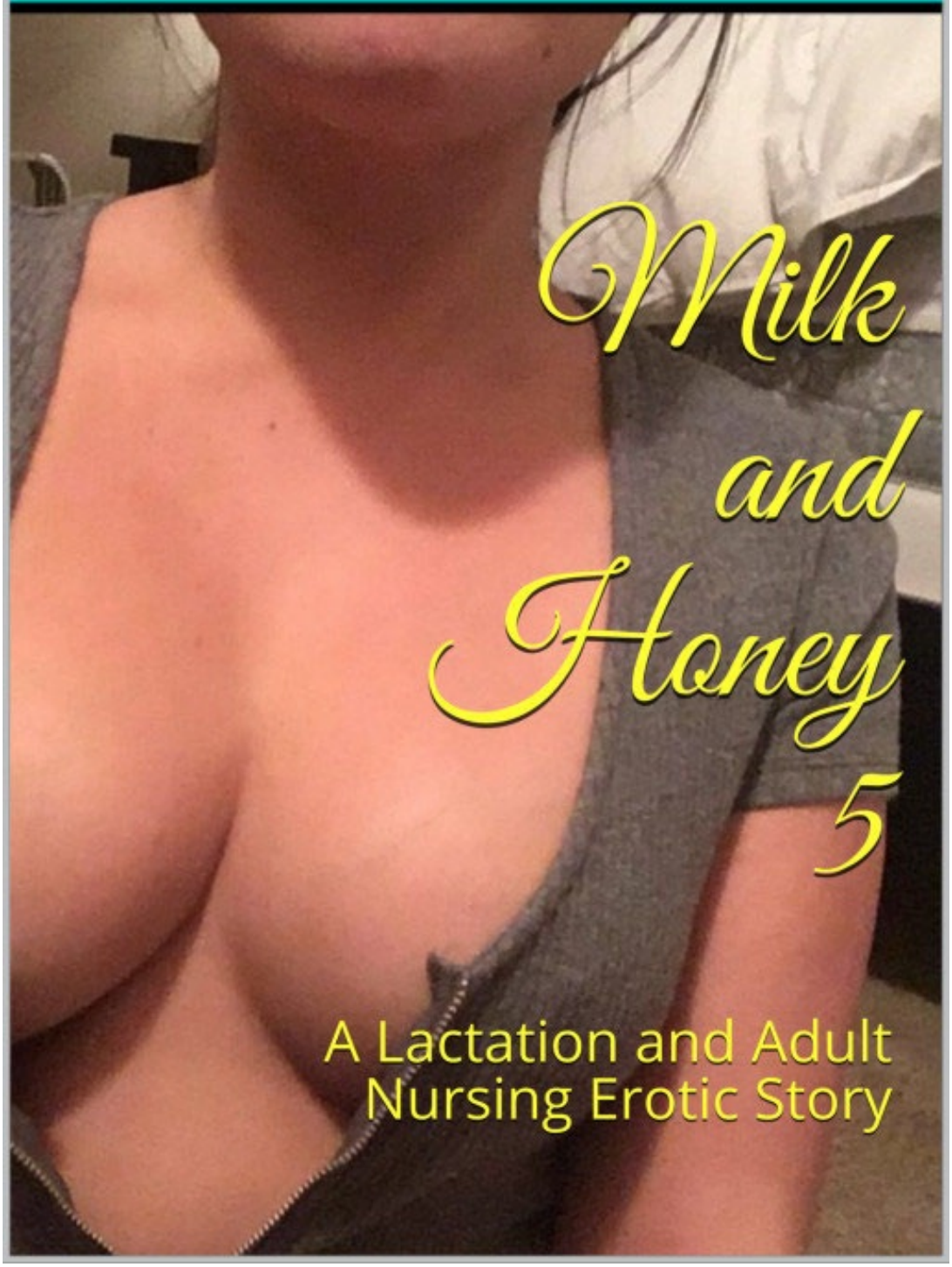
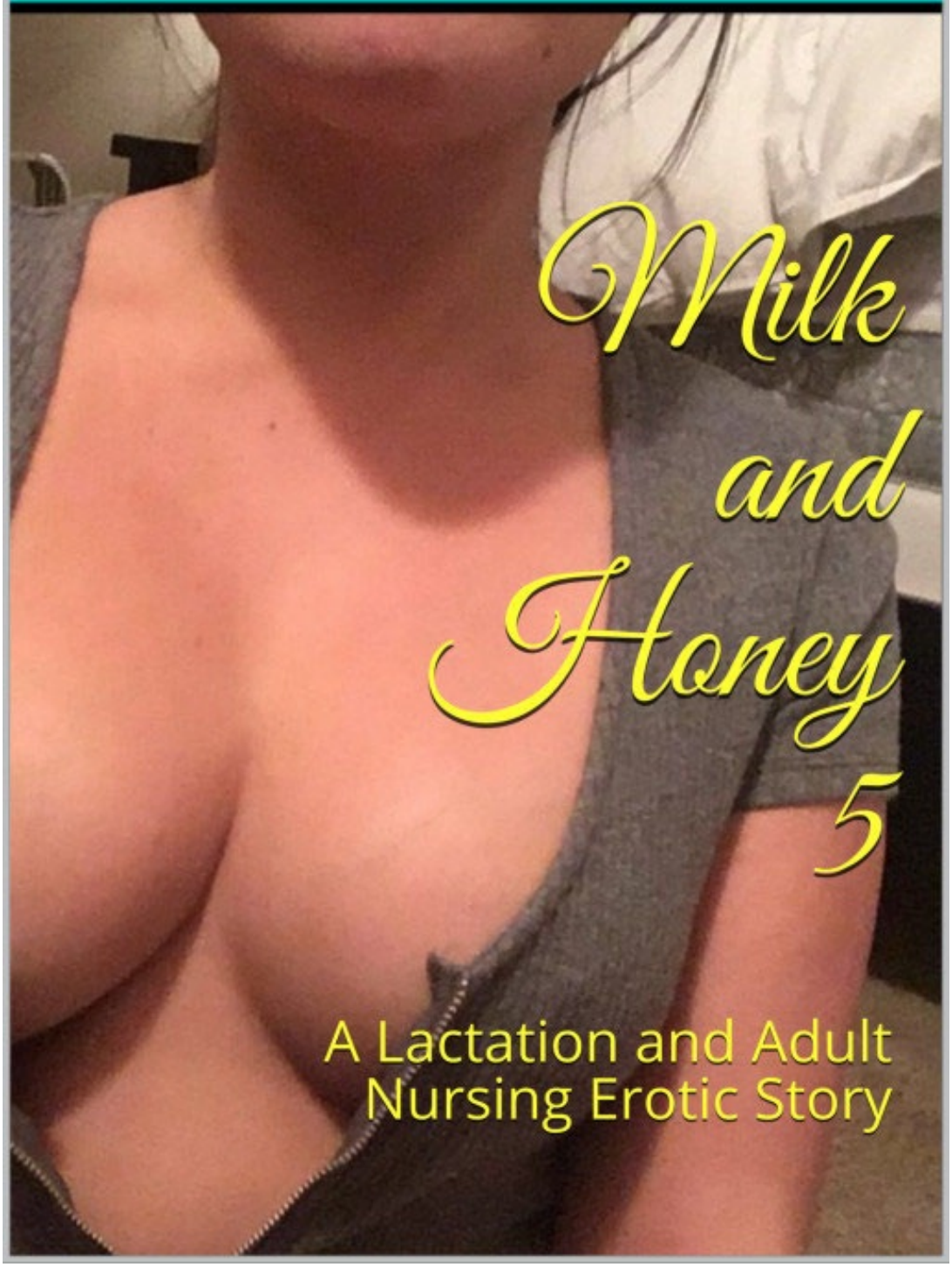
Elliot Silvestri



Milk and Honey 5

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 5

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Chapter One

Ladies night at the club was everything I had hoped it would be. And more. Much more.

