
Spilling the Milk
3.SOAKING
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 3. Soaking

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

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Chapter 12

Garrett just stared at me for a moment.

Then he glanced at my breast. It wasn't dripping at that moment, but I still felt full of milk. I briefly wondered if I would feel full of milk for the rest of my life.

"And?" he prompted me.

"And what?"

"You let another man nurse from you and…?"

I blinked. "You aren't upset?"

"Can you tell me some more details?"

His cock was erect and pressing on my leg.

More importantly, he wasn't upset that I had cheated on him.

Sort of cheated on him.

After all, Garrett and I had only been dating for a few months. He was my boyfriend, for sure, but did I have any right to say I was cheating on him?

"More details? You aren't upset?" I was confused.

"Should I be?"

"I cheated on you." I paused. "Sort of."

"Have we defined our relationship yet?" He nuzzled both my breasts with his

face and determined which one was larger and fuller before taking the nipple into his mouth and sucking.

I sighed at the attention.

He paused. “Tell me more details,” he prompted.

“Really? You aren’t upset?”

He grinned around my nipple. “Maybe I’ll be upset after hearing the details, but I can’t blame you for wanting to get some extra on the outside. I can’t blame the guy for wanting your tits as well. They’re incredible.” He sucked on my nipple a little causing a shiver to run down my spine.

That made me spill everything about what had gone on between me and Tristyn and Brad.

“Wow,” was his reaction.

He was still rock hard.

“I know you’ve done a lot already tonight, but can we fuck?” His hand was on his cock, slowly pumping. I could see the lust in his eyes.

“You still want to have sex with me?” I was flat out surprised. I’d been in and out of relationships, some that had ended badly and some that had ended fine, but in almost all of my relationships, there had been a little cheating going on either on my part or on both sides. I tried to keep an open mind, but this was crazy.

“It’s just the lust speaking, but you can do whatever you want with your body.”

He clearly wanted to fuck me.

“You don’t mind that I messed around with someone else?”

Garrett shook his head. “It’s not like we’ve had the talk and decided what type of relationship we’re having.”

“What type of relationship are we having?” I asked.

We looked at each other.

“Uh...not to spoil the mood, but I’m not really into having a heart-to-heart about whatever our relationship is right now. Can we just bang it out and then have the talk?”

“Umm...sure?” I agreed far too quickly and easily.

“Great!” In a flash Garrett was on top of me and my panties somehow disappeared from my body. I parted my legs and Garrett pushed into me.

It was good to fuck like a normal couple for once...and then Garrett ducked his head and caught one of my nipples between his lips. I was about to protest, but then he sucked and I shivered in delight. I was glad he was this flexible when fucking...but I knew I needed more than that.

We needed to talk about our relationship...and my milk.

He fucked me hard. It was just what I needed. He was already on edge and didn’t last long. That was fine. He gave me one little orgasm and then he came in me.

As much as we needed that little interlude, we needed to talk a whole hell of a lot more.

So naturally we didn’t. We were eager to push off anything that smacked of a serious conversation.

I woke up the next morning with my tits aching. I was getting used to that. What that meant in my still sleep-addled state was that I had an urge, a need, that had to be addressed.

The only thing to do was to pull Garrett’s face to my chest. He got the hint right away and latched on to a breast.

A moment later I could feel my milk start to let down and the pressure started to ease. I sighed in contentment. He could only nurse one breast at a time, but that had to do for the moment.

I could feel his cock hard against my leg. While I was sure that he wanted to fuck me, I was also sure that what he was sporting was mostly morningwood. Mostly.

“Oh baby,” I said softly, “I love waking up this way.”

He moaned his agreement into my breast and continued to nurse. His hand snaked between my thighs to find that I was getting wetter by the moment. Undoubtedly we would fuck when he was done nursing because just touching my nipples got me ready for sex.

But we had to talk. I needed to focus on that.

Except that my focus was completely lost after a minute of nursing when my first orgasm hit me.

I loved having sensitive, milk-filled breasts, but there were also times when it was annoying. This was a balance of one of those times.

Garrett was efficient in his morning nursing. I didn’t have all that much milk and he knew what I needed and wanted. I came twice from nursing. I didn’t object at all when he moved me onto my hands and knees and slipped his cock into me from behind.

As he started to fuck me, he curled his hands around my breasts making me shiver again. There wasn’t any stopping the delight my nipples gave me.

“Would you have fucked him?” he whispered in my ear.

“Who…?”

“Brad. The guy who sucked on your tits last night.”

I should have lied. I couldn't think straight. “Yes…” I admitted right before I came.

He came a second later.

I was shivering in fear and delight as he used my body.

It wasn’t much later, as we lay in bed next to each other, that I brought it up again because I couldn’t let it go.

I needed it for my sanity.

“So...about us…”

Garrett groaned and rolled away from me.

“I’m not doing this wrong again,” I stated flatly.

That caused Garrett to look over his shoulder at me. “What do you mean ‘again’?”

I sighed. “Okay, without getting too deeply into it, I’ve fucked up more than one relationship by not talking about what the relationship was.”

He rolled all the way back to look at me. “Seriously?”

“I have trouble with boundaries.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Umm...let’s just say I’ve had sex with more than one person during an interval when both of those persons thought I was in a serious relationship with them.”

He regarded me for a minute. “That sounds like a practiced speech.”

I cleared my throat. “It was.”

“Are you saying that you cheated on your boyfriend with another guy?”

“Umm...I wouldn’t call it cheating. I wasn’t sure if I was in a relationship where I could call either guy a boyfriend. So that led to some confusion and...urges on my part and—”

Garrett cut me off. “Am I your boyfriend?” he asked me bluntly.

I hesitated. I shouldn’t have hesitated at all.

Shit.

“Yes. I think of you as my boyfriend.”

He gave me a quick kiss.

“Then I don’t want you fucking other men,” he said.

“What about what I did with Brad...and Tristyn?” I felt like such a slut for having watched them. I hadn’t really done anything other than masturbate to a little live before my eyes porn. I watched Tristyn peg her husband and jilled off.

Okay, so Brad had nursed on my breast a little. And Tristyn had touched my breast. It was hardly the level of cheating I knew I was capable of. It wasn’t at all like that time I had fucked David and then gone over to Rich’s place to spend the night and fuck him as well.

I was a better person now.

At least that’s what I was telling myself.

“You didn’t actually have sex with either of them, did you?” Garrett asked, bringing me back to reality.

“No. Brad sucked on me for a little and Tristyn touched my breast, but that’s it.” I hesitated again. “Brad made me cum.”

I couldn’t read the expression on Garrett’s face. “Okay, well...we hadn’t defined our relationship as of last night, had we?” He was dodging the issue and I was happy to let it stay on the roadside.

“Does that bother you?” I asked because I couldn’t leave it alone.

He looked away from me. “I mean...a little. I probably would have been fine with it if I could have watched as well.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Why not?”

He had recently cum but his cock was getting hard. I should have known my boyfriend was kinkier than I knew.

“I didn’t realize you were into that sort of thing…”

“What sort of thing…”

“Watching me get fucked by a stranger,” I hinted, playing with him. “Watching someone else nurse from me…”

“As long as I could fuck Tristyn next to you,” he said. His cock was responding to my hand and I realized I could do with another quick fuck, but his words confused me.

