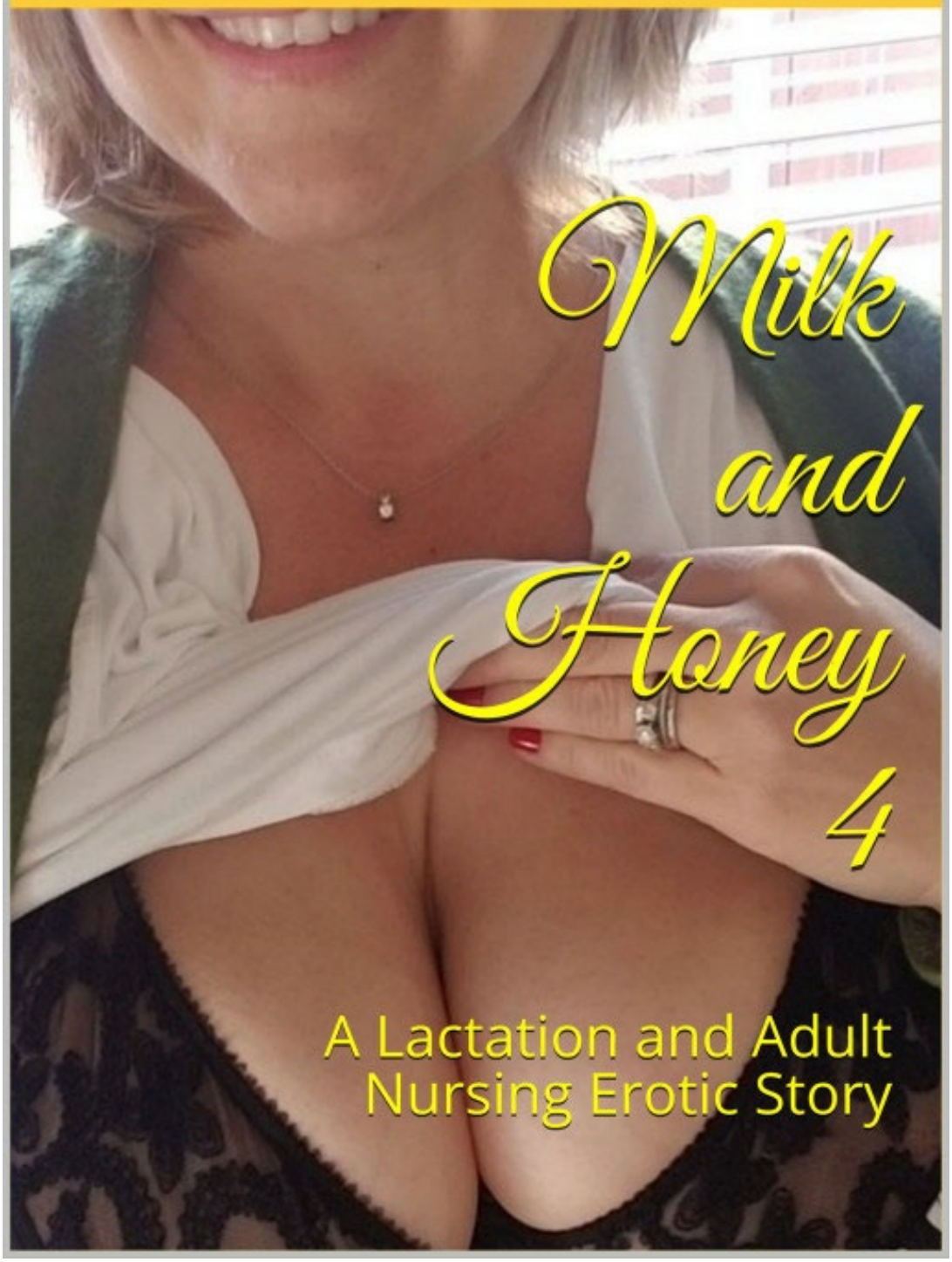
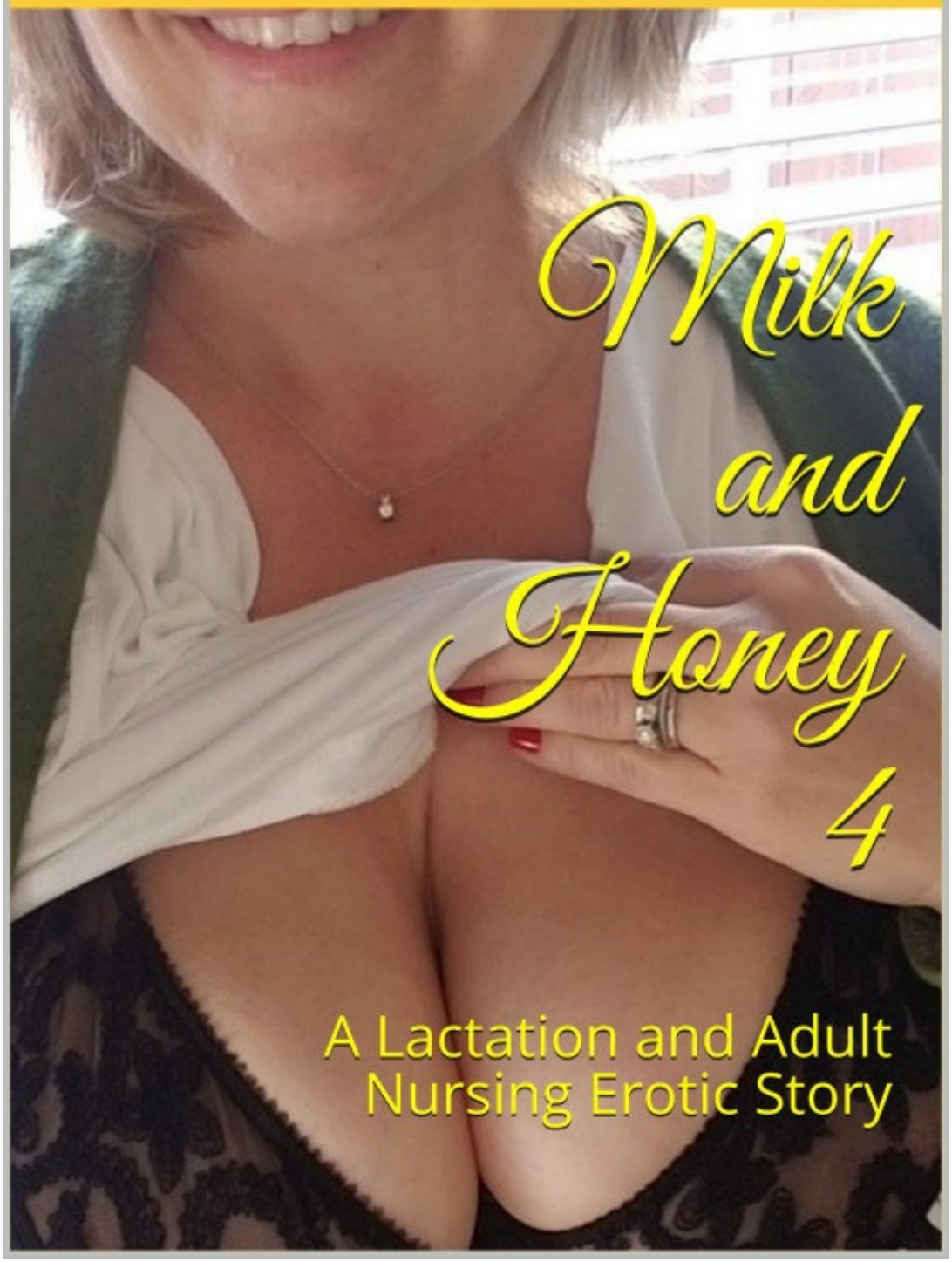
Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 4