It was the more part that was disturbing. While it was one thing to play and experiment with your sexuality when you were pushing forty, it was another thing to realize that you didn't know yourself as well as you thought you did and one night at an all-female orgy was enough to make me reconsider who I was.

I wasn't going to leave Seth and take up with a lesbian lover.

But maybe that was because I hadn't met the right woman yet.

What had started as a fun little diversion and experimentation with my unknown need to start an adult lactation relationship with my husband had me questioning everything about my life, my sexuality, my marriage vows, my monogamy (though that was long gone), and how I saw myself in the world.

Who knew a greedy pussy and milk-producing tits could get me into so much trouble?

The night at the club started exactly like the other two nights at the club—I went to the bar to have a drink—except I wasn't with my husband and there were no men at the club.

Okay, that's a slight exaggeration. There were two men at the club—acting as bouncers I later learned because sometimes the women got a little aggressive with each other and sometimes a guy or two would try to slip in just to watch all the girl-on-girl action.

I couldn't blame them.

And I realized the need for bouncers around women was not a misplaced thought. One of the cardinal rules of the club was no sex or nudity in the bar. The moment I walked in the bar, I saw more naked tits than I ever had before in my life.

And I saw more than one couple making out.

And I saw what I could only describe as three ladies doing…something that in

any other context would be obscene, but in the club at that moment was pretty hot. I sort of wanted to join them, but Danielle had other plans for me.

“Oh thank god,” she said rushing up to me. I was glad to see that she was fully dressed, though of course my mind immediately wandered and I wondered what she would look like naked. It didn’t take much to get me sexually wound up. Danielle was one of the few patrons of the club that I hadn’t seen at least partially undressed. “We were hoping you’d show up.”

I’d sent an email earlier confirming that I would be coming, but communication at the club wasn’t always precise and I had learned that some people would chicken at the last moment.

Not me.

“I said I’d be here.”

She was looking at my tits. Or rather, she was looking at my cleavage. I knew what she was thinking. I’d gotten used to people in the know staring at my chest because that was what made me different than the other women at the club. And most of the women on Earth. “Are you…full?” She gestured unnecessarily with her hands, indicating my largish breasts.

“Yes.”

“Good. Do you mind if some of the women…sample from you?”

Apparently oral sex and anal sex and vaginal sex are all fine at the club, but the discussion of whether or not it was okay to taste another woman’s breast milk had potential to be awkward.

“Sample? Hell yes. I want to feed a bunch of these bitches. That’s how I get off.”

That was a slight exaggeration…but not much of one.

“Thank goodness. Where do you want to begin?”

I looked around the bar and it felt like I had been left behind. Most of the women were already paired off or in groups or were drinking. Once again I felt like an outsider. I didn’t know where to start. I just wanted to have a drink to loosen up

and then maybe pair off with a nice girl to give this whole walking over the line into lesbianism thing a real try.

“Uh…with a drink.”

Danielle smiled at me in a way that was too familiar. “Are you asking for one or supplying?”

“Rum and Coke, please.” What else was I going to say? Gimmie a shot of Jack?

“Sure,” Danielle said. “I’ll be right back.”

It only occurred to me then that I was treating her like a waitress, which she wasn’t, but before I had a moment to over-analyze that I had just treated the very nice hostess of the next club where I was still a new member like a servant, I received a polite tap on my shoulder.

I turned to face a pretty woman a few years older than me. She had either pre-gamed a whole lot or had been the first one at the club. Her eyes were glassy from too much alcohol, her words were slightly slurred, and her face was reddened, but not from embarrassment.

“You’re Malka, aren’t you?” she said. The alcohol fumes from her breath were more than enough for me to start down the path to inebriation.

“Yes.”

“Erika.” She leaned in close. I wanted to take a step back, but she put her hand on my shoulder. “Can I kiss you?”

“Uh…why?”

She smiled. “’Cause you’re pretty and I want to.”

Before I could give her the brush off, she pushed up against me and I received a kiss that was both fierce and soft at the same time. Her tongue was warm and wet and when her body pressed against mine I was reminded at how soft women are compared to men. I was getting myself into a situation that I shouldn’t be anywhere near.

My hands went to her hips. Hers went around my waist and slowly descended to my ass.

I didn't stop her.

"Oh. It's so nice to see you've met Erika." Danielle returned with my drink. After kissing Erika I wasn't sure I was going to need it, but to be polite I still took it from her. "She said she was interested in…playing with you."

"All we've done so far is kiss," I blurted out, as if making up an excuse for my behavior. I knew nothing about Erika. She was wearing a fuzzy pink sweater that outlined her breasts and a pair of black slacks. In the dim light of the bar I was certain I wasn't going to be able to see much more beyond that.

"That was me," said Erika. "I thought a kiss was a nice way to star before I tasted her milk."

She reached out and groped me.

She actually groped me.

Even though I knew she was drunk it was like she was honking my tit. I had better groped in high school with boys who had no clue as to what they were doing. There was absolutely no pleasure in what she was doing to me.

And still my body responded. I could feel my pussy get wet and the milk in my breasts started welling up. I wasn't leaking, not yet, but if I didn't get something going soon, the front of my fancy silk blouse would have milk stains…and that would be through the padded and supportive bra I was wearing.

"She's a good kisser," I said, which was a lie. She was a drunk kisser which should have done nothing for me, and yet it did. I swallowed half the contents of the glass Danielle had passed to me and let the rum burn its way down my throat; the Coke only partly cut the fire. Whoever was tending bar poured it strong.

"Thanks," said drunk Erika. "Wanna go to a room and get naked so I can taste your milk?"

A girl liked to be wooed and flirted with and seduced. Erika was acting like a

drunk frat boy and I had been done with that my sophomore year of college. “Why not do it here?” I asked sarcastically.

“Okay!” She was all over me. There was another attempted, sloppy kiss and then her hand was going up my blouse, cupping my breast, squeezing uncomfortably. It was the fun, dirty bit of lesbianism I wanted to indulge in.

And still I couldn’t say no.

Luckily Danielle was there and she could. “No, Erika,” she all but shouted at my too aggressive wanna-be lover. “You’re too drunk and too rude. Go home.”

“What the fuck!” Erika complained. There was anger in her voice and she looked like she wanted to fight.

Like magic one of the two big men who were bouncers for the evening appeared at my side and took Erika by the upper arm. “Danielle’s right, honey,” he said. “Time for you to go and cool off.” Just like that he hustled her out of there. It helped that he was probably twice her weight, all of his being muscle.

I looked at his retreating ass with a little too much lust.

“Let Tom go,” Danielle instructed me. “He’s more interested in the men than the women.”

“He is?” I was disappointed.

“Yup. That’s why he’s bouncing. Are you looking for a quick fuck or do you just want to take off your shirt and offer your tits to whomever walks by?”

I’d already offered my tits to whomever walked by. I had done that the previous week when the club had been full of couples. A lot of those couples had the male half very interested in tasting my milk. I was willing to do it again, but it wasn’t my special kink. I wasn’t looking for a quick fuck either. Even knowing that’s what the club was for—fucking near-strangers in near-anonymity—I wasn’t looking for that either.

At that moment I realized that I already had what I wanted: a husband at home who was happy to indulge in my kink and loved to suck the milk out of my tits. He also super-understanding that no one man could be everything to a woman

and let me have a younger boyfriend on the side—a boyfriend who was also happy to engage in my kink. What more could a woman want?

Now, to be fair, I indulged in Seth's kink for public sex and going to the club to have sex in front of others. I didn't mind that at all; fair was fair. But I wasn't into having sex with near strangers. I wanted to have sex with those around me that I had love and affection for, though I was willing to settle just for affection.

It was at that moment that Ruth appeared at my side. "Are you going to get the girls out, or what?"

"What?" I wasn't a very witty conversationalist.

"Sure, I'd be happy to take you to a private room and go down on you hard enough to make you forget your name…and that you're married…and that you prefer men."

