
your name written on me 1
Elise
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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Your Name Written On Me 1: Elise

An Erotic Tale of Treachery, Betrayal, and Tattoos

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Your Name Written On Me 1: Elise

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Elise

Chapter 1

The girl wanted me to fix Bit Khazz's eponym on her left forearm. In metallic gold ink. As if that could make it classy.

She was legal. Eighteen.

But it was stupid.

Everyone would know it was fake and it wouldn't fade.

I told her so.

"I have the money to pay for it," was her response.

"It's not about the money. Find someone else to do it."

Her face passed through a variety of emotions. Confusion. Anger. Dread. Depression. Hope, maybe. A bunch of other expressions I couldn't read.

"Fuck you!" she suddenly screamed at me. I half expected that to be her reaction. "Everyone says you're the best fixer but you're complete shit!"

I didn't even need to tap the panic button in my workspace. Dilly, our bouncer, appeared a second later and told her to leave. Dilly is six foot eight, close to three hundred pounds of pure muscle, and the scar on the side of his head makes him look like a mental patient.

He's a teddy bear.

The scar was from his time bouncing at a bar when a beer bottle was broken over his head. Letting his hair grow wasn't an option because it looked like shit.

The girl ineffectively punched him a few times in the chest. She would have done more damage to a brick wall.

She left without a further argument.

She left making me feel like shit.

"You okay, boss?" Dilly asked me.

“Yeah, just...trying to tell eighteen year old girls they are making a terrible decision is like spitting on a hurricane to make the wind stop.”

“Uh-huh.” Dilly nodded sagely and left.

I finished up my time in the studio and went home at midnight.

I never claimed to be the best fixer in the world, country, state, city, or anywhere, but somehow I had gotten the reputation. The money was good and I didn’t know what else to do with my life. I had that one specific talent and that was it.

No one really knows how eponyms started. One day, they just appeared on people’s skin. Everyone remembers the date. I guess it’s good it wasn’t retroactive.

Have sex with someone and the name of your lover suddenly appears on your skin as if tattooed there.

Sounds great, right?

Except you don’t get to choose where it appears and there’s no way to remove it.

Cut that piece of skin off and the name appears elsewhere. Sand it off, same thing. Only real solution is to cover it up with a tattoo, but not tattoo over it, work the name into a design that hides it.

Of course, on the other side of the coin are the star fuckers who bed celebrities just to get the latest rapper or actress’s name permanently inscribed on their flesh.

And then there are the people who will pay for fake eponyms of famous people.

It’s big business.

The weird thing about eponyms is that they seem to be unique like fingerprints. They always appear in the person’s native tongue whether it be English or Japanese or Sanskrit or Emoji.

Some people speculated it was a bizarre sexually transmitted disease to humiliate fornicators and adulterers. I liked those who thought it was a virus

created by a religious cult, that would have been great, but it caused so many scandals in so many religions, I immediately discounted it. Catholic priests couldn't keep it in their pants any more than Protestant pastors. And of course none of them could hold a candle to hypocritical politicians, but more on them later.

Of course, the real damage was to people in relationships who were one hundred percent positive they would never be cheated on by their partners. And then they would find the evidence literally written on their bodies.

Oftentimes their faces.

Funny how they worked out, almost like lying had real consequences.

A curse from God seemed more likely.

Personally, I think it was just humanity's karma catching up with us. That a cosmic entity with a bizarre sense of humor was playing with us.

Elisa was waiting for me in our bed in our apartment. Well, not exactly waiting for me. She was asleep in the bed. I undressed as quietly as I could and went into the bathroom before joining her.

I briefly looked at myself in the mirror because I foolishly turned on the bathroom light.

What kind of fixer—what kind of tattoo artist—has no tattoos at all?

Just the eponym of his girlfriend.

Elisa's name ran down my left arm, starting at the shoulder and ending mid-biceps, in inch high letters.

It was my only eponym.

I hated looking at myself in the mirror.

Slipping between the sheets, I tried to go to sleep, but Elisa curled up next to me.

"Are you late?" she mumbled, still half asleep.

“No. You’re just tired.”

“Uh-huh.”

She was usually tired. Working as an ER medtech will do that.

All she wore to bed was one of my old t-shirts that was ten sizes too big for her

I lay in the dark and thought about her body. She might not object if I woke her up for sex, but I wasn’t in the mood. If she had been, she would have woken me up.

I knew where all her eponyms were.

Jimmy C - right thigh

Adrian - left hip

Jordan - inside left elbow

Markus H - lower back, right side

Richard - right shoulder blade

Chris - stomach, to the right of her belly button

River - side of left foot

Kelly T - right elbow

I knew the names. I had never asked her about them. It didn’t take a genius to figure out at least two, possibly as many as four, were neutral enough to be feminine names. I didn’t ask about that either.

She had mentioned to me that only her name was on my skin. I agreed with her. It was the truth. Only her name was on me.

I suppose I should mention that my name was on her as well. It was etched beautifully on her skin, left breast, right above her heart.

Chapter 2

I woke up with Elise's hand wrapped around my cock. There was barely any light coming in through the blinds.

"It's too early," I complained.

She didn't listen to my complaints. I was already hard, but that was probably just morningwood. Her hand was busy on my cock as I tried to struggle back to sleep. My body wasn't having any of that.

I briefly wondered under what circumstances would cause an eponym to appear on a man's cock. Or on a woman's labia. There were plenty of pictures floating around of those exact things. Some were fakes. I could tell. It was my job.

"I woke up horny," said Elise as she slipped on top of me. In a matter of a few seconds she sank down on my cock and started riding me. As always, her pussy felt incredible as she engulfed me.

"I can tell," I said.

"Late night last night?" she asked as she pulled off my old The Wronged t-shirt and let me see her tits. I stared for just as long at my name on her breast as I stared at her nipples.

"No."

"You didn't wake me up. That's why I woke up horny."

I grimmaced. I didn't want to answer, but I did. "Some stupid girl wanted Bit Khazz's eponym on her neck."

Elise started to giggle, which wasn't exactly sexy so she stopped riding my cock, which was annoying.

"Did she really think she was going to fool anyone?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

"Did you do it?"

"No. Of course not. I kicked her out."

“We could use the money.”

“I’ve got plenty of clients.”

“But you charge a ridiculous amount for fixer work.”

“I have some integrity,” I grunted. “Now are you going to fuck me or are we going to discuss my client list?”

Leaning forward Elise offered her left breast to my mouth.

I couldn’t resist. There was no reason to resist.

I sucked on her nipple and felt it harden in my mouth, under my tongue.

She groaned. I inhaled deeply and started pushing my cock up into her body.

I had no idea how much time we had before she had to leave for her next shift at the hospital. I let her be my guide.