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 4

A Lactation and Adult Nursing Erotic Story

Milk and Honey 4

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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

Milk and Honey 4

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cornered

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

Her and Me and Him

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

Ida's Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jacki's Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

MILF Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

Raffe the Rake

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

The Sex Wizard

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Spilt Milk

Steel Restraint

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Four

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Preview

About the Author

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

"And is this your boyfriend…?"

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

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

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

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

"I was watching the two of you." She set down the wineglass she had been

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oddly, I was fine with that.

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

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

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

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

"Where are we going?" I asked.

Ruth glanced back over her shoulder. "It's not far."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

pinched my nipple.

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Problem?" Ruth asked him.

"Torture getting sucked by the two of you."

"Good torture," said Ruth. She was intimately close, our shoulders touching, our faces close enough to kiss. I should have expected a kiss from her, but instead what I got was her hands on my tits.

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

“Is this okay?” Ruth asked.

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

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

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

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

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

“She’s lactating,” Seth explained. “It’s milk.”

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

“Wow. It’s very sweet. Are you pregnant?” she asked me.

I was a bit offended and a bit complimented at the remark. I didn’t think I looked fat enough to be considered pregnant, unless I was in my first trimester. I also didn’t think I looked young enough to actually be pregnant, though I certainly was. Women in their forties had babies all the time.

“No!” I was a bit too forceful in my answer. “I’m just…lactating.”

“She gets off on it,” Seth explained.

“It is kind of hot,” Ruth said, not the least bit offended or put off by my milk. “Do you mind if I taste it?”

I was about to point out she just had, but she ducked her head under my arms and latched her mouth onto my right breast. She sucked; the milk flowed. I felt it in my pussy.

“Keep going,” Seth urged me, indicating his cock which was still rock hard.

A million thoughts were going through my mind right then, the most important ones being I wanted to see him use his cock on Ruth’s pussy and I wanted her to keep sucking my tits while I sucked Seth’s cock.

Sex isn’t always logical.

It also is sometimes more uncomfortable than we want it to be. My knees were starting to ache from being on the floor, which was covered with the sort of industrial carpet that looks nice in an office and is easy to replace because it’s all simple squares, but has absolutely no padding at all. I was going to say something when Ruth pulled her head out from under my arms. I hated that she had stopped sucking on my tits because it felt so good.

“Okay, this is a really awkward position,” she said as she licked her lips and looked at me with wide, wild eyes. The only way to describe the expression on her face was lust-addled. “Your milk tastes great, by the way.”

I took Seth’s cock from my mouth. “Thanks…?”

“Let’s get on the bed. Do you mind if I fuck your husband?” Just like that I was asked by another woman if she could have sex with Seth. There was only one correct answer to give because I’d already fucked another man in front of Seth and fair is fair, and I was curious to see what sex with Seth was like when it wasn’t with me, and I was more than a little lust-addled as well.

“Sure,” I agreed. Seth didn’t have any say in the matter. He was a man and he’d be happy to fuck any woman. And I was happy to direct who he was going to fuck. Fortunately for him, I wanted to see him fuck Ruth.

That was fucked up.

Ruth moved over to the corner of the room where there was a basket on the floor. It took me a second to see what she picked out of it.

A condom packet.

Tearing it open she said, “I figured you two had to be married or coupled because you were fucking without protection. I might be crazy, but I’m not that crazy. Would you mind if I rode him?”

It was weird her asking me how she could have sex with Seth, but I went with it. “Sure. He likes the woman on top.”

“Hey! I’m right here!” Seth protested with a broad smile. He might be complaining, but he was going to go along with everything we decided.

“I know, honey,” I said to him. Turning to Ruth I said, “He also likes to suck my tits while I ride him. You’re smaller than me so that might be a problem.” Going back to Seth, “What are you waiting for? Lay down. Let’s get started?”

He looked at me perplexed for a second, and then he got on the mattress of the low bed. He might be confused, but he was willing to go along with whatever seemed the best route to getting laid.

On his back his cock practically pointed straight up at the ceiling. Ruth knew exactly what to do and exactly what she wanted. Tossing aside the wrapper she grabbed Seth’s cock and knelt on the bed next to him.

It had been years since I had used a condom. I could only remember a few occasions when I had actually helped Seth—or any of the few men that I had slept with before Seth—put on a condom. I felt like an idiot doing it because I had no clue what I was doing. That was the complete opposite of what Ruth was doing. She knew exactly how to handle a condom and rolled it onto Seth’s cock like an expert.

I got the distinct impression that Ruth was an experienced woman when it came to having sex with men. And probably women.

“Grab me the lube out of the basket?” she asked me as she straddled Seth’s hips. He had a strange, almost beatific look on his face, like he was getting away with something wrong—fucking another woman—which he was, but also he was worried at what it would do it us. Or him.

For my part, I was worried that if I turned away from them for a second, I’m

miss that moment when their bodies came together for the first time and I didn't want to miss that magic moment. I quickly found the lube at the same moment I realized that she wasn't going to lower herself onto him until she had the lube. That was the whole purpose of the lube.

As I brought it over to them, she said to me, "Would you mind helping us out?"

"Sure." If she was going to fuck my husband, I might as well expedite the process.

I squirted some of the lube onto my hand and spread it over Seth's latex covered cock. It felt strange, smoother than it should be.

"Some for me too," said Ruth.

It took me a second to realize what she meant.

I had never touched another woman's pussy in my life. That was about to change. I wanted to do it for her. I was curious.

