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


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Spilling the Milk

5. Sopping

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Spilling the Milk 5. Sopping

An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Adult Nursing

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Chapter 22

I licked my lips. “What do you mean?”

Tristyn ran her hand along my thigh. “It’s been a long time since I’ve gone down on another woman.”

My heart started thudding in my chest. I wanted to give her two answers right away. “Yes!” and “No!”

She clearly saw the fear and confusion on my face.

“It’s okay; you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I was just offering.”

That made me love her all the more. I wasn’t in love with my friend. I loved her as a friend. A friend with benefits. But that’s a type of love.

I couldn’t tell her no.

Besides, I wanted to get off at least one more time.

I wondered what she would think if I offered to bring out some of my toys.

“I want to say yes…”

“Then say yes,” she told me.

I didn’t say anything. I just unzipped my pants and shimmied them down my legs along with my amrita-moistened panties.

That was a clear enough answer for Tristyn.

I wound up on my back, my legs spread, and Tristyn between them, kissing her way up my inner thigh.

I forced myself not to giggle. It was hot and ticklish at the same time.

I noted she still wore her panties. I wondered if she wanted to take them off.

She skipped over my pussy and planted a kiss on my mound. “I love your little red triangle.”

I flushed even though I had nothing to be embarrassed about. “Garrett wanted me to shave it off.”

Tristyn shook her head. “It’s a crime for a redhead like you to shave off your beautiful curls!”

“That’s what I’ve…” I wasn’t able to finish the sentence. Her tongue found my clit and I was in heaven.

Maybe women are better at eating pussy than men. It’s just natural that way.

I was completely lost to the world. The only thing I could sense was her tongue and fingers delighting my pussy.

“Holy fucking shit!”

Garrett’s exclamation caused me to scream in fright.

Tristyn screamed a little as well, jumping back from my pussy before she had the chance to make me cum—again—and clutched a blanket to her chest to hide her nudity.

It was awkward to say the least.

The three of us just looked at each other for a long, uncomfortable, and guilty moment.

“Should I even ask?” said Garrett.

“Uh...things got away from us and...here we are?” I suggested to him.

It wasn’t exactly a lie.

But it was a lie.

“I’m sorry, Garrett. I shouldn’t have let it get this far,” said Tristyn as she moved off the bed and found her pants. When she started pulling them back on I was pissed because I wanted to get her panties off. Was I already in that mindset? It wasn’t bad but...

Garrett had given me a classic clam slam and I deserved better than that.

Even if I was cheating on him.

Sort of.

“You don’t have to apologize or leave, Tris,” I said. “Garrett and I have an agreement.”

Tristyn paused. “Yeah, but I don’t think it included this.”

I turned to Garrett. “Does it?”

He looked at me, mouth agape. Things had gone much faster than I ever would have anticipated. It was hot, but I didn’t want to fuck up the relationship I had with my boyfriend.

“I mean...sort of…” Garrett didn’t know what to say.

I did.

At least, I hoped I did. “You can stay and watch if you want,” I offered.

What the fuck was going through my brain?

At that moment? Mostly lust-inducing hormones.

Garrett closed his mouth from where he had been gawping at me.

“Are you sure—” Tristyn started to say.

But Garrett cut her off. “I’d love to!”

“See?” I asked Tristyn. “He’d love to.”

She sniffed. Her pants were back on but she hadn’t buttoned and zipped them yet. I could see the patch of soft pink material peeking out of her open pants.

“Of course he’d love to. What man wouldn’t want to see two women having sex?”

“Gay men,” Garrett was quick to reply.

“Hilarious,” she said dryly.

“And asexuals,” he added.

“You aren’t helping your case.”

I interrupted them before the situation could turn. “Um, I’d love to keep going. You can’t get a girl all excited like that and just leave.”

She chuckled nervously. Garrett was frozen in place. He was excited, because I could see the outline of his erection, and I knew he didn’t want to blow this opportunity.

It was one thing to fuck Tristyn. It was another entirely to watch me and her fuck.

Tristyn glanced back and forth between me and my boyfriend. “Are you sure you’re okay with him watching?”

I shrugged. “Why wouldn’t I be? We’ve already swapped Brad and Garrett.” I couldn’t figure out why she was so reluctant to have sex with me in front of Garrett. She was willing to do it alone.

“Yeah, but that’s not the same.”

I went to her and took her hands in mine, gently pulling her back to the bed. “I swear to you that Garrett will not tell Brad anything.” I glanced at Garrett and he nodded enthusiastically. “I won’t tell him either. I just want to play with you.”

She barely resisted me pulling her to the bed. When I started tugging down her pants, she helped me.

Garrett watched us anxiously.

Feeling emboldened, I pulled down her panties, revealing her shaved pussy.

While I wasn’t looking at Garrett, I could sense him closely watching us. I hoped he pulled out his cock and started jerking off because I really needed that sort of appreciation and variation.

I kissed Tristyn's tummy and started working my way down to her pussy while working up my courage to actually perform oral sex on her. It was one thing to have her nurse from me and go down on me, but it took a whole mindset shift for me to get to the place where I needed to be to eat her pussy.

“You don’t have to,” she said quietly, pulling my face up from her body.

“I want to,” I told her and moved the rest of the way down. She wasn’t going to stop me.

I inhaled her scent and found it intoxicating. Her pussy was clean and enticing, not nasty at all. I’d tasted myself before and was eager to taste her.

I didn’t bother checking in with Garrett as to what he thought. I was certain he was thrilled to see me go down on Tristyn.

Her labia was smooth. She must have shaved recently. Or maybe she waxed. It didn’t matter. She was already wet, which was hot. I felt dirty and nasty and daring and dangerous and then the tip of my tongue traced over her clit and I knew that I was happy to do this for her.

And for Garrett.

And myself.

I just did to her what I liked. A bit of licking. A bit of sucking. I liked sticking my tongue up into her as far as possible. I especially liked slipping a finger up inside her pussy and stroking her front wall while sucking on her clit.

That drove her wild.

That made her cum.

I felt proud of myself after making another woman cum for the first time.

It wasn’t like Tristyn was frigid or anorgasmic, but I had never made another woman cum before. I’d been with women before, but I hadn’t sealed the deal, as it were. It was a good first step.

“You’re a natural,” she said as she recovered her senses.

I kissed her inner thigh, making her shiver. “Thank you.”

“That was incredible,” Garrett declared, reminding me that he was in the room.

Looking over his way I saw that Garrett had dropped his pants and had been jerking off while I was eating pussy. He hadn’t cum, not yet, but his strong erection was giving me ideas.

“Thank you,” I told him.

Tristyn made a little noise and I glanced up at her. I was surprised that she had an embarrassed and guilty look on her face.

Was she worried that we had been caught or was she embarrassed that Garrett had watched us?

It was strange.

After eating her pussy, I was still feeling hot and in need of sex. I don’t know what got into me, but I made an offer I knew I couldn’t have refused.

“Want my boyfriend to fuck you?” I asked Tristyn.

She laughed off my offer.

“I wasn’t kidding.”

“I just came,” she replied.

“Don’t you want to cum again?”

“I’d love to fuck either of you,” said Garrett.

Of course he would.

“Don’t you want to cum again?” I pressed her.

