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


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An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Spilling the Milk 2. Dripping

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

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Second Edition

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Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Contents

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Chapter 11

Preview

About the Author

[2]

Chapter 7

It was weird, but it was good at the same time.

I was laying on my side looking down at the top of Garrett's head. I was able to formulate the thought that he should let his hair grow a little longer to show off the loose curls he was hiding.

Then because I was completely distracted by his mouth on my breast, I just closed my eyes and focused on what he was doing to me.

Namely drawing out the milk that his breast fetish and my body had created.

It was weird and wrong, but I was enjoying it a hell of a lot more than I thought I would.

Sometimes life is perfect and the partner you find has the same kinks as you.

I was that lucky.

There was nothing that could go wrong, even if we were only three months into our relationship.

I had never really wondered what it would be like when my breasts made milk. I just figured it would happen when I got pregnant and had kids. It was weird. I kept using that word, but it was the only way to describe it. I could feel my breasts making milk which didn't make sense, but I knew they were and I could feel it.

It felt even better when Garrett was sucking on my tits, drawing out the milk, making me moan and pant because he was going to make me cum in a minute.

We had fallen into this ritual far too easily. We'd go to bed at night, I'd pull up

my shirt and take off my bra and he'd nurse from me. I was making plenty of milk now for it to be a more than adequate late-night snack. He'd nurse until I went dry or I came or both.

And then we'd have sex.

I was honestly indifferent to the sex, as long as I got to cum at least once from my tits, I was happy.

Even so, the sex was fantastic.

He sucked and sucked and when I couldn't stand it any more, I came.

"You're going to make me fat," said Garrett after he released my nipple. I still had milk in me and I could feel it leaking out. Garrett poked gently at it, making my soft flesh jiggle and the milk come out faster.

"No I'm not," I said quickly.

"Breast milk is high in calories, isn't it? What about fat?"

"Uh...maybe?"

"You're going to make me fat," he repeated and kissed my left breast. "I'm going to love it."

"Uh-huh," I said dismissively. I was still floating from the orgasm. My hand found his cock. I absently stroked it and he moaned in appreciation.

"Are you going to make me cum?" he asked. "Make me shoot my load all over your tits?"

"Would you like that?" I asked, thinking about his cum mixing with my milk. Kinky and weird, but apparently I was into kinky and weird so much that I didn't realize it.

"I sure would. I'd also like to fuck you like a boring married couple."

He pushed me onto my back, which was easy to do, and was between my spread thighs, seeking to enter my pussy with his hard cock. He always got hard from

nursing from me. I liked that.

Taking a moment he sat back on his heels and ran his cock head along my slit, getting it slick with my amrita.

“You should shave your pussy,” he commented.

“Just put it in me,” I begged while twisting my nipples, waiting.

“You don’t need this hair,” he said, running his finger over my little isosceles triangle of dark red curls.

“Just put it in me.”

“Did I ever tell you I like shaved pussies?”

Garrett was ruining the mood.

“Just put it in me,” I repeated for the third time.

“It’s easier and more fun to fuck with a bare pussy,” he commented as he fitted his cockhead into my entrance.

I gave him a wan smile. “But it’s a crime for redheads to shave their bushes.”

He frowned. “With your pale skin, you don’t need that bush. Your freckles are all you need.”

I was tired of debating with him.

“Just fuck me hard and I’ll shave it!”

Garrett shoved it in hard and deep. I gasped in appreciation.

“Fuck yes!” I moaned.

He started going to town on my pussy, crushing my small tits into my chest with his weight.

It was a good thing that he had drained them first because otherwise the pain would have been outrageous.

Over the past few weeks I had learned that my body was excellent at making milk and it needed to be drained on a regular basis otherwise it was painful. Luckily my boyfriend was a milk kinkster so it all worked out.

I just didn't know how long we could sustain this.

I stopped worrying when I came. I worried much less when he came in me.

Having my breasts unexpectedly start lactating wasn't all fun and sex games. I discovered that some of my clothing didn't fit the way I wanted it to fit and my bras weren't exactly comfortable now.

I resolved to go on a fun shopping spree. There was no way I was going to drag Garrett along with me on that adventure because he'd either want to have way too much input on what type of bra I should be wearing or he'd be bored out of his mind and just be annoying.

Since I couldn't get my cousin Matti to accompany me, I decided it would be a shopping trip just for me. It would be all about efficiency and finding the perfect clothing for my slightly enhanced bust line.

The trip started with a stop at the local juice bar. Why Tristyn didn't just go to a full coffee bar was beyond me, but she was making it work. Juices, smoothies, baked goods, everything I needed to get going in the morning except pure caffeine in liquid form.

I ordered my usual. Tristyn was behind the counter with a couple of her employees. Things weren't too busy for them so I took a seat at a table and waited.

When Tristyn sat down at the table with three drinks I was a little surprised. We had become friendly over time and sometimes we shared morning chit chat but I was puzzled at the extra drink that she slid my way as she sipped from her own special concoction.

"What's this?" I asked and then took a sip of my usual.

Tristyn gave me a sly smile. "It's an enhancer."

“I didn’t know you were slipping THC into your products.”

We were in a legal state, but she still rolled her eyes at me. “No silly. Okay, I’m guessing here, but either you’re pregnant or you’ve had a boob job and if you did, you didn’t get them that big.”

I glanced down at my only slightly larger chest and immediately blushed deep red.

How many people at my office had noticed but said nothing?

Shit!

“I...I didn’t get a boob job.”

“Good. You’re positively glowing.” Tristyn tucked a long lock of her dyed black hair behind her ear. While it made no sense, it was a sexy move.

I looked down at my pale skin. “I’m not glowing. I’m a sun-hating natural redhead. I’m always this reflective pale.”

“Glowing and bigger boobs,” she said definitively. “You’re preggers.”

I blinked. My brain shut down. I blinked again. “I’m not pregnant.”

Tristyn paused while sipping her drink. “Are you sure? You have all the signs.”

Without thinking, I just said, “I have a new boyfriend. That’s it.”

“Been using condoms or do you have something else for BC?”

I slapped my hand down on the table making it jump. “I’m not pregnant.”

Tristyn’s eyes went wide. I could feel the customers looking at me. There was that terrible uncomfortable pause and silence you never really experience anywhere else other than when you make a fool of yourself in public.

I cleared my throat and lowered my voice. “I’m not.”

I hoped everyone went back to work. I forced myself to look at Tristyn and

nowhere else. “Okay then...have you taken a pregnancy test?”

“No and I don’t need to,” I insisted. “I had my monthly visitor a couple of weeks ago.” I purposely left out the fact that my period was definitely less than usual, but I chalked that up to good living and a positive attitude.

Tristyn eyed me skeptically. “Fine then. Explain your glow and your bigger tits.” I liked her challenging gaze.

“I’m glowing because I’m in love with Garrett.”

Tristyn was skeptical. “Sure.”

“And my naturally pale skin as well.”

“That I would believe,” she agreed. “But how do you explain your bigger boobs?”

I shrugged...which made my boobs bounce more than I intended. My bra wasn’t doing its job. “I’m putting on weight?” I suggested.

“No you aren’t.”

I needed to confide in someone...and it wasn’t going to be my big-mouthed cousin Matti.

“Okay...would you believe that I’m lactating?”

