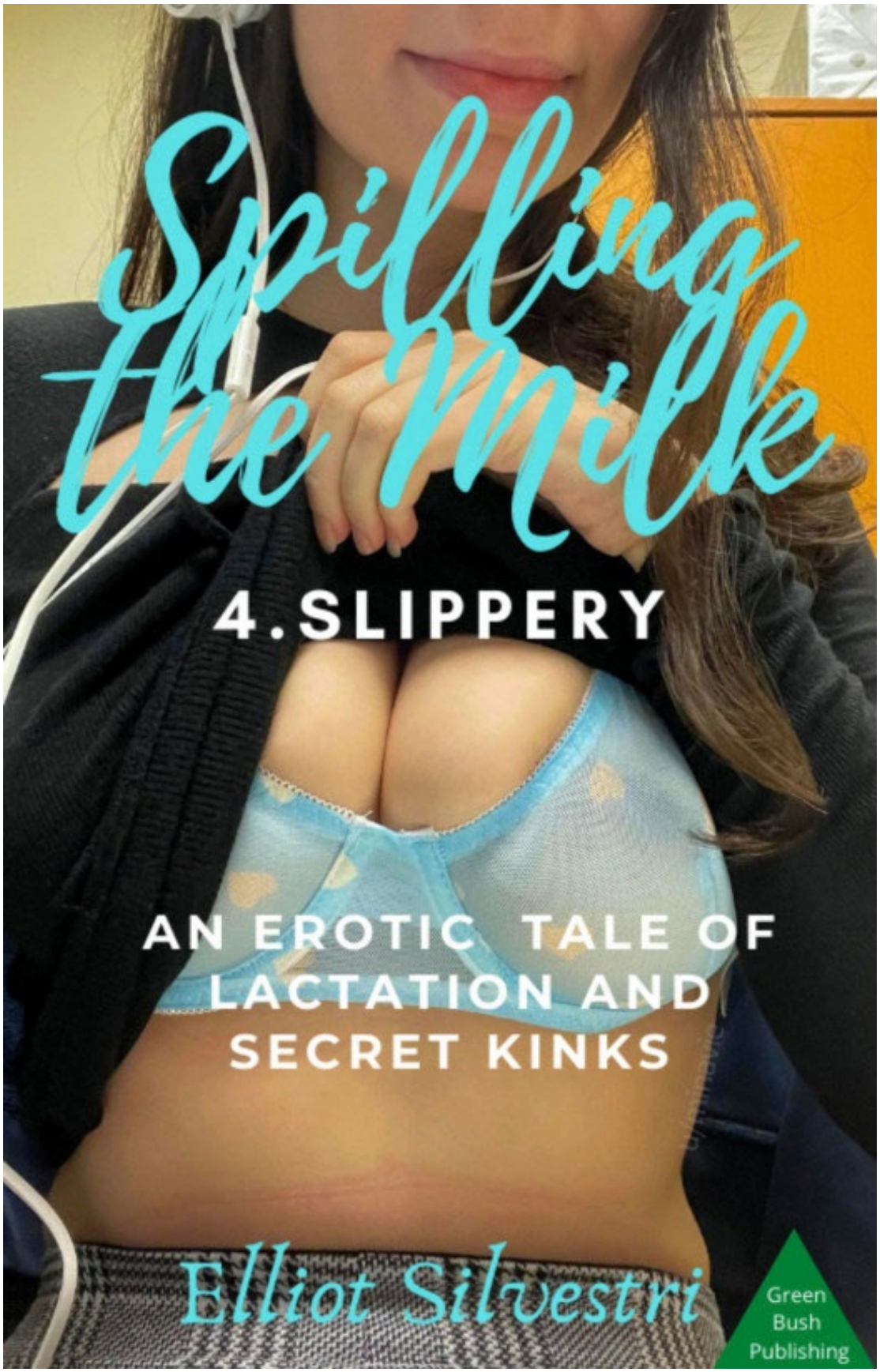
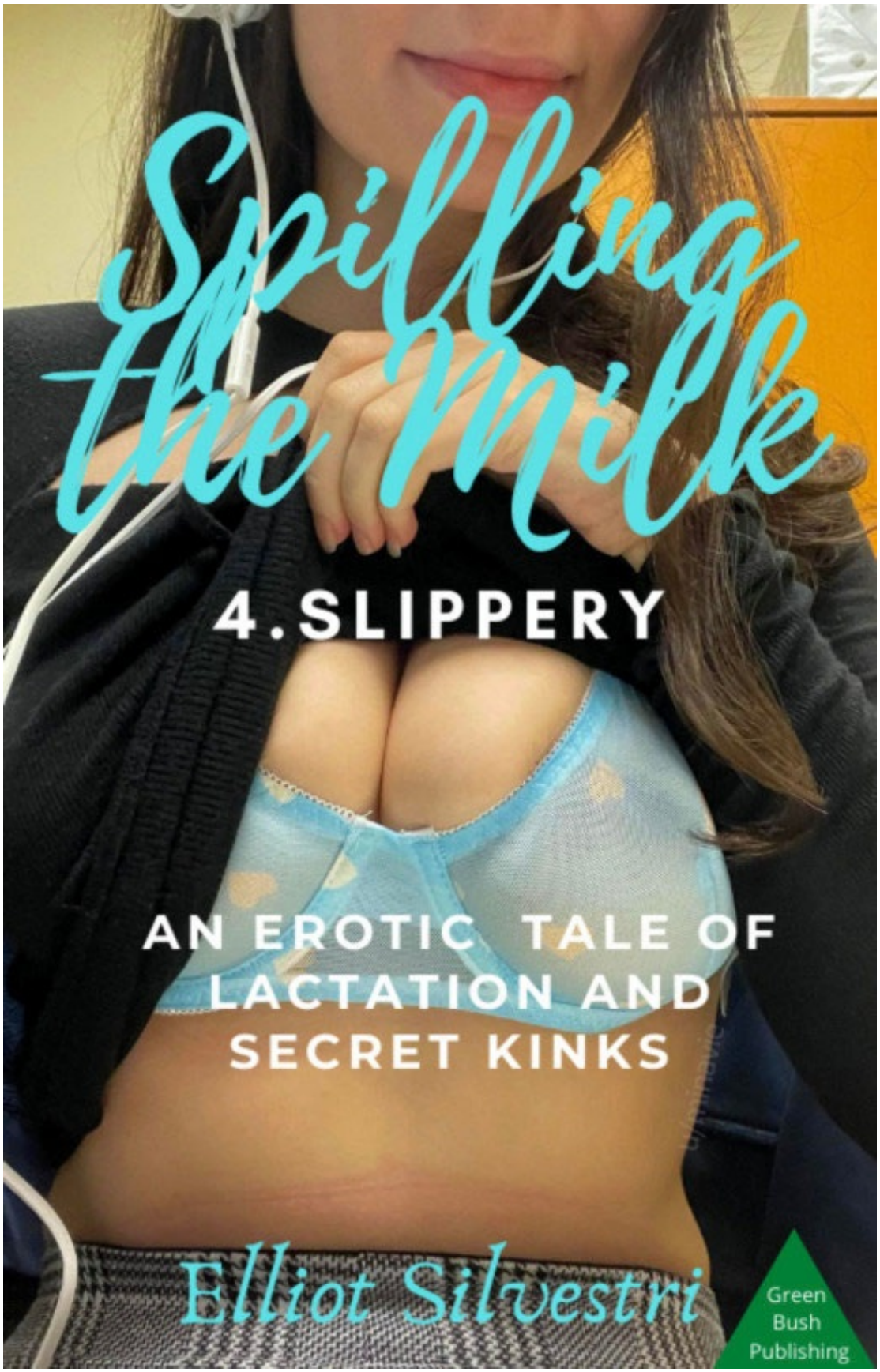

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Spilling the Milk

4. Slippery

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

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Chapter 17

Maybe hoping that I would ask was a bit of an overstatement on Tristyn's part and we probably should have defined things a little better, but I was running short of time to get to work and we were both excited by the possibilities of what could happen.

We were lust-drunk.

We promised each other to work out the details.

I was halfway to my office when I remembered that Tristyn had previously said that she and Brad had been part of the swinging lifestyle years ago, but had stopped. She hadn't given me all the details, but it was obvious something had happened that changed the dynamic in their marriage that either one or the both of them didn't like.

And here I was pushing her back into that lifestyle.

Sort of.

After all, she hadn't said no.

The important thing was that I needed at least one other person to be ready and able to nurse from me when Garrett was otherwise occupied.

I was determined that he was going to be my primary, but after playing a little with Brad and Tristyn, I knew that I couldn't be exclusive to him. I didn't want to be exclusive to him...and Garrett was okay with that.

It was weird, but I sort of liked my new life.

I went into the office in a positive mindset and got right to work.

And then Soren wandered into my office. I glared at him.

He smiled back at me and closed the door.

"We're not doing anything in here," I said quickly. "What happened the other day was a mistake."

Soren placed a hand on his chest. “I’m wounded. Yes, what we did in the heat of the moment wasn’t planned, but it wasn’t a mistake either.”

“I’m not leaving my boyfriend for you,” I said quickly and firmly.

He laughed at me. “Good. I don’t want you to leave your boyfriend. The last thing I want is a relationship with anyone.”

I knew that Soren was that sort of guy. I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was.

“Oh.”

He smiled and nodded. “Now, about your tits…”

I reflexively crossed my arms in front of my chest in a protective gesture. “Stop staring at my chest and don’t be crude.”

Soren smirked. That was the natural expression on his face. “Are you still lactating?”

He obviously knew nothing about what I was going through.

“Yes,” I answered. I shouldn’t have said shit to him. I should have kicked him out of my office.

“Hot. Want me to suck the milk out?” I swear he would have waggled his eyebrows at me if he thought it was charming.

“No.”

He frowned. “Disappointing. I’d love to taste your milk again.”

I glowered at him. “Like I said. That was a mistake.”

“The way you were panting and moaning, I’m pretty sure you loved it.”

“A mistake.”

I hated that my pussy was getting moist with anticipation of him possibly fucking me. I hated that my tits were starting to let down my milk.

Fuck.

Full of self-confidence that he didn't deserve to have, Soren just nodded and gave me the smile that practically caused my pussy to gush amrita in anticipation of his cock's invasion. "Well, the offer stands. You ever need a mouth to give you a little relief, you know where to find me." He paused. "And if you have any other needs as well."

Without another word, he turned around and walked out of my office.

I couldn't help but stare at his ass as he left.

That didn't leave my panties any drier.

The bout of honesty and soul-baring between Garrett and me actually helped our relationship. Who would have guessed that? Ten minutes after I got home from work, he was at my door…with flowers no less.

"What did you do?" I asked suspiciously as I let him in.

"Nothing!" he said quickly. "I swear it! You deserve flowers for no reason at all."

"Hmm…" I was suspicious, but I was also bursting at the bra. I was starting to think that my lascivious thoughts caused my tits to go into overdrive when it came to milk production.

It wasn't just my brief encounter with Soren that got my tits making too much milk. It was my conversation throughout the day via text with Tristyn. We worked out all the details and as much as it frightened me what she wanted to do, it also excited me. Brad was little more than a tool of her fantasies; I was okay with that. The weird thing was Garrett was in the same position as Brad. I wanted him to do certain things and I wasn't going to take no for an answer.

In fact, telling me no to what Tristyn and I had worked out would be a major problem.

I smelled the flowers and brought them into the kitchen. I had only one vase in

my apartment that was appropriate for flowers. Garrett watched as I filled it with water and placed it on the table, putting the bouquet in the vase to admire it.

Then I sat down at the table and turned the chair enough so I wasn't trapped between the table and the chair.

Without a word, I opened up my blouse and loosened the flaps to the nursing bra I had been wearing all day.

Garrett watched me intently.

The pads I had inside the bra needed to be changed. I tossed them aside.

I could feel Garrett's eyes riveted to my exposed nipples. They weren't dripping. Not yet, but it wouldn't take much.

"You look so fucking sexy," he breathed. "So hot." He stood awkwardly halfway across the kitchen.

He wasn't as handsome as Soren but I spotted the familiar bulge in his pants. I wanted to see that cock, but I had other needs that he had to see to first.

I pointed to the hard tile floor in front of me. "You know what to do."

He nodded and knelt without a word of complaint.

I wasn't sure I was sexy or hot. It was weird to be wearing a nursing bra to work, but I was getting used to my new role in life.

I sighed in contentment when his lips circled around my nipple, drew it into his mouth, and gently sucked.

It took hardly any effort at all for him to release my milk. I could feel the warm, creamy liquid flood into his mouth. It was rushing out so quickly that he could barely swallow fast enough to empty his mouth before I refilled it. After the first mouthful he sucked and swallowed greedily.

I loved it. I had to pinch off my other nipple to keep it from leaking, but that was the price I had to pay. I was happy to pay that price.

Knowing the tile floor had to be killing his knees, but also not really caring at the same time, I allowed myself to get lost in the sensations.

My nipples and areolas had grown over the weeks from when Garrett started sucking my tits and making me lactate. They were bigger, not huge, but I noticed the difference. Even the areolas were larger and raised. I liked the change in my body.

More than just the visual difference, I liked how it made it easier for me to climax. I just let Garrett do his job and I knew I would come.

When he started to move off my right nipple to give the left the attention it was due, I held his head in place and forced him to keep going on the one that was mostly drained.

“Don’t stop,” I hissed at him. “Keep sucking me dry. Make me cum.”

Garrett didn’t need to be told twice.

He sucked harder. His arms circled around me. I pinched my left nipple harder. It was painful and intense and I never wanted it to stop.

There was a flash of light as I came. I’m sure the flash was in my imagination, but that only made it better.

Garrett peered up at me. “More?” he asked.

I pushed his face over to my left breast. “Again,” I ordered.

He set right to work. I had stopped pinching my left nipple and gently cupped my right. I could feel it was smaller and softer. Even though I had just cum and the breast was devoid of any easily accessible milk, I pinched the nipple and rolled it back and forth. It was more pain than pleasure, but that didn’t matter because almost all the sensations were overwashed by Garrett sucking on the fresh breast.

As much as I wanted to lean back into the chair I forced myself to lean forward, better offering my tits to him.

It was intense and I was already primed. It didn’t take much for me to reach my

second orgasm. When I came, I swear my body forced out my milk like a fire hose into Garrett's mouth.

He didn't complain or he couldn't complain. I didn't care which it was.

He knew I came. I wasn't quiet about it, but he didn't stop nursing and that was perfect.

Just as my breast was giving up the last of my milk, I came a third time.

Only then did I allow Garrett to pull away.

"Enough?" I asked him.

"The floor is killing my knees."

I smiled and looked down at my tits. They were oddly framed by the triangles of straps that supported the cups of my bra. Maybe it was sort of sexy.

There was no reason to pull up the cups and cover myself.

I had other ideas.

"Stand up," I told my boyfriend.

He didn't question me why.

As soon as he was on his feet, I reached for his belt and started to open up his pants.

"You don't have to," he said.

I smiled up at him. "I know. I want to. And don't be stupid. What sort of man willingly says no to a blowjob?"

"Uh…" was his answer. He didn't get a word out as I wrapped my lips around his cockhead and sucked.

I tasted the salty flavor of his slippery precum. Had evolution caused humanity to refine the flavors of sex (amrita, precum, semen, milk, saliva, and everything else) or was that just a coincidence? Did we like the flavors of the sex juices our

bodies made or did we like them because they were associated with sex?

I wasn't going to be able to answer those complicated questions. I was too busy giving my boyfriend a very calculated blowjob because I was about to tell him that he and I were going to start doing things that maybe he had never imagined himself doing or witnessing his girlfriend doing, but I was going to do them all the same and he could either come along for the fun or be left in the dirt.

It was lovely that he had gotten hard when he was nursing from me. Either Garrett had a deep-seated milk fetish, and I was all for that, or he had developed a milk fetish after he induced me to lactate, and I was fine with that. Or maybe sucking on a willing woman's tits always got Garrett hard. It didn't matter to me. I was happy with the results.

I gave an enthusiastic blowjob, cupping the balls, stroking the shaft, sucking as hard as I could, running my tongue down the underside, and as a teasing gesture, taking his balls into my mouth.

