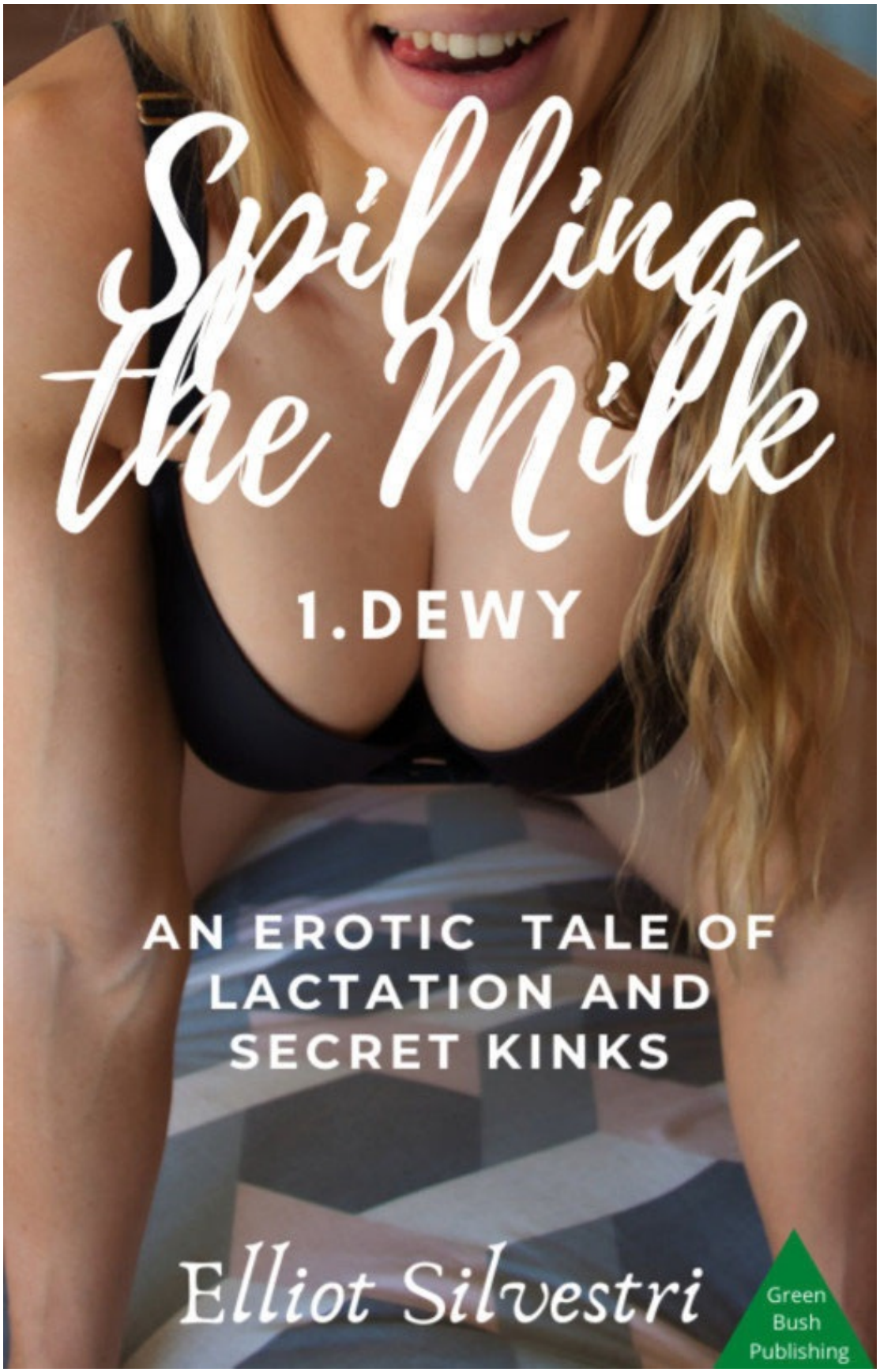
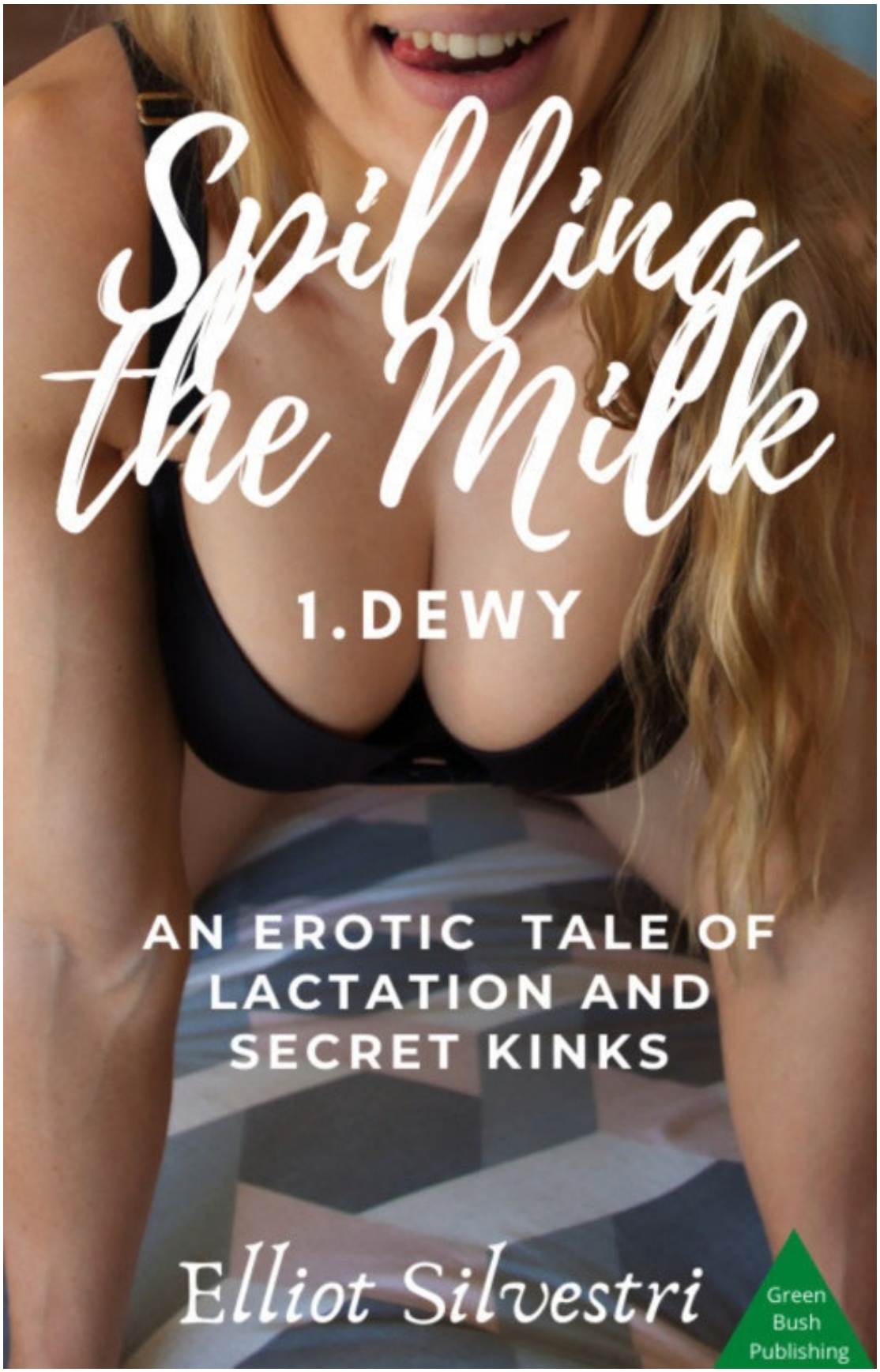

Spilling the Milk
1.DEWY
AN EROTIC TALE OF LACTATION AND SECRET KINKS
Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush Publishing


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# Spilling the Milk

## Dewy

**An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Spilling the Milk 1. Dewy

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

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# [1]

Chapter 1

First, I’m not, and I never was, some innocent little girl who didn’t know what kink and kinky sex was. When puberty hit, I was more than ready to see what sex was all about. I was eager to say yes and was happy when I did.