“You’d fuck someone else instead of me?” I was wounded.

“You just said you’d fuck Brad given half a chance.”

I had been given half a chance, but that was because Brad and Tristyn had their own unusual relationship.

Life was getting complicated and it scared me.

But I had raw needs that my body couldn’t deny.

Maybe I could make this work. Maybe.

I pulled him on top of me. His cock was hard enough to probe at my pussy. I helped him slip inside of me.

“We can do this,” I told him. “We can have a semi-open relationship. We just need to be...to be honest.” It wasn’t much of an agreement, but it was something.

He just nodded and focused on fucking me hard and fast.

Chapter 13

Even though I was going to be late for work after that second fuck from Garrett, I still had to stop at Tristyn's Juice Bar. I had to know where things stood between us.

Her face lit up when she spied me walking in. And then it turned a bright red.

I guess at heart everyone has a bit of a middle-schooler in them when it comes to complex interpersonal relationships.

After ordering my drink I waited at what I had started to think of as my table. It only took Tristyn a few minutes to come over with my drink and hers.

"I did a lot of research last night and there are already breast milk smoothie recipes out there. Most are just replacing regular milk or almond milk with breast milk. I'm disillusioned."

It was probably my imagination, but I was certain she was gazing longingly at my chest. I wasn't even showing any cleavage.

"Sorry. I mean, I would make more milk if I could, but I'm barely keeping Garrett happy as it is."

That was an exaggeration, but I knew that Garrett loved my tits and my milk. It was strange, but it made me feel special and wanted.

Somehow turning my lactation into a way to make money seemed to cheapen it.

Thankfully, Tristyn nodded in agreement. "Probably more effort than it's worth. But...Brad couldn't shut up last night about…" She paused to glance around to make sure that no one was listening, "About your boobs and your milk. I was jealous."

That perked me up. "Really? Why?"

"You've got something that I don't. My husband is...intrigued."

I blushed. "Sorry about that. I didn't mean for it to happen."

She waved aside my concern. “Hey. Sex is an adventure. He wanted someone to watch while I pegged him. We figured whoever watched would want to do a little more than just watch.”

Tristyn paused and looked down at her smoothie that she hadn’t sipped from at all. “I half figured if it was a woman, she’d play the unicorn. If it was a man...I figured I was going to get properly fucked.” She didn’t look up at me. “It didn’t work out that way.”

“I’m so sorry,” I apologized again.

“Don’t worry about it. Done and done.” Finally she looked up. “Would you want to do it again?”

I didn’t give Tristyn a direct answer. That was fine with her. She had given me a lot to think about.

A lot.

I was distracted as I got busy at the office, but after an hour or so, I figured out something was amiss. My first instinct was to dart to the bathroom to make sure my milk wasn’t leaking and staining my blouse.

It wasn’t.

I was even modestly dressed.

I reached inside my shirt to make sure my nursing pads were correctly placed. They were.

I looked at myself from every angle in the bathroom mirror. Yes, my chest was a little bigger, but it wasn’t outrageous, but full. Larger than before, but I had to admit I had a fuller figure than before. Kind of sexy, actually. However, it wasn’t like I was dressed to go nightclubbing or I had a side hustle as a cam model or prostitute.

What was bothering me was that I was getting looks from far too many men in the office. And a few women as well.

Was it my newfound confidence? Maybe.

They were definitely checking me out. It almost felt like I was at a nightclub and people were working up their nerve to hit on me.

I went back to my desk.

Five minutes later Soren was at my desk.

I liked Soren. Or rather, I liked to look at Soren. He was handsome and had a nice body. More than once I had fantasized about seeing him naked and fucking him.

However, Soren was also one of those men who were far too confident in his approach to everything and everyone. I knew two minutes after meeting him that he considered himself God's gift to women.

So when I say that I liked Soren, I liked him as a coworker.

He had hit on me several times and I had always claimed that I had a boyfriend at the time.

He didn't care. He always had someone else to move on to.

"So...Verdal...looking good today."

I gave him some side eye before turning to face him directly. During my side eye examination, I could clearly see that he was checking out my chest and not my face.

"Thanks Soren."

"So...are you free for drinks tonight?"

I hated his cocky confidence and swagger. He just expected me to be available.

And I hated that I wanted to be available. He was a hottie. My body responded in a way I didn't want it to. My pussy got moist and I could feel my milk letting down.

I was glad I had checked my breast pads when I went to the bathroom.

“Sorry,” I managed to say. “No.”

He was undeterred. “Tomorrow night then? There’s a place I like that’s not loud and obnoxious. We can talk.” His smile made me go weak in the knees. I was glad I was sitting down.

“I’m just going to say no, Soren. I’m seeing someone right now.”

“But that someone’s not me.”

“I’m serious about him.” That wasn’t a lie about Garrett. What I hated most in the moment is that I loved that Soren was hitting on me.

He nodded knowingly. “It’s great to be in a serious relationship. Let me cut right to the chase. Want to go back to my place for some mind-blowing sex?”

If he had asked me the exact same question a couple of months earlier, I would have said yes.

I wanted to say yes.

My body was telling me to say yes.

In another world I would have said yes.

Saying yes promised all sorts of fun.

I managed to control myself. I knew that Soren was just in it for a quick fuck.

Why couldn’t I be in it for a quick fuck as well?

Because I had a boyfriend and he and I had an agreement.

“Can I invite my boyfriend?” I asked him, not believing the words coming out of my mouth.

Soren laughed at me. “I don’t think so. I like to play one-on-one. Sex isn’t a team sport.”

I frowned. “That’s too bad because that’s how I prefer to have sex.”

“Well, maybe if you have a female friend you want to bring along. That’s acceptable.”

I wasn’t surprised at that. I was half in the mood to consider, but Soren always rubbed me the wrong way, metaphorically speaking, in the office. I doubted he would rub me the right way on my clit.

“Sadly, I don’t have any friends who are looking for a threesome right now.” I made little dismissive waves with my fingers. “Move along. Nothing to see here.”

He glared at me for a minute. He had the look of someone who was both angry and confused. I would have reported him to HR, but it wasn’t worth the effort.

By the time I got home, my tits were aching. I was willing to give Garrett an hour to arrive at my place before I resorted to my breast pump. I had bought it just in case I needed it. There was so much written online about not having a partner nurse or being able to pump. I didn’t want to deal with all that pain and all those problems.

The waiting was pure torture.

I did everything I could think of to distract myself. Cleaning, prepping dinner, taking care of random chores, I even pulled out a book to read. I briefly considered browsing the internet, but that seemed too much of a temptation to indulge in some porn. The only thing I could do was put a timer on my phone and wait.

I was angry when Garrett didn’t show up at his appointed time. I texted him an angry message. Where the fuck are you? My tits are aching! I need some relief!

Looking at the message, I hated myself for all the exclamation points I was using, but they were necessary.

I sent it.

Then I waited ten more minutes and didn’t hear from him.

Now I was pissed. Maybe he was driving, so I called him.

He didn’t answer my call.

Now I was extremely pissed. And angry. And worried.

I had to get out my breast pump. The pain was too much now. Garrett could nurse me any time but I needed to be nursed right then and there.

