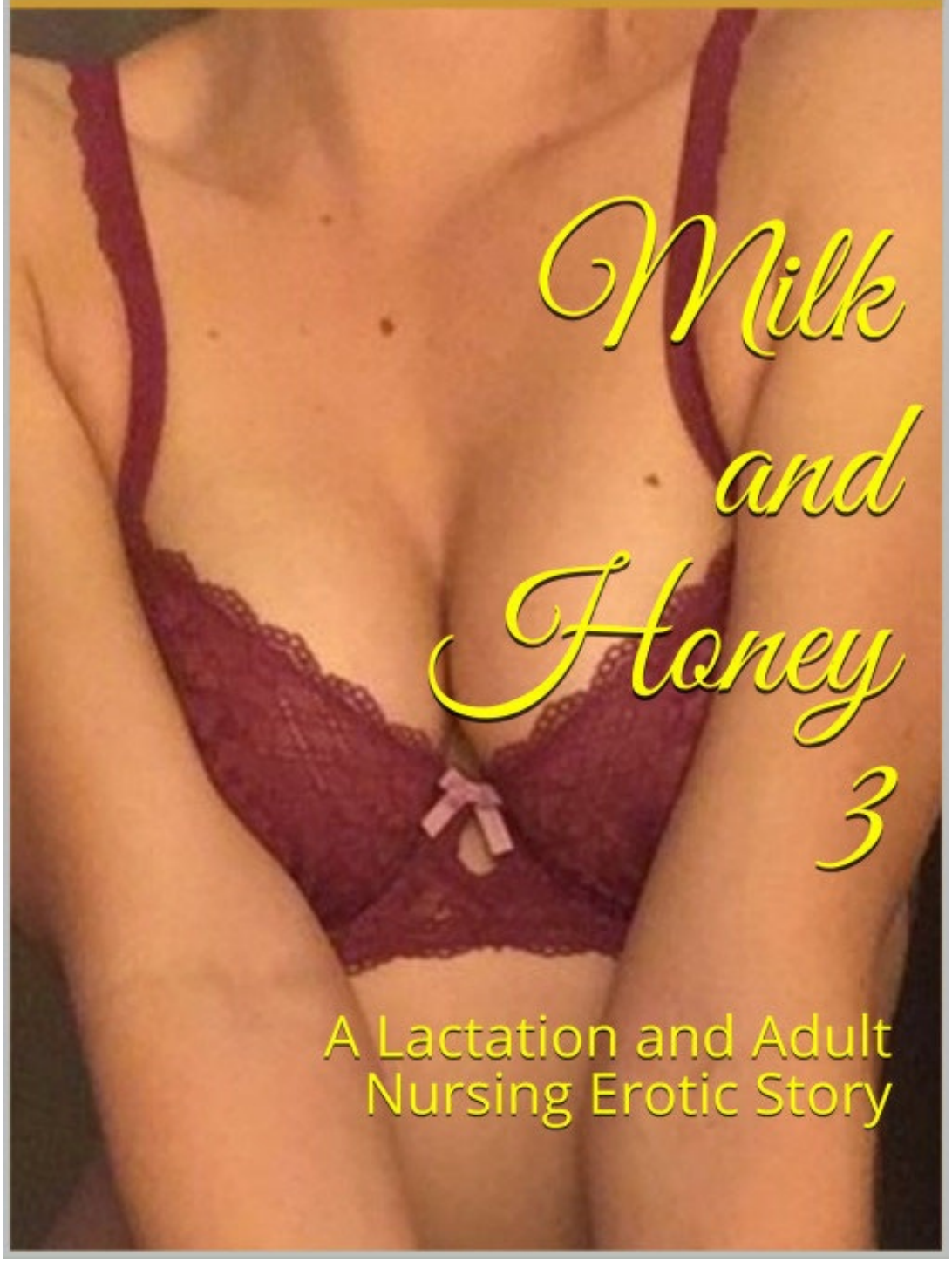
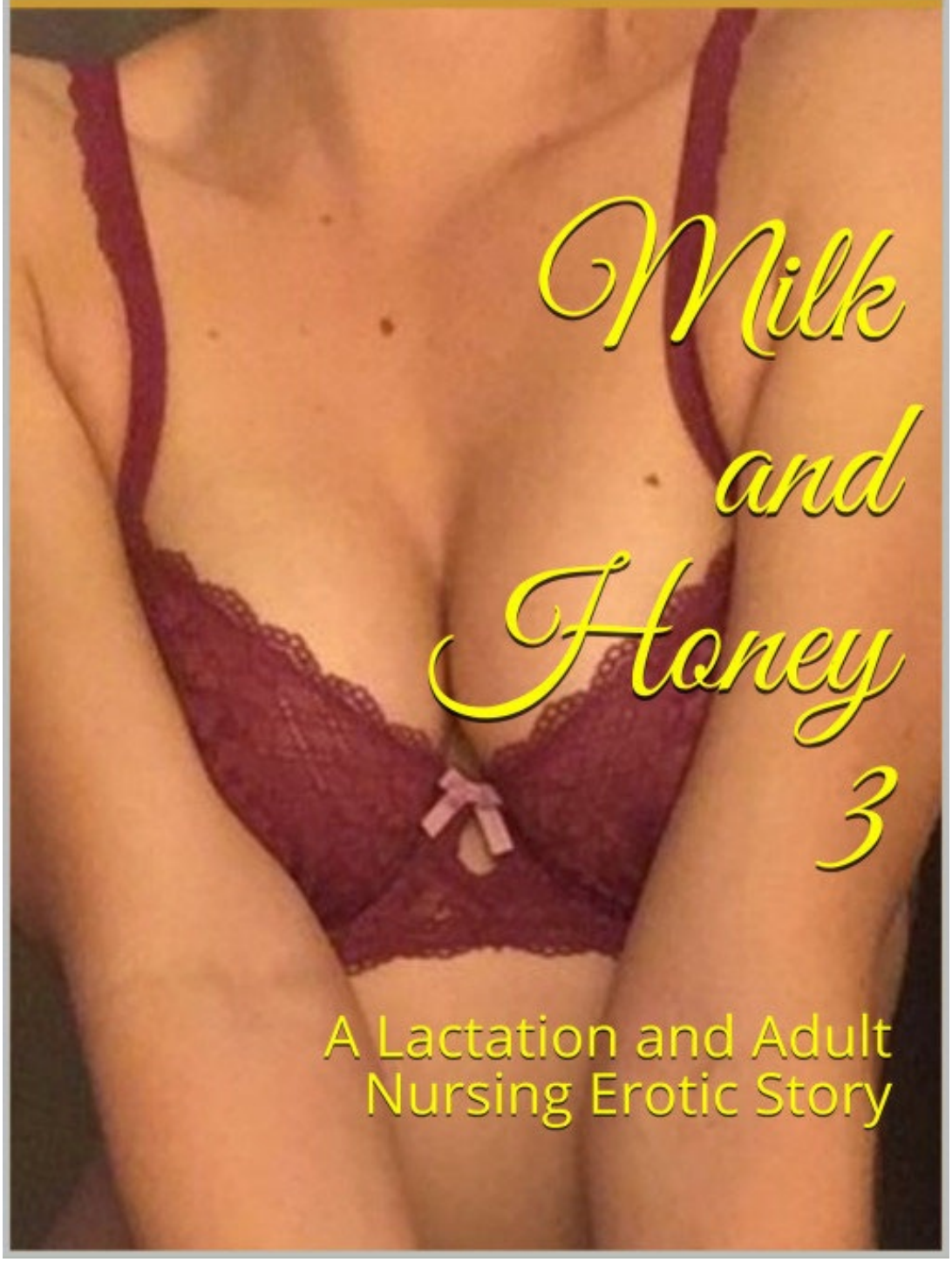
Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 3