I did all the usual things. Sleeping around. Experimenting with other girls...other women. Trying sex while high. Anal. A threesome or two or three...I can’t remember. I was always a bit drunk when I did that. Bondage of course; sometimes me, sometimes my partner. Spanking...that was fun. I was never big into taking pictures or exhibitionism or doing it where we could get caught, but sometimes I indulged my partner. I had to try it once, right?

I never latched onto one particular activity that really did it for me.

Until…

“I love your tits. They’re perfect.”

Said in just about any context, that should be a compliment to any woman, but immediately my hands went to my breasts and I covered them up. It was my first time with Garrett. We had known each other for a bit. Friends of friends. He asked me out. I said yes. We wound up back at my place in my bed.

“They’re too small,” I said automatically.

“They’re perfect,” he repeated and gently pulled my hands away to expose my tits again. “B cups, right?”

I rolled my eyes. “Men, obsessed with size.”

“Bs are perfect. Not too big and not too small.”

We had been messing around on the bed. I had been eager to get his clothes off, but I let him keep his underwear on. I wanted a big reveal. I could clearly see and feel the outline of his hard cock through his briefs. It promised to be more than satisfying. I had been happy to shed my blouse and unnecessary bra. I had only worn the bra because I was out on a date and wanted to be fancy. I’m at best a bra only when working or necessary because of my clothing sort of girl.

“You’re just saying that because you want to get into my pants,” I told him.

Garrett shook his head. “I’m saying that so you’ll let me play with them.”

I laughed at him. I was already on my back so my tits had mostly disappeared but he was still interested so it was fine. “Sure. Go for it, big guy.” My hand was still cupping his hidden cock in his underwear.

Lowering his face to my nipple I gasped a little when he drew me into his mouth. It didn’t hurt. I loved to have my tits sucked and played with. Maybe I was more eager than I had realized. Maybe I was further along in my cycle and they were extra sensitive. It didn’t matter because when he started sucking, I felt like there was a hot wire between my nipple and my clit.

I’d never felt that before.

His pinching and rolling the other nipple while he sucked on the first one was even better. Just the way he did it together really got me going.

Essentially he was making my panties turn into a hot soupy mess.

I was more than ready for him.

I tried to get his cock out of his underwear but he was laying too low on the bed for me to reach that essential organ. Then I tried to unbutton my jeans and push them off, but he was laying half atop me and I couldn’t do more than pop open the button and maybe slide the zipper halfway down. He was pinning me in place.

Not that I minded. It was fun. But I just wanted him to go further along.

I didn’t need him sucking my tits for the rest of the night, even as pleasant as that was.

Still, I didn’t voice my objection because I was enjoying it too much.

I just let him do what he wanted with my boobs, because why not? He wasn’t hurting me and I liked it and it was just going to be the warm up to the big show.

I didn’t realize it was happening until I was halfway there and I couldn’t make it stop.

I didn’t want to make it stop.

“I’m cum...I’m cum...I’m coming…” I blathered out.

Garrett, much to his credit, didn’t stop. He didn’t bother taking my nipple out of his mouth to acknowledge my moans and words. He just kept sucking and pinching and rolling, much harder than I was used to, much harder than I ever would have wanted or guess that I wanted.

I came.

It was the first time I had ever had cum just from having my tits played with...and I was the girl who lost her virginity way too young because I read about sex in books I shouldn’t haven been reading and I wanted to know exactly what those heroines—such as they were—were feeling.

Garrett was staring at me. He wasn’t upset or angry. He was grinning at me. “Did you actually cum?”

I blushed. I fucking blushed. Maybe he didn’t see it, but I blushed. I was already hot and sweaty from cumming so maybe he didn’t see it, but I blushed like a pure, innocent Mormon girl who just learned that penis and cock meant the same thing.

“Yeah, I came.”

“That’s fucking incredible! Want me to make you do it again?” He started to lower his mouth to my nipple which was still buzzing with the electric static of too much stimulation.

I pressed the heel of my hand against his forehead. “NO!” I said with far too much force. It wasn’t that I didn’t want him to make me cum again. That would have been grand. It was that my tits were far too sensitive at that moment and it would have been more painful than fun.

“Okay…” He backed off.

“It's my turn to make you cum,” I told him, recovering the best I could. I pushed my hand down into his underwear. He had lifted himself off me so I could do that now. Once my fingers were around his cock, he didn’t object. He pulled his underwear off while I proceeded to give him a handjob.

That wasn’t my goal, of course.

Once he was naked and I was keeping him hard with my hand, the two of us were able to pull off my jeans and panties. He didn’t even get to admire the pretty lace panties I had put on for him, for our date.

That was fine. We had other, more important stuff to do.

In a flash he rolled on a condom, I spread my legs, and he sank all the way into me on the first thrust.

Like I had said, my pussy was a swampy wet mess.

“Oh...fuck yes,” I moaned. “That’s what I needed.”

Garrett laughed. “Uh-huh. Like you didn’t need me sucking on your tits.”

“Just fuck me...please.”

He did. It was great. The first time with anyone is great.

It didn’t last long, but it was intense. It didn’t take all that much effort for him to make me cum a second time, this time from just plain old sex. I could feel his cock throbbing inside of me and I knew he was going to cum.

He started hyperventilating and looked directly in my eyes.

“I...I...I…” He wasn’t such a smooth talker when he was in the throes of passion.

He came in me. Well, in the condom that was wrapped around his cock that was in me.

“You have the most beautiful green eyes,” he told me.

I’d heard that before, but I believed him.

It was all the post-orgasmic prolactin rushing through my brain.

“I thought you said I had beautiful tits.”

Garrett looked at me blankly for a moment. His brain was obviously going through a reset from the sex as well.

“No, I said that I love your tits and that they were perfect.”

“You don’t love my eyes?”

He smiled. “Let me love you one body part at a time.”

“Starting with my tits and then my eyes,” I teased.

“I was thinking about your pussy after your tits, but we can do eyes second, sure.”

I swatted him.

I think he liked that.

# Chapter 2

Garrett spent the night and he spent many other nights after that.

We had both gone into our relationship saying we didn't want anything serious, maybe a FWB situation at most.

I'll admit it to myself: I was falling for him a lot faster and harder than I wanted to, but I certainly wasn't going to tell him that.

Who knows what he was thinking?

Probably by luck that he fell into the best relationship of his life and he'd never do better than me.

Sounds perfectly likely.

We were a couple months into dating...and fucking...when I woke up one morning to a burning in my tits.

Well, not exactly a burning, but a stimulation like no other.

Garrett's mouth was attached to my breast.

"What are you doing?" I demanded from him.

He broke the lip lock he had on my soft nipple. "Uh...seducing you?"

"You do that to someone who's not already in your bed."

"Trying to get you in the mood?"

It was early morning. A weekday. A workday.

That didn't mean that I didn't want to have sex. It just meant we had a time limit.

"I'm always in the mood," I said, pulling his face up to mine for a kiss. "Just leave my tits alone for today, okay?" I asked as I reached down and found his

cock. He was already hard and it was pressing against my leg.

“But they’re the best part of you,” he said, kissing the side of my neck.

“But they’re sore right now,” I told him, trying not to think about the fact that swollen breasts were often a sign of pregnancy.

I wasn’t pregnant.

Birth control is a wonderful thing.

In order to distract him, I moved down his body, found his cock, and put it in my mouth.

He didn’t object. Why would he?

I don’t mind giving head. I just insist my lovers do the same for me.

In that respect, I reversed our positions. Garrett was already on his back so I just kept turning my body around so it was easier to take his cock down my throat. I got on his body and pushed my pussy into his face.

Because we weren’t that different in size, it was easy for us to 69. I didn’t need him eating me out, but it kept him distracted.

I was totally intent on letting him cum in my mouth. Less cleanup that way, but I got distracted by his tongue dancing on my clit and eventually stopped bobbing my head up and down.

“I want to fuck you.”

“Okay,” I agreed way too quickly.

It only took two seconds for him to reposition us. I wound up on hands and knees with his cock probing between my thighs. I helped him in and groaned deeply as he filled me up. He wasn’t using a condom.

We had stopped using those a while back.

I loved the feeling of a man cumming in me. The heat. The wetness. The mess that sex is supposed to be. The danger.

