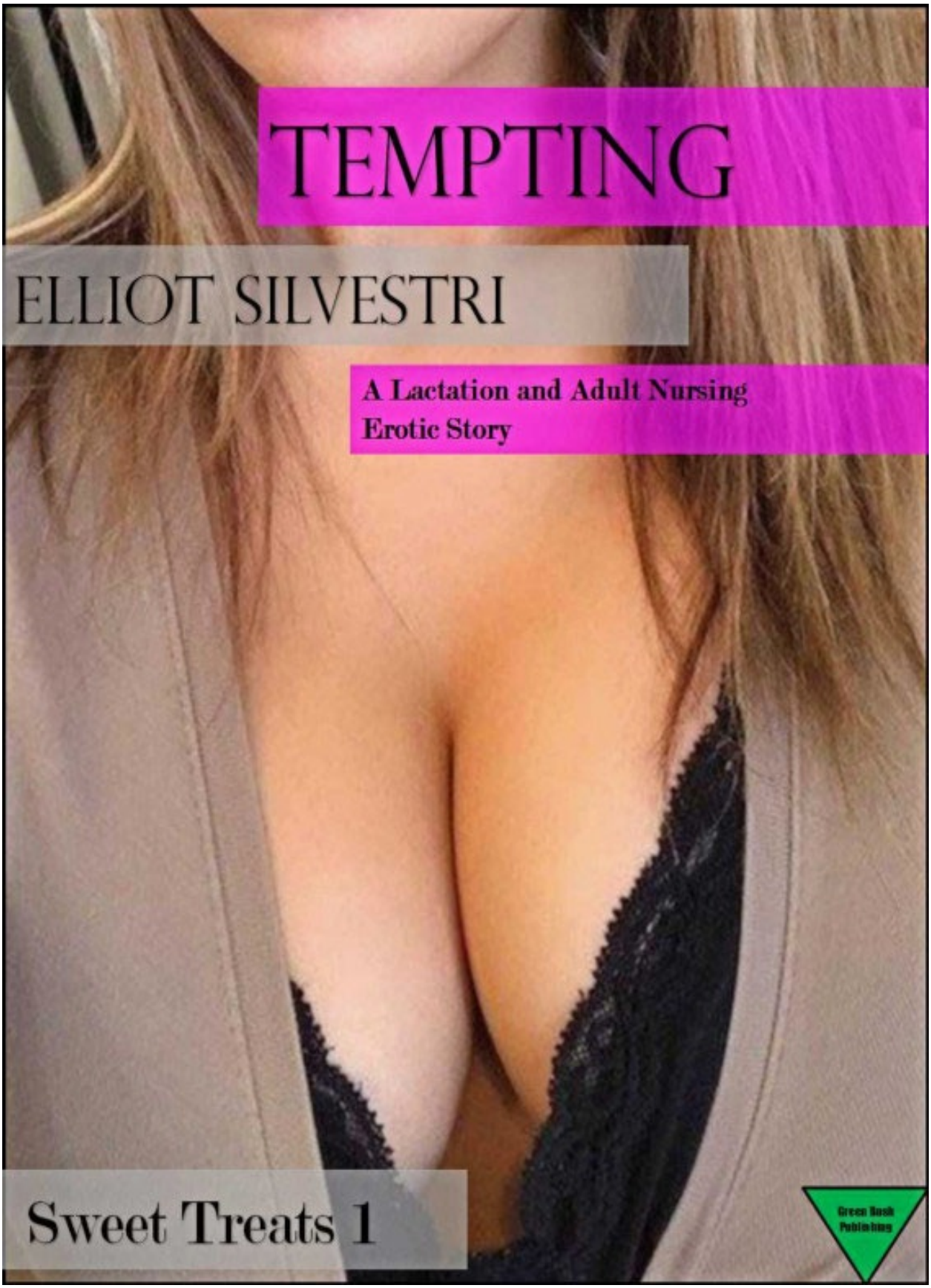
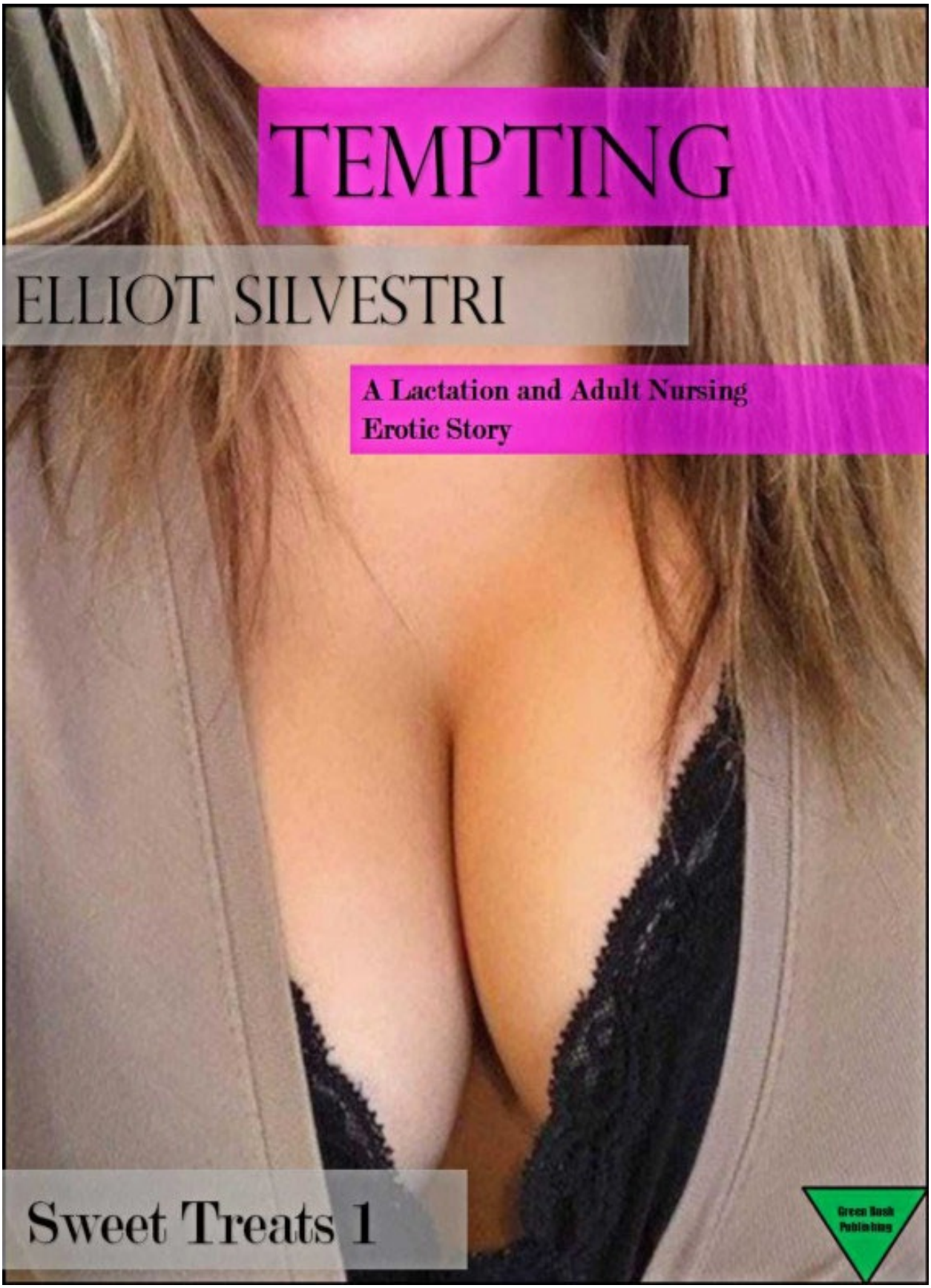

TEMPTING
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Tempting: Sweet Treats 1

An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Tempting: Sweet Treats 1

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Chapter One

Henry knew he was spending too much time surreptitiously staring at her breasts, but he couldn't help himself. The worst part was that he knew she was watching him, or at least she was catching him sneaking peeks over at her. He hated that his cock was growing uncomfortably in his jeans, but that was his fault because he had decided to dress comfortably for the all-day required seminar that was routinely dismissed by most of the staff at his agency.