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Milk and Honey 3

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Chapter One

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

I would have asked for details.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If we didn't have kids however…

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

“Really?”

“If it’s going to happen…”

“But you want to watch.”

“Would he be okay if I recorded it?”

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

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

“Very sweet.”

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

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

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

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

FUCK!

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

thinking about it.

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

And me without a horny college boy or husband around.

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

I meant the other old-fashioned way.

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

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

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

Or both.

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

Joe got back to me first.

Holy shit! Is that you?

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

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

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

Me: That's fucking stupid.

Him: Yeah.

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

Joe: Or relieved.

Me: Or maybe he never gets to bed them.

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

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

Seth: Can I post this on the site?

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

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

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

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

Me, to them both in separate windows: No.

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

To Joe: That's vile.

Joe: Sorry. I thought it was funny.

Seth: You got it.

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

Joe: YES!

Me: Be ready tomorrow.

I was exhausted.

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

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

Seth was happy to suckle from me that night. We didn't even have to get the camera out and record because, as he put it, "I want to get something original. And I want to do it out in the front of the world." That was a bit of an exaggeration, but I knew what he meant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Maybe," I hedged.

He followed me into the bathroom as I turned on the shower. "What's stopping you?"

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

"You'd let me do that?"

I kissed him on the lips and pried his fingers off my arm. "Of course I would. I

love you.”

I didn’t wear the snake bites to work. I didn’t think that I needed them any longer. I did bring the breast pump with me, just in case. I was being stupid, I knew, because given half a chance I knew that Joe would happily spend his entire internship worshipping my breasts.

Sometimes life and work don’t cooperate the way you want them to. That morning at work I actually had to work and Joe had to live up to the requirements of his internship.

It sucked. But only metaphorically, not literally.

I did tease Joe as much as possible, letting my hand drift across his crotch, barely skimming the front of his jeans where his cock strained to be freed. I pressed my boobs against his arms more than once, and moved in extra close in the supply closet, pressing them against his back.

“Quit teasing,” he complained. He was doing an awful job of hiding his hard cock.

“Sorry.” I sighed. “Looks like we aren’t going to get any…down time today.”

“What do you do for lunch?” he asked me.

It was such a cliché, sneaking off at lunch for a quick sexual encounter, but I was willing to give into clichés if it meant that I got a little milk relief.

He left the office first, supposedly going to his afternoon classes or whatever college interns do. I left a few minutes after him, telling the one coworker I encountered on the way out that I was grabbing some lunch. I rarely left the building for lunch, but no one would care.

I hoped.

We met at the local strip mall. There was some parking behind the mall and we were semi-obscured by trees and a dumpster. Very romantic, I know.

He hoped into my car and I pulled down my shirt and bra. It was very efficient and we said almost nothing. Joe just leaned across the console of my suburban assault vehicle and started sucking on my tits. It was heavenly.

Almost at once I could feel my milk letting down and he spluttered a bit, surprised at the liquid. “Woah. That’s…that’s really sweet. Like apple juice with too much sugar.”

Looking down at my tits, I felt a sudden surge of pride. I was lactating and that’s exactly what my tits were made for. As I watched for a couple of seconds, I saw a droplet of milk form on both nipples. I couldn’t help myself and caught one on my finger to bring to my lips for a taste.

He wasn’t wrong. The flavor was incredibly sweet, but beyond that it wasn’t offensive but sort of mild.

Joe’s eyes went wide at my casual gesture. “You just tasted your own milk!” he blurted out.

“Yeah?” I asked casually. “I’ve tasted my own pussy too. Don’t tell me you don’t like the taste of pussy.”

I was crude and demanding. I liked the feeling it gave me.

“No, I like pussy.”

“And do you like my milk?”

There was a moment’s hesitation before he said, “Yes. It’s just…new.”

“Great. I’m leaking. Get to work.” I pulled his mouth back to my chest and he latched on, sucking happily away. I was full and it felt wonderful.

He could only nurse on one breast at a time. The free one kept leaking. I didn’t want to stain my bra or shirt, so I kept wiping up the leaking nipple and drinking it. Maybe it was strange, maybe it wasn’t, but I didn’t care. I could have used the tissues that I kept in my car, but that seemed like an awful waste when I had gone through so much effort to make it in the first place.

The only downside of getting nursed in the parking lot was that I was getting

hornier and hornier and Joe sucked on me. There was no way we were going to get to fuck then and there, so eventually I had to push him away when I realized my tits were empty enough.

“What?” Joe was confused.

“We can’t fuck here.”

“I can finger you,” he gallantly offered.

It was too tempting to say no and I was wearing a skirt that day. That’s just good planning. I eased the seat back and yanked my panties down to mid-thigh. He fell to my breasts and continued nursing while his hand went between my legs and found my wet pussy. Like a hunter he found my clit and started rubbing it. I barely needed that. Just being that wanton—and in the open!—was enough to get me off. I clamped down on my orgasm so I wasn’t screaming and alerting any possible passerby. That took away some of the pleasure, but it was the relief that I needed.

When I came out of it, I was pleased to see that the bulge in Joe’s pants was prominent. “I’m not going to be able to do anything about that,” I said pointing while putting my clothes back into place. “You’ll have to jerk off on your own.”

“When do I get to fuck you?” he asked me desperately.

I smiled. I already knew the answer. “Well…about that…”

Chapter Two

I told Seth everything about what I did with Joe. For most couples that would have been the beginning conversation of who was getting the kids and who was getting the house. Instead, my husband kissed me, dragged me to the bed, and begged me to tell him more.

“Why didn’t you tell me before it happened?”

“It wasn’t planned,” I told him as he pulled off my shirt and bra. I didn’t stop him. I needed him to suck my tits. While I wasn’t to the point of pain just yet, I could feel my milk still building. I hadn’t been that aware of my milk supply when I was feeding babies, but now that it was a sexual thing, I was hyper aware of it. And I loved it. “We had to work and couldn’t fool around at the office.”

“I want to watch the two of you,” he said in a quick burst after he took his mouth away from my nipple.