Not that it was all that dangerous. But there was a little thrill that I could get pregnant, even though I was using birth control.

He held my hips and fucked her hard. I loved it.

Then he leaned forward and I took his weight on me. I had to lock my arms to stay upright but it was more than worth it.

Garrett curled his hands around my body and found my tits. I gasped a little at his touch. My nipples were still tingling, but instead of pinching or rolling them like he usually did (because I loved when he did that), he instead just palmed them and pressed them into me.

They were definitely swollen. Even so, it felt good. I liked the way he was fucking me and playing with my tits.

I just let him go and do what he wanted. I was bold enough to reach down to my pussy, find my clit, and jill myself, while balancing his weight on just my left arm, so I could cum.

The moment I started cumming, I felt his cock throb in me and a second later, he was filling my pussy with his cum.

We collapsed to the bed and breathed heavily for a minute before his phone's alarm went off causing the both of us to jump.

"Good start to the day?" he asked me, rolling off and turning off his alarm.

"Great start," I agreed.

He went to shower first while I lay on my back, his cum slowly leaking from my pussy, as I softly held my tits.

They were far too sore from just a little bit of sucking and sex.

I knew I wasn't pregnant, but my boobs bothered me all day, even though I had put on my most comfortable bra. I started to worry that it was something else.

When I got to Garrett's place after work, I asked him about it. "How much are you sucking on my tits in the middle of the night without me knowing about it?" I demanded of him.

He put on a confused and innocent look. I wasn't buying it.

"Why would you even ask that?"

"Because my tits have been sore all day."

Garrett tried to sidestep the issue. "We have been playing with them a lot lately."

He wasn't lying. We had been playing with my tits a lot, mostly because I loved it. And he loved it. But he could only make me cum by playing with my tits. He didn't get to cum because of that.

Though he'd usually fuck me afterwards.

I can't explain exactly why I loved my nipple orgasms, but they were so completely different from vaginal/clitoral ones. Nipples were like a whole body experience, while vaginal and clitoral ones just gave me a thrill of pleasure and temporarily sated my lust, but it was a localized effect.

"You need to answer my question: how much are you sucking on my tits when I'm asleep?"

He looked away. That made me nervous. "I don't know. Probably every night."

"What? How are you doing that?"

I was confused.

He shrugged. "I don't know. You were dozing off one night and I was nuzzling your tits and you were making those little sounds that mean you like what I'm doing so I didn't stop."

That was a night I remembered. We had fucked and I was tired, but I liked his mouth on my breasts, so I didn't object. I fell asleep and figured he had just stopped when I did.

“Okay, but that’s just one night.”

“Yeah...but you know that I suck on you almost every night.”

That was true too. Though it was almost always during sex. And before sex. And after sex.

I could see where this was going.

“Do you do it every night when I’m sleeping?” I demanded, but I wasn’t sure if I was offended or turned on.

“Uhh...probably?”

My eyes narrowed on him. “What kind of fucking answer is that?”

“I don’t know,” he answered.

“What?”

“I mean, I don’t know.” He cleared his throat. “I mean, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, and I’m...I’m…”

“You’re what?”

“I’m already sucking on them. It’s like an unconscious thing.”

I frowned at him. Sometimes we slept naked together. Sometimes I wore a nightshirt or t-shirt. Sometimes that t-shirt got rucked up while I slept. I wasn’t sure if that was because of me moving or Garrett shoving it up so he could get to my tits.

“That’s creepy and weird. You need to stop doing it. I’m going to be wearing tops to bed that you can’t just shove out of the way.”

I was certain that we had settled the issue.

Garrett had other thoughts.

“Sometimes I half wake up and you’re pulling me to your breasts,” he blurted out.

“What?!”

That didn’t make any fucking sense.

Except for the fact that I loved to have my nipples sucked.

“You heard me. You’re sleepwalking. Or sleepsexing. Or sleep-pulling me to your tits.”

“You’re lying,” I accused him, but right away I knew he wouldn’t have made up a lie like that.

I also sounded completely like something I would do.

“So let’s set up a camera in the bedroom and record what happens tonight.”

I raised my finger to object, but no words came out of my mouth.

The truth was, I was curious to see what would happen.

“Okay. Fine. Let’s do it.”

So we did.

# Chapter 3

Garrett worked some weird IT related job for an insurance company. He had access to all sorts of technology. Among that technology were cheap webcams. I wasn't all that surprised he pulled several out of a box in his study. In the box were cables and tripods and lights and I quickly summed up what he was doing in his spare time.

"You've got enough equipment in there to run a small porn studio," I observed.

He chuckled. "Yeah. Sure. Why not? We got most of this stuff to set up a room for video conferencing before Zoom and Google Meets were common. It's been sitting around for a couple of years now."

I watched as he experimented and set up a camera on a tripod and then hooked it up to a laptop.

"Get on the bed and roll around so I can make sure the focus is good," he said.

I started to lay down, but then paused. "You just want to make a quick porno of us, don't you?"

He laid his hand on his heart. "I would never."

I glared at him. "Uh-huh." I got on the bed and did what he asked anyway. He watched the laptop screen.

A minute later he joined me on the bed.

"What are you doing?"

"Just making sure it works for two people, not just one."

Of course we started kissing. And a minute after that we were undressing. A minute after that he was sucking my tits and then we were undressing each other. I knew the camera was running, I just didn't care.

Or maybe I was hoping it wasn't recording.

Or maybe I just refused to think about it.

I mean, what did Garrett hope to get out of recording the two of us having sex? The camera was stable and I wasn't playing for it. The results were going to be terrible.

I forgot all about the camera when his face was between my thighs and he had both hands on my tits, twisting and rolling my nipples.

I was in heaven.

He said he didn't mind at all when I came on his face.

I mean, why would he? He was doing his utmost to make me cum.

And then he moved up and shoved his cock into me and made me cum again, just to prove that he could make me cum any way he wanted.

And I loved it.

He was doing all the work and I was getting all the benefits. It was great.

It wasn't the best sex I ever had, but it got the job done.

Afterward, when we were relaxing, it suddenly hit me hard that the camera was still trained on the bed. And us. And what we had done.

"Did you record us?" I asked Garrett.

"...maybe."

"You did, didn't you!"

"Okay, yes, but only because...because I wanted to see what it looked like when we had sex. From a third person perspective."

"Uh-huh. Hmm. Okay. Let me see it."

"Really?"

I sighed. "Yeah. Might as well get this over with."

So we watched the video together. I've seen plenty of porn in my time. I don't

watch a lot of it, but I know what I like.

I didn't like this.

The camera angle was terrible. I just mostly laid there while Garrett did all the work. While we didn't have perfect Hollywood bodies, we weren't in all that great of shape either.

In short, it was somewhere between depressing and horrifying.

The image quality was fine, it was probably too good. Maybe it would have been better in grainy black and white instead of crappy color. Black and white would have given it an artistic bent, this was just...sad.

"I never want to see that again," I told him.

"I'm deleting it now," Garrett said as I watched him delete the file.

"I'm not an expert, but…"

"What?"

"Isn't it true nothing is really gone from a computer hard drive unless you completely destroy the drive?"

Garrett sighed. "Not entirely." He pulled up some utility and ran it. "This is an electronic shredder. It'll overwrite the space on the disk that had the video on it with random ones and zeroes. Nothing will be left."

I nodded. "Okay sounds good."

"I'm still going to record us sleeping tonight," he said.

"Fine."

I wish I hadn't agreed.

The next morning when we woke up, my first thought was of the recording.

“Wake up!” I poked Garrett in the ribs. “I want to see what you did to me last night.”

At his insistence I wore a t-shirt because he wanted a true record of what went on in our bed while we slept.

I almost wished I hadn’t worn anything.

Watching me and Garrett sleeping was boring. Especially after the first minute, and then Garrett sped up the playback. “We’ll just skip to the good part, assuming there is one.”

It was comical seeing us moving around at high speed on the bed. I got a giggle out of that. We were both laughing when it happened.

“Oh shit,” she said in unison. Garrett hit pause and skipped back.

It was like seeing a train wreck in reverse. I hated it.

Finally he got to the start and played it at normal speed.

We had been just laying next to each other on the bed, facing each other. Even though sound had been recorded, there wasn’t any real noise. Just some background shuffling of sheets. Without reason, I suddenly reached out and pulled Garrett to me. Had I been dreaming? Maybe.

It would have been fine. In my sleep I gave him a kiss. We kissed a little more.

“I don’t remember doing that,” I said.

“Neither do I,” he agreed.

And then I saw my hand move up to behind his neck and my other hand tugged at my sleep shirt.

We had already thrown off the sheets. I saw my naked breasts come into view and Garrett’s head moved down my body. I shivered when he kissed my neck. And then he kept going down.

Until he got to my breasts and started sucking on them.

It was weird to see me on the screen doing something I didn't remember.

"That's weird," I said.

"We do it all the time," said Garrett.

"No. Not what we're doing there," and I pointed to the screen. "I just don't remember it."

"Okay. Sure. That I understand...shit, you can see I've got a boner."

I looked closely at the screen and sure enough, I saw a tell-tale bulge in his underwear. "Did you cum last night?"

"No. I haven't had a wet dream since I was in high school."

We kept watching our mostly-asleep bodies. Were we dreaming? I didn't remember any of this at all. It was obvious I was enjoying it. There was a stupid smile on my face and I was languidly stroking Garrett's hair. Other than his hidden erection there weren't any indications that he was getting anything out of it.

There were some occasional noises as he sucked on my tits. Mostly slurps and the like, but also little moans and sighs from me. The amazing thing was that he kept moving back and forth from one breast to the other.

And as we watched together, it became very, very obvious that my sleeping self wasn't just enjoying the sensation. I was getting closer and closer to climaxing.

Garrett realized it. "You're going to cum," he announced.

"No I'm not!" I said just as the image of me on the screen shuddered and moaned loudly.

"I know that sound," he said with smug satisfaction. "I've made you make that sound a hundred times."

He was right. I didn't even try to argue with him. We watched together as he sucked on my tits and made me cum.

I was ashamed. Sort of.

I hated the way I looked when I came. He said I was beautiful.

Garrett was a known liar.

“Okay, fine,” I said when my sleeping self pushed away Garrett and our images went back to sleep. “You were right. You were sleep sucking.”

“You basically made me!” he snapped back at me with a laugh.

“Whatever. I think I need to do something to stop it.”

“Wear an armored bra to bed?” he suggested, still giggling.

“Maybe I will.”

“Chain mail bikini?”

“Now you’re being an ass.”

“I’m not the one who has a subconscious need to have her tits sucked in the middle of the night.”

A thought occurred to me. “Do you think this is a deep-seated urge in my body that I want to have children?”

Garrett violently shook his head. “No. I don’t believe that at all. Especially since we’ve only been dating a few weeks.”

“It’s been nearly three months!”

“So we’re in agreement then.”

“No!”

He continued to laugh at me. “Okay, but I will say this…”

“What?”

“Maybe you have a deep-seated need to have your tits sucked. Maybe you do

want to have a baby. Maybe you want to be a wet nurse."

I swatted his shoulder. "You'd be smart to shut your mouth."

# Chapter 4

All day at work I couldn’t stop thinking about the video that Garrett and I had inadvertently created. I hadn’t even insisted that he erase and shred it like our first one.

I didn’t want to admit that I wanted to watch it again.

Setting that aside, I didn’t want to have a baby. That was just crazy.

But boy do I love having my nipples sucked. When asleep and awake, apparently.

I just had to get over it and admit that, while a bit strange, it was fine.

I just needed to come up with a way to stop Garrett—or myself—from having my boobs suckled in the middle of the night.

While I liked the tingle of suckled tits, it could be annoying.

Garrett had a suggestion that I hope started as a joke.

He came to my apartment bearing a gift. I should never have given him the idea that I needed something extra to help me with him sucking on me at night.

I was already cooking us dinner when he showed up with the plain brown bag. I should have been suspicious right then and there.

But I loved presents—who doesn’t?--and I opened it right away.

“Ooh! What did you get me?”

“Sorry I didn’t have time to gift wrap it, but—”

“What the fuck?!”

“I hope you like them.”

“Nipple clamps?”

He grinned at me. “If you have them on, you won’t want me sucking on them,

right?”

I wondered where he had bought them, because they looked high quality. There were a couple of sex shops in the city that he could have stopped in, but that was a question for another day.

“There’s no fucking way I’m going to wear those things all night. Are you fucking crazy?”

“So what do you say you wear them when we have sex tonight?”

Right away I could feel my pussy practically gush in anticipation of that, but I couldn’t let Garrett know that idea turned me on. “Who says we’re having sex tonight?”

He gave me a lop-sided grin. “You should never play poker. Your face gives everything away.”

Shit.

We ate dinner first because while I loved sex and playing around, I was still hungry and had human needs.

The first thing I learned around nipple clamps is that they don’t go directly on the nipples. Or at least I didn’t want them to go directly on my nipples. Mine were too small and sensitive. But when we put them just behind the nipple on the areola, holy shit I was in heaven.

Yes, it still hurt a bit, but it was a good sort of pain. If anything, it turned my pussy into an ocean.

“Are you okay?” Garrett asked when we had both clamps in place. I could feel the weight of the clamps pulling on my nipples, but that was fine. I felt like I was floating, like I was high.

“Mmm-hmm. I feel great.”

“Okay, well then lets take off your pants and you get down in doggy position so I can fuck you.”

I just obeyed because I wanted to be fucked. Not because he told me to.

But holy shit was it a transformational fuck. His cock in me while my tits shook back and forth with the weight of them pulling on my nipples.

I'd played with bondage before but this was something entirely different. I could have moved freely, but I didn't want to.

It was nothing to make me cum three times. My orgasms were getting confused. I couldn't tell which were clitoral and which were nippular (is that a word?). I loved it when he spanked my ass while we fucked. I wanted him to pull on the clamps but I didn't dare risk it even though it would have felt incredible.

That being said, I was glad when he came and it was over. My body was covered in sweat and I needed to be done.

He collapsed on me and pressed my body into his bed.

"It's going to be hell when you take the clamps off," he said to me.

"I know." I'd heard about what nipple clamps could do and I was already afraid, but I couldn't leave them on forever.

"Want me to take them off for you?" he asked, rolling off my body.

I turned my head to look at him. He wasn't teasing. He was asking an honest question and wanted to help.

I was just afraid of the help because I knew it would hurt.

But there was no way around it.

He'd do it fast and wouldn't play games. I would mess around and make the pain worse by stretching out the process.

"Okay," I agreed and rolled away from him, exposing my breasts.

The clamps that he bought me were pretty, shiny, and I could feel their lovely lovely weight. I wanted them off because they were getting painful, but I knew the pain I was in for when they came off.

“Sit up,” he told me.

I hissed in pain slightly as the clamps tugged at my nipples as I moved.

“You okay?” he asked me.

“No. You need to take them off.” I was coming down from the orgasmic high sex and lust had generated and the excitement of playing with the clamps was now tempered with the fear of what was to happen next.

“Okay. Hold still.”

The moment he reached for my breasts, I shied away and held my hands protectively in front of myself.

“Do you want me to do it or not?” he demanded.

“I do...but I’m afraid.”

“Want me to get some restraints? Do you have rope or cuffs around here?” He looked around the bedroom. I didn’t want to tell him I had a nice set of leather cuffs hidden in the bottom of my closet. I didn’t want to wait that much longer.

“No. I’ll just put my hands behind my back. Just do it quickly.”

I folded my arms behind my back, each hand gripping the other arm’s wrist. This served to force my tits forward. I must have looked like a slut.

I like looking like a slut.

“Lace your fingers together,” he told me. “It’ll take you longer to move your arms that way.”

I saw his logic and did exactly that. “Just give me a seco—”

I didn’t get to finish my words when he abruptly reached for me, found the levers on the clamps and quickly removed them.

My tits burst into fire and I went down to my knees with a moan of pain.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” I screamed.

I wasn’t just moaning.

“Are you okay, Verdal?” Garrett asked me.

I could hear the blood rushing back into my nipples. It was the worst pain I had ever felt, and more than once I had stepped on my little brother’s Lego pieces.

It truly felt like my nipples were on fire.

After untangling my fingers behind my back, I cupped my breasts and tried not to curse the existence of tits in general and my boobs in particular, no matter how much pleasure they gave me.