The pump was okay, but not great. It pulled my milk out of me. When I bought the pump I had hopes of it being like a vibrator so I could get myself off with just my tits, but that didn’t happen. Instead of getting turned on, I only felt some vague relief.

It was fascinating watching my milk spray into the collection bottles, but it also made me feel a bit like a cow.

A sexy cow.

The longer I let the breast pump work its magic on me, the better it felt. There was some pain and it wasn’t as much fun as when Garrett was nursing from me, but I went with it. I needed the milk out.

It felt fucking good. There was no way to lie about that. I already had my shirt and bra off to do the pumping so it was nothing to unzip my pants and ease my fingers down to my pussy.

I was wet.

Wetness was now a natural state for me.

My tits were dripping and my pussy was dripping.

It was so easy for me to drift off in a euphoric haze of pleasure.

The pump was pulling at my nipples and my fingers were teasing my clit. I wasn’t sure if I wanted to make myself cum or just keep myself on edge until my boyfriend showed up.

I couldn’t help myself. The pump was too powerful. It made me cum. The

fingers on my clit helped. The pump kept going and I kept the collection cones attached to my tits and made myself cum from my clit.

After that, things got blurry. There were a bunch of orgasms involved. Eventually I had to detach the cones from my tits but I left my hand cupped around my pussy as I drifted off to sleep, my pants halfway down my legs, my body vibrating with pleasure.

Chapter 14

When I woke up it was dark and I panicked.

Where was Garrett? He had a key to my place so he could have walked in at any point.

I grabbed my phone from the bedside table. Surely he had messaged or called me.

I glanced at the time first. 1:34am. Fuck! I had slept for a long time. I hadn't intended to fall asleep at all, but post-orgasmic bliss will do that.

There weren't any messages or calls or any communication at all.

For just a second I thought that maybe my phone wasn't working. That would make the most sense.

But I had received several unimportant notifications while I had slept. The wifi signal was clear.

My heart was thundering in my chest. I started to sweep aside the bottles and tubes and motor to my breast pump, but didn't want to make a fucking mess.

My boyfriend was missing and I was alone and I still managed to keep my head on my shoulders. I was proud of myself.

I took everything except the actual pump to the kitchen sink, dumped the milk, and ran water over the tubes and cones to wash them. It wasn't a very good job, but it was better than nothing.

Moving around gave me a minute to focus. No texts. No calls. I even went into my email to make sure he hadn't contacted me that way. Nothing.

I felt a little stupid walking around my apartment in nothing more than my underwear, but it was my place and I could do what I wanted.

I wondered if I should call the police. Maybe he'd been in an accident and was in the hospital and our relationship was new enough that he didn't have me down on any contact information.

I was starting to scare myself.

Calling the police seemed a little over the top. And when have the police ever been helpful to anyone in need?

Figuring that calling the two local hospitals capable of handling a serious car accident was probably a waste of time since I wasn't an immediate family member, I instead scanned the local news websites for reports on a serious car crash. The sort that would kill a person or send them to the hospital in a coma.

Nothing.

I looked up the number to the better hospital and breathed so I wouldn't sound like a crazy woman on the phone.

That's when Garrett stumbled through the front door, scaring the living hell out of me.

"Where have you been!" I screamed at him out of fear and anxiety and relief and every other emotion that had been boiling in me for the past hours.

He looked at me bleary-eyed.

"Getting drunk," was his slurred answer.

He wasn't lying. When I gave him a second look, he was drunk. He couldn't stand upright, his eyes were unfocused, and then his breath hit me.

He had been drinking. Heavily.

"Why?" I demanded of him. Maybe I had the right and maybe I didn't, but I wanted to know why.

"I have a good reason," he said.

"Well?"

He held up a finger and then, instead of answering, he rushed to the bathroom where he puked in the toilet.

At least he didn't do it on the floor.

What followed was the typical night of recovery after drinking. I found a shirt to put on. I cleaned up Garrett. I put him to sleep in my bed.

It wasn't the night I wanted at all.

The next morning I had to call into work, telling them I'd be late. My tits were aching when I woke up but Garrett was in no position to nurse.

I cursed at him while he continued to snore. Grabbing my breast pump equipment from the sink, I hooked everything up and placed the collection cones on my breasts. It was important to line up the nipples with the central hole otherwise it was a waste of time.

And painful.

The buzz of the pump woke up Garrett after a minute. I could have pumped in the living room, but it was my place and I could pump when and where I wanted.

"What the fuck is that noise?" he moaned as he woke up.

"My pump. You wouldn't have had to hear it if you didn't get your ass drunk last night."

"Ugh. I'm sorry."

"Uh huh. Care to explain yourself?"

"I can but…"

"But what?" I was still angry with him.

"Could you turn off the pump?"

"My breasts are still full of milk. I'm not going to suffer in pain all day just because you got drunk last night."

"Turn it off and I'll nurse."

I eyed him skeptically. “Will you?”

He groaned and threw an arm over his face. “I have a pounding headache, dry mouth, vague nausea, and a desire to never see the light of day again, but yeah, I’ll nurse from you. I want to nurse from you.”

After regarding him for a moment, I relented and turned off the pump. “Only because you do it better than the pump,” I told him.

“Of course, of course,” he agreed.

I pulled my shirt all the way up and lay down next to him on the bed, practically shoving my tits in his face.

Garrett wasn’t so hung over that he couldn’t find a nipple and immediately settle into nursing.

It felt good. It always felt good.

My milk let down right away and I found myself much calmer. Naturally it turned me on, but I didn’t want to fuck Garrett in his condition. He was smelly and sweaty and his cock was limp inside his underwear.

But I was still willing to press up against him to have my tits drained. Apparently there are restrictions and limits on my dignity.

We nursed in silence. It felt good while he was doing it, but I felt disgusting afterwards because I had been pressed up against his sweaty body.

I was also turned on and I didn’t want to be.

It was the first time in a long time that I had let him nurse and hadn’t gotten off at all. Normally we nursed and fucked, or at least he used his hand on me. A couple of times he had watched while I used my hand or vibrator.

Today, when I determined that I was done, I pushed him away from me. “I need a shower. I need to go to work. You’ve already made me late.”

“Sorry,” he said as I got off the bed and walked away from him.

Just to make him feel worse, I tossed aside my shirt and dropped my panties before leaving the room.

The warm water from the shower felt lovely. I relaxed and washed myself and then I indulged myself.

I didn’t have just a couple of vibrators in my bedside drawer. I had a variety of toys. One of which was an oddly shaped vibrator that was waterproof. I had tried it a few times in the bathtub and found that it was waterproof, but fucking myself underwater wasn’t the thrill I though it would be.

It was still there on the shelf as I showered. I was turned on and it was a better option than Garrett’s dick at the moment.

Grabbing it, I was thrilled to discover the batteries in it were still charged. After turning it on, I slid it into my pussy. It was humming along nicely as the hot water pounded down on me. I don’t like teasing my clit with a vibrator; I prefer my vibes inside of me. Everyone is different.

I needed to lean against the shower wall to hold myself up as I fucked myself. It was thrilling. I was making noises I wasn’t aware I was capable of vocalizing. My orgasm wasn’t earth-shattering, but it was satisfying.