Putting more lube on my hand, I felt between her legs. She had shaved her pubic hair to a little landing strip, leaving nothing else behind. Her pussy was hot and more than a little wet. The lips were slick and wet and that made me think that maybe she just wanted me to grope her pussy. I went along with it. Why not? It wasn't like I was going to be judged for fingering her pussy; Seth was watching me intently—I could feel his eyes on me—and to see his wife playing with another woman was pure bliss.

Giving Ruth a smile I told her, "I think you're ready for Seth's cock now."

I liked it when her expression changed to let me know she just wanted me to finger her. I found I didn't mind it at all. She wiggled her hips a bit, aimed Seth's cock at her pussy, and lowered herself down.

It was torture flicking my eyes back and forth between their faces. The expressions they had when he first went it, relief and bliss and new found pleasure along with a certain satisfaction. Seth automatically reached for Ruth's tits and started massaging them. She grinned at me as they started moving together.

“He loves boobs, doesn’t he?”

“Yes.”

“Does he love eating pussy too?”

I smiled. “Yes.”

“I love boobs too. Would you mind if I played with yours?”

Her request was heaven. I moved in closer to her and she reached out to caress my breasts. “That would be wonderful.”

I wasn’t sure if getting groped by a woman I had barely just met (even though she was fucking my husband) was a great idea, but I went along with it. Lust-addled, like I said. Her hands on me felt good. She drew me in closer and before I knew it, her mouth was on my nipple, sucking, and I was softly moaning in pleasure.

“You like that?” she asked, taking a quick pause in her nursing.

“Uh-huh.”

“You want more?”

“Uh-huh.”

It felt a little weird to have her sucking on me as her upper body moved as she and Seth fucked, but I went with it.

All too soon it ended. “Too far for me to reach,” she said.

I was standing at the edge of the mattress and leaning forward; it wasn’t the most comfortable position but she was probably a lot better off than me because she was riding Seth’s rock-hard cock. Sometimes bodies are a pain in the ass because they can’t do everything we want them to do.

“Sorry,” I apologized unnecessarily.

“Get on the bed with us,” Ruth told me.

I looked at their joined bodies. I was just a touch bit jealous of her with Seth's cock, but I was pleased to realize that the two of them fucking wasn't really upsetting to me at all. "Okay," I agreed, "but…where?"

The look on Ruth's face was one where she was taking great pleasure instructing me in something that should have been obvious. "Just sit on his face. I want to be able to suck your tits." Glancing down I could see the eager look on Seth's face. This sort of sexual acrobatics wasn't something we indulged in. Sitting on my husband's face seemed a little overly aggressive, but he wasn't complaining, so once again I found myself just moving forward with Ruth's suggestion.

Having lips on my pussy and lips on my breasts suddenly seemed like a wonderful idea. It took some doing for me to get into the right position because I didn't want to crush Seth's face with my legs or my pussy but I still had to be correctly situated for Ruth to reach my tits. Not just reach my tits, but be able to suck on them. That's what I really wanted, her to suck on my tits.

"Okay, perfect," she said, leaning forward a little to get to my nipples. I actually had to lift myself up a bit so Seth couldn't easily reach my pussy with his mouth, but I wasn't worried about that. He had a wonderful view of my lady bits while my new friend sucked happily on my nipples as she rolled her hips back and forth, riding Seth's cock. It was quite the little triangle of pleasure we had built.

Nursing Ruth was more pleasurable than I wanted to admit. She was the third person to place their lips on my tits and suckle for the milk. But not just for the milk, but for the pleasure that it gave me as well. She knew this. Ruth wasn't stupid. She had been around the block more times than a kid on a bike forbidden to cross the street.

It wasn't exactly an all-natural way to have sex with someone new, but there were no complaints. She really knew how to ride Seth. I was proud of my husband for being able to hold back long enough for Ruth to cum first. Her orgasm was short but intense; Ruth looked like a woman deranged while she came. I hoped I enjoyed my orgasms as much as it seemed like she enjoyed hers. The saddest part was that she had to take her mouth off my tits while she came.

"Come for me," she said to Seth. "Fill me up with your cum."

While I was sure that it was just words used in the moment of lust because I knew Seth was wearing a condom, he couldn't truly fill her up with his cum.

Those words were both exciting and disheartening to hear. I didn't want him fathering any children with him.

How fucked up is that?

He bucked his hips up into her a couple of times and then let out a growling moan that let me know he was finished. I wanted to grab his cock and feel as it came out of her as he slowly shrank away to nothing because I wanted some control over his cock, but you don't get to have everything you want in life.

Ruth looked dazed. "Your turn," she said, putting a hand down to my pussy. I would have pulled away, but that seemed rude.

"No!"

"What's the matter?"

"You don't need to do that. Just suck on my tits," I begged her.

"Really? You don't need some other stimulation?"

I sat my pussy down firmly on Seth's face. Maybe that caught him by surprise, but I didn't care. I needed to cum as much as they just had. "Just suck on me," I said.

She did as I asked. I got the impression that Ruth would do just about anything that a sex partner asked, the dirtier the better, especially if it was something new or she hadn't tried before. Her hands went to my lips. Seth got his mouth to work and his tongue found my clit. Before I had been too nervous and concerned about what I was doing to truly enjoy the debauchery I was going through. Now I was able to enjoy it.

The milk was flowing steadily out of my tits; whatever breast Ruth wasn't at continued to leak steadily. Every time she switched from one side to the other she'd first lick her way up from my rib cage to the undercurve of my breast before starting to suck on the nipple. She knew her way around a woman's body.

I was a dirty, nasty, filthy girl and I loved it.

The orgasm was the best of my life.

It was a good thing I wasn't able to stay upright after I came. I was certain I would have asphyxiated Seth. Ruth laid down in front of me. We were face to face. I accepted her kiss without thinking about it. She tasted slightly sweet but with some alcohol, which only made sense if she had been drinking wine and my milk.

"That was wonderful," she told me. "What brings you two to our little club?"

I laughed and pointed at Seth who was wiping my juices off his face. "Him. He wanted to fuck in front of other people."

Ruth nodded. "Very common. Lots of guys love to come here and watch and be watched." She turned to him. "You're almost a cliché."

"Thanks?" was Seth's reply.

"I've never tasted milk before," she said to me. "And I think I've done just about everything possible." She paused and made a face. "Okay, that came out stupidly. And it makes me sound like a slut. I'm not a slut. What I meant to say is that I've never tasted breast milk before."

"Did you like it?" I asked her, shyly glancing at Seth who was watching us intently. I'm certain he would have been thrill to get a private lesbian sex show right then and there, but that wasn't going to happen.

Not right then at least.

"Yeah. But I like just about everything new."

"I got that impression."

"You're going to do well here."

"I am?" I was surprised.