“Ver?” Garrett asked again.

“No,” I hissed.

“No, what?”

“No I’m not okay!” I screamed at him.

My boyfriend backed up a step.

That was the first time I had thought of Garrett as my boyfriend. Up to that point he was just my friend with benefits. My lover. My slampiece. My booty call (fuck how I hate that term). But I decided in the moment that only my boyfriend would ever be allowed to put nipple clamps on me ever again and since he had already done it once, he was automatically my boyfriend. Garrett didn’t have a say in the matter.

“What should I do?” he asked.

“Get some fucking ice from the freezer!”

That wasn’t a great idea either. My nipple had been so lovingly abused and direct application of ice wasn't going to make things better, but I needed to give Garrett something to do.

Actually, the ice felt nice for a few moments, but I quickly got rid of it. I didn’t need freezer burn on my nipples in addition to the bruises.

Oh, the bruises.

It only took them a few minutes to form, but that was enough. My beautiful dusty pink nipples and areola suddenly had ugly purple blotches on them where the clamps had dug in too hard.

After the crisis was over, mostly, I found myself in the bathroom staring at my wounded chest.

“I think I’m fucking scarred for life.”

Garrett was behind me, peering over my shoulder, staring at my boobs. He had probably taken a good long look at my ass as well, but I wasn’t worried about that. Hell, he was the sort of guy to check out my carefully coiffed bush as well.

His arms went around me and gave me a gentle hug. “I think you’re beautiful and the bruises make your tits look sexy.”

I winced as I delicately poked at my wounded nipple. “You’re just saying that.”

“Not at all. It was the best sex of my life.”

“Now I know you’re lying.”

“Every time I have sex with you, it’s the best sex of my life,” he lied to me.

“Don’t lie to me.”

He ignored my complaints.

“Thank you.”

That caught me flat-footed. “What?”

“Thank you,” he repeated.

My eyes narrowed on him. “Why are you thanking me?”

“For letting me put clamps on your tits.”

I didn’t want to let him know it was undoubtedly the best sex of my life as well.

I mean, I could have said it, but the orgasms I had while he was fucking me with the clamps on were incredible. If Garrett couldn't tell they were mind-blowing and life-altering, then he didn't deserve to be my boyfriend.

"Oh." I paused. "Well, I liked it."

He smiled. "I could tell."

And that is how I discovered that I loved nipple clamps.

The pain and bruises were more than worth it.

I still had a hell of a long way to go on a journey with my little twins.

# Chapter 5

It took a couple of days for the bruises to fade, which was excruciating because I could barely touch my breasts during the healing process. There was no way I was letting Garrett suck them, let alone touch them.

We were both miserable for those days.

It was three days later when we were eating dinner together that Garrett had another suggestion for me.

“I was thinking about your breasts,” he said.

I smirked at him. “When don’t you think about my breasts?”

“When I’m thinking about your pussy. Or your ass,” he said smoothly.

I rolled my eyes. “What about my breasts? Thinking about getting a chance to touch them again?”

“Well, yes, but something else, long term.”

I swirled my fork around the remains of the mashed potatoes I had made. I was starting to channel my mother’s cooking. That wasn’t a good thing. I didn’t need to think about my mother’s tits or anything else about her.

“What else, long term?” I asked warily.

“What would you say to...getting your nipples pierced?”

Instinctively my hands went to my breasts, covering them up, even though I was wearing my soft, comfortable bra and my blouse was still on. “I’d say hell no.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not shoving metal through my nipples! I’m not a barbarian.”

“I think pierced nipples are sexy!” he replied. “Besides, you have pierced earlobes.”

Now my hands went to my ears. “I got them done when I was in sixth grade and

stupid. I was following my friends."

I still had the holes. I still wore earrings on a regular basis and Garrett had eyes so he could make the connection between my willingness to exchange pain for beauty. And he wasn't a fool; he knew I'd exchange pain for pleasure.

"Surely you have to have a friend or two with pierced nipples," he suggested.

"I don't know. I don't go asking them."

"Hmm. Maybe not. Most women with pierced nipples are eager to tell everyone about it."

"Great. Whatever. I'm not going to get mine pierced."

He shrugged. "Maybe it's for the best. If you get them pierced we can't play with them for like six weeks anyway. However long they take to heal."

There's no reason to lie. I had considered getting them pierced because (a) Garrett had asked and I wanted to please my boyfriend, and (b) it did sound sort of sexy and I was willing to exchange pain for beauty, and (c) none of my friends apparently had pierced nipples. But the death sentence of not getting to play with my twin lovelies for a month and a half was a no go.

I started to shrug out of my blouse. "Maybe I won't get them pierced, but you sure can play with them tonight."

We started off with a little cautious nipple sucking. That went well and didn't really hurt, so I let him go a little further with rolling and pinching. It only took a couple of minutes before I was panting and on the edge of orgasm.

I hadn't even taken off my pants but somehow Garrett was naked and I was stroking his cock while he sucked on my tits.

I wanted him to cum all over me because my mind is twisted when it comes to sex. Instead he made me cum and I lost track of everything.

Sex is like that.

"Can we try something else?" he asked me as I was still hyperventilating from

cumming.

“Sure,” I agreed way too easily.

“Can I titty fuck you?”

I burst out laughing.

“What?” He was wounded and I hadn’t even meant to do that.

I grabbed my breasts by the sides and made the most of my tiny bit of cleavage.

“You want to fuck this?” I asked, looking down to where I mushed them together. B cups are not made to be titty fucked.

Garrett nodded so eagerly I thought his head was going to snap off his shoulders and go rolling across the room.

“There’s barely anything here worth fucking,” I pointed out, looking down at the tiny groove, the smallest of crevices my tits were making for him.

“There’s more than enough,” he assured me. “Got any lube?”

I did. He knew that. Keeping some lube around the house is always a good idea.

I had never expected to get titty fucked by anyone, but if Garrett wanted to give it a go, why the hell not? He’d be disappointed and we could get back to normal sex.

He smeared lube all over his cock and then between my tits. It felt weird, but apparently I was now into weird. As I mashed my tits back together, he straddled my body with his legs and lowered his cock into the small groove that I had made.

It only struck me right then that Garrett had, at best, an adequately sized cock. I bet if I had measured it, it would be perfectly average. Average is fine, but no one writes about it.

His cock slipped between my breasts and I realized I had made a nice little slippery tunnel for his cock to fuck. Looking down my chest at what he was

doing, his cockhead kept coming at my face. I wanted to reach out with my tongue and lick him, but he was too far away.

It was a weird to have sex, but it was fun too. We were well deep into the process when I realized that maybe it wasn't as fun as getting fucked in the pussy (or the ass, but I had only done that a few times) or getting my tits sucked, it still felt good.

It felt very good.

Almost incredible.

Fucking hell. What was wrong with my tits where I could get off by letting my boyfriend titty fuck me?

I moaned at the weird sensations. I wondered if I was going to be able to cum from such a perverted act but then the opportunity was denied me.

Garrett tightened up, gasped loudly, and then moaned as he shot hot cum all over my tits, chest, neck, and face.

It was a lot of cum.

This must have been a fantasy of his he had been waiting to unleash.

I was glad to have made it real for him.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

I blinked at him. I had dropped my tits and he was squatting awkwardly over me.

"I didn't mean to cum on your face!"

I grinned at him. "You don't think you're the first cum to cum on my face, do you?" I wiped away some of his cum that was running down my cheek. From there I proceeded to give him a thrill by glancing at my sticky fingers and then shoved them in my mouth, sucking them greedily.

The stunned look on his face was worth it. I'm not a huge fan of swallowing cum, I don't particularly like the flavor, but I do it because it's fun and exciting.

“I guess I’m not,” he agreed as he moved off my body and collapsed on the bed next to me.

“You almost made me cum,” I told him.

He blinked. “From titty fucking you?”

“Uh-huh.”

He giggled. “Everything about you focuses on your tits, doesn’t it?”

I was offended. “I’m not just my tits!”

But he was right.

“They’re not even that big!” I protested.

“I never said they were. But they are perfect.”

I reached for some tissues I kept at the bedside and started wiping away his leavings. If I was a sluttier woman I would have scooped all it up with my fingers and eaten it. But I’m not that woman. Close. But not exactly.

After I had wiped away most of the mess, I took a good long look at my boobs. They looked the same as always: little mounds on my chest. Unimpressive but not ugly.

That’s what I said to Garrett. “They’re unimpressive but not ugly.”

“Sit up.”

With a roll of my eyes, I did so.

“Now they’re impressive,” he said from his perspective on the bed.

“No. They’re too small. And my nipples are pointing at the ceiling.”

He sighed. You’re exaggerating. Boobs don’t have to be big to be perfect and impressive. “And yes, your nipples point slightly upward, but that’s great. Everyone is different and you’re perfect the way you are.”

“Don’t say that,” I said, embarrassed. I wasn’t any great beauty or hardbody and I hated being examined the way he focused on me.

“Fine,” he agreed, much to my surprise. “I won’t say it as long as you don’t denigrate yourself.”

“Fine.”

“Great.”

“Great.”

We just stared at each other for a minute.

“Okay, I didn’t cum and you did,” I said and pointed to my crotch. “You need to get to work.”

“Sure.” But he didn’t reach for my pussy. “How about I play with your tits instead?”

My hands went to my breasts to protect them. “They’re still a little sore. And sticky,” noted. It was probably from Garrett’s cum. Maybe the lube. I don’t know.

“You have better orgasms from nipple play,” he pointed out.

“No I don’t!” That was a lie. After a moment’s reflection, I realized he was right.

But I wasn’t going to let him know that.

“Yes you do.”

He was infuriating. But I still needed to get off. I wanted to get off. It was my right.

“Besides,” he added, “I just came. I don’t think I can get it up again right away to properly fuck you.”

I leaned back against my pillow and spread open my legs.

“Use your mouth.”

He did. Boy did he. It was great. Garrett's oral skills were out of this world. He knew just where to lick and where to suck. How hard to suck my clit and when to use his fingers.

I started hyperventilating. It wouldn't be long, but I couldn't get there.

My hands automatically went to my nipples where I started twisting and pulling them. It was great.

And then I felt Garrett's hands pushing mine away. He was insistent and kept eating me while playing with my tits.

Truly he was a Renaissance man when it came to sex.

My thighs scissored around his head and pulled him into my pussy.

I don't remember climaxing, but when I did, I must have gushed all over his face.

To his credit, Garrett didn't mind.

I pulled his face up to mine and kissed him, tasting myself on his lips.

"That's exactly what I needed."

# Chapter 6

I was getting used to my tits aching when I woke up. The morning after getting titty fucked by Garrett, they were worse than usual. Instead of rolling atop him for some early morning sex, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

My breasts were aching so badly that I wet a washcloth with cold water and held it to my chest. It helped. A little.

I was starting to panic, thinking that maybe I had cancer or some other disease, that my tits were going to fall off or catch on fire or something.

Out of frustration with myself I started massaging my boobs. What else was there to do?

And then I started freaking out more.

The breast massage felt nice, but I hadn't anticipated what might happen.

I didn't expect liquid to come trickling out of my nipples.

Something was deeply...deeply...deeply wrong with me.

But at the same time it felt good to force out the liquid.

It was thin and watery with just a bit of whitish color.

"Holy Humping Hannah. It's fucking milk. I'm making fucking milk."

That only calmed me down a little bit. I wasn't pregnant. I hadn't recently given birth. I wasn't undergoing some hormonal treatment.

I massaged my breasts a bit further. It felt good. And then I flashed on some half-remembered information from my human bio class in college.

An excess of breast and nipple stimulation can cause the production of lactation in women who don't have nursing babies or aren't pregnant.

Had I been overstimulating my tits?

My eyes closed as I continued rubbing my tits.

Until I moaned and the sound reverberated in my tiled bathroom.

“You okay, hon?” Garrett called from the bedroom.

Shit. I had almost forgotten about him.

“Yeah. Just don’t feel great this morning. I’m going to take a shower.”

Immediately I turned on the water and hopped in, shivering under the freezing spray for a minute before the hot water kicked in.

My nipples got rock hard under the cold water. That was strange.

Once the initial evidence of my lactating was washed away, I calmed down.

This wasn’t an impossible problem. I’d just insist that Garrett not touch my tits for a few weeks and my body’s hormone levels would drop to something normal and my breasts would go back to their regular status.

Easy.

I washed myself and got out of the water, thinking pure clean thoughts. Wrapping a towel around my body because I had forgotten my robe, I steeled myself and went to the bedroom.

The problem with having a towel wrapped around my body is that I don’t have the tits to keep it up on its own.

I’m sure there’s a joke or irony in there somewhere, but I don’t know how to make the connection.

I hadn’t taken more than two steps into the bedroom before the towel started to slip. I made a grab for it, but I was too slow. Garrett was watching me.

“You’re beautiful,” he said.

“Knock that shit off,” I complained as I let the towel drop. I’ll admit it. I posed a bit for him.

“Only if you cover up your body,” he said.

I turned around to my dresser and started pulling out clothes. Of course, I also bent over a bit to do that, and the moment I did, Garrett was behind me, his hands curling around my body, seeking my tits.

Any normal man would have grabbed my ass or put his hand between my legs to feel my pussy.

Not my boyfriend.

“I love your tits,” he said.

“But do you love me?” I asked without thinking.

He jumped back so fast I thought he teleported across the room.

Shit.

“Was it something I said?” I asked innocently as I pulled my panties on. I knew I had fucked up and I couldn’t change direction now.

“I don’t think we’ve been together long enough to discuss the L word yet,” he said warily.

I turned and faced him. He was naked from sleeping and his cock looked like it had shriveled up to almost nothing. Maybe he was cold. Maybe I had seriously scared him.

“Sorry,” I apologized.

“Damn but you have fantastic tits,” he said automatically. He was staring at my chest from the other side of the bed.

I glanced at his cock. It looked bigger.

“Thanks.”

He climbed across the bed and then stood next to me. We kissed and his hands went around my waist.

“And you’re beautiful.”

“Thanks again,” I said, remembering my promise to him about not denigrating myself even though he was clearly delusional.

“You look good with wet hair.”

I gave him a wink and said words I immediately regretted. “That’s not all that’s wet.”

He missed my meaning and pulled back enough to slip a hand into my panties and feel between my legs. “You are wet.”

His fingers found my clit. Surprisingly, I wanted him right then, even after the stress of my discovery. I kissed him fiercely.

We tumbled into the bed, still warm from his body.

As always he went right for my tits.

I should have warned him. I should have said something.

I didn’t. It felt too good.

I was on my back and he was on his side next to me, sucking on my right breast while he had his hand down my panties, rubbing my clit.

Already I was transported to a different world.

In no time I was moaning and wishing for his cock to be in my mouth, my pussy, between my breasts, even up my ass. I couldn’t articulate a single word. And then I was being pushed over the edge.

I couldn’t tell if it was my tits or my pussy that was causing the orgasm.

It just felt wonderful.

“Help me get your panties off,” he whispered in my ear.

I helped him. Apparently things were back to normal for us.

We rolled around a bit. He was already hard. I was already wet. Somehow I wound up on top and I was lowering myself down on his cock before I realized

it.

It was fine.

It wasn’t just fine. It was incredible.

We were fucking. I’d need another shower, but I didn’t care. He looked up at me with pure lust on his face.

I wanted to say something and I couldn’t.

He ducked his head and caught my breast in his mouth, sucking me as my hips uncontrollably bucked on his cock. This was the sex that I wanted and needed.

I climaxed so hard I didn’t realize that he came as well. Only when I was coming down did I sense the wetness he had left behind in my pussy.

“What soap or body wash do you use?” he asked me.

It wasn’t a typical post-coital question.

“Uh. Just the same stuff I always use. Why?”

“You tasted sweet when I was sucking and kissing you.”

Panic! And then I flashed on another piece of info from college, Human Bio 101. Breast milk is sweet because of the sugars in it and because babies like sweet foods.

“Oh. Yeah. I used a special skin scrub this morning. Sugar and spice brand. It probably has something sweet in the scent.”

For once I was glad that I had an addiction to different flavors of body wash, soaps, scrubs, and every other possible body product. My bathroom shelf and the storage compartments in the shower were crammed with too many bottles.

No way was Garrett going to see through me.

My tits were safe once again.

I just wasn’t sure what I was keeping them safe from.

The day progressed normally...except for me surreptitiously using Google and Bing to look up everything I could about unexpected lactation and breast milk.

I went between panicking and being relieved.

And then I wandered into the weird part of the internet.

The less said about that, the better.

Of course I should have paid a lot closer attention to the weird part of the internet.

I went to Garrett's house after work. We had set up a routine—like a couple that had been together for too long—and I was keeping to that routine.

I didn't fully realize it at the time, but my body was telling me something and I had to listen to it.

The moment he opened the door for me, I was in his arms, kissing him.

"Miss me?"

"Fuck yes."

"Dinner?"

"Not yet. Let's go fuck."

We went right to his bedroom. Hell, I would have been happy to fuck him right there in the living room, but some people have standards.

There wasn't any romance to it, which was fine. We got right down to business, undressing ourselves as quickly as possible before hopping into bed. He was already mostly erect by the time we fell into each other's arms. I sort of wanted to go down on him; I hadn't had a good chance to suck his dick in recent memory. My hand briefly caressed his erection, but quickly found myself on my back and his mouth was attached to my nipple.

I liked it, but I was nervous because I knew what would happen.

How would I keep it a secret from Garrett?

As it was, I couldn't even focus enough to think about that for more than a moment. His mouth sucking on my hard nipple sent waves of pleasure through my body. Then his fingers were probing at my pussy and I naturally opened my legs.

I loved and hated that I was so easy.

In almost no time I was right on that fine edge of orgasm. I kept trying to push it away because I wanted the sensation to last forever.

He pulled back unexpectedly. "Your tits are sweet."

"Mmm-hmm," I absently agreed and pulled him back to my small breast.

Garrett was having none of that. "So incredibly sweet." He switched to the other breast and licked and sucked the nipple. I wanted more and more.

But I felt something amiss with the breast he had abandoned.

It was wet. Too wet from just his saliva.

I could feel the milk trickling out of my nipple.

I had to hide it and so I brought my hand up to my breast, cupping it, smearing my milk around so it wouldn't be detected, but my nipple wouldn't stop leaking.

The only thing to do was just to keep playing with it while Garrett kept sucking on my other nipple. On top of everything else, I was right about to reach my peak.

There was no way to stop it.

At that point I didn't want to stop it.

Garrett was really just holding my pussy; his finger had barely penetrated me.

When I came, I arched my back and my hands clutched at the bed sheets. My

legs scissored together, trapping his hand. I gasped for breath and pushed Garrett away.

That was a mistake.

It shouldn’t have happened the way it did, but my body knew what it needed and wouldn’t be denied.

I came hard. My pussy throbbed. My nipples were hard nubs of pleasure.

...and my milk sprayed out of my tits.

Okay, maybe sprayed is overstating it. There was, even upon casual examination, a steady flow of milk from my breasts.

Garrett just stared. His face was a blank mask.

I immediately covered up both breasts with my hands.

“Sorry about that,” I apologized.

He blinked. “What are you apologizing for?”

My face was flushed. It wasn’t from having just cum. “My boobs are making breast milk.”

“Yeah. So?”

We stared at each other for a moment.

We spoke at the same time:

“Is that why I’ve been tasting sweetness on you?”

“They aren’t supposed to do that.”

We stared at each other again.

“I’m good with you making breast milk,” he said.

I blinked. “It’s called lactating.”

“Okay, I’m good with you lactating.”

“You are?”

“Yeah. Why not?” It wasn’t a big deal to him at all.

“Because it’s weird.”

“It’s also tasty.” He licked his lips. “No wonder you are so sweet.”

“Okay, now you’re weird.”

Garrett was confused. “What’s weird?”

“You...you want to taste my milk?”

He shrugged. “I like the taste of your pussy juice as well. Why not your breast juice?”

I shuddered. “How about we call it amrita instead of pussy juice and milk or breast milk instead of ‘breast juice’?”

“I can do that.” He smacked his lips and pulled my hands off my breasts. “Can I try some more?”

I didn’t know how to answer that. It wasn’t at all a normal thing to ask.

But then again, I was far from a normal woman.

That was a good thing.

# To Be Continued

Preview

# Ami’s Ambrosia 2

While it was a little bit unusual to be watched as she nursed on Genny, Ami found that she didn’t mind Jim watching.

In fact, Jim watching made it a little more exciting.

Genny’s breasts so easily gave up their milk that Ami was truly jealous of the other woman. She had no idea if her tits would get as big as Genny’s but she was certainly going to try.

Feeding off Genny wasn’t just fun, she had convinced herself that it would help.

After all, Genny had already given her a breast pump to enlarge her tits and get them lactating. Genny had also supplied her with hormones to kick start the process. Genny could certainly share a little milk with Ami to help the process along as well.

While Ami knew that was magical thinking, it didn’t stop her from feasting on Genny’s tits and drinking her milk.

It was thrilling how easily she had fallen into this little game with Genny. And now her boyfriend. It was exciting and other than cheating on her ex-fiancée, this was the most sensational thing she had ever done in her sex life.

How far was the couple willing to push it? Ami was willing to push it all the way because she was all but drunk on Genny’s milk.

Or maybe it was the cocktail that Genny had given her when she walked in.

Or maybe, just maybe, it was Genny’s milk.

It had to be Genny’s milk.

When Ami slid her hand down Genny’s stomach, releasing her nipple, the blonde woman didn’t complain at all. If anything, she encouraged Ami in

unzipping her pants and wiggling them down to mid-thigh. Ami hadn't been so bold as to take off Genny's underwear because she was uncertain what was happening.

Glancing down she saw that Genny was wearing underwear as boring as her bra. Deciding that she had nothing to lose, Ami shoved her hand down into Genny's panties and quickly found that the blonde's narrow strip of pubic curls was soaked with her amrita making it easy for Ami to slide her middle finger down into the other woman's slit.

Genny groaned deep in the back of her throat as she was penetrated.

Jim moved from his position on the edge of the bed to the floor, helpfully tugging down his girlfriend's pants and then underwear, leaving her naked.

That gave Ami the opportunity to masturbate Genny while still sucking on her tits.

Maybe she was being used, Ami reflected, but she was happy to be used this way. What was the worst that could happen?

Jim couldn't contain himself. "I wasn't expecting this!" he exclaimed as Ami's fingers got busy in Genny's pussy. The sound of wet pussy being stimulated combined with Genny's deep moans filled the room. Ami realized it wasn't going to take her friend very long to cum.

"Keep going," Jim encouraged them. "Make her cum."

Ami didn't like being directed, especially when it was already her intention to make Genny cum—as if there was any other possible outcome to their play—but since her mouth was full of tit and milk, she didn't complain.

Sex with a woman was new and different and she wanted to do it again and again, if not with Genny then with some other woman. A thousand dirty thoughts filled Ami's head and then she realized she wasn't in control of the situation any longer.

Genny called out and her body bucked several times as she peaked. There was a gush of liquid onto Ami's hand and she grinned around Genny's fat nipple when she realized she was making her friend cum.

“Can I have a turn?” Jim asked when the moment was over.

Genny laughed at him and gestured for him to join her on the bed.

Ami backed away. She wasn’t being dismissed, but she didn’t want to be up close and personal with the couple while they kissed.

They looked happy together and Ami tried to control her emotions and not think about Craig. She focused on Genny’s tits. And then Jim was moving down and the nipple that Ami had been pinching and playing with was in his mouth.

She stared as she felt that Jim was stealing Genny’s milk from her.

Nothing could be further from the truth. If anything, she knew she was stealing Genny’s milk from Jim.

“Did you like that?” Jim asked his girlfriend, looking up from behind her breast.

“You know I did.”

They happily kissed and Jim looked over to Ami. “Do you want to cum too?” he asked her.

“I already did.”

Genny nodded in agreement. “She sure did. Nipple orgasms are the best.”

Ami agreed.

“Want to cum again?” Jim asked.

“Sure,” Ami instantly agreed.

“Take off your jeans and I’ll make you cum,” Jim promised.

Ami was excited by this sordid turn of events. She had no idea what was going to happen, but wanted to know how this was going to turn out.

She hopped off the bed and unbuttoned then unzipped her jeans to shimmy out of them. Playing to the small crowd, she posed for the couple, showing off her cute panties. She wished that she still had a bra on so that they could see she had

been wearing a matching set.

It didn't matter. Jim's eyes went directly to her crotch and he proved he had sharp eyes. "So you are a natural redhead," he announced with a smart grin.

"It's my good Scottish blood," she replied, raising her chin.

"Like I said, I've always wanted to be a fire eater."

Once more Genny slugged her boyfriend. "Don't be crude." She looked to Ami. "He's got an obsession with redheads."

Looking at Genny's long, blonde hair, Ami asked, "Then why is he dating you, a blonde?"

"Redheads are always in short supply," said Jim.

Just then it occurred to Ami what Jim had been asking. "You want to eat my pussy?" she asked, her lips twisted to the side.

"Yes!" Jim said with barely controlled enthusiasm.

Genny rolled her eyes. "You wouldn't believe how many times he's asked me to dye my hair."

"I can assure you, it's the same as every other woman's pussy," said Ami.

"Do you mind if I am the one to judge that?" he asked, all but licking his lips in anticipation.

"If it's okay with your girlfriend," said Ami, looking to Genny. It occurred to her that she was being used as a toy in their twisted sex games.

She discovered she liked being a toy in their twisted sex games.

"It's fine with me," said Genny.

There was no way for Ami to be sure if her friend was just saying that or if she truly meant it.

Turning her body so they could get a view of her ass before she carefully pulled

down her panties and displayed herself.

It was hard to tell what Genny was thinking or feeling, but the bulge in the front of Jim's pants told her everything she needed to about his approval.

"Go ahead," Genny said with a sigh, moving to the side, making room for Ami. "Live out your rather bland fantasy."

"Hey!" Jim complained even as Ami took her position on the bed. "We can get kinky later."

Genny patted him on the head, like she was appeasing a child. "Sure we can."

Even if he was being humiliated, Jim was still too obsessed with Ami's appearance to care. "Okay," he said. His eyes hadn't moved from the patch of bright red curls on Ami's mound.

"I can't believe she's the first redhead you're going to be with," said Genny as she wrapped a thin bathrobe around her body.

"What? I am?" Ami was amused. Jim had to be at least thirty years old and he hadn't fulfilled this simple fantasy? Furthering Ami's amusement, Jim actually blushed. His face must have turned as bright red as hers had in the past. "You haven't?"

He half turned his face away. "I get nervous when I try to talk to redheads," he admitted.

Genny had left the room, presumably to go to the bathroom, and Ami heard her friend's laughter. "It's funny because it's so very true."

Briefly Ami wondered if she had been seduced for the sole purpose of Jim getting an opportunity with a true redhead. Now she felt a little objectified, but she also felt that she was being worshipped and sexually pursued because of her physical attributes.

But wasn't that always the case?

She sidled her body up against Jim's. Unable to help herself, she asked, "Do you think you'll want to leave your girlfriend after you fuck me?"

Jim laughed. “There’s only one way to find out.”

“I heard that!” Genny called from elsewhere in the apartment.

Without warning, Jim kissed her. She hadn't been expecting it, but she liked being kissed by him. It was more intimate than anything else they had done up to that point.

Despite the strangeness of the situation and pushing aside all thoughts of Craig, Ami let her hand travel down Jim’s body to cup his cock through his pants.

He was delightfully hard.

But Jim moved her hand away. “No. Not yet. Later,” he promised and then rolled her to her back pressing his own body down on her.

Having the weight of a man on top of her gave Ami a little ache because it had been too long since she had last been in bed with a man. After she and Craig called it quits, it had been her intention to bed as many men as possible, but it turned out that after she moved to the city and befriended Genny, she hadn’t even bothered to go out on a date with a single man.

As she was trying to process all of these feelings, Jim started moving down her body. His mouth briefly teased at her nipples, sucking and biting, but because she had no milk to offer, Jim quickly lost interest in her small tits.

Then he was at her belly button where his tongue flicked at the gold ring she had worn there for years and then at the top of her mound, and then, finally, he was where they both wanted him to be.

Ami had a little thicket of dark curly red hair decorating her pussy. To her it had always been just what she had, but to Jim it was the height of his most desired fetish.

His tongue stabbed at her clit and then went down further, penetrating between her lips and filling her pussy, but only just barely. No tongue could compare to a good, hard cock.

Looking down at him, Ami fully realized what Jim had meant by being a fire eater. With his face pressed into her pussy and her pubes surrounding his face, it

did look a bit like he was eating fire.

Before Ami could analyze that and tear the expression to pieces, in her mind at least, Jim's mouth found her clit and sucked it like he had been sucking her nipples earlier.

It throbbed.

It felt wonderful.

He did it with uncontrolled need and it startled and excited her. He was being a little rough, but that was fine. If anything, Craig had been too gentle when he had gone down on her.

She liked it when he slid first one, and then a second finger into her pussy. Jim knew exactly what he was doing. He was stroking the front wall of her vag and that made little shivers of pleasure spread out from her sex. If he kept that up she knew exactly what was going to happen and she wasn't sure that would be a good thing or not.

Ami let her eyes close and she focused entirely on Jim's tongue and the wonderful things he was doing to her. She became nothing more than her pussy and her mind.

When the bed shifted she got distracted.

"Is it everything you wanted?" Genny asked.

Ami opened her eyes to answer her friend, but Genny wasn't talking to her. She was talking to Jim.

He nodded his head even as he kept his face buried in Ami's sex. She couldn't believe that Genny was okay with her boyfriend doing this.

It was impossible to resist. She just let it happen. The orgasm he gave her was less powerful than she wanted it to be but it had been so long since she had cum from a good pussy licking that she didn't mind.

It would have been better if he had stayed with her, but the moment she was coming down from her peak, Jim pulled away.

When Ami opened her eyes she was greeted with the sight of Jim stripping off his clothes while Genny looked on. She didn't look the least bit perturbed. When Jim's cock came into view, Ami smiled. He wasn't huge, but his cock was nicely proportional to his body, thick without being threatening, and slightly curved upward in a way that Ami was certain would match her pussy perfectly.

As he moved down on top of her, Ami suddenly realized exactly what he was going to do and she started to panic.

He wasn't wearing a condom.

She wasn't ready for this.

Genny was watching and this was such a betrayal of her friendship.

Once again she was truly cheating on Craig even though they had broken up.

Jim's cockhead slipped easily between her wet and ready labia. He paused and caught her eyes. "Are you ready for this?"

She wasn't.

Ami nodded firmly. "Fuck yes. Give it all to me."

He barely gave Genny a glance before he started thrusting into Ami's primed pussy. His roughness surprised her, but she found the treatment invigorating rather than upsetting. Ami was already too excited; Jim putting his dick inside her was just the little boost she needed.

Before she knew it, she was cumming. Cumming loudly.

She was embarrassed at how hard she came, but she was no less startled when Jim kept pounding away at her and she never really came down from her first peak. He just kept going. There was another, unexpected and almost unwanted climax, before Jim shot off his load inside her, which wasn't exactly unexpected but she hadn't been planning for it either.

"Doesn't he have a wonderful cock?" asked Genny when Jim was done depositing his seed in Ami.

She had to admit that Jim did have a wonderful cock. Or maybe she was just hyped up by the strange sex that it felt wonderful. It didn't really matter. She didn't regret it at all.

For just a moment.

Then guilt hit her hard. "Ohmighod I didn't mean to fuck your boyfriend," she blurted out.

There was a second of awkwardness before Genny and Jim started laughing.

That only made Ami feel worse because now she felt guilty and embarrassed.

"Jim and I have an open relationship," Genny explained.

"I don't think I could have an honest relationship that wasn't," Jim interjected.

"I feel sort of bad that we both tricked and seduced you into bed," Genny went on, ignoring her boyfriend's comment. "I completely understand if you don't want to do this again."

Much to her dismay, Ami started to cry. It was just tears. She was still breathing heavily from her double orgasms that the few little sobs she let out were ignored or missed entirely. She wiped away the tears that stained her cheeks. "I think I want to do this every day for the rest of my life," she admitted.

The situation was mollified when both Genny and Jim kissed her.

The guilt was mostly gone, but she wasn't sure what she was going to do about Craig.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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