“I want to do that for you.”

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

“Soon enough, baby, soon enough.” I had been wiggling out of my clothes and by now I was naked except for my panties. Seth shoved these aside and slipped a pair of fingers up inside of me. I was his even though I had happily and willingly been violated by another man just hours before. I moaned in the back of my throat and asked him, “Do you want to watch him fuck me?”

Seth paused and lifted his head. “Fuck yes.”

“I’ll make it happen.”

Everything came together with surprising ease. Naturally we couldn’t do it at our house, not with two teenagers who got into absolutely everything that they shouldn’t. It wasn’t going to happen at Seth’s either because he had three roommates and they didn’t need to know his intern boss was fucking him with her husband’s permission.

It made me wonder how much hotel business was centered on sex and infidelity.

Saturday night we were waiting in the hotel's bar.

"Is he even old enough to come in the bar?" Seth asked me.

I honestly didn't know the answer to that question. He was old enough to get into college, so eighteen at least. He looked like he was in his early twenties. That would have been my luck; he was stopped at the door because he was underage to drink but not underage to fuck.

"Yes," I said to Seth. That was a lie of unknown fact; he might have been or might not have been.

"Well, if he doesn't show up we can always go up to the hotel room and just have sex," Seth said conversationally.

I looked across the small bar table at him. "That sounds boring."

He tilted his head to the side. "It does, doesn't it?"

A moment later Seth finally appeared. The hotel bar was casual enough that they didn't have an actual bouncer so getting in was easy. We weren't there for the alcohol anyway.

It was interesting to see Seth and Joe interact. Seth had a big, eager grin on his face while Joe was more reserved and respectful. He even dressed up a bit. Not a jacket and tie, but dress pants and a button down shirt. He was better dressed than Seth, which made me want to giggle. The sad thing was he wasn't flirty with me at all. I was hoping that he would be so Seth could get some weird thrill at the few people in the bar seeing his wife act aggressively interested in another man.

It wasn't like we were going to do something in the middle of the hotel bar, though I'm sure that Seth would have encouraged it.

They introduced themselves and shook hands. That was boring. I was hoping for something more, but what I couldn't say, so I decided to stir up a little trouble. After they shook hands, I moved close to Joe and gave him a kiss on the lips. It was a mostly chaste kiss, something you might give a favorite cousin, but the intent in front of my husband was more than obvious. When I glanced at Seth his eyes were suddenly giant saucers and I knew I was on to something.

Grabbing Joe's hand I said, "There's no reason to waste time here. How about we go upstairs?" Without waiting for an answer, I started walking, dragging Joe along with me. He didn't resist and I knew that Seth followed.

Is sex in an elevator a cliché? Probably. But like so much of what Hollywood and porn tends to champion, it's bullshit. We were on the fifth floor. There wasn't time to do anything in the small space.

Well, nothing more than kiss Joe, this time like I meant it. I pressed my body up against his and pushed my tongue into his mouth. He was more than happy to accept my tongue and we twirled our tongues around each other's for the short trip up. My tits were mashed up against Joe's chest and I could feel how hard and full they were. I couldn't wait to get naked and let Joe enjoy my milk.

I had insisted that Seth not nurse from me before our big meeting. This had upset him a little because he wanted to pregame me a little. I didn't need any extra encouragement to let another man fuck me. I would have fucked a complete stranger if it pleased Seth. I was ready to do whatever he wanted as long as I could keep making milk and get my tits sucked.

When the elevator doors opened, no there wasn't an old couple there looking at us with disapproval. The hallway was empty, but I glanced over at my husband. He was grinning like he had won some strange, kinky sexual lottery. Checking his crotch it was obvious that he was hard and I had his permission to continue.

"Ready?" I asked Joe and didn't wait for his answer. We went down the hall holding hands, followed by Seth. There was some fumbling for the keycard to the door, but it was gallantly provided by Seth who ushered us inside.

I didn't waste any more time. I pulled Joe in behind me, pausing briefly to give my husband a quick kiss before I pulled Joe onto the gigantic king-sized bed with me. I pulled at his clothes trying to get him to undress.

It was only then that Joe got cold feet. He pulled his face away from mine and looked at Seth. "Are you—" he cleared his throat and tried again. "Are you okay with this?"

Seth just nodded, the big grin on his face not abating at all. "Can I record the two of you while you do it?" He picked up the small camera rig we had left behind when we checked in. Maybe Joe was a little intimidated at the size, perhaps he

expected a cellphone camera instead, but he just nodded.

I was underneath him. His cock was hard against my leg. We were going to fuck regardless of what Joe said. Seth was going to record us regardless of what Joe said. Once I saw his nod I pushed him off me and rolled on top of Joe, straddling him. Not giving him an opportunity to say anything I pulled my dress up over my head.

For this little encounter I had gone the extra distance and purchased some sexy lingerie. My dress was purple. My bra and panties were matching purple as well. The panties were reasonably styled, but the bra was all straps and had a cutout exposed underboob panel. It was completely unnecessary, but I gave Joe an eyeful before I reached behind my back, slipped off the hooks, and tossed aside the bra.

“They’re beautiful,” said Joe, reaching up to cup my tits like they were fine treasures. I glanced at Seth to check that he was filming and then leaned forward, offering my boobs to Joe.

My lover-to-be knew exactly what to do. Taking a nipple between his lips, he sucked and my milk started flowing. The other nipple he pinched and rolled between his fingers. I turned my head to Seth who was carefully filming the whole encounter.

“Is this what you wanted, honey?” I asked him. I wasn’t trying to be sultry, but it certainly came out that.

Seth nodded. “It’s a good start.”

I started grinding my silk-covered pussy against Joe’s body. My tits were aching for attention, but I wanted to fuck as well. The high school social studies concept of “total war” flashed in my mind, only I was replacing it with “total fuck”. I didn’t know where my head was at.

As distracted as I was by Seth’s camera and Joe’s nursing, I still managed to help him get undressed. It didn’t take long before we were both down to just our underwear. I was riding his cock on my slit, but we were still separated by two layers of material. I could feel my pussy flowing with wetness to match my tits. Joe was working back and forth between my breasts, but whatever one he wasn’t sucking on steadily dripped milk.

I was making a bit of a mess on him and the bedspread, but I frankly didn't care. I was well off into another world already. It wouldn't take much to push me over the edge to orgasm with Joe just sucking on me, but I wanted his cock inside me when I came. The best thing to do would be take a quick break and strip off our underwear, but the quickest would have been to shove aside my panties and pull his cock out of his shorts.

I couldn't do either because I was too paralyzed by being nursed, so I just stayed there on top of Joe, Seth watching, while he continued to nurse on me, getting me closer and closer to cumming. I wanted him to stop, but I couldn't form the words.

It happened without me wanting it to happen. I came. My entire body shook with pleasure. Joe looked up at me with surprise and delight. And then I caught him in the face with a stream of milk from my breast. Both of them weren't just dripping now, but were actively spraying milk as I came.