"Oh yeah. Guys are going to love your tits. And your milk. Lots of guys who come here have really weird kinks."

"Like for breast milk?" I asked.

“Breast milk. Freckles. Amputees. Redheads. Women who only do anal—but that’s discouraged here. Women who like to be gangbanged. Women who like to take loads on their faces. Pregnant women.”

“Pregnant women?!”

She looked at me mildly, like I was surprised that some men liked to fuck blondes and some men liked to fuck pregnant women and there wasn’t a real difference between the two. “Yeah. Sure. Diane was pregnant when she fucked a whole lot of guys here in the club. I never would have thought that a pregnant woman would attract men, but she sure did.”

I had no idea who Diane was, but I was simultaneously upset and jealous. When I was pregnant I just felt fat and unattractive, but apparently my local sex club idolized pregnant women in a way that would have thrilled the hell out of me a decade and a half ago.

“Men like variety and different experiences,” said Seth. “We’re terrible that way.”

“You sure are,” Ruth agreed to readily. “Want to meet my husband?”

Chapter Two

“That was interesting,” I said to Seth when we got into our own bed late that night. We had both taken showers after arriving home. I didn’t feel emotionally dirty (well, a little, but in a good way), but after having sex with Seth and Ruth, I had the need to just wash away everything.

“What was?” Seth asked. The lights were out and I’m sure he was trying to go to sleep. My mind was going a hundred miles an hour processing everything that had happened.

“All of it. Everything. Just the place, first off. And then having sex in the orgy room—”

“No one was watching,” he mumbled.

“—except Ruth. And then you having sex with Ruth—”

“She asked, you approved.”

“—and me riding your face and her sucking my tits—“

“That I liked.”

“—and then meeting her husband—”

“Yeah, I could have done without that.” Seth sat up. “Shaking his hand was…”

I waited expectantly. “Was what?”

“I don’t know. Beyond weird. Creepy. Where had his hand been?”

“Probably up some woman’s twat. Yours—and mine—had been inside his wife’s very recently.”

“I could have done without it,” he repeated.

“I want to go back,” I said.

“To the sex club?”

“No. To Disney World!” I smacked him with a pillow. “Of course to the club.

What have we just been talking about?”

“Do you want to fuck Ruth’s husband?” he asked me warily.

“His name is Evan. And no, he’s not my type.” Evan might have years ago been handsome and muscular, but it had quickly faded to too much flab and the worst part was that he shaved his head leaving behind just a bit of head stubble. Not my thing.

“Then why?”

This question was coming from the man who had to talk me into going to the club in the first place. How had we switched opinions? “Because…because…” I searched for the words and I knew what I wanted to say but I couldn’t make myself say them.

“Because why?” he practically demanded.

“Because I want the attention that Ruth said I’d get. I want to see who I can attract with my tits and milk.”

It was dark in our room, but I could feel Seth’s eyes on me.

“Is that what you really want?”

“I want to at least try it.”

“Would you mind if I fucked other women?”

“Isn’t that why we were going there in the first place?” I asked, a little exasperated. I was delighted at how open-minded I was about him fucking Ruth and wanting to fuck other women. I was totally on board. I wanted to see where we’d wind up next. It was exciting.

“No, we were there in the first place to have public sex and not get arrested.”

“Oh. Yeah. Right. I forgot.”

We lay there in silence for a minute.

“So do you want to go back?” I asked him.

“Do you?”

“Yes. Do you?”

“Yes.”

“Well then let’s do it.”

It was pure torture to wait the two weeks to the next party hosted by the club. Anyone who thinks that sex clubs operate 24/7 every day of the week is sadly mistaken.

I was sadly mistaken.

Seth and I managed to muddle through the two weeks by having lots of normal sex, if normal sex can be described as traditional penis in vagina while he sucked the milk out of my tits.

And I shared my milk with Joe at work whenever we had the chance. My milk supply had come in and was steady now. I was pleased that I wasn’t leaking all the time like I had with my kids, but I could feel my tits aching when I saw either Joe or Seth and it had been too long since I had been nursed.

Yes, I knew it was weird, but I had never felt so sexy and so womanly and so horny as I had since my milk supply had stabilized.

Seth seemed to send a lot of messages to the coordinators at the club. I took that as a good sign. Or maybe he was making arrangements to hook up with some of the sluttier women at the club.

Would I be one of the sluttier women at the club?

I hated to think of having that reputation, but I wanted to have that reputation at the same time. But who would know? Other than the club members? And we didn’t know anyone at the club, they were all but strangers to us.

We walked into the club for their next party with more confidence and a lot more anticipation. It was strange because both Seth and I had plans for what we were going to do and they barely intersected with each other.

Having discussed with each other ahead of time what we wanted to do at the club, we didn't have any problem with what the other was doing. Our only concern was the couples rule. We knew that couples didn't have to stay together the entire time in the club, but did we have to do anything together? Would they get suspicious and think that maybe we just trying to get into the club for our own jollies?

I tried not to worry about it too much.

The second time was different from the first. We had been welcomed warmly enough on our first visit, but this time around it was like a crowd was waiting for us.

Or, rather, was waiting for me.

Everyone was polite to Seth as we mingled for a few minutes in the bar, but there were guys surrounding me and trying hard not to stare at my chest. Even with my milk-filled tits, they weren't huge and I wasn't wearing a dress that showed off any real cleavage.

Danielle sidled up to me. "Ruth really talked you up since last time," she told me as I politely declined what seemed like the hundredth offer to buy me a drink. I didn't need to be drunk to take off my top. I was just doing a little polite socializing before letting myself be ravaged.

"I can tell."

She took my arm and moved me out of the crowd of admirers. "Most of them want to… ah…drink your milk, or so I've been told."

It seemed strange that she was hesitant to delve into my kink. I was eager to get naked, I just didn't know where to go and how to start it off, especially because of the rule against nudity at the bar. "I know. I can't wait."

"Do you have a room set aside?"

I shook my head and spotted Seth chatting up a petite woman with long black hair. She didn't seem terribly interested. "No. How do I do that?"

She smiled at me. "I'll take care of it for you."

"Thanks."

"Is Seth going to be serving as your facilitator?"

"My what?"

"Facilitator. You don't want to be overwhelmed by too many people wanting to get with you. It's sort of like a bouncer, only we're very polite around here."

Glancing over at Seth, who had been very determined to find someone to take into the orgy room with him, I saw that he was alone. This was supposed to be for him, not me. Or at least for the both of us and it was already falling apart. Seth didn't want to be my polite sex club pimp. He wanted to fuck a stranger while watching others do the same. I felt like I was failing him.

"Um…let me check with him.":

By the time I made it across the room to Seth I saw with some relief that he was now talking to two women. One was Ruth and the other I didn't recognize.