“You just said you aren’t pregnant.”

“I’m not...but if you have someone playing with your boobs all the time...well, there are side effects.”

She blinked. “I don’t think I was prepared to hear that today.”

I sucked in my tummy a bit and thrust out my chest a little more. “Jealous?”

“Yeah. A little.” She pulled back the drink she had slid across the table to me. “You won’t need this.”

I frowned at her. “Why not?”

“It’s a special blend that’s supposed to be good for pregnant women.”

“Is it?” I asked skeptically.

Tristyn shrugged. “Sure. Why not? It ain’t gonna hurt them. Probably.”

“Do you have anything for lactating mothers?”

She slid the drink back to me.

“That’s the same drink.”

Tristyn lowered her voice. “Do you think any of this advertising horseshit we say about these drinks has any basis in reality?”

Glancing at the gigantic signs advertising all the health benefits of the juices that Tristyn’s Juice Bar was pushing, I came to a decision. “I was hoping so, yes.”

“Maybe it does. Anyway, the juices I suggest for pregnant mothers are the same for lactating mothers.”

“Who says I want to lactate?”

Her smile said it all. “If you didn’t, you would have refused the drink.”

That gave me a lot to think about as I shopped.

I decided to go all out and had made an appointment for a proper bra fitting at the fancy lingerie store. Madame Trousseau’s straddled that line between lingerie that served its intended purpose while being sexy and straight-up fetishwear.

I had been wanting to try their services for years and this was the perfect opportunity.

Everything was going perfect. I was on time. My fitter was a small middle-aged woman who gave off no-nonsense vibes but with her trim figure and glasses I had no trouble imagining she was more than one teenage boy’s MILF fantasy.

She measured every inch of my chest and got rather personal. That was fine. I was ready for it.

Naturally I was wearing the wrong size and style of bra. Emily, my fitter, knew this and set me up for exactly what I needed.

She was having me model for her to check her assessment when she unexpectedly frowned.

“What’s the matter?”

“Are you...pregnant by chance?”

It was the second time that day I had gotten that question. It was annoying.

“No. Of course not!”

“Nursing mother? You should have told me.” Her frown firmly fixed on her face she pointed an elegant and well-manicured finger at my chest.

When I looked down I was horrified to see that I had wetted through the bra she was having me model.

That’s how I learned that breast milk can leak.

“Shit!” I cursed out loud in frustration.

Emily’s frown didn’t move. “You should have told me you were nursing. I never would have guessed. We do have a wide variety of nursing bras. Easy enough to make the adjustment.”

“I’m not nursing!” I burst out way too loudly. The shop was small but full of clothing that muffled the sound from carrying. I had no idea if other women were in the place, but I figured they had to have at least a few customers.

I really needed to get in control of my emotions.

“You aren’t?” Emily asked skeptically. “Then why are you lactating?”

I was anxious and upset and pushed to the limits of my emotions, especially after my encounter with Tristyn in the morning. “Because my boyfriend plays with my boobs too much. He caused this problem.”

Emily’s frown briefly disappeared into an amused smile. Her face went back to

neutral but I didn’t feel judged. She was helping.

“Why didn’t you say so? We have a variety of bras that will serve your purpose.”

“My purpose?”

She ignored my question. “We get lots of women coming in here for the exact same reason. I suppose you’ll want at least one nice bra for playing and a couple for work and maybe one or two others for casual wear.”

Emily led me over to the fetish side of the store.

I followed. I was torn between being too embarrassed to say no and too embarrassed to say yes.

Now, this wasn’t a super fetishy store. While there were some leather outfits with an excess of metal studs and too many straps, the bulk of the lingerie clearly built for sex was classy.

She led me to a couple of dressed up mannequins where the emphasis was on the tits. Without a word she grabbed a zipper tab and pulled it. The zipper circled one of the bra cups and it popped off leaving a perfect exposed circle.

There was a semi-realistic nipple underneath.

“Hot.”

“Some people complain about the zipper against their skin,” said Emily.

“I can see that.”

She indicated the other mannequin and pulled down a tab on the cup. This time the nipple popped out of the slit that the zipper exposed.

“Same problem with the metal of the zipper?” I asked.

“Exactly. Still, some people go for that.”

I nodded. “What else do you have?”

Eventually I settled on a leather corset-like bra that had cups that could be

lowered, exposing the breast and nipple. The way it was done was sexy and didn't make it seem like a complete fetish creation. It was also semi-practical in giving support. I could wear it out to a nightclub.

Maybe.

I almost went for the corset that had, at best, cups that were a quarter of the needed size, barely supported my tits, and left my nipples exposed.

"Maybe next time," I promised Emily.

I wound up walking out of Madame Trousseau's with the leather fetish bra, a couple of boring, practical bras that felt like I wasn't wearing them at all, a couple of work appropriate bras, and one that was sexy for date night.

I was starting to think that bras weren't all that was needed in my life. It was becoming too complex.

"We have full on nursing bras, if that's what your boyfriend is into," Emily told me quietly. "Some men just want a woman to play mommy for them."

The nursing bra she showed me was boring and so practical my grandmother wouldn't have been caught dead wearing it even when she was nursing her children.

"No."

Emily shrugged. "I don't get it either."

Taking a chance, I leaned in toward Emily and asked, "Is this really a thing for guys?"

Emily smiled and nodded knowingly. "I've been in this world for a few more years than you. If men can fetishize a woman's body part, they will. If they can make the fetish extreme, they will."

I frowned. "Like guys who are breast obsessed wanting them huge or lactating."

"Exactly."

She slipped a card into my bag of bras. “This woman can really help you out if you get into difficulty with your boyfriend’s new obsession.”

Grabbing the card I read it. “Andrea Antonio, Personal Lactation Consulting.” It was followed by an email and a phone number. It was also obvious from the card’s design that the consultation services she offered weren’t for new mothers. The bulging bullseye targets and disembodied thirsty, open mouths said it all.

“Thanks?”

Chapter 8

Parading around in my apartment wearing just my jeans and the leather corset, I had to admit it, I felt sexy. No socks or shoes. Just the corset and its easily opened cups.

Getting into the corset was a bit of a struggle without Emily's help, but I got there. Once again there was a zipper involved, this one right up the center that didn't dig into my skin when it was zipped up. If it was unzipped, it was off. Easy enough.

What I realized after wearing the corset for half an hour was that, even perfectly fitted, it wasn't all that comfortable. It was sexy, however. I felt sexy. I was sexy.

I considered getting out my vibrator and jilling off because it was taking Garrett too long to get to my place.

What women do for beauty is practically criminal, but when I saw myself in the mirror, it was more than worth it.

All I really knew was that I wanted to fuck Garrett the moment he came through my door...to cum inside me.

I needed to stop thinking about him and my tits and my overwhelming need to have my nipples sucked.

He was nearly a half hour late when he rang the bell. I all but tore the door off its hinges when I threw it open. Garrett was standing there innocently, a straw in his mouth, idly sipping on some fruit smoothie he got at Tristyn's Juice Bar.

With some restraint I took it out of his hand. My first instinct had been to smack it out of his grip. I kissed him fiercely, pressing my body against his.

He was, to put it mildly, surprised.

"You taste like oranges and bananas," I told him after breaking the kiss.