"Holy shit," Seth exclaimed in a whisper. He had moved around to where he had my breasts framed and was capturing my tits going wild, spraying milk with wild abandon.

Even I was more than a little bit surprised at my body's reaction. I had fallen in love with the way my breasts had so quickly taken to relactating and how much I enjoyed it, but I never expected this reaction. It was fantastic and beautiful.

"I never knew a woman could do that." Joe was cleared amazed. I was just thrilled that he hadn't freaked and ran out of the room, but then again, he was in bed with a woman he barely knew, sucking on her tits, enjoying her milk, while her husband watched and filmed it all. He was probably open to new experiences and kinks.

"I can do a lot of fun things," I told him. This was the opportunity to switch things up. Rolling off him, I quickly yanked off my panties and tossed them aside. Before he knew what was happening, I plunged my hand into his underwear and found his cock. It was an easy search.

While I'm certainly not a size queen, I liked what I found in his pants. Joe was definitely bigger than Seth, or maybe he was just as huge as he had ever been because I could feel him throbbing in my hand. He wasn't gigantic, but no woman would have been disappointed in what he was packing, and on top of

that, he wasn't so big that he was intimidating. I loved his cock right away and did what came naturally: I used my mouth on him.

"Oh…oh fuck. Careful," Joe begged. "I don't want to cum in your mouth."

I looked up at him with big, innocent eyes. Or at least I tried for big innocent eyes. It's hard to be innocent when you have a cock in your mouth while your husband watches you. Carefully extracting his length from between my lips I asked him, "Where do you want to cum?"

"In your…can I cum in your pussy?" It was cute that he was asking permission.

"You don't want to cum on my tits?" I asked him. "You seem to love them."

"If that's what you want…"

I laughed and started to straddle him again. "No. I want you in my pussy." Even though I told him I wanted to fuck him, I still didn't make any motion to actually put him inside of me.

"Go ahead and fuck him," Seth said to me. What more loving words had a woman every heard from her husband?

I looked carefully at him. We had discussed this beforehand, me actually having sex with someone else. Seth was all for it, but I was on the fence at the time because I knew in the moment I'd be too eager to fuck Joe to think clearly. We weren't worried about pregnancy or disease because Joe was safe and I had taken care of the pregnancy issue years ago. But seeing his wife with another man was a real risk. Men had killed for seeing less. "Are you sure?"

"We're going to be fucking other people out in public soon enough, why not?" he asked me. "Besides, this will look great on our porn account."

Our porn account. He was referring to the website where we had posted a couple of kinky videos. I knew that's what he had in store for this video when he edited it, but it was still crazy to me. Crazy enough to make my pussy spasm. "But are you really sure?" I asked again. I didn't know why I was hesitating, this was what we wanted. Wasn't it?"

"I'm really sure," Seth said definitively. He put down his camera rig, still

recording, I'm sure, and grabbed me around the hips, getting me to move up Joe's body. I didn't resist.

Joe was still on his back so it was easy for me to straddle him again. I felt Seth's hand between my legs, checking my wet pussy. My lips were swollen in anticipation and I'm sure I was dripping pussy juice down my inner thighs.

Seth showed his eagerness at seeing his wife fuck another man when I realized his other hand was down between my legs as well, but it wasn't inspecting my pussy. It was on Joe's cock. The look on Joe's face was…more than mildly surprising to say the least. From what I knew about men and their generally very sensitive masculinity, touching another guy's dick was either incredibly homosexual or incredibly aggressive.

But Seth wasn't trying to hurt Joe.

And Seth wasn't suddenly taking a hard turn into gayness.

He was brining my lover-to-be's cock into my pussy. If that's not a loving gesture then I don't know what is.

Seth lined up us and slipped Joe's glans between my swollen lips, finding my opening so that I could slip all the way down on it.

It had been years since I had fucked any other man besides my husband. There's that first thrilling moment when you're actually having sex with someone new. Everything is charged with electricity and sex and excitement. It was beyond words. I was thrilled with how easily I went down on Joe's big cock. If there was any regret in the moment, it was that Seth didn't have the camera where it could have been recording the action a little better.

"Oh fuck that feels good," I exclaimed.

Seth grabbed up his rig and moved around to get the angle he wanted: facing me, my tits jiggling up and down as I rode on top of Joe, a little bit of milk continuing to dribble out. I felt wonderful and wanton.

If there was any minor glitch to this little party, it was Joe. I felt a little sorry for him if anything. He was nothing more than a prop for the sexual fantasy that Seth and I were living out. But he was a young guy, he wanted to be here

fucking a kinky MILF. Maybe he didn't know he was going to be guest staring in a porn episode, but he'd get over that. In the future—and today—everything will be recorded all the time. There are no secrets.

"You like this?" I asked Joe as a small gesture—a very small gesture—that I was concerned for his fate.

"Hell yes!" He said it with enough enthusiasm that I wasn't worried any longer. He was all in, both emotionally and physically. I could tell that he was bigger than Seth, not that I'd say anything about it to Seth. You never know how a man might react to comparing his cock to someone else's.

"Do you like this?" I asked as I leaned back a little, showing off my tits, checking in with my husband one more time, before taking both tits in hand and squeezing. It was a natural gesture on my part. The milk came spraying out. I didn't know how I was making so much milk but my supply seemed endless. I didn't shoot my milk across the room, but it came out well enough to make a nice little arch in the air before falling all over Joe's chest and face.

"Uh-huh," he said pulling me back down to him. His mouth went to a breast and I shivered with the contact and suction. His hands were on my ass and I hoped that Seth was recording all of this for posterity.

"Beautiful," Seth whispered. I hoped the comment wasn't just for me but for my performance as well.

I felt a bit like a performer at that point. I wasn't performing for the camera, but for Seth and myself and maybe just a little bit for Joe as well. There was no reason he shouldn't get to have a fun time too.

"Faster," I encouraged Joe. We had barely been fucking for a minute and I was approaching another orgasm. His cock was like a piece of hot steel inside my pussy and I couldn't wait for it to go off. Maybe some men wanted to go and go for hours before cumming, but that wasn't for me. I wasn't going to wait for him. This was all for me.

"Can't!" Joe said right before he did and came inside me. It was a flood of hot liquid steel. I squealed in delight and came along with him. My body wasn't my own and that made it all the more perfect.

Maybe infidelity is universally looked down upon, but I didn't consider this infidelity. Seth was there with us encouraging me along. I had braced my arms on Joe's shoulders while I came. I lost track of things and suddenly Seth's mouth was on my breast, sucking out the last of my milk as my orgasm abated. My body was one raw, exposed nerve and that was enough to make me shake with an aftershock. It was a mild orgasm, but I was glad that Seth gave it to me.

"I love you," he whispered in my ear. I just nodded. "I want to fuck you." I nodded again. "I want to fuck you right now." I nodded again and then realized that at some point Seth had undressed. He got on the bed behind me and slipped Joe's cock out of my pussy. I moaned in disappointment as I was left an empty void.

A moment later Seth's cock was there replacing Joe's. "Oh…oh thank you," I breathed to Seth. Joe was trapped beneath us, but that was his problem.

Seth was incredibly hard. He hadn't been that hard in years, as least as far as I could remember. I was looking down into Joe's eyes as my husband fucked me. It was something that shouldn't be, but there we were. It was perfect. We had been together so long that Seth knew exactly what to do to make me cum: the right speed, the right angle, the right way to hold me even though we were in bed with another man.

"It's gonna happen," I blurted out.

Without asking, Seth knew exactly what I meant. He didn't change anything, he just kept doing what I wanted and it happened. I came again. By this point I was to the true point of exhaustion. I'm not out of shape, but there's only so many orgasms a woman can take before she just wants to lie down and sleep.

And then, probably because I came, Seth came. I felt filthy—but the good sort of filthy—because Joe had just cum inside me minutes earlier. What kind of slut was I? The good kind or the bad kind? I didn't know, but I was willing to find out.

Looking over my shoulder at Seth, I asked him, "Was it good for you?"

His eyes were closed and he was covered with a fine sheen of wet, still, he nodded and said, "Yes. Just a little tired."

“Me too. And cramped. Can you just slide off so that I can lie down?”

It was the afterwards that was the most uncomfortable. Before we got into bed, we were all just nervous and excited as to what was going to happen. When we were fucking, we didn’t have time or the emotional energy to think about anything other than fucking and cumming, but afterwards, we had way too much time to think about what we had done and how it was going to screw with us.

“I need the bathroom,” said Joe when I rolled off him. He practically ran there, his hand covering his flaccid cock. That didn’t hide the fact that he had a cute ass.

“Was this a good idea?” I asked Seth, trying to get him to assure me we hadn’t blown up our marriage.

He didn’t say anything for a second and instead stumbled over to the camera rig. It was still running and only after he had turned it off along with the other stable camera he had set up, did he speak. “I think it was…a good idea. A nice experiment.” That’s the sort of answer you’ll get from an engineer.

“Are you going to leave me for fucking another man?” I spoke softly even though I could hear the water running in the bathroom; more than likely Joe couldn’t hear a word of what we were saying.

“Of course not. I encouraged you to fuck him. I watched. I helped!”

“We’re not a normal couple anymore,” I ruminated.

“Did you want to be a normal couple?”

Before I could answer, Joe came out of the bathroom. It was the quickest shower on record and he had a towel wrapped around his middle, giving him more clothing than Seth and I. “I don’t want to overstay my welcome,” said Joe as he found his underwear and pulled it on before dropping the towel, like I hadn’t had his cock in my mouth and pussy. His sudden bit of modesty was amusing and made me smile. I had to stop myself from giggling. “So I better get going.”

“You don’t want to stick around for another go?” I asked him. It was a stupid question. I didn’t want him around for another fuck, but there I was asking it, trying to be a good hostess, like fucking him wasn’t a nice enough gesture.

He glanced back and forth between Seth and me, laying together on the bed. “No, that’s okay. This was fun.” He was throwing on his clothes so fast I could barely follow the motion of his limbs. “I’ll see you at work.” And with that he was out the door.

I looked over at Seth and asked, “So do you want to spend the night or do you want to go home?”

Chapter Three

I watched as Seth worked on editing the videos. The lighting was okay. The camera work was passable, but it wasn't going to win any awards at whatever organization gives awards for amateur porn videos.

"I think it's shit," he said bluntly when he stopped working.

"Uh…why?"

"Because the quality sucks and it does nothing for me porn-wise and it's not what I want. I want to be fucking in public, not posting private sex videos."

"Okay. I can make that happen for you." I just made the promise without thinking it through. I figured I could have pushed Seth off for a while. It wasn't that I didn't want to give Seth what he wanted, it was that it wasn't my kink. I could do it for him, but it made me nervous.

But I knew I had to give in to him because he was nursing from me day and night….well, once a day and once at night. But he was going along with what I wanted, so fair was fair.

My answer had made my husband incredibly happy. I should have known better. I should have planned ahead because Seth had. "Great!" His enthusiasm was unparalleled. That made me nervous. "There's a club in the city we can go to next weekend."

"Um…what?"

"It's not exactly public, but we'll be fucking in front of other people. That's a good first step. And we can watch other people as well. I've been researching." Of course he had. He was an engineer. He opened up another window on his computer and showed me the club.

It didn't look sleazy. That was nice. It still made me incredibly nervous.

"You can't be serious."

He looked at me, wounded. "But you…you said you would. You promised." He wasn't whining, but he sounded a lot like a little kid whose deadbeat dad broke yet another promise.

That made me feel like shit. “Okay, we’ll go. But any funny business and I’m out of there.”

“Right. We see any clowns fucking, we’re done.”

The week with Joe at work was interesting. He came in very nervously on Monday but I acted normally in front of him. Once he settled down and I realized no one was in the small space of our cubes, I slid into cube we had the interns share. Before he could say a word, I pulled down the top of my sweater, displaying my swollen breasts and bra. It wasn’t exactly see-through, but the idea was easily conveyed. I’m sure my nipple were making nice little tents in the material.

“Care for a drink?” I asked him.

His eyes bulged. “You can’t do that here!” he spluttered.

I kept my sweater pulled down. The neck was loose but had a bit of elastic to it as well; I just needed to let go of the edge to let it spring back into place. My back was to the door which I’d hear if anyone walked it. “Why not?”

“We’ll get caught?”

“No we won’t,” I assured him.

There was a very real chance we would be caught.

The door to the IT staff offices was in direct view of the interns’ desk. It was one thing to let my sweater bounce back into place if I was facing away from the door. It was another thing entirely to have Joe’s face in my tits, sucking on my nipples, when someone walked in. I was scared and the pit of my stomach was tight. It was scary and exciting; I understood the thrill that Seth got from it. And we had only had sex in public once—and we had gotten caught.

I hated to admit it, but the getting caught part was probably the best part.

“This is crazy and stupid.”

Joe wasn’t wrong.

I still pulled down one bra cup, exposing my nipple. My breasts weren’t exactly full, but I could feel the milk in them. All I needed to do was give it a nice squeeze and milk would spray out like a fountain. More than anything I wanted to do that for Joe, just to see his reaction.

Actually, what I wanted more than anything was for Joe to put his lips to my tit and suck out my milk.

“Don’t you want to taste me?”

Slowly Joe nodded. I stood up and leaned forward, aiming my ass at the door as an extra fuck you to the company in case we did get caught. My tits were hanging in Joe’s face now and he didn’t have the willpower to resist. His mouth found my naked nipple and he started sucking. At once my milk welled up and flowed into his mouth.

