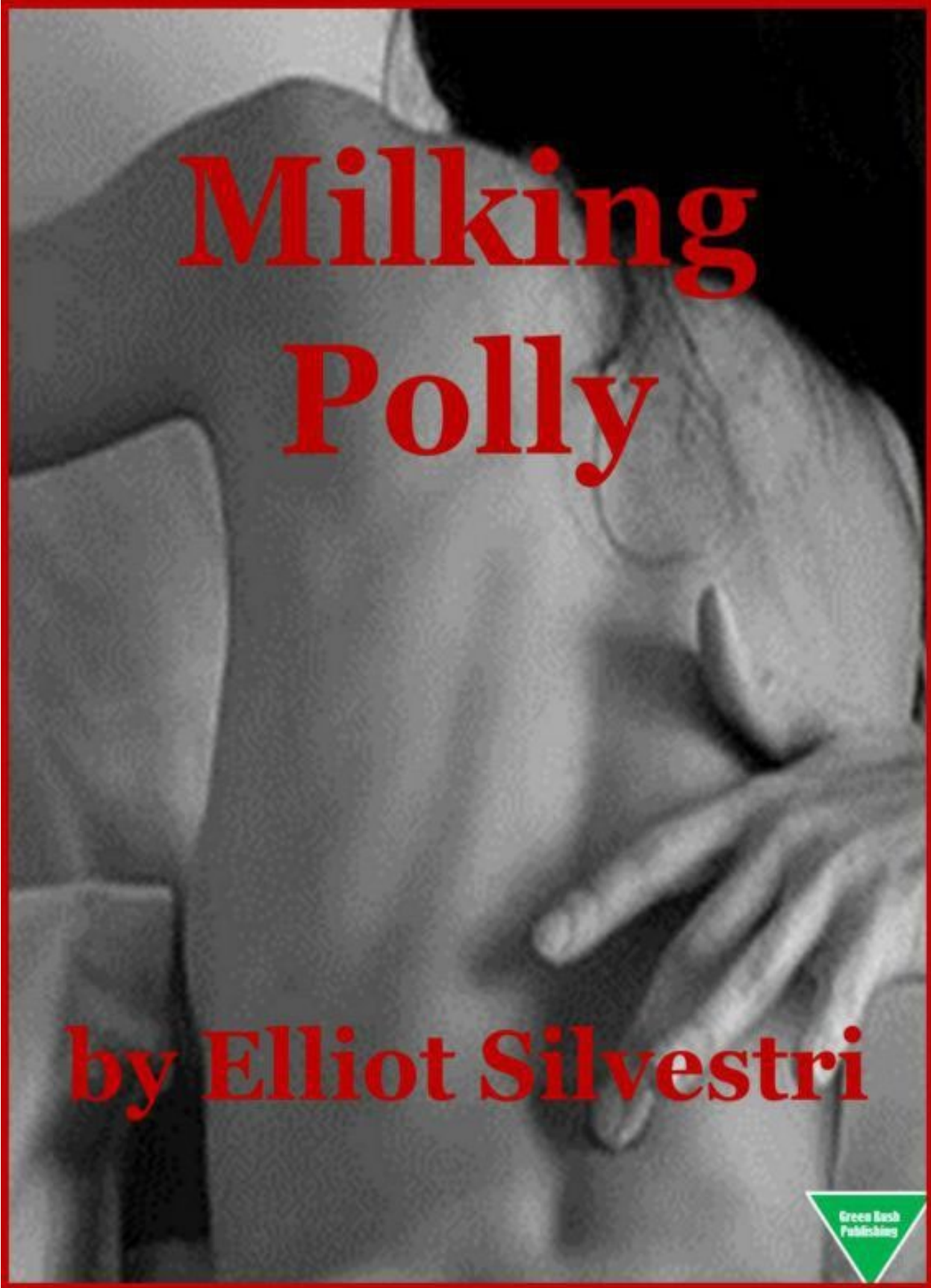
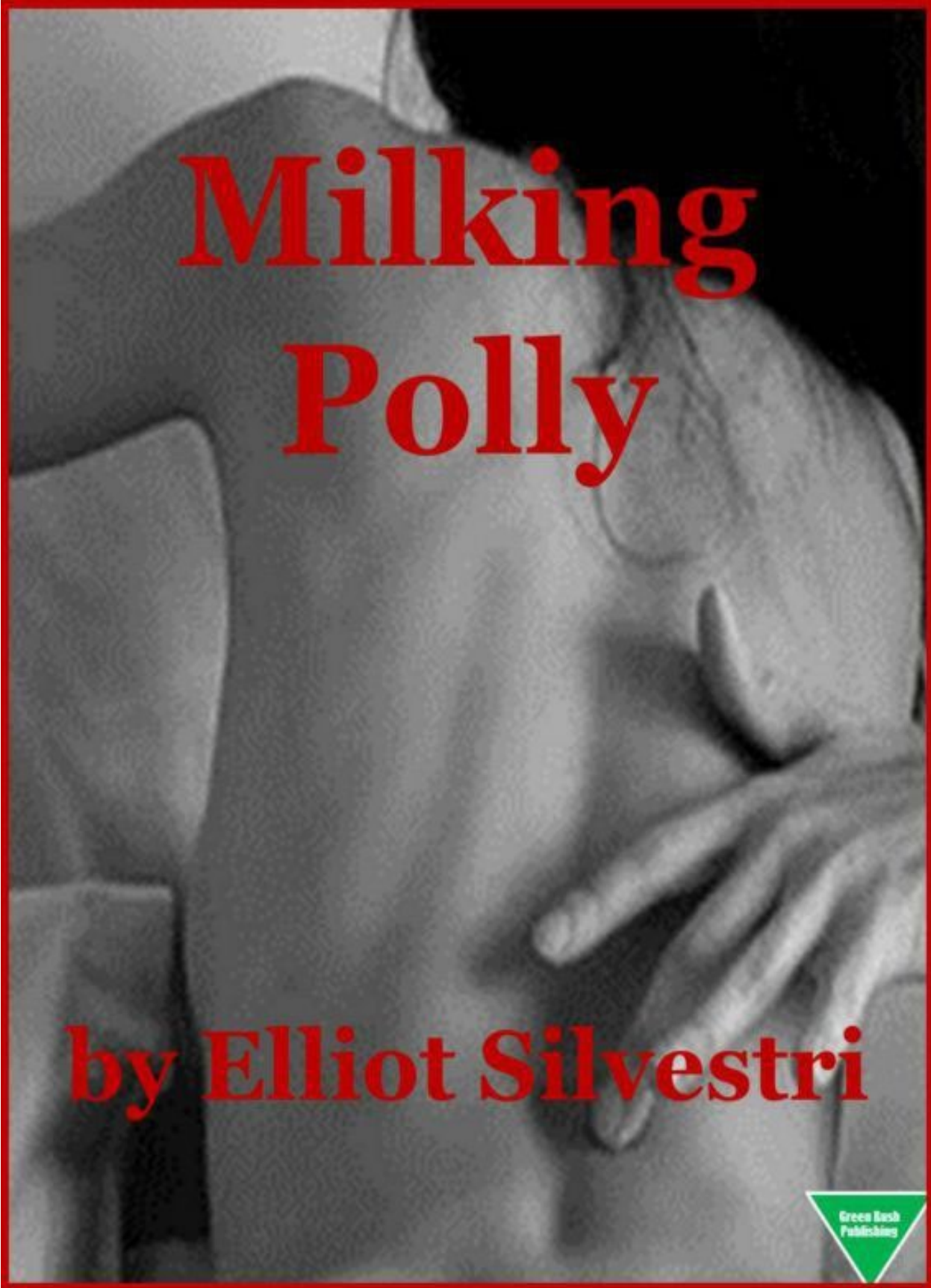




Milking Polly

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing



Milking Polly

by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bash
Publishing

Milking Polly

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2013 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.
Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

***For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing's eBooks
please visit elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com***

Chapter One

“What do you want for an anniversary present?” Polly asked.

“We aren’t married,” was Ben’s quick response.

“We’ve been dating for seven years,” she pointed out.

“It’s been that long?” he asked, surprised.

She swatted him gently over the head with her paperback book as they lay in bed together reading before turning out the light to go to sleep. “Yes!”

“Oh. I don’t know...what’s traditional for a seven year anniversary where you aren’t married?”

“I’m not asking what you think is traditional. I want to know what you want,” Polly insisted.

Ben wasn’t buying her assertions and carefully put down his Nook. “You don’t really want to know what I want for an anniversary present. You just want to get me something nice to commemorate the moment to make me happy.” He tried to keep his tone neutral, but the words were harsh.

She kept her temper. “Fine then, do you want nothing?”

He certainly didn’t want to piss off his long term girlfriend. Ben tried again. “Can I have anything I want?”

“Within reason. If it’s something we can afford and something I can do for you. You can ask for a real working lightsaber all you want, but you’re not going to get one.”

The wheels started turning in his mind. “Can it be something that you do for me?” he asked deviously.

Polly was no fool. “Depends on what you want me to do. Don’t forget, I want a

present from you too,."

"Wait. I didn't ask what you wanted," he protested.

"Do you think you're just going to get an anniversary present and I get nothing?" she demanded.

"Oh. Right. Good point." He nodded thoughtfully. "What do you want then?"

"I asked first."

"How about we both write down what we want and trade them at the same time?" he asked.

"You don't trust me?" Polly laid a hand on her chest and adopted the pose of a wounded woman.

"I trust you...but what I'm going to ask for...you might not like."

Her eyes narrowed. "What do you think I'm going to ask for?"

His voice became blasé. "Jewelry, chocolate, roses. One of them. I'm the one who's going to ask for something kinky."

Now Polly frowned at Ben. "Really? You think that's what I'm going to ask for?"

Ben tried again. "Maybe a vacation trip somewhere exotic?" He knew he was on thin ice.

She jumped out of bed and ran for the door. Despite the situation, Ben couldn't help but admire her little ass under her purple panties and the tight white t-shirt she normally wore to bed. Polly returned to the room a minute later with two pieces of paper and two pencils.

"I know what I'm asking for, buddy," she told him handing over one of each. "I'm betting yours isn't nearly as interesting."

Using the back of her book as an ersatz writing desk she scribbled a few words onto her paper and waited impatiently as Ben did the same using his Nook.

“Ready?” she asked holding up her paper and reaching for his.

“You aren’t going to like it,” he warned her.

“Who says you’re going to like mine?”

After a few practice snatches, they managed to exchange their papers with a minimum of fuss and argument.

When Ben read what she had written he looked up and asked, “Can I watch?”

Polly’s response was different. “Why don’t you just ask me to get a boob job?”

The size of her breasts had long been a sore point in Polly’s life. Her tits had stopped growing as a teenager and she could barely fill out the smallest bras in the best lingerie stores. Ben professed that he didn’t care about the size of her breasts. In truth, he didn’t. He was more interested in her pussy and her small breasts didn’t bother him the least. Her small nipples were a delight for him to play with and he could often bring her right to the edge of orgasm just by sucking, biting, squeezing, and teasing them.

“No. Does it say I want you to get a boob job?” he asked with a tinge of anger in his voice.

Her response was equally huffy. “You want me to lactate!” she cried out. “That will make my boobs bigger.”

Over the years Polly had come to terms with her small bustline. She didn’t value herself by the size of her tits, but she took offense whenever it was implied she needed to have a larger chest.

“Maybe, but probably not. I just want to taste your milk,” he insisted.