Ruth made a face at me and stifled a giggle. "Uh oh! Here comes your wife. She's probably going to put a stop to all the fun."

"What fun?" I asked.

Before Seth could answer the woman I didn't know spoke up. "Ruth told me that Seth has an incredible cock that I had to try out. My husband is off trying to relieve his infancy with some woman and her milk, so I'm looking for a partner for the night."

"You and me both," said Ruth.

"I'm that woman," I told the stranger.

"What woman?"

“The one with the milk-filled tits.” I put my hands under my bust and brought up my tits, trying to make them bigger. It worked. Sort of.

She had the good manners to blush bright red. “Oh! I’m sorry. I didn’t realize. Shit!”

I couldn’t resist being a bitch. “What’s your husband’s name? I want to make sure he gets to go first with me.”

“Matthew,” she said, not thinking.

“I’ll look for him.” I pushed in and gave Seth a kiss and grabbed his crotch at the same time. “He has an incredible cock. I can assure you of that.”

I walked away and didn’t look back. Danielle was waving to me from across the bar. “I’ve got you a room. Guys are asking for you.”

“What about Matthew?”

“Matthew Einhorn?”

“Sure. Sounds right. Can I fuck him first?”

“Why him.”

“His wife was trying to seduce my husband.”

“The women around here do that.”

“I want him first.” It was stupid and I knew it. Danielle just nodded. “Follow me, I’ll bring in the guys. Matthew first.”

The room she brought me to was nice. It was bigger than the one we had shared with Ruth; nearly as big as the central orgy room. It had a bed and blacked out windows. Nice lighting, not too soft or bright. The bed was iron framed and had nice smooth sheets on top of a firm mattress. There was the basket in the corner with condoms and lube and who knew what else. Before Danielle left I had her unzip the back of my dress. Standing next to the bed in my lingerie—which was a hundred times more elaborate than anything I had ever worn before—I considered my life choices and decided I had made some good ones.

I wondered where this was on the scale of good choices.

Just as I reached behind my back to unhook my bra, Danielle walked in with two men behind her. They looked average and eager, just what I was after.

“You only wanted a few at a time, right?” Danielle asked me. “You don’t want a line of people like you’re running a train? Some women like to run a gangbang as soon as they join the club—it’s an incredibly common fantasy.”

“It is?” I was surprised.

“It isn’t for you?” she replied.

“No…”

“If you want to do a gangbang, you have to sign up ahead of time. There’s always guys willing to do it, but there’s the issue of supply and demand…” She paused and smiled. “I’m doing mine in two months.”

That was more information than I needed from Danielle, but then again she knew that I was a lactation kinkster, so it all balanced out I suppose.

“Wow, congratulations!” I didn’t know what else to say to a woman who just told me she was eager to fuck as many men as possible in the course of an evening. Then again, I was about to offer up my tits and milk to a bunch of strangers.

“So how do you want to do this?” The question came from one of the men.

“Matthew is very eager,” Danielle told me with a smile.

He was the husband of the rude bitch in the bar.

“You ever nurse from a woman before?” I asked him trying to be seductive and sexy. I was fairly certain I was failing at it, but his eyes were entirely focused on my tits so it wasn’t like I needed to convince him to get in bed with me. It was fait accompli at this point. The only thing that needed to be negotiated was how it was going to happen.

“No,” he admitted. “But I really want to try it out?”

“Why?” I asked as I reached behind my back and unhooked my bra. I tried to do it as casually as possible, like it was something I did all the time. Both Matthew and the other guy continued to stare. After a long, uncomfortable moment with my naked tits out and everyone else still fully dressed, Matthew managed to get some words out.

“Uh…because I haven’t done it before.”

“You could do a hundred different things here tonight you haven’t done before.”

“Ruth said your milk was the best thing she had ever tasted.”

I was glad that Ruth was talking me up; I liked the compliment. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, I said to him, “Well, let’s see if I live up to your expectations.”

The two men exchanged a glance. I could tell neither of them knew exactly what to do. There were some pillows on the bed along with a couple of the sex wedges and supports along one wall of the room. I was inviting Matthew to come and suck on my tits. If he didn’t do it now, he’d look like a pussy, and not a good pussy.

The milk was welling up in my tits. I could feel it. My pussy was getting wet and all we were doing was sort of talking about Matthew nursing from me. He hadn’t even started yet. I was eager for his lips to be on me. I was eager for anyone’s lips to be on me even if I felt a little silly sitting on the bed in just my underwear and stockings.

“Are you sure?” Matthew was chickening out. I was disappointed.

“Why else would I be here?” I looked to the other guy. “What’s your name?”

“Mark.”

I looked at him for a moment. Now was not the time for a joke. “Where are Luke and John?”

“What?”

“Never mind.” I cupped the underside of my tits. They were aching to be sucked.

“Do you want to go first?”

Seeing that Matthew was suddenly being an idiot, Mark stepped forward. “Sure.”

He was wearing jeans and a black t-shirt. Maybe a few years ago he had a tight body, but age was starting to wear on him and he had the full barrel chest to match a slowly growing gut. Still, his face was nice to look at and he had wonderful blue eyes. From the side of the room he grabbed a small mat and tossed it down on the floor in front of me.

Kneeling politely, he got down in front of me and asked, “Should I just go ahead and start…you know…sucking on your breast?” he asked. If nothing else, he had good manners.

Moving things along, I leaned forward, aiming my left breast at his face, and said, “Yeah. That’s exactly what I want.”

Mark nodded and reached for my breast. His hands were warm on my flesh. The air in the club was cooler than most places which had made my nipples go erect. The cool air probably made every woman’s nipples go erect in the club. I’m sure no one minded. I didn’t.

The moment his lips touched my nipple, I shivered to anticipation. The slight pullback the shiver caused me didn’t stop him. He latched on and started sucking. I felt it right away. The milk held back for a few seconds, and then my body automatically responded.

It made me wonder how much sex was our intellectual desire and how much sex was just our bodies responding to a touch or an idea.

My thoughts didn’t get too complicated because once my milk let down all I could think about was sex, my milk, my tits, my pussy, and how I was going to cum.

Mark’s mouth was warm and eager. He practically pulled the milk out of me. I loved it.

As always, my body responded how it always did: getting my pussy wet in anticipation of penetrative sex and forcing the milk out of my tits. I could feel

the milk start to dribble out of my right breast, the one Mark wasn't sucking on. It was sliding down my tit and dripping along my ribs and tummy.

By now I was leaning back and just enjoying the warmup that Mark was giving me. Another set of hands and a mouth grabbed my right breast and started sucking. That was what I had been desiring for far too long without realizing it. If I could have sex with two people at once (Ruth and Seth) I could certainly be nursed by two at once. It was amazing. They weren't in synch with each other, but that didn't matter.

Forcing my eyes open, I expected to see Matthew sucking on me, which would have been fine. But it was Danielle. She must have sensed me looking at her because she looked up at me with my nipple in her mouth.

"Sorry," she apologized, wiping her chin with one hand. "I couldn't resist."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Sorry."

She started to get up. There was no sign of Matthew; maybe he was a pussy. "Don't apologize. Don't stop either."

"I need to get some more people." She smiled. "Promises were made."

"You can get them in a minute." I pulled her mouth back to my breast and she resumed nursing from me.

It felt wonderful having the two of them going at me. I knew it wouldn't take long before I met my climax. I wouldn't even need a hand or cock playing with my pussy. It was going to be a pure breast-based orgasm. I couldn't wait.

And then they both stopped nursing. Fuck!

"What are you doing?! Why did you stop?!"

"I need to bring in other men," said Danielle as she stood up from kneeling in front of me.

"It's very sweet," Mark said.

“Thank you. I made it special for you.”

He blinked at me. We were alone in the room for a moment while Danielle was out finding who my next partners were going to be. I had no idea where Matthew had gone. “Is this what you want or were you looking for some actual sex?”

I wanted both but that seemed a little greedy to me.

“I can come just from having my tits sucked.”

“You can?”

“It feels incredible when the milk is coming out.” We both looked down at my bare breasts. While he had paused in his nursing, they continued to dribble out milk. I barely felt that. What I really loved was when it was sucked out; that felt much better.

“That’s…wow.”

“Make me cum that way and I’ll let you fuck me later.” To emphasize my point I spread my legs open a bit and ran my hand over the top edge of my panties.

His eyes went wide and he reapplied his mouth to my breast. His sucking was over-eager. I wasn’t sure how much milk I had but he was going to get it all if he didn’t slow down.

“Does that offer apply to everyone?” asked Danielle, reentering the room with two more men in tow. One wore only a pair of boxer shorts; the other was naked with his cock starting to grow upward from his shaved crotch. There wasn’t a single hair on his body. It made me want to run my hands over him to see if he was perfectly smooth. Did he shave or was it waxed or what?

“Uh-huh,” I agreed. I didn’t want to think too much. Mark had me right next to where I needed to be to cum and I wasn’t going to let anything spoil the moment.

“She’s dripping,” said Danielle. “Better get down there before she dries up.”

I doubted that would ever be the case, but it didn’t matter because two seconds later I was cumming and the breast Mark wasn’t nursing from erupted like a fountain. I was certain I was flooding his mouth with my milk.

The orgasm was incredibly powerful. It was so strong that I had to push Mark away and lay down on the bed.

“Are you ready for the next one?” Danielle asked.

“Uh-huh,” I moaned.

That’s all it took. And it wasn’t the next one. It was the next two. They moved quickly. I didn’t even get their names. I was laying down on the bed trying to find myself and then I feel a mouth latch onto each breast and start sucking.

That was nice. I moaned and drew my hands up to touch the backs of their heads, caressing them like the lovers they were.

They were also very eager. At first I just felt a hand on my tummy that I thought was there just to steady me or the guy, but then the fingers started slipping downward and into the edge of my panties.

I didn’t freeze and I didn’t mind the intrusion, though I hadn’t really invited either of them to finger me. I knew I was going to fuck one or more of them eventually, I just hadn’t considered all the possibilities.

Luckily Danielle was right there, watching. She slapped the hand away. “Ask the lady’s permission first.”

It was nice to realize that I was being protected. I figured the guy was just too eager and lust-addled to think about asking permission. I probably wouldn’t have said anything at all and gone with it, but Danielle’s intervention was empowering.

Sitting up I said, “A skillful finger would be lovely.” I pushed my temporary paramours away and skimmed off my panties, but left on my thigh highs; somehow wearing those two pieces of nylon and elastic made everything sexier. When I lay back down, the mouths were on me again and I opened my legs. I wasn’t sure which guy put his hand between my legs, but I really didn’t care. I was wet and ready to go.

When the hand went down into my slit, I was more than ready for it. My eyes closed and I just let myself relax. I didn’t have to be in charge of anything right then so I took pleasure in being nursed from and fingered.

Danielle never really left my side. She periodically slipped out and came back with more men in tow. I liked that she was taking care of me. It was only later that I learned that she and the club organizers had actually promoted my lactation abilities as a draw to the club that night. We all had to pay membership fees and admission each night, the more people that showed up, the better it was for everyone.

Especially me.

It turned out I loved having attention from a limitless number of people. (Okay, maybe not limitless, but more than I could easily count). I don't know how many mouths sucked on my tits and tasted my milk. I don't know how many fingers delved into my pussy. I had half a dozen orgasms, each one different from the next and all were lovely.

Halfway through being the center of attention for the night, I looked down at the person who was newly sucking on my breast and was mildly surprised to see it was a woman. I didn't recognize her, but she was rather pretty. Of course, anyone who was giving me pleasure would have been pretty in my eyes.

"Hi," I said to her because I didn't know what else to say. It wasn't like she was the first woman to suck on my tits—that honor went to Ruth—but I had only been expecting men to be interested in trying my milk.

I had forgotten that women were kinky as hell as well.

"Is this okay?" she asked between sucking on my nipple.

"Yeah. Sure." What was I going to say? No? The hell to that. I liked it when people sucked on my tits. And I was more open to almost anyone sucking on my tits…and fingering me. It was the woman who was fingering me at that moment and she was really good at it.

That made sense. I'd often wondered if gay men and lesbians were better at sex with their partners because they were so familiar with the equipment. Or maybe she was just talented. I didn't know, but she had me breathing nearly to the point of hyperventilation that I couldn't even ask her name.

When I came I had to push both her and the guy sucking on my other tit away from my body. The orgasm forced me to sit upright and shake for a minute.

“Good?” she asked me.

“Uh-huh. I’m getting tired.”

Danielle spoke up. “I’m not surprised. You’ve been going for almost an hour now.”

“I have?”

“Yes.”

My hands went to my tits. They felt smaller; definitely drained. “They’re a little sore. And empty. I don’t think I have any milk left.”

“I’d expect them to be,” said Danielle. “Are you going to keep your promise?”

I blinked at her. “What promise?”

“To fuck everyone that gave you an orgasm.”

Truth be told, I had forgotten. “I don’t know who they were,” I said, trying for a lame excuse.

“Don’t worry, I kept track for you.” I wasn’t certain if I was displeased or intrigued.

“I was the last one to make you cum,” said the woman who had recently been sucking on my tit. “Can I go first?”

“Uh…I wouldn’t know how to fuck a woman.” I wasn’t trying to make an excuse, I was just a bit nervous and uncertain of what to do. There was no cock so how would I fuck her?

“Don’t worry. I know what I’m doing. My name’s Monica, by the way.”

“Hi Monica,” I managed to say as she pushed her face between my legs. I opened up for her because I didn’t want to be impolite…and I wanted to have more sex. Maybe I didn’t have any milk at the moment, but I was still horny. The orgasms I had been given had only served to get me ready for more sex.

Monica was more than familiar with cunnilingus. She didn’t hesitate at all in

going down on me and she was better at it than any man I'd ever been with. She was even better than Ruth. I could see the attraction of lesbianism.

When I was right there and all I needed was a little extra push to get over the edge to yet another orgasm, she stopped.

"What the fuck!?"

"It's better if we both get to enjoy," she said to me.

Before I could question what she meant and what she was doing, Monica quickly reversed herself on top of me and presented her pussy to my face, moving into the classic sixty-nine position. I'd tried that a few times with Seth and a couple of other guys years ago back in college. The problem for me was always a difference in size and the angle of the guy's cock. It never worked out and it was always more effort than it was worth because one of us was getting all the benefit while the other did all the work.

That wasn't the case with Monica at all. Either we were both the right size or maybe it was for women only or maybe she was just more talented at it than the guys I had tried it with, but there was both a great deal of pleasure and giving as we fucked that way.

I came first. I know I did. Maybe it was because I had never eaten pussy before, or maybe it was because I had no general clue as to what I was doing, but I was so swept away with the lust of the moment that having sex that way with another woman was not a concern for me at all. After I came—and after the long pause during my orgasm—I went back to eating out Monica. It was more fun than I thought it would be. I didn't know how good I was at it, but eventually, using my fingers as well as my mouth, I was able to get an orgasm out of Monica.

I felt like I had achieved an elusive life goal that I didn't know that I had.

Monica carefully crawled off me and Danielle was right there. "Ready for the next guy?"

"Next guy?" I was more than a little lust-addled.

"Well first guy. Mark. You've got five other guys to fuck."

“I do?”

“Yeah…unless you are too tired.”

I wasn’t too tired. I was a little sore maybe, but I was determined to push on and totally debauch myself for reasons I couldn’t explain to anyone…even to myself.

“I’m good.”

“He’s all ready for you,” said Danielle, dragging Mark to the bed. He was naked and ready. “I gave him a little blowjob to get him hard for you. Hope you don’t mind.”

Why in the world would I mind that? It wasn’t like I was going to have an ongoing relationship with Mark. I was just going to fuck him tonight and probably forget about him.

As Mark got on the bed I automatically reached for his cock, as one does right before sex. In hindsight I was relieved that he already had a condom on; it made me wonder if he had put it on or if Danielle had provided that service as well.

Lube wasn’t necessary. My pussy was wet from my own lust and from Monica’s very busy and eager tongue. Mark slipped right inside me. That made me feel like a slut.

I liked feeling like a slut.

Raising up my legs so that he could penetrate me deeply, I said to him, “Fancy meeting you here again.”

Mark gave me an appreciative chuckle and started thrusting into me. There’s a lot to be said for a nice hot and wet pussy, but some friction is necessary. I hoped he was getting what he needed.

“You don’t have to do this, you know.”

I blinked at him. “Of course I do. I promised.”

He shook his head. “You can still back out. No one will look down on you. It’s your first time. And you really only promised milk…and you delivered on that.”

Reaching down to his ass, I grabbed it and pulled him deeper into me. “Just fuck me like you mean it.”

He nodded and started hammering away. Either he had been holding out all night or I had the perfect pussy for him. Mark came after only a minute.

I was relieved, but my lust was still there. An itch that refused to go away completely.

Mark cuddled with me for a minute and then got off me. Danielle was right there, as she had been all night.

“Ready for number two? Or will he be number three, if you’re counting Monica?”

“Sure.”

“Don’t be disappointed, but I was only able to find three of the six guys who made you cum. I hope that’s okay.”

I smiled at her. “It’s fine.”

Fucking three guys and a girl on one night was definitely the behavior of a slut.

I was proud to take on that title. There was nothing wrong with it.

I was sort of upset with myself of not knowing the names of the guys who fucked me, other than Mark, but there are worse sins and crimes in life.

After it was all over, I went looking for Seth. I was curious what he had been up to. I didn’t bother putting my clothes back on. I sort of liked walking around naked in front of strangers, even if most of them were naked or nearly so as well.

I found him chatting with a woman with tits that were huge—at least compared to mine—and with tattoos up and down her arms. She had a few other places as well, but I didn’t want to stare. The thing I couldn’t prevent myself from looking at were the rings through her nipples.

In a million years I never would have thought that Seth would go for a woman like her—at least from her appearance. She introduced herself as Natali—“Natali

with just an I”—and asked if I had a good time.

“Yes. Yes I did.”

“I heard rumors that you turned it into a mini gangbang at the end. Way to go.”

I wasn’t sure how to accept her compliment—and it was a compliment though one you’d never hear outside of a sex club—so I just nodded politely and said thank you.

Seth looked at me like I wasn’t his wife, like I wasn’t the type of woman who would be down for a gangbang at the drop of a hat.

I was exactly that sort of woman.

“How about you, honey?” I asked him. “Did things go well for you?”

“Yes it was—”

Natali cut him off before he could get the full sentence out. “It was great. Your husband is a world-class cocksman!”

“He is?” I tried not to sound astounded, but I was. Seth was good in bed, but I never thought he was world-class, not that I would tell him that.

“He sure is. He made me cum three times tonight. That’s an impressive record. I don’t cum easily.”

“Oh.”

It was weird to be discussion my husband’s sex life so casually. I was relieved when a fully naked Ruth—well, fully naked except for her wine glass that was half full—appeared next to Seth and gave him a little kiss on his shoulder. The height difference between them was disconcerting.

“Are you coming by next week?”

“Next week? I thought that parties and events were only held every other weekend.”

“And by special event,” she said. “Next week is ladies night.”

“Ladies night?”

Ruth glanced slyly at Seth and shared a knowing glance with Natali. “Women only. You’d be surprised at how many women just want to have some relaxing sex with other women and not have to keep an eye out for men on the prowl. Even here.”

“So…it’s like a lesbian night?” Seth asked.

Ruth rolled her eyes at him. “I don’t think there are any full lesbians here at the club. Lots of the wives are bisexual and this is our opportunity to make the most of that part of our sexuality.” She smiled and nodded at me. “Everyone was hoping you’d show up.”

“I’m not bisexual,” I blurted out.

That made Ruth laugh at me. “Sure you’re not.”

To be continued…

Preview

Phyleen and the Frog

Morgan found the gigantic frog sitting inside the moistened basket sitting next to Phyleen Victentol unsettling. Biomancers and alchemists were the ones who liked to use animal bits and parts in their magic. As a supposed master of transformation and summoning magic, Morgan didn't dabble in those fields. The frog kept eyeing him.

"I thought it would be a simple problem to solve," said Phyleen. The maiden was a member of one of the noble families of the city. Morgan hadn't bothered remembering which one when she introduced herself. She was pretty enough and was showing off a massive amount of cleavage. She certainly didn't need to be carrying around a gigantic frog with her for any sane purpose.

"What exactly is the problem?" Morgan glanced over at Cassandra who was watching them from the far side of the consultation room. She was amused at the situation, that was clear. Morgan didn't want to be listening to the problems of a spoiled noblewoman. Today's body that Cassandra was wearing was a pretty enough woman perhaps in her late twenties with straight brown hair and an unremarkable body. What was hidden on the cloak she wore was the set of vestigial wings growing from her shoulder blades. They weren't big enough or strong enough to actually let her fly, but when they opened up the rainbow colors were beautiful. Cassandra had already spoken with Phyleen but wasn't letting her husband in on any of the details.

"My frog," she said indicating the large amphibian in the wet basket.

"Your frog."

"He's not a frog."

"He isn't?" asked Morgan. "He looks and…smells like a frog."

Phyleen leaned forward, giving Morgan a good view down the top of her dress, and said in a conspiratorial whisper, "This is Prince Blywood." She leaned back.

Morgan looked at her doubtfully. “Prince Blywood. The youngest son of our city’s ruling family.”

“Yes sir,” she said with a smile.

“Then why is he a frog?” asked Morgan.

“I…I don’t know.”

“How do you know this frog is Prince Blywood then?”

“I saw him change.”

“You did?”

“Yes.”

Morgan glanced over at Cassandra who had an enigmatic smile on her lips.

“How?” asked Morgan. “When?”

Now it was Lady Phyleen’s turn to smile, but her smile was of self-satisfaction. “Right after we…you know?”

“After you did what?” Morgan prompted.

“A lady never kisses and tells.”

“You’d better tell me if you want my help.”

It was obvious that Phyleen wanted to tell. It just needed to be drawn out of her. “Right after we…after we shared the physical affection between a married couple he changed from a man to…this.” She gestured at the frog.

“So you fucked him and he changed into a frog.”

“Yes.”

“That’s not how it’s supposed to work. Typically a witch casts a curse on a young man turning him into a frog and only the kiss of his true love can change him back into a human.”

Phyleen shrugged. “It’s the truth.”

“Did you try kissing him as a frog?”

As if to demonstrate how foolish his question was, Phyleen ducked her head and kissed the frog between the eyes.

Nothing happened.

“See?”

Morgan nodded.

“And don’t suggest that I have sex with the frog,” Phyleen added quickly. “I’ve heard about what goes on in this tower and I’m not like that.”

The way she claimed to not be like that made Morgan suspect she’d happily join in on any of the more unusual sexual activities that went on in the tower.

“Are you sure you have the right frog?” asked Morgan, unable to help himself in teasing the lady.

“Yes!”

“Well then, I suppose a little transformational magic would be in order. The real problem here would be if this frog isn’t actually a man. That would cause…a variety of problems.”

“Let’s do it now,” she said eagerly.

Morgan didn’t move. “There is the matter of the fee…”

From within the skirts of her dress Phyleen produced a small leather pouch and tossed it on the broad wooden table. The coins inside clinked against each other. “That should cover any of your expenses.”

Morgan placed the wet basket that was partially full of mud and reeds in the center of the stone table that took up much of the space in his laboratory. “Step back,” he said.

Cassandra carefully ushered Phyleen to the edge of the room. “Is it dangerous,” she asked.

“Probably not,” Cassandra answered with a shrug.

“What do I need to d—?” she started to ask.

“Ziklow!” shouted Morgan. The air filled with a greasy feeling and every surface was suddenly charged with static electricity. The snap of its sudden dissipation shocked them all. A flash of light blinded them temporarily and they were left with a crushed basket with a handsome naked man crouched on top of it.

“Bly!” cried out Phyleen.

“Darling!” he sputtered a moment later and hopped off the table. The fact that he was naked did not stop them from embracing. “I’ve missed you so much,” he said between kisses.

“As have I,” she replied.

Neither Morgan nor Cassandra missed the lady’s hand drifting toward her love’s cock which rose quickly under her attention.

“Maybe not here,” Morgan said, but was shushed by his wife.

“Why not?” she asked naughtily.

Morgan didn’t have an answer to that, which turned out to be fine because he found himself distracted by Phyleen and Bly. The lady was overeager to prove her affection for her lover. She had loosened her dress’s top and her tits were now hanging out. Morgan couldn’t help but notice they were perfectly shaped and sized tits. Her mouth had fallen upon Bly’s fleshy sword and she was now executing the act of a carnival performer. His weapon was all the way down her throat. And then it wasn’t. And then it was.

If nothing else, Phyleen was a talented fellatrix.

“Not so fast my love,” Bly begged of her. He looked to Morgan and Cassandra for help, two people he barely knew. If he was sentient as a frog, then he might know who Morgan was, but if not they were just two strangers watching him get

a blowjob in a wizard's laboratory.

"Don't stop," Cassandra urged the eager young lady.

She didn't and Bly didn't have the willpower to force her to stop. She cradled his ball and stroked his cock up and down in perfect synchronicity with her mouth and then Bly reached the moment of the little death. His entire body tensed up and Morgan smiled and nodded knowingly.

"Aargh!" Bly groaned as he came, emptying his balls into Phyleen's mouth. Just as she started to swallow his spunk, there was another flash of light accompanied by a minor thunderclap which left them all momentarily deaf and blind.

When Morgan got control of his senses he saw that the huge frog had reappeared, Phyleen was sobbing uncontrollably, and Bly was nowhere to be seen.

"Well that's a kick in the cunt, isn't it?" asked Cassandra with some amusement.

"Dear," Morgan chided her. "We're supposed to be helping."

"Right! Okay. Let's see what we can do to fix this." She smiled confidently at her husband.

"Well I can reverse the curse…again…but the moment they have sex—"

"It looked like him cumming was actually the problem," Cassandra pointed out.

"Then I'll have to fix that too," Morgan said with an amused smile.

"What are you going to do?" Phyleen said between sobs.

"I can fix this," he said, "but you're not going to like it."

Click here to continue reading Phyleen and the Frog on Smashwords.

About the Author

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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub