
your name
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Melinda
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Your Name Written On Me 3: Melinda

An Erotic Tale of Treachery, Betrayal, and Tattoos

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Your Name Written On Me 3: Melinda

An Erotic Tale of Treachery, Betrayal, and Tattoos

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Melinda

Chapter 11

I had to go to some random house in the suburbs to work on Ed. To get there I was picked up by one of the mayor's security staff and was driven in his personal vehicle there.

Politics and privacy. Fucking stupid.

I tried to argue doing the work in the studio was safer because we had sterilization protocols in place. All my equipment was there.

No dice.

I had to pack up everything and get driven to suburbia hell to work on a sulky and sullen middle-aged man who didn't want to be there.

The house was essentially empty. I presumed it was being sold. They had set up a small workspace for me in the master bedroom. At least there was enough space to work in, though I hated being on carpeting.

The security guy watched us. Ed lay on the padded table they had acquired for me. He didn't say a word. The hulking security guy did all the talking. I didn't even have music to listen to.

At least Ed didn't complain about the pain of having his face tattooed.

The only sound in the house was the buzz of my tattoo gun.

It was impossible to cover up Simon's eponym, which was on Ed's temple. I could have done a nice, elaborate fix with a fancy tattoo design that would make Simon's eponym all but disappear, but it was on his face. It would be obvious. Instead, I turned the dark black eponym into hair. It wasn't great, but it worked. More or less. Unless Ed lost all his hair. Oh well. He could wear a hat all the time. That's a good look.

Since it was on his left temple and I brought his hairline forward with my tattoo work, I had to do the same to the right side.

In the end it was almost worth it when the security guy gave me an envelope stuffed with cash. I suppose criminals and politicians both need untraceable

ways to make payoffs.

It took all fucking day and I was relieved when I was finally done and the security guy drove me home. The studio was pissed that I took the day off, but I was going to enter the work as a cash receipt. No one was out any money.

I hadn't had a moment all day to look at my phone. Naturally by the time I got home, there was a message from my girlfriend.

And of course there was a message from Toni as well.

I sighed in frustration as I read them because they were both exactly the same.

I suppose it was good that my girlfriend got along well with the woman who had seduced me, but it was still more than a little strange. I felt like I no longer had a normal relationship with anyone.

We're hooking up with Melinda next week.

We're hooking up with Melinda next week.

I think they took some special pleasure in torturing me with their coordinated messages.

I didn't know I was getting invited to a lesbian orgy. Am I supposed to watch or am I the token cock?

Yes, it was a shitty attitude to have, but I had had a long, trying day and I didn't feel like being polite to anyone.

I sent my text in a group chat because if I didn't, the women would drive me insane with their separate, yet coordinated, messages.

Toni was the first to reply, probably because she already had some relationship with Melinda. No. I'm the token cunt. It's going to be Charlie and Elise. Melinda and Shawn. I'm the odd woman out.

Before I could even start to form a reply, Elise was quick to answer her. You and I can go as a couple.

I wasn’t going to let that slide. Maybe you should just invite your husband along. Is Shawn married to Melinda?

Toni: I don’t know if they’re married, but they have some relationship.

Me: What kind of relationship?

Toni: The kind where she and I have sex in front of him.

Elise: Fuck that’s hot. I love doing that.

Me: There’s no way this will end well.

Complicated sexual relationships were made only more difficult by the eponyms that everyone would wind up wearing after the fact.

Lots of people swore that they wound up with a lover’s partner’s name on their bodies as some sort of secondary infection. There was absolutely no proof that could happen. Still, I wondered what went on at orgies and why people even participated in orgies where such an event could happen.

And here I was about to join an orgy with a high school girlfriend.

It really made me want to meet Toni’s husband.

Chapter 12

I had no idea on how to go about arranging an orgy, but that was fine. Toni did. She arranged it at a hotel. Not the same one she nearly died at, but a different one. One just as nice. She promised us no drugs. Not even alcohol. She should have promised that she wouldn't bring along a detachment from her family's security service.

I desperately wanted to call Melinda and talk to her before we met in person again, but Toni refused to give me her contact info and I was too afraid to defy her. I did try to weasel the info out of Elise, but she was wise to my tricks and goals.

How is one supposed to prepare to meet an old high school flame and then be immediately expected to have sex with her?

"Why are you so nervous?" Elise asked me as she got ready in our apartment. She was spending too much time dressing and putting on makeup. I was torn between wanting to leave right away and delaying forever.

"Because I'm supposed to fuck my high school girlfriend tonight. In front of her husband or boyfriend or whatever Shawn is. I might wind up with her name plastered across my forehead."

"I wouldn't worry about that," she said dismissively. "You should be worried about Shawn's name being plastered across my face."

I opened my mouth to answer her, but realized I had no response. I hadn't even thought of that.

I figured that one of the eponyms on Toni had to be Shawn's. Undoubtedly Elise would wake up tomorrow with Shawn's name on her. Would she have Melinda's as well? I figured I would, but…

Life was fucked.

It felt like we were sneaking into the hotel even though we were there at the

invitation of registered guests. It was a fun feeling...and a scary one.

When we got to the door of the room I looked around the hallway. Instead of seeing multiple doors off the hallway, we seemed to be in a semi-exclusive part of the hotel. What was stranger was that we had managed to slip into this area without being challenged by anyone.

With a shrug, I knocked on the door. Elise stood closer to me. I wasn't sure if that was because she was nervous and scared, or just wanted to feel closer to me.

I didn't recognize the man who opened the door. He wasn't Shawn, Melinda's partner.

"Who are you?" he demanded of us. While he was a nice looking guy, he was hardly intimidating. Then again, neither was I. He was giving attitude just to give it.

I remained silent trying to figure out how to answer when my girlfriend spoke up. "Elise and Charlie. We were invited."

"They were invited!" a voice called out from within the door.

The man at the door made a face and backed up.

I hadn't recognized the voice but when I robotically stepped in, it only took me a second to recognize Melinda. Spying me and Elise, my high school girlfriend ran over to greet us.

Either she was drunk or very excited to see us. Judging from her high school history, both were equally likely. She had been like that.

I was a bit miffed that Melinda hugged Elise who was a little surprised at the sudden contact, but she didn't pull away either.

I'll admit it. Watching my current girlfriend hug my high school girlfriend was hot. It got hotter when Melinda gave her a kiss on the cheek. She was wearing some sparkly dress that made it obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. It made me wonder what she was wearing underneath it.

I couldn't help but rake my eyes over the many eponyms that covered her arms

and upper chest. I presumed there were more on her bare back and elsewhere on her body.

“I’m so glad you could make it,” Melinda gushed as she broke her awkward embrace with Elise and moved over to me. I felt her tits squish against my chest. “Toni arranged everything and well...you know me!”

I didn’t know her at all. Well, I knew the old Melinda—semi-repressed in high school who secretly drank and, as I later learned, liked giving handjobs to boys other than her official boyfriend—but I didn’t know this woman.

“Right,” I said mechanically. “I know you.”

She winced and smiled apologetically. “Well, you know the old me. Here, come meet Shawn.” She grabbed my hand and brought me across the room to Shawn who was her partner, her boyfriend, her significant other, her husband for all I knew. I had seen a couple of pictures of him on whatever social media I had used to stalk her in the past.

We made the usual greeting small talk. I looked around the room. It was huge for a hotel room. This had to be Toni’s money at work. The man who had answered the door was the man she had dragged along with her. Roy. An old lover so I supposed her husband would know what Toni had been up to. Roy was sort of a jerk, but I wasn’t focused on him and Toni.

I only had eyes for Melinda’s tits. And her face and body, but mostly her tits. What I could see of them. She was still wearing her dress. She had the same curly brown hair and deep brown eyes I remembered. Maybe her boobs were bigger, I couldn’t remember. I counted the eponyms on her skin. I didn’t see one for Roy, but I managed to spy one that had to be Shawn’s. It was on her right shoulder. Her dress wasn’t short enough, but I imagined that Toni’s name was on her thigh just like mine.

We passed maybe fifteen minutes playing the getting to know you game of small talk. This was helped by the drinks that Melinda insisted on distributing to everyone. Somehow we drifted over to talk about Toni’s family’s problem and the magic I worked on fixing unwanted eponyms.

“You should really offer your services for free to rape victims,” Melinda said. It was like she was trying to derail the conversation.

Elise got things back on track.

“I don’t think my boyfriend could handle that,” she said. “He’s too worried about upsetting other people and putting his hands on a woman like that...well, there are plenty of women fixers who fill that role.”

“True enough,” Melinda conceded.

“Besides, he only has eyes for your tits, doesn’t he,” Elise teased me and Melinda.

I turned bright red. Melinda laughed, along with Toni and Roy and Shawn. Elise grinned smugly.

“He’s never seen them,” Melinda stated flatly.

“Oh? I thought you two in high school…”

“We never got beyond the hand holding stage,” I said, my tongue now suddenly working. “And a little kissing.”

“Then you deserve this,” said Melinda. She took a step back and set her drink down on a table. Without a care, she easily unhooked the shoulder straps of her dress and dropped it to the floor in a circle around her feet.

I had been right. She hadn’t been wearing a bra. Her tits were glorious. They were everything I had imagined and dreamed of back in high school. She was wearing panties, but it was undoubtedly a thong judging by the way it rode high on her hips. They were curvier than I remembered, but it had been years since my hands had been on her.

Up to that moment I had just been vaguely aroused. The moment I saw her bare tits, my cock became a steel bar in my pants.

“Do you mind?” Melinda asked Elise without specifying what it was she might have minded.

“Not at all.”

I was still holding my drink as Melinda stepped forward into the little circle we

had formed while talking. She went down on her knees and opened up my jeans, letting my cock pop out.

There were some appreciative murmurs as she wrapped her lips around my cock, an event I had been waiting for for over a decade.

As she started blowing me, everything else faded away. I could only focus on Melinda's face as she started bobbing back and forth on my length.

I couldn't think of anything but her mouth...and her pussy which I so desperately needed to fuck.

After a minute of her sucking me, she opened her eyes and looked up. Normally, when I met Elise's eyes when she blew me, it was hot. This was...unsettling.

Taking my cock from her mouth, Melinda said, "I want to apologize to you for the way I treated you in high school. It wasn't nice. I was cheating on you—sort of—and that's not right."

"It's fine. I'm over it." I was.

"As a way of making it up to you, I want to have sex with you."

Elise snickered. I looked over at her. She was with Roy. His pants were down around his ankles and her fingers were around his cock, stroking him. It was obvious they had been kissing while I was otherwise occupied with Melinda.

"Go ahead and fuck her," Elise told me as she pushed Roy down to his knees in front of her and leaned back against the table, opening up her legs, pulling up her dress, revealing that, unlike Melinda, she hadn't worn any underwear.

Then Melinda sucked me back into her mouth and it was too hard for me to focus on what my girlfriend was doing with some guy she had just met.

Melinda was incredible at sucking cock. Judging by the number of eponyms on her body, she had had plenty of practice.

I tried not to think of her fucking other men.

Even Shawn.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth?” she asked me, taking a quick break from sucking.

“I want to fuck you. I want to fuck your pussy.”

“Okay.” She was agreeable. Why was she so agreeable?

Melinda got off her knees and yanked down her panties. I was right. It was a thong. I couldn’t help myself and I stared at her pussy. She had removed all her pubic hair. Maybe it was just natural for her, but her lips bulged out. Or maybe she was turned on just from sucking my cock.

It didn't matter. A moment later we were over at one of the beds in the huge room. She pulled me down on her and helped me undress.

I had been dreaming about this moment since high school. Since I had first started dating her. Since she had broke up with me in high school. Since...forever.

We fumbled around on the bed a bit, but eventually we got everything aligned, and my cock was pressing against her opening. She was hot and wet and I wanted to sink inside her...and I couldn’t do it.

“Are you sure?” I asked her.

“Fuck yes,” she grunted at me, thrusting her hips upward, trying to get me inside her. Before I could press in, she grabbed my cock and pulled me in.

Her pussy was ever bit as pleasing and inviting as I had always imagined it. Her warmth and wetness surrounded me. I’ll admit it, her pussy was better than Elise’s, but I kept that to myself.

Fucking her was exquisite. We kissed. I pushed all the way inside her. She wrapped her legs around my waist and I went deeper. Her hands went to my ass, pulling me in deeper. My mouth sought out her breasts and I hungrily suckled on her nipples. She loved that.

I didn’t even think about the eponym I was leaving on her and she was putting on me.

Well, I did, once, briefly, but I didn't care.

I wasn't sure if she came or not. Even though I wanted to hold back, I couldn't.

"I'm gonna cum," I informed her all of half a second before I started pumping my spunk in her.

"Oh fuck," she moaned as I let my body get the best of me.

"I'm sorry," I whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry. I wanted to hold back longer."

"It's okay, it's fine," she reassured me as I collapsed on her, letting the last of my orgasm pass into her pussy. We were still connected and she ran her hands up and down my body. I loved it. I had been waiting for this for so long.

"Could you move off me," she said softly, not quite a whisper, but close. "You're getting heavy."

"Sure." Elise liked it when I stayed on top of her after I came, but Melinda wasn't the same as her. That was fine.

I rolled off and as soon as I did I saw Shawn standing at the end of the bed. He had been watching us. He was naked with his cock in his hand, fully erect. Of course he was bigger than me. Or maybe he was the exact same size. I don't know. I was intimidated.

"Hey baby," he said to Melinda who grinned up at him like she was a spider who had just entrapped a fly.

"I've got a messy pussy for you," she told him. "Can you fix that?"

"I sure can." As I lay next to my ex-girlfriend, her current partner climbed on top of her, replacing me between her legs. I couldn't see it but I knew from their reactions that he pushed his big cock into her pussy that was dripping with my cum.

"Oh...yes," she moaned.

I just stared in shock.

There was no way for me to stop staring at them. Of course things were going to get dirty and kinky, but I had never expected to be used like that. I sensed a movement on the other side of the copulating pair.

It was Toni. She was watching the two lovers intently. She was laying on her back and had a hand between her legs, masturbating. If I had seen this in any other context, it would have aroused me, but I had just cum and to see two of my lovers in this position was just...wrong.

I glanced over at Elise, hoping my girlfriend could give me some context, some help in this most unusual of situations.

What I saw was Elise bent over the table, shirt on but no pants, while Roy was railing her from behind.

That gave me a confused boner. Or half a boner. I wanted to be turned on by it, but I wasn't.

It slowly dawned upon me that I had been little more than a prop for some weird sexual encounter that Toni and Melinda had set up. This was confirmed for me when Toni moved next to the couple fucking on the middle of the bed to first kiss Shawn and then kiss Melinda. I tried to remember if Toni had Shawn's eponym on her skin. I couldn't summon up an image of it.

I was more worried about Elise. She didn't know Roy from a hole in the ground and she was letting him fuck her. Thinking back, I realized that she had intended to fuck Shawn as well and she didn't have his name on her body.

What was happening? What was going on?

I wanted the situation to be a incredibly erotic and hot, but I was just a prop. A prop that had been used and set aside.

I got up from the bed and downed the contents of the drink that I thought was mine. I wanted it to make my cock completely useless so I couldn't get hard.

Unfortunately moving to the table meant that I moved closer to Elise. Seeing me, she reached out and grabbed my cock, drawing me closer.

Before I knew it, she was getting fucked by Roy on one side of the table and was

fellating me on the other side. I could feel Roy's eyes on me but I refused to look up and meet his gaze. That was too much.

I just closed my eyes and focused on Elise's mouth. If I could enjoy this and just cum, everything would be fine.

Somehow I hated it that she was getting fucked by some other guy while she was blowing me. I couldn't really articulate why and my rationale wasn't logical, but there it was.

It was so wrong that it was good. I just stood there and let my girlfriend blow me like it was completely normal to do that in this setting.

Maybe it was. I don't know.

Anyway, after a few minutes I was able to cum.

I finished in her mouth. I don't know if Elise managed to cum from Roy fucking her, but the enthusiasm she had for sucking on my cock had to be an indicator that she wasn't suffering. I had cum in her mouth plenty of times when it was just the two of us; Elise wasn't above swallowing and she had told me that in some ways she preferred it because it made for less mess.

I liked it because it felt better than her using her hand. In fact, sometimes her blowjobs felt better than cumming in her pussy.

After I stumbled back, she looked up at me for a long moment. Something passed between us then, but I don't know what. She pushed herself up with one hand on the table. Roy was still fucking her from behind. For just half a second I was certain she was going to say something to me, but then she started to cum. The moment her pussy clamped down on his cock, Roy started cumming as well.

It was strange seeing someone else fuck Elise. I knew it had to happen eventually, but I wasn't happy with it.

I know that doesn't make sense, but that's how I felt.

I took a seat, my bare ass against what I presumed was the fake leather of the hotel room chair, as I watched my girlfriend bask in the afterglow with another man. Since I was unable to watch them for more than a few seconds—it

especially killed me when they kissed—I brought my eyes over to the bed where Toni, Melinda, and Shawn were laying together in a tangle of limbs.

It took me a moment to sort them out. I had missed the big finale. Shawn must have finished in Melinda. He was laying on his back and Toni was sucking his soft cock, cleaning off his cum and Melinda's amrita. For her part, Melinda was down even lower on the bed, her face between Toni's legs, licking at her pussy.

It should have been completely hot to me, but it wasn't. It was just...bland.

I had lived for years wishing to get into Melinda's pussy and when I finally did, it was glorious. It was the afterwards that was terrible.

Eventually everyone by mutual, unspoken agreement, decided that it was time to take a break. I was glad for that. For maybe half an hour it seemed like we were in a normal party, people standing around talking and drinking. Except just about everyone was completely naked. Some people put on robes or other bits of clothing, but no one got fully dressed. I realized that what we had just done was simply round one.

Melinda was surprisingly affectionate with me, staying at my side most of the time during this break. Elise drifted between me and Roy. She was taking a shine to this man who had recently fucked her though she barely knew him.

I was consuming way too much alcohol. Knowing that didn't stop me from drinking more and more. I was hoping to get whiskey dick so I didn't have to do anything else with anyone else.

Eventually I blurted out the question that had been bothering me all along.

"Why do the people organize these sex parties?"

Melinda laughed at me. "When there's so little risk in the world, taking a risk like this is fun. Besides, we have you. You'll be able to fix any eponyms we don't want."

She kissed me on the cheek. I just stood there processing what she had said. Everyone else in earshot chuckled at her answer and my response.

Then she forcefully turned my head and kissed me on the lips.

I’m such an idiot that I didn’t pull away or protest. She was wearing a robe. I had put my pants back on because I felt like an idiot with my cock out.

Her robe fell to the floor and she moved back to one of the huge armchairs on the far side of the room, pulling me with her.

The room grew silent as everyone watched us.

Or at least I thought they were watching us. When I looked over my shoulder, I saw the four moving together to the bed to do...something.

Melinda turned my head back around. She kissed me again before sitting down on the armchair and spreading her legs, letting her pussy open up in the process. “Get to work,” she said with a grin.

“What?”

“Your tongue, my pussy.”

I got it.

And I remembered that she had recently been fucked by me and Shawn. I wasn’t above such kinks, but I hesitated.

Melinda leaped off the chair and kissed me again. “I need this,” she begged and pulled me down to the floor.

I took my position between her legs and pressed my face into her pussy.

She was wet, but I just smelled her strong scent. Her pussy was hot when I licked along her smooth lips.

Since she was completely hairless, everything was slick and though I plunged my tongue into her depths, because of the way she was positioned, it was easier just to suck on her clit.

She loved it.

I knew a lot was going on behind me, but I only wanted to focus on Melinda’s pussy. I didn’t need to see what Elise was doing.

I made Melinda cum. She didn't exactly squirt in my face, but her pussy was the wettest organ in the entire room.

"Are you hard?" she asked me after she was done shaking.

Looking down at my cock, I was, at best, half erect.

"Barely," I lied.

She frowned at me. "I want you to fuck me again." She reached down and took me in hand. "Can you get hard for me? What do you want me to do?"

"Uhh...I don't know."

"Do you want me to suck you?" She glanced surreptitiously at the bed. "Or do you want to join them?"

I had to look.

I regretted it.

I couldn't see exactly what was going on, but it was more than obvious.

I could see Elise's face and it was screwed up in an expression of ecstasy. Her shoulders were shaking and she was face down on the mattress, so she was being rammed from behind by either Roy or Shawn.

I had to look away. And I hated myself for it because just watching my girlfriend in the middle of a sex scrum for all of five seconds, was enough to get me hard.

"Oh...you have a cuckold kink," Melinda whispered in my ear as she wrapped her hand around my cock and slid down the chair to give me further access to her pussy. "That gets my pussy wet."

She dragged my cock forward to her pussy. I had already fucked her once and now I was going to do it again.

I tried not to think about how Shawn had fucked her just minutes earlier. Was she still full of my cum? Shawn's cum? What about Roy? Had she been one of the people to use the bathroom? If she had, had Melinda done a good job

cleaning herself?

All of that I immediately forgot about once I was all the way inside her pussy. It was that warm and wet and welcoming. I could imagine fucking her for the rest of my life.

It was intense. And she was slowly slipping off the chair. There was little I could do to stop it so I wrapped my arms around her and slowly eased her way to the floor.

It might have been a hard surface to fuck on, but the carpeting padded it enough to make the session enjoyable.

“You’re killing my back,” Melinda complained after not even a minute.

That was easy enough to solve. I rolled her over so that she was on top. Melinda gave me a delighted smile when she realized that she was now in control.

I was focused on her tits, because they were still gorgeous, but she gave me the ride of a lifetime. After only dating a few months in high school and then never seeing each other for years, we managed to create a rhythm that was natural and incredible. It was obvious that Melinda loved to fuck—not just because of the way she moved her body, but from the many eponyms that covered her body.

Reaching up, I grabbed both her breasts in my hands, lightly pinching the nipples. Her eyes fluttered shut and she groaned.

“Careful,” she warned. “You’re going to make me cum.”

“Is that bad?”

“No...I just...I just…”

I didn’t let her finish her statement. I thrusted my hips up from below while twisting her nipples at the same time. She had her hands on my shoulders and was barely able to stay upright enough as she came. Her pussy heated up incredibly as her body trembled with release. I was sure I was hurting her nipples, but I didn’t care. I wanted to see her cum and I wanted to make her suffer.

I was fucked up and I didn’t know what to do about it.

“Please…” she begged.

“Please what?” My mind had focused, sharpened. I could hear the others on the bed as they continued fucking. I couldn’t see them from where I was but in my mind’s eye Roy and Shawn were engaging in some rough trade gay sex while my girlfriend and Toni played soft lesbian games for my enjoyment. It was wrong and I knew it but I didn’t care.

“Please stop…”

“Stop fucking you?” I lowered my ass to the floor, leaving my cock inside her but not moving at all.

“No…”

“Then what?”

Melinda was clearly unable to sort out her thoughts and needs.

“Let go...let go of my tits.”

“Cum one more time. Cum for me,” I ordered her.

She nodded and started riding my cock again. I didn’t let go of her tits. Looking up at her, I could see that she was suffering, but it was the sort of enjoyable suffering that came with sex. The only way she was going to get any relief, any respite was to cum again.

Just for a moment a look flashed across her face that told me she was enjoying the torture more than she let on. This sex was a farce. It was one person using the other for their own enjoyment, taking it however they could get it.

I made her cum a second time. It was more intense than her previous peak and I still didn’t let go of her nipples.

“Please…” she begged even as she kept moving her body. I loved the way her pussy was a sodden mass of flesh designed for my cock.

“No. Not until you make me cum.”

I wasn’t even bothering to put in the vaguest idea of effort into fucking. She was riding my cock and I was holding still. I wanted to cum, but she had to do all the work. I was determined that was how it was going to happen.

She tightened up her pussy, changed the angle of her hips, and pulled back on my hands. Since I refused to let her pull up my arms as she arched her back, her nipples stretched out painfully.

Melinda cried out in pain and glory. She came a third time. She was crying. There was sweat on her forehead and tears were starting to stream from the corners of her eyes.

I couldn’t hold back. I came as well, filling her pussy with my cum. She collapsed on top of me and we breathed heavily together for a minute.

The sounds of the small group on the bed performing all sorts of perverted acts finally reached my ears. I gently rolled Melinda off me and retreated to the bathroom where I locked the door and hid, trying not to cry like a little girl, until the noise from the bedroom finally stopped.

I had never been so ashamed and so turned on at the same time.

Chapter 13

Elise and I didn’t spend the night. An invitation had been extended but we declined. Or rather, I declined for us, claiming work and other obligations. Elise didn’t protest. We dressed and left.

The journey home was uncomfortable for the both of us. We said nothing to each other beyond the bare minimum to communicate.

It was horrible.

When we arrived at home, we just went to bed. I wanted to shower but I was too physically and emotionally exhausted.

It was the morning that was the real problem.

We woke up and I went to shower first. I didn’t have to go into work until noon. I knew that Elise didn’t start her shift at the hospital until well after that.

When I came out of the bathroom, I felt like a new man. I had Melinda’s eponym on my left shoulder. When I had showered I had discovered it there. It wasn’t obvious and would be easy to cover up with even a short sleeved shirt. If I really wanted I could put a fix on it, hiding my shame.

To find Elise in front of the large mirror she had installed in the apartment when we moved in was unsettling. I had never had such a large mirror before in my life, but if she wanted it, she was entitled to it. Personally, I didn’t like looking at myself all that much. Apparently she did. I knew that occasionally during sex she would watch us fucking in the mirror. It was a minor kink and why should I deny her?

She was naked. It was easier to find the new eponyms she had earned that way.

Elise gave me an uncertain smile.

“Want to see what I earned last night?” she asked me, turning halfway around. She pointed to her right hip. There was Shawn’s name. Further down was Roy’s at the top of her right thigh.

It was disturbing to say the least to see other men’s names appearing on her

body. I hated it...and at the same time I loved it. She had cheated on me, but at the same time, she hadn't. She had my permission. We were that sort of couple. The sort of people I made my living from.

"Earned?" I asked.

"You know that some people collect eponyms."

"Yeah, but that's for celebrities. Mostly."

"Maybe I want to get my number higher," she said with a wink.

That disturbed me.

I was further disturbed when she turned back the other way and I saw her left shoulder. Elise was now sporting the very stylized eponym of Melinda. The exact same one I had.

"Why...how do you…" I couldn't form a complete question. I just pointed to her shoulder.

Elise glanced at her shoulder and smiled. She covered up the smile when she looked back at me. "I had sex with Melinda," she admitted. I got the distinct impression that if there was some lie that would have been at all convincing, Elise would have tried it on me.

"What? When?"

"When you were in the bathroom. She came over to the bed and I was still hot and horny so…"

I wanted details, but at the same time I didn't want to know.

And yet, I couldn't help myself because I'm a horrible human being. "Why...why would you do that?"

She blinked at me. "Why would I have sex with Melinda? Because I was horny and she was there and the guys wanted to see us have sex. What more reason do I have to give you? That I'm bi? You already knew that. You certainly didn't mind me having sex with Toni. And Toni was there." She turned again and

displayed the Antoinette eponym on her thigh. “Or have you forgotten about this? You seem to have the same one.”

“Okay, but you encouraged me to have sex with her…”

“And I can’t have sex with other men and women?” she asked.

“No…”

“So why are we arguing?”

“I don’t know…”

“How about we have sex then?” she propositioned me.

I was wearing a towel; she was naked. It would have been easy to go at it.

I was pissed off that my cock betrayed me. I got hard under my towel and she saw it. Elise clapped her hands together, thrilled at my reaction.

“You horny boy!”

“No!” I protested as she crossed the living room and yanked the towel from around my hips.

Her hand went to my cock.

“I’m glad you still want to fuck me,” she said. “I was starting to worry that you only got off on group sex now.”

She kissed me, pressing her tits into my chest while continuing to fondle my cock.

I hated that I wanted her. Why was I so horny after all the sex I had had last night?

Those were questions I wasn’t able to answer.

We moved to the bed. “I’m going to need to shower again,” I told her.

“That’s okay. I’ll help you.”

She got me flat on my back. I liked that she was the aggressor this morning.

At first I thought I was going to get a blowjob because she moved down my body so quickly and took me into her mouth, but as it turned out, she wanted a whole lot more than that.

Elise turned around and planted her pussy on my face. I'm not a huge fan of 69 because it's more effort than it's worth. Still it was nice to have her sucking on my cock while I ate her pussy.

Her scent was strong and heavenly. Yes, she had fucked two guys last night, letting them cum in her, but for some reason, that only encouraged me to eat her pussy with more vigor.

And then, slowly, I realized that she wasn't really blowing me. It was a gradual thing. Her head stopped bobbing. She stopped sucking and licking. Her mouth no longer consumed my cock. Even her hand stopped moving on my cock. The angle of her hips changed and her weight on me shifted. Eventually she was queening me.

Again, this wasn't something that I loved. I didn't hate it either, but we hadn't discussed it beforehand.

Still, I kept going at it. Maybe I was eating her out so well that she couldn't concentrate on my cock and decided to sit on my face and just take the pleasure.

What was wrong with giving my girlfriend pleasure?

I held onto her hips and licked her pussy and sucked her clit. I tried not to think about how hard it was to breathe with her weight on my chest and her thighs surrounding my face. That would have spoiled the moment.

I was lucky that my girlfriend appreciated the effort I put into eating her out. I was also lucky that Elise wasn't frigid. It wasn't exactly difficult to make her cum, especially not when she was in the mood.

Making her cum like that was an achievement, a small one, but an achievement nonetheless. When she came, her thighs tightened up on my head and she trembled, but the hard part was not drowning as her pussy produced more amrita than I thought was possible. My face was drenched when she was done

cumming.

As she rolled off my body, she was laughing. That was pleasing because I wasn't sure how to react to being used as a toy.

"I love your tongue," she said. "But I wished you had licked my asshole. That would have been incredible."

"You would have had to move lower," I said. "There was no way for me to reach it."

I didn't know if that was true or not, but I needed to give her something.

"Want to keep going?"

"Uh, do you need me to keep eating your pussy, or do you want me to focus on your ass?"

Elise continued to laugh at me as she moved around. My cock was still hard and when she had rolled off my body, her head had remained down near my feet. She didn't turn around, she just straddled my body, her ass still aimed at my face, but lowered her pussy down on my cock, riding me reverse cowgirl.

We hadn't done that before, but I wasn't complaining. It wasn't exactly doggy-style, but it was the same positioning, just different angles. Plus I got a great view of her ass. And on top of that, she could control the action.

It was nice watching her ass go up and down as she fucked me. I didn't mind the eponyms I could see on it. Knowing she had fucked other men before me—and now while with me—somehow made the sex better.

She was into this entirely for her own purposes. While it took me a while to get all the way up to the cliff, she orgasmed twice more while riding me. Each time she did so, she paused in her motions and savored the pleasure my cock was giving her.

When I finally came in her, that was her response as well. "Finally…" she moaned as I filled her up. She looked over her shoulder at me. "I thought it was going to take forever for you." She threw a leg over my head and fell to the bed so that we were laying head to foot. I could just see her pussy, wet with my cum

and her amrita.

“Sorry. I guess I’m a little hung over from last night.”

“You didn’t drink that much.”

“Sex hangover. I wasn’t that horny this morning.”

“I was,” she declared with enthusiasm. “The more sex I have the more I want it.”

“I got that,” I said as I slid off the bed. “I’m going to take a quick shower.”

“Are you ashamed that I got my stink all over you,” she asked coyly.

“No, but I have to work with the public today and I don’t want them to think I stink.”

“You stink of sex.”

“Doesn’t matter what I stink of,” I said as I moved back to the bathroom.

“I’ll join you,” she said. A moment later she did. Showering together is supposed to be sexy, but this morning it wasn’t.

I hadn’t been at work for more than an hour when Dilly came back to my cubicle. I was working on a client who had a real problem keeping his dick out of other women. Half of his body was covered with eponyms and at least half of those had fixes obscuring them. All of those fixes I had put on him. I wondered who he was trying to fool. Certainly not his wife, because maybe one or two subtle fixes could be explained away, but not this many. He wasn’t fooling her.

He had to be fooling himself.

I was fine with that.

“You’ve got a client waiting on you, man,” Dilly said when he appeared at the doorway.

I glanced at the schedule posted on the wall, thinking that maybe I had made a mistake about scheduling.

“I’m with Jon for the next hour,” I said.

Dilly glared at me. “Yeah. But this guy is insisting. Says you’ll see him right away.”

I sighed and put down my gun. “How about we take a break for a minute, Jon? I’ve got to take care of this.”

He nodded. “Sure. No problem, man.”

I appreciated Jon’s flexibility. He had been a client for a long time, so I suppose I should thank his not-at-all-in-control libido as well. I promised myself to give him a discount on this session.

Shawn was waiting for me at the front desk. “What took you so long?” he demanded when I came out from the back of the studio.

That pissed me off but I wasn’t in the mood for an argument. Luckily, Dilly was right behind me and I felt more than heard the growl that he emitted at Shawn’s rudeness.

Melinda’s significant other blanched but stood his ground. Dilly was twice my size and certainly had more than a few pounds on Shawn.

“I’m with a client.”

“Toni said you could do a fix for me.” He got right to the point, which I appreciated.

But he was still being an asshole.

“Yeah, I do fixes. That’s my thing.”

“Great! Let’s do it now.”

I sighed in frustration. “But I can’t do one now because I have a client and a full schedule for the day. You’ll have to make an appointment.”

That pissed him off. “Fucking hell! You’re a fucking asshole, you piece of shit! Do you see what your slutty girlfriend did to me?”

He was wearing a dress shirt and tie, which was only slightly weird considering where we were, but he abruptly yanked open the tie and quickly unbuttoned the shirt to display Elise's eponym on his neck. It had barely been hidden by the shirt collar.

It was nowhere near where Elise's eponym was on me. Well, mine was below my clavicle while his was a good few inches above it.

All I could do was stare at my girlfriend's name on his neck. I didn't react at all. I was angry and jealous and scared and confused.

And as much as I hated it, I was aroused as well.

Fuck.

"Are you even listening to me, asshole?!" Shawn was screaming now.

Unconsciously I backed up a step. That put my back against the wall, literally. I had nowhere to go. Shawn wasn't threatening me, but he wasn't exactly putting on a friendly face either.

Time slowed down around me as I gave that some thought. It had been only yesterday that he had been fucking my girlfriend, which I thought was a friendly gesture on my part, but now he was being an asshole to me. I wasn't the asshole here.

He knew the consequences. Anytime you fuck someone else you're going to wind up with their eponym on your body. There was no assurance that it wouldn't be on the center of your forehead.

People were fucking stupid.

"Well?" he screamed again. "Are you listening?"

"I…"

I didn't have to finish that sentence, which was good because I didn't have anything to say.

Dilly stepped forward.

Or rather, he stepped from behind the counter that was his desk space and interposed himself between me and Shawn. Dilly is intimidating even when he's not trying to be threatening. At that moment, he was trying to be threatening. He towered over Shawn and easily outweighed him. I'd seen Shawn without clothes. While he wasn't a weakling, Dilly had a good fifty pounds of pure muscle on him.

Plus I'd seen Dilly move and fight.

He scares me and he's my friend.

"You need to leave," Dilly said quietly.

It was so much more effective than if he had screamed or even growled it.

"Look here, buddy," said Shawn as he tried to poke his finger into Dilly's chest.

I never saw Dilly move. The next thing I knew was that Shawn was on his knees in front of Dilly and not in the fun way. His arm was twisted at a weird angle. It looked every bit as painful as it was.

Shawn was gasping and whining as he tried to get Dilly to let go.

It was obvious Shawn wasn't a fighter.

Dilly was.

This was only the second time I'd ever seen him use force to get his point across.

I shrank further into the wall.

As Shawn whined and slapped ineffectively against Dilly's arm, the office manager said, just as calmly and softly as possible, "I'm going to let go of your arm in a moment. You're going to get up and walk out the door. Do you understand?"

Shawn shook his head and tried another ineffective attack.

Dilly twisted his arm an inch further.

Shawn relented and nodded.

True to his word, Dilly let go and backed up, but stayed in a fighter's stance. Shawn struggled to his feet and stumbled to the door, cradling his arm.

"You're going to regret this! I'm going to have you arrested! I'm going to sue!"

He then ran out the door.

"He isn't going to do shit," Dilly said dismissively and turned to me. "You okay, boss?"

"Yeah. Fine."

"You look shaken."

"Yeah. I didn't...I didn't expect that. What should we do?"

Dilly shook his head. "Nothing. Go back to work." He gestured at the ceiling. "Security cams caught it all. We're fine."

I deferred to Dilly's professional judgement and went back to my cubicle where Jon was waiting.

My client looked at me. "You okay, man?"

"Yeah. Fine."

"You don't look fine." He sounded sincerely concerned for me.

"I don't?"

"No. You don't."

I looked in the mirror and realized Jon was right.

I looked like shit.

My eyes had an unfocused stare and I was pasty white. I was sweating in the cool air of the studio.

In an effort to do something, I picked up my tattoo gun with the intent of resuming work on Jon, even though my client wasn't on the table.

I didn’t get anywhere close to Jon. I saw how badly my hands were shaking and I put down my primary tool of the trade.

“I don’t want to fuck up your fix,” I told Jon. “Let’s call it a day. I’ll comp this session for you.”

He nodded. “Yeah. Okay.”

I had never bailed on a client before.

This was bad.

Chapter 14

I went home and considered getting really drunk to try to forget this whole day. When I realized that there wasn't enough alcohol to make me forget my whole life I got even more depressed. I had no idea what to do.

And then Toni called me.

I looked at her name on my phone as it rang.

"Fucking hell. Fuck off," I told the phone and let it go to voicemail. No way was I answering it and no way was I going to mute the call and let her know I was ignoring her.

Drinking was out. No way in hell was I going to try anything stronger. Television and books and the internet wouldn't do it for me either, so I had only one other way to block out the world and somehow try to cope with the disaster that my life had become.

I still opted to use the internet because I didn't want to put a lot of thought into the porn I was about to consume.

Jerking off was the one way to make myself feel better. For a while in my life I had been severely depressed. I had seen too many family members and friends become worthless alcoholics while I was depressed. I had seen a couple even go the way of harder drugs. That hadn't helped my mental health.

I was jerking off four or five times a day. That was bad.

I wound up at a shrink's office.

Talk therapy is supposed to work for everyone. It didn't work for me, probably because I'm an intransigent ass.

Prescription drugs worked, but it killed my libido. Maybe that's why I got my shit together. I don't know.

Long story short, restarted my life as a fixer artist. Found a girlfriend. Everything was good again. I even went off the mental meds and I got a lot hornier to the point where Elise wasn't enough and I was jerking off again.

Not as much as before, but what was probably a healthy amount.

Probably a healthy amount.

I jerked off now watching some random porn of a guy railing two beautiful women. There was some plot about him trying to choose between the two of them and the choice would be entirely dependent upon who was a better fuck, so he fucked them side-by-side. There was probably the germinal of some Greek myth in that shit, but it worked for me.

I watched, I jerked off, I came.

I felt better about myself.

Better enough to fall asleep.

What did Willy Shakes say about sleeping and dying?

“To die, to sleep; to sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there’s the rub.”

I woke up with Elise shaking my shoulder.

“Wake the fuck up, Charlie!”

I got the impression that she was upset.

“What?” I groggily complained.

“Why the fuck aren’t you answering your phone?” she demanded.

“Because I’m tired?” I suggested as I rubbed my eyes. It was a terrible lie considering that I was naked and my cock had mostly dried cum on it. I was mostly covered up by the bed sheets.

Mostly.

“I’ve been calling all afternoon!”

I looked out the window. It was dark outside. I wasn't sure what time it was, but we were well into her shift. Maybe the end of the shift.

I found my phone on the nightstand. Opening it up I found a bunch of calls from her and even more text messages. I didn't bother to look at the voicemails.

"So?" I asked. "I'm not required to answer your every call! I felt like shit so I went to bed."

That was only half a lie.

"You need to wake up and you need to contact Shawn. Now."

Just the sound of his name annoyed the hell out of me. "I don't need to do anything for that asshole." I glared up at Elise. I had managed to sit up and get my feet on the floor.

She glared back at me with more venom that I could muster up. "No! You don't understand—"

I cut her off. "He made a fucking scene at the studio today and Dilly kicked him out. If I never have to deal with him again means I don't ever see Melinda, I'm fine with that."

"You need to call him and put a fix on my eponym," she said. Elise had the crazy eyes. The only time I ever saw her with that look was when she was overcome with emotion in the middle of sex while she was cumming...and when she was complaining about her insane family.

It unsettled me.

Still, I didn't back down. "I don't need to do anything."

The crazy look didn't disappear from Elise's eyes. If anything, it got more intense.

"You don't know these people! They'll do...they'll do all sorts of shit! Cut off your fingers! Burn down your studio! Hell, they'll fucking kill you!"

I had to laugh. It was too ridiculous. It was like something out of a bad crime

movie.

“Don’t be overly dramatic!” I scoffed. “You don’t know these people! Hell, if anything, I do. Melinda was my girlfriend, remember? Shawn was from my school as well. He’s only a couple of years older. And they can both fuck off. Not worth it!”

Elise shook her head slowly and stepped back from the bed. She moved backwards until her back pressed against the wall allowing her to slide down the smooth surface.

“I do,” she said. “I do know them. Not them exactly, but their type. Their group. I barely know the Perkins-Flores family and I know to stay away from them.”

“You don’t know the mayor’s family,” I said, dismissing her concerns.

“I do,” she insisted.

Since I didn’t want to get into a long, drawn out argument with her, I stopped for a moment and gave it some thought.

“How do you know them?”

She waved her hands about. “Family friends of family friends. Fuck, Charlie! I work in the ER. I see all sorts of shit that comes through there. You’d be amazed at how many times a member of that fucking family showed up needing emergency treatment of some sort.”

A memory flashed on me. “Like Toni did?” I asked, referencing the time Elise and I had fucked Toni and she had overdosed on whatever drug she decided to snort in the bathroom.

“Yeah. Like that. Medical records and all are private, but people still gossip. They especially gossip when a member of the ruling family of the city shows up in the ER from an overdose, or was beaten up by a boyfriend or jealous lover, or is banged up from a car crash caused by drinking. I’ve seen it all. I’ve been threatened by the Perkins-Flores family before.”

I tensed up. “Before what?”

She didn’t answer me. “I’ve just seen and heard it all.” She inhaled deeply and added, “I’ve seen what they do to other people as well. You don’t want to know.”

I looked closely at my girlfriend. She was crying. Not intensely, but tears were sliding down her cheeks. Her eyes were red. She was visibly upset and not just with me.

“They threatened you,” I said flatly.

I wasn’t stupid.

Sometimes I acted it, but I wasn’t stupid.

She nodded. And then she rolled up her sleeve to show me her arm.

It wasn’t terrible. She hadn’t been sliced, but I could see the bruises. I could see the fingerprints of the monster that must have held her. Maybe they made her scream. Maybe she just whimpered and said yes and did what they wanted. I don’t know.

I saw red. I couldn’t concentrate.

“Fuckers. I’ll kill them.” I just said the words. I didn’t have any intention of following through on them because I wasn’t that person.

Elise shook her head. “No. No, you won’t. They’ll kill you. Trust me. They will.”

“What the fuck!” I exploded. “What the fuck am I supposed to do?! Why didn’t they come to me?”

“They already did,” Elise sobbed. “Shawn came to your studio and demanded services and you said no—”

“He was being an asshole!” I protested.

She nodded in agreement. “Because that’s the sort of people they are. Just call him, set a time, and do the fix for him.”

“I want to say no just because I don’t like being threatened.”

“Do you like being dead?”

I got off the bed and went to Elise. I picked her up from the floor and held her as she cried. I hated that she was crying, but there was little I could do about that.

When we moved to the bed, I started to feel a little better, but I was still angry. I’d be angry for a very long time. Probably forever.

I made a silent resolution and vowed to keep it.

And then I held Elise for a very long time on our bed.

To Be Continued

Preview

Cougar's Milk 5: Vortex

Emily and I didn't speak for the next two days. We were both happy with that. I spend those two days in Emmabeth's bed, mostly. She nursed me back to health, literally and metaphorically.

Jordan and I feasted greedily on Emmabeth's breasts. We each had only one breast to draw milk from. I certainly wasn't going to share more than I had to, which meant that Emmabeth's right breast was all mine. Jordan had her left. I was jealous that I didn't have Emmabeth all to myself, but I convinced myself this was only temporary.

As we dual nursed from Emmabeth, I helped my older lover, my cougar, undress. Or rather, finish undressing. She was already topless. Jordan helped. We removed the mom jeans that Emmabeth was wearing and slid down her silky panties. I was quicker than Jordan and got my fingers into her pussy before my rival had the chance.

It wasn't as if Emmabeth needed extra stimulation to cum. I knew she could orgasm just from having her nipples sucked. It had to be wonderful to have both sucked at the same time. Rubbing her clit and penetrating her pussy was just icing on the cake.

Emmabeth returned some of our affection, but she was almost overwhelmed by what we were doing to her. Maybe that was Emmabeth's plan from the start.

When she came, I told myself it was because of me, not because of Jordan.

It was good that she came because by this point her tits were empty, sucking on her nipples had gone from providing nutrition to just being fun for us all. Still, it was sad that her sweet milk no longer coated my tongue. It was the best dessert I could imagine.

I could only hope that Jordan appreciated it as much as I did.

After she peaked, Emmabeth turned her head to Jordan and gave her a little kiss. My soft cock jumped in jealousy. I had just cum after fucking Jordan, but that didn't mean that I couldn't get it up again. I was nothing if not a sexual dynamo.

"I want you to go down on me," Emmabeth said softly to the younger woman. "Would you do that for me?"

Jordan nodded enthusiastically and quickly moved her way down between Emmabeth's legs. I was certain that Emmabeth could have shoved the other woman's head down between her legs and Jordan would have gone along with it.

Still, I was jealous.

"What about me?" I tried not to sound like I was whining, but I was almost whining.

“You’ll get your turnnnn,” she slurred her last word as Jordan got busy. I glanced downward and realized that she was sucking the entirety of Emmabeth’s upper mound into her mouth. I had licked and teased Emmabeth’s clit before. I knew how sensitive it was. I wanted to fuck her.

It wouldn’t be that hard. Well, my cock would be. It was all a matter of positioning. We would roll Emmabeth to her side. I would slide into her pussy from the rear and Jordan could continue her oral assault on Emmabeth’s clit.

Perfect.

Instead, Emmabeth curled her hand around my cock. I wasn’t hard, but I was slowly rising to the occasion. Again.

I would have to content myself to a handjob for a few minutes.

But Emmabeth kept pulling up on me. Tugging really.

It took me a moment, but eventually I understood. Emmabeth couldn’t talk at the moment because Jordan was a true talent of the tongue. I moved up on the bed so that Emmabeth could put my manhood into her mouth and down her throat.

It was great getting a blowjob from Emmabeth, but Jordan was better at it than my cougar lover. I would never tell either of them that, but it was the truth.

Luckily I didn’t have to tell either of them. I could just enjoy the fruits of my luck. Not many men were lucky enough to get into bed with two lusty women at the same time.

Emmabeth gave me an adequate blowjob while Jordan was busy between her legs. While I hated to compare the two women’s oral technique, Jordan’s was much better, but, to be truthful, Emmabeth was distracted and periodically took my cock out of her mouth so she could breathe heavily. And, of course, cum when Jordan pushed her over the edge.

Her little screech of pleasure was enough to make Jordan lift her face up from Emmabeth’s pussy to see if there was a problem.

There wasn’t.

“Quick,” Emmabeth ordered me. “Fuck me. Fuck me hard. Get out of the way, Jordan!”

I didn’t need to be told twice. While I didn’t exactly shove Jordan out of the way, I was insistent about getting a chance to fuck my cougar.

Jordan watched us as I fucked Emmabeth with all my might. Her pussy was as hot and wet as I had ever found it. She was already in a state of heightened arousal so it was easy to make her cum and then cum again. I got the impression that she was on a steady roll of orgasm after orgasm. It would have been wonderful to do it forever, but I wasn’t a machine.

When I came it felt like it originated behind my stomach, flowed out through my cock and exploded inside of Emmabeth.

If I hurt her, she didn’t give any indication. I think she came again.

Jordan had been watching us the entire time. Her hand was tucked between her legs. Obviously she had been masturbating, but I couldn’t tell if she had cum from that at all.

It didn’t matter.

We were all pretty well sated.

It wasn’t agreed upon, but we all just fell asleep in the bed.

It was all too normal for us now.

I woke up with Emmabeth’s nipple in my mouth. I didn’t know where Jordan was and I didn’t care.

We were lying on our side but the moment Emmabeth realized I was awake, she

rolled on top of me, trapping my cock between her legs. It took no effort at all for me to enter her.

It was like we were alone, fucking again. Me sucking her tits. The world didn't exist. Emmabeth was riding me and it felt great. I was drinking her milk and there is no other perfect sweetness than what is found in a human cougar's breast. I was well on my way to orgasm when I started smelling toast.

It distracted me.

And then the door to the bedroom bounced open. "I made breakfast!" Jordan announced as she walked in with a tray of food.

I groaned in annoyance. This wasn't how I wanted my fuck and suck session with Emmabeth to end.

It was painful to release Emmabeth's nipple so I could talk. "I'm having breakfast," I informed Jordan.

Jordan frowned at me.

Emmabeth ground her hips on me. "Can you wait a minute, hon? Roy and I are almost done."

She went back to bouncing on my cock. I found it a little surprising that I liked having sex in front of an audience, even if the audience was only one person.

Jordan sat down on Emmabeth's armchair and bit into a piece of toast. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt with nothing underneath it. Sexy and understated.

I didn't know where to look: at Emmabeth's bouncing tits or Jordan's sexy eating display. I could just barely see her half-hidden pussy between her thighs. Those things were more than enough to get me off.

"Now we can have breakfast," Emmabeth said after her body stopped shaking from her little orgasm. She dismounted me with an agility that would rival a woman half her age and grabbed a muffin from the tray Jordan had brought upstairs.

"But I want a little more milk for breakfast," I said.

Emmabeth grinned at me. "You'll be getting all the milk you need," she promised.

Jordan was the only one of us wearing any clothing. It should have made it so that she was the dominant one.

It didn't.

If anything, for some reason it made it look like she was the most submissive.

After breakfast and showers and too much time wasted, Jordan eventually dressed and went back to her dorm room, leaving Emmabeth and me alone.

“What do you think of her?” my cougar wanted to know after we dressed. We headed downstairs so that I could get some studying done.

“She’s nice,” I answered, taking the most middle road answer possible. “Cute. But she doesn’t compare to you. And her tits are too small. And she’s not lactating, so I’m not interested in her.”

“None of my lovers have ever lactated for me,” Emmabeth groused. “You’re lucky.”

I blinked. It took me a minute to understand exactly what she was saying.

“You’ve…you’ve had sex with women other than Jordan?” I said, slowly processing the information.

Emmabeth laughed at me. “Did you really think that she was the first woman I’ve had sex with?”

“Uhh...no?”

She laughed again.

“Why do you sound so surprised at your own answer?”

I stumbled over my words. “I didn’t realize you were...bisexual, I guess.”

“Roy. Honey. Dear. Everyone is bisexual.”

“Not me!” I said quickly. “I don’t want to suck any dicks!”

“You sure had fun watching me with Les,” she pointed out.

“That’s not the same thing!”

“What would you have done if I had let him fuck me? Would you have watched? Would you have jerked off? That’s getting close to sucking cock, isn’t it?”

“No!” I don’t know why I was starting this argument with her. I didn’t have anything against gay people or gay sex; I just didn’t want to participate in it.

Emmabeth just shook her head at me. “But it’s okay for me to have sex with

women, and you like that, because women are supposed to be sexual animals and completely beholden to their urges?”

“Wait. No. I didn’t say that...and isn’t that supposed to be about men?”

Now she shook her head at me. “It’s a stupid argument. I like sex with men and women. I prefer men, but women are less complicated. They’re a nice change of pace. Don’t be stupid about it. Just realize that everyone has all sorts of attractions to other people. Don’t get hung up on one type of person to have sex with.”

Between this and her announcement to have affairs with others...with other people, not just men, I wasn’t sure what to think about Emmabeth anymore.

“I just want to have sex with you,” I said, grabbing her hands. “And more than that,” I looked down pointedly at her tits. “I want to nurse from you and drink your milk.”

“You know,” she said with a sly smile, “I’m not the only woman in the world that lactates.”

“Yes, but you’re the only one I’m in love with.

Emmabeth’s face froze. “I don’t think you’re really in love with me,” she said evenly.

I hadn’t meant to blurt that out. “Okay. Maybe. I don’t know. Fuck!” I closed my eyes and tried to will the world away. When I opened them, the world was still there. “Okay, call it whatever you want. Love. Infatuation. Lust. Puppy love. I still feel something and I’m not afraid to say it.”

“It’s not real love,” she told me. “I have great affection for you, Roy, but I’m not in love with you. I thought I was in love with Emily’s father...and that didn’t turn out well.”

“I’m sorry for saying it.” As if those words would help at all.

“It’s fine,” she replied. “It’s fine.”

I knew it wasn’t fine. Somehow I had screwed up everything.

Or maybe she had intended me to screw things up.

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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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