Tristyn almost looked shy when she answered. She certainly looked away. “I want you to make me cum again,” she said softly.

My face was still between her thighs, so I could just go down on her again.

I wanted to go down on her again.

“Do you mind?” I asked Garrett.

“Not at all. Can I fuck you while you eat her?”

That was an easy yes.

So my first time alone—sort of—and sober with a woman was immediately followed by a threeway with my boyfriend.

I got up on my knees, putting my ass in the air, while I pressed my face back into Tristyn’s lovely pussy. Garrett got behind me and easily slipped his hard cock into my pussy.

And just like that we were fucking like threesome professionals.

Full disclosure: I had messed around in college and immediately after with threesomes and other women, but I had always been too nervous and shy to really enjoy myself. It had always been me putting my fingers between her legs and playing around.

I had never cum with another woman. I had never really gone down on another woman. I had used my fingers and a couple of times a vibrator. I had sucked off a guy while he ate out his girlfriend. Just fun things single women did for fun.

I sort of missed it.

Getting rammed by Garrett while eating Tristyn’s pussy was perhaps the greatest sexual experience of my life.

Other than having my tits lactating for pleasure.

I focused on refining my technique in eating Tristyn’s pussy. I kept looking up at her as I busied my mouth and fingers. Her eyes were pressed tightly shut as her fingers played with her nipples. It was had for me to concentrate entirely on cunnilingus because Garrett was doing a great job of fucking me.

His cock was hard and he was hitting all the right spots. He even managed to lean forward and play with my tits as he fucked me. It was intense.

I wished I had more milk for him but Tristyn had completely drained me.

I knew I had more milk coming. It would just take a bit of a time.

Once I had thrown myself fully into my role as the meat of this sex sandwich, it was easy for me to make Tristyn cum again. And again. And a fourth time. We were on a roll and I was thrilled I had control over her body. I had almost forgotten I was getting fucked by Garrett. It was like I just needed to give Tris the gentlest of stimulation and I could make her peak again and again.

Eventually it all got away from me and Garrett's cock work was too much. I came and I came hard. My body quivered with pleasure. I got cramps in my thighs from shaking so hard.

My tits even leaked the last of their milk. I left little wet stains on the bed cover that I noticed after I rolled to my side, panting with exhaustion.

"I needed that," I mumbled into Tristyn's thigh.

She laughed at me.

So did Garrett.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked him. I barely had enough energy to open one eye to peer at him.

"I've never seen you cum so hard."

"My thighs hurt."

He ran his finger along my slit. I didn't even bother to shy away from his attention.

In fact, I wanted it more.

"Want me to get you a washcloth to clean up?"

"Too bad Brad's not here," Tristyn wryly observed.

"I can get to the bathroom myself." I could feel his cum leaking out of me. As I struggled to get off the bed, I stumbled and practically fell on my face.

My two lovers laughed at me.

I was about to complain, but Garrett picked me up and helped me back on the bed.

“I can do it on my own,” I insisted.

I was lying.

I couldn’t get up.

He came back a moment later with a wet washcloth he ran over my pussy.

I felt like an idiot.

I also felt pampered and loved.

I wanted to do this again even though I knew it was a bad idea.

“I need to get going,” said Tristyn.

“No,” I begged. “Not yet. Don’t leave me!”

“What am I?” asked Garrett. “Yesterday’s garbage?”

“You’re not leaving,” I told him. “And I need something more.”

He chuckled at me. “What more do you need? You can’t even get off the bed.”

I was on my back so I used my hands to create some artificial cleavage with my boobs. “I want the both of you to nurse on me at the same time.”

Tristyn looked at me doubtfully. “They way you’re pressing them together...it doesn’t look like you have any milk left in them.”

I looked down at myself. She was right.

Still, I knew what I wanted.

“Yeah...so? I still get off on it.” I smiled at them.

It took a bit of work to get everyone into position, but when they were both sucking on my nipples at the same time, it was more than worth the effort.

It was much better than having just one person nursing. It was much better than having a nipple sucked and a nipple pinched. I wasn't in heaven, but I was close. I wasn't giving much milk, if any. I could barely feel them sucking anything out of me. But that didn't matter.

I was close...so close. I just closed my eyes and let it happen.

The waves of pleasure originated in my nipples and spread out through my breasts and into my body.

I was hooked.

I needed more than one person at my breasts and I was going to get it.

Whenever I wanted.

Chapter 23

I was thrilled that Garrett wasn't upset at me for messing around with Tristyn.

I was more worried about what might happen between Tristyn and Brad.

Obviously she was keeping secrets from him—which was her right as his wife—but it made me nervous because I wanted Brad around as an alternative or second nurser. I was addicted to giving milk to my multiple lovers now.

I was a bit worried about how to introduce Brad to the fact he was going to have to share his wife with me.

Yeah, I'd already made that decision.

And then I had Soren at work.

It was complicated, but this was the life I had chosen and I wasn't going to shy away from it now.

"I fucked Soren at work again," I confessed to Garrett.

He didn't seem the least bit surprised.

"You've turned into a milk slut," he observed. We were laying in bed next to each other. It felt right and nice and comfortable to be doing this.

Still, I slugged him in the shoulder.

"You're the one who helped make me a milk slut. Hell, I wouldn't be a milk slut without you!"

He nodded and rubbed his shoulder. "Worth it."

"I'm going to let Soren nurse from me again," I revealed to Garrett. I wanted to make sure he was fine with this because my life was already fucked if he wasn't.

"Are you going to fuck him?"

"Maybe…"

“Just let me know afterwards.”

“Really? You’re okay with this?”

“Yes, really I am.”

I kissed him. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say that I think I love you.”

My next problem was Tristyn. I didn’t at all regret having sex with her, but something needed to be said. We couldn’t just not acknowledge that what had happened between us was more than just a little casual and fun sex.

Naturally I went to the juice bar at my usual time. She was there. The Evil Mommy trio wasn’t. That was a good thing.

Tristyn looked nervous as she brought my usual drink over. I noticed she didn’t have a drink for herself.

“Hey,” I greeted her with a smile.

“Hi.”

She set the drink down but didn’t sit down with me.

“Are you too busy to sit?”

We both looked around the juice bar. It wasn’t empty, but it was hardly busy. Her two employees were cleaning, not serving.

“Last night was…” she started with hesitation.

“Last night was great,” I told her.

She frowned. “I was going to say that last night was a mistake.”

I reached out and grabbed her wrist so she couldn’t suddenly leave. “Why?”

Although she didn’t pull back, Tristyn did look nervously at the employees

behind the counter. I supposed it was one thing to have a close, friendly relationship with a customer who was a friend, but to have a lover's spat at her business was not a cool move at all.

I could understand that.

"Want to talk outside?" I offered.

The weather was unsettled and it was a little cool, but we went outside anyway where we could walk around the small parking lot and have a touch of privacy.

Not that the workers weren't going to gossip about us anyway.

"Why are you acting so weird?" I demanded of her the moment we walked outside.

"I'm not acting weird," she snapped at me.

We looked at each other.

"Okay, I'm acting weird," she relented.

"So why?"

That question hung between us for far too long before I followed up.

"Okay, I know it's about last night. That's just plain obvious. What did I do to make things weird?"

"It's not you, it's me," she said quickly.

"I had a boyfriend in high school dump me with that same line. He was banging Slut Stacey the next day. He was probably banging her before he dumped me."

"I'm not lying. It's me," she insisted.

"Why is it you?"

She looked around nervously. People were going in and out of her juice bar, but no one was paying any attention to the two plain women in the parking lot who looked like they were discussing the best deal on towels at Target. No one was in

earshot anyway.

“Because I’m not supposed to have sex with women any longer.”

I tilted my head. “Okay...why?” Then I blinked. “What the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“It’s an agreement Brad and I have.”

“Why?”

She sighed and brushed her hair out of her face. “I fucked up.”

“Obviously, but why do you have this agreement? Are you really bi and you were lying to me earlier?”

“I’m not bi,” she said quickly. Too quickly.

I glared at her. She got the hint.

“Okay, so I said before I had sex with women when Brad and I were swingers…”

“Yeah? So?”

“I enjoyed it.”

I nodded. “Makes sense.”

“But I didn’t enjoy it too much.”

“You’re talking in circles.”

“Sorry. I mean, I liked it, but I liked it mostly because Brad liked watching, or the other women were really into it, or were into showing off or teasing their husbands. It was all fun. It was fun, but nothing I’d ever do on my own.” She looked at me meaningfully. “Until it was something I would do on my own.”

“Are you saying you...like me like me?” I couldn’t help but use the middle-school term for not quite love, but holy hell am I interested. I wasn’t sure if I was teasing her or not.

My emotions were confused to say the least.

“I was saying that I fell for Mary. I fell hard for Mary.”

I was confused. “Who the hell is Mary?”

“This woman that started coming to all our swinger events and parties.” Tristyn grabbed my drink out of my hand, sucked thirstily at the straw, looked at it like she wished it was pure alcohol, and then sucked hard again. She had consumed half my drink.

I had no right to complain; I was getting it for free.

“She and I started messing around as women are wont to do at these parties and we really hit it off, literally and figuratively.” Tristyn paused for a deep breath. “She became my best friend. My lover.”

“Is that bad?” I asked knowing it had to be bad.

“It is if you’re keeping your trysts secret from your husbands.”

“Like you were,” I prompted her. I wasn’t stupid.

Tristyn nodded. “Like we were. We were in love and it was confusing and upsetting and I was in love with her and Brad at the same time.”

“So what happened?”

I already knew the outcome. I just needed to know how she got there.

“I felt like I was being torn apart. I was in love with them both. You know what polyamory is, right? I wanted to be like that. I wanted to have multiple loves and lovers.” She sighed and covered her face for a brief moment.

When she took her hands away I could clearly see she had surreptitiously wiped away tears. “Apparently I can’t. Lovers, yes, more than one. But loves? As strange as it may sound, I’m in love with Brad. I have been since we met. Yes, I dominate him and yes he’s a submissive boy to me, but we both love that. Two halves of the same whole.”

Tristyn couldn’t meet my gaze. I was trembling because I was certain she was going to tell me she never wanted to see me again, not because she hated me, but because she loved me too much to risk her life with Brad.

“I was in love with Mary and I knew we had to call it off. And so we did the worst thing ever.”

I couldn’t imagine what she would describe as the worst thing ever, short of murder. I didn’t want to hear a murder confession.

“What did you do?” I foolishly asked.

“Mary and I planned a weekend trip away. One last fling. Brad knew and approved. He and I had talked it out and had decided to step away from swinging for a while. That meant breaking up with Mary. It was supposed to be our last hurrah.” She sniffed and wiped away another tear. “The weekend was lovely.” She smiled. “We debauched ourselves in every way two women alone could.”

Tristyn took a deep breath and pressed on. “And when she got home, her husband had figured it all out, partly because she hadn’t told him everything when she should have. I don’t know the details. They had a fight. She says she told him it was over between her and me, but…”

“But?” I prompted.

“He didn’t believe her. He was drunk. He had always been a heavy drinker. They fought. He hit her.” She paused and bit her lip. It looked like she was biting hard enough to draw blood. “He put her in the hospital.”

I gasped. It was entirely involuntary. I didn’t gasp to make the moment seem more dramatic to Tristyn. It was already dramatic enough.

“He had always had a bit of a jealous streak. I don’t know why. He shouldn’t have been swinging in the first place.”

Long uncomfortable pause.

“They broke up. Divorced”

“I’m not surprised,” I said. I had to know. “What happened to Mary?”

“She was fine. Sort of. No permanent physical damage.”

“That’s good.” Another long pause. “What happened to you and her?”

“I wanted her to move in with me and Brad. I was willing to try a triad. Mary didn’t want that. She moved away. She told me that she couldn’t be with me any longer. The way it had ended was...bad and she blamed me. I don’t know if that was the truth or not, but I haven’t seen her in years.”

“I’m so sorry. That sounds awful from start to finish.”

“It was. It’s also why I didn’t want to fall for you.” She used both hands to wipe away her now freely flowing tears. Her makeup was ruined. I’m sure she didn’t care. “And then I started to fall for you.” She glanced at my chest. “Your milk was only an incentive because I told myself that this time would be different. I wasn’t in love with you. I was in love with your milk and I could get that anywhere.”

I bristled with a strange pride. “Well, not anywhere.”

She laughed with me for a moment.

“Are we breaking up?” I asked her. When I spoke the words I was suddenly fearful for the future. I wanted her to be part of my future. I didn’t want her to leave me.

Maybe I was being selfish, but I needed her mouth and Brad’s to make my lactation really work. I didn’t want to depend entirely on Garrett.

“I don’t want to break up. Last time I did that…”

“I know, but…”

“I don’t know what to do.”

“Tell Brad,” I urged her. “Tell him everything. He’s submissive to you. Tell him this is something that you need if you want to remain happily married to him.”

“What? Your tits? Your milk? I don’t need that.”

“But maybe you want this,” I said, raising my hands to my breasts and hefting them for a moment. “Maybe you don’t need them forever, but you need them now.”

She started to say, “I don’t know,” but I cut her off with a passionate kiss.

I didn’t care who saw us. I wanted people to see us. I wasn’t ashamed.

I could only hope that Tristyn wasn’t ashamed either.

Chapter 24

After I left Tristyn in the parking lot, I drove to work and tried to focus on the papers and computer. It was difficult, but I made myself do it. Daydreaming and worrying wasn't going to help me in any way.

Right as I was in my groove, getting things accomplished, Soren decided to walk into my office and close the door.

As soon as I saw him, I could feel my milk starting to let down. I hated and loved him for that. I wasn't going to tell him that my body had needs he could help supply. Soren was the sort of man who would let that go to his head.

"Fancy a fuck?" he asked without any small talk.

"You know how to sweep a girl off her feet."

He laughed at me. "No use beating around the bush...unless that's something you are into."

"You aren't as funny as you think and the answer is no."

His lips twisted into a little bow of annoyance. "Drat. Well, it's not like you're the only woman in this office that I'm fucking."

That drew me up short. It shouldn't have, but it did.

"I don't want to know shit like that."

He shrugged. "Just being honest with you. I've always believed honesty is the best way to run any relationship."

Oddly, I agreed with him. I didn't have much of a relationship with Soren, but it was a relationship.

"Right. Good," I said.

"So if you aren't looking for a fuck," he said, "I think I'll look up that new girl, Olivia. Nice ass on her. Lots to work with."

I was vaguely disgusted, and vaguely turned on. "Are you thirsty?" I asked him,

running my fingers down the buttons of my blouse, drawing his eyes to my chest.

It was nice seeing Soren waver. He had already started turning around to go hunt down Olivia to see if he could fuck her in the bathroom or in his car during lunch. I knew him. I half wanted him to go do that with Olivia because I wanted him to brag about how she was a better fuck than me.

The other half of me wanted him to suck on my tits until he drained out every last drop of milk.

That was the better half of me.

“I just finished my coffee.” His hand was on the door handle, but he didn’t turn it.

“With cream?” I started to unbutton my blouse.

He watched me.

He didn’t move.

Once my blouse was all the way unbuttoned I pulled it open to show off my fancy nursing bra. I had pads inside the cups, but that didn’t bother me.

Judging by the bulge in the front of Soren’s pants, it didn’t bother him either.

“You’re just teasing me.” He pulled his hand away from the door but didn’t move closer to me.

“Teasing? Yes. But if you come over here, I’ll give you a rich reward.”

I proceeded to pull down the flap to my nursing bra’s cup, exposing my nipple. I could feel the milk welling up, begging to be released.

“You want me to fuck you?” Soren asked, his confidence suddenly returning.

I shook my head. “No. Today I’m just offering a little milk. I’m not going to fuck you.”

Soren tilted his head to the side in acknowledgement. “That’s fine.” He turned

half around and locked my door before quickly crossing the small office and leaning down to my chest.

I sighed as his lips met my nipple. He sucked eagerly and my milk practically exploded into his mouth.

I was seated on the edge of the desk and I kept my hands gripping the desktop. It couldn't have been comfortable for Soren to bend over and nurse like that, but I was beyond caring. My milk streamed out and my panties moistened. As Soren nursed, I gripped his head so he couldn't escape.

He didn't want to escape.

I wasn't sure how much milk I had to give him. It couldn't have been that much; Garrett had nursed from me that morning as part of his breakfast.

But just the thought of Soren stealing some milk from my boyfriend was enough to push me over the edge. I stifled my cry as I came.

Soren, being much stronger than me, pulled away. "Did I hurt you?"

I shook my head and allowed the climax to pass. "No. I came."

He blinked at me. "You're kidding."

I shook my head again. "No. I can cum fairly easily while being nursed." I covered up my exposed nipple by pulling up the flap, and then lowered the other side of my bra. "Keep going."

That's all the encouragement he needed. Soren took a quick break, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, before latching onto my other breast and nursing happily away.

I stayed in my position, gripping the edge of the desk because I was worried I'd fall over if I didn't. I could feel my panties getting wetter and wetter. I hoped I wasn't soaking through my skirt.

But I was too worked up to really care. It didn't take him long to put me over the edge again.

There’s something so satisfying about nipple-generated orgasms.

He kept sucking after I was done and I had almost no milk left in me.

Once again, I had to push him away.

“What gives?” Soren said angrily.

“I’m done. My milk’s gone and I came. Twice.” I smiled and pulled up my bra flap, securing both in position before I started buttoning up.

“What about me?” he complained.

“You got the milk. You should be happy.” I stood up and smoothed down my skirt. I even went so far as to run my hands over the back. I didn’t feel any wetness so my panties must have absorbed my amrita. That was good.

“I wanted to fuck you.”

“And I told you no. I offered you milk and you got milk.” I glared at him. I forced myself not to look at the bulge in his pants because I knew that was too much of a temptation for me.

“Why not a little more?” He leaned in and lifted his eyebrows suggestively.

God fucking damn he was hot. And I was in the right mindset to fuck him. Except I didn’t want to fuck him or anyone else in that moment. I wanted my tits to be on offer, not my pussy or any other part of me.

“Because I said no.”

“What if I go to HR and complain about you?”

I wasn’t sure if he was being serious or not. “And complain that I let you suck on my tits in my office but didn’t allow you to fuck me?” I asked skeptically.

“Jen in HR has been a frequent guest in my bed.”

I didn’t know any Jen in HR, but I had no reason to doubt what Soren was telling me.

I sighed dramatically. “Fine. Get your cock out.”

“Really?”

“Yes,” I said with vague disgust. Normally he was more charming, but I could completely see that Soren was the sort of asshole who expected sex from women when they showed him the least bit of interest.

He unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock.

It was impressive and beautiful. Why did he have to be a perfect male specimen? I was sorely tempted to lean over and give him a quick blowjob, but I managed to keep control of myself.

And by that I meant reaching out and grabbing his cock, curling my fingers around it, and stroking it.

“Mmm,” he moaned in appreciation.

It had to be the perfectly sized cock. Goldilocks-level, not too big or small. Just a slight upward curve and all in proportion. I could feel his heat and his blood pumping inside the hard organ.

I was proud of the way I handled him. He was happy at first and then surprised when I suddenly didn’t bend over and take him in my mouth, or lift my skirt and pull aside my panties so he could fuck me.

“Bend over the desk,” he said desperately.

I was pumping him fast at this point and I could tell he was close to the edge. He was going to cum or suffer blue balls the rest of the day.

“No. I’m going to make you cum this way.”

“Uhhh...no...please…”

I didn’t stop for him. I reached over to my desk and grabbed a couple of tissues, jerking him all the while. He lasted another few seconds before he grunted and released his semen.

With skill I didn’t know I had, I caught it all before it could hit the floor.

“Fuck!” he complained as I wiped off the end of his dick.

“Something the matter?”

“I didn’t want a handjob!”

“You should be happy. Most, if not all, of the other men in the office are going home tonight without having gotten a handy or a chance to nurse on my tits.”

Soren gave me a twisted smile and tucked himself back into his underwear before zipping up.

“I’ll be back,” he said.

“I certainly hope so.”

Chapter 25

“Sorry I’m late,” Garrett said as he hurried into his apartment. I had been waiting for him for over an hour during which I had made dinner and taken it out of the oven and had gotten anxious that it would get cold before he showed up.

“Why are you late?” I demanded.

“Work,” he said flatly as he reached for me.

I welcomed his kiss. As we kissed, he started groping at my chest. I pulled back.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “You’re probably full to bursting.” Seeing the elaborate chicken cacciatore cooling on the counter he asked, “Do we have time for a nursing before we need to eat?” He grinned. “I could use a little cocktail…”

“We can eat right away,” I told him. “I nursed Soren when I was at work.”

My boyfriend looked at me with puzzlement and disappointment. “I thought you weren’t going to do that any more at work.”

I gave him a quick kiss before I brought the dish I had made to the table. “I’m only going to do it with Soren at work. I need to have someone there who can give me a little relief when I need it.”

“Right.”

“I also gave him a handjob,” I said in passing.

Garrett was about to sit down and nearly missed the chair when I gave him that bit of information. “What?”

“I gave him a handjob.”

“I heard you; I was just wondering...why?”

“Because I didn’t want to fuck him.”

Garrett sighed and put his elbows on the table to support his head. “Why the fuck do you tell me these things?”

Picking up the serving tongs, I nudged aside his arms and put some chicken on his plate. “Because that was our agreement. I can let whoever I want nurse from me. I can fuck whoever I want, but I need to tell you.”

“Does that include handjobs?” he asked.

“That’s how I interpreted it. Blowjobs too.”

“Please don’t tell me anal.”

“Not unless you want me to.”

Garrett reached out and put his hand on my thigh. I liked that. “I love you, but this is crazy.”

“Would you rather have a boring, normal life?”

It was a good question to ask. He didn’t answer right away.

Later that night I nursed him as I rode on his cock. It seemed like the right thing to do.

He was switching back and forth between my tits. Sucking a little milk from one before going to the other. I liked it, but it wasn’t exactly what I wanted.

I wanted a mouth on each of my tits.

“I need two lovers,” I said as I was bouncing happily on his cock.

“You already have three? Four? How many?”

“Two at the same time,” I clarified. “It makes the nursing so much more intense!” I leaned down and kissed him.

“You’re a bigger slut than I thought.”

“You love it,” I moaned deeply.

“Uh-huh.”

I wondered how difficult it would be to hook up the breast pump and use it while

we were fucking and sucking. Asking him in the middle of sex wasn't a good idea, but it kept bothering me.

At least it kept bothering me until I came. And then came again. I loved cumming from tits and pussy. They were completely different and I loved both.

The next morning I nursed Garrett when I woke up. As he nursed from me I gave him a handjob so he didn't feel left out over what I had given Soren. He even slipped a finger into my pussy as we played. The orgasm I had was slow and gentle, a whole body experience.

When we were done and I had showered and we were dressed and eating breakfast, I broached the topic that I knew would be difficult, but it needed to be discussed.

"I think I would be happiest as part of a triad," I said. "Two guys to constantly be at my beck and call to nurse from me."

Garrett had just bit into a bagel slathered with cream cheese. He wasn't able to speak right away so I kept going.

"I mean, it would be a bit of work to find the right guy. Soren's a possibility but he's such a slut he'd never settle down for one woman. Would you be intimidated if our third was a woman?"

"A woman?" he choked out. "'Our third'?"

I nodded. "I'm open-minded. And probably more bisexual than I'd admit to. It won't be Tristyn, because she's completely married to Brad. I don't think she'd ever leave him, which is probably good for them, but bad for me. And you."

Garrett struggled to swallow his food so he could properly speak. "I never said I wanted to be part of a triad! I'm all for having an open relationship, but I just want to share you occasionally. I don't want some complicated polyamorous situation!"

I frowned. "But I need to have two lovers at once."

He looked at me seriously. I wasn't sure how serious I was about what I was saying, but I had to say something. "Do you think you want to be lactating for the rest of your life? Do you think you could actually do that? I want to play with you and all, but what you're dreaming of is a little crazy!"

I knew it was crazy, but I still wanted it.

"I mean...not the rest of my life but…" I hadn't really given it much thought beyond the fun I was having. I had gotten too wrapped up in my own pleasure to really think about the future. "Could I lactate the rest of my life?" I'm sure I got a dreamy look in my eyes. That sounded wonderful...until I thought about my grandmother and that destroyed the whole fantasy.

"Then what do you want?" Garrett asked me in all seriousness.

I wasn't ready to be serious, but I supposed I needed to get serious about my life. I wasn't a teenager any longer. Hell, I wasn't in my twenties any more.

"I don't know what I want…" A sudden thought dawned upon me. What did Garrett want? Was he looking for a serious, long-term commitment? Was I? Did I want to have men—and women—sucking on my tits for the rest of my life?

I mean, it was a nice fantasy...but could I make it a reality?

And did I want to be with one man, one person, for the rest of my life?

I don't think I could seriously do that.

I didn't want to do that.

But I couldn't lactate for the rest of my life either.

Fuck!

I wanted it to last as long as it possibly could.

"What do you want?" he asked me again.

"I don't know what I want…" I started to say. "Wait. Strike that. I know what I want. I want to keep doing what I am doing for as long as possible." I looked

down at my rather modest chest covered with a nice blouse that was currently hiding my secret lactating. I could feel the milk being made. I loved what my body was doing to and for me.

“That’s...an odd goal in life…”

“I mean, it’s not going to last forever. Let’s say by the time I’m forty five I’ll give up the lactating life and maybe I’ll settle down with just one person. Right now I need to fuck a lot of people.”

Garrett blinked. “That’s like...ten years isn’t it?”

“Yeah...so?”

“I mean...that’s a long time.”

“And?”

“You want to be fucking other people that long? Playing the milk game and everything else?”

“Yes.” I wasn’t being reasonable, but I had four people willing to nurse from me and fuck me as well: Garrett, Soren, Brad, and Tristyn. I didn’t want to have to choose just one of them. The trick was to keep them all interested at the same time.

Garrett was shaking his head. “You’re crazy.”

I nodded. “Probably a little. Are you going to break it off with me?” I pushed my chest forward, accentuating my breasts. “Are you going to give all of this up?”

“A very wise man once told me never stick your dick in crazy. Oh...wait, I meant that everyone who ever gave me advice on relationships always said never stick your dick in crazy.”

“Are you calling me crazy?”

“Borderline at least.”

“Did they tell you that crazy is the best sex you’ll ever have in your life?”

He nodded slowly. “They told me that too.”

I leaned forward, letting him get a good view of my cleavage, and kissed him on the cheek. “We’re going to have some crazy good sex tonight. We’re going over to Brad and Tristyn. Be ready to fuck her. And me.” I tilted my head to the side. “Or should I invite Soren instead? He’s always down for a little crazy.”

“Fuck…” Garrett cursed.

“Is that a yes or a no?”

Chapter 26

My boobs were full. Very full. They weren't at that painful point yet, but I was so, so close. I was starting to enjoy being full. Overly full, but at the same time, I couldn't wait for them to be drained.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Garrett complained as we waited on Tristyn's front porch for her or Brad to open the door and let us in.

I wanted it. I wanted two mouths on my tits. I wanted a nice double orgasm from being nursed by two people.

I had simple desires in that way.

"It was either you or Soren," I said smoothly.

"It's like you're blackmailing me," he complained.

"I'm not. This was your choice. You want me." I heard footsteps coming to the door. "Best behavior or you don't get any milk tonight," I told him.

Brad opened the door. I greeted him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. The men shook hands. We didn't have dinner planned. We were going right to the main event for the evening.

I did engage in some small talk with Tristyn because just whipping off my shirt and bra seemed a little bold.

"Can I bother you for a drink of water?" I asked as she finished up some short story about what had happened earlier at the juice bar. A story I wasn't paying the least bit of attention to.

She grinned. "Just water?"

"I've gotta keep my supply up, don't you know."

The guys watched as I downed the large glass she gave me. "Now I'm overhydrated," I said. "Who wants to help me dehydrate?"

Two hands shot up, slowly followed by Tristyn's. After a laugh I started

unbuttoning my shirt. “The bedroom, I think. I need to be comfortable tonight.”

A minute later we were up in their very comfortable bed. I was topless, still wearing my jeans, with Brad on one side of me and Garrett on the other.

They were both a little nervous about nursing so close together, which made no sense because Brad was such a submissive and I was sure that Garrett would do anything I asked of him.

Tristyn was looking on jealously.

“Something the matter?” I asked my friend as she watched her husband and my boyfriend.

“No milk for me?”

“I’m full. I’ll save you some. Right now I need to cum first.” I closed my eyes and settled back on the pillows. I definitely felt like I was displacing Tristyn and I liked that feeling.

It would take the boys a few minutes to make me cum, but I could feel the orgasm slowly approaching. I was going to stretch it out.

“Nope. Uh-uh. I want some now.” Putting a little force into her voice, she said, “Brad, get off the bed and undress. Show Verdal your new present.”

Reluctantly he released my nipple from his mouth. This pissed me off because it ruined the tandem nursing I was doing with Brad on one side and Garrett on the other.

“You promised that—”

She cut him off. “I promised you milk and you've had it. Move it. Strip.”

Moving like a sulky teenager, Brad slowly complied. As soon as he was off the bed Tristyn replaced him, immediately latching onto my breast and sucking away. She was a little too eager in her nursing, hurting me a bit, but soon settled in and I put my arm around her. Garrett watched all of this with interest, but said nothing as his mouth was occupied.

I watched as Brad undressed. He had a nice body and I was curious as to what his present was. When he was down to just his underwear, he hesitated which was strange because he had been stripping steadily once he stood up.

Seeing his reluctance, Tristyn took my nipple out of her mouth, which pissed me off, and said, “All of it.” She went right back to nursing and ignored her husband.

Seeing no way out of it, Brad slowly lowered his underwear.

I wasn’t sure if I should have laughed or gasped in appreciation.

He was wearing a chastity cage on his cock.

I was passingly familiar with the kink but I had never any desire to pursue it with a partner and had never been asked. I wondered who had broached the subject between Tristyn and Brad.

It had to be Tristyn.

I decided I was turned on. I stared at his small cock in the cage while my partners nursed happily away at me. I said nothing and imagined what it would be like to put Garrett in a similar cage.

The idea was enticing. Enticing enough to make me cum.

He stood there awkwardly, letting me stare at his caged cock, while Tristyn grinned up at me, her lips barely sealed around my nipple. Garrett took in Brad’s discomfort as well. His eyes went wide and his eyebrows went up in surprise.

I hoped he thought that I might do the same thing to him.

I wouldn’t...probably.

But I was intrigued.

The orgasm they gave me was nice, but I didn’t want to stop.

That was my problem. I never wanted to stop.

After I came, I pushed both of them away.

“What fun is it putting his cock in that rig?” I asked Tristyn.

“It’s lots of fun. Let me get my strapon,” she said as she headed to the closet where they kept their toys. She paused before opening the door. “Unless you’d like to fuck him...Garrett.”

My boyfriend had a complete deer in the headlights look. “What?! Me? No!”

Tristyn and I laughed at him. She pulled her harness from the closet and took off her clothes while Brad got into the ready position without being told.

Tristyn left on her bra and underwear before pulling on the harness. Garrett watched her closely.

“Interested?” I asked him quietly, rubbing his chest.

“Ah...no...just...haven’t seen this before.”

“I bet.”

By now the other couple was ready and about to get into it. Brad was on his hands and knees, ass in the air. Tristyn lubed up her dildo mounted to the harness and, moving in practiced motions, they slipped the fake cock up Brad’s ass.

He groaned loudly at the penetration. I couldn’t remember if it was the same dildo she had used on him before. It didn’t matter.

Very quickly Tristyn found her rhythm and was fucking her husband’s ass, holding his hips, happily plowing him. Brad was moaning and groaning. My hand went down into my jeans and I was jilling off while Garrett watched.

“Are you sure you don’t want to give it a try?” I asked Garrett, turning my head to kiss his cheek. We were only a few feet away from the bed so the view was perfect.

“I’m good.”

“Take off your pants. I want to suck your cock.”

“Uh...okay.”

Like he was going to say no.

We turned sideways so I could watch Brad and Tristyn as I blew Garrett. Every time I glanced up I could see that my boyfriend wasn't looking at me. He was carefully studying the other couple.

Possibilities…

Garrett was already hard and stayed hard as I sucked his cock. I had no interest in making him cum. At least not right away.

It didn't take Brad all that long to get where Tristyn wanted him. "I'm gonna cum...I don't want to cum."

"Cum for me, baby," Tristyn all but purred. "Shoot out that load for me."

I didn't think it was possible, but I could just barely see his cock dangling between his thighs, shaking every time Tristyn slammed her girlcock into his ass. Finally he reached the end of his endurance and came.

The thick, white spunk sort of dropped and dribbled out of him. The cage obviously restricted his penis, but I thought that men could only ejaculate when they were hard. I was wrong; I learned something that day.

The noises that Brad made weren't sexy. They sounded painful, but afterwards he didn't complain.

It was an interesting display, but apparently while it only vaguely interested me, it was fascinating to Garrett.

My boyfriend held out a few seconds longer than Brad, but then his balls tightened up and I felt a familiar heat in my mouth from his hard and throbbing cock. I pulled back and a second later he was shooting his load on my face, chin, neck, and chest.

It was a hell of a mess. It wasn't exactly the pearl necklace of my dreams, but it was an interesting pearl necklace.

Just as both men finished their semi-unwanted orgasms, Tristyn caught my eye. She had such a mischievous look on her face I just burst out laughing gaily.

“You’re a mess,” she said to me.

“Yeah. I should go clean up.” As I started to get off the floor, Tristyn shook her head.

“No. Brad, go get the lady a nice warm, wet washcloth. And then clean up the mess you made on the bed.”

I was about to say I’d rather do it myself, but Brad obeyed.

I wondered if I could get Garrett to do that.

“I didn’t mean to cum,” said Garrett, almost sounding guilty.

“It’s fine,” I reassured him.

“I wanted to fuck Tristyn tonight.”

“Who knows,” my friend said as Brad came out of the bathroom with my washcloth. He actually had two. One for each of us. He was holding one to his cock so his spunk wouldn’t drip everywhere. “Maybe you’ll get a chance in a minute.”

As I accepted the washcloth from Brad, I had to ask, “How did you cum with that thing on your cock? You weren’t even hard.”

Brad didn’t answer; Tristyn did. “Prostate orgasm. Men love them.” She eyed Garrett. “Want to try it out?”

“No,” he said so quickly that Tristyn and I both laughed. He cleared his throat. “I mean, no thanks, I don’t think that’s for me.”

“Give it a few years and you’ll love it,” Tristyn assured him. Turning to me she said, “I think I know what you want...and what I want.”

I did.

I felt a little bad for Brad as he could only watch the three of us, but that was his kink and after I left with Garrett, he was sure to get all sorts of other attention.

As I had promised everyone, I laid down on the bed and spread my legs wide

open. Tristyn laid between my legs and started eating my pussy. I wondered what it would have been like to have Garrett and Brad both sucking on my tits as I got eaten out, but that was a fantasy for another day.

Garrett got behind Tristyn. I couldn't see all the action, partly because my eyes were closed at Tristyn's talented cunnilingus and partly because her body blocked the view, but I knew when he penetrated her. She paused in sucking on my clit and moaned a little. When he started pumping her, his body smacking into her ass, she groaned again. I felt sorry for those uptight prigs who think that was perverted.

On the drive home I was riding on a pleasant euphoric cloud, just drifting along.

Garrett had to go and spoil it.

"Do you think they're ever going to have kids?"

I forced my head to turn and look at him. I was exhausted. I appreciated that he was driving us home, but I didn't want to have an inane conversation.

"Not my business."

"But they're like...ten years older than us, right? It's getting late if they want to have kids."

"Maybe they don't want to have kids," I pointed out.

We drove in an uncomfortable silence for a minute.

"Do you want to get married?" he blurted out. "Do you want to have kids?"

"Not right now." I was now officially annoyed.

"I didn't mean right now. I mean...ever."

"Maybe." I hadn't decided that yet.

"I do."

“Good for you. Remember that phrase.”

“You don’t have to be fucking rude.”

I let that hang between us for a minute. “I’m certain I don’t want to have kids right now. I’m not sure I ever want to get married.”

“Is that the milk in your tits talking?” he asked me. “Surely you can’t let your life be defined by a kink that is, I’m sure, a passing fancy at best.”

That was the end of the conversation.

That was also the end of us.

I gave him back his key two days later and moved out what few personal items I had left in his house.

And that was that.

Chapter 27

Soren burst into my office like he normally did. “Did your best friend or your dog die?” he asked.

I was already annoyed. I didn’t need his smart mouth. “What the fuck are you saying?”

“Uh...please tell me someone didn’t die...it was supposed to be a joke.”

I wasn’t in a good mood. I had officially broken up with Garrett. My tits were aching because I was too proud to go over to Tristyn’s house for a little relief and sex. It was pathetic.

I was reduced to hand expressing.

And using my breast pump.

My tits had gotten big enough that I could reach my nipples with my mouth, but it was uncomfortable.

Tristyn and Brad’s mouths were the best option, followed by the pump. Hand expression was awful. Sucking my own tits...well, the flavor was okay, but it hurt my neck, and I couldn’t get the physical enjoyment out of it like I could with someone else.

I was certain I was going to lose my milk after losing my boyfriend.

But I didn’t need to have a boyfriend to keep my milk supply going.

“Sorry,” I said, trying to get a grip on myself. “I broke up with Garrett.”

“Really?” he asked with a predator’s attitude.

Typical.

But it’s what I wanted of him.

“Yes. Really.” I looked at Soren with doe eyes. I don’t know why I was playing games. I could just ask him outright. He was down for it. “You ever have a threeway?”

Soren's back stiffened. "No…"

I checked his crotch to see if his cock had stiffened as well. It was impossible to tell.

I started unbuttoning my blouse.

He watched me closely.

"Are you thirsty?" I asked him.

"If you're offering up some of your milk, you know that I am." He quickly locked the door and approached me, coming around my desk.

I opened up my blouse all the way and pulled my tits out of my bra, letting the nursing pads hidden in the cups fall to the floor behind my desk.

He was sucking away as I leaned back in my chair. I spread my legs and grabbed his wrist, pulling his hand to my pussy. It was an awkward maneuver considering the restrictions of the chair and I was wearing rather full-coverage panties, but it was the thought more than the execution.

My milk flowed.

I pawed at his crotch, feeling his hard cock.

I moaned in the back of my throat.

"Make me cum," I whispered in his ear, "and then you can fuck me."

Soren nodded eagerly, his mouth full of my flesh and milk.

"Fuck me and make me cum and I'll introduce you to a woman who'll blow your mind."

Soren grinned around my nipple.

My free breast started dripping so I pinched it off. Soren's hand rubbed my panty-covered pussy. The orgasm was coming.

I didn't need a boyfriend to keep my milk supply going.

I just needed horny men.

There were plenty of those in the world.

End

Preview

An Erotic Arranged Marriage 1

“How did you two meet?”

Lyn smiled and glanced at her husband. “It was an arranged marriage.”

Ana nearly spat out her drink. “You’re kidding me!”

Bruce sighed in annoyance at his wife. “It wasn’t an arranged marriage. Our parents just set us up on a date.”

“So I guess it went well,” Ana replied.

“Oh, it went more than well,” said Lyn. “Want to hear the dirty details?”

Ana looked at the woman she had been conversing with. Lyn was short with a round face made rounder by her blonde hair cut into a bob. Lyn had full breasts and hips, which was obvious because she wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing other than leather wrist cuffs, matching ankle cuffs, and a collar around her neck.

“Of course I want to hear the dirty details.”

The last thing Lyn wanted to do was go out on a date set up by her mother with one of her mother’s friends. Without doubt the man she had been set up with was either a square or so fully engaged in her family’s church he’d be more boring than a sinless Sunday.

It wasn’t that Bruce was bad looking, maybe the glasses gave him a nerdy appearance, but other than that he was perfectly fine. Not that she had any right to be overly choosy. When Lyn looked into the mirror she saw that she was nothing more than average. Her round face didn’t help her appearance, but at least she could dress nicely and engage in pleasant conversation.

Except Bruce didn’t seem very interested in conversation. They had quickly exhausted greeting pleasantries, discussed the food on the restaurant’s menu, ordered drinks, discussed their jobs, and complained about how their mothers had set them up on this date. All of that and the waiter had just taken their orders.

It was going to be a long, uncomfortable dinner.

To fill in the sudden silence Bruce just started talking. No one wanted to hear about his car troubles, but he was rather proud of the fact that he had changed his own headlight, a process that took two hours and involved the removal of the front bumper, but the dealership wanted $250 to change a light bulb and he wasn’t going to shell out the money for that.

“So, yeah, I saved myself a couple hundred bucks,” he concluded just as Lyn’s cell phone text alert loudly sounded. “Oh thank god,” he said with a wry smile, “an interruption to this date that is going horribly.”

She glanced at him with an open mouth for a second, and then pulled her phone from her purse. “I’m sorry, I just have to check my messages,” she mumbled, knowing the barely offered excuse was lame if not outright insulting.

Her eyes went wide when she read the message. Bruce was impressed with her acting. It was just a strong enough reaction to be believable and not over the top.

“Son of a fucking bitch,” she muttered.

Bruce raised his eyebrows. Up to this moment her language had been polite and devoid of the least bit of saltiness. “Problem?” he asked, almost relieved that this might be the end of the date. He would take his food to go and relax at home with a movie and a beer.

Looking up at Bruce, Lyn winced. She had been plotting a way out of the date from the moment her mother forced her to go. Bruce was a nice enough guy; there was no reason to lie to him. “Uh...an emergency came up?” she said without conviction.

Bruce glanced at his watch. “My ripcord call is supposed to come in five minutes. You beat me to it. Did your friend give you a reason or just the generic emergency? My call is from a pal at work. I’m supposed to rush home and take

care of some emergency edits to a final report."

"No," she muttered. "I'm being stood up."

Bruce blinked. "What?"

"Shit! Sorry."

"It's pretty bold of you to set up a date after this date," Bruce wryly observed.

"Yeah, except he stood me up. See?" She held her phone so that he could see the screen.

It contained a message from someone named Clay.

I'm gonna have 2 bail 2nite

Sry

Still use me as an xcuse if u want

L8R

Bruce twisted his lips in a disapproving moue. "I can't say much for his texting etiquette."

"Well, what he lacks in brains he more than makes up for in bed," Lyn revealed.

Her flat statement of fact made Bruce burst out laughing. "Well, that's something, I suppose. Did your mother know that you were planning on ditching me and hooking up with…Clay?"

"Of course not. She thinks I'm a virgin."

"Not the sort of guy you introduce to mom?"

“Certainly not. She doesn’t even know he exists. Clay is the guy women fuck; they don’t marry or even date him.”

“My last...well, let’s call it a relationship, was like that. Sharon was a very nice woman...but in the bedroom only. I didn’t even want her to meet my friends. That’s probably why we don’t see each other anymore.”

“It doesn’t sound like either of us have good romantic relationships.”

“It doesn’t sound like either of us have romantic relationships.”

Lyn nodded in agreement. “And I wanted to get laid tonight. It’s been a week.”

“It’s been more than that for me,” Bruce said in sympathy.

They looked at each other over the table.

“Well…”

The advice that Lyn always had was go back to the guy’s place. If he was an ax murderer he wouldn’t likely kill his date in his own home because then he’d have to clean up the mess and dispose of the body. If they went back to her place, he could leave the body there.

She still wanted to go back to her place because all her toys and equipment were there, but his place was closer so that made it safer.

Or something.

They had barely made it to his apartment door before she said fuck it and started kissing him. She wasn’t even drunk; she just needed to feel a man’s body under her hands.

Bruce was more than happy to help out.

They made out in the doorway for a minute. Lyn wanted someone to walk by and see them so she could get that little thrill, but it didn't happen.

Eventually he staggered them into the apartment and moved them right to the living room where they wound up on the couch, her astride him. She could feel his hard cock through his pants. Her skirt had ridden up high enough that her pussy was rubbing against it, protected only by her silk panties.

Three layers of fabric protected her, assuming he wore underwear.

“Do you want to...here?” he asked.

She shook her head at him. “Is your bed clean?” She’d fuck almost anywhere, as long as it was clean. The couch...who knew what had happened on it. At least on his bed she could be assured that his sheets could be washed. If they smelled, she’d get the hell out of there. That’s why vibrators were invented for the modern woman.

He picked her up, showing more strength than she had given him credit for, and didn’t put her back down. Maybe he was struggling a little to carry her all the way to the bedroom, but she liked being carried and manhandled and it wasn’t far to the bedroom.

She liked it when he threw her on the mattress. It had just the right amount of support and give and bounce. Plus, the bed was made. Maybe he had a maid. Maybe he was just neat and clean.

The sheets smelled faintly of fabric softener.

He was on her in a second. His kisses tasted good, a little bit of the spicy garlic sauce he had with his dinner and a little bit sweet at the same time. His body was on top of hers, but that didn’t slow them down in removing their clothes. It was mostly a fumbling of hands and awkwardness at not knowing the other’s preferences in bed. Yet.

Still, they managed to get down to almost nothing very quickly.

His eyes lit up when he saw that she was wearing a pink bra that matched her panties. She had worn them for Clay, but at the moment Bruce would do.

She was pleased with his body. Maybe he looked nerdy with his glasses and hair that didn’t stay in place, but underneath his clothes, his lean frame was surprisingly muscular.

He took the initiative from her and pulled up her bra, freeing her breasts. He watched as they bounced back into place, even when she was on her back. They were large, something that she tried to conceal as much as possible with her clothing, except when she was out at a party or bar and wanted to advertise her cleavage.

His mouth went right for her light brown nipple, sucking it for a minute, causing hot charges to run through her body from nip to clit, making her wetter and wetter.

She let him do what he wanted. It had been a while since Lyn had had a new lover and she was determined to make the most of this. Bruce knew what he was doing—or at least he didn't fumble around like a virgin with her body.

The pace with which he pursued her was delightfully surprising. After kissing her, removing her clothes and bra, and then sucking on her tits, he went steadily down her body, tonguing her belly button before moving all the way down to the top edge of her panties.

Bruce didn't ask permission or hesitate. Either he was horny or confident or both.

He paused just for a second and looked up at her, locking eyes, before he hooked his fingers into her small panties and pulled them down.

She helped. It wasn't like she wanted to resist. She wanted to get laid as much as he did.

Maybe more.

He grinned from ear to ear when he saw that her pussy was completely shaved, but he didn't say anything. He just pushed her legs apart and put his tongue into her drooling slit.

"Oh...fuck yes," she moaned as he licked upwards.

Lyn was glad that she had made the decision to shave for the date. She hadn't shaved for Bruce. She had shaved for Clay, but that didn't matter. Her pussy didn't care whose tongue was licking it, just that it was being licked.

As he licked and sucked on her labia he slipped a finger into her hot, swampy sex. Her back stiffened at the unexpected—but welcome—penetration and then she settled down, eager to see what he'd do next.

When he sucked on her clit, she nearly spasmed with delight. He had just the right amount of force on her most sensitive little organ. If she hadn't already been soaking wet, her pussy would have been a river at that point.

"Oh fuck...oh fuck...you're going to make me cum," she panted.

"That's the idea," he said looking up at her, his face wet with her amrita.

"I want to fuck," she told him. "Don't make me cum with just your mouth."

He blinked up at her. Her words weren't exactly what he was expecting to hear, but he wasn't going to tell her no. "Sure. I can do that." He sat up and started pulling down his underwear, the last bit of clothing on his body.

As soon as he got the waistband over his cock, it popped out and Lyn's mouth started salivating. It was like her mouth had turned into her pussy. Taking that idea and putting it into effect, she sat up, reaching for his manhood, and pulled it into her mouth.

Bruce wasn't huge by any stretch of the imagination. Lyn had had bigger cocks in her life, in her mouth, and in her pussy, but his was the perfect size. Not too small and not too large. She couldn't wait for him to properly use it.

That didn't stop her from sucking on him for a minute. His precum was slippery and salty in her mouth, almost no taste at all, but the flavor of his skin, the muskiness, and the way he throbbed so that she could feel it in her lips; it was like this cock had been destined for her.

Bruce would have been happy to receive a blowjob and nothing else from Lyn, as long as he got to cum in her mouth.

He was somewhat disappointed when she finally stopped sucking and flopped back on the bed.

"Fuck me," she begged, spreading her legs wide for him. "Please fuck me."

Bruce nodded and leaned over to the nightstand, sliding open the drawer and pulling out a condom.

Lyn watched, a bit annoyed that he was wasting time putting on a condom and a bit relieved he was putting on a condom. Either he had confidence he could bring her back to his place, or he brought a lot of women back to his place, or maybe he just had a lot of leftover condoms from the last woman he had been fucking. What was her name? Sheila?

Once it was rolled on—a process that seemed to take years but could only have been a few seconds at most—Bruce started to lower himself onto her, but she grabbed his latex-covered cock and guided him right to her pussy.

There wasn't the usual floundering about that came with a new lover. Bruce easily found Lyn's entrance and he went all the way in without any difficulty, their bodies joining as easily as a master carpenter's perfectly engineered dovetail joints.

She folded her legs in half, bringing her knees up to her shoulders. His weight went to his arms, allowing him to slam his cock into her wide-open pussy.

They fucked enthusiastically and forcefully right from the start.

Lyn loved rough sex. So did Bruce. It was his intention to start off slow, but he wasn't able to help himself, much to Lyn's delight.

They were both too keyed up for it to last long. Bruce was thrilled that she rolled her eyes back into her head and quivered for a minute while he fucked.

"You came," he accused her.

"Yeah. That's the point of sex, right?"

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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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