I looked at her blankly. Clearly witty repartee was one of her strengths.

"You said what," she explained gently to me.

"I don't get it." I was clearly and loser and outclassed, so I did the smart thing and drank heavily from the glass in my hand.

"I asked if you were going to get the girls out—meaning your milk-fed claim to fame, your tits, girl, your tits—or what. And you said what. So that meant that you were ready to get down and fuck me."

I blinked. The alcohol was kicking in and I was sort of turned on but I wasn't going to be the center of attention. I just wanted a nice girl to suck on my nipple, draw out my milk, and make me cum.

Was that too much to ask?

Was Ruth that sort of nice girl?

I was certain that I had waited too long. Ruth's expression changed from eager lustiness to disappointed resignation as I thought for too long.

"Sure. Let's do it!" I said with far too much enthusiasm. While maybe I didn't

have as much enthusiasm for having sex with a woman I barely knew, I did want to do it.

Everything I had done up to that point was either for myself and my curiosity, or to please my husband. I was fairly sure that I wasn't into women, but I had deliberately put myself into a situation where I had to have sex with a woman. Sort of. I could have backed out at any point, but I didn't.

What was wrong with me?

Nothing probably, but I needed to find out.

Ruth grabbed my hand and pulled me through the crowd of half-dressed women. I caught a couple of glance of full on sex acts. There was a very pretty woman with her dress hiked up to her waist and sitting her naked butt on the bar, her legs spread wide, each foot on a separate stool, while some other woman was kneeling in front of her, eating her pussy. I saw another woman in jeans and a t-shirt wearing a strapon harness and sporting a big purple dildo while two other women were fondling and laughing about it. Both of the fondlers were completely naked.

At one of the large tables several women were playing what looked like strip poker. One of them was pinching the nipple of the woman next to her. No one at the table seemed to think this was a problem or unusual.

There were too many women to count who had paired off and were making out. It occurred to me that I was one of those women who had paired off and not only was I shortly going to be making out, but I was going to have pure lesbian sex in a few minutes.

What was pure lesbian sex? It wasn't just a philosophical question for me. I knew I could get Ruth off with my fingers and mouth, but I was stuck on the idea of penetrative genital sex and activities that just led up to orgasm. Did it all count as sex?

It didn't matter. In short order I was alone with Ruth. She pushed me up against the wall of the small room and kissed me. It was a surprisingly intimate kiss, soft and wet and hot and I enjoyed it more than I wanted to admit. Our bodies pressed together and it struck me again at how much softer women's bodies were than men's. It was thrilling and I never wanted it to stop, but then I felt Ruth's

hand groping at my chest, unbuttoning my shirt.

I knew what she wanted. Did she know how much I wanted to give it to her?

Our hands got tangled together as I reached up to facilitate the release of my tits. We broke out kiss, laughing.

“Is this okay with you?” she asked me, not stopping her quest to undress me. My blouse was now fully open and she was cupping my breasts, feeling me up. I felt like I was back in high school and I liked it.

“Uh-huh. Let me off the wall and I can get by bra off.”

“I can do it,” she said, tugging at the underside of the band. She couldn’t get it over my breasts. They were too full and the band was too tight. It wasn’t slipping off at all.

It was fun letting her struggle for a minute—it helped transport me back to high school even more—but eventually I just pushed her back and stepped away from the wall.

She was a few inches shorter than me which was weird because I was always attracted to taller men; it was the first time I had to lean down to kiss someone. It was also the first time I had kissed another girl with any seriousness and focus.

I thought about it. Maybe I should have kissed Abby back in high school…

While these thoughts were rolling through my head, I reached behind my back and unhooked the bra. A second later I was topless and the grin on Ruth’s face was all-encompassing.

“They’re gorgeous,” she said, lifting up my pair with her fingertips just a little before pressing me back against the wall. She ducked her head and her mouth sought out my nipple. Instinct in the dark room let her lips find it and she started nursing.

It was exactly what I needed. My milk started letting down and I tried to grind my crotch on her hip. I was looking for friction and orgasm; I was too horny.

“Why don’t we lay down?” she asked me, taking a quick break from my breast,

putting her hands on my waist and moving me towards the bed against the wall.

Sex, and nursing, is easier laying down so there was no reason to resist her. I went eagerly and we got on the bed together. This was the smallest room I'd seen in the club and the bed was nothing more than a twin, but it had a nice mattress and since I was already fantasizing about my time back in high school, it was easy to summon up the memories of what I did in college.

That thought made me wonder about the thoughts and feelings of college dorm mattresses.

Those thoughts were quickly banished when Ruth's lips made contact with my nipple and she sucked. It was like she was sucking my soul out of my tit. I could feel the milk flowing. It literally was. Just one pull on my right breast was enough to get my left one flowing. I could feel the liquid welling up and wetting my skin.

It felt so good. I wanted her to do the dirtiest, nastiest things to me that I could think of…that she could think of…that neither of us could think of but were willing to try.

Ruth was an expert at striping other people. She continued to suckle on my breast while her hands were busy with my pants and panties. I kicked off my shoes and I tensed up as her fingers found their way into my silk panties, but when her middle finger slid along my slit, I realized this was exactly what I wanted to be doing, and relaxed. I had no idea where my clothes wound up—presumably on the floor next to the bed, but I didn't care.

I opened up my legs and let Ruth do to me whatever she wanted.

"Your milk is amazing," she told me while switching from one breast to the other.

"Thanks."

The roughness of her clothes against my naked skin was enough to compel me to action before her nursing sent me to the moon. I wanted to feel her skin against mine. I wanted to be the dirty girl who experimented with sex just because I could and because I liked it.

Ruth helped me along. It was easy to get her sweater up and over her head. When I went searching for her bra to unhook the strap I discovered she was braless. Had she been that way the entire time or had she magically removed it at some point? I didn't know. I didn't have courage enough to walk around in public—even the semi-public of the club—without a bra. That was too bold a move.

I wanted to be that bold.

She made a pleasant little noise in the back of her throat when I caressed her breasts. That encouraged me. Since she was wearing jeans it was a little harder to get those peeled off her, but eventually we managed it together, all the while she never parted her lips from my breast. That was the best part.

Once she got the rough denim off I moved my hands up along her thighs to her hips as she knelt above my supine body. It took me more than a few seconds to realize she hadn't been going commando because I couldn't find her panties.

"Oh, you're wearing a thong," I said, pleased and a bit delighted. It made sense, of course, but it never occurred to me to wear such and undergarment. I was the mother of teenagers and a respectable working member of society. Thongs were for slutty girls and wanton women.

I guess I was part of that group now.

"Technically it's a G-string," she said, kneeling up above me, showing off her small tits and the tiny lace garment she wore that barely covered her pussy. My eyes went right to her crotch. Through the lace I could see her nether lips and I caressed her between the legs. Ruth shivered in appreciation. "Do you like it?"

I wasn't sure if she was referring to her tiny panties or her pussy. It didn't matter. The answer was the same. "Yes."

"Do you want to taste me?"

She had already tasted me, so it was only polite to want to taste her, only I'd be tasting her pussy and she had tasted my milk. Again, the answer was predetermined. "Yes."

"Should I finish drinking your milk first?"

I slowly shook my head. My fingers hadn't moved away from her pussy. I was teasing, not giving her much in the way of stimulation, but that's what she wanted. I knew it. "No. I want to go down on you."

That wasn't the full truth. I knew I was going to go down on her, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to do it, but I wanted to try it. If I could make her cum that way…that would make me a better woman that I had been.

Pushing up on her, I managed to flip her over and wind up on top.

"You're strong," she complimented me.

I ignored the compliment and kissed her breasts. They were lovely and pert. I then continued kissing my way down her body, pausing briefly at her belly button to insert my tongue through the gold ring she wore there, before continuing my quest down to her lady bits.

Pausing at the top edge of her tiny panties, I gave her skin one last kiss before I hooked my thumbs into the thin band of her G-string and tugged it down over her hips. This revealed her beautifully bare pussy. Her lips were swollen from lust and I could smell her eager scent. Her anatomy was fascinating because her labia minora projected outward much more than mine. Plus, she had removed all her hair and everything was on display. It was oddly beautiful and, after taking a moment to admire her pussy, I lowered my mouth to her orifice and tasted.

It was the first time I had gone down on another woman and I loved it.

A year before I would have been shocked and scandalized by my behavior, now I just wanted more. I wanted it all, but I didn't know what all was.

It turned out that performing cunnilingus was easier than I thought it would be. I just did to her what I liked done. Lick. Suck. Rub. Stick a finger inside her entrance and stroke the forewall. Ruth didn't have any trouble lubricating; she was like a river flowing. Her male partners must have loved that. Of course, I liked it as well, so no complaints. The trick to good sex was to listen to the other person. Literally listen to the other person. When she moaned when I did something, I kept doing it.

The little things she said was what I really loved. "Keep going. That's it. More. Harder. Faster. Keep going. Keep going. Keep going."

When she started humping my face with her pussy, I knew she was close. I felt like I was queen of the castle. It was my first time going down on another woman and I was going to make her cum by pure instinct and finely-honed listening skills. I smiled to myself and, while keeping one finger in her pussy, I slipped my other hand down to my own sex and started rubbing my clit. It didn't feel as good as someone sucking on my tits, but it would do for the moment.

Her climax started with her thighs squeezing my head which wasn't painful, but it was sort of weird, and then her body started shaking. None of that was surprising. It was when she really peaked that her pussy didn't just flow like a river; it turned into a near hurricane.

Okay, I'm exaggerating, but it was my first experience with squirting. I thought it was bullshit, but it definitely wasn't pee.

When Ruth looked down at my soaked face…and neck…and chest, she put her hand up to her mouth in horror. "I'm so sorry. I should have warned you. I'm a bit of squirter."

"Yeah…I got that impression. But it was…nice." I tried wiping her cum off my face and neck, but it was just too wet and I was too sweaty. The only thing to do was to roll with it and not let it worry me, after all it, was only sex.

"Thanks," she said, bending down to kiss me. A brief thought went through my mind that maybe she would be turned off by the scent of her pussy all over me, but that didn't prove to be the case at all. More than I wanted to admit it, Ruth was an excellent kisser. I would have spent hours kissing her, but she wasn't interested in just kissing.

And neither was I.

When she moved us around, I was more than happy to let her mouth latch onto one of my full breasts and start nursing away. Apparently we both had a talent for producing excess bodily fluids. Sexy excess bodily fluids.

Once we settled in, she found a nice, steady rhythm of sucking and alternating between my breasts. I didn't mind the least when her hand went down between my legs. I sort of wished that I had shaved like her, but I had never done that. Not completely. I was the type of girl who just did a little trimming and edging. Still, Ruth wasn't complaining, so I didn't say a word.

Her fingers were busy between my legs, manipulating my clit and vulva. She knew exactly what she was doing and I loved it. It would have been better if there was another mouth to suck on my free breast. And it would have been better still if there was a third mouth to keep busy on my pussy, but I was willing to work with what Ruth was giving me.

I didn't need her fingers playing with my clit, but it certainly helped the orgasm she gave me. It wasn't the most incredible one of my life, but it was more than pleasant enough for my first time alone with another woman.

Except for the softness and maybe a little extra skill, sex with a woman wasn't all that much different from sex with a man. There was the lack of penetration of a cock, but I could do without that. To be perfectly honest, I would be happy just to have my tits sucked and cum from that. I didn't need my pussy any longer.

But Ruth seemed to enjoy playing with it.

And I'm sure that Seth would be disappointed.

I didn't want to disappoint my husband. I liked having sex with him.

Still, it was nice to relax on the small bed, basking in the afterglow of sex, holding Ruth's wonderfully smooth and soft body to mine.

"How often do they have ladies night here?" I asked. I told myself I wasn't looking forward to the next time I could do this when it was acceptable, but I was looking forward to the next time when I could do this.

"Every other month."

"Oh…"

"What's the matter?" she asked me.

"I was hoping it would be…more often."

"Don't worry about it. There's plenty of chances for you to get your girl fuck on during normal club meets."

"Well…yeah," I said coolly because I didn't want to be one of the nerds on the

outside. I needed to be one of the cool, popular kids. “I was just thinking this was…nice.” I had been running my hand up and down her side, over her hip and caressing the soft expanse of her ass. I hadn’t thought anything of it, but when I spoke, she pulled away from me a little.

“It is nice,” she said a little too coolly. “But you should know that I’ve fucked just about every man who has come to the club,” she revealed to me. “And probably half the women.”

I wasn’t sure if she was bragging or explaining her behavior.

The scary part was I was more than a little jealous.

Chapter Two

I went home to Seth exhausted but still feeling sexy. My breasts weren't completely drained. I hadn't experienced half of what was available to all the women at the club, but that just meant more was ready to be sampled when I did go back.

It was late, exceedingly late, when I got home and slipped into bed next to Seth. I had stripped naked before getting between the sheets with him. Maybe the best thing to do would have been to shower before getting in bed with my husband, after all I had just fucked another woman and before leaving I had allowed a handful of the curious to sample my milk fresh from the breast. But I was still feeling very naughty and sexy and if Seth had a hard cock I wasn't going to turn him down.

The bed was nice and warm and Seth was asleep. He wasn't like me. He never had trouble sleeping. I didn't have true insomnia, but too often I had to lay in bed for an hour or more before I could fall asleep. He didn't move at all and was lightly snoring. I got annoyed so I put my cold feet on his back.

It only took a few seconds for him to wake up.

"Why?" he complained.

"My feet are cold," I said innocently.

It wasn't an innocent act.

"You could have put on socks and let me sleep."

"I'm also horny," I said taking his hand and pressing it to my pussy. It was still warm and more than a little bit wet. "Wanna fuck?"

In the dim light of the room he managed to force open his eyes. "Was ladies night a bust then?"

It was hard to read him. He didn't want to tell me no in exploring my sexuality, but at the same time he was nervous about letting his wife go off and have sex with a bunch of women I barely knew. I only had sex with one of them. The rest just sucked on my breasts and tasted my milk. That's pretty innocent, right?

“No, not at all. Why do you ask?”

“Because you came home from a sex club all sorts of horny,” he pointed out.

“Women aren’t like men. We don’t do the ‘cum one and done’. Once you get us revved up we need more and more sex until we pass out.” That was an exaggeration, but only a slight one.

His hand moved between my legs, massaging my pussy. I opened my thighs to him. It was exceedingly easy for him to slip his middle finger between my lips and up into my tunnel. I liked it.

“So you did cum?” he asked me, suddenly awake and interested.

“Uh-huh.”

“Care to tell me about it?”

I shook my head. “No.”

“Please…?” He was begging. It was cute. I was caught between being proud of my newfound bisexuality—because really, that’s what it was—and a little bit ashamed of it—because I had grown up in the sort of family that said it was fine for other people to be gay or bi, but no member of the family—and I wanted to keep some of it a secret because it was more special that way.

“Okay,” I gave in far too easily. “I fucked Ruth.”

“That’s it?” he asked as he started to move his finger in and out of my vag. It felt good; better than I wanted it to feel. “Tell me more.”

I was going to tell him no, but he ducked his head down and found my nipple. Ruth and my casual lovers that evening hadn’t removed all the milk. I could still feel some in there. Maybe he smelled Ruth’s cum that had soaked into my chest. Maybe he smelled my milk. Maybe he was just horny and knew that he had a slutty wife and this was yet another opportunity to fuck her. It only took a couple of pulls from my nipple before I moaned softly in the back of my throat and gave in completely.

“She nursed from me,” I told him. I skipped over all the unpleasantness from

drunk Erika. “It felt good. She likes my milk.”

“Who doesn’t?” he murmured softly into my breast.

“She stripped me and then I went down on her,” I said cutting to the heart of the matter.