Garrett just breathed heavily as I fellated him. Maybe he tried to say a word or two, but he failed miserably. That was fine.

When his balls tightened up and he made a long, low, deep moan, I carefully wrapped my lips over the edge of his corona and sucked as hard as I could while pumping my hand up and down his shaft.

The first splash hit the back of my throat. I just swallowed it and didn't have time to taste it.

The second splash spread over my tongue and I tasted the strange saltiness of semen. It should have been disgusting; it was a sparkle of flavor found nowhere else in the world.

There were more ejaculations and I focused on getting it all in my mouth and swallowing. Garrett started to pull away as he orgasm faded, but I kept my liplock on his cock and held him in place, one hand on his cock and the other on his balls.

He didn't complain.

When at last he was completely spent, I released him, swallowed one more time,

and wiped my lips and chin with the back of my hand.

“Wow,” he breathed as he stumbled back. He had been using one hand on the table to support himself, but now pressed his bare ass against my kitchen cabinets. “What’s gotten into you?”

“You,” I replied saucily and smacked my lips.

“You know what I mean.”

“You might want to pull up your pants for this,” I said, standing up and dropping my blouse to the floor. I followed it with my dressy work pants, but left on my panties and kept my bra strapped around my chest, but left the flaps down, keeping my nipples exposed.

The conversation that was going to follow was all about sex and he needed to know that.

Chapter 18

The conversation we had was fine. Stressful, but fine. In the end I felt like I won a prize that I didn't deserve. From there the night went almost normally. As normal as things got for me and Garrett now.

What didn't change was my ever-present need to be nursed. When we got in bed for the night, Garrett automatically went down to my breasts and latched on without so much as me asking or even implying. I loved how he just shoved up my night shirt and got to business nursing.

This could work.

This would work.

It was so relaxing, so gentle, to have him nurse me to sleep. I ran my finger through Garrett's barely curly hair and murmured to him as he nursed.

"We're going to have so much fun," I said softly.

"Mmm-hmm," was his response. There wasn't any need for words.

"I don't want to jinx things, but getting together with Brad and Tristyn is going to be great."

He shifted a little as he nursed. That was normal. Everything was fine. Garrett sucked a little more before releasing my nipple. I expected him to shift to the other breast, but instead he said, "What do you mean?"

I pulled him back to my still full breast. "We're going to hook up with Brad and Tristyn," I told him flatly.

He stiffened, but not in a good way.

Before he latched on to the other nipple, he asked, "We're going to hook up with them?"

I sighed in frustration. "We already had this conversation. Either you'll need to be available to me all the time for the next I don't know how long so I can be nursed when I need it, or you need to be good with other men nursing from me.

I'm letting you meet Brad and Tristyn because it's just a good idea."

That seemed to settle him down. At least he latched on and started nursing. It was so good that it put me to sleep.

Good nursing doesn't always lead to sex.

"I'm nervous," he admitted to me as we drove over to Brad and Tristyn's house.

"I'm excited," I said in counterpoint to his admission. "But I can tell you're nervous."

"You can?"

"You aren't paying attention to how you're driving. You nearly hit three cars and practically drove through a stop sign back there."

"I know, I know."

I was excited. My breasts were full to bursting with milk. I had insisted that Garrett forgo his usual afternoon nursing because I wanted to have plenty of milk for Brad. I'm certain that didn't help Garrett's nerves. Thinking about what was going to happen, I could feel my panties getting damp. I should have been paying closer attention to Garrett's feelings.

"Is this really a good idea?" he asked again after he followed the instructions from his phone's GPS.

"It's an excellent idea."

"What do I get out of this? I mean, you get another guy who'll suck your tits. On top of that guy at work and whoever else you're working on. What do I get?"

I had considered that. "You get to watch."

"Thanks," was his sarcastic reply.

"You also get to meet and maybe play with Tristyn."

“What? Maybe?”

“You’ll have to prove you’re worthy of her attention.”

He stopped for longer than necessary at the last stop sign before making the sharp left turn onto Tristyn’s street.

“Worthy of her attention?” he asked, looking at me.

“You’ll see…”

When we finally arrived, we went through the usual greetings and semi-awkward introductions. I was glad that Garrett didn’t spend an undue amount of time staring at Tristyn who was looking very nice. She had spent extra time on her makeup and her outfit accentuated her body more than necessary. The plunging neckline had her showing off more cleavage than I think I could ever produce myself.

We sat in their living room discussing absolutely nothing of consequence. Tristyn had distributed drinks from her business, all spiked with alcohol, but that wasn’t the social lubricant that it needed to be.

Or maybe I was too distracted by the discomfort I was experiencing inside my bra.

I needed to push things forward.

Just as Brad was finishing up some lame story about the people in his office, I boldly changed the subject after taking a deep breath, not allowing him to continue being boring.

“Okay, well, I came here for a reason and if we don’t get to that reason soon, I’m going to have to hand express myself...though I did leave my pump out in the car.” I smiled at Tristyn and gave Brad a meaningful look.

“I’ve never seen a woman pump her breasts before,” Brad commented.

Tristyn rolled her eyes so hard that I could hear them rattling around inside her skull. “I have. It’s nothing thrilling.” She turned to me. “Are your breasts...full?”

I nodded so hard that I was certain my head was going to go flying off my spine. “Fuck yes.”

Tristyn nudged her husband. “Well, you know what you’re supposed to be doing.”

As Brad got up from the couch where he was seated next to Tristyn, I stopped him. I was sitting in a huge armchair that wasn’t exactly shaped to accommodate a woman being nursed on an adult man. “No, Tris, let’s you and me switch. I’ll need the extra space on the couch.”

Standing up I calmly pulled down the top of my dress, slipping my arms free of the material, leaving me in one of the sexy and yet still functional nursing bras. This style I was wearing didn’t have flaps to be pulled down, but instead had a front closure.

When Tristyn was out of the way, I took her place on the couch and with a practiced move, popped open the front of my bra.

It was a little weird to be essentially topless in front of my friends and my boyfriend, but when I saw the delight in Brad’s eyes, it was worth it.

“Hungry?” I asked him. “Thirsty?”

Brad just nodded his head. I was amazed that Tristyn had talked him into this so easily.

“Put your head on my lap,” I said, with a quick glance at Garrett.

He was looking at me with his mouth wide open.

I smiled at him as I put a little throw pillow under Brad’s head.

He didn’t latch on as easily as Garrett, but we’re all humans hardwired to nurse from nipples. It only took him a few seconds to find a rhythm that pleased us both.

In less than a minute we had gone from casual conversation to me openly nursing my friend’s husband.

And just a few seconds after he started nursing, I was rapidly racing toward an orgasm. I pressed on my my discarded nursing pads to my dripping nipple and waited in anticipation.

“Wow,” was Tristyn’s comment.

Since I was so relaxed, I had to force myself to open my eyes. I saw her sitting on the arm of the chair where Garrett was seated.

“Is this okay with you?” she asked my boyfriend.

Garrett only nodded.

I settled back and enjoyed being nursed while watching my friend and my boyfriend together.

I had told Tristyn she could do whatever she wanted with him. It only seemed fair.

But I didn’t tell Garrett that. I wanted to see what he would do with her.

“Brad’s my submissive,” she said quietly to him, just loud enough for me to hear, as if she were whispering to Garrett so he would think I didn’t know. “He likes me to peg him.”

“That’s...different.”

“Do you like nursing from Verdal?”

“Yeah…”

“Do you like watching Brad suck her tits?”

“Yeah…”

“Can I suck your cock?” she asked, this time loudly enough that we all heard it.

I didn’t react. Neither did Brad, but he was loving my tits to the point where I knew I was going to cum in short order so his distraction was understandable.

“S-s-sure…” Garrett had lost all his confidence. That was cute. And hot.

I watched through barely opened eyes as Tristyn got down on her knees on the soft carpet and helped my boyfriend ease his pants down enough to get his cock out.

It sprang up proudly as soon as she pulled down his underwear. Tristyn didn't waste any time and lowered her mouth onto his cock.

From where I was on the couch I couldn't see much, but the bobbing of her head up and down told me everything.

I wasn't sure if I was getting turned on more by being nursed or seeing my boyfriend undergo brain salad surgery.

I felt a little bad for Brad and Tristyn because they were servicing us, but Tristyn had told me this was exactly what she wanted to do so I didn't complain.

The noises I was making were loud and I didn't do anything to stifle them. I let my body do what it wanted.

The orgasm I had as Brad sucked me was marvelous. It spread out from my nipple in waves to encompass my entire body.

There was a pause from across the room. "Your girlfriend just came," said Tristyn as she took a break from fellatio.

"Uh-huh."

Turning her head to us she said, "Keep going, Brad. Make her cum again."

I turned my body enough to make him release his latch on my right breast, switching him to the other. It was heaven again.

My second orgasm didn't take very long to achieve. Brad was good at nursing. I was good at cumming that way. I came twice more before Tristyn managed to finish off Garrett.

He grunted a few times and managed to warn her. "I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna…" I was watching them. She didn't stop bobbing her head or hand. It only took a few more seconds before he made the noise that I loved to hear. He was cumming in her mouth.

What had Garrett done in his life to deserve such pleasure from a woman he had just met?

Brad hadn't completely drained me yet, so I just let him go. I didn't need to cum again, but I was hoping things would continue to move along.

I hadn't even so much as touched his cock through his pants, as I had promised Tristyn. She however, had the pleasure of sucking off my boyfriend.

I heard her getting up from the floor. Strangely, she didn't say a word to Garrett or me. I only fully opened my eyes when I heard her move in front of me. She pulled on Brad's shoulder, separating his mouth from my breast.

That was annoying, but what happened next surprised me.

She leaned down to kiss Brad, or so I thought. Instead, when he opened his mouth, she stopped a few inches away and spit out Garrett's cum. Or sort of let it drop out of her mouth. Brad didn't complain at all about having another man's cum snowballed to him.

I watched, horrified at first, and then fascinated. Brad didn't pull away at all. I wondered if they had done this before. I wondered if he asked for it or if she had suggested it.

I couldn't see Garrett but I wanted to know his reaction.

When all the cum was out of her mouth, Tristyn told her husband to swallow.

He did.

Then she kissed him.

I hoped to have as loving a relationship as they did.

Maybe I could have that relationship with Garrett.

"Was that good, baby?" she asked him.

"Yes. It was great!" He sounded sincere. You never know how kinky someone is until you see how kinky they are.

“Do you want some more milk?” she asked him, and caught my eye.

He nodded. “Yes. Please.”

“Do you have more for him, Verdal?”

“Uh…” I hefted both of my breasts. “Yeah. There’s still more on my right side.”

Brad didn’t need to be told to latch on.

“Do you mind if Garrett and I amuse ourselves?”

I shook my head. This wasn’t exactly the plan, but I wasn’t going to complain.

“Great.” She pulled her blouse up over her head, revealing a pushup bra working hard. She dropped her skirt a moment later. I was a bit jealous. She was wearing matching lingerie and I was in a pair of flowered panties, nothing special to show Brad or Garrett.

But I didn’t think either man was terribly interested in a fashion show at that moment.

I watched as she went back to my boyfriend, pulled him out of the chair, and kissed him.

I was staring at her trim ass until Garrett’s hands cupped her bottom. They were kissing and I didn’t know what was going to happen next.

I was torn between watching them for the thrill and wanting to stop them. There wasn’t a reason to stop them; she had already blown my boyfriend.

And I didn’t want to get up because Brad was still nursing from me. If I was lucky I was going to get another orgasm while I got a private sex show featuring Garrett.

The adulterous pair kissed for another minute before Garrett slipped his hands into her panties and then pushed them down.

“Here, let me,” she said and pushed her panties all the way down her legs, stepping elegantly out of them while reaching behind her back to unhook her

bra. Tossing aside her last scrap of clothing, she then helped Garrett undress.

He didn’t need her help.

I wanted her to stop.

I said nothing.

He was eager to get naked with her.

If Brad hadn’t been sucking on my tit, I would have intervened.

Oh hell, that’s not the truth. If Brad hadn’t been sucking on my tit, I would have joined them.

They kissed a little more and I noted that Garrett’s cock was almost fully erect again. It wasn’t like he had trouble getting hard, but I didn’t remember him ever getting hard again so quickly after cumming with me.

Was fucking Tristyn a special treat or was he that much more attracted to her?

“Do you like doggy?” she asked my boyfriend, breaking their impromptu makeout session.

“Love it.”

As far as I knew Garrett didn’t have preference one way or another.

I was a bit miffed.

They quickly got into position. Garrett reached over and plucked his pants out of a pile of clothing, pulling a condom out of the pocket.

Tristyn waited impatiently.

“You don’t need that,” she commented.

“Better safe than sorry.”

Those words made me love my boyfriend more than ever. Or maybe it was the oxytocin rush from being nursed talking. Or maybe it was the orgasmic rush I

was still subjected to.

It didn’t matter.

Tristyn bent forward and offered up her ass. Garrett guided his manhood into her.

She groaned loudly as he entered her. Her pussy had to be dripping for so easy a penetration.

Garret pushed all the way forward. It wasn’t like he had some monster cock, but it made me wonder about the capacity of Tristyn’s pussy.

In a moment they were fucking like old, familiar lovers. I was jealous. All I had was Brad’s mouth on my nipple, sucking away the milk that rightly belonged to Garrett.

Maybe my jealousy fired up my desire, but Brad’s eager mouth was pushing me toward another orgasm. I wanted to pull up the skirt to my dress and shimmy out of my panties so I could jill off while Brad nursed from me.

That wasn’t necessary.

I came again. I forced my cries into little mewling noises while my panties turned into a swampy mess.

Meanwhile, Garrett happily fucked my friend. He was doing so with great vigor, slamming his cock and hips into her ass. She grunted and moaned with every impact. Judging from the look on his face, he was clearly enjoying himself.

I figured Tristyn was as well, but I wasn’t so concerned with her.

“Harder! Slam that meat into me! Fuck! Fuck me hard!” Her words of encouragement even got me silently cheering Garrett on.

I barely saw her fingers busy between her thighs. Clearly Tristyn needed a little extra help during sex.

“Fuck!” she screamed so loudly that both Brad and I jumped. “I came. Oh fuck I came. Oh...that was good.” She looked over her shoulder at Garrett. “Are you

going to cum?”

“Just...just give me...almost there…”

She licked her lips. “Take off your condom and shoot it all over my ass.”

I was about to object, when Garrett did exactly as she asked. He withdrew his latex-clad cock and thumbed off the condom. He then pumped his cock with his fist a few times before unleashing his ejaculation on her.

It wasn’t that impressive.

I wanted it to be impressive, but he had just cum and he wasn’t superhuman.

It was still fucking hot to see my boyfriend’s spunk all over her ass and back.

“What are you waiting for?”

Those words weren’t for Garrett or me.

Brad disconnected himself from my breast, crawled across the living room floor, and started licking up Brad’s cum from his wife’s skin.

Clearly he had a fetish. Garrett just looked on in mild surprise.

Tristyn caught my eye. “You don’t mind do you?”

“Of course not.”

While I wasn’t sure of my emotions when it came to another man cleaning up Garrett’s cum, clearly the married couple had firm feelings on it.

Tristyn stayed on her knees and elbows while Brad worked his tongue all over her skin, cleaning up Garrett’s leavings, until it was clearly all gone and then he slipped his tongue between his wife’s buttocks, either seeking out her asshole or pussy, or maybe both.

“Okay, okay,” she told him. “You don’t need to do that.”

He lifted his face from her bottom. “I don’t?”

“You’ve been a good boy. Another orgasm would be nice, but I think that Verdal was promised a treat.”

“I was?” I was confused. My tits were deflated and I was just coasting along with the waning energy of my orgasms.

“I promised that you could sample my husband’s cock...if you want.”

I glanced at Brad. Clearly he was up for anything. Of the four of us, he was the only one still fully dressed. I glanced over at Garrett. He nodded eagerly. I was confused as to why he wanted to watch me with another man, but I had just enjoyed the sight of my boyfriend fucking another woman, so clearly we were on the same page.

It was still all a little strange to me.

I could appreciate strangeness.

Standing up, I said, “I don’t think I’ve ever shown either one of you everything about me yet, have I?”

Before they could answer, I pushed my dress down over my hips which left me in my panties. Those were gone a moment later. I could see the three members of the audience staring at my pussy. I had trimmed and shaped up the triangle of red curls that decorated my crotch.

Garrett was grinning from ear to ear. Why? I had no idea. He had seen my pussy plenty of times. Maybe he was getting off on me showing my body to people we barely knew.

Tristyn nodded in approval. “You have a lovely body,” she said.

“May I?” asked Brad. “Please?”

“Yes,” said Tristyn.

I was the one who should have been giving permission. Thrusting out my hips a bit, I said. “Of course.”

He knee-walked over to me and pressed his face into my pussy. I could feel his

tongue searching around my pussy, but he couldn't get anywhere close to my clit. It was just annoying, not exciting.

"I want your cock," I said firmly, taking a step back and sitting down on the edge of the couch. He watched happily as I spread my legs and gave him a full view of my pussy.

I felt wanton and sluttish and I loved it.

Jumping to his feet, he stripped off his clothes in no time at all.

His cock was nice. It curved up from his crotch at a nice angle. It wasn't too small or too large. It was interesting that he shaved his pubes. I hadn't really gotten a good look at his cock when I had watched Tristyn peg him.

"Wait," Tristyn cautioned him, stopping him with a hand on his shoulder. She passed a condom over to him.

I nodded. "Probably a good idea," I agreed.

He quickly rolled on the condom and then knelt down between my legs.

I was nervous about being fucked in front of Tristyn and Garrett. I had a lot to live up to and I hadn't ever done anything like this before. I had thought I was adventurous but I didn't realize how much I hadn't done and how adventurous I wanted to be.

Brad quickly found my entrance—clearly he was no neophyte to fucking women other than his wife—and he pushed up into me.

I had cum several times already and I was wet, but they weren't clitoral or vaginal orgasms, they were nipple orgasms. They were different. But my body was still ready for him.

In a couple of strokes he was all the way in, filling me up.

It felt wonderful.

I glanced at Garrett. His hand was on his cock, absently stroking himself. He wasn't hard, but I could tell he wanted to be.

And then I had to close my eyes and just focus on the lovely things that Brad's cock was doing to me.

He was going to make me cum again and I wanted that lovely orgasm. I crossed my ankles behind his back, just above his ass, keeping him tightly in me. That didn't stop the urgent motions he was going through.

I felt movement next to me. Opening my eyes for a quick glance I saw that Tristyn had joined me on the couch and was watching us closely. "Make her cum," she instructed her husband. "But don't make a mess of her pussy."

"I've...I've got...got...got a condom."

Her smile was forced. "You know what I mean. Don't cum in her."

I wanted him to cum in me. I was safe and he was using a condom. It feels so lovely when I'm filled up with cum, but clearly Tristyn was living out her own fantasy.

I was just along for the ride.

I was okay with that.

He made me cum. There was no way I couldn't cum. My clit had been throbbing from the moment he penetrated me and getting pounded hard by his cock was irresistible.

It wasn't a world-shattering orgasm, but it was my first one from being fucked by a different man since I had started my relationship with Garrett. That was something.

I needed a standard by which to measure my sluttiness.

"Don't! Cum! In! Her!" Tristyn commanded as my orgasm faded.

Much to my disappointment he pulled out of me and pulled off his condom with the urgency of a wildman.

Just like Garrett he pumped his cock with his fist. If he pumped himself twice, I would have been surprised.

His hot cum splashed onto my belly, almost reached my tits, and then the thick white drops decorated the short hairs of my pubic mound.

All the while Brad was making little whining and grunting noises. He shook with an odd tremble as his orgasm abated.

Brad's wife ran her finger over my skin, swirling together the little puddles of her husband's ejaculate. She lifted the finger to her mouth and stuck out her tongue, tasting his essence.

"Good boy. Now finish the job," said Tristyn. She shoved her finger in his mouth. He sucked eagerly.

When she pulled her finger back, I wasn't the least bit surprised when Brad lowered his face to my body and started licking up his own cum.

I looked to Tristyn.

"Clearly your husband has a kink."

She laughed at me. "You don't know how much he loves this.

Chapter 19

Garrett and I didn’t spend the night at their place. I was tempted but we needed to get out of there and process everything.

We didn’t even play a second time. I told Tristyn it had been a lovely and exciting evening but we needed to check in with each other.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at the juice bar?” she asked me.

I nodded in agreement.

Garrett and I went to his place in silence. We didn’t even make chitchat. The moment we were in the privacy of his house, we were all over each other.

He sucked on my tits but there wasn’t much milk left. Falling into the bed he fucked me long and hard. I came long and hard. I think I fell asleep with his cock in me.

I hardly got to talk to Garrett the next morning. The moment he rolled out of bed he jumped into the shower, dressed, and was out the door claiming to have an early morning meeting. We were at that point in our relationship where we trusted each other to be alone in the other’s house or apartment, but not so much that we were completely open to each other with our feelings.

And this after I had let him induce lactation on me and let him fuck another woman!

Yes, I saw the irony and hypocrisy.

As always, I stopped at the juice bar on the way to work.

I was having a better relationship with Tristyn than I was with my boyfriend.

That was fucked up.

I didn’t even bother to order when I walked in. I just caught Tristyn’s eye and headed to my usual table.

My usual table was occupied. I gave the trio of stay at home moms out with their strollers and babies a dirty look and chose a different table.

I hated it.

Waiting for my drink and my friend I busied myself with my phone and wondered about my boyfriend. And I thought about last night.

I had displayed a side of myself I didn't know existed.

I had seen sides of my friends and boyfriend I didn't want to know existed.

Still, it had turned me on and I took delight in everything that we had done.

I regretted nothing.

Though they had stolen my table I told myself I didn't resent the Mommy Trio and their sleeping babies. I ignored them, not because I was being rude, but because I had better things to do with my time.

Those better things were making my panties moist; I was fantasizing about what I wanted next.

"Hon, I think you might be leaking...or you got something on your blouse."

This came from the oldest mom of the trio. She had her hair pulled back in a casual ponytail and wore too much makeup. She was obviously taking a break from her career to have a kid or two.

I managed to make this analysis but still only uttered, "What?" to her.

Senior Mom pointed to my chest. "Your blouse."

Looking down I saw that I had indeed soaked through my bra and blouse. The spots on my chest were small, but dark and obvious.

"Shit!" I cursed, causing everyone in the store who wasn't already staring at me to turn their heads.

"Did you forget your pads this morning?" asked Senior Mom.

“Uh...yeah.”

I hadn’t exactly forgotten them. I didn’t have any at Garrett’s house. I figured I’d just grab a couple out of my desk where I kept an emergency supply.

I hadn’t gotten that far.

“Being a working and nursing mom is hard, isn’t it?” she asked me sympathetically. “Do you need a couple? I have some in my diaper bag.” She and the other two moms started rooting through their bags and, as one offered me up a total of three pairs.

With a weak smile, I accepted the pair proffered by Senior Mom, the two younger moms put theirs away, clearly defeated by the older woman’s social skills.

As best I could, I shoved the pads into my bra, turning toward the wall as I did so.

Senior Mom clucked her tongue. “Isn’t it a crime that we have to hide our breasts when it’s such a perfectly natural function of our bodies?” At that point her baby decided to wake up from a nap and started fussing. Right away Senior Mom scooped her up out of the Bugaboo stroller, smoothly pulled open her nursing shirt to expose her nursing bra, whereupon she opened her nursing bra, giving me a good look at her fat nipple, before her offspring happily latched on.

“Right,” I muttered. “A crime.”

“It must be so hard on you,” continued Senior Mom. “Having to work and nurse and raise a baby and...do you use daycare?”

I saw her glance at my left hand. The one that was missing a wedding band and an engagement ring. She had projected a reality onto me that wasn’t anywhere close to the truth.

I noted all of the trio were all displaying outsized rocks on their fingers.

“Yes,” I lied. “Very hard.”

“Do you use a private nanny or a family member?” Senior Mom pressed. “Does

your...significant other not help out?”

Like that was any of her fucking business. I wanted to take offense, but I remembered that I didn’t have a baby and the people I was nursing were doing it for sexual pleasure.

It would have been fun to drop that reality on Senior Mom.

I was tempted to summon up a story of how my boyfriend wouldn’t help out with the baby expenses at all and were the three of them willing to contribute to my GoFundMe when we were interrupted by Tristyn.

“Here you go, honey,” she said, handing me my special drink. Hers was already in hand. I was only mildly surprised when Tristyn suddenly leaned down to my face and gave me a quick kiss on the lips before sitting across from me. She glanced at the Mommy Trio. “Hello,” she said in her best customer service voice and placed her hands over mine. It was a casual gesture, but it also said we were a couple.

We weren’t a couple.

Not really.

Not by any stretch of the imagination.

“Oh,” said Senior Mom. The three of them shared a look. They should have been the hipster moms that approved of lesbian couples, but clearly that wasn’t the case.

Sometimes I hated the richies in my small city. Stuck up prigs.

It was obvious from the t-shirt and apron that Tristyn wore that she was an employee. I glanced at her left hand and noted that she wasn’t wearing a wedding ring. When did that happen?

“You leaked through your shirt,” Tristyn unnecessarily commented when she sat down. “Do you need to go home and change?”

I blotted at my blouse. “No. I have a spare at work.”

“Well then you better hurry to work, we need that paycheck.” She smiled and winked at me so fast that I wasn’t sure I saw it at all.

“Right. Thanks for the smoothie...hon.” I stood up and wanted to lean in and kiss Tristyn as casually as she had kissed me, but I didn’t dare. I wasn’t that bold.

Instead I all but ran out of the juice bar.

I could still taste her kiss on my lips.

It tasted like fruit.

Chapter 20

My blouse had dried by the time I got to work. Still, I dashed into my office and changed my blouse before anyone could say a word to me. The stains weren't super obvious but I didn't want to deal with stupid questions from co-workers, not after my strange encounter with Tristyn.

Once that was settled I tried to get to work but I foolishly glanced at my phone and saw I had two messages.

Nothing like a distraction to keep me from work.

One message was from Garrett, the other was from Tristyn.

Shit.

I looked at Garrett's first.

Garrett BF: sry I was such a coward this morning.

Garrett BF: I didn't know what to do or think so I ran away.

Garrett BF: Forgive me?

He deserved an immediate answer. I had one for him.

Me: Of course

Me: Last night was a trip

Me: We need to talk

Me: It was a good trip

Me: I just want to tell you how much I enjoyed it.

I wasn't lying. Playing with Tristyn and Brad was exhilarating. We had crossed a threshold and I didn't want to go back.

I wanted Garrett to come on the journey with me.

Since Garrett didn't give me a quick reply, I pulled up Tristyn's message.

Tris (Juice): I AM SO SORRY ABOUT THIS MORNING!

Tris (Juice): I hate those bitches

Tris (Juice): but they drop a stupid amount of money

Tris (Juice): I need them as customers

Me: No need to apologize.

Me: You can't control the behavior of your customers.

I was glad we were avoiding the real subject at hand: her kissing me and my face burning with embarrassment at it.

I didn't want to tell her I was oddly turned on at the same time.

Her reply, in contrast to Garrett, was lighting fast.

Tris (Juice): I was going to apologize about the kiss

Tris (Juice): but...i liked it

Tris (Juice): ...not just because I got to shock them

Tris (Juice): But sorry if i embarrassed you

Me: You didn’t embarrass me

Me: I just wasn’t expecting it

I was now splitting my time between texting her and reading through my emails.

Tris (Juice): Im glad i didnt embarrass you

Tris (Juice): I did like kissing you tho

And there it was. She had done it purposefully and wasn’t just playing the role. She wasn’t an actress. She had kissed me to kiss me and to piss off those stuck up bitches.

I was confused and turned on.

But it was just a kiss. After all, I had seen her doing a lot more with Garrett and Brad. There wasn’t much reason to keep secrets and feelings between us.

Me: It was a nice kiss.

I didn’t know what the hell else to say.

Tris (Juice): thank you

I didn’t want to drop the issue.

Me: l liked it.

Tris (Juice): I liked it too

Tris (Juice): Id like to taste your milk

Tris (Juice): if you dont mind

And there it was.

The truth was...I wanted her to taste my milk.

Still, I felt I had to chase her off.

Me: Are you sure?

Tris (Juice): Why wouldnt i be sure?

Tris (Juice): Brad said it was sweet

Me: Better than cum?

I couldn’t help myself. I was curious about Brad’s kink but I didn’t have the courage to ask about it outright.

Tris (Juice): LOL!

Tris (Juice): I didnt ask him that

Tris (Juice): but he does like eating his cum

Me: And Garrett’s too.

Tris (Juice): It is his kink

Tris (Juice): that and getting pegged

Me: You’ve introduced me to a whole new world.

At this point I was barely paying attention to my email. I waited anxiously for Tristyn's reply.

Tris (Juice): Im glad

Tris (Juice): so would you let me taste your milk?

Me: I think I can arrange that.

I wanted to slip my hand into my panties and finger my clit when I sent that message out. I was definitely lust-drunk.

Tris (Juice): Lets make those arrangements

Me: I just have one question for you first…

Me: Why weren’t you wearing your wedding rings this morning?

Tris (Juice): LOL

Tris (Juice): I take off my rings at work

Tris (Juice): too much of a pain in the ass to deal with them

Tris (Juice): when I have to wash my hands every ten minutes.

Me: Oh. That makes sense.

Tris (Juice): Plus i was happy to have them off

Tris (Juice): it was fun to pretend to be your lesbian life partner

Me: Okay, I have to get to work now.

Tris (Juice): Talk to you later…

I managed to focus on my work for all of five minutes. I was considering going to the bathroom to jill off real quick so that I could focus for the rest of the day. I was excited by what Tristyn and I were planning, but it was a hell of a distraction at the same time.

Just as I was about to get up and go to the bathroom, Soren knocked on my door and invited himself in.

“I’ve got a couple of questions for you,” he said.

I stood up. “I only have one for you,” I said with a boldness I hadn’t felt in forever.

He gave me a confused look. “What?”

“Right. What can you do with these?” I asked as I opened up my blouse and

displayed my tits to him.

I was still wearing my bra, but he got the idea.

“I can think of only one thing to do with those,” he said as he carefully closed and locked the door behind him.

“Good. Show me.”

He did.

Chapter 21

Sneaking around on my boyfriend proved easier than I thought it would be. I mean, afterwards there would be some evidence, but I wasn't thinking about that. I was thinking about how Tristyn was making me feel.

We made the arrangements in less than a day.

Did I feel guilty about it?

A little, yes. But I had an agreement of sorts with Garrett.

I was supposed to tell him everything but I promised myself that I would tell him everything after the fact.

Okay, so when I let Soren nurse from me I didn't tell Garrett afterwards, which was stupid because i had permission to let Soren nurse from me.

Maybe it was because Soren had bent me over my desk and fucked me good and hard when we were done nursing.

Even though I had permission for that as well.

Let's just admit it. I was fucked up in my relationship with Garrett even though I had every permission a woman could want with her boyfriend.

I wasn't being a good girlfriend.

I was being a slut.

There's no reason to be ashamed about being a slut...except how I was going about it was completely unethical.

Still, my breasts were calling out for Tristyn's attention.

I was indulging in myself and I knew it was a bad idea, but I did it anyway.

The simple solution was that Tris and I met at my apartment after I was done

with work. I told Garrett I was going shopping with Tristyn. Girl time. She told her husband she was staying late at the juice bar to take care of work things. I didn't press her on her alibi.

It was fun sneaking around.

Tristyn had never been to my apartment before. Up to a few weeks ago we weren't that close of friends. Everything had changed.

She admired my decorating style and the view—which was nice—and I offered her something to drink.

When the words left my mouth, "Can I offer you something to drink?" I immediately blushed because of the contrast between what I said and intended and what I was implying.

Tristyn grinned. "Isn't that why you invited me here?" she asked and looked directly at my chest.

There was no need for subtlety. We knew why we were in my place.

I had never had a female lover before, but I was more than willing to try.

Hell, I was more than willing to brag about it afterwards...if things went well.

To help alleviate my embarrassment, I slapped my hand over my face. "I feel like an idiot. I'm not good at this seductive stuff."

She pulled my hand away from my face. "You don't have to be."

"Thanks."

We looked at each other. That didn't help my embarrassment.

"This doesn't have to be about sex," she said which totally changed the intent of what I wanted our encounter to be about. I wanted it to be all about sex. I just didn't have the courage to do that. "We can just...have a little experiment."

"Have you ever done this before?" I asked.

"I've never had breast milk from someone before," she answered easily.

“I mean...played or experimented with a woman?”

She laughed and shook her head. “Of course I have. You know that Brad and I used to be swingers. There’s a good amount of expected girl-girl action on the part of the wives and girlfriends. Mostly so the husbands and boyfriends could watch.”

“Right. I forgot.” I cleared my throat. “And how were you with...doing that?”

I couldn’t believe I asked that question.

She laughed, but not at me. “I was fine with it. I’m not bi but some of those women were attractive...and in the moment...well, some of them were very good lovers as well.” Tristyn fixed me with a confident smile. “Okay?”

I nodded. “Okay.”

“Then...can I have a little sample of you?”

“Uh...sure?”

Instead of going to the bedroom—because that would have implied we were definitely going to have sex—we instead went to my small but comfortable couch.

Getting everything arranged was excruciating because it was all about positioning and arranging things to work. There was no romance in it. I didn’t need romance, but a little bit of it would have been nice.

Eventually I got my shirt open and she was laying on the couch with her head on the pillow I had placed on my lap. It was easier for me to open my bra and expose my tits.

I’m not lying when I say it gave me a little thrill, even though Tristyn had seen me naked before.

“You have beautiful boobs,” she said, caressing the right one, which was more sensitive and extremely full of milk. I could feel it ready to let down. If we had made out or even just petted a little my milk would have already been flowing.

It was fine that it wasn't. I didn't want to deal with being a wet, sticky mess in front of Tristyn.

"Thank you…" I said as she latched on to the hard nipple and started sucking.

Everyone has their own way of kissing and sucking. That was fine. That was the fun in having multiple lovers. Tristyn sucked my nipple gently, using all of her soft tongue.

I moaned and leaned my head back. She held the underside of my breast while she started nursing in earnest.

Once again my body didn't fail me. My milk was right there and it didn't take much effort on Tristyn's part to free my milk. It flowed easily out of me and into her mouth.

She audibly swallowed.

"Wow!" I was upset that she had separated her mouth from my breast. "That is sweet. Warm and sweet."

"Uh-huh," I replied absently and pulled her face back to where I wanted it.

Already I was in love with her nursing. I supported my other breast with my hand, gently pinching the nipple so I wouldn't leak all over her.

There is something incredibly intimate about being nursed by another person. It's not just sucking nipples and getting the other person excited for sex. It's that but it's so much more. I was sharing a part of myself with her, my essence. I had made that milk and chose her to feast upon me.

And it got me hot and bothered.

I didn't try to fight it. I went with it. I wanted to cum from Tristyn's nursing.

After all, she already knew that little secret about me.

I moaned and writhed under her attention. She happily sucked out my milk. I wanted to masturbate but she was on top of my lap. If she had masturbated I would have encouraged her, but she kept her hands above her waist and at my

tits.

I would have fingered her but I wasn't that bold.

It was no surprise that I came. I loved cumming from having my nipples sucked. I gripped the arm of the couch with one hand and her hip with the other as I came, making shameful little noises as she guided me through my climax.

"That was incredible," she told me.

"You've seen me cum before."

Her fingers trailed over the breast that she hadn't been sucking on. "I've never seen your milk spray like that before."

I looked down and to my great humiliation, I saw that my free breast had pumped out milk in sympathy to the breast she had focused all her attention upon.

"Oh no! Oh shit! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do that!" I wanted to run and hide.

Tristyn, however, was cool and calm. "It's fine. It's just milk. It'll wash."

With a gentle push I got her off me and rushed to the bathroom, topless, and ran back with a wet washcloth that I used ineffectively to wipe at her shirt. Maybe I cleaned her a little.

Maybe I didn't. I did succeed in feeling up Tristyn, so that was nice.

She giggled through the whole process.

"I can see the difference," she said when I was done getting her shirt completely wet in contrast to the spots of milk I had splashed all over her.

"What difference?"

She reached out and jiggled my full breast. "This one is still full."

I smiled. "Why don't you do something about that?"

I took her hand and pulled her to the bedroom.

We lay down together on the bed and she emptied my full breast and in the process gave me another orgasm.

From there it was easy for her to let me strip her clothes off. It was fun.

We kissed like teenagers. I had left on her panties and was bold enough to push my hand down inside them. She parted her legs and let me finger her.

Tristyn was so wet and hot. Playing with her pussy was a privilege. I didn’t know exactly what I was doing because I didn’t know precisely how she liked to be fingered, but I figured it out and made her cum.

Her moans were delicious.

I kept my hand in her panties after she came, gently cupping her pussy as if asserting some ownership over it and her.

I was still wearing my pants, but that could easily be rectified.

“Want to keep going?” she asked me.

To Be Continued

Preview

Ami’s Ambrosia 5

The next week was grueling for Craig. He slowly transported nearly everything he owned from his place two hours away to Ami’s apartment. Of course he couldn’t bring everything with him; some possessions had to go into storage. But merely moving wasn’t what exhausted him.

The exhaustion was a result of being used as a near slave by Ami. It wasn’t that she was abusing him, but she was getting full value out of their agreement. He nursed from her tits, helping her expand her milk supply. That was the easy part. He also fucked her on demand, something he thought would have been easy to fulfill, but now that she was lactating, Ami’s sex drive seemed to have kicked up ten notches and he found that he could barely keep up with her. Add to that she wanted him to do more than his fair share of chores around the apartment, and he was at his wit’s end.

Plus he had to work all day sitting at his computer solving problems for idiots.

The worst part was when Ami came home from the lab. Often her tits would be full of milk and he’d nurse from her. That wasn’t bad; it gave him a break from other jobs and responsibilities. No, the hard part was hearing about what sexual hijinks she and Genny had gotten up to during the day.

“I nursed from Genny’s tits today in the locker room. We could hear other women moving around on the other side of the lockers, but I couldn’t stop sucking.”

“Genny made me cum with her hand. She pulled down my panties and scrubs and reached up between my legs to rub my clit.”

“Maybe it’s because she’s older, but Genny’s a slut. She was wearing a buttplug in the lab today. Does that get you hot? It got me hot.”

“I put my hand down in Genny’s panties today. She was soaking wet, not because she was turned on. Or at least that’s what she said. It was because Jim

fucked her that morning and his cum was dripping out of her."

Craig was reasonably sure half the stories Ami told she was just making up. Reasonably sure. Or maybe she was just exaggerating a little.

And it did get him hot. And hard.

He and Ami had only had sex twice since he had unofficially moved in. But she had made him jerk off for her almost every day. She made him suck her tits. She made him go down on her.

At first it had started out fun but somehow it was both humiliating and exhausting without the benefits he was hoping for.

And yet he moved in and stayed.

He tried to tell himself it wasn't just because of Ami's milk.

But that was a big part of it.

Where else was he going to get a steady supply of fresh human breast milk?

Genny?

Sure, maybe.

But he had to admit it, he was in love with Ami.

But that didn't mean he was unwilling to nurse from Genny, if only Ami would give him the chance.

It was Monday and the start of their first full and normal—as normal as it got for them—week together. It was nice waking up next to Ami, Craig had to admit that.

It was even better when she rolled on top of him. She was wearing just a nightshirt and he was wearing just a pair of boxers. With her straddling his hips, it was just his boxers separating her pussy from his cock. He could feel her heat. She ground her pussy down on him.

And then, frustratingly, she lifted herself up and moved forward on his body. She

now rested her pussy on his abdomen and offered her small tits to his face. In one smooth movement she pulled the nightshirt up and over her head, tossing it aside as a nuisance and distraction.

Craig knew what he had to do and he wanted to do it. But it was still a little frustrating because he didn't want to just nurse from Ami. He wanted to fuck her.

But her tits were already in his face and he knew his job. His lips automatically sought out her nipple and the moment he took it into his mouth he could taste her sweetness.

Or maybe he was just imagining it. There was no liquid coming out. Her tits merely tasted sweet, like honey. Had she leaked overnight and the milk had dried on her nipples and breasts?

There was no way for Craig to know but after a minute her breasts stopped resisting and he felt the warm milk start flowing. It was much sweeter than the taste of her nipples.

Ami moaned appreciatively as they settled down together. It was a nice way to wake up. Craig's cock was erect because he always had morningwood. Ami's pussy wasn't exactly a sopping mess ready to be invaded by him, but she had the desire for sex just as much, if not more than, he did. She liked rubbing her bare pussy on his hard abdominal muscles. It wasn't exactly masturbating, but it was close and nearly as enjoyable.

"Fuck that feels good," she moaned as she rode him. "More. Drain me completely."

Craig moved his mouth back and forth between her nipples. Sucking on one for a minute and then changing to the other side, pinching the free nipple to prevent it from leaking and to give Ami a little thrill as well.

He knew all he had to do was drain her tits and she'd be happy to ride his cock and let him cum inside her. It was perfect even if he did wake up having to piss. But that ache was easy to forget in the moment.

When Ami started rocking her hips, he realized she was closer to orgasm than he thought. That was fine. She'd cum first and then he'd have his chance. He loved

it when she came just—or nearly just—from his sucking on her nipples. It was like she was a more advanced form of woman than any other person he had gone to bed with.

It only took another minute and abruptly she pulled away from him, yanking her nipple out of his mouth and shoving his hand off her other breast where he was pinching the nipple.

Her body trembled several times and she gasped as she climaxed. It wasn't just any orgasm and it wasn't just a nipple orgasm. This morning she had something new for him.

As she came, each wave of pleasure that passed through her body resulted in milk spraying from her tits. It wasn't a lot, but it was enough to wet his chest. He watched in lust and admiration as her body gave every bit of itself to express her sexual satisfaction.

"Oh holy fucking shit and a half," she said when she was able to talk again. "That was fantastic."

"The best you've ever had?" he asked with a smug smile.

"Maybe," she allowed.

His hands were holding her hips, that had helped her remain upright. She had a nice trim ass and he caressed it as she recovered from her climax. When he started pulling down on her hips, she resisted.

"What are you doing?"

"Let me get my boxers off and we can have sex," he replied, wiggling about, trying to remove his one item of clothing.

"No. I'm good," she said, swinging her leg over him and sliding off the mattress.

"What?" Craig had his boxers down to mid-thigh. His cock was hard and pointing upwards. He was ready to go and was sure she was too.

"I came. You nursed. We're both good. I need to shower." She walked out of the

bedroom. Craig flopped his head back in frustration.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” he complained to the empty room. “Why is she being such a tease?”

In the bathroom Ami turned on the shower and waited a second before stepping under the hot water. She wasn’t done, but she didn’t want to admit that to Craig. As she let the water flow over her body.

Her hand went right to her pussy. She had cum with Craig, but it wasn’t enough. She needed more. Bracing herself with one hand on the shower wall and the other in her pussy, her feet against the edges of the tub, she jilled off as furiously and as hard as she dared.

The fan was on. She had the shower head set to the noisiest setting. Still, she felt she had to stifle the noises she made as she came. It only took a moment, but the relief was palpable afterwards. The orgasm allowed her to center herself.

Meanwhile, Craig was frustrated alone in the bedroom. Sensing that she wasn’t going to come back and have sex with him, plus they were running out of time because she had to get to work, Craig took matters into his own hands.

Hand.

He jerked off. He made it quick and didn’t even bother whipping up a fantasy in his mind. His fantasy was in the bathroom, showering and ignoring him.

If she hadn’t been making milk and he hadn’t been given the chance to nurse from her, he knew he would have left and not turned back.

Randall was back at it during lunch. The table where Genny and Ami normally shared lunch had been moved and they were at a larger, rectangular table which gave Randall the opening he needed to sit down with them.

“Ladies,” he said with his overconfident leer that was supposed to be a smile. “How are you doing today? Looking lovely as ever.”

“Randall, go sit somewhere else, please,” Geneva said with a roll of her eyes.

“No, wait,” said Amelia. “Why are you sitting with us?” She looked directly at Randall, her head tilted slightly to one side, a curious expression on her face.

“Just being friendly. It’s good to have a positive relationship with coworkers.” His explanation was lacking and all of them knew it.

Ami was done with his bravado and his bullshit. “That’s too bad, or rather, it’s not good enough for me. I was hoping to have a very...intimate and maybe...physical relationship with you, Randall.”

He looked at her a moment, stunned. She couldn’t see under the table, but she was certain his cock was hard. He was the sort of man who talked a big game but always failed to meet expectations.

Much to her surprise, he recovered very quickly. “Well, I’m free after work. I can do a traditional date of drinks and dinner or we can just go back to my place and well...we’ll let nature take its course.”

Ami shook her head. “No. Not good enough. I’m horny right now. Go to the lunchroom bathroom and I’ll meet you there in a minute.” She gazed levelly at him and said nothing else.

Randall blinked and said nothing for a long, uncomfortable moment. “You’re fucking with me.”

“I’m not,” she insisted. “But to find out, you need to go to the bathroom. Now.”

He looked down at his lunch. He looked up at her. Ami’s expression hadn’t changed. The only thing Randall could think to do was to look over at Genny.

“Don’t look at me, chump. This is her show.”

“Is she serious?” Randall asked.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Ami replied, offended that he hadn’t addressed her directly. “If you want this to happen, you’d better get moving. We’re running out of time.”

“Sex in a bathroom. That’s kind of dirty,” he commented.

“If sex isn’t dirty then you aren’t doing it right,” Ami said. “Move or leave.”

“You don’t think I’ll do it. And if I do, you’re just playing a practical joke on me,” he said as he stood up but left his lunch tray on the table. “I’ll see you on the other side of the door.”

After he was out of earshot, Genny said quietly, “You are just fucking with him, aren’t you?”

Ami’s smile was sly. “Maybe.”

Genny’s eyes narrowed at her friend. “What is wrong with you? Your boyfriend just moved in with you. You said he proposed to you. Why are you messing around with Randall?”

“Because I like hitting the self-destruct button,” Ami said as she got up from the table and followed Randall into the bathroom.

Genny just stared. No one in the lunchroom seemed to notice. Genny didn’t know what to think. Maybe she should have blamed herself, but she wasn’t going down that route.

Inside the bathroom Ami locked the door behind her and stared at Randall.

“I thought you were fucking kidding,” he said but didn’t approach her. The bathroom wasn’t huge, but it wasn’t a tiny closet either.

“Why would I kid about sex?” she asked seriously and then pulled up her scrub top to reveal her camisole.

“Holy shit,” Randall breathed as he approached her. “This is going to be fucking epic.” He went in for a kiss but she turned her head.

“No,” she said flatly.

“What the fuck! Are you just a tease?” Randall kept his voice down. He knew the danger, but he wanted to fuck her anyway, and yet at the same time he wasn’t willing to throw away his job either.

“No. I have needs. I need to see if you measure up.”

Randall grabbed his crotch. It was obvious he had an erection. “I’m sure I’ll more than measure up to anything you’ve ever had before.”

Ami smirked and then pulled up her camisole, baring her breasts, but lifting the camisole in such a way that she concealed the breast pads stuffed inside the supportive shelf.

“Whoa, nice tits,” he complimented her. “Small, but nice.” Randall reached out to cup her breasts, but once again she blocked him.

“Are you just going to show me your tits or what?” Randall was confused and frustrated.

“No. I need you to suck on them.”

Randall shrugged. “Sure. I can do that.” Once more he moved forward.

“No kissing,” she warned him. “Just suck on my tits.”

“I thought we were going to fuck.”

“This is your test. Pass and maybe we’ll fuck.”

Since Randall was significantly taller than Ami, it was easiest for him to go down on his knees and press her up against the cold tile wall. His mouth sought out her nipple and he sucked it between his lips.

As much as she didn’t want to, Ami was unable to prevent herself from moaning a little as he nursed from her.

“Very good,” she whispered to him, “Suck on my nipples. Suck on them hard.”

Randall nodded with her small breast in his mouth and continued to suck on her. It felt good. She didn’t want to admit that to him but Randall knew what he was doing. He sucked just right, the stubble on his chin gently scratching her soft skin, as he rolled the nipple on his tongue and between his teeth.

“Oh...fuck,” she moaned.

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About the Author

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

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