The position wasn’t great with me leaning halfway over, but I dealt with it because the reward was more than worth it. As he nursed from the left, I pulled out the right and turned his head. Joe was a good boy and nursed from the fresh breast. There wasn’t a lot of milk, but what I did have flowed easily and he swallowed happily.

“My pussy is getting so wet,” I told him, standing up and tucking my tits away before we did get caught. I stared at his crotch. His pants were hiding—barely—the huge bulge his cock was making. “Looks like you want to fuck too.”

“Don’t do this to me, Malka,” he begged. I glanced at his desk and saw he had actual work to be doing. I smirked.

“It was nice fucking you this weekend. We’ll have to do it again sometime.” I adjusted my sweater just as the door opened and let in Dave and Ken. Licking my lips I said softly to him. “My husband loved watching your cock in my pussy.”

It killed me to walk away, but I was a strong woman and managed to do it.

But I certainly did jill off in the bathroom fifteen minutes later. I’m only so strong.

The week went much that way. Teasing Joe at work, getting my nips sucked there a bit, and coming home to Seth for a real nursing and a real fucking. I didn't hold back and told him everything. Seth seemed to like that. Who knew that sexual adventures could draw a couple together?

The weird thing about the sex club that Seth found was that we had to apply to attend. It was a little nerve wracking because beyond the fee they wanted to apply and join (it was an actual club after all) they wanted factual information on us which included copies of driver's licenses.

"It's actually safer that way," Seth assured me. "No hiding identities, but they don't share the info with anyone outside the club. I've checked them out."

"What if someone finds out?"

"Who's going to find out and care? We're no one. If someone goes hunting, they're admitting they were looking for salacious info in the first place. It's all married couples anyway."

"Married couples that was excitement and privacy?" I asked skeptically.

"Exactly. That's why the licenses. We need to prove that we're married."

It was almost all a little too much for me, but Seth wanted this so I went along. What was the worst thing that could happen?

We could both lose our jobs for "sexual misbehavior" but I was doing that in the IT rooms with Joe already.

To be frank, I was scared when we walked into the club. It was in a semi-industrial part of the city, right on the edge of the trendy restaurants and the district where newly graduated art majors went to live for a year or two before giving up their dreams and getting a job.

"Is this a good idea?" I asked Seth as we got out of the suburban assault vehicle and started walking to the address we had been given. There were other cars and

people around, so that was a good sign, but my stomach was a hard knot of nerves.

“We already went over this,” Seth complained.

I pulled him closer to me. “I’m not worried about the sex. I’m worried about getting mugged.” I glanced around again and realized that everyone I saw was pretty much a white, middle-class suburbanite out for a night of excitement. I was being stupid.

The doorway we found was non-descript, which only made sense. There was a button to press and nothing else.

Seth pressed the button.

“Yes?” It was a hidden intercom. I hated it right away.

“Uh…we’re here for the…um…party,” said Seth with absolutely no confidence. I rolled my eyes at him but I didn’t say anything because I wouldn’t have handled it any better.

“Names?”

“Uh…Seth and Malka Brandt.”

There was a pause and I’m sure it was just my imagination, but the voice on the other end of the intercom suddenly became much friendlier. “Great. You’re on the list. I’m buzzing you in. Just come up the stairs.”

There was the usual security buzz and the door slipped open. We pushed it the rest of the way open and marched up the industrial steel steps. The building had the look and feel of an abandoned warehouse in the process of being converted to some other purpose. This was most definitely a step between the original product and what it was going to be. The club was just an interim thing.

At least I believed that until we arrived upstairs. There was another door to push open. I didn’t know what to expect at this point, but my knees were shaking. I half expected pulsing music and lights to blind and deafen us while we were overcome by the smell of ripe sex and fucking.

We instead walked into what looked like a Hollywood set for a small bar inside a restaurant. There was music playing, but it was background noise only. Lighting was dim but effective. The windows were blacked out. There were people milling around, all nicely dressed, but nothing fancy and there was no nudity.

The last part is what disappointed me.

The hostess was a woman whose name was Danielle. She and Seth had been emailing back and forth. After checking our IDs, which was weird, she gave us the lay of the land. The sort of bar-restaurant was just a place to meet up. There were drinks available (and she mentioned that technically the bar was illegal, but everything else was aboveboard).

“And if you’re meeting another couple or single woman,” said Danielle pointing, “there are private rooms down that hall. But if you’re into larger groups, you’ll want to go through that door,” she added, pointing in the opposite direction.

“Single women?” I asked.

Seth and she looked at me like I was stupid. “We don’t allow single men to join,” Danielle explained. “Couples and single women only.”

“It turns into a sausage fest,” Seth unnecessarily added.

“Right. Silly me.” I was staring at Danielle the entire time, not because I didn’t know where else to look, but because, while she was attractive enough, she was definitely larger than the average woman. Not fat necessarily, but she had the body type of an elementary school age mother who was always saying, “I had a great body…before I had my three kids and never lost any of the baby weight.”

“Where do you want to go?” Seth asked me.

I was eyeing the bar, thinking about a little liquid courage, when Danielle answered for me.

“Have a drink first, but not too much. You don’t want to let it affect your performance later on.” She wasn’t talking to me. She was talking to Seth. And she wasn’t just talking to him, she was shamelessly flirting. And not just flirting, she had her hand on his arm.

That was my first lesson at the club. Women were much more aggressive in their interest in men there. It wasn't that they were trying to steal my husband from me—none of them wanted that—it was that they felt safe to let loose with their sexual needs, but only in the club.

So we sat down and had a drink or two. The entire time there was a parade of people through the bar area. Danielle had explained to us this common area really only had two rules: no nudity and no sex. That was for the other rooms.

What the bar did have more than any other place I've ever been was people stopping by our table to introduce themselves and say hello. More than a few of the women hit on my husband. A few of the men—and a couple of the women—hit on me, which wasn't exactly a surprise, but it was a nice little ego boost.

We turned them all down, but politely, saying we were there just to look the first time. Which was mostly true. We had discussed what to do if we really clicked with someone, but we were there primarily to live out Seth's fantasy. As the evening wore on, I could feel my milk building and I wanted some relief so I knew we weren't going to be just chatting and drinking at the table forever.

One couple boldly invited us back to one of the private rooms. She was a pretty woman who claimed to be half Filipino and half Spanish, but with green eyes that were obviously contact lenses. He was a tall and muscular guy with a cleft chin and blonde hair. I couldn't think of a cliché that described them as a couple though they seemed individual cliché's on their own.

I could tell Seth wanted to say yes, but I wasn't interest in that. Not yet. I didn't want him to defer his little fantasy any longer. "Thanks, but we were going to go to the group room to watch…and maybe something a little more."

I thought that maybe that would piss them off. Nothing was further from the truth. They politely accepted my answer and wandered off on their own.

"Let's go see what's in the orgy room," I suggested to Seth. I had been keeping track. There were at least a dozen couples back there at that point, probably more if others had arrived before us, which certainly seemed the case.

"Are you sure?"

"You can fuck me up against the wall," I promised him as I stood up from the

table.

He was in dress pants and a jacket. I was wearing a blue dress that wasn't exactly formfitting, but it was tight enough. Feeling bold before we left the house, I had slipped off my panties. I kept on my bra. I needed that now more than ever.

I didn't know what to expect exactly in the group room. I expected cheap mattresses everywhere and probably too much body oil. It certainly couldn't have been like the porn I had seen.

It was almost exactly like the porn I had seen. Except the bodies of the participants weren't the nearly perfect ones porn actors tended to sport.

There were six or seven people on the gigantic California king sized bed in the middle of the room doing anything and everything. I wasn't sure who was with who and doing what to whom, but it was enlightening to say the least.

Around the bed on the floor on smaller pieces of furniture the same acts were being carried out by smaller groups, usually trios. I saw handjobs and blowjobs. Vaginal sex and anal sex. Men with women and women with men and women with women. I wasn't surprised to see no men with men because apparently American society is still stuck up that way. I wouldn't have minded seeing two handsome men kissing and fucking and sucking, but I could get that on my own if I really wanted.

Almost everyone was white and probably middle class. There were a couple of people who were probably Asian or Indian. There was one guy who was definitely Latino. Not one person was black. What does that say about America's mores and race relations?

"Wow," was Seth's soft take on the situation.

I reached for his cock and established he was enjoying what he was seeing. "Yeah. Wow. But my tits are hard and full of milk. Want to suck on me a bit and then fuck me against the wall?"

There were a few people in various stages of undress on the outskirts of the main group. They were watching and masturbating. We took up a position away from everyone else and I pushed down the top of my dress. I shouldn't have worn the

stupid bra, but Seth managed to get it off me very quickly and apply his mouth to my nipple as I leaned against the wood-paneled wall. Seth was kneeling in front of me as I faced the room so he couldn't see all the eyes that were on me.

Okay, it was three sets of eyes. Two men and a woman. I was too ashamed to meet their gazes and closed my eyes. That made the sex we were about to have better.

Once Seth started sucking on my nipples, my body responded the way it always did. The milk flowed. My pussy got wet. My heart started thumping and my stomach got so tight that I was certain I was going to collapse in on myself.

The wall was cold on my back, but I didn't notice that. My body was screaming for sex and I needed it right then and there. It was easy to pull Seth up off the floor. My breasts were leaking. No. They were little fountains of milk. Seth pressed against me, staunching the flow. Together we got his pant open and down. His cock was hard and it went right between my legs where it was supposed to be always.

Pinning me against the wall, I was able to lift my legs up and curl them around his waist. Seth desperately humped me. I didn't care that people were watching us—presumably—actually, I hoped they were. I liked fucking in front of others.

My husband had the best kink.

I must have cum multiple times, but they all blurred together. It was too much. I was relieved when Seth finally came inside me. We didn't go at it all that long, but long enough to make his legs tremble when he set me down. My legs were trembling as well. I was a little embarrassed, and doubly so when I heard the soft patter of polite applause coming from just off to the side.

"That was perfect," said an attractive young woman. At least she looked young in the dim light. "Raw and visceral. You two are new here, aren't you?"

I wanted to pull my dress back into place and run away. Seth was much calmer. He shrugged out of his jacket and tossed it aside before starting to unbutton his shirt.

"Yes," he said. "Seth and Malka."

“I’m Ruth.” She was wearing nothing; her only possession as far as I could tell was the wineglass she sipped from. “I hope we can get to know each other a little better.” She looked pointedly at Seth’s wilting cock.

To be continued…

Preview

Orcish Lust

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The pounding seemed to shake the tower. Morgan grunted in annoyance and pulled his eye away from the enlarging scope he was using to inspect the contents of the flower that had cost him a good pile of silver and apparently the life of an amateur adventurer who didn't know which end of a sword to hold. The moment he looked up from his observations the pounding stopped.

"I've been working too hard," he said to himself. His wife was in tower buying food and his assistant Knut had the day off from responsibilities. There were other servants in the tower, but they wouldn't open the main door without an order.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Pause. Thump! Thump!

The moment he put his eye back to the enlarging scope, the pounding resumed.

"Zod's scars!" he cursed and looked out the window. The view from the laboratory's window didn't show the tower's main door. He could have employed a scrying spell, but that was more effort than it was worth. Knocking the scope aside, he marched out of the lab, down the stairs, crossed through the main lobby, cursing all the while that tesseract compression spells were fine and dandy for making the most of limited space, but made traveling through the tower a pain in the ass.

He flung open the door to the tower and found himself facing an enormous back. "What?!" Morgan demanded of the back.

A large man turned around. He was an unremarkable man apart from his stature. From his size Morgan guessed he was some laborer or woodcutter or common peasant. "Are…are ya the wizard?" he asked in a surprisingly high-pitched voice.

Biting back his first instinct to harangue the man's obvious stupidity, Morgan

sighed and said, “Yes. What gave it away? The pointy hat? The moon and star covered robe?” Morgan was wearing none of those.

The big man slowly shook his head. “No.” He slowly shook his head back and forth while pointing to Morgan’s forehead and then his own. The man’s forehead perfectly matched his bald pate. Morgan had a blue pentagram permanently etched into his. He shook his brown hair so that it mostly covered the mark. “What do you need?”

“Ya gotta help me, wiz,” the man said slowly.

Morgan realized it was going to take a long time to get through this process. “What help do you need?” He hated helping the public. Officially he was the city’s guardian and protector, but only from magical threats. His real income came from assisting those citizens who had a private magical problem. It was the more profitable part of his life.

“I’ve got a giant’s cock, wiz,” the man said.

Morgan hated being called “wiz”. He found it demeaning, but this man didn’t understand the niceties of magical society so he ignored it. “For a man your size, I should hope so.”

“No, no, wiz. I mean I’ve got a real giant’s dick attached to me.” He shrugged his big shoulders. “I don’t know where mine is.”

Morgan had missed the use of the possessive in the man’s first statement, or had figured the simpleton had misspoke. The man reached for the bottom of his kilt. Wearing kilts wasn’t unknown in the region, though most laborers tended to wear woolen or leather trousers. The man lifted his kilt up from the knees to his waist, exposing himself.

Morgan’s eyes went wide. The man did have a giant’s dick dangling between his legs. He wasn’t just merely well-endowed. He was the victim of some sort of curse or magical trade. The length of the member—while soft Morgan noted—was easily two imperial feet long. To encircle it would take both of most men’s hands. It was huge and it was obviously not the man’s original equipment. Morgan was reasonably sure that if the man somehow managed to achieve an erection, he would immediately pass out because all the blood in his body would be needed to maintain the erection and unconsciousness would shortly follow.

Nodding his head slowly, Morgan agreed with his visitor. “That is a giant’s cock.”

“Ya need to get it offa me,” he begged.

“Most men would give their left ball to be carrying that between their legs.”

“It’s not mine and I want it off!” The man was becoming agitated.

Morgan squatted down to get a better look at the man’s cock—or borrowed cock or cursed cock, Morgan wasn’t sure yet—and before he could finish his initial visual inspection—

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The tower was still shaking. It wasn’t the big man pounding on the door that had been causing his tower to shake.

“Do you hear that?” Morgan asked.

“Hear what?”

“That pounding.” The sound was easily audible to Morgan’s ears.

The big man nodded slowly. “Somethin’ is shakin’ your tower. I work in the quarry. It sounds like someone is using a sledge.”

Thump! Thump! Thump!

“A seven pound sledge,” the man said authoritatively.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

“He’s not usin’ it correctly,” the man said with a nod.

Morgan stood up and had turned to go back into the tower, but turned back at the man’s statement. “How do you know that?”

“The shakin’ and the sound.”

“What’s your name?”

“Sim.”

Morgan nodded. “Come with me, Sim. Before we fix your problem, I might need your expertise.”

The big man followed the wizard through the doorway, ducking his head under the lintel, and either didn’t notice the size disparity between the interior and the exterior of the tower or he didn’t think it was noteworthy enough to comment on.

“They’re not doin’ it right,” Sim said.

“Doing what?” asked Morgan as he stopped in the middle of the lobby and waited for the noise to return so he could determine the correct direction.

“Usin’ the sledge.”

“How do you know?”

“Sound. Rhythm. It’s wrong for breakin’ rock and wrong for drillin’ a hole.”

“Mmm,” was Morgan’s only comment. He wanted to call for help, but the cook and the maid would have said hunting down strange sounds that were probably caused by some magical experiment gone awry was not part of their jobs.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! This time the pounding wasn’t stopping and while there wasn’t a steady rhythm yet, there was certainly something happening that worried Morgan. “Up the stairs!” he called out and dashed up the wide, stone steps. Sim, not knowing what else to do, lumbered after the wizard, following the one person he hoped could help with his affliction.

The wizard wound his way through the confusing corridors of the tower. Sim was lost after the first turn. As they ran, Morgan with confidence and Sim haltingly, the thumps steadily got louder, but still followed some strange undefined rhythm.

Morgan stopped short in front of an unimpressive wooden door and raised his fist to pound on it.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

His knocks fell in time with the sledge on rock sound coming from within.

After a moment's silence Sim said, "Nothin'."

Morgan gave him a sour look and banged on the door again.

Once again the thumps from within fell in time with his fist.

"You're good at this," Sim said, his face honest and open. From any other person who wasn't as dim-witted as he was sure Sim was, Morgan would have been sure the statement was sarcasm.

"Fuck this," Morgan muttered, stepped back, and raised his hand once more before knocking the air with his glowing fist. With one gesture the door flew open and banged noisily against the stone wall. Morgan marched in and took in what was happening and immediately regretted all his actions in life, up to and including walking into Knut's room.

He knew it was Knut's room from the moment he walked up to the door. But he didn't care. He hated being interrupted in his work and he hated that even though he was supposed to be in charge, it rarely felt that way to him.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Morgan demanded.

"What the fuck are yeh doin'?" the dwarf demanded back.

The dwarf, squat and naked, stood in the middle of the room. Like any other dwarf he was covered in wiry hair. To human eyes, he was as far from attractive as possible. It wasn't the dwarf's hairy, naked ass that bothered Morgan. It wasn't that the cock dangling between his legs looked more like a clenched fist than a piece of humanoid flesh. On his muscular chest, his prominent nipples stood out proudly from his pectorals, pierced through with bright golden rings.

But it wasn't the naked dwarf that was truly disturbing. It was what was on his bed that confused Morgan. At first he thought he was just looking at an ugly human woman, but the skin tone was wrong and all the details were off. With the prominent brow ridge, slightly pointed ears, forward jutting jaw, and four razor-sharp teeth jutting up between her lips, the person tied to the bed wasn't a human, but an orc.

“A half-orc,” he said allowed.

“What the fuck are you doing!” the female half-orc demanded. She was naked and fixed to the thick timbers of the bed. What Knut did in the privacy of his own room wasn’t really for Morgan to say…except that whatever it was that he had been doing with the half-orc was unconsciously loud and shaking the tower.

Morgan couldn’t help but stare at the naked half-orc. Her wrists and ankles were circled by heavy black iron manacles which were literally bolted to the heavy timbers of Knut’s wide, low bed reinforced for his weight. Tattoos covered her body, a variety of designs and pictures that Morgan couldn’t take in all at once. In contrast to the hairy dwarf the only place in on her body that had any hair was on her head which was shaved short, a common style for orcs, but since she was naked, it made her seem even more naked. Her eyes were angled and wide-set, confirming substantiating the connection between orc and elf. Morgan wasn’t sure where to look. Small metal shields covered her nipples, held in place thick copper rods through her flesh. No other metal decorated her body, but when his eyes fell to between the orc’s legs, the size of the steel dildo implanted in her cunt took Morgan aback. While he couldn’t be certain, it certainly seemed like it was the same size as what Sim was sporting between his legs.

“Uh…interrupting, apparently,” said Morgan, answering the half-orc’s question. He looked to Knut. It was easier to look at a naked dwarf than it was a naked half-orc. “You were shaking the godsforsaken tower.”

Knut looked guiltily at the hammer in his hand. “Sorry, sir. I guess we let the moment get away from us.” Knut rarely used any honorific when talking to Morgan. “She was enjoying it.”

“I was,” said the half-orc. “Do you know how hard it is for me to get my rocks off with anyone?”

“Uh…no I don’t. And your name is?”

“Lili. Now would you get the fuck out of the room so we can finish?”

Morgan turned to leave, but paused to look back at Knut and his hammer. “Look, I don’t care what you do with…with Lili, just be careful. And stop shaking this gods cursed tower.”

“Right boss.” Knut wasn’t looking at him; he was looking at Sim, his head tilted all the way back to take in the tall man. “Who’re you?”

“Sim.”

Morgan pushed Sim toward the door. “Just a quarryman in need of a little help. Carry on.” He nodded once to Lili the half-orc and pushed Sim the rest of the way out the door.

Closing the door behind him, Morgan gathered his thoughts which were immediately interrupted by a slightly muffled hammering, grunts, and a set of giggles. He wasn’t sure if it was Knut or Lili who was giggling.

“Why?”

Morgan looked to Sim. “Why what?”

“Why was he usin’ a hammer on her cunny?”

There was no easy answer to that question. “Dwarves and orc, right? Who can understand them and their weird sex kinks?”

Sim nodded and then said. “I’d fuck her.”

Morgan nodded once. “Good to know. Now let’s go take a look at your cock.”

“Not my cock. Someone else’s.”

“Right. I forgot.”

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