If she hadn't been wearing something so low-cut showing off her cleavage, it wouldn't have been so bad.

Aimee, for her part, liked the attention. Why else would she be wearing something so revealing to a casual training seminar? Two reasons, actually. First, the seminar rooms were known to be hot and she didn't want to overdress and be hot the entire day. Second, she knew she had put on some weight recently so she was curvier than usual.

Those were the two reasons she was going to use in public if someone said something. The two private reasons she kept to herself. First, she liked the attention of people staring at her boobs. They were already big and putting on a few pounds had actually helped that. Second, she was hoping that someone would tell her she looked hot. Aimee knew that wasn't going to happen, but she could wish it all she wanted.

They were sitting two chairs apart. Both the chairs between them were empty as their seminar was only half full. That was good because too often the rooms were overcrowded. But it was bad because it was impossible to hide in the crowd. They were, however, sitting in the back row trying to avoid any interaction with the presenter or the other attendees.

After the mid-session break, Aimee boldly moved one chair closer to Henry. The crowd was taking its time settling down so she managed to catch his eye when he glanced over at her cleavage one more time.

"Hi. I'm Aimee."

Henry guiltily blushed and averted his eyes to the front. "Henry."

“Do your friends call you Hank?”

“Ha! Um…no. Henry.” He glanced back at her and couldn’t help but sneak another look at her cleavage.

She caught him again and smiled. “Like what you see?”

Henry couldn’t answer. Most of the conversations between people at these training seminars revolved around where they worked, why they had to be there, and how much the training sucked. He had never flirted with anyone in a seminar because he didn’t have the confidence to do it.

Aimee had flirted with guys at seminars before, but either they were too old for her to seriously consider, or they were too turned off by her extra weight to take her seriously. She didn’t consider the possibility they were too intimidated to pursue her.

His blush turned redder. “Sorry. I shouldn’t stare.”

“I don’t mind,” she said softly. The room was coming to order and things were quieting down.

Henry used that as an excuse to face forward and not have to interact with her.

Aimee took that as a challenge. Tearing a piece of paper from the folder they had been given to make things look organized and official, she wrote on it and slide the slip across the chair to Henry.

It was like in high school. He couldn’t help but pick it up. Aimee. Call/text me. She added her phone number on the bottom.

That he could do. Cell phones weren’t banned at the seminar so he slipped his out of his pocket. Flirting via text or messenger he could do because it never went anywhere.

—Sorry to stare, but you make it hard not to.

There was a buzz from her small purse. She removed her phone, read the message, smiled, and picked out her own message.

—Am I making anything else hard for you?

He glanced over at her. She was staring at him and completely ignoring the speaker now. Her smile was bold and she lifted her eyebrows at him.

Henry was hard and he shifted in the chair. It was uncomfortably hard. Not knowing how to respond he just stared at the message on the phone. It buzzed again in his hand as Aimee sent another text.

—Want to cut out of here early and get to know each other?

They had gone to a restaurant the moment it was clear to leave the seminar. Henry had stared across the table at her cleavage the entire meal. She didn't mind and actually encouraged him. When she said her place wasn't far he couldn't believe what he was doing. Maybe she wasn't his type, but he really didn't have a type. Why would he say no?

Her apartment was attached to a semi-suburban house. The moment they walked in the door, their hands were all over each other and Henry found kissing her lips was easy and incredible. They were soft and luscious. Her tits pressed into his chest. They were soft and she didn't mind them being crushed. He was certain she could feel his hard cock through his jeans.

It wasn't exactly luck, but things had progressed ridiculously fast for Henry. He was geeky and awkward at best and here he was in a woman's apartment and moving toward the bedroom.

She wasn't perfect, but neither was he.

For her part, Aimee was thrilled to have given in to her inner desires and was happy that Henry was playing along. While he seemed uncomfortable and at first it seemed like he wanted to be anywhere else but alone with her, it was working out well.

She was reasonably certain that even though his cock felt huge in his pants, it was probably a lot smaller than it seemed. It was just the denim making it seem larger.

Still, she wouldn't have been disappointed if it was exactly as advertised.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Henry asked as they moved through the door to her bedroom. The room was small but the bed seemed huge.

"I'm doing it, aren't I?"

"Aren't we moving kind of fast?"

Aimee paused. She liked that he was only a couple of inches taller than her. Maybe he was a bit skinny, but he was firm in all the right places. "Since when are guys worried about that?"

"I can worry about it," he said defensively, but with a grin as well.

"Are you looking for a relationship?" she teased.

Henry didn't know what he was looking for. "Maybe," he hedged. "I just don't want to screw this up."

She kissed him again and slid her hands up from his waist, under his shirt, feeling his warm skin and firm muscles. "The only way you can screw this up right now is by being lousy in bed," she said as she ground her hips against him, feeling his hard cock under his clothes was driving her mad with lust. "Let's see how our physical relationship goes and then we'll work on an emotional one."

That seemed strange to Henry, but Aimee had been in the same position before. She had created an emotional attachment when she shouldn't have. Now all she wanted was a little bit of sex.

Maybe a lot of sex.

Emotional needs could wait. Physical needs were immediate.

"Are you sure?" he asked hesitantly.

She paused; Aimee was in the process of pushing up his shirt to get him naked. "Yes, I'm sure. Ask me again and I'll say no and kick you out of here."

"Okay," he agreed. There was no reason to say no that he could think of. "What

do you want to do?”

“Let me be in charge, okay?” she asked as she got his shirt off. To her delight he wasn’t thin and weak; he just wore overly baggy clothing. Maybe he wasn’t a bodybuilder, but he was lean and muscular in the way she liked. Once he was topless things progressed quickly.

They fell to the bed together. She was conscious of the fact that she was heavier than he was, but since Henry wasn’t complaining, neither would she. They were both on their sides but he slowly asserted himself and eventually wound up on top as they kissed, exploring each other’s mouths and necks.

Henry lost his nerve as he started kissing his way down into her cleavage.

Noting his pause, Aimee looked down at him, her hands resting on his shoulders. “Don’t stop.”

“What do you want me to do?” he asked, remembering his promise not to again ask ‘are you sure?’

“Anything and everything you want.” She pushed him back a bit and fiddled with the buttons on her blouse. There were only a couple. Opening them exposed her powerful black bra and what seemed to Henry a massive amount of lovely, soft flesh. He swallowed and she smiled at his reaction. She could feel his cock again her leg, so there was that too. More than anything at that moment she wanted her bra off, but he was half pinning her down and admiring her tits.

There was no rush.

She let him play and struggle a bit in trying to get the garment off her chest while trying to feel her nipples through the material. The bra that Aimee wore wasn’t some pretty scrap of lace and fluff that was decorative only. Hers was a marvel of bioengineering designed to evenly distribute the weight of her tits so that she could walk like a normal person while at the same time give her a womanly shape.

The struggle was fun.

“Like them?” she asked as Henry was in the process of pulling down the material of one cup to try to expose her nipple. That wasn’t going to work.