Seth looked up from my breast and let the nipple slip from his mouth. “You ate her out?” Clearly he hadn’t expected to hear that from me.

“Yes.”

“Did you…did you like it?”

I didn’t answer his question directly. “I made her cum. She loved it. Said I was a natural and I was born to eat pussy.” That wasn’t the truth at all, but it was true in spirit. It was a political lie and the American public knows that political lies aren’t lies at all.

“But…did you like it.”

I pulled his face up to mine. I could feel his hard cock against my thigh, through his pajama bottoms. My pussy was wet and aching for deep attention. Giving him a kiss I told my husband, “I want to do it again. I loved it.”

“You do?”

I gave him an honest smile and another kiss. “Uh-huh. And I want you to be there with me to watch. Now I want you to fuck me. I want you to know Ruth’s fingers were in my pussy—just like yours are now—an hour ago.”

“Want me to go down on you?” he asked eagerly.

I shook my head and got into position under him. He could do the work. While it was easier for me to ride him while he fucked and nursed me, I was too tired, even if I was still horny. It was easy for the two of us to pull down his pants and get his cock into me. He slipped right in, no resistance. I was open to him and plenty wet. I pushed down his head to my breasts, making him nurse while he fucked me.

It was loving, gentle sex. The sort of sex you have when you're tired and just need the edge taken off. The sort of sex you have with your husband after you've fucked another woman.

It was sort of boring and dull, but it settled me down. Luckily I was ready for more adventures before completely settling down with my husband.

A few days later I was at work with Joe when he dropped a bombshell on me.

"My internship ends next week."

"What the fuck?"

"Well, I was hoping for one last fuck before I left."

The news hit me harder than I had anticipated. Joe and I had been spending far too much time in the server rooms with him sucking on my tits than was smart. I hadn't taught him enough about the role of an IT staffer. I had used him for my sexual pleasure instead of fulfilling my role as a mentor for his career.

I found I didn't care. I wanted to fuck him one last time before he left. The conversation didn't progress much beyond his news and my distress before I dragged him to the server room, pulled out my tits, and made him nurse from me.

Although it had become a pattern for me and Seth to nurse before we got out of bed in the morning and to nurse at night before falling asleep because otherwise my breasts would become painfully engorged (and I didn't want to risk losing the milk I was making), I always made sure to save some for Joe on the days he interned. I could tell that Seth was a little bit jealous of this practice, but that little edge of desire was helping drive our sex life, so he didn't really complain.

That morning in the server room Joe made me cum twice. Once just from sucking on my tits, which he emptied, and once when I shoved his hand up my skirt so that he could finger me. I didn't give him any relief at all. That was part of my plan.

"A blowjob?" he pleaded. "Anything?"

I cupped his hardon through his jeans, rubbing just a little to drive him wild. “Not here, not now. But I’ll spend the night at your place to make up for it,” I promised.

That just about blew his mind. “You will? What about your husband?” I swear I could feel his cock twitching through his jeans. I didn’t think he’d cum in them—he wasn’t in high school, he was a college student—but it was certainly possible if I kept rubbing.

I couldn’t help it; I laughed in his face. “He watched us fuck. Do you think that me spending the night giving you a goodbye fuck is going to be a problem?”

It was a problem. I knew it was going to be a problem. The problem wasn’t Seth objecting, because he wouldn’t object to the act, and it wasn’t that I was going to do an overnight with another man. We had discussed doing that in general terms only if we met the right person at the sex club. It was what we would tell the kids. Mom being gone for a night without Dad would be unusual.

We did what any good parents did in a situation like this. We lied our asses off.

“Cousin Mary is having her fortieth birthday party this weekend and the girls and I are going to be spending the night at a hotel with her.” The kids looked at me across the breakfast table; they couldn’t be more disinterested.

Or so I thought.

“Why do you need to spend the night at a hotel?” the oldest asked.

“There’s going to be a lot of drinking,” I explained, spinning out my lie. “Crazy Cousin Mary is planning a big blowout.”

“You don’t drink,” the younger kid said. The lie was getting too complex already. They knew Crazy Cousin Mary—whose nickname was well-earned—but they didn’t know when her birthday was or how old she was.

“I do,” I said, trying to take offense, but the kid was right. The sort of drinking that Seth and I did was minimal. No one would believe that I was going to get so ripped at a middle-aged woman’s birthday party that I couldn’t drive home. “Not

a lot, but I'm just being careful because I don't want to get in an accident or get arrested for DWI."

They nodded sagely at me. "Good call, Mom."

I'd like to take a moment to thank SADD for giving parents an excuse to spend the night away from their children. I'm sure SADD didn't intend their organization to be the scapegoat for a parent having sex with a near-stranger, but our society has gotten way too uptight. It wasn't a destructive decision; it was a delightful decision.

I hoped the kids missed the significant look Seth gave me as we finished eating. I should have been ashamed that my pussy was getting wet just thinking about what I was going to do with Joe, but I wasn't.

I didn't spend the night with Joe in a hotel. We did it in his apartment. It was my fault. We could have gotten a hotel room, even a nice one, but I went to his place first and I was too horny. We started kissing and wound up in his bedroom before I knew it. I didn't know where his roommates were, but that wasn't my primary concern at that moment.

We were supposed to go out for a little celebratory dinner before going back to a hotel for sex. I didn't feel any shame at all for celebrating in his bed, sucking his cock. I was the aggressor, pulling off his clothes and going down on him. I took pride in the fact that a fully dressed, married woman was kneeling before a college student, sucking his cock. I was in complete control.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," he started panted. I could feel his cock throbbing in my mouth. He was close, so I stopped giving him head. "Why'd you stop?!" he protested.

I thought it was obvious, but he was young and needed things to be explained. "Because I'm not going to have you waste your load in my mouth before I get my orgasms first."

He looked down at me. "Your orgasms? How many do you want?"

"All of them," I said. "All the orgasms in the world." I stood up and reached out

to hold his balls. Not his cock, but his balls that were pulled up tightly to his body. The sack felt velvety soft and vulnerable because they were. I rolled them a bit and he quivered. It was so easy to forget Joe was much younger than me, and consequently more inexperienced. Maybe I didn't have a huge amount of experience over him, but there was a significant enough of a gap. Plus he wasn't a member of the city's premiere sex club, like I was. It was far too easy to control him.

All of that being said, it didn't stop me from fucking and manipulating him. If nothing else, he'd had a great story to tell years in the future when he could brag about fucking a slutty woman in front of her husband. Plus she was a lactation fetishist.

If only he knew the whole story.

"Careful…" he begged.

"Too rough?" I asked.

"Family jewels."

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"You know I do."

Keeping my hand on his balls, I opened up my shirt to display my bra. It was one of those fancy ones with lots of lace and padding, not that I needed it. It was only at that point that I discovered it was impossible to get my shirt and bra off with one hand while fondling Joe.

"Can I?" he asked.

"Can you what?"

"Take off your top."

"Sure. But I'm not letting go of your balls. See if you can do it."

Joe proved to me more adept and inventive than I gave him credit for. He got off the one sleeve and then, instead of focusing on trying to slip off the other sleeve,

he reached around my back and unhooked the bra, slipping it off my shoulders. He let my shirt and bra dangle from the arm that was holding his balls. I liked the feeling of my bare breasts in the air. They kept their apartment cooler than my house or office, which only made sense because they were poor college students, so my nipples immediately hardened in the chilly air.

Joe was salivating at the chance to suckle from me. The milk was welling up and it would just take the slightest thought or action to make them start spraying.

“Do you want me to …you know…suck on you?” he asked. But really, he was begging.

I pulled downward on his balls. Get down on your knees and get to work,” I told him.

Joe was very good at following my orders. I was forced to let go of his family jewels to let him suckle, but it was worth it. The moment his lips met my breast, I started letting down my milk. The free breast fountained and the other flooded his mouth. I clutched his head to my chest and kept him under my control.

Since I didn’t want to waste any of my precious milk, I pinched my free nipple and stopped the fountain. Even so, I could feel the milk wanting to escape. Apparently a lactation fetish was really designed for me to have two partners at the same time, at least with my active tits.

Moving Joe’s head back and forth between my tits was really the only solution. I did that for a few minutes while my lust rose. I could feel my panties inside my jeans getting wetter and wetter, but I wasn’t going to let him fuck me until he made me cum from suction alone.

I always found standing up during sex to be incredibly distracting; I couldn’t concentrate on all the good sensations and therefore couldn’t cum. But that was before I discovered my lactation fetish. Using Joe’s body for support, I let him go at my tits like a man starving. Starving and dehydrated. Over the past few months my tits and nipples had gotten much tougher and when Joe started sucking on them I could feel the intense pressure. He wasn’t just drawing out the milk, he was ripping it from my body.

I loved it.

My milk wouldn’t stop flowing. Whatever breast he wasn’t at, I’d catch the milk in my hand and then lick it clean. While I knew breast milk was thin and sweet, I didn’t realize how delicious it was until that moment. No wonder Seth and Joe and Ruth and everyone at the club wanted to feast upon me.

The climax was upon me before my milk dried up. I could feel it coming. I locked my knees and leaned into Joe. When it happened I was sure I was going to collapse, but I was stronger than I thought, plus Joe helped me stay vertical.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Uh-huh. I came.”

“I kinda guessed that.”

“Take me to bed and fuck me.”

The bed was two steps away. He laid me down and peeled off my jeans and panties. He was a polite gentleman and went down on me to make sure I was good and wet. I was already good and wet. My pussy was flowing like a river. I was a source of liquid nourishment for all my lovers.

His cock was nice and hard, easily finding its way inside me. I arched my back and invited him in deeply while pushing his head down to my breasts. That was part and parcel to sex with me. You could do anything you wanted to my pussy, but my tits had to be involved as well. They were the pleasure centers of my body, not my clit.

The wonderful thing about a young lover is a nice, hard cock. The terrible thing about a young lover is inexperience and a too quick orgasm and ejaculation. I could feel Joe about to cum so I had to reach down and pinch the base of his cock, stopping a minor disaster and delaying his climax.

“Slow down,” I told him. “We have all night.”

He obeyed my orders and eventually worked me up to another climax before he finished. We weren’t using condoms. I was relying just on my IUD and the hope my college-age lover wasn’t a carrier of some STI. Feeling his spunk inside me was more than worth it.

We fucked twice more that night. He took his time. He drained my tits. I lost count of the number of times he made me cum; that's a good thing. I was proud of myself that I could keep up with a boy in his early twenties. A couple of times he tried to caution me to be quieter.

"Why?" I demanded after crying out from a particularly satisfying orgasm.

"My roommates."

"Are you ashamed to have a woman in your bed?"

"No…but, it's rude to be so loud."

I could hear sounds from the large building they had their apartment in. It was a typical college apartment: cheap and mean. I wasn't disturbing anyone and probably anyone listening in was a pervert and getting off on hearing us. I told Joe that.

"You're crazy."

"And you're lucky to be fucking such a wanton woman who can teach you such wonderful things about sex."

The best part of the night was falling asleep next to him, my hand wrapped around his soft cock. He had whispered that if I gave him a few more minutes he'd be able to get it up again and we could fuck for a fourth time.

He didn't get it up before I fell asleep.

Waking up the next morning I had the usual irresistible urge to pee. I could feel the remains of Joe's cum slowly leaking from my pussy. A trip to the bathroom was called for.

I didn't want to get dressed and I couldn't find a bathrobe so I grabbed an old t-shirt from Joe off the floor. It had a Nirvana logo on the front. I could do worse, and it was long enough that it hung down just low enough to cover my ass and pussy.

I did what I needed in the bathroom and wandered back through the kitchen instead of going directly back to Joe's room. I was looking for coffee or other comestible to still my growling stomach. Sucking cock is great, but it's not much in the way of nutrition.

Instead of finding coffee I found one of Joe's roommates. He looked blankly at me over his coffee cup as he leaned against the kitchen counter.

"Hi!' I said with far too much enthusiasm. I glanced down at myself to check that everything was covered. It was. I think. But the cool air was making my nipples work their magic. Their outlines were clearly visible through the thin t-shirt.

I should have been upset. Instead I was turned on. Or maybe I was still horny from the night before. I couldn't tell.

"Hey," he said evenly. He was wearing sweatpants, a shirt pledging his allegiance to Under Armour, had shaggy, sexy hair, and I was certain I could see the outline of his cock through his pants.

"I'm Malka. Is there more coffee?"

"Billy." He gestured at the pot next to him. I grabbed a cup off the counter and poured for myself. His eyes didn't leave me the entire time. I liked that. "Are you…uh…Joe's girlfriend?"

I rolled my shoulders, shrugging. That probably lifted the t-shirt a little higher than was wise. I didn't care. "I wouldn't use that word myself. I mean, I'm married so can I really be anyone's girlfriend?" I leaned back against the table, exposing the entirely of my thighs and probably a lot more from Billy's perspective.

"You're kidding."

"About what?"

"Being married."

I smiled. "No. When you've been married for a certain time you tend to look for excitement outside the marriage." I sipped at my coffee. It was awful. I put it

down on the table. I didn't remove my eyes from his crotch while we talked. He was sporting a boner and making an impressive tent.

Billy shook his head. "Joe's fucking lucky to have found you."

I decided to give Billy the shock of his life. "Look, Joe's asleep and I'm still horny. Want a quick fuck?"

His eyes went wide and he probably would have dropped his coffee cup if his hand wasn't wrapped around it while his fingers were looped through the handle. "You're kidding, right?"

It wasn't a time for words. Instead I turned around and bent over the table, tugging my borrowed shirt up high enough to fully expose my ass and pussy. "You're already got a hardon. Do you need to find your way inside me?"

I couldn't believe what I was doing and that I wanted to do it.

Billy wasn't some innocent college boy suddenly blessed with the lucky opportunity of a lifetime. He moved behind me, dropped his pants down to mid-thigh, and grabbed my hips.

He was a little inexperienced and didn't find my entrance immediately. I reached down and guided him in. He wasn't huge, but nicely sized. Right away we found a good rhythm. My tits started leaking milk into Joe's shirt. The kitchen was filled with the sound of flesh slapping of flesh. This would have been the perfect time for Joe to walk in and find his slutty older girlfriend (maybe?) cheating on him with his roommate.

I wasn't that lucky.

While he might have been a decent enough lover, Billy had no staying power. He finished inside me just soon enough to get me revved up with no positive result.

"Holy fucking shit that was good," he said as he withdrew his prick from me and stepped back.

Tugging down the shirt, I gave him a little smile. "It was okay." With that, I left the kitchen and went back to Joe's room as Billy's cum dripped down to my inner thighs.

Joe was still asleep. I tossed aside the t-shirt; Joe wouldn't be upset by the milk stains I had left on it. Naked again, I joined Joe in the bed and found he was sporting morning wood. That was good because I was really horny after fucking Billy to an unsatisfying conclusion.

"Hey," I said as I straddled his body and got his cock pointed in the right direction.

His eyes opened just enough to see me. "Hey."

I had no qualms about lowering myself down on his cock without his express permission and without him knowing that Billy had just deposited a load inside me. "How about a quick morning fuck before I have to go?"

"Sure," he mumbled.

Leaning forward, I offered him one of my breasts. Joe knew what sex me with entailed. He opened up and began nursing. I was already so close it only took me minute to reach my first orgasm. I didn't hold back in my moan of appreciation. Billy had the right to know that I was fucking Joe and that Joe was the better lover.

They could compare notes later.

My orgasm woke up Joe and he fully got into the moment. Riding him was bliss, the perfect way to start the day after the failed encounter with Billy. I pumped my hips and thighs, giving Joe pleasure as he suckled me. The second orgasm caused me to squirt milk all over his bedsheets. I'm sure he didn't mind, especially since he came in me a moment later.

I allowed myself the indulgence of basking in the afterglow with him for two minutes before I climbed out of the bed.

"Where are you going?" he asked. His cock was limp and while he could certainly use his mouth on me, I had other things to worry about. Besides, I didn't want my breasts completely emptied that morning. Not yet.

"Home. I am a married woman, you know."

He winced at my words. "Yeah, I know."

I found my panties and jeans. It took me a minute to get them untangled in order to put them on. “Then you should also know this is the last time we’re going to fuck.”

“Yeah.”

“Probably the last time we’re going to see each other, right?”

“Yeah.”

I tried not to let my emotions show. While I was breaking up with him, I didn’t want to be cruel about it, but Joe didn’t figure into my what I had planned for my life. He was too young and needed to grow. “This is a good way to end it then. I’ll give you a great review for your internship. You’ll make some girl a nice boyfriend and maybe a husband later on.”

“Thanks,” he said sourly.

My shirt was inside out and I opted not to put on my bra. After finding my shoes, I bent down and kissed him lightly on the lips. “Good-bye, Joseph. When your wife-to-be, whoever she might be, suddenly gets a case of the mid-life hornies, be understanding. It’ll work out well for you.”

I walked out of the apartment with confidence, and secretly glad I didn’t run into Billy or any other roommate before I made good my escape.

Coda

It was mid-morning when I walked into the house. It was quiet. I found Seth in the living room aimlessly panning through the channels on the TV. If he had been doing anything else I would have been thrilled, but it was his good luck that I was still horny.

What was the matter with me?

“Where are the kids?” I asked.

“Studying with friends,” he said with air quotes. “At least that’s what they told me.”

“You don’t believe them.”

“Were you ever studying with friends on a Saturday morning?”

“Not in high school or college.”

“Uh-huh.”

I sat down next to him on the couch and said nothing.

“How was it?” he finally asked me after getting bored listening to the talking heads on the financial network drone on about interest rate sensitive annuities.

“I fucked him four times and it was glorious and I’m never going to see him again,” I told my husband in one long breath.

Seth gave me the side-eye. “Really.”

It was far too easy to open up my shirt. I had become accomplished at that lately. Seth’s eyes went wide when he saw my breasts, not because they were spectacular or new to him, but Joe had left behind two small hickies and I’m sure he sensed that my tits weren’t empty this morning not yet. “Want to fuck?” I asked my husband, putting my hand on his thigh. He was wearing heavy jeans but I’m certain that I saw his cock twitch under the denim.

“Did you fuck your boyfriend this morning?” he asked me.

It was the second time that day that Joe was called my boyfriend. I didn’t like it

because I had just ended it with him. “Yes. And I’m still horny. Do you want to fuck or not?”

“Yes.”

We went to the bedroom. I allowed Seth to undress me and kiss my body. I’m sure I smelled like sex but he didn’t complain. My panties clung briefly to my labia when he removed them. I pulled his face to my pussy and let him get my scent…along with Joe’s…and Billy’s.

I was thrilled when he didn’t object. Maybe he didn’t care, maybe the thought of another man’s cum inside me got him more excited.

When we took off his clothes, his cock was already hard. I knew it would be. I insisted that he lay down on the bed, his cock pointed up. I mounted him. His cock automatically knew the way into my body. We were old hands at this.

Leaning back, I displayed myself to him. “You like?” I asked, running my hands over my body.

“Always.”

Cupping my breasts I gave them a squeeze. No milk came out at first. I squeezed again and managed a weak few drops. Seth waited expectantly. The third try was the charm. Milk sprayed over his chest and face. He opened his mouth and tasted the drops that hit him.

“Are we going to keep doing this?” he asked me as I started to bounce up and down. He pulled my tits down to him and started to nurse.

“Me lactate? Me fuck other men? Me fuck other women? You fuck other women? Us go to a sex club and fuck everyone?”

He paused briefly in his nursing.

“Yes. All of that.”

“Of course we’re going to keep doing this, honey.”

End

Preview

Her and Me and Him

I had exactly one lover before Joanna, my high school boyfriend of nearly two years. I lost my virginity to him. I loved him. We broke up because he went away to college and I didn't know what I was doing other than taking random classes at the local community college and working in a retail store that catered to women buying expensive dresses. It paid well and the owner was a beautiful woman who I unexpected found completely charming and sexy.

She was fifteen years older than me, married and apparently shameless.

We were closing up for the night when I walked in on her in the small office in the back. She was wearing just her bra and panties changing into a new dress that had just come in with the newest stock. I immediately whirled around to face away from her to give her some privacy. "Sorry. I…I didn't expect you to be changing." I could feel my face was on fire with my embarrassment.

Joanna laughed at me. "No worries. I don't like using the customer's changing room. It spoils the illusion that we've spun here at Antoinetta's," she said, using the name of the store. "You can turn around now."

I did so and saw she had removed her bra and was in the process of putting the dress on. She had spectacular breasts. They were especially spectacular considering how much older than me she was. Perfect and smaller than my own and perky and capped with little pink areolas and nipples. I was a bit jealous before I remembered I should have been embarrassed. This time I didn't turn back around. I just gawped at her.

That's exactly what Joanna wanted.

She casually adjusted the dress which hid her breasts, but it still plunged to an almost obscenely low level. Joanna's breasts were small enough that she couldn't generate any cleavage without a bra; still, I found myself staring all the more because of it.

This time she turned around. "Zip me up."

I obeyed because she was my boss and she was beautiful and she had charmed me and because I had fallen in lust with her.

Once everything was in place, she turned and admired herself in the crooked mirror on the office wall. “What do you think?” she asked.

“You’re beautiful,” I stupidly blurted out.

Joanna laughed again. “Thank you, but I meant the dress.”

I tried again. “You’re beautiful in that dress.”

Once more Joanna laughed and took my hand, squeezing it. “You’re trying too hard. You don’t have to suck up to me to keep your job, Ariel. I’m very happy with your work here. I know how hard it is to get started and to be taking classes at college.”

I knew my face was bright red. “Thank you.”

“Why don’t we go out for coffee and talk about what you want to do with your life?”

I agreed because, as I’ve already said, she was beautiful and smart and charming and sexy. And I was in lust with her.

After the shop was closed up and everyone else was gone, we went to the closest coffee bar, ordered drinks—and I felt like an idiot because I ordered tea with lots of cream and sugar like a little child—and sat down to talk. I thought she was going to ask what classes I was taking or where I wanted to be in five years. Instead, she started with a completely different tack.

“This is all just a pretense. I invited you out to see if you wanted to go to bed with me.” She smugly sipped her very-adult coffee.

My eyes went wide and I found myself paralyzed. I didn’t know what to say and so instead I just stuttered. “I-I-I…are you kidding? You’re kidding? Right?”

She patted my hand that was clutching my cup of tea that I had no intention of drinking. “No pressure. And don’t worry about your job, that’s safe. You’re a great worker. But you are also very pretty and very sexy and I’ve seen you

staring at me and I couldn't resist asking."

"You're kidding, right?" I was repeating myself. I wasn't good at dating or flirting.

"No. It's hard for me to meet pretty young women, and those are the only ones I want to go to bed with. Well, pretty young girls and my husband."

"Right! You're husband. You're married. You shouldn't be…be…be propositioning women—or men—for sex."

"My husband and I have an understanding. I can fuck as many women as I want as long as I don't tell him. Don't ask, don't tell. A little mutually agreed to lying in a marriage can keep it healthy."

"But you're married," I said again.

"So?"

"So you like men." I was wrong, of course. I knew I was wrong but I still said it.

"I like men and women," she corrected me. Joanna frowned at her coffee cup. "I'm sorry. Maybe I misunderstood. I thought you were into women and I thought you were flirting with me. If I misread the situation, I apologize. I hope this doesn't cause a problem between us."

"I…I had a boyfriend."

"Yes?"

"We broke up."

"I see. But are you interested in women as well?"

"Yes…but I don't know."

"Don't know what?"

"I've never…dated a woman?"

"Are you interested in dating a woman?"

“Is that woman you?”

“It can be.” She sipped from her cup and put it down on the table before pushing it away. “Would you like to go back to my place and have sex?” she asked boldly and bluntly.

“I’ve never had sex with a woman before.”

Her smile was a little too eager. It was so easy to fall under her spell. “Then I’d be pleased to be your first.”

Joanna was a very good lover. At that point in my life I didn’t know if I was straight or lesbian or bi or what, but that didn’t matter when someone wanted to take you to bed and make love to you.

It was weird going to her house for the first time.

It was weird seeing pictures of her husband in the house.

It was weird kissing her in the kitchen, not because it was in the kitchen, but because I was kissing a woman and she was soft. Soft lips. Soft tongue. Soft body. Soft breasts. I was used to kissing Matt and he was strong and muscular. I didn’t have a preference between Matt and Joanna, but I didn’t have to choose just then.

Joanna took me to her bedroom, where she had undoubtedly fucked her husband in her bed, and helped me out of my dress (high end retail demands the sales staff wear dresses, normally I only wore jeans and whatever top was cleanest) before she took off her dress. The same one she had tried on when she started seducing me.

I stared at her tits. I was wearing my bra and panties. My very modest bra and panties, but she had stripped off her bra in the store and her panties weren’t at all modest. She wasn’t wearing a thong, but they were silky and tiny with lace edging and I wanted to pull them off but I was afraid to pull them off and so instead I stared at her tits.

They were gorgeous.

“You can touch and play with them,” she said after she had allowed me the honor of staring. I realized I was staring and blushed again and covered my face in shame. Joanna pulled my hand away from my face, kissed me again, and said, “But I’d really like it if you’d pinch and suck on them.”

So I did. We got on the bed. I found that kissing and sucking and very gently pinching another woman’s breasts was as much fun in reality as it had always been in my fantasies.

Yes, of course I had fantasized about fucking another woman.

Yes, I had even fantasized about fucking another woman when Matt was fucking me.

And, yes, I knew that it is perfectly natural for both straight and bi and lesbian women to fantasize about fucking another woman, but it’s one thing when it’s fantasy and another entirely when it’s reality.

Reality is better.

And then Joanna took off my bra and she played with my tits, pinching and sucking the nipples, which I really liked. My chest was easily twice the size of hers. She seemed to like that. Her body was much more angular because she knew that middle age was approaching and so had taken up running to stay in shape. I was still very young and was coasting on my youth. I was soft and had plenty of the right curves, but I knew that would change if I didn’t change my habits as well.

I tensed up when she kissed her way down my belly and started peeling off my plain beige panties. It was perfectly normal but I was nervous because who wants to go down on a woman. Matt did it to me and claimed to love it, but I could never cum from oral with Matt. I needed to be fucked to cum. Maybe it was psychological or maybe I was built that way, but penetration was my preference for sex.

I wished I had done a better jobs shaving my pussy. I wished I had maybe even gone for a waxing, but I had never done that in my life so it was a stupid thought. I wished my pubic hair wasn’t dark brown when the hair on my head was light brown, but none of that bothered Joanna. She pulled off my panties, tossed them aside, pushed open my thighs, and licked the length of my swollen

labia which were already wet from the anticipation of what was to come.

She didn't comment on my poorly shaped triangle of pubes.

She didn't say I was disgusting or gross—neither had Matt, but that was one of my great fears.

She didn't just tease me.

Once her tongue wiggled between my lips, tasted my pussy, and worked her way up to my clit, I was in heaven.

Matt definitely didn't know how to go down on a woman. Joanna did.

It occurred to me right then and there that Joanna had probably bedded a lot of women in her time. And maybe a lot of men. But definitely a few women.

She had me writhing around and gasping for air and clutching the sheets in no time at all, but I didn't—I couldn't—cum.

"I want you to cum for me," she said, lifting her face up from my pussy.

I looked down at her, saw her lips and cheeks and chin covered with my juice, and said, "Cum for you?"

"Cum for me. You're not leaving this bed until you cum."

"Oh…okay."

She kissed the top of my mound. My pubes were soaked with sex juice. "How do I make you cum?" she asked. "What do you need?"

Matt and I never talked about needs. Sometimes we'd move the other's hand here or there or give a brief instruction, but we didn't talk about sex. Not really.

"I need something in me," I said.

"Like this?" She slipped a finger up my tunnel. It wasn't enough.

"More," I moaned.

The first finger was joined by a second and then a third. Her thumb started rubbing my clit while she licked it and her pinky was doing something to my asshole that I couldn't put into words but felt fucking amazing. It took all of that together to make me cum.

It was worth it.

Until I realized I peed the bed.

I looked down between my legs and saw Joanna's surprised face. She was soaked to the point where it was dripping from her cheeks and chin. "Oh shit! I'm so sorry!"

Her expression went from shocked to delighted. That made me wonder about her sanity. What type of freak likes to be peed on? I mean, I know they are out there, but I never would have thought one of them would be the boss at my college job.

"You're a squirter," she said.

"What?"

"When you cum really hard, you squirt. Like a man. Sort of. You got your girlcum all over me." She wiped at her face with her hand and then licked her fingers. Looking up at my shocked expression, she laughed at him.

"But…I peed," I said. "I felt it."

"You came and you squirted. I've only done it a couple of times. It feels fucking amazing, doesn't it?"

"Yeah…?"

"You've never squirted before?"

"No."

"Oh. Fucking wow. We're going to have so much fun with this."

I didn't know what she meant then, but I do now."

"You're not upset?" I asked her.

“No,” she said shaking her head. “This is the best surprise I could have ever imagined.”

I wasn’t so sure, but at least I hadn’t accidentally fucked up my first lesbian encounter.

“Okay then…what now?” My legs had stopped trembling and my orgasm was fully passed. What exactly did lesbians do after one of them had cum? I knew, but I didn’t really know.

“I’d love it if you went down on me,” Joanna said as she crawled up the bed and over me. She bent her head to kiss me. I could taste my pussy on her lips and it wasn’t bad at all. Different, but not bad. After all, I’d tasted myself before. I knew what masturbation was.

“I don’t know what I’m doing,” I said to her.

“That’s okay. I’m so horny right now you could probably just lick me a couple of times and I’ll have a bigger orgasm than you. Besides, the first time is always the most fun.”

I knew she was exaggerating—or I thought she was exaggerating—but that scared me a bit. And at the same time I didn’t want to piss her off because she was my boss and I was pretty certain at that point I wanted to have sex with her again.

We rolled over, away from the wet spot I had left, which put me on top. Kissing my way down her body was easy. I was familiar with her tits by then and her flat, smooth tummy and belly button was fun to tease. Together we removed her very small panties, which revealed that she had the pussy of a porn star. That is to say, there wasn’t one hair between her legs and her labia were velvety smooth.

I wanted to ask her a hundred questions, but now wasn’t the time. I steeled myself and closed my eyes. I knew what pussies looked like up close—porn is an easy thing to find on the internet—but to actually see one up close was something different. The hairless revelation was more than I needed. She smelled good and earthy and musky and it was more intoxicating than vodka or whiskey. Maybe I was throwing myself into something that I shouldn’t have been, but I did it and never looked back.

Going down on a woman was more thrilling and easier than I would have thought. I just did to her what I liked being done to me. I didn't even have to push a finger inside her pussy. When she came I felt like I had accomplished the greatest achievement in my life. Better than graduating high school. Better than losing my virginity. Better than one-upping that bitch Melicey Grunwald in the cafeteria.

Afterwards, when I was driving home to go hide in my room in my parents' house, I considered my new place in the world. Did I want to be my boss's girlfriend? Was I that sort of person who'd sleep her way to the top of a retail empire that encompassed three stores and an online presence?

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