It wasn’t the crazy sort of sex new lovers have or old lovers have when they’ve planned an elaborate evening together. It was just sex. As we moved about on the bed, changing positions and enjoying each other’s bodies, I traced my fingers over her eponyms without making it obvious what I was doing.

I was jealous and I wasn't.

Maybe Elise wouldn’t mind if I had sex with someone else.

What would my reaction be? We had only been together for a little over a year. It wasn’t like we were married or welded at the hip.

We just had our names on each other’s bodies.

I made her cum three times before I was ready to finish. She was pleased with my performance and after resting a minute, headed to the shower.

I went to the small living room and turned on the screen, scanning the morning news.

It was the lamest of scandals because it happened all the time. I liked this

morning’s twist, however.

Local broadcast news is either the worst form of information or the most entertaining. There’s no middle ground.

Today’s news flash was the mayor’s husband had been spotted with a new eponym on his neck. That would have been bad enough, but the eponym was the mayor’s brother. Official word from the mayor’s office was “No comment.” I didn’t blame her. If I was married I wouldn’t want my spouse to be fucking my sibling. The fact that I thought the mayor was a fucking idiot didn’t factor in at all to my pleasure at this minor but stupid scandal.

And yet I couldn’t tear my eyes away from the breathless coverage.

Elise came out of the shower and made her way into the living room without me hearing her. “Probably not a smart move on anyone’s part,” was her comment.

I snickered. “What would you do if I came home with someone else’s eponym on me?”

Now Elise snickered at me. “Right. Like you’d have sex with someone else.”

“Hey!” I protested.

She shrugged at me. “It’s true.”

“It’s not!” I complained, but I knew it was true.

Probably.

First, Elise was seven years older than me. That was just coincidence. I don’t have a thing for older women.

I do, however, have crippling social anxiety. That was why art was such a great outlet for me in school. I could work alone. Long story short, best paying job I ever had was tattooing on people. Specifically tattooing on eponyms and fixes on people with too much money. I would have been happier to just do the designs in private.

Lifting her chin, Elise said, “Okay, then when you come home with some other

woman’s name on your body, I’ll change my attitude.”

“So you’re giving me permission to fuck other women?”

“Men too,” she added quickly. “I’m not going to force you to discriminate.”

“Thanks.”

“You must be the only virgin to ever graduate art school. Hell, not even a blowjob from some eager freshman wanting to suck up to a senior.” She smirked at her joke.

I kept my face neutral. “You’re going to regret this.”

“Just so long as you don’t get upset when I add a new name to this fresh skin,” she said, dropping her towel and posing her body for me.

I drank in her beauty. We met at the studio where I worked. She had come in for a fix to Jimmy C’s name but couldn’t afford the price I quoted her.

Long story short she offered me a blowjob for a reduced rate. I pointed out that she would just be swapping one terrible eponym for another. In the end, she still wound up with my name on her skin, but she kept Jimmy C’s name on her thigh, even after I offered to fix it for free.

“No,” she said. “I want to keep it now. To remember how I met you.”

That was Elise.

I still don’t know why she stays with me.

Since she had a variable schedule and mine was mostly work in the afternoon and evenings, we often had time alone in our place during the morning when things were quiet. Not today. She had to go in early to cover someone else’s shift. I was bored at home alone and, foolishly, decided that going in to work to do some prep work, or clean up, or even maybe create some new designs was a good idea.

Boy was I wrong.

Dilly was already there at noon. It was too soon to open, but he had things ready anyway. None of the other artists were there. Just me and Dilly. I nodded to him and went to my cubicle. Dilly took care of all the secretarial and managerial duties; he was good at it.

I hadn't been there five minutes when Dilly appeared at my table. "Got a client for you."

I looked up from the design I had just started. I hated it but I couldn't stop myself from trying to fix it.

"A walk in?"

Dilly shrugged. "I can send her away. Make her set an appointment."

I sighed. I was too much of a pushover. We all knew it. "I'll do a consult, but I might have you kick her out."

He nodded and left.

I could always use the extra cash.

When she appeared at my cubicle, she took my breath away. She was beautiful. My face burned bright red. My heart pounded in my chest. I got a boner that was thankfully hidden under the small desk where I was seated.

I must have looked like shit to her.

Maybe, being so beautiful, she was used to that sort of reaction.

Everything about her was perfect. Honey brown hair falling to shoulder length. Brilliant blue eyes, light tan skin that was most assuredly natural, breasts that weren't on display, even via cleavage, but somehow seemed to be the perfect size and shape. A body type that was trim without being muscular and curvy without being fat. In short, the perfect woman.

Of course, that's how I felt about every new and vaguely attractive woman that I met.

It was exactly how I felt when I first saw Elise.

I’m not exactly suave with women. Or anyone. It explains a lot why I only have Elise’s name on me.

“I was told you can do a fix for me?”

Even her voice was beautiful.

Of course, she could have had a voice like rusty nails being thrown at broken glass and I still would have been in love.

I hated myself.

Still, I managed to force out the word, “Maybe.”

She looked expectantly at me.

I looked back.

This was the sort of expert level flirting that had kept me a virgin until after art school.

“Can you do it today?” she prompted me.

“Uh...maybe?” I repeated.

Smiling, she sat down. This brought her tits—and everything else—closer to me. That didn’t help my concentration.

“So can we do it or not?”

I goggled at her. In my mind she was asking me to fuck her. Of course, I’d say no because I was too nervous to actually go through with having sex with a stranger.

Then, somehow, reality managed to smack my brain and I realized that she wasn’t talking about sex. She was talking about fixing her eponym.

“Uh...I need to do a consult first. There’s a charge for that.”

We only started charging for consults because too many people came in asking for fixes that they never had no way of paying for and wasting our time. The

consult fee usually chased them away.

The beauty in front of me just shrugged. “That’s fine of course.”

“Let me see the eponym you need fixed.”

Without another word she stood up, turned around, and flipped up her dress to her waist. I was presented with a pair of bright red panties on her shapely bottom.

I stared.

I couldn’t help myself.

She wanted me to look.

She had a great ass.

A fantastic ass.

It might have been the most perfect female ass in the universe.

If I had a stroke right then, I would have died the happiest man on Earth.

And then she pulled down her panties. Only halfway, but still…

I had been wrong. I was happier. Her ass was more perfect. My cock was a throbbing rod of hot steel that threatened to burst out of my pants and set the entire building on fire.

I wanted to reach out and touch her skin because it looked like silk and just begged to be caressed.

Instead I sat on my hands, frozen in place.

If she had asked me to lick her ass, I would have.

No. I wouldn’t have. I would have remained frozen in place.

“I suppose it’s sort of lucky that it’s on my bottom and not on my face, but my husband doesn’t appreciate having to look at it every time he has sex with me.”

I couldn’t believe what I said next.

“Maybe have sex with him in the dark?”

Not only was that stupid, but I was talking myself out of an easy fixing job.

She laughed and her butt wiggled back and forth. “You’re fucking hilarious. That is so funny! I love men with dry humor.”

“Is that why you have the name Karolos on your...uh...body?”

She looked over her shoulder at me. “No. I fucked him to piss off my husband.”

I met her eyes. “You can pull your underwear back up and put your dress down.”

Straightening up she glared at me. “Aren’t you going to ask why I fucked him to piss off my husband?”

I shrugged. “Not my business.”

I was dying to know.

She studied my face and I quickly looked down at the desk. Pulling a form from the single drawer, I started sketching the solution to her problem. It gave me something to focus on other than her perfect ass.

Her perfect ass slightly marred with the eponym “Karolos”.

“Aren’t you the least bit curious?”

“I mean…” I stuttered out while I was rapidly moving my pencil over the paper. “Curiosity killed the cat, right? You want a service and you’re getting it.” I quickly turned the paper around and showed her my initial idea. “This is just preliminary, but you get the idea. Instead of geometric designs I could incorporate flowers or animal designs. It’ll look better when I add color.”

She didn’t even glance at the sketch I had done. “I wanted to piss off my husband and I wanted to force him to look at the name of my lover every time he fucked me doggy.”

“That’s cool,” I said.

That was not cool at all.

At least, it didn’t seem cool or normal to me, but I’m screwed up in other ways.

She tilted her head to the side. “What do you think his reaction would be if I came home with another man’s name on me?”

“He’d probably be just as pissed,” I said quickly.

“After he saw Karolos’s eponym, we had the best sex of our marriage. Hell, the best sex of my life. His too.”

“That’s...troubling.” I had no idea why she was dumping all of this on me. I was just an eponym fixer and tattoo artist. I wasn’t her marriage counselor.

“I think I should fuck other men so the sex gets even better.”

I just sat there. I had no words for her.

“Nothing?” she asked. “I’m offering to fuck you and you say nothing?”

“Uh…” I wondered if odd noises counted as saying nothing.

“Don’t you want to fuck me? I’m not being conceited but I know I’ve got a great body and a beautiful face. I even fuck like an angel. The whole package.” She paused. “Are you gay?”

“I’m straight,” I managed to squeak out.

“Loyal to your...wife? Girlfriend? You don’t look like the faux-religious type. Or even the real religious type.”

“Yes!” I said far too loudly. “Very loyal. I love Elise!”

She looked at me strangely.

“Would your relationship survive a little...fun infidelity?”

My brain wasn’t functioning. I couldn’t think of an answer that made sense.

She answered for me. “I don’t think it would, judging by your reaction.”

“It would!” I quickly countered.

My prospective client now took a seat. “Well then...fancy a fuck for fun?”

I could only look at her. It felt like a trap.

I shook my head. “No thank you.” I made a few minor changes to the design sitting on the desk between us. “If you like this, I can add the color and schedule an appointment for you.”

The woman looked closely at me, studying me, as if she were inspecting an alien, or a bug she had never seen before.

Both of which she was contemplating killing.

“I like it.”

“Great!” I said brightly and moved the design back to my side of the desk. “I just need a few details from you. Name?”

“Antoinette.”

“Last name?”

“Is that necessary?”

I glanced up at her. “No, but...we don’t take cash. Too risky. It’ll have to be a card or electronic payment. We’ll get it from there.”

“Perkins-Flores.”

“Uh-huh.” I filled in gender and location on my own. “DOB?”

After she gave me that I quickly figured out she was forty two years old. She was incredibly beautiful for not being a young woman. Maybe she was like a classic car; just better looking with age. My hands were sweating and I was having trouble keeping a grip on the pencil.

We set an appointment for her and I sent her on her way, sending a text up to Dilly to charge her the consultation and design fee.

I tried not to think about the chances that Antoinette Perkins-Flores was unrelated to Mayor Charlotte Perkins-Flores.

Chapter 3

When I got home late that night, Elise was still awake. She was horny and stripped my clothes off when I came to the bedroom.

Or I thought she was horny. She didn't go for my cock or kiss me much. Well, she kissed me once on the lips and then kissed my body all over. When she finally stopped licking and kissing me, she met my eyes and gave me a disappointed look.

"You didn't fuck anyone today."

She had been inspecting me for a new eponym.

"No. But I did have an offer," I said boldly.

Elise laughed at me. I didn't blame her for her reaction.

"Yeah. Right. I was teasing you."

"I still got an offer."

Elise planted a kiss. Her lips were so incredibly soft. I never got over that. "That's cute, but the reason I'm with you is because you'd never cheat on me." She ran her hands over my body. "See. No eponym but mine."

"I still got the offer." I was getting offended that she didn't believe me.

Tilting her head to the side, Elise studied me. "Okay. I'll play along; tell me the story."

"It was from Mayor Perkins-Flores's sister.

Up to that point Elise had been mildly amused. Now she burst out laughing.

I glared at her.

It took my girlfriend a minute to see that I was serious.

"Flipping hell. You aren't kidding, are you?"

“Nope.”

“I wonder if this has anything to do with the mayor’s husband…”

“I wonder if it has anything to do with the mayor’s brother.”

Elise nodded her head. “That’s one fucked-up family.”

“It’s only fair to mention that the mayor’s sister was cheating on her husband and that has nothing to do with the mayor herself.”

“Right. So tell me everything!”

I did. Elise remained quiet during my tale, only shaking her head occasionally.

When I was done her comment was, “That’s one fucked-up family.”

“What family isn’t fucked up?” I asked.

“None. Though probably the most fucked-up one was your high school girlfriend’s family.”

I had told Elise about Melinda’s family because she was fascinated that I had never had sex with her. Or anyone else for that matter.

“Don’t bring Melinda up again.”

“I really want to meet her. I wonder how many eponyms she’s acquired since high school.”

“Probably none.”

“I don’t know, girl like that, given a tiny bit of freedom, she’ll fuck anything that moves. Tell me again about your one kiss with her.”

“I kissed her more than once!” I protested.

Elise laughed at me. I didn’t blame her. My relationship with Melinda wasn’t all that strange, though how I had managed to keep her as girlfriend for a year still puzzled me. Her family was super religious. So religious that Melinda told me that after every one of our very chaste dates her parents—mom and dad both—

would make her strip down to bra and underwear to make sure she hadn't had sex with me. Or anyone for that matter.

At one point they were so convinced that Melinda was fucking me or someone else that they insisted she strip naked.

I'm fairly certain they would have insisted on the same for me.

Sadly, for some groups, such treatment of children wasn't all that unusual.

But as it was, Melinda remained a virgin throughout high school. I lost contact with her when we went to college.

That was for the best, I was certain.

"Did you even touch her boobs?" Elise laughed.

"Yes."

"Over the bra?"

"Yes, over the bra. You know this already. Stop it."

"I'm sorry, but it still amuses me." Elise got serious. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't tease you. But I want you to fuck another woman."

I blinked. "What?"

"If we stay together for...I don't know...however long we stay together for. Let's say until we die. If we stay together until we die, I don't want you to be resentful that I've bedded more people than you. I'm giving you permission to go for it with whomever you want."

She'd said this in other ways before. I always said no. There was no way I could handle that sort of pressure.

"You know I'm not going to do that," I told her.

She kissed me. "I know. But if it does happen, go for it and don't feel guilty. Brag to me."

“You’re twisted.

“Thank you. Now, do you want to fuck?”

I did. I did want to fuck. And so we did.

It was great.

I’ll admit it. I looked all over her body for a new telltale eponym.

Elise hadn’t been unfaithful to me.

My worry did make me wonder, however, for those people who have had dozens if not hundreds of partners...would their significant other even notice one new one unless it was in an obvious place?

Chapter 4

Two days later Antoinette came back to the studio to have her fix done. I had sent her my final design and she had approved it. I never expected that to happen.

Well...maybe.

My fixing work was more or less equally divided between people getting old names permanently obscured (Which was sort of a waste. If there isn't regular contact between two people, the eponym starts fading after a few years. After twenty years, most eponyms are barely visible. Still, it upsets some people which makes no sense to me, but it's how I make my living.) and getting new names covered up before an indiscretion could be revealed.

That's where the real money in fixes is made. I've dealt with plenty of panicked and supposedly faithful husbands and wives needing a fix immediately. High pressure and fast turnaround. I could make as much money on one desperate client as a regular tattoo artist could make in a week with a phalanx of loyal customers.

I was getting to that point in my life and career where I didn't need the money, but I still liked it a whole lot.

It made me wonder if Elise stayed with me because she loved me or if she liked my money.

Maybe it was the money that made me attractive.

Antoinette was in the first category. Needed a cover up but didn't need it right away. She wanted quality work and was willing to pay for it, but didn't need to do it immediately because of her fucked-up relationship with her husband.

Just the thought of her telling her husband about her infidelity got me hard.

I had to know exactly what was going on between them and I didn't have any way of finding out.

It was infuriating and gave me such a hard boner that it was painful.

I was pleased that Toni showed up at her for her appointment time. I wasn't worried about losing money; I just get annoyed when I could be doing other useful work instead of just waiting around. In the past I had noted that the more money someone had, the less likely they were to arrive on time.

Once she got into my cubicle we got right to business. That was best because it distracted me from my hard cock. Toni wiggled out of her too tight pants that left absolutely nothing to the imagination and showed me her ass.

It was still perfect.

This time she was wearing a pink thong that served no purpose other than to be decorative. At least, that was my guess.

The problem was that it wasn't a little tiny thong. It was, in my most professional opinion, a medium sized thong. As such, it came down low enough that it touched on her unwanted eponym.

I paused, uncertain as to what to do. Getting at a client's skin generally wasn't a problem, but on a few rare occasions this had come up for me. With men, it's not a big deal. I just tell them I'm a professional and they need to take off their underwear.

But this time I was staring at Toni's oh-so-perfect ass and I couldn't get the words out.

She was face down on my table waiting patiently for me to start. Eventually she got bored or curious as to what was taking so long. "Problem?" she asked.

"Uh...your underwear is in the way."

I couldn't make myself tell her she needed to remove them. She was still wearing her top and, presumably, her bra, but I wasn't going to ask about that.

"Oh? I should have worn a smaller pair." She gave me a wink. Sat up and hopped off the table before I could say anything further. After yanking down her panties and tossing them on top of her neatly folded pants, she carefully climbed back onto the table.

I'll admit it.

I stared at her pussy.

She was hairless.

I wasn’t surprised.

Her front lower torso also showed off several eponyms. Not a lot. I counted five after I managed to drag my eyes away from her pretty pussy. Maybe she had more on top. I wasn’t going to ask.

“Better?” she asked.

I nodded yes.

“How long is this going to take?”

“Uh...a couple of hours.”

“Is it going to hurt?”

I paused. “Just a little.”

She sighed. “Okay. I’ll tell you if you need to stop.”

I was actually frightened of screwing up. That was always a risk when tattooing someone, but skilled artists could always correct a minor error. I didn’t want to screw up on Toni’s skin. Not on her perfect skin. And her ass—the shape, the firmness, the size, the everything—to make a mistake would go above simple error and into sin.

Not that I believed in sin, but it would be an unforgivable error.

I would have loved to remove my gloves to caress her silky flesh, but that would be unprofessional.

But I still wanted to do it.

After a while of working on someone beautiful, the thrill goes away. Mostly. My erection subsided a little, which was good, because that allowed me to focus on the task at hand.

I had been working in silence, and then Toni asked me a question without any warning.

“Do you still want to fuck me?”

It was a good thing I had already lifted the gun from her skin, otherwise I would have created an uneven series of dashes on her ass.

“What?”

She laughed at me.

Why do women have a vested interest in humiliating and teasing me?

“I asked if you still wanted to fuck me.”

“Uh...I don’t know how to answer that question.”

“It’s a yes or no answer.”

I pushed back from the table. “I’m pretty sure no matter how I answer, I’m screwed.”

“Actually, I was hoping to get screwed,” she said with a wry grin on her face.

“I don’t think I should,” I said firmly. Like that decided anything.

“It would be great if you would finish up that fix,” she said, “and when I fucked my husband tonight, he just might find your eponym on me.”

“That sounds like a terrible idea.”

Laughing, Toni turned away from me and put her face back down to the table. “Just finish up. It’s starting to hurt.”

I refused to hurry. It would result in a shitty outcome and I wasn’t going to have bad ink on one of my clients. She’d have to take the pain.

She was a woman of means. I could tell that by her clothing and the ease at which she paid for the ridiculous rates we charged for fixes.

On the positive side, Toni didn’t ask for a break or complain about the pain or the relative boredom of getting a fix done. I listened to music as I worked, but I didn’t bother offering her a choice of style or genre. It was my studio and I needed it to concentrate.

Finally when it was done, I offered her a mirror.

“Why is my skin so red around it?” was the first question she asked.

I sighed. “Because I've been irritating the skin on and around the eponym for the past two hours. It’s a normal reaction. If it didn’t happen, it would be a huge problem.” I let my best customer service shine through. “Do you like the results?”

At first I liked the fact that she didn’t answer me. She studied her ass in the mirror and the fix I had put on her unwanted eponym. Then I started to wonder if she was just admiring her ass like I was. It was fine for me to admire her ass, but for Toni to do it was more than just a little bit of narcissism.

“Is the color scheme too bright? Can you tone it down?”

“It is bright, but the color will slowly fade. I can mute the colors, but that will accelerate the color drop that much more. You might like it today, but next month you’ll be upset with it. Keeping it as is will ensure proper coloration for years.”

It was a standard answer.

“I like the flowers. Can you add more of them? You know, expand the design?”

It took all of my self-control not to sigh. “Yes, I can do that for an additional design charge. We’ll have to book another appointment. It’ll take up more space on your skin where, and I give this warning to all my clients, any new eponyms could form and overwrite the fix I’ve done.”

She nodded. “Mmm-hmm. I understand.”

“Very good then.” I fixed a bandage over the work I had done. “Just leave this on for twenty four hours and then just be sure to moisturize. You can get up now.”

She slid off the table but didn’t bother putting on her underwear and pants. I tried not to stare at her and focused on cleaning my equipment. I had another client in an hour.

“Now, there’s the matter of payment,” she said brightly, standing there in just her top.

“You can just pay Dilly at the front desk. He takes care of that sort of thing.”

“I meant giving you a blowjob reward.”

I backed up. “That’s entirely unnecessary. And counterproductive.”

“That’s the fun, isn’t it? I want to give my husband an adventure. He needs to find a new eponym on my body. I want you to be the one to give it to me.”

I shook my head. “That’s a really bad idea.”

Her lips twisted into a little moue of annoyance. “How can you resist this body?” she asked as she turned around once, giving me a view of what I had already seen.

My body, betraying me, responded to her display. My cock got hard. I was only human. I wanted to fuck her, but there was no way it was going to happen.

Not even with Elise’s permission.

Not even with Toni throwing herself at me.

Not even with me having plenty of time to do it.

Not even knowing Dilly and the rest of the staff at the studio didn’t care. Hell, some of the staff gave discounts for sexual favors, which made no sense to me, but I didn’t understand people all that well.

Toni looked at me in disappointment. “Nothing?” she asked. “You don’t like my ass? Or my pussy?” She put her hand to her lips. “Oh! I’m sorry. Are you gay?”

“I’m not gay,” I said way too quickly.

“Good. Not an ass man? Do you like tits?”

Without any warning she pulled up her shirt to reveal a set of tits that were just as incredible as her ass. They were perfect. I'm sure mathematical models could have been done on the shape of her breasts comparing them to their size and her body type and found out they were visually pleasing across the spectrum of human sexual preferences.

The nipples and areolas were flawless. Pink, but not too pink. Just large enough to be a delight for the eyes but the diameter of the areolas were exactly proportional to her breasts to make them the sublime capstones to her mammary projections.

It wasn't possible, but my cock got harder.

She grinned down at what was now obvious through my clothing.

"I'd be thrilled if you'd fuck me," she said firmly. "I love playing this game."

"Why?" I asked and immediately realized it was a stupid question. "Did Elise put you up to this?"

Her brow furrowed. "Who is Elise?"

I couldn't tell if she was lying or playing a game. Fuck.

"My girlfriend."

"Even better," she said. "Your girlfriend can find my name on you and...well, what will happen then? Will she even notice?"

"We don't have an open relationship." I congratulated myself at how calm and cool I was being in front of a woman who was naked and had said she wanted to fuck me. My eyes were moving all over her body. I tried not to stare at her tits and pussy, as if that made a difference in the moment, so I focused on her eponyms. There were a lot of them. In addition to the ones on her lower half, there were at least seven more I counted on her torso.

I spent too much time focusing on those eponyms.

David.

Joseph.

Ernest.

Roy.

Alfred.

Paul.

Melinda.

I got stuck on the last one.

I knew I had read it correctly.

Toni was watching me much more closely than I realized. I thought she was just checking out the outline of my cock, but she apparently was looking at my face as well.

“Like what you see?” she asked me.

I pointed at the eponym on the bottom edge of her ribcage, right side of her body. “That one says Melinda.”

She smiled. “It sure does. I’ve only been with four women and I’d certainly do it again with any one of them.”

Moving around the table, I approached Toni and leaned in close to look at the Melinda eponym.

Usually a person’s eponym appears in roughly the same location on all their lovers. Why? No one knows. But it’s not a hard and fast rule. An eponym could appear anywhere. It seemed to fall on the face and neck more often with lovers a person is trying to conceal out of shame or guilt.

I had seen this eponym before. I tended to avoid social media for the most part because I wanted to forget the people I had gone to high school and college with. But it was a thing to post photos of one’s spouse’s eponym. Or a lover’s eponym.

“Melinda Yates-Cook?” I asked. I already knew, but I had to ask.

When a smile blossomed across Toni's face, I started to hate her. "Yes! That's her! Do you know her?"

I had seen the eponym on a man's body once before. I hated him. I wanted to hate Melinda.

I said nothing for a long uncomfortable moment. I wanted to scream. I wanted to rage. I wanted to die. I wanted to kill Toni and then hunt down and kill Melinda.

Instead I grabbed Toni by the shoulder and kissed her so fiercely it was a miracle that I didn't smash my teeth into hers.

It took her a moment to realize what was happening and then she kissed me back. Toni forced her tongue into my mouth, pushing back my tongue. I liked that. It made me angry.

I'm not a big muscular guy but I managed to push her up against the wall. She didn't seem to mind. She probably liked it.

She certainly liked it when I groped her body.

"I want your cock," she said, breaking our kiss and grabbing at my clothes trying to free my erection.

I wasn't sure if I should help her or not. I wanted to fuck her and abuse her and make her mine.

My indecision gave Toni time to get down on her knees to unbuckle my belt and open up my pants. A moment later my cock was in her mouth.

I didn't know when my eponym would be on her, but it was inevitable at this point.

More importantly, Toni knew how to give head like a pro. I'd never admit it to Elise, but she was much better at sucking cock than my girlfriend. It was a miracle I didn't cum in her mouth right away.

"You like that?" she asked me, taking a quick break from deepthroating me to pump my cock with her fist. She wasn't superhuman after all.

“Fuck yes.”

“I knew you would.” She grinned and then licked the underside of my manhood from tip down to the balls which she then proceeded to take into her mouth. My head was spinning. Sucking my balls and pumping her hand on my cock was too much to take. I was going to cum and splash it all over her face.

“You ready to cum?” she asked after letting my balls slip from her mouth.

“Uh-huh.” I wanted to cum. I needed to cum. I was right on the edge.

She stood up and moved away from me.

Fuck!

I was certain this was all a big tease. Some women—and more than a few men—like to play this game of sexual chicken. See how far they could go playing sex games before an eponym would appear. From what I understood kissing was fine and nothing would result from that. Usually manual stimulation was fine as well because if it wasn’t a doctor just touching a patient’s penis or vagina would soon find themselves absolutely covered in unwanted eponyms.

The general understanding was there had to be intent and there had to be some sort of sexual satisfaction.

Oral sex was a gray area. Some people swore that a little head or a little pussy licking was perfectly harmless and safe. No chance of an eponym unless the receiver came or the giver earnestly tried to make the other cum. Other people swore that any oral-genital contact was all it took.

I had no idea what the truth was based upon my personal experience. I knew that universities had tried to study the process, but our sexually repressive government refused to fund that sort of research.

Anyway, I knew we were doomed so I was puzzled and confused and angry when Toni moved away from me.

I shouldn’t have been worried. She just stepped over to the table where I worked on my clients and bent over it, offering me her shapely ass and spread legs.

The moisture glistening on her labia was obvious from where I stood.

“What are you waiting for?” she asked, looking over her shoulder at me. “Put it in and fuck me hard. Make me cum or we’re never doing this again.”

I should have stopped. I should have left.

But I saw Melinda’s eponym on Toni’s ribs and that spurred me on. Yes, the homosexual community (and the bi community as well) were not safe from the eponym curse either. It just happened; there was no way to avoid it.

The table Toni was bent over, my table, was heavily padded to give my clients some comfort while I worked on them.

Shoving down my pants to better get at her, I pinned Toni against the table and probed between her legs with my cock. Her pussy was hairless. I don’t know what method she used to remove her pubic hair, but she was perfectly smooth so I doubted it was shaving, unless she had shaved that morning.

I couldn’t find her entrance. My cock was slick with my precum and her saliva and her labia was well lubed with her amrita, but I couldn’t find her entrance. It was pissing me off. I was too accustomed to Elise’s anatomy to know what to do with another woman.

She reached down and guided me in.

I groaned as I entered her.

She was incredibly hot and wet and the interior of her pussy was every bit as perfect as the rest of her body.

“You have a nice cock,” she complimented me as I sank all the way in.

I had no way of knowing that was the case or not. I mean, I could compare shape and size to pictures and videos of other men, but since my lifetime experience had been one woman it was a hollow compliment.

“Thanks,” I grunted as I started plowing her.

In essence, it didn’t matter if I made her cum or not. We were both going to get

our eponyms at this point. This was going to be a one fuck relationship, I was certain of it.

Of course, if I didn't make her cum, there was no way I was going to be able to ask her about Melinda.

I should have fucking left it alone but I'm an emotional cripple.

Focusing on nothing so I wouldn't cum, I brought out my best rhythm and angle and speed because I wanted her to cum.

I had no idea who Toni's husband was, but I wanted to piss him off. It made no sense, but I wanted to piss him off.

Luck was with me. Toni was into this as much, if not more than, me. The hand she had used to slip me into her, she was now using to rub her clit in time with my thrusts.

Her little squeals of ecstasy weren't drowned out by the music at all.

Our encounter only lasted a few minutes at most. That was fine. That was all we needed. She came. Her pussy flashed so hot I thought my cock was going to be boiled.

I came a moment later, emptying my balls into her tunnel.

I wasn't worried about her getting pregnant. I was worried about the eponym.

Chapter 5

I didn’t know how to act when I got home that night. Because I had scheduled the early morning appointment with Toni, I didn’t walk in at my usual late hour, close to midnight. I was home at seven.

Elise wasn’t home yet.

I didn’t know if that was good or bad.

My mind was reeling.

Dilly had been the only other person in the studio when I had fucked Toni. If he knew or cared about what had happened, he didn’t give me an indication one way or another. I was busy enough during the day that I was able to distract myself from thinking about the stupid situation I had created.

The first thing I did when I got home was strip down in the bathroom and inspect myself in the mirror.

It normally took a couple of hours for an eponym to develop, but that varied from person to person. With Elise it had formed overnight so I had no clue what my body would do.

Elise’s eponym was on my chest, right side, just below my clavicle. There was no reason to hide it, but it was easy enough to conceal with a shirt.

I found Toni’s eponym on my left thigh, right across the quadriceps, midway down to my knee. It wasn’t huge but it was obvious. If I wore shorts of moderate length it was concealable. Pants would of course cover it.

There was no way I was going to hide it from Elise.

There was no way for me to hide one from her regardless of where it was on my body.

I stood in the bathroom a long time wondering what to do.

She had given me permission.

Should I tell her?

Should I let her find it?

Should I just run away and be done with this life?

I had no idea what I should do.

I dressed and went to the kitchen. I didn't cook a lot but I thought that making a meal for Elise might be a nice gesture considering the circumstances.

I sent her a message and asked her when she'd be home so we could have dinner together.

My plans were crushed when she sent back a terse response. I'll be there in ten minutes.

Well there was no way I was going to be able to make a decent dinner in that amount of time.

Takeout it was, then.

I sat at the table and just stared out the window. I felt like a tool.

I heard Elise come into the apartment, but I didn't move. She called out a few things to me and I didn't respond.

Eventually she found me hiding—and doing a terrible job at hiding—in the kitchen.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes?"

She looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "Are you sure about that?"

"No."

Elise sat down at the corner of the table and took my hand in hers. "Honey, what's the matter? Bad day at work?"

Of course I had told her that I needed to go in early for an appointment. That wasn't unusual. I hadn't told her who the appointment was with.

"No. Yes."

"Oh good. You've cleared that up." Elise leaned forward and kissed my cheek. "Do you want or need something? If something is bothering you, please tell me."

I couldn't tell her.

There was no way for me to force the words out of my mouth.

She had given me permission, and I had acted on it, but I still couldn't admit it.

I hated myself for so many reasons.

I must have looked like I was having a psychotic break.

"You're making me worried, honey."

The panic in her voice was real and I still couldn't talk.

Taking action, I stood up. I had intended to roll up my pants leg, but that wasn't going to work.

The only thing I could do was unzip and pull down my pants.

I was smart enough to keep my underwear on.

At least I thought that was smart.

Maybe it wasn't. I was basically ending my relationship with Elise so maybe it didn't matter.

For her part, Elise was surprised when I performed my little maneuver. I didn't blame her. She was confused. She couldn't work out if I was trying to tell her I wanted to have sex and had simultaneously lost my mind. I didn't blame her for moving back from me and the table.

To make my point I aimed my finger at the eponym on my thigh.

My girlfriend figured out the problem right away. She was a lot smarter and more emotionally equipped to handle the world than I was. For a second she inspected the eponym and then her eyes lit up.

“You did it!” she all but squealed and clapped her hands together.

“I’m so sorry,” I blurted out.

“Well finally you did it,” she said as if she hadn’t heard my words at all. “You’ve needed this.”

“I needed this?” I was thoroughly confused by her reaction.

I still couldn’t wrap my head around her need to have me fuck someone else. Or her willingness to have an unfaithful boyfriend.

Being faithful in a relationship was an unusual thing I had learned.

“You can’t live your entire life having just fucked one woman,” she said and moved up to me so she could embrace me and give me a kiss.

I kissed her back, confused. “Why aren’t you upset?”

She didn’t answer me. “Was she any good?”

“What?”

“Was she a good fuck? This Antoinette. Was she good in bed?”

“We didn’t have sex in bed,” I reported.

“Where’d you do it? And why did you keep it a secret from me? I want to know all the dirty details.”

Elise had never been shy when it came to sex, but this was a development I hadn’t expected at all.

“In my cube at work. Against my work table. Sort of half on top of it.”

“Is she married?”

I didn’t want to have this conversation but Elise was pressing up against me oh so eagerly.

“Uh...yes. I was doing a fix to an old eponym her husband wanted removed.”

Elise snickered. “Does he know she’s going to come home with another new one?”

I shrugged. “Maybe. They have a fucked-up relationship.”

It occurred to me that Elise and I now had a fucked-up relationship, but I left that alone.

“Sounds it. Maybe. I mean, it’s hot knowing that other women are attracted to you.”

“Sure. Yeah. I guess.”

“Tell me all the dirty details!” she insisted, grabbing my hand and dragging me to the living room where she plopped down on the couch and waited expectantly.

I took a seat on the couch as well, putting a few feet between us, but she immediately moved up next to me. “Do you really want to hear this?”

“Of course I do!”

I didn’t understand women. I didn’t understand men either, for that matter. I just didn’t understand people.

But I relented and gave her a slightly edited version of how Toni had gone about seducing me.

“Wait a second!” She stopped me halfway through the tale. “You fucked her because she fucked your high school girlfriend?”

“I think it was Melinda’s eponym. I’m not a hundred percent certain, but pretty sure.”

Elise nodded. “Okay, go on.”

After I finished my story, she nodded and smiled. “Was she pretty?”

“Was...was Toni pretty?”

“Yeah.”

“Was she prettier than me?” Elise said to twist the knife a little more.

The honest truth was, yes, based on physical factors alone, Toni was prettier than Elise. She was perfectly beautiful.

But I suspected she was a shit person.

Then again, I was a shit person, so I wasn’t one to be in a position of judgment, but I definitely knew.

“I’m not going to answer that question.”

Elise laughed. “I bet she was!”

Now I grabbed her hands. “You’re beautiful and I love you and you’re a much better person than her, that’s what makes you better on every level.”

“Rich people can afford personal trainers and cosmetic surgeons to have perfect bodies,” Elise pointed out.

It was the truth.

“How do you know she’s rich?”

Obviously I suspected she was well-off, and probably rich, the way she threw around her money at the studio and the way she dressed and acted. Plus she was the mayor’s sister. While her family wasn’t exactly in the 0.0001%, they weren’t hurting for money either.

“Because she’s the mayor’s sister. That family has money.”

“Okay, that makes sense…”

“Did she comment on your lack of eponyms?”

“Uh...I never really got my clothes off. I just dropped my pants.”

“Nice. Take your clothes off now. I want to fuck you.”

Elise bounded to her feet and started stripping off her scrubs. In a flash she was topless and pulling down her pants.

“What?”

My girlfriend posed in front of me wearing only a pair of yellow lace panties that were certainly not hospital regulation.

“I want to have sex with you.” Her happy expression suddenly dropped. “Unless poor Toni wore you out to the point where you can’t get it up for me.”

I didn’t like the way she mocked my masculinity.

“I can get it up!”

“Great. Come on to the bedroom.” She pirouetted on one foot and headed away from me. I stared at her ass, barely contained by her panties. It wasn’t perfect, but I loved it.

I followed. I wasn’t sure if I was a slave to my cock or to her.

Probably to her because if I was a slave to my cock, I would be covered in other women’s eponyms.

We fucked. There’s not a lot to say about the sex we had. It was passionate and intense. She started off with a blowjob that was entirely unnecessary and I realized that I hadn’t taken a shower since I had fucked Toni. I had washed my cock off in the bathroom, but that was it. I wondered if she could taste Toni’s pussy on my cock.

When I entered her, Elise was incredibly wet. I didn’t need to do much to get her ready. Apparently me fulfilling her weird fantasy of me fucking another woman was all the foreplay she needed.

Afterwards, Elise had a simple question for me.

“Did you know that Melinda was bi?”

The strange things about eponyms was that people tended to collect names of both genders more than the general public would commonly admit. I had no trouble with the concept of bisexuality, even if it was just one time to experiment or maybe it was done in a desperate time of life, but I never had an inkling that Melinda was anything but arrow straight.

“No idea. No idea how she and Toni hooked up.”

“It’s probably something very sordid,” Elise speculated.

“Probably. Melinda’s family was like that,” I joked. I was feeling better after my girlfriend fucked me. Things were looking up.

Elise poked me in the ribs. “No, you ass. The Perkins-Flores family. Local royalty.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know.”

We lay together on the bed, not talking, because we didn’t need to.

Then my phone buzzed with a message. I had no urge to look at it, but I needed to use the bathroom. I snagged my phone off the desk before I walked out the door.

“Fucking hell,” I cursed.

“What?”

“Work message.” I tried to leave work at the studio, but that was impossible. No one escapes from work nowadays.

“Yeah? What?”

There was no easy way to say it, so I just read the message. “This came from my work chat.” I cleared my throat. “I had a fucking great time today. I want to do it again. Does your girlfriend like group scenes?”

Elise started laughing.

I didn’t know what to do or think.

To Be Continued

Preview

Cougar's Milk 3: Turbulence

That afternoon we sucked and fucked in my shithole apartment. Emmabeth fucked with more enthusiasm than she had shown in weeks. When I got her bra off, I barely had to touch her tits before they weren't just dripping milk: they were spraying it. My sheets were a wet mess of sweat and milk and other bodily fluids when we were done, but it was worth it.

"I want you to spend the night at my place," Emmabeth said as she lay next to me, running her fingers in lazy circles over my chest muscles.

"That sounds like a terrible idea with your daughter there." I tried to keep my cock soft. Just the thought of Emily was enough to get me stiff. She was the twenty year old version of Emmabeth and lusting after my cougar's daughter was just wrong.

Hot, but wrong.

"She's got to realize I have a romantic and sex life. If that's too difficult for her...well, there's always her father's. Don't worry," she said with a kiss to my lips, "Emily will be gone in a couple of weeks. We'll have the place to ourselves again."

"You do realize why she's upset, right?" I asked. "Besides the fact I scared her in

the middle of the night."

"Because Mommy is fucking someone other than Daddy," Emmabeth said with a roll of her eyes.

"Because Mommy is fucking someone who is literally the same age as her daughter," I corrected her.

"I'm okay with our age difference," Emmabeth said casually. "I've always dated younger men."

"Yeah, I'm fine with the age difference as well, but now younger men include men of an age that your daughter should be dating."

"Do you want to date my daughter?" Emmabeth teased with a laugh.

"No!" That wasn't a lie.

I wanted to fuck her. There's a difference.

I didn't tell Emmabeth that.

"I can tell that you do." Emmabeth was grinning at me. She got off to the

weirdest things.

“I don’t. I don’t want to date a woman and her daughter that’s just...wrong.”

“I think she’s a virgin anyway. You and I don’t have anything to worry about.”

I wasn’t so sure about that.

Still, I tried to pretend that the rest of the day was just a normal day. Nothing unusual going on at all. When I was done with my evening shift, I texted Emmabeth to let her know I was going to my place for the night. I didn’t want her to worry about me.

I had to walk. Emmabeth had a car. She was waiting in the narrow hallway of my flophouse. As soon as I rounded the hallway corner I saw her there, sitting on the floor, back against my door.

“What the fuck are you doing?” I asked as I walked up to her. She looked like a first year student waiting at her boyfriends’ dorm room door in anticipation of some boot knocking.

“Waiting for you,” she answered, standing up and brushing dirt and dust off the bottom of her shorts.

“It’s not a good look. Forty year old women shouldn’t be this desperate.”

“I’m not,” she declared.

“Then why are you here?” I opened the door to my hovel and let us both in.

“To get laid,” she declared while following me in. She sat down on the edge of my bed.

I looked at her tits. She was wearing a dark tank top with no bra. Already wet stains were forming on the front.

“Come back to my place,” she all but begged me.

“With your daughter there? I don’t think so.”

“Why not? I’ve fucked other men with her in the house. We close and lock the door. It’s not a problem. She’ll either be hiding in her room, headphones on, or out with her friends.”

I knew it was foolish, but I couldn’t give in to her. “No. I can’t do it. She’s too close to my age and just knowing she’s there...well, it’ll make me go soft.”

Her hand moved so quickly that I couldn’t follow it. She cupped my hard cock through my shorts. I groaned a little at the contact. I didn’t want to be hard. I shouldn’t have been hard, but seeing the wetness on her shirt and smelling the scent of her milk heavy in the air, that was all I needed now. My cock rose to those stimuli.

“You want to fuck me,” she said.

I said nothing.

“You want my milk, don’t you?” she pressed and looked down at the wetness on her shirt. Her hands cupped her tits through her shirt. “You won’t get milk from any of these young girls who go to the college.”

I knew that was true.

I shouldn’t have cared.

I cared a hell of a lot more than I wanted to admit.

I reached for her waist with the intention of pulling her shirt up over her head so I could feast upon her breasts. I knew she wanted me to.

She slapped my hands away. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

“Uh...trying to get your shirt off so I can suck on your boobs?”

I wasn’t one of those assholes who would just coerce or force (yeah, I know, it’s rape) a girl to have sex.

“I don’t think so.”

I pulled my hands back from her.

Emmabeth stood up from my bed and went to the door. She paused for a second before opening it.

“If you want to continue fucking me, if you want to continue to nurse from me, if you want these tits, this ass, and this pussy, you’ll follow me and we’ll do it in my house. Emily will act like a fucking adult and so will you.”

She opened the door and headed down the hallway.

I didn’t even hesitate. I followed immediately.

It was always easy to follow her ass. It was a classic forty.

We drove in her car to her house. It was a five minute ride. We did so in silence.

After she parked in the driveway, we went in through the back door. Emmabeth whipped off her shirt as soon as we walked into the kitchen and dropped it on the floor next to the door.

Emmabeth wasn’t a messy housekeeper. She was marking her territory, warning her daughter that the queen cougar was in the house.

Or she was just as horny as fuck, because after she dropped the shirt to the floor, she turned around and pulled me to her.

We kissed. I groped her tits. She forced me down to my knees so I could nurse from her.

I sucked her large nipples with an unbridled intensity. Her milk flowed like a faucet. My cock was unnaturally hard inside my shorts. I used my hand to adjust the angle so it wouldn’t be so painful.

Emmabeth pulled back abruptly.

“Take them off.”

“What?”

“Take off your shorts. Take off all your clothes. I’m not going to have you playing with yourself while you nurse from me.”

I didn’t want to start an argument. I didn’t want to get naked in the kitchen with Emily in the house. I didn’t know if she was in the house. I figured it was easier and quicker just to do what she wanted.

I stripped. She watched. She massaged her tits while she watched. Her milk was no longer spraying, but it was dripping. I suppose she didn’t mind a few drops on the kitchen floor.

In no time I was naked, cock hard, and went back to kneeling.

Emmabeth gave me the honor of nursing from her for another minute.

I was nervous as hell. Emily could come in and catch us at any moment.

I suppose that was part of the thrill, part of Emmabeth asserting dominance in the house.

“Do you want to fuck me?” she asked, pulling a nipple from my mouth and kissing me.

She had to have tasted her milk on my lips and tongue.

“Always.”

“Make me cum first,” she said. “Right here in the kitchen. Then we can put your cock to use.”

I knew how to make her cum just from nursing. It was easier if I was fucking her while nursing or even just fingering her while nursing, but I did what I had to do.

One hand on her hip, the other pinching a nipple, my mouth sucking, my teeth teasing. Her milk filled my mouth. I think she got off to the idea of getting caught, and forcing me to make her cum, as much as the physical stimulation did.

Her little cry during her climax had to have been heard by Emily up in her room.

Maybe Emily was over in the living room on the other side of the house.

I shivered with nervousness and excitement.

Recovering from her orgasm, Emmabeth grabbed my cock and led me through the house.

I was scared as hell...but I also sort of wanted to encounter Emily in the process. What would she think of her mother leading her lover, her cub through the house by the dick?

More importantly, would she be impressed by my dick?

As it was, we didn’t encounter Emily before we made it to Emmabeth’s bedroom. We wasted no time in getting down to business. While Emmabeth preferred to be on top so I had easy access to her tits while we fucked, her second favorite was doggy style because I could reach around her body and play with her tits. I would squeeze and massage them to make her milk flow. It was a waste, but she enjoyed it.

That’s how we fucked tonight, but not because Emmabeth liked that position. It was so she could bury her face in a pillow and scream to her heart’s content when I made her cum.

I loved milking and fucking her at the same time, but when she came, she was loud. Maybe louder than normal. I couldn’t tell what was normal any longer.

Emily had to have heard her mother screaming.

Then again, maybe not. Maybe she had her headphones on, lost in her own little world. I could deal with that.

Emmabeth still had to persuade me to stay in bed with her all night.

It wasn’t that difficult.

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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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