“You have a breast fixation,” she accused.

“I have a nipple fixation,” he countered. “That’s different. Your nipples are pink and perfectly sized. I just want them in my mouth more. I want to taste you milk.”

“That’s really weird,” she told him. “Do you really want that?”

“Yes.”

“What brought this about?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. You watch some porn clips on the internet, you watch a few more, type in the search term for breasts, and then next thing you know there are videos of lactating women spraying their breast milk all over the place.”

She regarded him with a frown. “And you want this?”

“I want to try it. If you know anything about it, you know that it’s a lot harder to do than you think.”

“I’m not getting pregnant,” Polly said flatly.

“You don’t have to get pregnant, you just need to take a few natural homeopathic stimulants and have regular, steady breast and nipple stimulation.”

Her gaze didn’t change. “You’ve been studying this a little too much, I think.”

“It won’t hurt,” he promised her.

“I doubt that.”

“How you would know unless you try?” he asked. “And you’re the one who asked for this. Are you backing out now?”

She considered his request...and the opportunity she had requested from him. “No, I’m not backing out. But I want to know if you’ll give me what I asked for.”

Ben didn’t have to look at her request. He had already memorized it. “I already said yes.”

“What? No you didn’t.”

“You probably didn’t hear me because you were thinking about your tits,” he said. “I already said ‘Can I watch?’”

“I thought you were kidding.”

“I’m not. I’d like to watch you having sex with another guy.”

Her eyes goggled. “You would?”

Ben moved closer to her, pressing his body against hers. “Sure. Why not. You’re beautiful. I love watching you cum. It would be fucking incredible if I could watch another guy make you cum.”

“You’d let me do this? What if you couldn’t watch? What if I wanted to have sex with other men and not tell you about it at all?”

He shook his head. “I would know if you had sex with someone else. I’d demand details.”

“That’s fucking weird.”

“Most people call it kinky.”

“You’re getting off on the fact I want to cheat on you,” she pointed out. His cock, hidden under the covers of the bed and partially shielded behind his boxers, was still hard and pressing on her thigh.

“Yeah? So? Is it wrong to be kinky?”

“I didn’t think you were this kinky.”

“Orange juice with extra pulp,” he reminded her.

“Oh. Yeah. Right. That.” They had been dating four years and been living together for two before they had revealed that both preferred extra pulpy orange juice. Their entire time up to then they had been buying plain no pulp orange juice because one had assumed the other liked it plain. “You really want to try this?” she asked him.

In response Ben pushed up the edge of Polly’s shirt, over the slight bump of her breast, exposing a nipple and licked it. “Yes,” he said as he watched the little pink nub wrinkle up at the cooling effect of his saliva combined with the sexual thrill he had just given her. “Want to start now?”

“I don’t have any guy I can just call up to come over and fuck me,” she said

softly hoping he'd lick her nipple again.

"I wasn't talking about that," he said and lowered his mouth to her nipple. She sighed and inhaled deeply, feeling her nipple drawing as deeply as possible into his mouth.

"Oh. This. Yeah. Okay, go ahead." She was already resting her head back into the pillow to enjoy what he was about to do to her.

She expected him to suck on her a bit more, then switch to the other breast, and probably push his hand down into her panties. That would be a good way to start sex for the night. But that didn't happen exactly. Sure Ben sucked and bit at her nipple, and even moved his hand to lightly pinch her other nipple, but he didn't progress any further. He just kept sucking on her right nipple and holding the left.

After this had gone on too long, she spoke up. "What are you doing?"

"You don't like it?" he asked taking a quick break from sucking.

"It's nice," she admitted without saying that her panties were slowly getting wet from his oral stimulation of her nipple. "But you need to move things along."

Ben shook his head. "Nope. Most of the guides I've read say you need to be stimulated for at least ten minutes per day on each breast." He glanced at the clock. "We've got five more minutes on this one and then ten on the other."

"You're serious?!"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?"

"I didn't think we'd be starting tonight."

He looked miffed. "And they say that women want more foreplay. Are you the exception." Ben placed his hand over her panty-covered pussy. It was easy to feel the heat and moisture coming up through the cotton. He raised his eyebrows. "Maybe you like it more than you're admitting."

She sighed, half with frustration, half with desire. "Could you rub my clit a little?" she asked. She wasn't able to meet his eyes. She could never talk about

what she wanted in bed unless she was drunk, on the edge of cumming, or if the room was completely dark.

“Sure.” He went back to her nipple but also slipped his hand into her panties. She parted her legs allowing him access to her pussy. Polly’s mound was completely smooth. She had taken a bath before coming to bed and had removed the day’s pubic stubble. Even though she knew it made her look more like a pre-pubescent girl Polly had been shaving her pussy for too many years to let her pubes grow back in. She liked the way it made sex feel. She liked being smooth and unblemished. It had taken a couple of years for her to convince Ben to trim back his pubic hair and shave his balls, but their sex life was the better for it.

She was disappointed he didn’t push his finger into her pussy, but settled into the gentle stimulation of his palm covering her clit. It felt good. Before she knew it he let go of her nipple and switched to her left breast.

“Already?”

“I don’t want to over stimulate you,” he said. “Roll a bit to your side.” It took them a minute to get into position, but once that was done Polly found herself enjoying what he was doing to her body...especially her breast. The left was a little sore from his enthusiastic sucking, but her pussy was good and wet and ready to go once he was done with the left tit.

When he was done nursing from her left breast Ben yanked off her panties. Polly helped him by lifting up her legs and allowing the purple panties to be easily removed. When his hand returned to her cunt, Polly was amazed at how easily his fingers penetrated deeply into her. She knew she was aroused and wet but she hadn’t realized how greatly he had prepared her. Almost immediately she was pulling his hand away and encouraging Ben to get on top of her. She wanted his cock now.

It was a bit of a struggle to get him out of his boxers, but soon he was free and he entered her easily. She groaned in appreciation at being filled wonderfully by his cock. Although Ben was perfectly average sized, Polly knew she had a craving for cock that was somewhat unnatural but when her pussy was filled all coherent thought left her mind. Their fucking wasn’t languorous or gentle. They rutted like animals in heat. Ben didn’t last more than two minutes inside her silken pussy before he came, shooting heavy ropes of spunk deep into her womb.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” Polly chanted cursing. She had cum right after he finished. That was the way she liked to cum, her pussy full of his manhood and semen. When he pulled out she shivered with the loss.

“Good for you?” Ben asked.

“Uh-huh,” Polly managed to vocalize. The intensity of her orgasm wasn’t very high on the scale. Many times before she had cum harder to the point where she had scared herself. This time was different. It was a long orgasm that seemed to keep reverberating from her clit to her nipples and back.

“Want to do it again?” he asked.

Polly nodded in the darkness. She knew he couldn’t see her but she couldn’t make herself say any words. She wanted to fuck again, right that moment, but she knew he had spent himself and it would take at the very least a half hour for him to get it up again.

Still shaking she curled up into a fetal position and Ben spooned her, wrapping both his arms around her and pressing his chest to her back. She knew they were going to fall asleep that way even if she wanted to have sex one more time. His breathing slowed and steadied, indicating to her that he had already passed out.

Without letting his arms go free, she put her hand between her legs and felt Ben’s leavings seeping out of her pussy. It was so easy to rub her clit slowly and gently. It was the opposite of the sex they had just had. It was exactly what she needed at the moment. Polly continued to rub her clit, occasionally slipping her fingers up into her pussy, feeling his cum coat her skin, until her body shook one more time with the pleasant release of orgasm.

Chapter Two

She didn't expect to be woken up by Ben's lips on her breast, but that was the way it happened. "What are you doing?" she mumbled as sleep slowly receded from her foggy brain.

"Nursing," he said quickly being sucks of her small nipple.

It felt good—she had to admit that—and it was a pleasant way to wake up, but it was a strange one as well. "I can see that, but do you have to do it now?" She was partly annoyed at being woken up from a pleasant rest and partly aroused because his lips, tongue, and teeth knew exactly what to do to make her pussy wet. Or was it still wet from the night before? She couldn't really tell. Light was starting to stream through the windows, so it was morning...

"Yes."

"Why?" she asked, only partly exasperated at this point. She felt her libido rising and her pussy moistening. She wasn't sure if they would have time for a quick fuck or not before having to leave for work.

"Stimulating your breasts."

It took her a moment to process the information. "Are you really serious about last night?" she asked in a quiet voice. She couldn't believe she had revealed to him that she wanted to have sex with other men—and worse she couldn't believe that she had somewhat willingly gone along with his request to try to make her breasts lactate.

"Yes." He looked up at her from his position attached to her tit. "Aren't you?"

She said nothing and ran her fingers through his tangled hair. He wore it longer than was currently stylish. That was one of the many things about Ben she loved, his complete indifference to what everyone else thought. He did what made him happy. "Umm," she vocalized as he released her right nipple and smoothly moved over to the left.

“Aren’t you?” he repeated as he moved.

“Is it really okay with you if I have sex with other guys?” she asked as muddled fantasies swirled around in her brain.

“If I can watch,” he said, repeating his answer from the previous night. “And if I can make you lactate.”

“Okay,” she sighed as his fingers dipped between her legs and played with her pussy. He continued to suck on her breast while he masturbated her pussy. To Polly’s annoyance she could just feel the stubble of her pubic hair growing back. In the back of her mind she wished she wasn’t such a baby and was willing to undergo a full waxing, to get rid of her hair for a whole month at a time, but that wasn’t going to happen. She was too afraid of the pain.

The little orgasm took her by surprise. She was having trouble distinguishing between the waves of pleasure between her pussy and her tit when it hit. The ragged breaths she took as the orgasm blossomed made her chest shake. Ben hardly seemed to notice. After she was done cumming apparently he had decided he had nursed enough and released her tit. This was much to Polly’s relief—until he clambered on top of her, slipping his cock into her wet pussy. Already she was exhausted and the day had barely started.

“Make it quick,” she whispered in his ear as he started thrusting his cock rapidly in and out of her pussy.

“I won’t last,” he promised. It was true. This morning if his cock stayed in her pussy a full minute it would have been stretching the truth. It felt nice for her pussy to once again be flooded by his seed, but she couldn’t help but let her head flop to the side and look at the alarm clock. “Shit. We’re going to be late!”

With that unromantic note, she pushed him off her body and dashed for the shower. Ben didn’t mind. He had already gotten what he wanted that morning.

At her job Polly took some time on the internet to search out a new sex partner. She had a few to choose from—friends on Facebook, one cute new hire at her office, and of course a complete stranger she could hook up with on any one of a number of web sites. Up until this point her desire to have sex with another man

besides Ben was pure fantasy—when faced with the reality of the moment, she discovered that it was a lot more complicated than she initially envisioned.

Before she knew it Polly had wasted half the afternoon creating a set of profiles on two dating sites. Both were largely truthful and she was fairly sure she was going into the process with open eyes. Ten minutes before the end of the day she made the mistake of checking the disposable email account she had created for the profiles and discovered it was jammed with dozens of responses.

They were all disappointments. After seeing more than her fair share of unsolicited dick pictures she turned off her computer and went home depressed. Ben was waiting for her there, she consoled herself.

Unfortunately this was the new, milk obsessed Ben, not the old Ben who loved her just for being Polly. This was the new Ben who loved her just for being Polly...and for being the woman who would supposedly supply him with a steady stream of breast milk like in his dreams.

She hadn't walked through the door and taken two steps before he ran up to her, kissed her, and gave her a hug. "How was your day?"