He grinned at me. "I love it when you suck my fruit."

"That sounds dirty."

“It is dirty when you do it right.” Only then did he glance down at my body and take in what I was wearing. “Speaking of dirty…”

We were out in the common courtyard area of my apartment where any of my nosy neighbors could see us. Could see me practically topless. I yanked him inside and kissed him again.

Moving toward the bedroom he managed to say to me, “You look great by the way.”

I replied in a similarly flirty manner. “My tits need your mouth.”

Falling back onto the bed I realized that was a terrible decision because as hard as it was to get the corset on, it wasn’t going to be easy to unzip it to take it off while on my back.

On the plus side, it forced my body to have that perfect hourglass shape and full titties while on my back.

“Where did you get that?” Garrett asked as he kicked off his shoes and took off his shirt.

“The sex shop. Does it matter?” I sat up and tried to unzip, but that wasn’t happening either. Just as I tried to get off the bed and stand up so I could unzip, Garrett joined me on the bed, pushing me down and preventing my much-needed corset removal.

Still, I liked the kiss. I could feel his hand on my corset, but it wasn’t doing anything for me because the leather was too thick and I didn’t want to be felt up like a freshman girl at her first high school dance. I wanted him sucking on me.

Using all my strength, I pushed Garrett off me.

“What’s the matter?”

I didn’t answer him. Instead, I sat up, got to my knees, and yanked down the corset’s zipper.

He grinned as my tits popped out.

I liked his reaction.

Until it was off, I hadn't realized how tight the corset was around me. It was like I was being constantly hugged. I loved it, but it was a relief when it was gone, but at the same time, I wanted the tight sensation back.

But I didn't linger about the status of my corset being on or not. I lunged forward and kissed Garrett. He happily kissed back but was surprised when I pulled away and hung my breasts in his face.

Being a typical horny male, he immediately latched on to one nipple and started sucking.

I moaned much louder than I intended.

"You like that?" he asked me around a mouthful of fleshy, milk-filled breast.

"Fuck yes."

He nodded and got back to work on my tits. I could feel how full they were and the milk needed to be released.

Once or twice before I'd had guys suck on my nipples while I was dangling them over their faces. It was fun. I loved to have my nipples sucked.

This was different. I was straddling the line between feeling sexy and feeling like a cow. At first it was sexy because it felt so good, but then the milk started flowing.

That's when I started feeling like a cow.

A very sexy cow.

I could feel the milk building up and then being drawn away by Garrett's sucking.

It felt so good.

I was moaning and groaning without realizing it. I wasn't even grinding my pussy on his thigh. I hadn't even taken off my jeans.

My hands were planted on his shoulders and Garrett was moving back and forth between my nipples and I wanted both sucked at the same time and it was all too much and not enough at the same time and I wanted more and then—

—I came. I came so hard that I had trouble catching my breath and collapsed onto Garrett. If I had bigger tits, I would have smothered him, but it would have been a great way for him to die. There are worse ways to go, I suppose.

“You’re getting me all wet,” Garrett’s muffled voice came from underneath me.

“That’s my line,” I told him. It was the truth. As much as I loved my nipples sucked, it caused all sorts of lovely changes in my body, mostly making my pussy a wet, squishy mess. My panties were soaked. I was certain my jeans were the same.

“No, I mean your breasts are...dripping? The milk won’t stop.”

I gasped and jumped back, resting on my knees while Garrett lay on his back watching me. My breasts were definitely bigger. Fuller. Rounder and there were steady streams of whitish milk flowing from my nipples down the underside of my breasts. They were literally dripping.

I grabbed myself in a vain effort to make them stop.

“Sorry!” I was so embarrassed.

Garrett pulled my hands away and licked one breast and then the other. “Don’t be sorry. Your milk is delicious.”

I liked what he said and did to me, but it was still a little embarrassing, like waking up to a puddle of drool on the pillow after sleeping with the guy I had been lusting after for months.

“Thanks?”

“Can I fuck you now?” he asked.

“Please do,” I replied politely.

Before I could move, he was off the bed, stripping off his pants and then back on

the bed, his hard cock pointed at my face.

I knew what to do with that. Grabbing his length, I pulled him into my mouth and sucked him for a minute. It wasn't long enough.

"I want to fuck you like an animal." Garrett wasn't being metaphorical or quoting 1990s industrial rock bands. Pulling his cock from my mouth, he moved behind me and after a bit of fumbling with button and zipper, he pulled down my jeans and panties together. Both jeans and panties were both so wet at that point it was just easier to do it that way.

"You're soaked," he marveled.

"Sorry," I apologized.

"Don't apologize for that. I didn't realize I was really doing what you wanted."

Before I could object or comment on what he had said, his fingers were between my legs, probing my pussy. I bent forward to give him better access, resting my upper body on my forearms.

He didn't explore me for long and quickly replaced his fingers with his cock.

I moaned as he filled me up.

We fucked like animals. Him behind me, me on all fours, my tits swinging, my ass shaking with every impact of his body into mine, his hands on my hips, holding me in place.

When I looked down at my tits I saw they were still dripping.

I didn't care.

It only took a minute before Garrett made me cum a second time. The third one happened shortly after that. I lost track of my orgasms at that point. I was nothing more than a receptacle for him to use as he pleased.

I loved it.

Garrett only stopped fucking me when he came. I only realized he came because

my pussy was suddenly flooded with his semen and my body started to calm down.

“That was...that was...that was...intense,” I finally managed to say when Garrett’s cock slipped out of me.

“Uh-huh,” he agreed as he lay on the bed next to me. I slowly slid forward, staying face down.

As I breathed and tried to recenter myself, I realized that my breasts had stopped leaking. There was a small puddle on the bed under my chest but I was too tired to do anything about it.

There was also a puddle under my pussy, and I was too tired to do anything about that either.

Finally I found I could move again. I had to know. “Do you want to get serious about this?”

I could see that my question caused Garrett to stop breathing. His initial reaction was like I was asking him for a serious relationship.

I wasn’t.

But I realized that it sounded like that.

“Serious about what?” he asked, his eyes closed. He wasn’t facing me; I could only see him in profile.

I needed to correct my mistake.

“Serious about my tits.”

“Oh.” He was visibly relieved. “What about them?”

I had spent a little too much time on the internet researching lactation. I was fairly sure I knew the difference between the good and the bad; the tough part was sorting the sex advice from the nursing mother advice.

I just wanted the sex advice.

“Are you willing to go all in on your lactation fetish?” I asked him.

“I don’t have a lactation fetish,” he replied way too quickly.

I laughed in his face. Not intentionally; we were inches apart and it was the only place for me to laugh.

His expression soured.

“You have a lactation fetish,” I told him. “You love my boobs, even though they are too small. You love to make me cum from sucking on them. When I started lactating, you didn’t freak out. You’ve taken to drinking my milk. You get off on it. You have a lactation fetish,” I accused him. I paused. “And I do too because I love all that and more.”

“Oh.”

I let that sit between us for a minute.

“So what do you mean by get serious about it?” he finally asked.

I rolled to my side, presenting my tits to him. I could tell they were mostly empty of milk now, but they still looked fantastic on my chest. “I mean, do you want to drink my milk every day? Twice a day? Maybe more?”

“Uh...why?”

“Because if I don’t get nursed regularly, the milk is going to dry up and go away. That’s supposed to be painful unless it’s tapered off slowly.”

“Twice a day?”

I licked my lips a little. “Maybe more,” I hinted, half promising delights untold if he wanted my tits at his disposal.

“You like this?”

“I love it. The real question is, do you want to do this? I already committed several hundred dollars worth of bras so you’d better answer yes.”

“Um...yes. Of course yes!” He smiled with enthusiasm.

“Good. For that answer you get two rewards.”

“Two?”

I shuffled up the bed so that my tits were in his face again. “You get to nurse from me right now...and every time you nurse from me and turn me on, you get to fuck me.”

“Nurse?” he asked.

I was nervous about using that word as a verb, but I had committed so there was nothing else to do at that point but keep going.

“Adult nursing relationship. Sucking on my nipples isn’t just for fun now. You’re nursing from me. Taking my milk. Getting me hot and bothered so you can fuck me.”

“Isn’t nursing for babies?”

I all but pushed my nipple into his mouth. “And big boys who like to suck and fuck their partner.”

Garrett got the hint. He shut up and started nursing. And I felt his cock getting hard against my thigh. It was going to be a good evening.

Chapter 9

The next day found me at Tristyn's Juice Bar.

"The usual?"

I shook my head. "One lactating mom special," I said.

Her eyebrows went up but she didn't comment further. She did come over to my table with two drinks instead of calling out my name like the other plebs.

"So...spill it," she said, giving me my drink and sipping from her own.

"Seems like a waste," I commented, looking at the beverage she had just given me.

"I meant about your boyfriend." She peered meaningfully at my chest. "You look great by the way."

I sat up a little straighter. "New bras."

"Newish boobs as well."

I blushed, but it was true. We sat in silence and sipped for a minute.

"So tell me about him."

So I told her about him. All the wonderful things about Garrett. We were still in the honeymoon phase of our relationship. And then I got to our newly discovered mutual kink.

"And he loves my tits," I said in a conspiratorially low voice.

"Just your tits?"

"My milk as well?" I said barely audibly.

"You're fucking kidding me!"

My face was red and I was sweating like a whore in church (or my sister just walking by a church—she's fat) but I had chosen my path. "Not at all. I wasn't

sure at first, but…” I took a healthy sip of the tasty beverage she had given me. “But it’s some of the best sex in my life.”

Tristyn was slowly shaking her head. “I never would have imagined…”

Trying to adopt an attitude of someone cool with revealing the most intimate details of their life to a casual acquaintance, I said, “No one ever guesses what secret kinks someone else has. Especially people who—”

“I love pegging my husband,” she blurted out.

I blinked. “I’m sorry, what?”

We both glanced around the small space of the juice bar. No one was paying the least bit of attention to us.

“I love pegging my husband,” she repeated slower and quieter.

“Uh...pegging…”

“Fucking him in the ass,” she said and sipped her drink. I saw her knee bobbing up and down, driven by a release of stress hormones. “I wear a harness and use a strap on cock.”

“Oh. Wow.”

“But getting your tits sucked to orgasm sounds amazing too.”

“Uh...yeah.” I was intensely curious about her revelation. “Can you...can you cum from sex like that?”

“No, but it’s nearly impossible to get me there anyway. I just love making him cum that way. Instead of being fucked I get to do the fucking and I feel so in control of the situation, so powerful.” She grinned. “It’s sort of like being a woman and owning my own business.”

We both glanced around her juice bar again.

“Wow. That sounds...amazing.”

“You can watch sometime if you want to.”

This time we looked at each other in shock. I wasn't sure who made the offer...but I was glad that we did.

The downside of suddenly finding myself lactating, and the downside that no one talks about, is unexpected leaking.

That's right, leaking, the scourge of lactating kinksters everywhere.

I went to work after my rather exciting meeting with Tristyn and everything was going fine until I was searching through my desk for a missing folder when I realized that something was amiss.

Yeah, my left nipple decided that an Excel spreadsheet was just the sort of soft core porn that made it excited. When I got excited now, I started to leak. My new bra was already soaked through. Looking down I realized that my blouse was also showing a wet spot.

Shit! Fuck! Shit!

My office was only semi-private, meaning there was no door. Thinking quickly, I pulled on the completely unnecessary sweater I always kept in my desk. It didn't match. The office was rather warm, but I wasn't going to explain what my boob stains were all about to my coworkers.

During lunch I ran out to the local overpriced store and bought myself a box of breast pads, a product I hadn't thought of in years. I needed a panicked Google search to remind myself of them.

They were little more than absorbent cotton pads with a waterproof backing. Designed to be worn inside a bra I felt like I was wearing panty liners on my tits.

But I was safe. No one knew my secret.

Except Garrett, of course.

And Tristyn.

And Emily at Madame Trousseau's.

And anyone else they had told.

I should have gone right home and gotten drunk, or at least stopped at a bar, but instead I found myself at Tristyn's again.

"Another lactating mom special?" Tristyn asked. "Your new usual?"

"Uh...sure?"

The place was deserted. The juice bar was mostly a morning business.

I had caught her in the middle of cleaning or some other managerial duty. There wasn't anyone else there. No employees. No customers.

Once again she joined me at the table and we drank together.

"So do you want to do this or what?" she asked me.

I looked blankly at her. "Do what?"

"Watch me peg my husband."

Immediately I blushed. "I didn't think you were serious about that," I said.

"I have an exhibitionist streak too," she added.

"Okay, that makes sense, but I'm not into pegging."

"Maybe because you haven't tried it yet." She glanced at my chest. "I'm willing to try out your kink."

Her face looked just as flushed as mine felt. Oddly, I wasn't turned off. I was intrigued.

That made no sense to me. I was into guys who liked titties and milk, not women who liked to peg their husband.

"Uh...I can't tonight," I dodged. "I've got plans with Garrett."

"Plans?" she asked. "Do you mean you're going to let him suck your tits and drink your milk?"

“Exactly. I can’t just skip out on a session with him because otherwise my supply will disappear. We’ve got a routine.” We didn’t have a routine, but I wanted to establish one.

“We need to make plans.”

“Plans are good,” I agreed.

I should have planned better. In two days I was going to wind up watching Tristyn peg her husband while I watched. Apparently they both wanted to be watched.

Freaky exhibitionists.

That night, after Garrett drained my boobs and we fucked, I was still wide awake while he was snoring. I pulled up Amazon and looked at breast pump machines.

I wondered if I could get the same enjoyment out of a breast pump as I could a vibrator.

Chapter 10

I kept my plans secret from Garrett. I felt a little bit guilty about that, but I didn't want to jinx what Tristyn and I had planned. It wasn't like I tortured Garrett. If anything, I was more generous with him than normal. I insisted on it.

Actually, I insisted that he drain my milk in the morning when we woke up. And at night before we went to sleep. He had all but moved into my apartment at that point.

But twice a day wasn't enough. The moment he was walking through the door I was pulling up my shirt to reveal my bra.

What happened next depended on the bra. The nursing style bras I had gotten made it easy for me to open up one or both cups so that Garrett could get to my nipples. With the other bras it depended. Some were easy to take off. Some we had to work at. I had gotten used to wearing the breast pads all the time now. I didn't leak that much, but I was embarrassed by it happening and I wanted to avoid questions at any cost.

"Seems a waste," Garrett would tell me when pulling away a breast pad that had adhered to my nipple, the milk becoming the world's weakest glue when it dried against my skin.

"What's a waste?" I asked as I encouraged him to latch on and begin nursing.

"To let your milk leak out like that." He finally latched and started sucking. Feeling my milk let down was near orgasmic. I was getting so full from his frequent nursings that it was distracting and painful. This was the downside to falling into an adult nursing relationship: I needed him to nurse so it wouldn't get painful.

"I'm not letting it leak," I informed him, trying to focus on my words as he started drawing the essence out of me. "It just...it just happens."

And nursing wasn't just tough on my breasts, it was tough on my pussy as well. Almost inevitably we would fuck after I nursed him. I loved sex, but two or three times a day was a lot.

I was enjoying it, but I was starting to worry about friction burns.

“I won’t be home until late tonight,” I informed Garrett as we were getting ready to leave my apartment. “Late late. Like after nine.”

“Why?” He wasn’t accusing me of anything; he was just curious. At least, I think that was the case.

“Extra shit at work. We’ve got a big project that is behind schedule and tonight is the big push to make up that work.”

Garrett just nodded. “What about you...and me…and your breasts…”

“And my milk?” I asked him.

He nodded. “That too.”

“You can nurse when I get home.”

“Won’t they hurt if you’re terribly late?”

I had considered that. “I’ll live.”

He shrugged. “Okay. They’re your tits. More milk for me when you get home.”

I felt terrible about lying to Garrett, but I was also thinking about what Tristyn and I had planned.

It was the first time I had been to Tristyn’s house. It only made sense because common sense and internet advice said if a couple is going to involve a third in their sexual hijinks, it’s better to involve a casual acquaintance rather than a friend of any sort.

I was the casual friend.

I was going to watch Tristyn peg her husband.

I had never met her husband.

I had never interacted with Tristyn outside of her juice bar.

This was going to be...weird.

I rang the bell and before I knew it, I was inside their place. It was nice. Completely middle class. It was the home of a woman with her own business and her husband who I learned was, of all things, a manager of an insurance call center. Boring.

I supposed that was why they sought out thrills in their sex life rather than at work.

Brad was handsome. He wasn't stunning, but was more than attractive enough for me. Short beard, short brown hair, and casually dressed in jeans and a polo shirt.

We made small talk. It was...uncomfortable.

We had a drink. That's exactly what I needed.

My boobs were starting to ache, but the sexual tension and the alcohol blunted that.

It was starting to get late and I was getting antsy. I didn't have the courage to just say, "Well, Tris, I came here to see you peg your husband and I don't have all night."

While I didn't share a telepathic connection with Tristyn, I had a bit of a suspicion that maybe we shared...something? An empathic connection?

"Well, you didn't come here for a terrible conversation and a lousy drink. Want to get to the main show?" Tristyn asked.

I was so relieved. "Yes!"

I said it with far too much enthusiasm.

They both giggled at me.

"Let's go to the bedroom."

We went to the bedroom.

It was nice. They had an elaborate bed. Big corner posters. A gigantic headboard. A mattress so thick I was certain that I'd have to jump up in order to get on it. The back wall was nothing but windows with a view of the backyard which was tiny. I could see the neighbor's house and, though the blinds in the other house were drawn, Tristyn's were wide open.

"Strip," said Tristyn.

I started to reach for the buttons of my blouse. Tristyn was obviously the dominant in her marriage. I was ready to strip for her.

Her command was for Brad, of course, not for me.

I was glad they missed my little gaff. Brad was busy stripping. Tristyn was busy...getting ready.

I just stared. Before I knew it Brad was down to his underwear and Tristyn was wearing...next to nothing: a bra and her panties. They were athletic cut, which I guess made sense. She looked ready to play a round of beach volleyball.

"Shouldn't we close the drapes?" I asked.

They both looked at me. "Why?" asked Tristyn.

"Uh...because you don't want the neighbors to see what you're up to."

Tristan had a set of straps in her hand. She smiled and set them on the floor, stepping into them like a pair of pants, before pulling up the harness which she tightened up round her hips. "Why wouldn't we want the neighbors to watch?" she asked almost innocently.

I realized why I had been invited over. To watch them. They wanted to be watched.

I watched as she took a dildo out of a dresser drawer and fitted it through a ring on the harness she was wearing.

"Because...maybe kids are watching."

Brad answered my concern. "The Eccleston's house has the kids' rooms in the

front. The master suite is in the back. They're the only ones who can see us."

"Except they always keep their drapes shut," said Tristyn with a disapproving frown on her face. "Boring. Still, hope survives. Take off your underwear, dear. And get the lube."

To my surprise Brad dropped his underwear revealing an impressively sized cock that was nearly fully erect. I also noted that he was completely devoid of body hair from his chest down to his thighs.

I was used to shaving, but either he was completely committed to it or they invested a lot of money in waxing.

The way they moved and acted, I was certain this was a regular event for them. Well, not someone watching in the same room, but Tristyn had definitely pegged her husband more than once. Hell, I figured they had to have been doing it at least once a week for a year.

He climbed up on the bed and she stood on a step on the far side. Brad got into the classic doggy receiving position and Tristyn lubed up her fake cock, spreading whatever slippery concoction they were using along the bright blue phallus jutting up from her crotch.

It was kind of sexy.

They kept stealing looks over at me, watching me watching them.

"You've done this before?" I asked conversationally because it was too quiet while they got ready.

"Not with someone watching," said Tristyn as she placed one hand on her husband's raised buttock and used the other hand to guide her cock. Brad's head was turned to the side, facing me, but he wasn't really looking at me. His hands were down between his legs. I realized he was using one to jerk off and the other to help guide Tristyn's cock.

"Right there, hon," said Brad and his eyes unfocused. Tristyn pushed her hips forward and either her girl cock slipped inside his ass or it was running along his real cock.

It was inside him.

He groaned as she filled him up. “Yeah…” he moaned.

“You like that?” she asked.

“You know I do.” His voice was deeper, huskier. He obviously loved it.

“How did you two get into doing this?” I blurted out. The question had been nagging at me and now seemed the perfect time to ask it. I was wrong, of course. It was the worst time to ask it.

They were both getting going and, as one, they looked over at me. “Really?” was Brad’s response.

“He asked me,” Tristyn said with a wicked grin.

“Only after you shoved a finger up my ass!”

“It was during a blowjob. I read that lots of men liked a little prostate play.”

“Honey…”

Tristyn shushed her husband. “And he loved it. We went from there. Take your hand off your cock, dear. Let her see you cum hands free.”

That caught my attention. I wanted to see that. I was a pervert.

Much to my amazement, Brad took his hand away and planted it firmly on the bed.

Watching the two of them together was hot. Only Brad was naked, but seeing Tristyn in her bra and panties was turning me on as well. Just the way they were fucking was hot because it was supposed to be the girl getting fucked, not the guy. Tristyn was using her girl cock to do something to her husband that shouldn’t be done at all.

Anyway, I was getting off on it and when I realized that, I really wanted to jill off.

“Oh fuck oh fuck...you gotta slow down, please,” Brad moaned.

Tristyn laughed at him. “Why?”

“I don’t want to cum too fast. Make it last.”

His response only made her laugh louder and she looked over at me where I was squirming in the chair in front of Tristyn’s makeup table.

“What do you think?” she asked me as she went slower, drawing out Brad’s impending orgasm.

I had to clear my throat before I could say, “I think it’s fucking hot.”

She nodded and continued to fuck him while looking at me.

“Want to do it to your boyfriend?”

“Sure,” I agreed. I would have agreed to anything at that point.

She grinned at me and rolled her hips in such a way that made Brad moan as if in pain.

“Tell Brad what you and Garrett do.”

I was surprised that Tristyn had kept my little secret from Brad. But at the same time, I was ashamed to reveal my secret.

My brain was on fire with desire. Already my hand had crept up from my thigh to press just above my pubic mound through my pants.

Brad looked at me. “What do you do?” he asked.

“I nurse him,” I said without thinking. I wasn’t able to think. “I make milk.”

He nodded. “Fucking hot.” Brad then hung his head as his wife fucked him faster.

“Do you want to get yourself off?” Tristyn asked me.

I nodded enthusiastically.

“Go ahead,” she encouraged me. “We’ll watch and then I’ll make Brad cum.”

There was no hesitation on my part. I just ripped off my pants and underwear. I didn't even consider taking off my shirt and bra. While I couldn't spread my legs as wide as I wanted to, I exposed my pussy to their views and started rubbing myself.

I don't think I lasted more than ten seconds before I came. I didn't even put a single finger up my pussy. I barely had to touch my clit. My body quivered and I knew I was leaving a puddle of amrita on Tristyn's chair, but I didn't care.

They both smiled at me and then Tristyn started fucking her husband in earnest.

I closed my legs in shame.

I could feel my tits leaking.

As much as I wanted to grab my nipples and pinch and roll them, I managed to maintain some dignity as I watched the other two fuck.

Brad didn't last much longer than me.

"I'm gonna...I'm gonna…" he managed to say before he came.

I tilted my head to see thick white rope erupt from his cock and fall to the bedspread.

It turned me on much more than I wanted to admit to anyone.

I didn't have to admit it.

I just moaned in appreciation.

I think my moans were covered up by the noises that Brad was making and the laughter that bubbled up from Tristyn's lips.

"You like that, little boy?" she asked him.

He moaned. "Uh-huh."

"Came without your little dick even being touched, didn't you?"

"Yeah…"

Laughing harder, Tristyn looked over at me, a smug grin on her face. When she saw me, her expression changed to surprise.

“Oh,” was her comment.

Something was wrong. I looked down at myself.

Shit.

I still had one hand firmly planted on my pussy, two fingers playing amateur spelunkers. What she was see was that my other hand had shoved up my shirt and bra. I was pinching and rolling my nipple without realizing it.

But that wasn’t the problem. The nudity wasn’t a big deal.

The problem was that my fingers were wet. She had to see the milk I was leaking.

“Shit!” I cursed. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” said Tristyn as she pulled her girl cock out of Brad’s ass.

He turned his head to see how I was abusing myself and leaking. He, at least, was puzzled for a moment, but I had been leaking a lot of milk. My fingers were wet. My side was wet. There were wet spots on my shirt where I had inadvertently splashed myself.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.

Tristyn was silent.

I was the one who foolishly spoke up. “I’m leaking.”

“What?”

“I’m leaking breast milk.”

Brad looked uncertainly at his wife. “What am I supposed to do?”

Tristyn was a center of calm and composure. She slipped off their gigantic bed that seemed like it was floating five feet above the floor and then loosened the

straps on her harness, dropping it and her girlcock.

“You don’t need to do anything, Brad,” she said and looked at me. “Do you need anything? A towel? The bathroom?”

I shook my head and unconsciously squeezed my breast. I was still floating on a high of orgasmic bliss. “I’m good.” My breast manipulation resulted in a little fountain of milk spouting from my nipple. We all saw it. I had done the same thing a couple of times with Garrett, but this was the first I had done it on my own.

“What do you think, Brad?” Tristyn asked her husband.

“Are you pregnant?” he asked.

“No...my boyfriend just likes it.”

“Oh.” He thought for a moment. “It’s kind of hot.”

Tristyn laughed. “You would think that, of course. Pervert.”

“Hey!” he protested. “She’s the one doing it with her boyfriend.”

I didn’t say much of anything. The smart thing to do would have been to pull my hands away from my tit and pussy, stop masturbating, and put my clothes back on.

Instead I let out a little moan as my pussy shivered in anticipation of another orgasm.

They were both watching me get myself off and I was enjoying it a lot more than I thought I would. I had never thought of myself as an exhibitionist.

“Does your boyfriend suck your milk?” Brad asked.

I nodded. “Uh-huh.”

“Hot,” was his assessment.

The smile never moved from Tristyn’s face. “Help her out,” my friend said.

“Help?”

I was confused.

Brad wasn’t.

He approached me.

I didn’t stop jilling off. I didn’t stop him from pulling up the other side of my shirt and bra, freeing my other tit, before he knelt down in front of me.

I moaned in appreciation as he sucked.

“Do you want him to?” asked Tristyn. She was still fully dressed in her bra and panties and I wondered how she had such great restraint. I wanted to get off again and again and she was loaning me her husband for some pleasure.

“Yes…”

“Keep going,” she told Brad.

I’m glad she did.

He wasn’t as expert at nursing as Garrett was, but his mouth was a good substitute.

I moaned. Loudly. He looked up at me and I melted and then I came.

I’m not a screamer when I cum. I’m more of a slight body shakes and stifled vocalization sort of girl. But he got the idea.

Sadly, Brad broke off the moment I came.

“Wow...that’s...that’s really sweet. Intense,” he said, smacking his lips. Turning to Tristyn he said, “You should try it.”

I didn’t move. I couldn’t move. My body was still spasming from the orgasm.

Tristyn did. She went to her husband and kissed him. They kissed for a distressingly long time. I was starting to come down from my euphoric orgasmic high.

“Sweet,” Tristyn agreed after they ended their kiss. “But not that sweet.”

“You have to try it directly from the source,” said Brad as if he were an expert.

Tristyn and I glanced at each other. “I don’t think that’s necessary,” I started to say.

My friend reached out and ran her finger along my exposed and wet breast.

Just her touch tingled. I wondered what it would have been like if she had actually nursed directly from me.

Tristyn tasted her finger and nodded. “Sweet. Very sweet. I wonder what it would be like to add to a smoothie.” She got a thoughtful look on her face and I marveled that she could think about business while we had been messing around like a group of stupidly horny teenagers.

I laughed. “I don’t think I could produce nearly enough milk for you to make a smoothie out of it.”

Her brow furrowed. “How much can you make in a day?”

It was strange to hear her talk business while in just her underwear...and me mostly naked.

“I have no idea.”

Tristyn dashed from the bedroom leaving Brad and I to shrug at each other. A moment later she was back with her phone.

“Says here that a woman at her peak can make thirty ounces a day.”

“It’s a good thing god created the internet to answer all our important questions,” Brad said sarcastically.

“Thirty ounces isn’t a lot,” Tristyn said thoughtfully. “At least not for my business. But it wouldn’t be the base of the drink, just a flavoring or an advertised supplement. Hmm…”

“Don’t even think about it, hon.”

“What do you think, Verdal?” she asked me.

I pulled down my shirt and bra, covering up my tits. Not out of embarrassment, but because I wanted to put an end to the conversation.

“I think I’m not making anywhere near thirty ounces a day. Maybe five or six at best.” I had no idea if this was true, but I didn’t want to become a milk supplier to Tristyn.

“I can work with that.” Tristyn hadn’t looked up from her phone.

“And I need my milk if for my boyfriend.”

“There are already specialty bars in Japan, of course, that already cater to this market. I need to think about this.”

Brad caught my eye. “You can see how my wife’s mind works.”

I nodded and found my underwear and pants. “Got it. No problem. This was fun and all, but I need to—”

My voice caught in my throat.

“What?”

“What's the matter?”

I had just realized that the drapes were open. I had known they were open, but had forgotten. I was mostly dressed at this point but I was certain I had seen something from the house across the way. I pointed.

“I saw...I saw someone spying.”

“Really?” Both Brad and Tristyn rushed to the window and peered across the way. “I don’t see anything,” Brad reported.

I admired his boldness, but wondered if he was hoping for a public indecency charge.

I saw the curtain in the upper room move. I thought maybe I saw binoculars. Maybe.”

The couple shrugged. “Maybe next time.”

I didn’t want to know exactly what they meant.

Chapter 11

I went home. Garrett was already at my apartment. His car was parked in the small lot that came with my building.

I was starting to feel guilty about what I had done with Tristyn and Brad.

I was also bothered about Tristyn's offer. There was no way I was going to do that, but it was weird and kinky.

I liked weird and kinky.

I wondered if I was the type of person who could push things to the limit.

Not knowing what to expect when I walked into my place, I called out, "Hi honey! I'm home!" as soon as I opened the door.

"In here," he called from the bedroom.

I was hungry. I hadn't bothered to eat anything but when I walked in the bedroom, Garrett was on the bed naked. He had pulled down the covers and patted the spot next to him. "I don't know about you," he said, "but I'm awfully thirsty."

I could feel the milk welling up in my tits. Instantly I forgot about my hunger. Walking across the small space between the door and the bed I shed all my clothes and got on the bed, shoving my tits in his face.

Almost all my clothes. I left my panties on because It was too much trouble to get them off.

At first I was nervous that Garrett would know that I had been cheating on him...only it wasn't really cheating.

Cheating was fucking someone else. I had only let Brad taste my milk.

Garrett latched right on and I could sense my milk filling his mouth. He swallowed and I shivered. I had already cum a couple of times with Brad and Tristyn and I knew I was going to cum again with Garrett.

Cheating wasn’t kissing someone else. I had kissed some random guy when I was drunk in college while dating what’s-his-name.

In no time I was panting. Garrett slipped his hand into my panties and found my soaking wet pussy. It wasn’t soaking wet just from seeing him or him nursing from me. It was leftover wetness from watching Brad and Tristyn. It was leftover wetness from Brad nursing on me and Tristyn touching my breast.

Cheating in high school was talking to another guy who wasn’t a relative or friend of Sam. Fucking hell Sam was a possessive ass.

He didn’t need to touch my pussy. I was already on the edge. The moment his finger found my clit it was all too much and I shook with orgasm. I felt it in my tits and my pussy and everywhere. It was too intense.

Cheating in middle school meant saying hi in the hallway.

“I’ve got something to tell you…” I was so ashamed and I shouldn’t have been saying anything to Garrett, but I didn’t always do what was best or smart.

“Do tell,” he said happily. He licked my dripping breast. I didn’t deserve him.

“I let another man nurse from me.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Ami’s Ambrosia 3

Genny got right back to work on nursing from Ami’s tits. She was more interested in her friend’s milk than she was in watching Craig jerk off to the two of them.

Ami was already not paying attention. The stimulation she was getting from Genny’s busy mouth wasn’t just causing her milk to let down, but it was exciting her as well. She loved how she was able to cum from nipple stimulation alone, but wondered how long that would last.

Before she closed her eyes, she had one last request for Craig. “Show me your cock, baby. I want to see you jerk it for me.”

The only thing Craig could do was pull out his rock hard manhood and do what she ordered.

Never in a million years would Ami have guessed that she would have been in this position even a few weeks ago.

She watched him as he jerked off and he watched as Genny nursed from Ami. It wasn’t quite the full-on lesbian show that he wanted, but it was close. Maybe it was just the beginning.

Craig was fascinated that Ami could get so much enjoyment out of having her tits sucked. He remembered that she liked having her nipples played with, but this was on a much higher level.

It only took a few seconds for her to start moaning in pleasure from Genny’s attention.

“So sweet,” the blonde woman commented, mumbling her words into Ami’s small tits. She glanced over her shoulder at Craig, who had his dick in his hand. He wasn’t pumping away like a maniac, but he felt like she had caught him doing something he most certainly should not have been doing. “You like what you see?” she asked him.

Craig only nodded.

“Your girlfriend’s milk is so sweet.”

“I know,” he croaked and Genny laughed at him.

“I’m not his girlfriend,” Ami insisted while Genny went back to work.

It occurred to him that if Genny kept nursing from Ami, she was going to get all of Ami’s milk because the pretty redhead didn’t have all that much milk to start with.

Where had that thought come from? Was he really the sort of guy who engaged in this sort of kinky behavior?

Apparently he was.

Ami started struggling under Genny’s eager mouth. Craig’s mouth went dry but his hand didn’t stop moving on his cock. He knew what was going to happen and he wanted to see Ami cum, but at the same time he didn’t want to cum. It was next to impossible to stop his hand.

He couldn’t see all that much compared to if he were watching porn. Ami was topless, but he could barely see her one exposed breast, and even that was mostly covered by Genny’s hand. She was writhing around and making lovely noises, but that was only so good. What he was able to focus on was Genny’s rotund ass. It was curvy and perfect.

She had hinted that maybe she would let him fuck her, but what would Ami think of that? Would it ruin what they had been trying to fix?

And he couldn’t forget that Genny—according to Ami at least—was also lactating. If Genny completely emptied Ami’s tits, would Craig be allowed to nurse from her?

If Genny was making the offer to let him fuck her, maybe nursing was just understood in the offer.

Or maybe that was considered too intimate.

Or maybe it was going to be reserved just for Ami.

That would be hot, watching Ami suck on another woman's tits. And maybe go down on her.

As Craig was getting distracted by his own train of thoughts, jerking his cock, and watching the women together, it happened for Ami.

She climaxed.

She writhed around and clutched Genny's face to her chest.

It was beautiful.

When she was done Genny pulled back and wiped her lips with the back of her hand, then looked pointedly at Craig. "I'm afraid I drank her dry. There's nothing left for you, big boy."

"He's not that big," Ami said.

He wasn't sure if she was referring to the size of his cock or his general height.

The pause in the action was enough to get Craig to stop jerking off.

"It's a nice looking cock, though," said Genny. "Can I fuck him?"

"Well, he is my boyfriend—"

"Ex-boyfriend, you said."

"Ex-fiancée," Ami corrected her friend. "But I suppose in light of what's already happened…"

It was like they were discussing him as a piece of meat.

He sort of liked that.

He knew he could perform to their satisfaction.

He waited anxiously for Ami's answer.

“I suppose you can fuck him,” she said after a long, uncomfortable pause. “But I need to watch. I don’t need you stealing him away from me.”

Craig wasn’t sure if they were teasing him.

It seemed an odd thing to tease about considering what had already happened, but he continued to stand there with his dick in his hand, not knowing what to do.

Genny rolled off the couch and stood up. Completely casually as if she were undressing in a locker room or in the privacy of her home alone, she unzipped her jeans and wiggled them down over her substantial butt.

She was wearing bright yellow panties underneath the jeans. They were mostly lace and were riding up to the point where it would have been better if she was just wearing a thong.

Craig didn’t have long to stare at the two beautifully decorated and jiggling globes. As soon as her jeans were on the floor, she quickly yanked down her panties, leaving her naked from the waist down.

“I can’t do this wearing a shirt,” she said and then pulled her cleavage-baring shirt up over her head. Looking over her shoulder, she addressed Craig. “Give me a hand with the bra, big boy?”

Mechanically, Craig moved forward. He was still fully dressed except for his cock poking out from his pants. With trembling fingers, he grasped the back of her bra. She gave him a winning smile over her shoulder. “You know what you’re doing, don’t you,” she asked skeptically.

He nodded. Craig liked to think of himself as rather accomplished when it came to helping women out of their clothes and especially their lingerie.

Getting slack in the bra’s back band was easy. The hooks slipped free and a second later the bra was on the floor, leaving Genny naked, but Craig hadn’t seen anything of her body other than her ass.

“Want to make a fantasy of mine come true?” asked Genny.

Craig was about to answer, when he realized that Genny was talking to Ami.

Again, he was just a prop, but he was happy to be a prop.

“Sure,” Ami answered.

“Good. I need your boyfriend to fuck me while you empty my tits. Think you can do that?”

This time, Craig knew for certain that she wasn’t talking to him.

“Of course I can do that,” Ami replied. “How do you want to do it.”

“Uh...I think it’ll be easiest if Craig starts fucking me first. And then...and then you’ll get your treat.”

“You really want me to fuck you?” asked Craig. He couldn’t believe his good luck. This couldn’t really be happening.

“Sure. Why not? It’s just sex, right?”

“Right,” he was quick to agree. Still, he was unsure because he knew this was going to backfire somehow and ruin his life. Turning to look at Ami, he carefully asked, “Is this okay with you? I mean…”

“Fuck her,” Ami said, her hand between her legs, rubbing at her pussy. “Don’t you want to fuck her?”

“Yes,” he said carefully.

Ami reached out from her position on the couch and grabbed him by the cock and started stroking him. “Why are you not fucking her right now?”

“Because you’re holding onto my cock.”

“No...why are you being so...reluctant?”

“Because...because...because I don’t want to fuck this up.”

“You know how to use your cock. Don’t worry about it.”

“Are you two ready? Or are you going to waste my time playing wary lovebirds?”

Craig had no response to that.

“Do we want to do this here?” Ami started to ask, but Genny was already on her hands and knees, half bent over the coffee table, and reaching out to grab Craig’s cock.

She wasn’t the least bit hesitant or squeamish about taking another woman’s boyfriend’s cock in her hand and leading him around to her ass.

It was too good an opportunity to waste. Craig made the decision that no matter what else, he would have the story to tell that his relationship definitively ended because he fucked his ex-fiancée’s best friend in front of her.

As he knelt down behind Genny, he was worried about her being ready for him. It was an unfounded worry. She guided his cock into her pussy and the moment he touched her lips, he realized she was soaking wet.

How the hell did that happen?

Not wanting to look askance at his good luck, Craig pushed forward easing his cock into her pussy. It took a couple of strokes, but eventually he sank all the way into her depths.

“Oh fuck that’s good,” he sighed.

“Mmm-hmm,” Genny said absently. “I need your mouth, hon.”

Once again, Craig realized that she wasn’t talking to him.

Ami was eager. She had been in the middle of taking off her pants but stopped to rejoin with Genny and Craig. She lay down on the floor and scooted underneath Genny’s voluptuous body. Craig could see the blonde woman’s big tits were hanging down practically to the floor, but that didn’t stop Ami.

He wished for a better view, but that wasn’t going to happen. Still, he could tell that Ami was sucking on Genny’s tits. He could hear Ami’s mouth sucking eagerly on the blonde’s fat nipple.

Genny moaned as he started fucking her. He was certain that she was moaning because of Ami’s mouth, not his cock.

“Ooh, that feels so good, hon,” Genny moaned. “Keep going. Keep fucking me.”

Craig could do that. He liked how each time he thrusted into her, a little wave went through the flesh of her ass. It was sexier than he would have imagined.

Looking up, he saw Genny stretch out her hand and run it down Ami’s body. Her pants were halfway down her hips so it was easy for Genny to push her hand into the redhead’s underwear and begin manipulating her pussy.

This was much hotter than Craig had anticipated.

He couldn’t help himself. Between jerking himself off, and watching the women together, and the opportunity to fuck a new and attractive and sexually adventurous woman in front of Ami, he was right on edge. He couldn’t hold back.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna…”

Genny solved the problem for him. “Cum in me. Fill me up.”

That was all he needed. A second later he was cumming, shooting his load deep into her hot pussy.

Genny laughed. It was half pleasure and half humiliation for him.

“He barely lasted...lasted a minute,” she informed Ami.

Ami said nothing. Her mouth was full of milk and breast. And she was distracted by Genny’s very busy fingers into her pussy.

It only took a few more seconds and then she was cumming again. Craig was happy to see his girlfriend—or whatever Ami was—enjoying herself. He wondered what was going to happen next.

This was the sort of debauchery that destroyed a relationship or cemented it.

“Keep going,” said Genny. “It feels so good when you drain me.”

For a second Craig thought that she wanted him to keep fucking her—an impossibility since his cock had already gone soft—but then realized Genny just

wanted to be nursed by Ami.

Taking the initiative for the first time in the evening, Craig asked, “Can I...would you mind if I nursed from you too?”

He hated the way his voice sounded so submissive and deferential. But he was thrilled with the answer.

“Of course. I have plenty of milk to share. Get down there next to Ami.”

He had to shove aside the coffee table, but he was happy to join Ami on the floor and crawl under Genny’s body. He took her free breast in his hands, found the nipple with his mouth, and started nursing.

On the second suck, her milk let down and filled his mouth. It was just as sweet as Ami’s, if not sweeter. But there was more of it. Much, much more.

He had to swallow and suck and swallow and suck and he could barely keep up with how the milk flowed.

Maybe if things didn’t work out between him and Ami, maybe Genny would consider him.

But he was getting ahead of himself. In the moment, he was happy just to be nursing.

And then Ami wrapped her hand around his sticky, wet cock and he wanted more.

He was certain he wouldn’t be able to rise to the occasion because he had just cum. The only thought going through his mind was that Ami was doing it as a gesture of ownership and perhaps affection.

It didn’t really matter because as they were happily nursing from Genny she was moaning in appreciation of their attention.

To his disbelief, he started getting hard. As much as he was thrilled by this change of events, he didn’t know what to do with it.

He didn’t do anything other than to keep sucking at Genny’s breast. Her milk

was so incredibly sweet and there was so much of it.

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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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