Just as I finished cumming, the bathroom door opened and Garrett stepped in. My apartment was nice. Slightly upscale, so instead of a boring shower curtain, I had a sliding glass door for the showerbath. It was obvious what I was doing when he walked in.

“Do you mind!” I spat at him.

“I thought you were dying,” he said.

“What?” I switched off the vibrator and set it aside. I was ashamed even though I shouldn't have been.

“You were making weird noises and I thought maybe you slipped and fell and hurt yourself.

He was eyeing my pussy and the vibrator. I lifted my chin.

“Just jilling off in the shower since your cock is useless this morning.”

In response he pulled down his underwear, revealing an erection.

I sniffed. “I’ve seen better. And why would I want to fuck dirty, smelly you after you puked in my toilet last night?”

Not answering, he joined me in the shower and went down on his knees to kiss the mound above my pussy.

He tried to get lower but good pussy eating can’t really be done when the woman is standing. I’ll give Garrett credit. He really tried and I liked that he was on his knees in front of me, worshipping my body.

After a minute he pulled back, coughing. “I’m sorry. Too much water and I can barely get to your clit.”

I turned off the water, got out of the shower and grabbed my robe. “Maybe I’ll let you make it up to me tonight. Feel better. Take a shower. You should at least call your office to tell them if you’re coming in today or not.”

That’s the last thing I said to him before getting dressed and rushing out of my place. He was still in the shower when I left.

I still made time to stop at Tristyn’s Juice Bar for my new usual. I got the lactation enhancer because I was still that new woman. The morning rush was mostly over so Tristyn had plenty of time to talk to me. I didn’t have any time, but she did. She always did.

“Are you okay? You don’t look like yourself.”

Either she read the look on my face or saw that I wasn’t dressed as nicely as I usually was. When I looked down at myself I realized I was wearing a dress that was a little too tight in the chest. That was fine. My tits were bigger. I was happy to deal with it.

“Yeah. I’m okay. Or not.” I winced in psychic pain. Physically I was fine. “Garrett came to my place late last night. Drunk. It pissed me off. No call. No text. Just shows up drunk.”

“Oh no. Why?”

“He was too drunk to tell me last night...and I didn’t ask this morning.”

“He needs to tell you why he did that.”

I smirked. “He’ll tell me why. And he’ll pay for it.”

I took my drink with me and hurried to my job. Even though I was late, no one cared. No one ever cares at my job unless you’ve fucked something up. I hadn’t fucked up anything lately so no one said a word.

Chapter 15

Or, no one said a word until Soren came sauntering into my office.

“You were late this morning,” he said as if he were my boss in any way.

“Yes.” I didn’t give him an explanation.

“Why?” Of course he would ask that.

“I had a severe case of not-your-concern-itis this morning.”

“Ouch. Why so prickly?”

“None of your damn business, Soren. Why are you here?”

He shook a sheaf of papers at me. “Still waiting for your half of the report. You didn’t reply to my emails...but that was because you were at home with a serious case of not-your-concern-itis.”

Fuck.

“I’ll have it for you in an hour,” I told him.

“I’ll be in conference room B.”

Luckily I was mostly done with the report. I just needed to put some shine and a final edit on it. Took me just over thirty minutes. I still waited the whole hour before bringing it to Soren.

He had everything for his big presentation laid out on the conference table. My part of the report went into his mini production line. Of course he roped me into helping assemble the complicated packets. I didn’t have anything else going on that afternoon and I felt bad about showing up late to work.

It was hours later when we were done.

We sat down in the comfortable conference room chairs—chairs that were hardly ever used but we weren’t allowed to have them at our desks—and relaxed for a few minutes.

“Thank you for your help,” Soren said politely.

“You’re welcome.”

He blinked. “That’s it?”

“What are you expecting?”

“Maybe a small apology for barely keeping up your responsibilities?”

“Ha. Don’t push it.” I shifted uncomfortably on the chair. It wasn’t time to leave yet, but it was close. I wondered if I was going to find Garrett at my place or what. My tits needed some attention.

“Something the matter?” Soren asked without leering.

He could be a nice guy when he wanted. Or maybe he was a better actor than I gave him credit for.

“Just a little stiff after all that bending over,” I said without thinking. I winced and waited for the inevitable That’s what she said from Soren.

“Hey. That’s my line,” he grinned.

“What?”

He looked genuinely contrite. “Uh...I was making an off-color joke. Sorry.”

“No. It’s fine.”

“Need a massage?”

“Don’t push it,” I warned.

He held up a hand and grinned. “Can’t blame a guy for trying.” Fuck he was handsome!

“I can...but I’m not going to today.”

“So...about that massage…”

I laughed at him. “No thanks. A massage wouldn’t do me any good anyway.”

“You haven’t had one of my massages.”

I snorted. “Right. I’ll take a raincheck.”

“Why not right now?”

I tilted my head. “Wrong time. I have a boyfriend. I’m not interested. Et cetera et cetera.”

He stood up and stretched. “Well, no reason not to go for broke.” Soren cleared his throat. “Want to fulfill some deep-seated fantasy about having sex in the office with an incredibly handsome coworker?”

I laughed at him. “No.”

“Can’t blame a guy for trying.”

“I can...but I won’t.”

“Gee. Thanks.”

“Besides, sex in the conference room wouldn’t do it for me.”

“I have a very nice townhouse. Care for some good home cooking?”

I had to give him credit. He was sincerely trying and not being a jackass about it.

“No. Sex in the office isn’t a fantasy of mine.”

“What is?” he asked quickly.

I decided to drive him off. “Well, I do have one fantasy that involves the office…”

“Yes?” he asked eagerly.

I reached inside my dress, feeling the weight of one breast. It was full of milk. It wasn’t a fantasy. Sex at work was stupid. Still…

“Ugh. My breasts are so full. I really need to drain them...but I don’t have my breast pump at work. I’ll have to go home.”

Soren’s eyes went wide under his sandy blond hair. “Are you...are you making milk?”

I eyed him steadily. “Yes. I’m lactating.”

“Oh.” His expression was neutral.

“Still want to fuck me?” I asked.

“I never said I wanted to fuck you.”

“You more than implied it.” I paused. “So, do you?”

“Do I what?”

“Do you want to fuck me and my lactating tits?” I asked, pulling my hand out of my dress and then used both to heft my breasts, shaking them a bit, showing off the bit of cleavage I had managed to create.

“Uh...sure.”

He didn’t sound sure. I was having fun teasing Soren so I unbuttoned my dress to expose my bra and let the sleeves slip down to show everything I could. “Like what you see?” I had already pushed things too far and I shrugged to pull up my dress.

“Leave it down,” he asked. “Please…”

“You’re going to be happy just staring at me in my bra.”

He shrugged. “I could die happy…”

“Yeah, except my boobs hurt and I want to get them drained. So get in one last look before I leave to use my pump.” I should have said I was going home to my boyfriend, but I didn’t.

“Wait! You aren’t kidding?”

I gave him a side eye. “About lactating?”

“Right.”

Once more I hefted my breasts. “I’m lactating and they need to be emptied. I need either a pump or a mouth for that.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

He lifted his chin. “I’ll do it.”

I was surprised. “You want to suck out my milk?”

Soren took in a deep breath. “Yes.”

I laughed at him. “Don’t make it sound like such a sacrifice. My boyfriend loves nursing from me.”