"Exhausting," she complained.

"Come lay down on the bed and tell me about it."

Ben wasn't being the attentive and helpful boyfriend. He was drawing her into his lair. The moment she laid down next to him on the bed for a few minutes quiet rest before contemplating making dinner, he started unbuttoning her shirt.

"Don't," she said firmly. "I'm not in the mood."

"You want to break our agreement?" he asked, disappointed.

"What?"

"You sound like you want to break our agreement."

She put her hand over her face and thought about it for the moment. "You want to nurse on me and have sex," she said. "I'm not in the mood for sex right now."

“We don’t have to have sex,” he told her. “I’ll just stimulate your breasts. When we’re done, you can tell me if you want to have sex.”

“And I get nothing out of this...”

Ben was offended. “You get a lot out of this. You get sexual enjoyment, you get laid, and you get to have sex with whatever guy you want. Pending my approval.”

“Uh-huh. I just spend half the day trying to find a guy to fuck and you don’t even want to hear about the depressing set of replies I got.”

“Dick pics?”

“Dick pics. Lots of dick pics. And terrible grammar and spelling.”

Ben finished unbuttoning Polly’s shirt and pushed it open to reveal her lacy bra. Because her bras were mostly ornamental Polly usually opted to wear lingerie that was fancy rather than practical. Today’s choice was plain white that was mostly insubstantial lace. Her pink nipples were easily visible through the gauzy material and Ben paused to admire her tiny tits. “You have beautiful breasts,” he told her.

“You really want to go through with this?” she asked.

“Hell yes,” he answered and lightly kissed her mound of flesh through the lace. “Were you telling me a lie last night when you said you wanted to fuck another guy?”

“No.”

He ran his finger under the edge of the bra’s lace, feeling the contrast between her skin and the material. “Did you have a guy in mind?”

“Again, no.”

Ben nodded as his fingers reached the clasp in the front of the bra. He liked that Polly wore front closure bras. It made access to her tits that much easier. Using just two fingers he skillfully unclasped the bra and let it shrink back ever so slightly. He lowered his head and kissed her sternum. “I might be able to help

you with that.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” He brushed back the two cups to her bra, exposing her puckered little nipples. Grasping one between finger and thumb, he put his mouth over the other and gently sucked it into his mouth. Despite herself, despite the situation, Polly sighed. What he was doing to her felt incredibly good. She tried not to think about his motivation for doing it to her.

“How?”

There was a poignant pause before he answered as Ben rolling her nipple between his teeth and tongue. “I know a few guys who have admired you more than once. They’ve even offered to take you off my hands if you ever became too much to handle.”

“Uh...no. I don’t want to fuck any of your weird friends.”

He looked up at her a moment. “Okay. Your loss. You can find a guy on your own then.”

“That’ll be fine,” she said softly and pulled his head back to her breast. “Just make me feel good for a few minutes, okay?”

She couldn’t believe she was saying the words, but somehow his sucking on her tits had made her feel incredibly relaxed...and a little turned on as well. Ben did as she asked. He didn’t even move his hand down to her pussy.

She did. Somewhat to her shame. Naturally Ben did nothing to slow or discourage her. He just watched as her hand slipped into her pants. Polly was skinny enough that putting her hand down her pants wasn’t a problem. Ben wanted to open up her zipper and watch her fingers busy in the folds of her pussy, but he didn’t want to push his luck. As he nursed from her breasts he simply kept his head and body out of the way so Polly could masturbate in peace. His sucking got stronger and she started writhing around on the bed, her hips moving of their own accord as if trying to escape her hand. “Oh fuck, oh shit,” she cursed as she made herself cum.

Through the entire process Ben never stopped sucking on her tits. When she was

done Polly's eyes opened up. She had extra energy. She didn't like the way he was grinning up at her while still holding her tit in his mouth. "What?"

"You're beautiful when you cum."

"You're not getting laid tonight," she told him.

"That's okay. I'll be happy just using your tits."

"Uh-huh..."

"Can I say one more thing?" he asked.

Polly pushed him away and sat up, adjusting her bra, putting the clasp back into place, and rebuttoning her shirt. "What?"

"We need to put you on a new diet to help make your milk come in."

"Special diet?"

"Well, you need to eat more. Hopefully the supplements I ordered will come in the mail in a couple of days."

"I need to eat more?"

"Yeah. We've talked about this before. You've said you get too busy and forget to eat." This was true. Sometimes while working in the hospital lab Polly would forget to eat lunch while running her tests and screenings then when she got home at the end of the day she was too exhausted to make or eat dinner. Her weight suffered. "I'll make you all the healthy meals you'll need with extra calories so you can produce a good supply of milk."

She blinked at him. "You've given this a little too much thought."

"Or not nearly enough," he winked at her.

"You're trying to take over my body," she complained.

"Just two parts of it."

"Ha. I suppose next you'll offer to find a non-creepy friend of yours for me to

fuck.”

“If you want. He can even be a complete stranger.”

Even though she considered herself open-minded, Polly was pretty sure her new partner would have to be a complete stranger. As much as she loved Ben, there was no way she would consider fucking any of his friends. They were just...too weird. Occasionally she called them creepy, but that wasn't truly correct. They tended to look odd and act odd—out of date fashions, unusual hairstyles, strange political convictions, addiction to anime porn—that put them out of the running in what Polly would consider her minimum level of sexual attractiveness.

As much as she hated to do it, she forced herself to slowly slog through all the replies to her new sex fishing site profiles. After her initial disgust with the first batch of replies she modified her profiles slightly and specified no sexually explicit pictures for the first email. That instruction, she realized in retrospect, was an act of genius. If the guys wanting to get into her pants weren't smart enough to follow—or even read—the directions in her profile, they didn't deserve her pussy. The fact that she mentioned she was small-busted and had a boyfriend but was simply looking for a little something on the side didn't have any negative impact on the number of her replies. Polly was getting five to ten emails a day from men living up to a hundred miles away.

“Am I really that desirable?” she pondered aloud when scrolling through her responses. She wondered how many replies women who were looking for gang bangs and demanded dick pics right away got.

Despite her misgivings she did at least briefly look at every response and saw more hard cocks in an afternoon than a two dollar whore saw on a Friday night. Most were unimpressive. The ones that were notable weren't that great either. In any case, she deleted those replies without even reading what her possible paramour had written. The few replies she did read left her depressed. Most of the men couldn't string together more than two coherent sentences. Even the ones that could rarely did so without mentioning such phrases as “I'm going to take my massive rod and plow your fuck hole”. While no prude, Polly considered writing something like that was worse than a guy whipping out his dick on a first date the moment she got in the car to go to dinner.

“How goes the search?” Ben asked her one evening when she got home. He knew she liked to spend her lunch hour perusing her replies.

“Terrible.” They were three weeks in to Ben’s fantasy of getting her breasts to produce some milk. When she got home her automatic response was to take off her shirt and bra, lay down on the bed or couch, and wait for Ben to suck and stimulate her nipples. Oddly, it relaxed her more than she anticipated. In many ways it was better than a drink before dinner—no headache or dizziness that was the first step toward inebriation. They no longer had sex right after her suckled her; they waited for the evening when they got into bed and he stimulated her a second time. By then she was usually on edge and ready to fuck after having her tits played with for half an hour.

Ben came out of the kitchen carrying a glass of water and a pair of pills in his hand. “No luck finding a prospect yet?” Ben was actually disappointed in this development. He found the idea that his long term girlfriend was going to go out and fuck someone else undeniably erotic and intriguing. He wanted to see her in the throes of passion with another man—but she said she wanted to do it once with her soon-to-be-found paramour before she would let him watch.

“No.” She accepted the water and pills, downing them without a second thought. This had been an argument two weeks prior. She was certain that the massive bottles of fenugreek and blessed thistle he had ordered were nothing short of snake oil—the equivalent of massive doses of vitamin C to fight off a cold when it was physically impossible for her body, or anyone’s body, to absorb that much vitamin C or fenugreek or blessed thistle at once. Still, they didn’t have any negative effects on her body, so it wasn’t worth fighting about. “C’mon, suck my tits like you mean it,” she told him.

Ben laughed. “Really?”

“I’m vaguely horny. This will help.”

“I’m glad you’re getting into this,” he told her and guided her to the couch where they settled in together and he pressed his mouth to her chest.

As he sucked, she snaked her hand down into her panties to caress her pussy. She was already wet. She liked that. No waiting. She was determined to make herself wait, however. It had gotten to the point where after just a minute of suckling Polly’s body was ready to have a nice little orgasm, giving her a boost

of energy to get through the evening. She didn't want that today. She wanted to make her jilling off last.

When Ben's hand moved toward her crotch, she slapped it away. "No. Just me right now. Be good and you can fuck me tonight."

He moved his hand back and waited. She kept her fingers busy in her slit, running them up and down along her opening, getting them wet, fiddling with her clit as he sucked on her tits. There was a direct connected between her pussy and her nipples and it was hard for her to acknowledge that what he did to her excited her body terribly. She didn't like having her body controlled by another person, but the way it made her feel was delightful. Making herself masturbate and getting herself off rather than letting Ben do it was the only way she could exert control over her own sexuality.

She put off her orgasm as long as possible. Ben had switched to her right breast and her fingers were slick with the moisture leaking from her pussy. Polly couldn't help it, she lightly pinched and alternately rubbed her clit keeping her right on the edge for far too long. She flicked her clit two more times and felt a little gush in her pussy, soaking her panties.

"Fuck," she cursed.

"What's the matter?"

"I came."

"That's a good thing."

"I came too soon. You're not done yet."

"I can be if you want me to be."

She let her eyes close. "No. Just make it quick."

Ben did so, sucking on her small breast for another minute and then released it. Polly liked to cum just as Ben was finishing or was already done.

"I have an idea," Ben said when he sat up. Polly tossed aside her bra and just pulled on her shirt, leaving it unbuttoned. It was ungodly hot inside their place

even though the temperature outside was dropping as they moved toward winter.

“Don’t tell me. Last time you had an idea I agreed to let you control my boobs.”

“No, no. It’s not about that,” he said. “Well, not directly. I have an idea on how you can meet a guy.”

She sighed. “All right, let me hear it.” Polly mentally braced herself as she headed for the kitchen for a drink of water. She was always thirsty after getting her nipples stimulated.

“You need to start hunting down guys profiles,” he said. “You’ll probably have better luck if you approach the guys that interest you rather than letting the creeps and weirdoes come to you.”

“That’s...actually a pretty good idea,” she agreed. “Thanks!”

“It’s what I live for.”

Polly was surprised at what she found once she went looking. Certainly there were plenty of creeps with online profiles, but there were less of them and they weren’t nearly as creepy. Some were very easy to weed out, but many she put into the “possible” category.

“The problem is,” she confided in Ben, “is that there are so many of them desperate to get laid.”

“Those are the ones who are married,” he told her. “Or have girlfriends that don’t put out.”

She swatted him on his shoulder as he nursed from her. “I’m someone’s girlfriend.”

He nodded as he rolled her nipple over his tongue. “True, but you have my permission. If these guys are married or have girlfriends, they’ll mention that or be willing to let you met the old ball and chain.”

“Is that what you think I am?” she protested.

“Not at all,” he said rubbing his cheek on her erect nipple. “That’s how those guys think of their significant other.”

Ben’s advice didn’t help much, but it still felt good to have him nurse on her tits when she wanted to talk to him. It gave them both time to think before they spoke. Oddly, once Ben had seriously started nursing from her, she had felt close to him than before. She looked forward to their time together and even more eagerly to the orgasms that they shared. She knew it was stupid, but it felt like her body more quickly responded to Ben’s advances ever since they had started down this path.