“Uh…yeah,” he said like a boy who had been caught with his fingers in the cookie jar.

“I grew them myself.”

“What?”

She resisted rolling her eyes. Maybe humor wasn’t the best thing to try out on a first-time encounter. “They’re officially double Ds.”

His brow furrowed in puzzlement. “Okay…”

“The usual question I get from guys is how big my tits are,” she explained.

“Does it really matter?”

“To them it does…I guess.”

“I mean…they’re nice and big and all, but does it really matter what the measurement is if you like them?”

Even if Henry was putting on a good guy act—which she didn’t think he was capable of—it was the right thing to say. “The question right now is: do you like them?”

Henry paused and thought carefully but quickly. “Well…yeah, boobs are great. Who doesn’t like boobs?”

“That’s the right answer.” She pushed him back and sat up. “Do you know how to unhook a bra?”

“Uh…yeah.”

Aimee twisted a bit and showed off the back strap. It had five hooks that Henry could count. “Normally I just pull it up and over my tits. Get it off me without a problem and I’ll make sure you’re suitably rewarded.”

She was already going to reward him, so this bit of play didn’t really matter, but it was fun.

Henry took on the challenge. He laid back down on top of her, which she

thought was strange, and then rolled her on top of him. She went with it. His hands were busy on her back. It turned out that Henry wasn't lying or bragging. He knew to loosen the tension and then try to release the hooks. There was little struggle to get completely off. The cups fell from her breasts and Aimee sat back, displaying herself to him.

"Like what you see?"

He didn't reply but simply reached up to caress her bare skin. Her nipples contracted and hardened as he touched them. It sent a shiver down her spine.

"They're lovely," he said softly, pulling her down to him just enough so that his lips could find her flesh.

That was even better. She felt the thrills running from her tits to her brain and down to her stomach before finally settling in her pussy. She was quickly becoming a moist pit of desire that would welcome the invasion of his hard cock.

She didn't hold back any longer and rocked her hips on top of him. Since she was straddling his body it was easy to flash back to high school when dry humping was a real thing for her. Other girls claimed to cum from it, but it never did all that much for Aimee.

This time was different than before.

Time passed quicker than she realized. Henry's eager mouth was all over her tits, going back and forth between them, sucking and nibbling at the nipples, making her entire body quiver not just with desire but with pure lust.

Maybe it was because she was riding him, maybe it was because he had a talented mouth, maybe it was because she was extra horny because it had been too long since she had last gotten laid, but without realizing it she was on the verge of orgasm and she hadn't even gotten her pants off. Or his for that matter.

Like back in high school indeed.

"Don't stop," she moaned softly as he continued to suck on her left nipple. She could feel him doing it strongly, much harder than seemed normal or safe or wise. That didn't get her to pull free of him. She wanted more. Her hand went to

her free breast where she pinched the nipple and her hips continued to ride on top of him. She wasn't getting much friction between her legs, but it was just enough to keep her more than interested.

"I'm gonna…" she managed to get out before her body quavered with the ineffable fever of orgasm.

Henry pulled back in amazement. He had seen his fair share of women cumming before, but never had it happened when both his and her pants were still on. The way she shook and reacted made her beautiful. No, it made her more beautiful. She was already beautiful in his eyes.

Even so, he couldn't really believe it. "Did you…did you just cum?" he asked.

Aimee had the good manners to look embarrassed even if she really wasn't and was completely satisfied with herself over the unexpected orgasm. "Yeah I did."

"Wow."

After a moment of silence, Aimee burst out laughing. "That was so understated. But thank you."

His brow furrowed. "Why are you thanking me?"

"Because you made me cum. It's only polite. I was raised to have good manners."

Not knowing what else to say, Henry nodded and smiled. "You're welcome."

"Want to keep going?"

He didn't need to be asked twice for that. "Sure!"

They were both topless at this point. Aimee ran her hands down his chest to his stomach. She could just feel his muscles under his skin. Pausing at his waist she let her fingers lightly rest on the top edge of his jeans. For Henry, that made things worse. He could feel his cock getting harder just from the presence of her fingers. She literally didn't have to do anything other than keep her fingers there to get him hard.

“Handjob?” she offered. “Blowjob? Straight on fuck?”

Swallowing hard because she was offering everything to him, Henry nodded. “All of those, please.”

“In that order?”

“Sure.”

Aimee unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans. Together they tugged down both his jeans and underwear to free his cock. It wasn’t as big as Aimee had imagined, but it was more than satisfying to both the eye and her hand. Years before she had gotten into bed with a guy and while she didn’t think he was huge, when he had gotten out his dick she was sorely disappointed.

There was no such disappointment with Henry.

“I like your cock,” she complimented him as she started to rub him gently. “It’s just the right size.”

“Is that a way of saying I’m too small?” A look of fear and disappointment clouded his face.

Aimee shook her head firmly. Why were so many guys so hung up on the size of their dick? As long as it worked and wasn’t too huge or too tiny, she didn’t care. Most women didn’t care. “Not at all. I like it. You’re not a woman so you don’t know what it’s like when a cock comes out and it’s too small. I’m not a size queen, but still.” She kept her hand busy on his length, up and down with a little twist as she worked. “I’ve only been with one guy who was big, but he wasn’t even that big. Just above average. He thought he was huge. And he was a lousy lay.” She smiled and pulled back her hair. “You’re the perfect size so you should be the perfect lay, right?”

Lowering her face down to his cock, she inhaled his masculine scent and engulfed his glans. She tasted the little bit of precum that had leaked out. It was a nice little spike in flavor to start the whole process. While Aimee never considered herself an especially accomplished fellatrix, she was enthusiastic in giving head and that was more than enough to satisfy the few guys she had been with.

Henry wasn’t complaining.

He was already hard, more than hard enough for actual sex, but he wasn’t brave enough to actually ask for that so he let Aimee do what she wanted. It was an easy compromise. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to finish in her mouth or her hand or if she would stop and they would have penetrative sex. He was literally under her control and in her hands. Already he was close to cumming so he hoped she would make a decision soon.

Instead of picking up the pace of her blowjob, Aimee actually slowed down and, maybe to impress him or maybe just to show off, she slid his entire length into her mouth and down into her throat.

Henry had never been deep throated before and it felt weird. Nice, but weird. He didn’t want to cum that way and was relieved when she backed all the way off, leaving his cock a slobbery mess. She popped up, threw back her hair, and smiled at him as she switched from blowing him to jerking him off. “Did you like that?”

“Yeah…”

“A little trick I learned.”

“It was great.”

“Want to fuck now?”

“Yeah!”

She laughed at him. “I like your enthusiasm.” Aimee moved off him and rolled to the side of the bed while Henry pushed his jeans all the way off along with his socks and shoes.

“Goddamnit!” Aimee burst out. He looked over at her. She was pawing through a basket at the side of the bed.

“What’s the matter?” He felt a little vulnerable being naked next to her while she was still partly dressed.

“I’m out of fucking condoms!” Aimee angrily tossed an empty box on the bed.

Henry couldn’t resist. “Do you have any regular condoms?” he joked.

It took her a second to comprehend what he was saying. “Very funny. Do you have any on you?”

“I stopped carrying one in my wallet back in high school.”

“Stupid way to carry one anyway.”

“Yeah.”

“I don’t want to go to the store right now.”

“We could just do oral if you want,” he offered. “Or…”

“Or what?” she said sharply. “Anal? That’s not going to happen.”

“No. That’s…uh…that’s not a first date sort of thing to do.”

“Or what then?” Aimee was obviously pissed, probably at herself, but it was making Henry nervous which wasn’t helping him maintain his erection.

“Or we could do something else?”

“Something else what? Play monopoly?”

Henry shook his head. He was looking at her tits because that was easier than looking at her angry face. It was a bold request for a first date—such as it was because it wasn’t much of a first date—but what did he have to lose?

“What’s your position on décolletage intercourse?”

Aimee just looked at him a moment. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Umm…can I…uh…you know…fuck your breasts?”

It took her a moment to understand. “Oh. You want to titty fuck me.”

Though it seemed impossible, Henry managed to blush even redder. “Yeah. That.”

“Sure. You aren’t the first guy to ask me for that.”

“I’m not?” That seemed amazing to Henry. It seemed like an act that was only done in porn or by people who had a serious problem with kink and deviant acts.

As far as deviant acts went, it was pretty mild.

“No. Of course not. When you’ve got tits as big as mine…well, it’s a request I’ve gotten from half the guys I’ve messed around with.”

Henry was flat out stunned. “You have to be kidding me!” He started giggling nervously.

“Nope. Now get off the bed so I can lay down on it.” Aimee was taking it casually, which wasn’t surprising considering how often it had been requested of her. What he didn’t know was how often she had done it. He wasn’t bold enough to ask.

He scrambled off the bed and she took his place. In her hand was a tube of KY. It made sense, but Henry was still startled when she flipped open the cap and laid down a strip of lube along her sternum. It made sense; dry fucking her with his cock between her tits made no sense. Sex was all about lubrication and the right type of friction. Titty fucking needed lube to have the right type of friction.

“Put some on your cock,” she told him, handing over the tube to him. “You’re going to need to straddle my body,” she said. “Be careful. Don’t sit on me. I’m not that strong.”

“Right. I know what I’m doing,” Henry said confidently. He was lying. He’d never done this before with anyone. It was just a fantasy that existed in his mind.

Until today.

Right now.

Henry put lube into his hand and smeared it on his cock. The excess he wiped off on his thigh. Aimee waited expectantly and Henry carefully got into position. It was an awkward pose putting his cock between her breasts, but Aimee knew exactly what she was doing and pressed her large tits around him.

It was an odd sight to see his cock slipping back and forth in the little valley that Aimee had made by pressing her breasts together surrounding his cock like an almost natural but completely unnatural fleshy pussy.

Without knowing exactly what it was like, Henry didn't know what to expect. Fantasy often didn't live up to the reality. At first it was just a little bit offbeat. Who had first thought up such an act? Henry couldn't imagine. As he continued to fuck her tits it felt better and better. Maybe because the lube heated up and smeared all around, maybe because he got more used to the strange rhythm necessary to keep sliding his cock back and forth.

Aimee was getting into it as well. When he pushed all the way forward she would bend her head down and lick his glans, tasting the precum he was steadily leaking now. She made little noises of appreciation. He was sure that was just for his benefit because how much could a woman enjoy titty fucking? He wasn't touching her nipples and while maybe the massaging motion felt good and maybe she liked giving him the kinky pleasure that he desired, there couldn't be all that much physical thrill for her.

The excitement of the moment was quickly approaching. Henry was more into the perverted act than he thought he would be. "I'm gonna cum…" he puffed at her. "Want me to stop?"

"No. Go ahead and cum." She grinned up at him and adjusted her tits around him.

"Really? It's gonna make a mess?"

The look she gave him thrilled Henry to his core. "Shoot your load on me."

He hadn't realized how nasty and dirty she could be. Who could have predicted it from such an unassuming looking woman?

Throwing all caution and common sense to the wind, Henry focused on cumming. Titty fucking wasn't the same as jerking it or fucking a woman in missionary position. It was different and dirty and fun and knowing that it would never happen again for him—that was the thought that pushed him over the edge and he came.

Henry didn't jerk off all that much, or he tried not to. When he came this time he

was impressed with the volume of his load. Some landed on Aimee's chin, and a little bit wound up on her cheek, but most landed on her neck and between her tits. It was a mess. Calling it a pearl necklace was an insult to fine jewelry and good manners, but Aimee didn't mind.

"I love it when guys cum on me," she told him as she released her tits.

"You've got to be kidding."

"Nope. Hot cum landing on me because a guy gets off to me? What's sexier than that?"

Henry wasn't going to contradict her with a suggestion. "Can I help you clean up?"

"Grab a towel from the bathroom?"

He found a couple of washcloths in a basket next to the sink. One he soaked with hot water and the other he kept dry. Aimee hadn't moved when he returned. She seemed to enjoy the attention he gave her as he cleaned his cum away from her neck and chest.

"I've had guys insist that I eat it," she told him when he was done.

"Eat the cum that they shot on you?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

She shrugged. "I dunno. They get off on it."

"Do you do it?"

"I have a few times."

"Why?"

She gave him the side eye. "Because sometimes I wanted to because it's hot. It's not really different from swallowing when giving a blowjob. Because sometimes it's easier than arguing about it." She paused and looked at him along with his

shocked expression. “Thanks for not asking.”

“Oh.”

“Some guys insist just to be assholes or to try to be dominant or to try to humiliate me. Or women in general.”

“I…I shouldn’t have asked to do that to you.”

Aimee shook her head and put her hand on his arm. “No. Asking was fine. I wanted to. If I didn’t, I would have said no. Besides, I kinda liked doing it.”

“You did?”

“It got me hot. Now I really want to cum again.”

Her request was entirely reasonable, but Henry glanced down at his flaccid cock and had to be honest with her. The news he delivered was disappointing to say the least. “I don’t think I can get it up again. At least,” he hastened to add, “not right away.”

Aimee frowned a little and then rolled her shoulders. “What makes you think I need your cock?”

“Uh…” Henry didn’t have an answer for her.

“I mean, I like cock and all. And so far I’ve liked your cock, but I haven’t had a steady boyfriend in months.”

Henry looked at her confused and worried.

“Well, except for Bob.”

That worried Henry further. It was one thing to hook up with a single woman, but if she had a boyfriend…that was worrisome to say the least. He didn’t want to get involved with someone who already had a relationship going. That was too complicated for him.

“Would you like to meet Bob?” she asked, her grin a little to smug and self-satisfied. Henry felt trapped. Was he being used as a pawn in the middle of some

relationship drama that should be avoided at all costs?

“Uh…”

Aimee didn’t wait for his answer. Instead she rolled to the side of the bed and delved into the basket that had held the empty box of condoms. A second later she rolled back with a sparkling blue torpedo-shaped vibrator in her hand. “Meet Bob.” She waved it around and gave a twist to the base. Henry could just barely hear the quiet humming as the vibrator came to life

“You named your vibrator Bob?” Henry was nonplussed.

“Generic name,” she said calmly as she twisted the base again, turning it off. “Battery operated boyfriend? Surely you’ve heard that term before?”

Henry had not. “Uh…yeah. You just had me worried for a second.”

“The first time I came was with one of Bob’s predecessors, also named Bob by the way, and I’ve been in a relationship with him longer than anyone else in my romantic life.” She grimaced. “I probably shouldn’t admit that. It makes me sound like I can’t maintain a relationship.”

“No, no,” he reassured her. “It doesn’t sound like that at all.”

Her smile returned. “Good. Because I really want to get off at least one more time and I want you to help me.”

“Okay…”

She flopped onto her back and unzipped her pants. In one practiced flourish she pulled down pants, underwear, and socks, leaving herself completely naked. Henry couldn’t help but stare at her pussy—he was a man after all.

He wasn’t exactly sure what he had been expecting, but what Aimee had under her clothes—from what Henry could see—was a perfectly ordinary pussy that was topped with a little mound of black curls shaved into a neat triangle. It was pretty.

When she laid back on the bed and parted her thighs just enough to expose her pussy fully, Henry was paralyzed with lust. He wanted his cock to get hard, but it

wouldn’t obey.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked.

“I can’t get hard.”

“That’s what the vibrator is for,” she said, exasperation in her voice. “Turn it on and put it in me.”

Though he tried to tell himself that he wasn’t threatened by the bit of silicon and electronics combined with a little motor, Henry was most definitely intimidated by the toy.

“Never used one before?” Aimee asked. She had pushed her hand down between her legs and was teasing her pussy in anticipation of the vibrator.

“Well…no. Why would I have?”

“Because lots of women can’t get off with just regular sex so they need a little extra help,” she explained. “I’ve had other guys use a vibe on me.”

Henry didn’t want to be the one to seem too squeamish or cowardly to actually handle a woman’s vibrator. He’d touched plenty—well, five—of pussies in his life. How hard could it be, anyway? The only thing to do was to give it a try.

It was easier than he thought. Twist the bottom to turn it on. He knelt next to Aimee’s body and reached over her thick thigh to tease the opening of her pussy with the tip of the vibe. Her smile was relaxed and she let out a little moan as the tip touched her clit. “Careful,” she cautioned.

The gentle pulsations tingled his fingers as he moved the toy around her complex opening and then eventually he slipped it into her. Henry used caution, not wanting to go too deeply and possibly hurt her, but Aimee seemed more than ready for this. Her pussy was drooling plenty of natural lube and as he moved it in and out of her, he could hear her lips clinging to the toy as he manipulated it.

One of her hands grabbed onto his thigh and the other grabbed the loose sheets on the bed. Henry’s eyes flicked back and forth between her pussy and her tits. Her tits were heaving because her breath was coming short and fast; her pussy was a point of fascination because how the vibrator was changing it.

He couldn’t tell if she was trying to stay still for his benefit, but he could see her limbs trembling and quivering as he continued to explore her pussy with the toy. Whatever he was doing, it seemed he was doing it correctly. Or mostly correctly. Henry was no expert but when Aimee fell silent and just writhed and gasped, he figured he had to be doing something right.

“Don’t…stop,” she pleaded.

The one bit of advice that he remembered from this situation was when a woman said that, not to change anything. His wrist was getting sore and his arm was getting tired, but he didn’t alter a single thing.

It seemed to take forever, but when it finally happened Henry was both relieved and thrilled. He was relieved that he didn’t have to keep up the motion that had exhausted his arm and shoulder. He was thrilled because the gasps and noises that Aimee made. The way her body quaked was almost enough to stir his cock.

Almost.

He was ashamed that he could only ever cum once a day. He had a long-term girlfriend a few years previously, but they had broken up over a variety of issues. What hurt the most was when her parting shot had been, “I can’t believe you are one and done. Every other guy I’ve been with can fuck me two or three times a night.”

It might have been a lie, but it still hurt.

What hurt more now, looking back, was that it never occurred to him to try to use a vibrator on her. Not that she owned one. Not that he would have had the courage to buy one or suggest it.

Still it hurt.

“Thank you,” she said. It took Henry a moment to remember that this was Aimee and not Heather.

“You’re welcome,” he replied. It was the polite way to end the encounter. Why risk screwing things up by trying for more?”

Chapter Two

—I loved it when you sucked on my tits

It was a bold message and Henry never would have had the courage to send such an explicit text to anyone, including the woman he had just had sex with the day before.

That made him wonder if he did actually have sex with her. She had given him head and he had blown his load on her face. She had cum twice and he had sucked on her tits—which she had loved apparently—and had used the vibrator on her. But was that sex?

Henry wasn't a philosopher by any means so he decided to leave that issue to the greater minds of the era.

Glad you liked it he texted back.

—Loved it. If you buy some condoms we can try some more tonight.

It took him far longer to take the hint about what she was actually saying than he wanted to admit. That was the nice thing about flirting via text message. He had time to think about what he was doing and saying.

She was inviting him over to fuck her. He could work with that.

I can do that, he texted back.

—Do you know what I want?

A hundred scenarios formed in Henry's head, but he decided to keep them realistic. Even so, he didn't think that throwing a hundred, or even one, dirty fantasy her way was a bad idea.

I don't know. What? His answer was safe but boring. That was his best strategy at this point.

—I want you to suck on my tits and make me cum

Henry didn't know how to reply to that. He was happy to do it, but what does one say in a situation like that. Flirting by text might be nice, but it didn't get him out of a reply if he wanted the relationship to go forward.

I can do that

—I want you to do it like you did yesterday

Sure. Happy to.

—You made me cum just by sucking on them. I want you to do that again.

This was news to Henry. While he knew that he had made her cum, but he didn't think it was just from sucking on her nipples. He thought that the vibrator made her cum better than anything he had done, but he was happy to do whatever she wanted because she was promising him sex. He hated thinking that way, but he was willing to do what it took to keep her happy if she'd keep messing around with him.

I'm sure I can do that. He had no idea if he could make her cum like that again, but he was willing to try.

When Henry arrived at her apartment that evening she was wearing a loose fitting sweatshirt. Automatically his eyes went to her chest and she saw that right away. Throwing back her shoulders she asked him, "Disappointed in something?"

Henry had dressed for their date. Nothing overly fancy, but nice and respectable. She, however, was wearing an old, zip-up sweatshirt, tight-fitting black yoga pants, and socks. Nothing else. It was a bit disappointing, she was right in her question.

"No," he lied. "Why would I be disappointed?" He was still staring at her chest and hating himself for it. It was obvious she had large breasts under the garment but they were hidden away. He was disappointed there was nothing showing.

“Because you can’t see my tits.”

“Well…that…yeah, sort of.”

“It’s not like we were going out on a date.”

Henry was confused. “We’re not?”

“We’re staying in and having sex. At least, that’s what I was planning.”

“Oh.”

Henry was taken aback when she suddenly unzipped her sweatshirt, revealing nothing much more than the space between her tits before she opened up the sides. He was mesmerized.

“Oh…wow.”

Aimee laughed at him. “I never get bored watching men staring at my boobs.”

Henry averted his eyes. “Sorry. I didn’t meant to stare.”

She reached up and turned his head back so they were looking in each other’s eyes. “I don’t mind. I like it when guys stare at my boobs. At least, I like it when I want them to stare.”

“Do you want me to stare?”

A slow shake of her head confused Henry. “No, I want you to touch and suck on them, I don’t want you just to stare at them.”

“Oh…well I can do that.”

“I certainly hope so.”

She stepped closer and drew her face near his. Automatically his hands went around her waist and he savored the smoothness of her skin. They kissed, almost chastely, for a moment and then she pulled back. “

“I want your hands on my tits, not on my back,” she demanded.

“I can do that.”

Being invited to massage and play with her tits was a thrill that Henry had never known before. All the women he had been with seemed happy enough to have sex with him, but none had actually invited him to do so. It was more like the suffered his touch because it was reasonable and they too wanted to have sex. But Aimee was enthusiastic about sex while the other women had merely been tolerant of it.

Unexpectedly she backed away after a minute of kissing and massaging. “Okay, you’re driving me crazy doing that.”

“Am I doing it wrong?”

She licked her lips and shook her head. “No. Not at all. It’s great…but you were actually doing it to the point where I thought my knees were going to give out.”

He smiled. “Oh. That is good.”

“Good, yeah, until I hit the floor with my head. How about we go to my bedroom?”

That was an easy request to fulfill. On their short walk there, Aimee dropped the sweatshirt to the floor. Henry shook his head and she caught the end of that gesture. “What’s the matter? What’s with the head shake?”

“I can’t believe you didn’t have anything on under that.”

“Well, it’s not like I can go to work without a bra on,” she explained. “It’s my little thrill. Now shut up and put your mouth to good use.” She slipped onto the bed and posed herself in what she hoped was a sexy position, arranging her breasts to show them off.

She didn’t have to do that. Henry barely noticed. He joined her a second later and didn’t even pretend to have any interest in kissing her. He went right for her breasts.

The sigh she let out when he latched on told him everything he needed. Her nipples were a little bit hard at first when he put them in his mouth, but then they softened as he sucked on her. Their bodies came together and relaxed. It was less

about actual sex than it was about being together. It took Henry a minute to realize that this wasn't just foreplay, but it was just as important as any type of sex they could have.

The silence of the room was filled with the occasional noises of him sucking, her moans, and the whisper of sheets and clothing as they moved on the bed. It was oddly intimate. Henry felt that he should have been stripping off her yoga pants to move things along, but that seemed bold and out of place. She had only invited him to suck on her tits. If she wanted more, she'd ask for it, wouldn't she?

He could feel her rubbing her thighs together. They were laying on their sides facing each other. Henry knew he should have done something more to progress what they were doing, but she seemed so happy, there didn't seem to be a need, especially when he judged the sound of her breathing and moans. On that basis alone it seemed that Aimee was enjoying herself immensely.

"Don't…" she muttered.

Not wanting to risk upsetting the one woman in his life who seemed even vaguely interested in him, Henry immediately pulled back, letting her nipple fall from his mouth, leaving it wet and puckered from his stimulation.

"Why'd you stop?" she asked, annoyed.

"You said 'don't'."

"I didn't finish. I was going to say 'don't stop'."

"Oh."

She gestured toward her chest. "Well? Don't stop!"

"Okay." He fell back to doing what she wanted.

"And don't stop until I cum."

Henry wasn't sure if that was possible, but he gave it his best effort. Since he had no intention of stripping off her clothes or his, there was little more that he could do.

The myth that he had always heard was that women with small breasts had extra-sensitive nipples. With Aimee that didn't appear to be the case at all. Touching or sucking or licking all produced the same reaction. She was getting more and more excited at everything he did.

While he didn't think it was possible, eventually she clutched him to her body while she quivered almost uncontrollably. Her orgasm was almost silent; she was whining a bit as she came, a high-pitched noise that was unsettling, but when he realized she was in the midst of an orgasm, he was rather pleased with himself.

When she was finally done, he looked up at her and asked, "When did you learn you could cum from having your breasts sucked?"

Her answer was nervous and honest at the same time. "Yesterday. With you."

Her little revelation surprised Henry. "It was?"

"Yes."

Henry took a little bit of pride in that. "I'm the only one who ever made you cum?"

"Cum from just my boobs," Aimee clarified.

"Still, that's pretty damn good." Henry was puffed up by his accomplishment. "I must be a sex god."

"Sure," she blithely agreed. "It wasn't like I had anything to do with it."

"Oh. Right. Want me to make you cum again?" he asked while fiddling with her nipples. "I know I can do it."

"You mean, you can probably help me have another breast-center orgasm. I could do it on my own."

"Sure. That." Henry wasn't thinking clearly.

"No. But I'd like to make you cum," she said. "Get your pants off. I want to suck your cock."

“Wow. No one has ever said that to me before.”

“Aren’t you lucky,” she said sarcastically. “Did you bring condoms?”

“Yes!”

“Great, I’ll give you a blowie and then we can fuck. Sounds good?”

“Sounds great!” Henry scrambled off the bed and out of his clothes. It was a bit weird getting undressed in front of Aimee while she watched, but he shoved that aside. She was already topless and seemed eager to give him head. What more did he have to think about.

By the time he was naked, his cock was mostly soft. Swollen, but soft. Aimee slipped off the bed, got down on her knees, and took Henry into her mouth.

It wasn’t that Henry had never had a blowjob in his life before. But this was the first time it was done with enthusiasm by a woman down on her knees in front of him. It was a new thrill for him.

He lost track of how much time she had been working on his cock but at some point Aimee looked up and locked eyes with him. “You like watching?” she asked.

“I like everything you’re doing.”

By this point he was pointing up to the ceiling, making a blowjob more difficult for Aimee, but she hadn’t intended for him to cum in her mouth. Aimee kept pumping his cock with her hand as she slowly got to her feet. “Are you ready?”

Henry looked down at her hand on his cock. “Yeah. Isn’t it obvious?”

With a grin, she shook her head and let go. Henry would have liked to have undressed her, but Aimee was more about efficiency. She yanked down the yoga pants. If she was wearing any underwear with them, he didn’t notice. Her pubic hair was still in the nice, neat triangle but it quickly disappeared from view as she turned around and crawled onto the bed. He got the chance to admire her curvy ass and was mildly surprised that she arched her back and assumed the position to be mounted. “Well?” she asked him, looking over her shoulder.

“Well what?”

“Well, put on a fucking condom and put your cock in me,” she directed.

Henry could do that. He grabbed the box of condoms out of the pocket of his jacket, opened the packet and rolled it on. By the time he was done with that, he saw her setting aside the tube of lube that she had applied to her pussy. He hoped she was wet enough already, but the lube would help. She was still on her hands and knees, waiting for him.

This was a position that Henry had no experience with, but he knew the basic mechanics. As he knelt behind her, Aimee reached back and found his cock to guide it into her pussy. It took a few strokes for him to get all the way in, but once he did, it was all good.

“Ohhh…” The moan he made was loud especially considering he hadn’t intended to moan at all.

“Is my pussy that good?” Aimee asked, almost mocking him.

“Uh…yeah.”

“It’s been a while,” she said. “For me…what about for you?”

“A while for what?” Henry found it difficult to have sex and carry on a conversation at the same time.

“A while since I’ve had sex. Been fucked. Gotten down.” She twisted her neck around. “Honestly, it’s like you have no clue what’s going on around you.”

“Sorry. I was…distracted.” He settled into his position behind her and grabbed her hips. Henry didn’t honestly know how to characterize her hips. By no means was Aimee slim, but neither was she fat. It seemed most of her excess weight went to her breasts rather than her ass or hips or thighs, so they didn’t have the thick build desired by some men. But all of those thoughts quickly flashed through his head as he fell to the serious business of fucking this woman so eager to get his cock into her body.

“Fuck me like you mean it,” she told him. “I like it hard. How about you?”

Henry didn’t have a preference for styles of sex, mostly because he had it so rarely. “Yeah. I like drilling hard.”

“Then do it. Make it hurt,” she all but demanded of him.

Just kneeling behind Aimee and thrusting hard wasn’t enough for Henry. He did that for a few minutes and then he leaned forward, letting her take more of his weight as he propped himself up on her shoulders. Aimee didn’t seem to mind that.

“Harder,” she ordered. “Make it hurt.”

Henry was afraid of slamming into her like a freight train. It didn’t seem wise to go any harder, but he had another idea.

He leaned all the way forward, forcing Aimee to take all his weight as he pressed his body against her back. She wasn’t a weakling; she was able to take on what he was doing. For a few moments she was puzzled as to what he was doing, but then his hands circled around her body and cupped her tits.

This she actually liked. They stopped swinging as he thrusted into her and his hands found both her nipples. He wasn’t gentle when he squeezed and rolled them. It felt good. There was just a pinch of pain as he translated her instructions to make it hurt. He was focusing the pain on her tits rather than focusing on pounding away at her pussy.

It was unexpected and it started to summon up feelings like that she had when he was sucking on her tits. There was no reason for him to stop.

It was, however, difficult for Henry to keep up her breast massage and tit pinching. Something clicked in his head and he pulled his hands away which let her breasts fall to the mattress. Aimee was now semi-hunched forward, he ass in the air and her shoulders toward the mattress. He slipped his hands under her, palms flat to the mattress. It took a minute as he thrusted away but eventually he managed to locate her nipples and got them between his thumbs and forefingers.

She liked it that he was pinching her again.

“More…” she moaned.

“Sit up,” he told her. It wasn’t a clear instruction.

“What?”

Henry stopped fucking her. “Straighten your arms and hold yourself up.”

Right away she knew what he meant and realized it would be rather painful depending on how far up she held herself.

Aimee was up to the challenge.

Slowly she pushed herself up off the bed. At first it was easy; Henry wasn’t that heavy and he was keeping some of his weight on his hands on the mattress. It wasn’t at all like doing lame pushups in high school. Her breasts were large enough that that she was just past at the halfway point of locking her elbows before she felt any pull on her tits at all. By the time she had gotten to the nearly full extension, her breasts were being dragged down by Henry’s first grip on her nipples.

It was impossible for Aimee to decide if she loved it or hated it. Henry’s steady thrusting of his cock into her partially distracted her from the pain, but she could feel it. What she couldn’t do was decide if she liked it or not. There was definitely stimulation there and it was intoxicating.

“Do you like that?” he asked her, managing to get the words out while trying not to cum.

Aimee opened her mouth to answer but found that words failed her. To her delight she realized she was right on the verge and didn’t want to spoil the moment. The horrid thing was she didn’t know what to do to get over that last little bit for another sweet orgasm. She tried pushing back against his thrusts, but that wasn’t enough. When she straightened her arms a little more she felt the pull in her breasts. Just as her nipples were about to slip free of Henry’s fingers, he clamped down harder.

She gasped at the pain and wanted more at the same time. Since she was in control of her own destiny in this matter, all she had to do was keep pushing up. As long as Henry did his job she’d be in virtual bliss.

“Do you like that?” he repeated.

She did, but she couldn’t voice her pleasure with anything other than a moan. That encouraged Henry and he kept pinching her nipples as she literally tried to push him off her body. She loved the stretch and she loved the pinching as well. It was almost too much.

Almost, but not quite.

Finally Aimee managed to lock her elbows. The pain wasn’t tremendous, but it was sharp and insistent and she wanted it to end. It didn’t exactly end but her body trembled and the unmistakable feeling of orgasm started washing over her again. The orgasm wasn’t coming from her pussy but from her tits. She could feel the difference and she loved it.

The orgasm shook her body. It was too much. Even though she was doing her best, her arms collapsed and she fell to the bed. This had the unfortunate effect of pulling Henry’s cock from her pussy.

“Fuck,” he cursed. For a few seconds he considered Aimee’s ass and legs. He knew he could lay on top of her and probably shove it back in, but that seemed rude and presumptuous. Since he was right on the edge as well, he removed his condom and started jerking off. Aimee was quivering slightly, her body spasming every few seconds, while she was making little gasps of pleasure. There was only one thing to do. It only took a few strokes for him to finish.

The cum he shot out of his cock arced up into the air just a tiny bit before falling back and splashing onto Aimee’s ass and lower back.

She barely seemed to notice the mess he had left on her. “Oh shit, I’m so sorry,” he apologized when he came to his senses and realized exactly what he had done. It would have been fine to cum, but not all over her.

“’sokay,” she mumbled into the pillow holding her head. She was beyond the point of exhaustion; she needed to rest.

“I’ll be right back,” Henry said as he scrambled off the bed. He wanted to lay down next to her and savor the moment, but he had too many good manners to be so rude.

Returning from the bathroom, Henry wiped up his mess from Aimee’s skin. She hadn’t moved. Henry was so eager to please her and remove all evidence of his

indiscretion that he didn’t notice she was mostly asleep until all his cum was gone from her.

He tossed the washcloths into her dirty laundry and, seeing that he already had taken one level of presumptiveness, he decided to go to the next level. It was easy to move the sheets and blanket around. After a little maneuvering her managed to slip into the bed next to her and press his skin next to hers. She was already snoring softly. It was intent to only cuddle her for a few minutes or until she woke up.

Chapter Three

The sound of Aimee's cell phone alarm filled the bedroom. Sunlight wasn't coming into the bedroom yet, but it was definitely morning and the blinds were drawn. It took Henry a minute to figure out where he was.

"Oh shit," Aimee cursed as she came to her senses. She wasn't upset that Henry had spent the night; she was worried about what would happen this morning because she was horny and she needed to get to work on time.

"I'm fucked," Henry moaned as he started to move. His clothes were in a pile on the floor.

"What do you mean?" Aimee asked as she stumbled out of the bed and tried to think. Shower and dress? Eat first? What was the correct protocol for an unexpected overnight male guest?

"I'm going to be late for work. They hate it when I'm late."

She wanted to say that she was going to be late, but that wasn't the truth. She had plenty of time…except she wanted to have sex. Any type of sex. Actually, what she wanted was another orgasm and she was willing to do whatever necessary to cum again like she had the night before with Henry.

"So call in. Tell them you're sick. You can't be so critical at your job that they can't survive one day without you."

Henry considered her words. They could survive without him. But a bunch of emails had been sent lately reminded them of the important of attendance. And yet on the other hand he had piled up a huge amount of PTO. He might as well use it.

"But I could just leave and be there a couple of hours late. I could say that…that my car wouldn't start and I needed to wait for Triple A to show up to get me started."

She nodded at him. “You could do that…or you could spend the entire day in bed with me.” She ran her hands over her tits, pinching the nipples just enough to remind her of the thrill he gave her the night before. Just enough to get them hard. Just enough to show Henry what he could be doing with her.

After just a few seconds of this self-torture she realized that if he didn’t spend the day with her fucking then she’d call in to work herself. She had a vibrator. She had fingers. She would have a whole day to herself for sexual pleasure.

She was okay with that.

“Are you…are you serious?” he blurted out. “I can’t just do that.”

“Why not?”

“Because…because it’s wrong.”

“That’s what makes it more fun,” she said. “More exciting.” To prove her point she lifted her breast up to her mouth. While having never done this before, Aimee knew it was possible. Her tits were huge and she knew how flexible she was. It was simple to do. Henry watched in fascination as she sucked on herself for a few seconds and then let her breast fall wetly from her mouth.

“God that was good,” she said, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. “Don’t you want to try?”

It was irresistible to Henry. They stood looking at each other across the room. They were both naked. His cock started to rise. As it did he moved around the bed and went to her. “Hell yes,” he breathed, kneeling down to better get at her tits.

She prevented him from latching on, holding him back with her palm in his face. “You need to call your boss first,” she told him. “If you want to suck on them, you need to call first. And then we’ll fuck all day.”

It was pure torture making the call. Mostly because Aimee insisted he do it naked…and that was only so she could fondled and suck his cock while he did it. It worked to his advantage in the end because he sounded out of it and discombobulated and Henry’s boss didn’t have to listen to him stammer on with a lame excuse.

“I’ll see you Monday. Get healthy.” Henry was a little miffed at David’s curt response, but it had worked.

“Your turn,” he said to Aimee.

Not willing to let her get the best of him, the moment she dialed the number he grabbed hold of her tits, found her nipples, and gave them both firm pinches. She glared at him, but stumbled through her excuse as well. It served her because she managed to make it seem like she was under intense pain as she did so. Henry couldn’t hear the other end of the conversation, but it ended fairly quickly.

“Now what?” he asked her.

She slapped his hands away from her tits. “Now you’re going to suck on the girls until they stop hurting,” she told him.

“That’s it? That’s easy.” He opened his mouth and carefully latched on. The one he chose was slightly misshapen by the hard squeeze he had given her.

“And make me cum,” she breathed out, already being swept away in the moment. “Make me cum.”

To be continued

Preview

Steel Restraint 2

“But have you really earned it?” Dorothy asked.

“What else could I do?” Basil pleaded.

She slowly twirled the key around her finger. It was attached to a short keyring and chain which facilitated the twirling. Basil was wearing nothing…nothing but his cock cage and a desperate look. He was kneeling on the floor in front of her as she sat on the edge of her bed, legs slightly apart so he could kneel between them. She was wearing a thin, tight t-shirt emblazoned with the command “Think Beaches!” along with a palm tree and sunset. The outlines of her prominent nipples were easily discernable through the thin fabric. Her nipples and barbell jewelry. That’s what Basil was focusing his attention on at the moment. He didn’t like meeting her steely gaze right after he had eaten her out and came her cum. While he liked being submissive, sometimes it was too much.

“You’ve gone a week in lockup. You’ve given me over a dozen orgasms during that time,” she said ticking off each item on her fingers. “You’ve taken me out to dinner twice. You were polite to my roommate when I made you walk around naked.”

“Naked except for my cage,” he reminded her.

“Naked except for your cage,” she agreed. “And you haven’t asked to be released once. That’s very good behavior,” she complimented him.

“Thank you.”

“But I don’t think it’s enough.”

Basil gritted his teeth and tried to take the news like a man, but it was hard. No. It was difficult, not hard. “What more could I do for you?” he asked politely.

Her smile was thin. “It’s not what you can do for me,” she said. “It’s what you can do for yourself.”

He waited expectantly and after a moment's pause she continued, reaching out and resting one of her soft hands on his shoulder.

"I know you love being in your little chastity cage. And I know you love being released from it too." She smiled, remembering the first time he had done a weeklong lockup for her and when he had been released he had been so eager to fuck her he had barely gotten into her pussy and pumped two times before he came. That was funny and disappointing. But he quickly recovered and fucked her twice more that night before agreeing to go back into his cage. "But that can't be the extent of what you want. Surely there's so other deep, dark secret about your little cock that you want to tell me."

Using her toes she gently nudged his trapped cock. It wasn't painful, but it reminded him that he was completely under her control. The more she dragged out the interview, the more eager he became to please her.

"What is your little secret?" she all but whispered to him. She leaned in and automatically Basil's eyes dipped down to sneak a peak at her hidden breasts. It wasn't like he needed to do that. It was an automatic male response. She saw it and frowned at him. "Eyes where they belong," she reminded him.

"Yes, Thena. Sorry. It's just that…"

"It's just that you want out of your cage, but that's not going to happen unless you obey the rules, right?"

The rules were the basis of their relationship. Obedience meant rewards, disobedience meant punishment, which was usually a longer lock up.

"Yes, Thena."

"What do you want?" she asked again. "What do you need? Do you want to see me fuck another man? Do you want to fuck another man while I watch? Do you need a painful ruined orgasm?"

"I want you to fuck me in the ass," he quickly blurted out, trying not to think of the words and what it meant. The only way his kink worked was when he didn't think about what he was doing.

Showing the poise and coolness she had learned over the past few months of

indulging Basil in his kink, Dorothy said sweetly, “The only problem with that plan is I don’t have a dick where I could fuck you in the ass.”

“You’d have to wear a strapon one,” he said quietly. “With a harness.”

“And do you have one of these toys?” she asked, caressing his cheek with the back of her hand. She felt the light stubble that had grown there over the course of the day. It was a caring gesture that was also designed to make him feel inferior to her, submissive.

“Y-y-yes.”

“Of course you do. And has anyone else worn it?” she continued on.

Basil swallowed. He should have lied, but if he was caught in a lie, the punishment would be more severe than if he had just told the truth in the first place. “Y-y-yes,” he stammered out again.

They both knew who he was talking about but neither of them wanted to say her name.

“Then I think you should get me a new one,” she said. “A nice one. Pay the extra for the overnight shipping.”

“I can…I can do that,” Basil said bravely.

“Good. When I fuck you in the ass, will you cum?”

“Yes,” he said quickly, almost too eagerly. “I mean, I have before and I’m sure you can make me do it again.”

“It’ll make a mess of your cage, won’t it?”

He looked at her blankly.

“I’m not going to fuck you without your cage on,” she told him flatly. “And I know you can cum with it on, so that’ll make a mess.”

“I can clean it up,” he said.

“Good. I’ll have to inspect you when you’re done. I don’t like it when a boy

can’t keep his chastity cage clean.”

“Yes, Thena.”

She bent forward and kissed him on the cheek. A chaste kiss. “Then get dressed. I’ll see you tomorrow. Make sure you have that strapon cock ready to go for me. And make sure it’s bigger than yours. We both know who is in charge here, right?”

“Right.”

She cleared her throat.

“Yes, Thena.” She smiled again.

Over the weeks Dorothy had learned a lot about Basil’s kink and she had come to enjoy playing the game with him. The sex was definitely exuberant and different from anything she had ever had before, but one thing was missing.

Dick. Good hard dick. There was some of it, of course. But not enough. Fingers and tongues and lips were well and good. A nice vibrator was even better. His cock—when it was time to use it—was nearly perfect, but she wasn’t getting enough of it.

But she had a plan for getting more.

Caroline looked at her with more than a modicum of dubiousness on her face. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

“No. Why would you say such a thing?” Dorothy said this with all the sweetness and innocence she could muster. Over the past few months she had managed to practice that to near-perfection.

“I should say the same thing to you,” Caroline replied while shaking her head. “Why would you ask such a thing?”

“Oh come on. It’s not like you love Rich—”

“Rick.”

“Rick. He’s just the guy you’ve been fucking for the past month.”

“But I like him.”

“But you don’t love him. I know your patterns, Car. At most you’re going to continue to fuck him another few weeks before dumping him and moving on. I’m giving you and him both too much credit to say he’s your boyfriend.”

“Yeah. About that. You want to fuck Rick—”

“Rich.”

“Rich.” She paused and shook her head. “Don’t fucking do that, Thena. His name is Rick.”

“Right. I forgot.”

“You say you want to fuck Rick because it’ll make Basil jealous. And that he’ll love it.” She repeated her dubious look. “Even for you and his…weird kink that’s fucking bonkers.” She paused and took a breath. “And why the fuck should I let you fuck my boyfriend?”

“I was just asking as a favor. Basil will get off on it.”

“I think you’re trying to drive him away. Get him to dump you. That’s what you do, Thena. Date for a few months, sleep with another guy, let guy number one know and get him to dump you.”

Dorothy’s voice caught in her throat. “It’s not like that this time.”

“Uh-huh.”

She frowned at her taller and prettier roommate. “Then just tell me how much longer you intend to fuck Rick. Or if he’s the one, should I look for another guy to fuck?”

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Elliot Silvestri is a world-famous author of erotica focusing on lactation and male chastity. He knows he’s world famous because he’s sold books in every region Amazon Direct Publishing has. Besides that he has another whole life he’s certainly not going to reveal in the “About the Author” section of a fun little bit of erotic writing. Feel free to contact him:

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