Soren’s hesitancy melted away and he raised his eyebrows. “Boyfriend?”

“Yes. Boyfriend.”

He smiled. “I love a woman who isn’t so committed to her relationship.”

I didn’t feel a need to go into the complicated relationship I had with Garrett.

“You ever taste a woman’s breast milk before?”

Soren shook his head. “No...but I’m willing to try anything once.”

I considered asking him if he had ever sucked a dick or if he was willing to try, but I let the opportunity pass me by. Instead I made the outright offer. “Lock the door and tell me you aren’t doing this just to see my naked tits.”

He literally ran to the conference room door and locked it, triple checking it to make sure. “I can see thousands of naked tits on the internet,” he said.

I shook myself out of my dress, letting it gather around my waist, and reached behind my back, unhooking my bra.

Soren’s eyes went wide.

I dropped my bra.

His eyes went wider and then narrowed.

I looked down.

“Oops. Sorry. I need the pads to prevent leaking.” I had leaked a little bit of milk during our flirting and dual seduction. Now the pads were clinging to my nipples. I reached up and pulled the pads away, exposing my nipples.

I smiled at Soren.

His face was a mask of happiness.

“I think I love your tits. They’re perfect.”

“Uh-huh. Get over here and suck on them. I need the milk out.”

“Yes, ma’am!” he said with a snappy salute and rushed around the table to me.

I loved it when he went down on his knees in front of me and pressed his face to my breast.

Like any good man his mouth found my nipple right away. My milk had been building up through the day and the flirting had gotten me excited which always caused the milk to let down.

In short, Soren only had to suck gently a couple of times to be rewarded with a mouthful of milk.

I could feel him swallow. “Mmm.” He pulled away from my breast. “That’s sweet. I didn’t expect that.”

“What were you expecting?”

“I don’t know, but I think your boyfriend is awfully lucky.”

The word boyfriend made me wince slightly in pain, but Soren went right back to nursing on me so it was easy to cover my wince of pain.

“Gentle,” I told him. “There’s plenty of it and it comes out easily.”

Soren looked up at me with his mouth full of my breast and milk and nodded. It was adorable.

It was also incredibly intimate for a person I could barely stand.

Still, I was turned on and needed my milk drained and the whole scene was working for me.

I backed up against the table, resting my butt on it and Soren wrapped his arms around me, nursing happily.

It should have been perfect, but the problem was that I was getting turned on much more than I should have been.

I was cheating on Garrett, no matter how it was being described. I didn’t care. I could feel my lust rising and in a matter of minutes I knew that Soren was going to make me cum.

I wondered what his cock looked and felt like.

I let him keep going. My breathing increased in speed and intensity. I clutched Soren’s face to my breast and held on for dear life.

I wrapped my legs around his torso as he remained kneeling. I wanted to rub my pussy against his chest but I didn’t need to. I came just from his nursing.

“Shh!” he cautioned me. “We don’t want anyone to know what we’re doing.”

I could agree with that.

“We should probably stop.” I looked down at my boobs. “I think you got most of my milk anyway.” I gently pushed Soren away.

We both looked at his rather impressive bulge in his pants.

Fuck.

“We only agreed on you draining my milk,” I reminded him.

He nodded. His face was sweaty. “I know. Maybe we can go back to my place...or yours?”

Instead of answering him, I stood up, turned around, pulled down my panties, and bent over the table. “Just fuck me hard and fast,” I told him as I unhooked my panties from one leg, leaving them tangled around the other ankle.

I looked straight ahead at the blank conference room wall as I spread my legs. There was an uncomfortable moment when I had no idea what he was doing, then I felt his hand on my lower back.

“Compared to your tits, your ass is sort of a disappointment.”

“Gee. Thanks,” I said sarcastically.

He was probing between my legs with his cock, not quite finding my entrance, so I had to reach down to guide him in. I was impressed that he was already hard. Of course, I was already wet, so there was that.

Once he was properly aligned, Soren pushed forward and filled me up, forcing me to groan. It was always that joining of flesh that got me. I loved to have my tits sucked, but there was something so visceral, so raw about actual sex.

As I moaned, I dropped my chin to my chest and looked down at my body. My tits were hanging slightly above the table. A few drops of milk had fallen from them to the hard, cold wood. There wasn’t anything to worry about at the moment.

Soren immediately went into a steady fucking rhythm, grabbing my hips and holding me in place. I had to admit, he knew what he was doing.

I hated to admit that he was a better fuck than Garrett.

It’s funny how often that happens. The person you aren’t supposed to be with is a better lover than your official partner.

I knew too much about that.

“Oh fuck oh fuck,” I heard myself saying. “Harder!”

I didn’t know why I wanted it harder, I just needed it desperately.

“Bitch, I’m giving it to you as hard as I can!” He punctuated every other word with a hard thrust.

Each thrust got successively harder.

I loved it.

Our session was going to be fast and intense.

I gripped the far edge of the table and held on for dear life. Even though the door was locked, someone could have the key and walk in on us. I didn’t want to lose my job like this, fucking in the conference room.

Still, getting caught made it more exciting.

In order to keep my noises down, I bit into my forearm. It hurt, but it worked.

Either Soren was just as intent on getting off as quickly as possible as I was, or he was a borderline premature ejaculator. Either way he didn’t fuck me for more than two minutes—making me cum twice in that short period—before he finished in me.

I could feel every bit of cum he pumped into me. He quivered when he came. I could feel the mess he made in my pussy.

What I didn’t like was how he kept me pinned against the table as he remained inside me. It was hurting my hips. He was bigger than me and I couldn’t push him away.

“You need to get off,” I said.

“I just did.”

“Hilarious,” I replied dryly.

“Hold on a second.” He reached across the table and managed to reach a basket of paper napkins that had been left from whatever meal had last been served in the room. He handed me several. “I might have made a mess of your pussy.”

Hiding the evidence is always important when committing a crime, even a minor one like fucking in the conference room. Taking the napkins I held them at my pussy when he pulled out. As soon as he did I could feel a little gush of his cum leaking out of me. Soren was sort of an expert at this and had several napkins to wipe off his cock.

The worst thing to do would have been to make a mess on the carpet.

When my pussy was reasonably clean, I took a few more napkins and wiped up the milk I had dripped on the table. Only then did I pull up my panties and put my dress back in order.

Soren had already zipped up his pants and was back to his normal business casual. I hadn't even seen his cock.

"What's your girlfriend going to think of this?" I asked him because I was feeling guilty about Garrett and didn't want Soren asking me uncomfortable questions.

He laughed at me. "What girlfriend?"

"Huh. I figured you would have someone in your life...I guess not." I went to throw away the soiled napkins into the trash can, but Soren stopped me.

"What are you doing?"

I held up the napkins with his cum and my milk and probably some of my amrita as well. "Getting rid of the evidence."

He snorted at me and lifted the empty trash can liner. At the bottom there were a half dozen more liners. He removed one and put his soiled napkins in it and then replaced the liner he had lifted out of the can.

"Well?" he asked, offering me the liner. I deposited my napkins as well.

"You've done this before," I commented.

"Once or twice," he admitted.

"Slut."

“Takes one to know one.” He smushed down the liner with the napkins to almost nothing, dumped a bunch of garbage he had removed from his presentation into the trash can, added the liner with the napkins, and then added the remains of his lunch on top.

“Well, this was educational,” I said.

“Here, take this.” He offered me a piece of paper with a number written on it.

“What’s this?”

“My number. Give me a call if you’re looking to have another fun fuck again,” he said casually and stared at my chest. “Or if you want your tits sucked. That milk was tasty...I’d do it again.”

I noted the paper didn’t have his name on it, just his phone number. “You don’t want my number?” I asked. I could have thrown his number away, but I didn’t.

“If you want to give it to me. Some women get...upset when I ask for their numbers.”

I scribbled my number down on a sticky note. Just the number, but I couldn’t help myself. I put a V underneath it. “You can add this to your collection.”

He smiled. “Will do.”

I left the conference room ashamed...and elated.

Chapter 16

I went back to my desk and pretended to work until just about everyone else had left the office.

Just as I was getting ready to gather my things and leave, my phone buzzed with a text message.

I didn't want it to be from Soren.

It wasn't.

It was from Garrett.

That was worse.

I'm sorry for last night. Why don't you come over to my place and I'll make it up to you.

Fuck.

I had to answer him. I mean, it was just a one-time thing with Soren.

Yes, I was punishing Garrett for being an ass and getting drunk, but it wasn't much of a punishment if he didn't know about it.

I'll be there in an hour.

Fuck.

I was ringing the bell on Garrett's door a little over an hour later. I was a bit jealous he had a house, but then there was the inconvenience of having to deal with all the problems of a house.

He had been waiting for me. The door opened barely two seconds after I rang the bell.

"Hi."

“Hi.” An enticing smell wafted out the door. My mouth started to water. I was starving and I hadn’t even realized it. “What do I smell?”

“I ordered dinner. You like Thai, right?”

“I love Thai.” I was glad my tits weren’t aching yet. I needed to eat.

We ate.

“Thanks for dinner,” I said between mouthfuls. It was delicious. “I got a late start at work today—you know that—and I didn’t have time for lunch.”

“Yeah. About that. Let me say sorry one more time.”

“Okay. Say it,” I said with a tone of superiority that I didn’t have any right to use.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have gotten drunk and ignored your texts and calls. It was wrong. I was nervous about our relationship. I haven’t been this serious about someone in...maybe in forever. I don’t want to lose you and I did something stupid.”

“Apology accepted,” I said. “Now, about doing something stupid...I fucked my coworker Soren today.” My stomach wasn’t just a knot of anxiety; it was a hard, cold stone of near-panic. I just blurted out the words while trying to not think about what I was saying because I was positive this was the end of my relationship with Garrett. The upside was, if Garrett left me, then I wouldn’t have a relationship to worry about.

Garrett looked at me blankly. “What...how...why?”

“Do you want me to answer all of those or none of those questions?” My confidence was completely faked.

I was a fake.

“You fucked another guy?”

“We decided on an open relationship, didn’t we?” I reminded him.

“I didn’t expect you to fuck guy some the very next day.”

“I didn’t expect you to get drunk, ignore me, and get sick all over my bathroom.” The last comment was an exaggeration, but I stood by it.

Garrett—my boyfriend—sighed. “Okay. Maybe we’re taking this too fast.”

“My tits are aching,” I cut him off. “I need you to nurse on them.”

“Are we just going to ignore that you fucked someone else today!” He was angry now.

I didn’t blame him.

“No, but if we want to stay together, and if you want me to continue to lactate, we have to do this.”

We were sitting across from each other at his small round dining room table. I had already taken off my shoes so it was easy to extend my foot underneath the table, up between his legs, where I awkwardly groped for his cock.

“What are you doing?” he asked me when I only managed to graze his thigh.

“Uhh...trying to play footsie with your cock?”

“You aren’t reaching.”

“My leg isn’t long enough.”

“That’s because you’re short.”

“I was just trying to see if your cock is hard.”

He stood up, unbuckled his belt, and dropped his pants.

His cock was gloriously hard.

I felt my tongue darting out of my mouth, licking my lips.

“That’s very nice,” I said, “but you need to suck on my tits first.”

We left the Thai on the table and went right to his bedroom. I unbuttoned my dress as I hurried to the bed, dropping it on the floor right before I hopped onto the mattress. He joined me a moment later, his cock tucked away in his pants, but I suppose it's difficult to run with a hard cock.

We kissed and he struggled to remove my bra. I reached behind my back and helped him out. As soon as the cups were free of my tits Garrett swept away the nursing pads and latched onto my right nipple.

My milk let down immediately. I snatched up one of the pads and pressed it to my left breast because when Garrett started nursing, I started leaking.

I felt it right away in my chest. My breathing changed and my pussy moistened. Right away I wanted to fuck him, but he needed to nurse from me first. The milk was begging to get out and he was the only one who could do that.

Still, I couldn’t just let Garrett nurse and not be rewarded and distracted. I reached down into his pants and found his cock. When I started stroking it, he moaned in the back of his throat and released my nipple.

“Don’t distract me.”

“Or what? You’ll cum all over my hands? Make a mess. What kind of boyfriend would you be if you did that?”

“A terrible one,” he said as he switched breasts and resumed nursing. I kept a grip on his cock, keeping him hard and interested.

I’m sure it was a terrible handjob. I was distracted more than he was. And I could feel it building up in my chest again. Not my milk, but my orgasm. It only took a few minutes, but eventually Garrett got me there, alternately sucking on one nipple and teasing the other.

I so wanted to make him cum all over my hands and legs, but he was too good at nursing.

I came.

He didn’t.

That was fine.

He stopped nursing when I came. He also pulled away from me and took off his clothes when I just wanted to be held because my body felt like it was on fire, but in a pleasant way.

I was thrilled when he got down next to me again and started tugging on my panties.

I didn't tell him that other than the napkins I hadn't really cleaned up from Soren fucking me. I could feel my panties were practically glued to my lips.

It was fine. I was more than wet enough for him to easily penetrate me. I loved being on my back and getting fucked by my boyfriend. It was my second fucking of the day.

I was starting to think that maybe I needed more than one regular partner. Maybe most women needed more than one partner.

It was a hell of a thing to think while I was getting fucked by my boyfriend, but I can't completely control how my brain works.

Judging by how enthusiastically Garrett fucked me, he was completely onboard with my secret need.

The next day I left Garrett's house to make a detour to Tristyn's Juice Bar. Maybe we weren't completely serious about our relationship yet, but I was keeping a couple of changes of clothes in Garrett's place. Just in case.

At Tristyn's I ordered my regular and waited for her to join me at my table.

My kinky friend didn't disappoint me.

"You look like the cat that caught the canary this morning," she commented as she sat down and slid my drink across the table.

"More like the cat that stole the cream."

“Oh?”

I had spoken without thinking. That was going to get me into a lot of trouble.

It already had.

“I think that maybe hooking up with you and Brad wasn’t a good idea…”

She frowned. “Sorry about that.”

I smiled. “It was a great idea...except now I think I’m going a little wild. Wilder than when I was in college.”

Tristyn’s frown bloomed into a wide grin. “Do tell. Tell me all the dirty details.”

I blushed. I shouldn’t have. I’d seen Tristyn pegging her husband and Brad had nursed from my tits. I could already see our relationship spiraling out of control.

Sometimes being out of control is fun.

“I fucked one of my coworkers yesterday,” I revealed to her.

Tristyn was smooth enough that she didn’t spit out her drink, but I could tell that she wanted to.

“All the dirty details.”

So I told her everything starting from Garrett not replying to my calls and texts when he was drunk to fucking Soren in the conference room to going to Garrett’s place to fuck him.

“Two men in one day,” she said, leaning back and fanning herself. “You are a slut.”

“I know.” I hid my smile behind my drink.

“And what does Garrett think of your little adventure?”

“He’s...he’s okay with it.”

“Really! That’s good news...for a slut like you.”

She smirked at me and we both laughed, sharing a secret joke I couldn't define.

"So what's next for you?" she pressed me.

"I'm not entirely sure...but I know I can't have just Garrett in my life."

"Why not?"

"I mean, I want him in my life, but I don't think it's going to be possible to just have him as my only sex partner."

"See? You are a slut."

"I know, but more importantly, I need another person to nurse from me."

This puzzled Tristyn. "Why?"

"Just for occasions like when Garrett got drunk and flaked out. And what if he needs to go on a business trip or has some family obligation he needs to go to without me?" I shifted uncomfortably on my chair. Garrett had drained my breasts this morning, but I still wasn't fully used to having bigger tits. I liked having bigger tits, but not all my clothes fit correctly.

I saw Tristyn checking out my rack.

I liked that.

"I could offer you Brad's services…"

I tried to keep my smile under control. "I know…"

"But you have Soren now too, don't you?"

"Well, not really. He's a slut too. He might be a fun fuck and would be willing to do just about anything once or twice, I don't think he's a guy I could depend on to do my nursing regularly. I need some dependability."

"I can tell you that Brad is very dependable."

"And I want to take you up on the offer," I said quickly.

She blinked. “Really?”

“And more...if you like.”

“What more do you mean?” I could see a twinkle in her eye. She was clearly delighted and excited. “Brad has a bit of a humiliation kink going on if you haven’t figured that out.”

“Yeah. I got that. But I wasn’t talking about Brad.”

She shrugged. “What then?”

I tried to put as much meaning into my gaze as possible, but telepathy didn’t work because I wasn’t an alien with paranormal abilities. “I thought that maybe you might want to…”

“Oh.”

We both looked at each other.

I should have finished asking the question.

I cleared my throat. “So, I know you and Brad have a thing for exhibitionism…”

Tristyn smiled behind her cup.

“...and I was wondering if you wanted to play around with swapping as well.”

“Swapping?” She seemed startled by the question.

“Don’t make me define it for you, Tris. If I have to, then I know the answer is no.”

“You don’t have to define it for me. I was hoping you would ask.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Ami’s Ambrosia 4

“Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick,” Craig groaned as he rolled off Genny's body. Even in that moment of being completely sated after fucking his sort-of-girlfriend’s best friend he wasn’t able to control himself. Lying side-by-side he reached out and placed his large hand on her breast.

It was soft. Her nipple hardened under his palm. Even on her back her breasts formed pleasant mounds. When Ami was in the same position her tits disappeared, leaving her with little more than areolas and nipples to indicate her femininity.

“I’m not empty, not yet,” she told him.

“You still have milk?” he asked, amazed.

“I always have milk. It’s basically impossible to get it all out.”

“Okay, that’s sort of hot.”

“Want some?” she asked, offering up one breast for him to nurse from.

“Uh...sure. Do you want to save any of it?” He rolled to his side and she did the same so they were facing each other. He needed to scoot down slightly to get to her tits.

Genny laughed at him. “You weren’t listening. I always have more milk. Always. Mmmm.” She moaned a little as he popped her nipple into his mouth and sucked.

She wasn’t lying. Her milk was right there on the tip and she started feeding it to him right away.

Maybe his sex life was fucked up, but he was more than happy to go along with whatever bizarre activities that Genny had planned.

As he suckled from her Craig couldn’t help but slide one hand from her side to her hip and down around her thigh. He didn’t have to force her or shove his hand between her thighs. She just parted them to give him easy access to her pussy.

She was still wet and swollen from their recent fucking. Genny moaned a little as he pushed his finger up into her.

“Careful,” she cautioned him. “You’re still dripping out of me.”

That would partly explain why she was so wet. Touching his own cum didn't disgust him but it was strange to feel it inside a woman. He couldn’t ever remember doing that.

“Keep going,” she whispered.

There was no reason to be quiet, but he kept busily sucking at her breast, swallowing her milk, as he rocked his fingers in and out of her pussy, making sure to put pressure on her clit.

Genny clutched him tightly, all but smothering him in her large breast. It was hard to breathe but he didn’t want to spoil the moment by pushing her away.

When she came, her thighs clamped down on his wrist, twisting it awkwardly. Her body shook and her amrita practically sprayed from her pussy, soaking his hand and wrist.

“Oh...fuck that felt good. That’s the way to cum.”

She pulled his face up to hers for another kiss. Craig knew that she had to taste her own milk on his lips, but she also struck him as the sort of woman who wouldn’t be upset by that sort of thing.

Breaking the kiss, Genny said to him, “Let’s go see what Ami and Jim are up to.”

The mention of his girlfriend...or his ex-fiancée...or whatever Ami was to him, made Craig jerk back from the woman he had just been so physically intimate with.

“What’s the matter?” Genny asked.

“Uh...I forgot she was here. In the house. With Jim.”

Genny laughed at him. “You’re still hung up on her, aren’t you?”

Craig frowned. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Are you actually in love with Amelia?” Genny giggled. “I mean really in love? It’s not just her carpet matching the drapes or her new ability to lactate, is it? Are you in love with her?” Genny was clearly amused at the complexity of Craig’s emotions.

“No,” he lied and immediately regretted it. “Well, no, that’s not right. I mean...I love her but am I in love with her? We have such a fucked up history. And here I am with you. I just had sex with you—”

“And drank my milk,” Genny added, lifting her breast up to her mouth and licking the nipple, getting a few drops of sweet milk in the process.

“—And she’s presumably having sex with Jim, right? Am I right?”

Genny shrugged. “I know if I was alone with Jim I’d be fucking him. Or at least I’d be letting him nurse from me.”

“How fucked up is that?! We’re cheating on each other and...and I don’t know what to think.”

“Just because you’re in love with her doesn’t mean you can’t have sex with other people,” Genny said and practically bounced out of the bed. “Let’s go spy on them.” There was a robe hanging next to the door, but Genny didn’t bother grabbing it. She just sauntered out of the bedroom stark naked.

After reflecting a second on his conundrum, Craig followed. He did grab the robe, even though it wasn’t his style and didn’t really fit him.

The house wasn’t exactly a mansion, but it was huge. He chased Genny’s curvy white ass down the hallway and around the corner. She stopped at an open door and he came sliding in next to her. The chase had been fun, but what he saw through the doorway truly stopped his heart.

Jim was reclining on the bed, his hands behind his head and he was staring at the

ceiling. He was naked, of course. His cock was hard, of course. None of that shocked Craig—though he was relieved to see that his competition didn't have a bigger cock than he did. The shocking part was seeing Ami.