There were pages and pages of men looking to get laid. Polly was largely disappointed in most of them. She had sorted through them several different ways and managed to get her possibles down to a reasonable level. From that point it was just a matter of reading each one.

Once she found the right man, she knew it right away. His picture said it all. It wasn’t a dick pic, just one of his face taken outside during the summer, there were trees in the background and it was a casual pose, maybe taken by a friend. It was his face that sold it to her. There wasn’t anything remarkable about his face, slightly better than average looks, dark brown eyes and light brown hair. It was the fact that she had seen the face before that convinced her. “Jonathan, the new hire,” she murmured as she skimmed through his profile. How would he react when she sent him a reply and told him they worked together?

It only took a minute for her to whip together a quick email to his secret profile.

Hi. You’re awfully cute in your picture. I’d love to meet some time for coffee and then sex if everything works out. What do you say?

It was exactly the type of response that Polly had been hoping to get from someone, anyone.

She was pleased that it only took Jonathan five minutes to reply. Was he playing around on his email or profile during his lunch hour as well?

Sure! I’d love to meet you. Your profile doesn’t have a pic. Can I get one before we meet?

Polly considered her options and replied.

I work downtown. Can you meet during lunch sometime this week?

She didn't bother reply to his request for a picture. She wanted to be mysterious and knowing that he worked in her office, a picture was premature.

Sure. Tomorrow? Where?

She was glad he didn't push the picture issue.

Tomorrow is good. Is Madeline's far from your office?

It was. After exchanging phone numbers to make the meet up easier Polly went home all but floating on a cloud.

She didn't tell Ben about her success. She barely could believe it herself. Was it a sin to hide her secret rendezvous from her boyfriend even if he had given her permission to have sex with another man? She didn't care. She wanted to keep the secret for a couple of days at least.

"Your tits are hard tonight," Ben commented during a quick rest between sucking her breasts.

"Sorry, they change firmness depending on where I am in my cycle," she commented. She wasn't really thinking about Ben's kink at the moment. She was thinking about her date tomorrow for lunch.

"I like it," he said. "Makes me think they're getting ready to give up a little milk."

"How would you know?" she asked absently. "Will the taste be that strong you'll just know? Will it squirt out like a hose?"

He pulled back and furrowed his brow. "Huh. I don't know. Maybe we should squeeze your tits a bit to find out what's going on exactly." He grabbed her left breast, the one he hadn't nursed from yet, between his hands and ungently massaged it.

"Hey! Fuck! Cut it out! That hurts!"

"Holy shit." The words were spoken softly by Ben.

They both watched in awed silence as a pair of translucent drops formed on the tip of her tiny nipples and quickly rolled down the gentle slope of her breast. He couldn't help himself; Ben leaned forward and licked the little beads as they journeyed down her skin.

"What does it taste like?" she asked.

"Kind of sweet," he said after a minute. "There's not that much there to actually taste. Very sweet and kind of fruity too." He licked his lips; his eyes were unfocused, staring into the distance.

Ben's hands had released her breast and Polly grabbed herself and squeezed again, this time more gently and effectively than Ben had. Several little pearly beads popped up out of her nipple and coalesced together. This time Ben didn't wait for it to slide down her breast. He licked it directly from the nipple and then latched on to her erect pink nub and sucked.

Polly's eyes rolled up at the pleasure he was giving her. She wanted to shove her hand between her legs but that wasn't necessary. What he was doing to her tit was more than good enough. "Oh fuck that's good," she moaned. "Don't stop. Don't stop."

"You taste wonderful," he murmured to her.

"Keep going," she begged.

As he nursed on her together they slowly removed her clothes and his. It was initially a bit awkward aligning their bodies and slipping his cock into her pussy without breaking the latch to her tit, but they managed to get his cock into her cunt.

"This was the best idea ever," she told him. "We should have done it years ago."

"Mmm-hmm," he agreed from her breast. His back was arched and his head was ducked down to hold onto her tiny tit, but it was worth it. It was all worth it.

Even after he came and she joined him a moment later, she renewed her resolution not to tell Ben about her impending date.

Chapter Three

When Jonathan walked into Madeline's he took one, then two slow surveys of the dining area and pulled out his cell phone. Polly slowly stirred her coffee and watched him. If he recognized her he hadn't given any indication when he walked in. She felt her cell phone vibrate in her jacket pocket and reached inside, immediately silencing it.

Jonathan's mouth twisted into an unhappy moue as he stared at his phone. Polly couldn't help smiling and waited patiently for him to look up. She managed to catch his eye and wave him over. This time he recognized her. His brow furrowed and he slowly made his way over to her table.

"Hi," she said brightly. "Do you come here for lunch often?"

They had chatted a few times in person before their email exchange and she had flirted shamelessly each time, which according to every other single woman in the office was the same thing they did when speaking to young, sexy Jonathan. He was certainly used to it.

"Um. No. Never before. I'm actually supposed to be meeting someone here." He couldn't look her in the eye and anxiously held his cell phone while they talked.

"Why don't you sit down with me for a minute? Maybe he's just running behind a little. Give him a call."

Jonathan nodded and started tapping the phone again. "She actually. It's supposed to be a casual lunch date," he said taking a seat. She pulled her own phone from her jacket pocket and placed it on the table.

He still didn't look at her when the phone started vibrating. It shook once, twice, three times, and then once more before she reached out and stabbed the ignore button.

One more time Jonathan's face soured. "I got ignored again," he grouched.

“Try again,” Polly insisted. “Sometimes I hit the wrong button by accident.”

“Right,” he agreed and dialed once more.

This time she let her phone vibrate repeatedly until it went to voicemail. He listened to the message and his eyes lit up in surprise when he realized his date was already sitting across from him.

“What--?”

“It’s just coincidence,” she said. “I found your profile while hunting for the perfect casual sex date,” she said with a confidence she didn’t feel. “What are the chances of that?”

“I don’t know...”

“So, this is our getting to know you date,” she told him with mock seriousness. “You have until the end of the lunch hour to convince me you are worthy of getting into my pants.”

“Aren’t you married?” he asked, still puzzled.

“No. But I do have a boyfriend I’ve been with for...seven years now. I’m looking for a little something on the side.”

“Really?”

Her smile was a little too broad. “Really.” Her stomach was a tight sinking pit of anxiety. “Buy my boyfriend knows and approves. So come on, convince me I should fuck you.” She wrapped her hands around her coffee cup and raised it to her smiling lips.

Their rapid breathing quickly synched as he roughly grasped her hips and slammed into her again and again. Polly could barely support her weight with her arms as she stared at the wall in front of her. Jonathan’s apartment was generic nice. She quickly got the impression he rented a furnished apartment because he didn’t have much of his own stuff. That was okay. His cock was nicely filling her pussy and the way he held her and used her body was perfect.

He fucked completely differently than Ben. That was what she wanted. Two lovers who fucked the same way wasn't what she wanted. She wanted a variety of lovers, all skilled, but with a different set of tools. This was perfect.

He bent forward and planted his hands next to hers. He didn't let his weight fall on her back. She wasn't nearly strong enough to support his big frame. She arched her back and felt his chest against her skin. He lifted up one hand and pushed it under her camisole, the one piece of clothing she had left on. They were so eager to get into bed neither hand fully undressed; Jonathan still had his shirt on. It was unbuttoned, but they hadn't bothered to remove it.

She tensed up as his hand approached her tit. She wanted to feel his fingers grasping her hard nipples. She didn't want them to leak at this moment. Her breasts felt hard and full and she didn't want him freaked out by breast milk dribbling out. She was an hour past the usual time when Ben would nurse her.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," she cursed as she started cumming. Her pussy clamped down on his cock and she felt spurts of his cum inside her.

"You made me cum," he told her.

"You made me cum," she insisted as she collapsed to the bed. She glanced at the clock and wondered how much time she had before she needed to rush home to Ben to tell him everything and have him nurse her. She couldn't have Jonathan nurse her now. Not the first time they fucked. That would be too weird...too intimate.

"Are you in a hurry?" Jonathan asked, catching her glance at the clock.

"Not really...sort of," she admitted. "My boyfriend is expecting me before it gets too late."

"You should probably go home to him," he said. "You shouldn't keep him waiting."

"Really? Don't you want to fuck me again." She wanted to fuck one more time before she left.

Jonathan said, "I'd love to fuck you again, but sometimes it's better to leave a little desire for the next time."

As much as she wanted Jonathan's cock one more time, she knew he was speaking reasonably. Still, it was a struggle to get back in her clothes and leave his corporate apartment.

Upon arriving home Ben jumped up off the couch the moment she walked in. "Where have you been?" he asked her, concern plastered on his face.

Instead of reply with words, she merely grabbed his face and kissed him deeply. His arms went around her body and he hugged her to him. For her part, Polly was still horny and she realized a moment after seeing Ben that her milk had let down. A steady leak erupted from both her breasts and was starting to soak her camisole.

"I want you," she hissed at him when she broke their embrace. She pulled at his clothes, trying to undress him. Ben swept her into the bedroom and pulled off her shirt, exposing the wetness of her camisole. "I'm leaking," she whined. It was only half a complain. It was also a plea for relief. Ben knew exactly what to do and fell on her breasts with unrestrained passion. There were only one or two strong squirts as her milk filled his mouth and he drank from her. Covering her free breast with her other hand, she could feel milk leaking out of her nipple even as she tried to keep it in.

Unconsciously she brought her hand up to her mouth and licked off the liquid. Ben was right. It was thin and sweet, a little like sugar water but with something extra added. No wonder he was so obsessed with making her lactate. Since she was distracted by the taste of her milk it wasn't until Ben had his hand halfway into her panties did she realize she hadn't prepared him for the moment.

She hesitated and then decided to let him find the surprise on his own. Polly went to far as to help, pushing down her pants, but leaving her silky panties in place to heighten the moment.

"You're really wet," Ben said, taking a quick break from her breast and crossing over to the one she had tried to keep from leaking. Her shirt and camisole were off. Her pants were off along with her socks. Where had they gone? The only thing she was left wearing was her panties. Ben was still fully dressed, though she had managed to open up his shirt.

"Uh-huh," she agreed. "Keep going."

His fingers delved deeper into her pussy. Stuffing both forefinger and middle finger into her vag, Ben used his thumb to rub her pussy. Polly was already keyed up from her session with Jonathan and seeing Ben and getting him to nurse on her hard, full breasts was almost too much. When he rubbed her clit just twice her body shook with orgasm and she cried out in spite of herself.

“And horny too,” Ben added when she was done cumming. His fingers were soaked with her lube—and unbeknownst to him, Jonathan’s cum.

“Uh-huh,” she sighed as she pressed into the curve of his body. “Nurse from me,” she said softly. “My breasts still hurt.”

“Can do,” he announced and lowered his head to her breasts. Polly closed her eyes and rocked slightly back and forth in time with his sucking. It felt wonderful and as she let him drain her breasts she considered how to tell him her pussy was still filled with another man’s cum.’

It didn’t matter. Once Ben was done drinking her milk he pulled off his clothes and got on top of Polly. She opened her legs to him and his hard cock went right into her pussy. Ben didn’t say a word and simply started thrusting into her.

Polly’s mind was reeling. Her breasts were currently empty, but it was only two days now that she had come to realize that they were making milk for Ben. And it hadn’t been more than two hours previous that Jonathan had his cock inside her pussy, where her boyfriend’s cock was now lodged and was slowly bringing her to another orgasm.

“Did you squirt?” he abruptly asked her in the middle of fucking.

“What? No. I think my breasts just dribble unless you suck on them.”

He laughed into the side of her neck. “Not your milk. Your pussy. When you came it was like opening the floodgates to the Hudson.”

“Oh. That.” She didn’t say anything else. It was one thing to cheat on her boyfriend. It was another entirely to tell him about it.

“Have you squirted before?” he asked. He was clearly trying to draw out their intercourse. She could understand that. Cumming too soon wasn’t fun for anyone.

“No,” she admitted. She wanted him to connect the pieces.

“First time?”

“No.”

He thrust a few more times before what she was communicating to him without saying anything.

“You must have been really horny to get that wet then,” he said.

“Sort of.”

He stopped thrusting and pulled back a bit to look at her. “What aren’t you saying?”

Polly couldn’t meet his gaze and had to look up at the ceiling. “I fucked Jonathan before coming home tonight.”

As soon as the words left her mouth she felt Ben’s cock get harder—like a rod of steel—in her pussy. “The guy at work you found in the dating site?”

She nodded and licked her lips, flicking her eyes briefly to his, and then back at the ceiling.

“Did he cum in you?” Ben asked.

She nodded once more. “Uh-huh.”

Ben didn’t say anything but a grin spilt his face wide open and he started thrusting as hard and fast as he could. In just a few second he was done, unloading all his cum into her pussy to join with Jonathan’s leftover spunk. “You. Are. Such. A. Fucking. Slut.” Each word was accompanied with a hard thrust and a spurt of cum. “I love you,” he moaned as he collapsed on top of her, completely spent.

Polly wasn’t sure how she felt about being called a slut, but she loved what her trampiness had done for Ben’s libido.

A little later Ben asked her, “Are you going to see him again?”

“Yes. Maybe tomorrow.”

“Is he going to cum in you again?”

Her voice went soft. “Maybe...if you want him to.”

“Yes.”

“Then yes.”

Jonathan wasn't the sort to ask a lot of questions when he had a willing female partner. Polly suggested his apartment the next afternoon and he agreed. She resolved not to say a word about her lactating breasts and further resolved to completely enjoy herself with Jonathan. She deserved it. Her boyfriend was making her breasts lactate and she needed a little something special to reward herself with.

Once they entered his apartment they headed, by silent and mutual agreement, to the bedroom. They kissed once and then Jonathan stepped back to admire Polly's thin form and her tiny tits almost completely hidden by the heavy sweater she was wearing over a camisole. The freedom a cami on her engorged breasts was a good choice in the morning, but she was starting to regret it this afternoon. She pulled her sweater over her head and stood in front of him in her casual pants and the cami.

Jonathan smiled. “Keep going. I want to watch you strip.”

She was glad that he didn't ask her to do strip tease for him. At best Polly's dancing was arrhythmic, at worse she would trip over her own two feet. She didn't want to try dancing and stripping at the same time.

Her undressing was casual, as if she weren't being watched. She couldn't meet Jonathan's eyes as she disrobed, but once she was done, she looked up at him expectantly.

“You've got great tits,” he told her.

“They're small,” was all she said.

“They’re perky and firm,” he amended. “And I like that you shave your pussy.”

“Thank you.”

“Now lay down on the bed, put a pillow under your ass, and open your legs.”

She wondered what he was planning. As she repositioned herself, Jonathan pulled off his clothes but for his boxers and went to a drawer in his dresser. When he pulled out a small container of lube Polly spoke up. “Oh, I don’t need lube. I’m pretty wet as it is. But if you think I’m not wet enough, why not use your tongue.”

His smile was thin and menacing—but damn sexy as well. “You’ve had anal sex without lube?” he asked her.

There probably weren’t any other words that would have surprised her more. “What? No! Of course not.”

“Then you’ll want a good dose of this,” he said handing the lube over to her.

“Wait. That’s not what I meant. I meant I’ve never had anal sex before. Ever. With or without lube.”

His grin increased. “This will be a treat then. It’s been a while since I’ve had an anal virgin.”

She shook her head. “Who said I was having anal sex with you?” she demanded.

His reply was calm and expectant. “You did. You said in your emails to me that I could do anything to you that I wanted. Didn’t you say that?”

Polly cursed under her breath and brought her knees together. “That was just… bawdy talk,” she protested.

Jonathan’s face fell. “Oh. I guess I misunderstood. I suppose straight sex will be okay.” He reached to take the lube back from her.

Polly was crushed because he was so disappointed. “Wait. Hold on. I didn’t say no…yet. I just haven’t ever had anal before. You caught me off guard.”

“Oh. Sorry. I sometimes get a little over-eager.”

“Can you promise it won’t hurt?” she asked.

“Umm...no. Most women have told me that their first few times it did hurt.”

“Damn. Promise to try to make it enjoyable?”

He nodded and went back to the dresser. This time he pulled out a small purple vibrator. “Make yourself cum with this first. It’ll help you relax.”

She accepted the toy and wondered who had used it before her. Maybe no one. It seemed clean and new. Maybe he got it just for her...or at least his next conquest?

“I generally don’t masturbate when someone is watching,” she said.

“Humor me.”

Polly pulled the pillow out from under her butt, opened up her legs to display her pussy to him once more, and grabbed the vibrator out of his hand. Turning it on she pressed it to her mons, adjusted the speed, and started running it over her labia. This she did with her eyes closed and pretended Jonathan wasn’t there. It was the only way she could play with herself and not be too self-conscious. It wasn’t long before she slid the vibrator into her quim and started running it in and out of her wet pussy. It felt incredibly good and each time she pulled it out she was certain to run the length over her clit.

Secretly Polly loved vibrators. She had three at home, different sizes for different occasions. This one was different from those three and it was strong enough to make her cum in short order. She didn’t squirt or scream like a porn star, but she was certain Jonathan knew she came because of the way her legs shook and the volume of her moans filling the bedroom.

“Beautiful,” he told her. Her eyes snapped open and she saw his hand inside his underwear, stroking his length. “Are you ready for me?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” she breathed.

He put the pillow under her ass again and opened up her legs wide. “Tell me if

I'm hurting you," he said. The first part was easy. He filled his palm with lube and smeared it between her cheeks and on her anus. The next part didn't hurt—she's had doctor exams that were worse--it was just a bit uncomfortable and something she wasn't accustomed to: he put his finger into her anus, pushing the lube forward to make the next part easier.

She was surprised when he left his finger in her. "What are you doing?"

"Making you get used to being opened up. Going slow is the key. Know what a one man band it?"

"What Dick Van Dyke did in Mary Poppins?" she asked, not believing she was making a joke with a man's finger in her ass.

"No. This." He pulled out his forefinger and replaced it with a well-greased pinky. That was easy to accommodate. Then he pushed his other three fingers into her pussy.

"Oh. My."

"You're already open from cumming. Let's make you cum again, okay?"

Her head flopped back. "Okay," she agreed, her voice shaking.

Jonathan applied his thumb to his already busy hand to her clit and her legs started shaking. She was a bit ashamed when her anus began to pulse on his finger, tightening up, as the steady incline of lust built up in her body.

"Just let the orgasm come," he instructed softly. "Once you've cum with a finger in your ass, it's easier to take a cock there."

"Uh-huh," she agreed, not really understanding or knowing what she was agreeing to. It didn't take all that long for it to happen. One moment Polly was trying to concentrate on the feelings Jonathan was encouraging in her body and not try to think about the fact he had most of his fingers in her cunt and one in her ass, and the next she was cumming. It wasn't a hugely powerful orgasm, but it was so different from other ones she had had before in her life that she actually held her breath while to took control of her.

"There," Jonathan said quietly as she started to come back from her altered state

of mind. “Was that good?” He carefully removed his fingers from her pussy and ass at the same time. There was a brief moment when her nether regions were completely open and empty, but then her body reasserted itself and she returned somewhat to normal.

“Hell yes. Very good,” she sighed.

“Ready for more?” he asked.

“More?” She was already spent.

“I haven’t cum yet,” he reminded her. “And I haven’t really fucked you yet either.”

“Right...”

His underwear was off and he proceeded to apply what looked like to Polly a huge amount of lube to his cock. She was still on her back and wide open from his previous use of her body. This was going insanely fast for her but now that he had made her cum a few times, she was much more interested and open to the idea of getting her ass fucked for the first time.

“Ready?” he asked as he knelt between her legs, cock in hand.

Her eyes were glowing with lust. “Yeah...I’m ready. Just...be careful with me.”

“Of course,” he promised.

When his cockhead touched her anus she felt like she was back in high school with her clumsy boyfriend who could never seem to find her opening without being guided by her hand, but this time her partner’s bad aim was intentional. She took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed as he pushed into her.

It felt so wrong to be invaded that way, even after having Jonathan’s finger up her ass, but then, once his rigid head pushed past the tight ring of her sphincter, it was still a little strange, yet it also started to feel good at the same time.

“Oh...wow,” she said softly.

“You like that?”

“Umm...keep going,” she encouraged him. Having his cock in her ass instead of her pussy made the alignment of their bodies different than what she was accustomed to, but it was easy to get used to. Jonathan slowly moved his cock back and forth in her ass, while it felt huge, she knew the motions were fairly small. He wasn’t slamming into her, it was just that she wasn’t used to it and that made it incredible in her mind.

“Good, right?” he asked.

“Yeah,” she moaned.

They kept up the slow motions in her ass for many long minutes. What Jonathan was doing to her she had never felt anyone do to her ever before, but she also quickly came to the conclusion he wasn’t going to make her cum again. She needed something in her pussy or on her clit.

“Go ahead and cum,” she told him.

“What?”

“I can tell this isn’t going to make me cum. Go ahead.”

Instead of following her orders, Jonathan reached out and grabbed the vibe they had discarded a few minutes previously. “Put this on your clit,” he said and changed the angle of his body so she could worm the little device into place.

Although she had cum twice already Polly wanted more. Since she was already halfway to paradise she did as he instructed, flicking on the vibrator and pressing it to her sensitive little nub.

The effect was almost instantaneous. “Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck,” she cursed as another orgasm took over her body. Her anus clenched around his hard dick as she came. Jonathan apparently enjoyed that because he took two more strokes and came in her ass.

“Oh,” she sighed, “thank you, thank you, thank you.”

It was only a few hours later when she was laying next to Ben while he nursed

from her breasts. She hadn't said a word about her encounter with Jonathan, but she knew that he knew she had recently been fucked by another man. It was when he pushed his fingers down into her panties that he disappointingly found her pussy was moist, but hardly the sloppy swamp of a recently fucked cunt.

"Huh," he said.

"What?" she asked innocently.

"I was certain you had fucked your new boyfriend tonight," he said as he pushed his fingers up and into her pussy, exploring her folds.

"Oh, I did," she admitted.

"You must have cleaned up really well."

Now Polly shook her head. "He didn't fuck my pussy...he fucked my ass."

Ben just stared at her. "What?"

"He took my virginity...of my ass."

"You let him fuck you in the ass?"

She shrugged a bit. "He asked and I said yes. I wanted to explore something new."

His eyes went big. "Can I fuck you in the ass?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Well, not tonight, of course," Ben quickly followed up. "But maybe later."

Her grin was a bit wicked. "No," she repeated. "You have my tits. But my ass is for Jonathan."

Ben was taken aback by the vehemence of her assertion. It made his stomach sink and his cock hard. "You little slut, you're enjoying this, aren't you?" She knew he didn't mean his fingers tenderly rubbing her clit or his mouth sucking on her tits.

“Having two boyfriends and having the time of my life?” she asked. “Yes.”

Chapter Four

After the first two encounters with Jonathan everything became easier. She didn't feel the least bit of guilt about having sex with two different men because they both knew about the other. She knew that Ben got off on the fact she came home to him after being used by Jonathan. For his part, Jonathan didn't mind at all that she was living with her long-term boyfriend and had no intention of leaving him. He was happy to use her for just the sex.

It was incredible sex; Polly had to admit even when her pussy or ass was sore from his treatment.

She never revealed to him that her breasts were lactating. That treat, she told herself, was just for Ben. Just like her ass was just for Jonathan. Ben had never seemed particularly interested in anal sex; he was more obsessed with her tits. Conversely, Jon was completely in adoration of her ass—fucking it, watching it, and doing it doggy-style when he deigned to fuck her pussy—so her small tits were hardly a consideration to his sexual needs.

All in all, Polly was incredibly happy with her life, incredibly tired after being fucked constantly by two men, and incredibly sated in all her sexual needs.

“Spend the weekend with me,” Jonathan asked her as she got dressed to go home to Ben.

Automatically Polly shook her head. “No. You're my piece on the side. I'm not leaving Ben for you.”

“Just for the weekend,” he begged. “I want to fuck you every way possible.”

She laughed. “You have already fucked me every way possible. I think. No.”

“Please?”

“No.”

“How about just for a day? I want to fuck you all day and wake up the next

morning with you in my bed. Then I want to fuck you one more time and send you home to your husband.”

“Boyfriend,” she corrected him.

“Boyfriend...whatever.” He paused. “What does that make me?”

Polly wriggled her hips and pulled up her pants that were just a half-size too tight. Already she could feel Jon’s cum starting to leak out of her. “My lover.”

“And you can’t spare a day for your lover? The man that makes you so happy you’re willing to stay with your boyfriend?”

She laughed at him, kissed him lightly on the lips, and walked out the door with a little extra wiggle in her hips that wasn’t entirely necessary.

As she ran her fingers slowly through Luke’s hair as he nursed from her, Polly couldn’t help but think about Jon’s offer. She was still floating on the orgasm high he had given her and Ben was being distracting by sucking on her nipples. True, it was what he always did when she came home to him, but it was an erotic distraction nonetheless. She had her top off but her pants were still on. Ben’s hand was resting on her hip and she could feel Jon’s leavings slowly pooling and drying in her panties.

“Ben?”

“Hmm?” He didn’t want to release her tit as he drank from her. After a month of steady lactation her supply had fully come in and stabilized. Ben could nurse from her three times a day and get a full snack from her each time. Polly wasn’t alarmed at the amount of milk she was producing, but she did get uncomfortable when they were delayed from nursing—like each time she came home from Jonathan’s with sore, hard breasts.

“Do you mind me fucking Jon?”

Ben’s eyes barely flickered open. He was concentrating on the feel of her nipple in his mouth and the taste of her milk on his tongue. He absently shook his head.

“Does it turn you on a little?” she giggled at him.

“Mm-hmm,” he agreed.

She moved his hand from atop her hip to between her legs. “Would you mind if I spent the day with him...fucking?”

Now his eyes opened and he let her breast slip from his mouth. “All day?” he asked. “I suppose that would be kind of hot. As long as you tell me all about it. Are you going to call in sick someday next week for that?”

She shook her head and couldn't prevent herself from smiling. “No. Not at all. I'm going over to his place on Saturday and spend the day with him. All day.” She felt the bulge of his cock harden against her thigh and she pushed the tease a little further. “I'll get fucked so many ways by him...and then I'll fall asleep next to him and wake up the next morning with his cock in my pussy.”

Ben had already lowered his mouth to her tit and was sucking anxiously. He pulled his hand from between her legs and started undressing himself. “What about your milk?” he asked as he released his cock and kicked off his pants. Once he was naked from the waist down he started pulling at her pants. They unbuttoned easily enough. When he pulled down her panties they stuck to her smooth cunt skin for just a moment before releasing. He didn't notice that but she certainly felt it. There was still a clump of Jon's cum just inside her pussy that she knew would ease his cock's passage.

“What about it?” she asked as he rolled her to her back, spread open her legs, and pushed his cock up into her pussy.

“Your tits are going to hurt after a full day of not being with me,” he pointed out.

She was somewhat pleased that his first concern was for her safety and well-being rather than a temporary stop in the supply of milk he had worked so hard to build up. With a sigh as he started to fuck her with great enthusiasm Polly told him, “I'm going to make him nurse from me. If he wants to play with me, that's what he needs to do.” She couldn't imagine sharing her milk with another man a month earlier, but then again she couldn't have imagined lactating for her boyfriend two months before that.

“Do I get to fuck you in the ass if he gets your milk?” Ben huffed as he started

slamming his cock into her as fast as humanly possible.

“Maybe,” she teased as he started cumming in hard, angry jerks and spurts of thick cum. “Just maybe.”

Polly snuck out of the house before Ben was awake. That made her feel a little bit guilty. He would be disappointed that he didn’t get to nurse from her that morning, but he would have to deal with it. She was saving her milk, pussy, and ass for Jon. For the next twenty-four hours she was all his.

Jon was actually startled when she let herself into his apartment at an ungodly early hour for the weekend. He was staggering back from the bathroom when she opened the door and walked in. After blinking twice he said, “What are you doing here?” It was obvious he wasn’t fully awake yet.

“We agreed I’d spend the day with you,” she reminded him as she dropped her coat over the back of a chair. “The next twenty four hours I’m all yours, but there is one condition.”

“What’s that?”

She pulled her shirt and camisole over her head, exposing her small, hard tits. “I need a little relief.”

“I’m happy to make you cum,” he grinned at her.

Polly shook her head. “No. My breasts need the relief.”

Jon was puzzled. “What?”

Continuing to shake her head Polly said, “Some men are so clueless.”

“What?”

She cupped her hands under her tiny breasts and lifted them up slightly. “You haven’t noticed anything usual about my boobs?”

He shrugged. Most of the motion was lost inside his heavy bathrobe. “They’re

small,” he suggested.

“And they’re full of milk,” she told him.

“Huh?”

“Milk. I’m lactating. My boyfriend did it to me. He likes to drink my milk.”

“Oh.” Jon was nonplussed. “To each their own, I guess.”

She smiled. “I’m glad you have a positive attitude about it. Do you know anything about lactating women?”

“Not really.”

She sighed. “Well, in about the next hour my tits are really going to start hurting because they’re full of milk that needs to be removed. Understand?”

Normally Jon was pretty quick to comprehend, but now he gave her a blank stare.

Once again she sighed. “You need to suck on my tits to remove the milk otherwise they’ll be too painful for me to have sex with you and I’ll go home to Ben. Understand now?”

Realization dawned on him. “Oh...yeah. That’s a little strange, don’t you think?”

Slowly Polly walked forward. “When you get involved with another person, you get involved in their kinks too. Let’s go to your bed. It’s easiest to nurse when we’re lying down.”

The bed was still rumpled from his slumber and the sheets were warm and smelled of Jon’s slightly musky odor. That was enough to turn on Polly. When his lips touched her nipple her milk immediately let down and she sighed deeply. “Oh, that feels so good,” she murmured to him.

The milk squirted into Jon’s mouth and he tasted her essence for the first time. Jon was alarmed at the sweetness of her milk. To him it was more like sweetened water backed by a musky flavor than true milk. It wasn’t bad, but it was very different. His first reaction was to spit out the liquid, but he knew that would

upset his lover, so he swallowed and that act forced more milk from her breast, filling his mouth once again. He swallowed and sucked and soon quickly fell into the pattern of nursing that had drawn Ben so close to Polly.

The moans and sighs that escaped her lips served to bring on a huge erection for Jon. These were normally the sounds that she made when he fucked her and while they weren't wholly unexpected, to hear her vocalizing so strongly from just sucking on her tits made him wonder what other pleasures she was hiding from him.

"More," she moaned. "Harder. Suck me harder," she begged.

He did so, switching back and forth between her breasts trying to drain them of every last drop. It was a dizzying experience; he expected a need to rub her clit to make her this reactive. That was far from the case. He knew the signs of a woman approaching orgasm and kept at her tits making her cry and shake until the climax took complete control of her body and her sighs and moans tuned into a squeal and uncontrolled spasm of her body.

When it was over she managed to breathe out, "Thanks."

Automatically Jon replied, "My pleasure." He liked making women cum. It was just that he had never done so before just by sucking on a partner's tits and drinking her milk.

"Care to fuck me now?" she asked.

"Didn't you just cum?" he asked. "You're still horny?"

Polly wet her lips with her tongue. "Still horny? Nursing makes me horny. You just got to see the first orgasm. Let's see how many times you can make me cum today." She reached down between his legs and fished his hard cock out from the heavy folds of his bathrobe. "Don't you want to use this?" she asked as she rolled on to her back and pushed off her jeans.

Jon knelt up and quickly tossed aside the bathrobe and pulled off his boxers. Seeing that she was naked and on her back with her legs spread, no further invitation was necessary. A moment later he was entering her pussy and pumping away.

“You’re very smooth this morning,” he complimented her.

“I like to think I’m a suave woman at all times.”

“I was talking about your pussy.”

She moaned as he thrust deep into her. “Oh. That. I shaved for you. I shave every morning. A clean girl is a good girl.”

“Uh-huh,” he agreed. His mind was already operating on animalistic urges. Their first fuck was short and sweet and satisfactory to both. After he came in her they went to his bathroom for a long, languorous shower together. Before they could soap up and as the hot water sprayed on the both of them she went down to her knees and took his cock in her mouth, tasting his musk combined with her pussy.

“Don’t make me cum again,” he said. “I want to fuck you in the ass still. I can’t keep cumming just because you’re extra horny and need more and more sex.”

“Just a little tease, just a little taste,” she told him but didn’t complete the act of fellatio. She did take him into her mouth, tasting his musky scent combined with the flavor of her pussy. There was something so incredibly intimate about taking a man’s cock into her mouth compared to just fucking him. Cocks and pussies were supposed to go together—mouths and cocks or mouths and pussies less so. She wondered if that was why Ben was obsessed with her milk—because while it was there it wasn’t really meant for him...

What followed was a scene of domestic bliss. After the shower Jon dressed, they shared some breakfast together and discussed some work-related topics and gossip. It would have been perfectly ordinary if not for Polly’s lactating breasts and the fact she was essentially cheating on her boyfriend by having sex with Jon—even if Ben had given her permission to fuck Jon it made her feel dirty.

She liked feeling dirty.

She liked walking around topless in Jon’s apartment.

“Aren’t you going to put on your shirt?” he asked her after they cleaned up the breakfast dishes.

“Aren’t you going to fuck me in the ass like you promised?” she countered.

While she wouldn't consider herself a fan of anal sex, under Jon's tutelage she had grown accustomed to it and enjoyed it as an occasional break from what most people would consider normal sex. Today she got on her hands and knees, put her ass in the air and waited expectantly for Jon to fuck her.

"Down on your forearms," he instructed. This brought her chest to the mattress and made her ass curve at a sharper angle. He admired how free and open she was with her body. When the time came to apply lube to her tight, puckered hole, she shivered with the wrongness of what he was doing to her.

"Cold?" he asked.

"No, I just can't get used to the idea of your finger in my ass."

He grinned and pushed his forefinger in deeper. "You like that?"

"No," she said quickly. He didn't remove the finger and proceeded to wiggle it around a bit. "Yes," she finally admitted.

"I thought so. Have you had an anal orgasm yet?"

This was something he had brought up before. Polly was one of the lucky women who were easily orgasmic and could distinguish between the types of her orgasms. Her clitoral ones were the easiest and most powerful. She found the vaginal ones only occurred after a long session of fucking, but these were the most enjoyable and relaxing ones. She had been alarmed the first few times she had orgasms just from nipple play—they were a nice change from orgasms that originated in her pelvis. They were strange and made her milk squirt which delighted Ben.

It was Jon who had been pestering her about anal orgasms. According to him some women could cum just by being fucked in the ass because of the many, many nerve endings there combined with the stimulation to her pelvis from his cock inside her ass. Certainly when he buggered her it was enjoyable and she could feel an orgasm rising up inside her body, but it hadn't been enough yet for her to get all the way to climax just from a cock in her ass. She had made herself cum while being ass fucked by the simple application of her finger to her clit—or sometimes a vibrator or sometimes Jon's finger—but she hadn't gotten there alone. Yet.

She wanted to, but it wasn't something she admitted to Jon or Ben. In the back of her mind she thought that orgasming from tits, clit, cunt, and ass would somehow make her the perfect fuck, the perfect woman.

"No, not yet," she told him as he held one of her hip with one hand and used the other to guide his cock pass her tight—and now slick—sphincter muscle. Once he was in he started fucking her slowly and steadily. "Maybe today," she sighed feeling dirty and naughty for enjoying anal sex. It wasn't what good girls liked, she knew. Then again, good girls didn't indulge in their boyfriend's kinky desire for fresh breast milk or cheat on their boyfriend's with an acquaintance from work

She wanted to cum from just his cock in her ass. She wanted to feel that strangeness control her body, but today wasn't the day. He fucked her lovingly, steadily increasing the pass as both their lusts rose, but when he couldn't hold back any more and came in her ass, she wasn't there yet. In the end he finished her off with his hand rubbing her clit, his still semi-rigid cock pressed between her butt cheeks.

Without realizing it they drifted off the sleep in the middle of the day. It was still early afternoon when Polly woke up, startled at her unexpected nap. Her cunt and ass were still slick with the lube and Jon's cum, but that wasn't the immediate problem. She rolled over and presented her breast to his mouth.

"Time to nurse," she told him softly. "My breasts are full and you need to do your duty."

Jon wasn't fully awake but that didn't stop him from opening his mouth and sucking in her small tit. A smile crept over Polly's lips and she felt her milk let down. This was the second time he had nursed from her and it was the second time he had done it while half-asleep. The sweet liquid on his tongue served to wake him up and made Polly horny. Since it was the second feeding of the day there wasn't that much milk; her breasts were usually fullest in the morning, followed by the last feeding at midnight. Her midday milk wasn't all that much to talk about.

When he was done Polly brought his hand to her pussy and said, "Make me cum."

He slowly rubbed her pussy, just barely putting the first knuckle of his middle

finger into her vag, and said, "I have a present for you."

"A present? Is it an orgasm?"

"No. But I'll give you one of those too. It's a present for you to wear when we go out tonight."

She froze. "On a date."

"Yes."

"I can't go out on a date with you," she said. A moment ago his fingers had been making her relax. Now they were annoying her.

"Why not? I'm good enough to fuck but not to date?"

Polly bit her lip. As much as she wanted to be annoyed by his rubbing, it was starting to feel very good. "It's not that, it's just...what if someone we know sees us?"

"What if?" he asked. "You aren't married. Neither am I. Besides...the danger is half the fun."

Even though at the moment she didn't want to cum, she couldn't discount the way his fingers were making her pussy feel. It wouldn't be too long before she orgasmed. "Fine. We can go out on a date. I want Chinese food."

"Sounds good," he told her. "Let me get your present." He started to get up from the bed but she grabbed his wrist and held his hand between her legs.

"No, make me cum first."

"Let me get your present first. It will make your orgasm better."

"What?"

Her confusion and his strength was enough to let him slip away and open a drawer in his dresser. "It arrived in the mail a couple of days ago. I hope you like it."

It was a small black rectangular box that was hinged just like a jewelry box.

When she took it from him she felt the faux-velvet exterior and immediately guessed it was a bracelet. That confused her because she wasn't a materialistic person. A piece of shiny metal on her wrist wouldn't make an orgasm any better for her.

"Open it."

She was certain it wasn't a ring. Certain gifts she wouldn't accept from Jon regardless of the circumstances. When she snapped the lid open it was immediately apparent it wasn't a bracelet. Almost right away she knew what it was.

"Oh my stars."

Jon moved in close and asked her, "Do you like it?"

"You expect me to wear that...inside me?"

"Yes."

The shiny silver cone looked almost like a miniature metal lava lamp with the tapered bulb on one end that indented and flared out again. Instead of a flat base it had an ornamental gem placed in the bottom. Surely it was made of glass and was colored pink. It wasn't large, maybe four inches in total. It scared and thrilled her at the same time.

"It's called a princess plug," he told her. "I got you the smaller size, but you should find it plenty enjoyable."

"Okay," she agreed not knowing what else to say.

"Do you want to be on your knees or your back when I put it in?"

"Umm...back I guess."

There wasn't any discussion over whether or not Polly had a choice to have the fancy metal butt plug placed in her ass. She wasn't sure what she would have said if he had asked her. It was an intriguing game he was playing, but a scary one as well.

While she rolled onto her back, placed a pillow under her butt, and spread her legs open Jon got out the lube and smeared a good amount across the narrow, tapered end. He then applied some to her already used ass and she looked at him expectantly.

Taking the plug he placed the tip at her asshole and looked up at her. "I want to see your face as I put it in, but I want to see your ass open up for it too."

"You'll have to pick one," she told him. "If I like it, you'll get to do it to me again," Polly promised.

"Your face then. You look so beautiful when you cum that I want to see what you look like when it goes in. Your ass will react the same way every time. But your face...I'll only get to see your first time expression once. Tell me if I'm hurting you."

Without further delay he pressed the heavy bit of metal against her sphincter and watched her face as she grimaced in pain, then opened her mouth to express a silent 'O' of surprise, then a shocked blink of relief as the plug settled into place.

"That wasn't bad at all," she admitted.

Jon ran to the bathroom and returned with a small hand mirror. He placed it between her legs so she could see her asshole was now hidden by the fancy cut glass gem.

"That's...odd. Pretty, but odd," she said.

"I'm glad you like it," he told her. "Does it feel good?"

She ignored the fact that he made "pretty and odd" the same as her liking it. "I feel...full." She wiggled her butt a little. "It feels kind of nice. Are you going to make me cum now?"

"Oh yes." Her reached between her legs and started rubbing her clit.

"No cock?" she asked.

"Not yet. Later tonight."

He lowered his face and kissed her pussy, slipped two fingers inside her to stroke her hidden g-spot as he licked and sucked on her clit. With the plug in her ass it was a little more than she could take. The orgasm she had was sharp and fierce. Each wave of pleasure that washed over her body made her sphincter clamp down on the hard metal in her ass. She had cum before with Jon's finger or cock in her ass, but this was harder and different. The waves of orgasm weren't painful, but they were sharp with each muscle spasm.

"Wow and wow. That was new," she said.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Should I take it out now?" Polly asked.

Jon shook his head. "No. Not until after our date. It's designed to be worn all day."

While Polly was unsure of that she decided to go along with his game. Walking around with a piece of metal in her ass took a little getting used to, but the princess plug was largely unobtrusive and a little bit pleasurable because of the way it pressed on her sensitive regions. After another shared shower they dressed and headed out to eat.

Much to her relief Jon took her to a small, neighborhood restaurant that had few patrons and was dimly lit. Sitting in the half-hidden booth she smiled as she looked around at the other couples and families and wondered if any of them had the faintest clue she had a naughty princess plug in her ass. That caused her to wiggle.

"Comfortable?" Jon asked.

The bench seat was padded, but not overly so. Since Polly was a small slip of a woman she didn't over-stress the cushions but she could still feel the plug pressing up into her body.

"Comfortable enough," she told him. "Have you done this with other women?"

Jon was coy about his answer. "Not this particular game, but I've done other things in public."

“I’ll want to hear about them.”

“Later,” he promised as the waitress approached to take their orders.

The meal went fine. There were no unexpected visitors and Polly was mindful of what she ate not wanting to disturb her plug. Since this was her first outing with it in, everything was a new experience. The most difficult part was visiting the restroom. She only had to pee but even just doing that made the plug threaten to slip out. The only way she could manage it was to reach around behind her back, hover above the toilet seat, and hold the plug in while she peed. Once she was done the plug settled back into place.

“Are you still wearing it?” Jon asked casually when she returned.

“Of course. Want to check?” she teased.

His smile was thin and knowing. “I’ll do that when we get home.”

True to his word the moment they were inside his apartment he lifted up her skirt and pulled down her plain black panties. “Bend over,” he ordered.

Polly happily did so, showing off the glass gem that was nestled between her buttocks. “You like it?” she asked, wagging her ass at him.

“Yes. Now get your ass into my bed so I can fuck you,” he ordered with a swat to her fanny.

Polly nearly ran to the bed and threw off her clothes.

“Hands and knees,” Jon ordered as he walked in and started stripping.

She hadn’t been expecting that but complied. There was no need for foreplay. Jon was already erect and she was already wet from the plug. Certain she was going to get her ass rammed again, Polly was surprised when Jon pushed his cock into her cunt, then pushed her head down to the pillow. “I like watching your ass while I fuck you,” he told her.

Having the plug and Jon’s cock inside her was almost too much. When he moved just right she could feel the ridge of his cock head bump and drag along the plug. She was fuller than she should have been. She wondered what it would

be like to have a man with a huge cock in her pussy. She had never been a size queen but what he was doing to her was enough to made her create new fantasies that needed to be fulfilled.

When she came she was sure she blacked out of a minute. When he came he filled up her cunt to overflowing with white hot spunk. That made her cum again. Her final orgasm shook her body when he pulled the thick plug from her ass.

Was it the anal orgasm she had been desiring? Polly was unsure. She went to sleep happily with Jon nursing on her tits.

The next morning she felt a bit guilty about slipping away from Jon's apartment, but since she had done the exact same thing with Ben the day before, it was only fair. She left behind her panties as a gift, but took the princess plug.

"How was your night with Jon?" Ben asked her when she got home.

Immediately Polly pulled off her shirt and camisole, presenting her hard, full tits to her boyfriend. "It was great, but I'll full. You need to help me out."

Ben easily acquiesced.

Chapter Five

Polly wasn't surprised to receive a text from Jon the next day. Give me Ben's phone number.

She stared at the message several long moments before replying. Why?

His answer alarmed her. I want to send him a thank you note.

A thank you note for what? she asked already dreading the answer.

For sharing you.

I don't think that's a good idea.

His reply actually made her laugh out loud. Why? Didn't your mother always tell you to send a thank you for the best presents you ever received?

She took a stern tone in her reply. Ben doesn't own me. I'm not his to give away.

All right then...I'm plotting something special for you and I need Ben's help.

She shook her head. Okay, but this is against my better judgment...

Polly knew something was up when Ben told her not to make plans for Friday night.

"Why?"

"It's a surprise."

"Not much of a surprise if you're telling me about it."

"No, I'm telling you not to make plans, I'm not telling you what we're doing."

She smiled knowingly. "It involves Jon, doesn't it?"

Ben kept his face completely neutral. "Why would you ask that?"

"Because he asked me for your number two days ago because he wanted something from you."

"Do you really think I'm going to give anything away to you?" he asked.

At times Polly thought that Ben should become a professional poker player. He could keep his face completely devoid of any hint of what he was thinking or what he was feeling.

"How about if I refuse to let you nurse for a few days?" she asked, cupping her breasts and leaning forward, trying to produce some cleavage to entice Ben into giving away what he was planning.

He smirked. "I don't think you can go more than a day without being nursed now," he said. "Every morning you wake up practically begging me for some relief. You want me to nurse from you now, don't you?"

She cursed under her breath. "Fine, suck on my tits then. I'm still going to be pissed about this."

"Until Friday," he told her as he lowered his mouth to her breast and started sucking away her milk. She grunted and then sighed. She knew he was right and there was precious little she could do about it.

Ben made dinner Friday night. He made it in his custom fashion: by ordering Chinese food. When Polly saw the boxes on the table she knew something was amiss because there was too much food. "Who's the extra for?" she asked when she arrived home.

"You really need to ask?"

The doorbell rang a minute later. "Was Jon following me home from work?" she asked him.

After letting her lover into the house the three of them sat down for a somewhat awkward dinner. It was the first time Jon and Ben had met face to face though

Polly managed to pry out of them that they had been texting back and forth for the past week.

“What are you two planning?” she asked them as she shoveled the last bit of General Tso’s Chicken into her mouth.

“Who says we’re planning anything,” Ben asked with a completely innocent face.

“Then why else would you have invited over my other bed-mate?” she asked. “Or are you planning on taking a long walk while the two of us fuck?”

“He’s not going anywhere,” Jon told her. “Now take off your shirt.”

It was the command she had been waiting for. Normally Ben would nurse from her the moment she got home from work. She had been forced to wait through dinner and could feel her tits getting heavier and harder by the moment. The buttons to the shirt practically popped off when Polly torn it open. Underneath she was wearing her supportive camisole and that she yanked over her head displaying her breasts to the men at the dining room table. “Are you going to have dessert here?” she asked lifting up her small, round boobs.

“No, we’ve already decided this,” Ben said. “The bedroom. You’ve always wanted two men at once, so we’ll both nurse from you at the same time.”

“I’ve always wanted two men at once?” she asked archly.

Jon replied. “Yes, it’s a common female fantasy.”

She laughed. “I think you’re confusing male and female fantasies.”

Ben laid his hand over his heart in mock stress. “You don’t want the both of us?” he asked. “Well, I suppose I could go first while Jon watches and then he could have your other breast while I watch...”

When he put it that way suddenly Polly was intrigued to have two men nursing from her at the same time. Surely she would get relief from the steadily increasing pain in her tits quicker...and she would get aroused that much quicker as well. There was no downside to this at all as far as she could tell.

“To the bed,” she declared and headed there as quickly as she could. The men followed and fell upon her the moment she scrambled atop the bed. It took a minute of laughter and clumsy maneuvering to get everyone into position. Polly laid on her back, Ben to her left and Jon to her right. By quick, mutual agreement they started nursing from her and her milk let down immediately. She sighed and threw her head back at the double sensation that flowed down to her pussy.

Normally when Ben nursed she would put her hand inside her panties and masturbate while he finished. That was impossible with two men at once because they blocked her arm’s easy access to her pussy. That didn’t matter; both Ben and Jon knew what she wanted and proceeded to work together to take off her pants and panties, pushing them down her legs until she was naked. There was some manual disagreement over who got to put his hand in her pussy. She wasn’t sure who won, but two fingers slipped up her cunt while another hand slowly rubbed a steady circle around her clit.

It happened so suddenly that Polly was taken almost completely unaware. The orgasm wasn’t that strong, but the way her body shook both men were amused at her struggle to maintain her composure.

“Why the shaking?” Ben asked her when he had drained her breast.

“I didn’t want to cum too quickly,” she confessed between deep breaths as she came down from the climax.

“You’re going to have plenty of orgasms tonight,” Jon promised her as he started to take off his clothes.

Ben quickly kissed her—she tasted her milk on his lips—and then he followed suit as well. In a minute the two men were naked and both sported large erections.

“Is this what you two have been plotting?” she asked as she grabbed Jon’s cock and slowly stroked it. “How are you going to fuck me? One at a time? Who goes first?” She looked at Jon and knew she wanted him first. She wanted to make Ben watch as she fucked another man in front of him.

“We thought we’d have you at the same time,” Ben told her as he laid down on his back and started to pull her away from Jon and on top of his body.

“Same time?” she asked nervously.

“Don’t worry,” Jon said as he pushed her on top of Ben. “We’ve worked it out. We know what we’re doing.”

They put her on top of Ben and he fitted his cock into her wet pussy. “Um, this is good,” she said as she rocked her hips back and forth, “but how are you both going to have me at the same time?” She licked her lips and reached out for Jon’s cock. She could almost feel his hardness in her mouth already.

But Jon moved away too quickly. “Really? We have to tell you? Ben, pull her down. I need her ass up in the air a bit more.”

While Ben did as Jon asked, the other man pulled a tube of lubricant from his pants pocket and smeared a long strip of the viscous fluid between Polly’s parted buttocks.

“Oh no,” she said as Ben kissed the side of her neck. “You can’t do that to me.”

“We’ve done it plenty of times before,” Jon said as he smeared lube on his cock. “I’m an expert at this.”

“Yeah, well, maybe, but I’ve never had two cocks in me at once.” Despite herself, Polly was getting excited at the prospect of doing something new and different and a bit dangerous. What did she really have to fear? To say no she would only be holding herself back...and she wanted to explore her sexuality more than anything else. She didn’t want to just be used by the two men in her life, she wanted to find herself.

“There’s a first time for everything,” Jon told her. “Keep her ass wide open,” Jon instructed Ben. Polly’s boyfriend grasped her buttocks and spread them wide while holding her steady. Jon moved in close—there was some fumbling as they moved legs to give everyone proper access.

Polly forced herself to relax when she felt Jon’s cock pressing against her puckered anus. It went in without trouble, pushing past the tight sphincter and into her body. “Oh fuck,” she moaned as he filled her up. She was almost too full, there was too much cock in her body but she didn’t care. It was wonderfully filling; she could feel the men’s cocks practically pressing against each other, just separated by the tiniest bit of tissue between rectum and vagina.

“This is perfect,” she managed to say as they settled into place.

And then that started thrusting into her. Her eyes snapped open and she found the power of speech failed her. The thrusts were slow and alternating, but it was more than she needed. Her second orgasm came hard on her body. It was perfect. She felt it building and when it washed through her body it gave her all the thrill she needed.

“More,” she managed to grunt.

Ben lowered his head to her hanging tit and slurped it up into his mouth. She didn’t need the extra stimulation at the moment, but she appreciated it. Certainly he wasn’t getting much milk from her breast—she had been drained earlier. When Jon snaked his hand around her torso to pinch her nipple she wanted to faint, but it felt too good to allow her body to become helpless.

They slowly picked up speed in their thrusts. She found it was best to remain stock still and simply be used by the men. She was there to enjoy herself, not to work.

The third orgasm originated in her ass. She was positive it had. It was the most unusual orgasm she had ever had. “Oh god, oh fuck, too much,” she moaned.

“Want to stop?” Ben asked.

“No. Keep going. Make me cum more.”

Their cocks worked in tandem to give her another and then another orgasm. They started to blend together. She felt she was nothing more than a brain connected to her pussy and ass. When Ben came she barely noticed. When Jon came she barely noticed, but then Jon reached around her body, found her clit, and rubbed. It was her final orgasm. It was enough.

The three rested together in the bed, a tangle of sweaty limbs. Polly was certain she drifted off to sleep at one point but was woken up by Jon sucking on one of her breasts. Then he was fucking her again, this time doggy style, but his cock was in her pussy while Ben nursed from her tits. At some point she found herself in the bathroom showering, first with Jon and then with Ben. It was Jon’s cock that was in her mouth when she came one last time for the night with Ben’s face between her legs, licking her clit and pussy.

Since she was an early riser she got out of bed before the men and showered one more time. Jon got up before Ben and watched her in the bathroom as she cleaned herself.

“Can I fuck you in the ass while you’re in the shower?” he asked her.

Polly shook her head and laughed. “Not right now. I’m pretty sore. I’ve never had to entertain two men at the same time before. Give me a minute and we can go downstairs. My breasts are pretty full. I need some relief.”

He nodded, but said, “Wouldn’t you prefer Ben to do that?”

“You don’t like my milk?” she asked, pretending to be hurt.

Jon shrugged. “It’s okay. It’s just not my thing. I’ll happily fuck you in the ass if you like.”

She smiled and shook her head again. “Why are you so obsessed with my ass?”

“Why is Ben so obsessed with your tits?”

She half-shrugged. “Good point.”

“Besides,” he added. “I’m not obsessed with just your ass. I’m obsessed with all women’s asses.”

She laughed at that. “You know how to make a girl feel good about herself.”

Jon couldn’t help but shrug. “You do have a wonderful ass, though.”

“Thanks.”

Polly made breakfast for all three of them. That was when Jon dropped the bad news.

“I suppose you’re wondering why Ben and I had this little party for you last night,” he said.

A shake of her head contradicted his assumption. “Not really. I figured you both just wanted to fuck me at the same time...and I’m a pretty willing woman, after all.”

Jon blanched slightly. “Well...sort of. But that’s only part of it.”

Polly flicked her eyes at Ben. “What’s the other part?” she asked Ben.

He held up his hand. “Don’t ask me. It’s Jon’s announcement.”

She fixed her eyes on her lover. “Well?”

He looked down at his plate of scrambled eggs. “The company is transferring me to Oregon next month.”

For a long moment Polly’s expression didn’t change, then she frowned and got up from the table. “How long have you known?”

“Almost a month,” he admitted.

“Thanks a lot,” she said and threw down her napkin before storming off to the bedroom.

Ben and Jon looked across the table at each other, both feeling a bit of guilt. “I suppose that could have gone worse,” Ben said.

“It could have gone better,” Jon said.

“But this was your idea,” Ben pointed out to Jon.

“Yeah...it seemed like a good idea at the time.”

“She seemed to enjoy herself last night.”

After Jon was transferred to by their company Polly found her life a little easier to manage because she wasn’t constantly switching back and forth between Jon and Ben’s beds. Still, she was disappointed and depressed with her loss.

“Sad that he’s gone?” Ben asked her when Jon had been gone a week.

“Yes.” She sniffed back a tear and tried not to let her emotions show.

“You can go visit him whenever you want.”

“He’s on the other side of the country,” she complained. “How often will I get to do that? Who am I going to find to fuck my ass the way I like it?”

“I can try,” Ben offered.

She dismissed his offer with a wave of her hand. “You know my tits. I need someone who knows my ass as well.”

Ben licked his lips with anticipation. “We can always look on that dating site.” He smiled. “Again. And again and again if necessary. I want to find the right man to fuck my girlfriend’s ass the way she likes,” he declared.

As upset as she was, Polly’s heart couldn’t help but melt. “Okay. We can do that. I might have to try out quite a few men before I make my decision.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Also by Elliot Silvestri

And Giselle's Mother

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

The Milk Thief

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Misanthrope – First Summer

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity