain."

I had stopped moving on top of him; my breasts were in his face still. I must have been stupid to miss everything—or I was lust drunk—but next to the camera setup was a screen that Seth was using to monitor what was on the bed. Us. We were on the bed. I could see us—see me—moving.

Upon second examination I realized there wasn't that much to see and the quality of the picture wasn't that great.

And the thrill…well…that gave me enough courage not to stop.

"How many people are watching?"

Seth shrugged. "Don't know. I can't see the screen from here." His glasses were off and Seth's vision had always been terrible. "Earlier it was like one or two, just people waiting and seeing. Now…who knows? Probably one or two."

I started moving again and forced my breast back into his face. "What do we do to get those numbers up?"

"I haven't figured that out yet," he commented before resuming nursing.

It seemed the obvious way to pump up our views—I can't believe how quickly I went along with his insane kink—was to give whoever was out there a little show. I tilted my chest toward the camera, showing my tits. I sort of hid my face, keeping it from facing the camera directly and letting my hair fall down. It was exciting to think about who might be watching.

And most importantly I was pleasing my husband, giving him the kink he wanted.

Before I realized it, I knew my milk was flowing. I could feel it. There wasn't that much, but I was sure that Seth was tasting it.

It had been years since I had last felt milk coming out of my breasts. It wasn't something that I had really forgotten. It was an old memory brought to the forefront and once I started, I fully remembered how good it actually felt to lactate, to be nursed on, to be pleasured in a way that shouldn't be.

I was getting lost in the moment and before I knew it, I came, causing my entire body to shiver with pleasure. I pulled back, arching my back, pulling my breast free from Seth's mouth. He continued to thrust up into me while I came. When I managed to get ahold of myself, my first thought was whether or not someone on the internet had seen me cum.

The secret I held was that I desperately wanted someone to see me cum. Naturally I didn't tell Seth that. I wouldn't want him to think I was on board with his kink—he needed to keep earning it.

"Did you like that?" I asked him.

"You cumming?"

I shook my head. "No. My milk." I looked down at my tits. I wanted to see milk dripping from them, but they were just a little wet from Seth's mouth. Or maybe his mouth and my milk.

"Oh," he said and then realized what I was telling him. "Oh! No wonder you tasted so sweet." He wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "I didn't realize breast milk was so…sweet."

"Because you were afraid to have sex with me while I was nursing." That was an exaggeration and I knew it.

"That's an exaggeration and you know it," he snapped back at me with an exasperated grin. "I just wouldn't…you know…"

"Touch or play or suck on them," I filled in. "I know." I looked down at my tits

and ran my hands over them. “Maybe that’s why I need it so much right now.”

“I can go along with it now.”

“Yeah,” I sighed. “Now…”

He started rocking his hips again. It felt good and I didn’t want him to stop, but I decided to distract him anyway. I’d already gotten one orgasm. If he didn’t get his…well, that was my petty revenge.

“Want to hear my dirty story?”

“Real or made up story?” He grabbed my hips to hold me in place as he shoved his cock up inside me again and again. I was starting to get distracted.

“Real…”

“Is it why you’re late? We’re you fucking the intern?” He meant it as a joke but I was still a little pissed he was close to the mark.

“No!” I wanted to slap him. “But it is about the intern,” I told him.

Seth paused in his fucking. “It is?”

I smiled. “Uh-huh.”

“Did you fuck him?” The look of excitement and anxiety on his face confused me. Did he want me to fuck Joe or not?

“No…”

“Are you lying?”

“No! But…”

His cock felt harder inside me. I could feel him pulsing. Was he already that close to cumming? That was crazy. “But what?”

“I showed him my tits,” I said with a little more pride than I should have had.

“Nice.” His cock was throbbing rapidly now. It had to be shaking in time with

his heartbeat. “But you’re showing your tits to all of the world right now.” He nodded toward the camera.

I doubted anyone was watching, but that was the fun and the risk. I could totally see where Seth’s kink came from. I didn’t blame him in the least for wanting to do this. I wanted to do it as well.

“Yeah, well, after showing him my tits I made him suck on them.” I leaned down and kissed my husband. “He got to taste my milk before you did,” I whispered in his ear.

Somehow Seth managed to flip the two of use over so that he was now on top and he started pounding away at my pussy. I was too surprised to do anything. A few seconds later he was cumming, filling my pussy with his spunk. It made me even wetter than the ocean that was already between my legs. I let my body do what it wanted and had myself a nice littler orgasm to accompany his.

“You’re a slut,” he accused me.

“You like me being a slut, don’t you?” I just blurted out the words because I knew it was true. We both knew it was true.

Even though he had just cum, he was still hard inside me. I wanted him to start fucking again.

“I want you to be a slut for me in front of everyone,” he said and then kissed me.

It wasn’t something I had ever dreamed or lusted after, but I was happy to make his dream come true. I liked feeling his weight on me. I loved being that intimate with someone. I loved sharing our fantasies together even if it scared me as well. It was crazy, but it’s what my life was.

“Maybe we already fucked in front of the world,” I said, tilting my head, indicating the camera that was still watching us.

Slowly, Seth got off me. He actually had to pull out. Normally he just softened and fell out of me, but this time he had to pull out, like he still wanted to fuck me. I was ready for that. He walked with great confidence over to the camera and tapped a few of the keys on the computer that sat next to it. I waited patiently, his cum slowly leaking out my pussy. I wished my milk was slowly

leaking out of my tits as well, but that would happen soon enough. “Well?” I asked him.

“Not the whole world,” he reported. “But we had a few voyeurs.”

“How many is a few?”

“Twenty-three.”

I shivered. That was scary and exciting. It was impossible to know how much they had seen and heard, and it was impossible to know who they were, but I had just fucked in front of twenty-three strangers. I wasn’t stupid; they could have been recording. Maybe my sex tape was already making the rounds of the internet.

There was no way I was going to become famous as a porn actress, but a girl could dream.

As I lay there on my bed, watching my husband with his cum slowly seeping out of my pussy, the only thing I could think of was how eager I was to tell Joe.

If only he knew what we were doing right then.

If only he was one of those lucky twenty-three.

To be continued…

Preview

Faye and the Centaur

Morgan Arrobang looked across the table at his visitors with a great deal of wariness and skepticism. He glanced at his wife who was sitting next to him, a pained expression on her face as she fingered the necklace she always wore. Cassandra caught him looking at her and indicated with a nod of her head that he should speak to their guests without fear of offence.

Inhaling deeply, Morgan rubbed his hand across his forehead where a brilliant blue pentagram was permanently etched into his skin, and said, “While I sympathize with your plight, this is perhaps something that would be better addressed by the biomancers.”

The pretty young woman, Faye, the smaller half of the pair of guests, spoke up. “We’ve already been to their guild. They refused us outright.”

Morgan snorted. “Let me guess. Something along the lines of ‘We don’t want to alter the natural order of things’?”

“Yes.”

“This from a wizard’s guild that thinks nothing of replacing a man’s arms with a giant crab pinchers to make him more dangerous in battle,” said Cassandra, contempt dripping from her lips.

“They actually suggested we come to you,” rumbled Wilbert, the male half of the duo. He wasn’t just male. He was a centaur and while not large compared to most centaurs, he was large enough to make the consultation room in Morgan’s tower feel crowded.

“I’m surprised they didn’t suggest going to the necromancers,” commented Morgan. Wizards who even dabbled with raising the dead were almost universally reviled, but were often approached as a last resort for those seeking relief from any of a variety of magical afflictions.

“We’ve been to them as well,” said Faye.

Morgan's demeanor dropped and Cassandra gasped. They were now considered to be lower on the scale of wizardly order than necromancers.

Cassandra discretely tapped him on the leg under the table. She had already made the decision and was telling him to help. "It's not that I'm unwilling to do it," said Morgan knowing he was arguing the losing side to the discussion. "It's that I don't know how to do it. And not just that. It's never been done before."

"Which is why we came to you. Everyone says you're the expert on this sort of thing," said Faye. Clearly she was the voice of the couple compared to the taciturn Wilbert. The girl clearly came from money. She was young and pretty and wore clothes and jewelry that screamed wealth, but were muted enough to also convey she didn't need to advertise how rich she was. The centaur, well… he had some of the trapping s of wealth, but it was obvious to Morgan's eye that the wealth came from Faye. He hadn't asked how their partnership had formed, but it was an old tale. Human girl with a love of horses misplaces that desire onto a centaur.

Usually the centaurs in those twisted love stories just fucked the young maiden for a few weeks before leaving her which crushed her spirit but left her intact. Either the two had a real emotional bond or something else was going on Morgan didn't want to know about.

"Before I'm willing to say I'll even try, I'm going to let you know the cost will be substantial."

Faye smoothly removed the thick golden bracelet from her left wrist and slid it across to the table. "This should cover any initial costs you have," she said. Morgan passed the bracelet to his wife. She'd test it later to ascertain the value of the gold and the gems set into it. "What else do you need from us now?" asked Faye.

Morgan smiled thinly. "That's difficult part…"

The morning had started so well. The sunrise had been glorious and the weather was clear. Though Morgan's tower was on the edge of the city, it still had a wonderful view of the harbor. Cassandra had risen from bed first. She never wore any clothes to bed because of her condition so Morgan was treated to a

magnificent view of the new body his wife inhabited and he was pleased with what he saw. She had gone to bed wearing the skin of an unremarkable woman with short brown hair and gaps between her teeth. Cassandra woke up as a beautiful blonde with an amply curved bottom and full breasts. Her skin was milky pale and her smile was formed by bright red lips that framed pearly teeth.

She went to the window to look out at the city and the sea. The cool air coming in caused her nipple to contract and stand up proudly. Feeling Morgan's gaze on her, she turned and saw his grin. Glancing down at her body she shook her head sadly at him. "Sometimes I think it's better not to wake up in a beautiful body because I know it's only temporary."

"I don't mind," said Morgan. "Come back to bed and let me inspect you. I need to make sure that everything is correctly formed."

Cassandra took a step back, her shapely bottom pressing against the cold stone of the window ledge. If anyone was looking up at that precise moment, they would have been treated to the sight of a beautiful woman's buttocks being presented to the world. But the tower was at the edge of the city and they had precious few visitors or customers.

The stone was cold enough to make her shiver which caused her breasts to bounce fetchingly. The perfect pair was capped with light pink nipples that were proud to be put on display. "You just want to fuck me," Cassandra accused him.

Moran lifted the blanket and patted the mattress. He was as naked as she was. "The bed is still warm."

Her eyes took in his cock. It was the one thing on his body that did change, unlike her entire body that changed every day. His cock wasn't huge. But it was growing and getting harder by the second.

"You fucked me last night," said Cassandra as she stepped away from the cold stone of the window frame. "Aren't you satisfied yet?"

He reached out and grabbed her wrist, dragging his wife back to the bed. She playfully resisted but eventually gave in and rejoined him. As much as she hated her body changing every day, it was still a thrill to feel her husband's naked skin against hers and it was new every time because it was a new body every day.

Morgan didn’t need any help getting hard. He moved on top of her and she moved her legs apart to welcome him inside her body. “It’s like being a virgin every time,” she told him.

“Except you’re a virgin who knows how to rut like a slut,” he told her as his cock burrowed into her cunt. She gasped as he filled her up.

Uncontrolled shape shifting was no fun, but Cassandra would admit having a new body daily in which to fuck was like having a new lover every day. And she knew the same was true for Morgan.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “Do you like my new face?” she asked as he began moving his cock in and out of her warm, welcoming cunt.

“Very pretty.”

“Was I ugly yesterday?” she asked. “Is that why you fucked me like a dog last night?”

He grunted. “The rabble says women with gapped teeth are sluts.”

Cassandra groaned as he went all the way inside her. “The rabble might be right,” she agreed.

When she was beautiful, Morgan was much more eager to fuck her. But then again, she was much more eager to fuck in those bodies as well. They did the most work when she was ugly. They lived life when she was beautiful. They would have been happy to spend the day together in the bed, but there was work to do.

Locking her legs around Morgan’s waist, Cassandra encouraged her husband to finish. She wanted to feel like it was to have him cum in this body. She felt him cum all the time…but nothing every came of it.

His hot cum splash pleasantly in her new womb. He slammed into her a few more times and that brought about her orgasm. They might have a routine when it came to sex, but to Morgan it was a new woman every day.

They rested together a minute and then Cassandra slipped from under the blanket to squat over the chamber pot. After relieving herself, she went to the small tub

next to the pot and quickly washed herself. She doubted any washing would have a long-term effect on her body. Morgan watched from the bed, admiring her body.

Before dressing she picked up the necklace from the chest next to the bed. It was silver and a bold design with a heavy color-changing stone hanging from it as a pendant. She didn't especially love it, but it stabilized her body.

In the room she used as a closet Cassandra quickly judged her body's size in the highly polished bronze mirror Morgan had purchased especially for her and moved into the closet to find the right sized clothes. It wasn't that she was so vain that she had a wardrobe that would rival most noblewomen's; it was that she had a new body every day and needed different sizes and colors so she would look like she was wearing a potato sack each time her body changed at night.

When she walked back out into the bedroom, she noted that Morgan was wearing a pair of brown woolen trousers and a plain beige rough-woven shirt. He looked like a serf.

"You look like a serf," she told him.

"So?"

"So today we have visitors coming. I made an appointment. Could you at least try to look like a respectable wizard?"

He sighed and exchanged the plain clothing for blue breeches and a green tunic. "No robe. No ridiculous pointed hat," he said.

"Of course not," she said, standing on tiptop to push back the shock of his brown hair that fell across his forehead obscuring the blue pentagram permanently imprinted there. "How else would anyone see this?" she asked and kissed his forehead.

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Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

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