She was naked as well. Jim had seen her naked plenty of times. She wasn't showing him anything he hadn't seen before. If anything, he knew her body better than she did. Still, it was thrilling seeing her perfectly pale white skin highlighted by her freckles and brilliant red hair, as she crouched on the bed over Jim's body.

His cock was in her mouth.

She was bobbing her head up and down on his manhood.

Craig had seen plenty of porn. This wasn't anything new to him. Except it was Ami.

And despite the fact that the woman he loved and had no claim on was blowing some other man, his cock started to stiffen.

He and Genny watched for a minute. It was a surprisingly intimate and private moment.

"She's pretty and hot," said Genny softly into Craig's ear, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek before she walked purposefully into the room and curled up next to her boyfriend. Or whatever Jim was to her.

"Hey baby," he said when he realized who was laying next to him. Jim didn't open his eyes, not when she kissed him and not when she moved up and offered her breast to him.

Ami barely glanced up at her friend. She kept sucking on Jim's dick.

Craig let his borrowed robe fall open and his hand went to his cock. He didn't exactly jerk off, but he encouraged the stiffening of his erection.

He wasn't invited, but he wasn't told to go away either.

Jim was being showered with the gifts of two highly attractive and sexy women who were both actively lactating and Craig was getting nothing.

That couldn’t stand.

Watching another second, he observed the way that Ami was crouched over Jim’s body, almost kneeling and curled up. There was only one thing to be done.

He walked over to the edge of the bed. It was almost like she was inviting him to do this. He got it into his head this was exactly what she wanted and there was no stopping him.

Having never had to deal with surprise sex with anyone, Craig was a little uncertain what he should do, but until Ami objected, he saw no reason not to just plow ahead.

She didn’t say a word when he reached between her legs to feel her pussy. She was wet. It seemed Ami was always wet. Maybe her pussy was a little bit swollen; he couldn’t tell.

Was she wet from being turned on or did she have some of Jim’s cum in her? There was no easy way to tell without asking.

He wasn't going to ask.

She didn’t grind down on his cock but he didn’t take that as a bad sign. Ami just kept working on Jim’s cock, sucking him like it was essential for her survival. As Craig knelt behind her, she didn’t take away any attention from Jim. She was ignoring Craig.

Even when he probed at her pussy.

Even when his cockhead parted her nether lips.

Even when he sank all the way into her willing pussy.

Only when he was all the way in did she pause from her fine fellatio skills. She let out a long moan as Craig started fucking her in earnest. Ami licked Jim’s cock from the head all the way down to the balls before taking them in her mouth and sucking them causing Jim to shiver in pleasure. Craig noted that the other man shaved his balls and trimmed his pubes down to almost nothing.

Craig started to wonder if Jim was some sort of professional sex machine.

“Took you fucking long enough,” Ami complained.

“I wasn’t sure you wanted...this.”

It wasn’t possible for her to comment or laugh or insult him because Jim grabbed her face with one hand and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Craig had never been deep throated by anyone. It seemed more like a porn trick than something he would actually like and he didn’t want to make his partners gag, and he especially didn’t want to piss off Ami by asking her or forcing her.

He was amazed at how easily she took all of Jim’s cock into her mouth and down her throat to the point where her nose was pressing into his pubic bone.

What the fuck had he gotten himself into?

“Make him cum, Ami,” Genny instructed the lithe redhead. “I want to see you swallow his load.

Ami kept bobbing her head and sucking for all she was worth, using her hand now as well. Craig didn’t have the best view, but the mere fact that he was getting to be party to this twisted situation drew him closer and closer to the moment of crisis.

He knew he was going to cum and there was little he could do about it. Not that he wanted to do anything about it.

Abruptly Jim pushed aside Genny’s breast and started breathing heavily. “I’m gonna cum,” he announced to Ami.

She didn’t stop sucking. Craig didn’t stop pumping.

Jim grunted a couple of times and Craig could tell that he was cumming in Ami’s mouth, filling her up, forcing the cum down her throat.

Seeing her used that way was too much. He was right on the edge and about to cum. Gripping her hips and ass to hold her in place, he doubled his fucking speed.

But somehow she managed to pull away from him at exactly the wrong moment.

He came and shot his load, but not in her pussy. Some landed on her ass, but most of it landed on the bed...and Jim. Some of it landed on the other man's leg and his cock and balls and his stomach.

Craig was mortified and didn't know how to react or what to say. The moment she had pulled free, he had grabbed at his dick in some vain attempt to contain his orgasm, but his automatic reaction was just to pump himself a couple of times making the situation worse.

Maybe Jim noticed. Or maybe he didn't because he was too intent on watching Ami and Genny kiss each other. Craig had to admit that was incredibly hot and erotic, doubly so when he realized that they weren't just kissing. Ami was passing Jim's cum to Genny.

It was so fucking kinky that Craig's brain shut down. He could only stare and take in the perverted act.

He loved it.

He wanted to do this forever.

The two women broke their kiss. "That was fucking intense," Ami declared. Genny was wedged in between Jim and Ami, both of whom were now pawing at her breasts. Craig was jealous. He wanted to suck on Genny's tits. Or Ami's.

It was better in his mind for him to be suckling at Ami's tits, she was supposed to be his girlfriend. Or something. But he was positive her tits were empty of milk at the moment. Looking at Genny's tits made him drool. He was certain that her big boobs were still full of milk.

Trying to make it seem casual, he wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand. "Yeah, it was," he agreed. "Sorry about the mess," he apologized to no one in particular but intended it for Jim.

"Don't worry about it," said Genny, narrowly avoiding a conflict between the small group. "Sex, when it's fun, is supposed to be messy."

"Mm-hmm," agreed Ami as she turned her head toward her friend's breasts. Craig took in a sharp breath when Ami sucked Genny's nipple into her mouth. Genny caressed Ami's cheek and gave her forehead a little kiss.

Craig had just cum but his cock was already responding to the scene in front of him. The only thing he could focus on was the wrongness of the eroticism in the little scene and how strongly it affected him.

“You’re a greedy little girl, aren’t you,” said Genny.

Ami said nothing. She was too busy getting lost in Genny’s tits.

“That’s fucking hot,” Jim declared and nudged Craig with his leg. “Do you want to let them keep going or do you want to join in.”

“What?”

Jim indicated Craig’s cock at half-staff. “You seem like you’re up for another round.”

Before Craig could answer, Genny chimed in. “What makes you two think that you have a choice in what’s going to happen next?”

That made Ami laugh and half-choke on the milk that Genny was offering her.

“You okay?” Craig asked. He saw milk on her chin and more milk dribbling out of Genny’s nipple. It seemed like a terrible waste.

“Fine, fine,” she said, waving aside his concern to head back to Genny’s nipple, but the blonde put her hands over her breasts, preventing Ami from latching back on.

“You remember the agreement,” Genny reminded her.

Ami pouted. “But it’s polite to share...and I want more of your milk.”

“Well I’m saving it for my partner of the night.” She pushed Ami aside and slipped off the bed, leaving Craig confused and Ami upset. Holding her hand out to Craig she said, “I’ll see you two in the morning. Have fun.”

When Craig failed to take her hand, she simply grabbed his and started walking away.

Craig resisted. He didn’t know what was going on.

“Wait a second...what...what are you doing?”

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub