

Porcelain Milk



Elliot Silvestri

Green Book
Publishing

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By Grace Vilmont

Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

SCHAFFER SLIPPED HIS arms around Judith's waist, under her apron but over her brightly flowered shirt. She groaned in annoyance.

"I told you never to do that Ghost shit," she complained as the lump of clay on the wheel in front of her that moments ago was near-perfect bowl wobbled and fell to the side a misshapen mass. She took her foot off the pedal that controlled the spin of the potter's wheel but didn't turn around to face her lover even as he started unbuttoning the shirt that protected her from random splatters of clay.

"You're cutting into our time," he complained in her ear. She kept her hands on the clay, unwilling to smear her filthy hands over Schaffer. Hollywood might think that playing with clay to be incredible visually erotic, but Judith knew better. It got everywhere and spoiled a romantic moment. "I'm on your schedule as your ten o'clock student."

The corner of her mouth turned down even as she accepted his kisses on her neck and cheek. "Student. Right. You know I'm a married woman, right?" She tried to keep her voice modulated, as if she were upset, but she had been eager to finish this one project before Schaffer's appearance. An hour a week was all they had together. It was all she was willing to risk; the last thing she wanted was for her husband to find out about her affair.

"I know you're a married woman. That's why I keep coming back for more." By now his hands had done their work and her protective shirt was completely unbuttoned, giving him access to her breasts which were still contained within a bra. That didn't stop Schaffer. He ran his fingertips over the soft material but couldn't feel her nipples harden underneath. Not off put, he simply chalked that up to the thickness of the cloth and had nothing to do with Judith's familiarity with his technique.

"Could you at least let me up so I can wash my hands?" she asked softly. It took all of her control to not let her voice quaver. Judith didn't want him to know how much he was turning her on.

"I could just stand you up and lift up your skirt and fuck you from behind," he whispered in her ear as she clutched the side of the potter's wheel.

She knew that would be the end of it because there would be no way to avoid getting the clay all over her body and clothes. That wasn't romantic or erotic. It

was just plain fucking annoying. Finding her resolve and common sense, Judith stood up, forcing Schaffer's hands to fall away from her body. "If you're going to fuck me, at least fuck me the right way." She all but stormed over to the small sink and rinsed her hands.

They were in the back of her shop, the work studio where she normally gave classes and private lessons. That was what this was supposed to be, a private lesson. She had been giving Schaffer private lessons on and off for years. They had dated briefly in high school, drifted apart after graduation, and when they reconnected years later after she opened the pottery studio and store, it was too much to resist. She had the affair just to see what would happen. What happened was some really enjoyable sex and she found it impossible to give up.

Schaffer watched as she tossed aside her large rubber apron but left her shirt open, showing off the cleavage of her large breasts. She quickly checked herself in the mirror next to the sink, not because she was vain, but because she didn't want to smear clay everywhere. When it got in her hair it was nothing short of annoying.

"What's the right way?" he asked. "I'm pretty sure I make you cum every time." He had that familiar self-confident grin on his face that she simultaneously loved and hated. She had confessed once that sex with her husband was good, but then corrected that to "barely adequate." Marty was a great husband but only average—at best—in bed making him the complete opposite of Schaffer. She walked over to the studio door and make sure the barrel lock was on, ensuring they wouldn't be interrupted. They were going to have sex—they both knew it—so to delay was just a waste of time.

"I know what you want," she said. "Why not just admit it before we have sex?"

"You like it too," he pointed out as he got off the stool and walked across the studio to press her against the wall, pinning her there so it was easier to kiss her full lips. His hand traveled up her body and carefully cupped her breast. She tried not to groan in the back of her throat, but that was impossible. He knew her body too well and he wanted it as much as she did.

Together they moved back to the stools. It was odd, they had been having their affair for years—longer than just a fling and too long for good judgement to be applied—but they had never had sex in a bed. As they kissed, they pulled at each

other's clothes. It was easy to get Schaffer's shirt off and open up his jeans before they sat down on the large stool. Judith was straddling his legs, sitting on his lap, which forced her skirt up to her hips.

He took great care in removing her bra. It was unspoken, but they both knew that he was obsessed with her tits. They were bigger, much bigger, than they were in high school. Maturity was part of that, along with putting on a little weight, plus the pregnancy. He could have just opened up the flaps in the front of the bra, but that disturbed her a little more than she liked to admit. Her son had weaned himself a year ago and Marty hadn't questioned why she still continued to wear her nursing bras. One comment had been made months ago; she had replied that she found them comfortable. He never noticed she always wore a nursing bra on Thursdays and Tuesdays, the same days as Schaffer's standing private lessons.

"They're beautiful," he told her, lightly running his fingers over her silky smooth skin, dragging lightly over her nipples as they puckered up from the cool air and his electric touch. She hadn't started letting down yet, but she knew it was coming. He took his time, touching and teasing, there was no hurry in his mind, this was the apex of their affair, her tits. Judith, however, couldn't discipline herself that much. She grabbed his head and brought Schaffer's mouth to her breast. His lips quickly found her nipple and he sucked it into his mouth, getting as much of the nipple and flesh of her breast as possible into his orifice before applying suction.

The moment he did, she felt her milk let down and she groaned at the pleasure. It was almost too much. She felt wetness everywhere: sweat on her brow, moisture in her panties, and milk dripping from both her nipples. Schaffer swallowed everything from her right breast, the one he was latched onto but her left started dribbling all too quickly. One squeeze and she'd be spraying her milk across the room. While she knew that Schaffer would never waste her milk in that way, she felt a strong urge to express herself and let the milk that had swollen her tits to unusual proportions. Her hand cupped her breast and she started to squeeze. Right away Schaffer knew what she was doing and he pushed her hand away. His right hand was on the small of her back, helping her balance, while his left now pinched her nipple, not hard enough to cause real pain, but just hard enough to prevent her milk from escaping. Her groan excited him; his cock started growing and she could feel the hot flesh against her abdomen. Unbidden, she rocked her hips back and forth trying to get some friction on her clit as she straddled his thigh.

“You like that?” he asked her, taking a quick breath as he switched from one breast to the other. He switched hands as well, pinching her right breast now as his lips closed on her left nipple. Almost as soon as he let go of the firm piece of flesh, it sprayed milk onto his tongue and he swallowed the rich, creamy liquid.

Judith didn’t bother answering his question because he knew she loved it almost as much as he did. It was wrong, so wrong, but it was perfect as well. It was the ultimate foreplay. Her lust built as he sucked on her nipples, drawing out her milk that she made just for him now because her son was no longer a baby and her husband had no interest in her breast milk. A few times he had made her cum just from sucking on her nipples, but those instances were rare and far between. It didn’t matter. She knew she was getting fucked this morning because she had made that determination the moment Schaffer had touched her tits.

It was wonderful the way he used her body, turning a simple body function—creating milk—and converting it into an erotic urge she couldn’t resist. He had perverted something wholesome into a sexual function and it was impossible for her to resist. She let him nurse for a few minutes. It did as much for him as it did for her. There was no need for her to touch his cock, he grew with each suck on her tits.

Finally it became too much for Judith. She pushed him back, standing up from his lap and forcefully extracting her nipple from his mouth. He didn’t resist any further than that because he knew what was coming and pulled down his jeans far enough to fully expose his cock. Judith hiked her skirt up over her hips and yanked her panties down, kicking them aside before she lowered herself back down on his rod of flesh. Their bodies joined together smoothly and easily, mostly because it was something they had practiced hundreds of times before. “That’s what I needed,” she moaned to him, clutching his face back to her breast so he could continue to nurse.

Penetration was nice, but she needed it more than he did. More than once he had nursed from her tits and cum in his pants. That wasn’t going to happen today. She was going to get off before him, she knew it because she had warned him many times before if she didn’t go off she could end their long-term affair.

He wasn’t sure if she was lying or not. She wouldn’t tell him.

Schaffer let Judith rock back and forth on his lap, pumping her hips, enjoying

her body for the one reason for which it was created. She had already given birth to one life, everything now was simply to please herself. If she couldn't enjoy sex the way she wanted it with the man who could make her cum harder than anyone else in existence, there was no reason to live.

Her scream of pleasure was muffled as she bit into Schaffer's shoulder. She could cum as hard as she wanted, but if her employee in the shop knew she was getting fucked, Marty was sure to find out and that would be the end of everything.

After Schaffer shot his load into her pussy and they clutched each other so they wouldn't fall off the stool, he asked her, "Why do you bite and bruise me all the time?"

"Because you make me cum so hard," she explained for what seemed like the millionth time between heavy breaths. "If you wouldn't do that...well, we wouldn't be fucking, would we? If you want my milk, you'll suffer for it."

He shrugged. "It's worth it."

Slowly they disengaged themselves from each other and started putting their clothes back on. Judith went to the sink and quickly cleaned herself before she finished dressing. "Will I see you on Thursday?" she asked as he made ready to leave, having learned not one thing about pottery during this, or any previous, lesson.

"Of course."

"Good. I have something special in mind for you."

That piqued Schaffer's interest. "What sort of special something?"

"You'll find out on Thursday," she said, opening the door to the main store and ushering him out.

Chapter Two

STARTING A POTTERY shop in an arts-centric community was easy. Keeping it going was the hard part and a year after opening her pottery store and school, Judith was desperate to keep her business going. Almost every niche of the pottery business was already filled and over-saturated. There was nowhere for her to go, until she decided that getting sneaky and intimate wasn't beneath her.

Erotic pottery and ceramics wasn't something that she advertised in the front window, but done discretely in the back studio and on the store's website it had proven to be an effective money maker. Some of her students came into let their creative erotic imaginations run wild, others simply wanted an unusual conversation piece for their home, and a few wanted a special memento of a lover or spouse.

When Schaffer came into the studio for his customary private lesson, he was surprised to find Judith topless and with her assistant. She had a weird plaster cast in place around her torso and at first he was certain she had broken a rib but then he quickly figured out something else was going on. A second—hopeful—thought that she was having an affair with her assistant was quickly dashed when he realized this was just another art project.

“What are you doing?” he asked, suspicious because he already knew some of his private lesson time was going to be wasted.

“New project,” Judith said softly.

“Don't talk,” the assistant murmured. She was cutting the back of the plaster cast

“You're almost done,” Judith reprimanded her just as the cast came free. “See?” She twisted and carefully got out of the cast. When it was off her body Schaffer saw it was essentially the shape of a corset.

“What the hell?” he asked. He looked at Judith who was moving casually around the studio, toward the wash sink, her breasts on full display. Artists weren't hung up on simple things like nudity.

“I'm doing a new series. Or trying to, at least,” Judith informed him as she wet a towel and started wiping down her body, removing the bits of the cast that had stuck to her skin. Her breasts were full and ripe. The assistant didn't notice or care that Schaffer was staring; she was busy doing some finish work to the cast.

“If this works out correctly, I’ll be able to offer women ceramic casts of their busts. Bust busts, I think I’ll call them.” She laughed. “What man wouldn’t want ceramic mementos of his wife or girlfriend’s tits?”

Schaffer had no answer for that. “Everyone I guess,” he tried. He stood there and watched Judith as she finished washing and put her shirt back on. The assistant also finished with her task and exited the room.

“Good, she’s gone,” Judith declared when they were alone. Grinning, Schaffer went to her, kissed her mouth, and started to pull her shirt back off, to get access to her tits, but she shrugged him away.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing, Just get your pants off.”

“No foreplay?” he asked. He was actually disappointed. The only reason that he kept up his affair with Judith was because she was lactating and he couldn’t bear to be away from his supply of her milk.

“I just want you to get your cock out.”

He grinned and started to lower his pants, wondering what if this was what she meant by surprise. Judith knelt down in front of him and took his manhood in hand, carefully inspected him and then started to suck. This was a change in their routine, but he didn’t complain. At least he didn’t until he was hard and she suddenly looped a thick hard rubber band around the base of his cock.

“What the fuck.”

She shook her head. “No. That won’t work. We have to put it behind your balls.”

“What?”

Looking up at her boyfriend, Judith said in the most innocent voice she could summon, “I’m going to make a cast of your cock. I want it to be as big as possible.”

“What the fuck for?” he asked, relieved as she took the band off him, but then he started worrying again as she took hold of his balls

“To see if it can be practically done. You’re my practice round. I’m going the next level of personal erotic art.”

“Great,” he said without enthusiasm as she carefully pulled his balls through the rubber ring and then manipulated the shaft through. It was tight and a bit painful, but Schaffer still managed to rise to the occasion. Judith only had to suck him a little to get him to full erection and to his mild surprise he realized he liked what she had done to him. His erection had never felt so strong and firm before. Looking down at himself, his cock was darker in color than normal, a bit purple, but he trusted Judith well enough to give her a bit of slack in respect to his genitals. “And what exactly are you going to do?”

“Make a cast of your cock,” she told him as she stood up and turned around to busy herself among the materials on the workbench.

“That’s not exactly cutting edge erotic art,” he pointed out. “Haven’t sex toy companies been doing the same thing with porn actors’ dongs for years?”

“Yes,” she said, not turning around. Judith was very busily preparing the next stage of her process. “And there’s a semi-famous artist who did it with musicians back in the 60s and 70s. But she just made plaster casts and didn’t go beyond that. And the sex toys, those were just for toys. I’m going to create art.”

Judith turned around. She had in her hands a cylinder that was just over a foot long and was partially filled with a gelatinous substance. “Dental mold alginate, or close enough,” she told him. “I’m going to put your cock in this.” She moved to him.

While Schaffer was always up for new experiences this was something different and he had his doubts, but he didn’t pull away from her. “This is crazy. How is it art and what’s exactly new about it.”

Judith had him bend forward so it was easier for him to slide his cock into the sleeve. It took some doing but eventually they figured out the correct position to make the cast work.

“What’s new about it?” she asked. “I’m going to have women—and men I suppose—make casts of their partner’s cock—or tits, I’m trying that out too—and then they’ll glaze the ceramic cast to create a memento of their relationship.”

Schaffer looked down at his covered cock. It wasn't uncomfortable, just a little warm while the alginate set. "Turning cocks and tits into art?"

"Exactly. The artist can be realistic or fantastic with their designs. I've also got a way planned to turn the finished product into useful dildos if they want."

"And there's the hook," he murmured.

"Lots of women like hard dildos, silicone doesn't exactly do it for them. These will be washable so there's an extra bonus. And what woman wouldn't want to display a piece of art that is also her most intimate possession?"

"I can think of a few," he answered as she carefully removed the mold. It clung to his sensitive skink but eventually came free. She set it aside and started washing the bits of leftover alginate from his cock. "You want to take off the band?" he asked her. It wasn't painful, not yet but it worried him. She ignored the question because she had no intent to remove the firm rubber ring that was keeping him extra hard.

"You've never been bigger," she told him, giving his cock a little kiss on the side. "I was hoping to get it inside me first." She straightened up and opened her shirt, displaying her large, full breasts. Schaffer was positive he could smell her milk.

"I want your milk," he said, already mesmerized by her tits.

"I know," she replied and let him latch on to one breast to draw out her milk. Judith shivered as her milk let down. Schaffer pinched her free nipple, stopping any milk loss. There was a slight sour taste from the cast she had recently had on her tits, but that all but disappeared after a few sucks. "Don't ever stop," she said as her body became more than ready for him.

Her shirt was already open, it was easy for the two of them to get her leggings and panties off. From there it was easy for her to get on his lap and insert his steel-like cock into her wet pussy. All the while he continued to nurse from her tits, sucking out the lovely white milk.

"Yes, yes," she moaned softly as her hips worked up and down enjoying the way he stretched her out while he nursed on her pretty nipples. It didn't take her long to get off. Judith was so excited by the piece of rock in her cunt that she wrapped

her legs around Schaffer and hooked her ankles together.

“Ugh,” he grunted when she didn’t stop moving during her entire orgasm.

“You like this?” she asked, recovering enough to form words. She had slowed down, but was still rocking her hips back and forth, enjoying his cock because that was what it was there for, her pleasure.

“Yeah,” he panted, “but I don’t think I’m gonna be able to cum.”

Judith giggled. “Why not?”

“The band you put on me. It’s too tight. I can’t cum with it on.”

“No it’s not,” she assured him as she arched her back and offered a breast to his mouth. Automatically Schaffer opened up and started sucking again. She knew his weakness and he’d always give in to it. “You can cum. You just need to really want to. You’ll cum for me, won’t you,” she almost begged. “I need to have your cum in me.”

He nodded, shaking her breast up and down and concentrated on cumming. It had never been a problem for him, but he had never worn a ring around his cock to keep it hard before. Already he was on the edge and he wanted to cum but the way the hard rubber constricted around his shaft told him that cumming was going to be painful if not impossible.

“Fuck me,” she all but demanded out of him. “Fuck me hard. Don’t you want to flood my pussy with your cum?”

“Yeah,” he moaned into her tit.

The continued to rut for another minute and Schaffer started to lose steam. He was either afraid to cum or she had tightened the band to the point where forcing semen out his cock was unachievable. Judith knew she needed to do something to encourage him along.

“I’m not on birth control,” she told him and he stopped moving. “Don’t you want to put a baby in my belly?”

He wasn’t sure if he did or not, but the idea sent his head spinning. He let her

nipple slip from between his lips and wrapped his arms around her body. Standing up he lifted her off his lap and together the two staggered the few steps over to the wall. In the short distance he slipped out of her pussy, but once he pinned her against the wall she reached down and fitted him back in.

The wall was sturdy brick and mortar, which was good because the way he slammed into her body would have knocked down a lesser built wall. She writhed and groaned, speared on his cock, until it was all too much for Schaffer and he unleashed his previously imprisoned orgasm, forcing his spunk by the tight ring to flood her pussy. He let out a cry of pain. Of course it hurt; his cock wasn't supposed to be controlled in that way, but it was the best orgasm of his life. His balls hurt, his abdominal muscles felt like they strained beyond the breaking point just to get the orgasm out of his body. He wondered if this was what it was like for women who couldn't cum easily.

"Thank you," she cooed in his ear as he slowly lowered her body to the floor. They laid their together a minute. She offered him her breast once again. There wasn't much milk left in her body at the moment, but it was the gesture that counted.

It seemed like no time had passed at all but when he glanced at his watch he saw that the time for his private lesson was almost over. Judith reached detached herself from him, dragging her tit from his mouth as he rolled to his back. He groaned once more, exhausted. She reached down to his cock and quickly released the band. His cock had lost some of its firmness but it was still restricting the blood return. The moment it was off his purple manhood quickly returned to a normal size and color.

"Were you serious about what you said," he asked as she stood up from the floor and went to the sink to clean herself.

"Serious about what?"

"About...you know...getting you pregnant."

She turned her head to look at him, slightly bent forward, letting her breasts dangle enticingly, and a grin on her face. "I haven't been on BC since I had my baby. Bad for the milk. I suppose it's going to be a fight to see who gets me pregnant first, you or Marty."

Schaffer dropped his head back to the floor and covered his eyes with his hand.
“Jude, you shouldn’t be doing that!”

“Why not. I love you both. I want another baby.”

“But...I don’t.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t be fucking me then,” she pointed out as she pulled her panties and leggings back on.

Her tits and milk and pussy were things he knew he couldn’t give up. Schaffer groaned again.

Chapter Three

HE WASN'T SURE what his reaction to the finished product was, and that was the problem. Judith was watching him carefully after presenting him with the box containing the latest bit of erotic art. The porcelain chest piece was a near-perfect reproduction of Jude's torso. The only difference between it and her was the slightly shiny finish the glaze had and the unyielding surface of hardened ceramic. It was life-sized, unsurprisingly, and painted to match her flesh exactly, slightly pale but with a hint of unmistakable peach tones. The nipples were done perfectly. They were a mix of color somewhere between brown and red, flawless except for two small drops of white bubbling down from the right nipple.

"It's...different," he said carefully. The overall design wasn't a full body bust, but just the front of her chest. To Schaffer's mind the finished art was much like a piece of armor that only a strange, exotic warrior would wear. Or not. There was no practical value for the piece other than as an art comment. "But you have a couple of flaws here," he pointed out the two small white droplets, desperate to have something other than her strange choice of medium to express herself. "Was there a problem with the firing process or the glaze?"

Judith rolled her eyes at him. "No, stupid," she answered condescendingly. "I meant for it to be like that."

"You did?"

"It's my milk," she explained with a sigh. "I thought I captured it perfectly."

"Well, you did, I just wasn't aware that's what it was supposed to be."

"Do you like it?" she asked, looking for some sort of approval.

"Yes!" he tried to sound enthusiastic, but not condescending. While he was infatuated with Judith, he often didn't understand her artistic urges.

"Good. So what do you think of this?" From a different cardboard box she removed a large dildo, also painted realistically flesh-toned and for a moment he didn't recognize his own cock, but as she turned it to a more familiar orientation, it became obvious what it was.

"Oh. Geez." He didn't know what to say.

“I like it,” she said, her eyes shining with self-admiration. It was obvious that she thought it was a complete success. After a long, uncomfortable moment, she turned it again, and allowed the strange piece of art to dangle from her fingers. There was a handle at the back end with a very obvious purpose. “I think it came out perfectly.”

He nodded, trying not to say something stupid. “It’s good, I guess. I’m not an art critic.”

His lame effort to take a position on her efforts made her laugh again. “Want to see something else?”

“I’m not sure.” Schaffer had come to the studio because it had been their regularly scheduled private lesson time. He hadn’t been expecting to see the results of last week’s casting.

There were a large collection of boxes on the workbench. She opened up another and displayed one more ceramic dong. It was similar to the one that was modeled on his cock, and lovingly painted and glazed, but beyond that effort, it didn’t look overly remarkable to him. “It’s good too, I suppose.”

“How is it different from yours?” she asked.

“I don’t know.” The color was slightly softer than his, but the length of the shaft was covered in thick veins, perhaps giving it more texture. He could see how that would appeal to some women.

“It’s smaller,” she pointed out, placing the two artificial cocks next to each other. His was longer by almost two inches. “You’re pretty well hung for an otherwise unremarkable man.”

“Gee, thanks.” Now he felt insulted even if internal he was proud she was comparing his cock favorably to another man’s.

“It’s Marty’s. I made a cast of his cock too.”

“Ahh...okay.” Now he was completely befuddled.

“You won the size competition,” she informed him, disappointed in his reaction.

“I can see that. It’s just that...does your husband know about us?” It was a question he had asked her many times before, but not recently and the answer was always the same. It was the same now. “Of course not. I mean, he knows you exist because I’ve mentioned you a few times and he knows you’ve had a few...art lessons from me, but that’s it. He doesn’t know about our affair.”

“Then why did you cast his cock?”

“I showed him yours and he got jealous. Don’t worry. I told him it was based on a model I hired.”

“I see.”

She laughed at him again. “This is the problem with men. Fragile egos. It’s like you think we women can’t have an exciting sex life all on our own.”

“Maybe that’s what worries me.”

With a huff she marched over to the studio door and ensured it was locked. When she sauntered back she unzipped her skirt and dropped it on the floor. “Want to see what this little bit of art can do?” she asked him. She stuck her thumbs into the top edge of the elastic of her panties, running them back and forth as she asked the question.

“I think I know already, Jude,” he said carefully. He didn’t want to tell her no and he wasn’t sure if he was into watching a show. Unfortunately he was intrigued as well.

She pulled down her panties and kicked the aside a moment later she was sitting on the stool with the low back, her legs spread wide, toes on the stool’s footrest, and his porcelain cock running slowly up and down her slit. Judith was an artist and Schaffer had seen nearly every permutation of her pubic hair. Currently she had it shaved into a large V, but he had seen her pussy bare, full bush, trimmed, shaved into every conceivable shape, and dyed. His cock hardened as she slipped the artificial head into her slit and then slowly pushed it all the way inside her body. The handle at the base of the fake cock was perfectly angled and designed for her to grip and use the dildo as a masturbatory aid. “This way I can have you any time I want,” she informed him. “I can have you in me when I’m giving Marty a blowjob.”

That frightened him. “You haven’t, have you?”

She sighed as she started moving the cock in and out of her pussy. He wasn’t sure if the sigh was from her growing lust or her disgust with his reticence for sex games. “I’m going to,” she promised, pausing for just a moment, holding the cock in place with one hand as she opened up her flowered shop blouse with the other. He knew what that meant. She wasn’t halfway done before he was next to her, helping with the buttons and then pushing her bra up over her tits.

As Judith continued to masturbate with the porcelain phallus he sucked on her nipples. Her milk let down immediately and he slurped down the liquid like he was dying of dehydration. She started moaning the moment his lips touched her nipples. It was hard to tell—impossible to tell if the moans were from his nursing or her masturbation. Schaffer refused to believe it was from both. He took great pleasure in sucking on her tits. The sex he had with her was secondary to nursing. They both knew he could easily get sex from a hundred different women. Milk was a much rarer commodity.

She allowed him to suckle while she came. It was a new experience for her...and very enjoyable. By the time it was over, her tits were empty and she was satisfied, but Schaffer hadn’t cum, something that didn’t concern her all that much. She had two perfectly good cocks to keep her busy if she needed another orgasm, but she wanted to keep Schaffer interested as well. Milk might be a rare commodity, but she wasn’t the only supplier and it was fun to play with him. “Do you want to cum?” she asked him. One hand was slowly moving the ceramic cock in and out of her pussy while the other was making slow circles around her clit.

“Yeah.”

Looking down at her pussy, she commented, “It looks like my pussy is full right now.”

“Just take it out,” he begged.

Judith shook her head. “No. I like it in me. Get your cock out and jerk off for me. Cum on my tits.”

It had been a long time since she had had sex so sloppy the man couldn’t control where he came. College at least. But right now she wanted to see how

subservient and willing Schaffer was.

“Really?” he asked.

She nodded eagerly; the pace of the cock in her pussy increased.

Schaffer whipped out his cock and started stroking his erection. They both knew it wouldn't be long and Judith was delighted when he abruptly climaxed shooting his thick load over her chest, stomach, and thigh in five strong contractions. With a devilish glint in her eye, she wiped up the last few drops from her leg and smeared the sticky white fluid on her nipples. “Maybe Marty will taste it tonight,” she teased him.

Schaffer's eyes went wide as he watched her rub his cum into her skin, not bothering with cleaning herself, and then she put her clothes back into place after easing the fake cock out of her pussy.

“I think this test went well, don't you?” she asked him as she pulled her panties back on and gave him a kiss.

He found he couldn't argue with her.

Chapter Four

SCHAFFER WASN'T SURE how to react when Judith asked him to be the demonstration model for her first erotic ceramic arts class.

"You have to be kidding."

"Not at all," she said as she pulled her bra into place and covered up her near-perfect red-brown nipples. He had successfully drained both tits once again and she had deigned to fuck him afterwards. This time, unlike most when she straddled his legs and rode him to orgasm, after drinking his fill from her breasts he spun her around and pinned her up against the wall, fucking her from behind while pinching both her tits. She claimed to hate that particular bit of treatment, but he was positive that she loved it. Her entire existence centered around her tits, how could she not love them stimulated in every possible way?

"You should find someone else," he suggested. "What if someone finds out about us?" While he loved Judith for what she was, he wasn't in love with her and certainly didn't want to marry her. Worse, he didn't want to break up her marriage. That would mean he was responsible on some level for maintaining a relationship with her.

She waved aside his concern for her marriage stability. "The only other person I could ask is Marty and he's not as well hung as you," she told him, grasping his cock through his pants. He was soft after having fucked her just minutes ago, but still swollen enough for her to appreciate how big he could be. "And wouldn't you like to earn a little money as a model?"

"I do just fine." Schaffer made his living as a financial advisor. He had helped Judith get her business off the ground. It was no secret between them that he hated his job and would leave it in a minute if he could find something that paid as well and had flexible hours.

"Then how about getting a little thrill from showing off your dick to a group of bored housewives?"

Schaffer had no such desire. "I'm not going to do it, Jude."

The corners of her mouth turned down in frustration and anger. "I've set the class for Saturday morning. You'll be here or you'll never have my tits and my milk again."

“You aren’t serious.”

“Don’t show up and find out.”

As it was, getting naked in front of four strange women—and their husbands, fiancés, and boyfriends, wasn’t so bad. Some of the other guys kept their shirts on. One only opened his pants enough to get his dick out. Schaffer decided that the least stupid look was to strip down naked and let Judith do what she needed to. There were some moveable panels set up in the studio to give the couples some privacy, but Schaffer and Judith were on the small riser at the front of the room and he was on display for everyone.

“Do we have to do this in front of everyone?” one nervous middle-aged woman with frizzy red hair asked. Her husband had a bit of a beer gut but he wasn’t shy about whipping his cock out.

“Art can be a private activity,” said Judith, “but this sort of erotic art is to practice it in front of friends and strangers, to make the private more public, more open. Our society is far too stifled. “

It took a little bit of encouragement and leading from Judith with Schaffer as her model to get the four couples moving forward. She gave each of the couples an adjustable cock ring and instructed them on the use of the sliding lock. “You want to put it behind the balls and make it nice and snug to prevent blood from flowing back easily, but not so tight that you cut off blood flow entirely.” She went around to each couple inspecting what they did. She had already put Schaffer’s on and he rose admirably to the occasion, encouraged along by a little kiss and suck in front of the group, which, much to his surprise, Schaffer found he didn’t mind at all. Maybe he did have a bit of a career ahead of him as an exhibitionist.

“Does anyone need any help getting their partner hard?” Judith asked. She had easily fallen into the role of sex instructor. It was as if a display of male genitals was all she needed to get her heart thumping and her lust rising. Only one couple was having difficulty. Schaffer tried not to watch, but his eyes were glued to his lover as she went over to the woman who looked stressed out from the fact her husband’s cock wouldn’t respond at all beyond becoming a limp, slightly bloated sausage. But as soon as Jude’s hand touched the stranger’s cock it started to rise

and the two women shared a private laugh that caused a quivering in Schaffer's heart. He didn't know what was going on but he was certain he didn't really like it.

"I'll come around to each of you to make sure you do the insertion correction," Judith announced to the group.

Eventually every man had one of the plastic sleeves filled with the dental alginate on his erect cock. The mixture was quickly hardening into a negative mold that Judith would eventually use to create a new mold that would be where she could cast the porcelain phalluses.

"If the gentlemen could have a few minutes of patience, I'll get the women started on their molds. Ladies, if you'll take off your shirts, please." What followed was a long process where the women got topless and then into industrial looking corsets. These Judith had special ordered from some Hollywood workshop and now used them to create negative molds of the women's chests. It was a messy process, with the liquid plaster being poured down between and around the women's breasts. Some laughed and giggled at the process, but were quickly silenced by Judith reminding them to breathe slowly to get the best possible result.

Meanwhile Judith had recruited Schaffer to help the men get their cocks out of the sleeves with the least amount of damage possible. He limited his assistance to verbal information only, flat out refusing to touch the other men's dicks. While Schaffer didn't consider himself homophobic, there were certain areas where he wasn't yet ready to go.

The last guy he helped was polite and didn't have the least bit of shame or nervousness about him. "How much is she paying you?" the dark-haired man asked Schaffer.

The question caught him off guard and then he remembered that he was there as a model and demonstrator, not Judith's lover. It wasn't a question he was ready for, so he reverted to his old skills as a financial advisor. "Not nearly enough," he joked handing the patron a damp towel to clean off his cock.

"I'm Pete." He didn't extend his hand to Schaffer, which was appreciated, but Pete tossed his chin at the slightly chubby blonde who was being helped by Judith. "That's my wife Jane."

Schaffer just nodded, not knowing what else to say.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but Jane was admiring you while Jude had you demonstrating.”

Now Schaffer chuckled and said, “Thanks.” Unwittingly he blushed and he wasn’t sure if it was because a slightly older woman was fascinated with his cock or if it was because the compliment was coming via her husband.

“I know this is a bit forward, but since you are a nude model, Jane wanted me to ask. Do you swing?”

The only reaction Schaffer had was to stare at the other man. The question made him...he didn’t know how he felt or what to think. It wasn’t a question he had ever been asked before. “Do I swing?” he repeated, desperate for a few more seconds to think. This was another old trick from being a financial advisor. Repeat and rephrase the question if you don’t have a ready answer. The client might change the question entirely and if not you’ll be able to come up with something to say afterwards.

“Yeah. We have an open marriage and sometimes It’s hard to meet new people. Do you do three-ways?” Pete stopped and realized that he hadn’t received a real answer from Schaffer. “Sorry, am I going too fast?”

“Um...it’s just that I’ve never been in this sort of situation before.” Schaffer realized it was a lame thing to say.

“Oh. Sorry. Didn’t mean to be so forward. If you’re not into a group thing that’s fine, don’t want to make you uncomfortable. Still, Jane wouldn’t mind it at all if I could recruit you for a little one-on-one with her. She likes variety.”

Schaffer raised his eyebrows. “You’re kidding.”

“Not at all.” Pete smiled and pulled his pants on, leaving Schaffer at a disadvantage since he was still completely naked.

“It’s just more than a little odd to hear someone pimping for their wife.”

Pete laughed. “Well, she demands a lot of me. I’m always looking for another man willing to help me out. The nice thing is she does the same for me.”

“That’s a great marriage, I guess.”

“Sure is. You aren’t married. I don’t see a ring, but that doesn’t mean anything today. Do you have a girlfriend?”

Pete had smoothly moved the conversation from swinging to just two guys hanging out. In Schaffer’s case, literally.

“Um. Sort of.”

A nod acknowledged Schaffer’s difficult situation. “I understand. She keeps you on a short leash?”

“Not especially.” Because he was normally busy with work, Schaffer didn’t date that much. Judith was pretty much his only sexual outlet, which he realized was sad.

Pete grinned. “Well, like I said, we are swingers. If she’s interested, we can show her a good time.”

He shouldn’t have been so surprised, but Jane’s body was softer than Judith’s. Jane was a bit older than he and Jane. Pete had married her not quite as a trophy wife, but something close to that. Because of their age disparity and the circumstances of their meeting and marriage, it was easy for the two of them to agree to an open relationship.

Perhaps, Schaffer reflected as he started pumping his cock in and out of Jane’s cunt, her body just seemed softer because it had been far too long since he had last fucked a woman in a bed. All of his time was seemingly spent either working or fucking Judith in her studio. While sex with her was fun and even thrilling, it wasn’t the same as a luxurious roll between the sheets. And in this case, they were satin sheets.

“You’re sure that your husband doesn’t mind you doing this?” Schaffer asked. It was a stupid time to be asking the question when he was already balls deep in her pussy, in her marriage bed no less, but he still needed to ask the question.

She giggled, actually giggled at him. It was somewhere between fetching and a

little overtly childish. “Of course he’s okay with you fucking me. He set this up with you.”

For just half a second Schaffer paused, his cock halfway in. He looked down at their joined genitals. She had a nice little triangle of red-blond pubic hair that was obviously well-groomed and maintained, just like everything else about Jane. She was a little overweight, but perhaps Pete liked chubby women. Schaffer wasn’t going to question that. The interruption of the rhythm bothered Jane so she reached down and grabbed his smoothly shaved balls to pull him forward, deeper into her pussy, where he belonged.

“He’s not going to come in here screaming in a minute because his wife’s cheating on him, is he?”

That made Jane laugh all the harder and she bucked her hips up at him, encouraging him onward. “I hope not. That would ruin the mood. Besides, he’s in the middle of a golf game. You know how middle-aged men are about golf. When they can’t get it up any longer for an eighteen year old’s holes, they start playing eighteen holes.” She laughed again and kissed Schaffer’s cheek, feeling the stubble of his beard on her lips. “Of maybe he’s fucking some side piece. I don’t know. I just fuck who he tells me.”

Schaffer had started thrusting his hips again, somewhat reassured by her words. “Really. You fuck whoever he tells you to?”

“Sometimes. And sometimes I find guys on my own.”

They continued on in silence another minute. Schaffer stretched her arms up above her head and she locked her ankles around his waist.

“You know, they have this stuff called Viagra that could probably help him out if he can’t get it up for you any longer.” Though he was loath to admit it to himself, Schaffer got off on the idea that he was fucking women who were coupled with another man. It was the thrill of taking something that didn’t belong to him that he couldn’t resist.

“I know,” she whispered in his ear. “We’ve done that. We’ve played all the sex games. We’re swingers. We’ve used toys. He’s even seen me have sex with another woman.”

Once more Schaffer paused in his thrusts into her body even while his cock got harder. "You're kidding." The idea that he was with a woman who was not only a swinger but bisexual as well that almost too much for him. He wanted their romp to last as long as possible, but with all the secrets she was dropping, he wasn't going to last another minute.

"It got him hot and hard. It was fun." She bucked her hips again. "You like that idea? You want to see me fuck a girl?"

"Yeah..." his mind was already on autopilot.

"Not going to happen. It's one of the few things that get Pete hard still. Me and a girl. Viagra." She paused even though it seemed like she had something else to say.

"What else?" he prompted her, sensing she wanted to reveal a secret.

"Eating cum from my pussy," she said softly and kissed his lips. Their tongues danced around each other. "You have to cum in me," she begged.

"I will," he grunted as he fucked her fast.

"And then leave. I'm going to call him when you're done."

"Okay," he agreed. They fell silent for a minute as their bodies reverted back to animalistic operations. They didn't think, they just felt. A moment later Schaffer lost his control and filled her pussy with a thick load of his cum. She cried out in joy. They rested together a minute and then she pushed on his shoulders, indicating he should roll off. They uncoupled wetly and Schaffer breathed heavily as she pressed her thighs together while rolling the other way to grab her phone off the nightstand.

"What are you doing?" he asked as she started tapping out a text message.

"Telling Pete to come home. I'm ready for him now."

He goggled at her a moment. "You weren't kidding," he said.

"About what?" she asked absently while finishing the text.

“About him getting off by eating cum out of your pussy.”

“Why would I lie about that?” she asked with big innocent eyes after putting down her phone.

“It’s just...strange.”

“And you’re the beneficiary of his strangeness,” she said curtly. “He has some idea that his cock is going to stop working before he does. That’s why we made the cast of his cock, so I’ll always remember what he’s like in bed.”

“That’s even stranger,” he said.

Jane closed her eyes and twisted her lips into a little moue of annoyance. “Okay, he’s going to be here in about fifteen minutes. You’d better leave before he gets here.”

“Why?” Schaffer asked a little too playfully even as he got out of the bed and looked for his underwear. “I thought you said he likes it when other men fuck you.”

“He does, but right now we’re playing the cheating wife game. You need to leave so he can pretend to catch me just after my lover left.”

Schaffer pulled on his shirt and shook his head. “I thought you two were into three-ways as well.”

Jane let out an exasperated sigh. “We are, when we’re playing that game. But for that he wants to see you fuck me from start to finish. So you’d better leave, okay?”

“Sure.” He found his shoes and slipped them on. “Give me a call when you want to get laid again.”

He left her bedroom and the house before there was any sign of Pete’s reappearance. He wondered if everything he had been told from start to finish was a lie.

Chapter Five

“THEY AREN’T AS impressive as yours,” Judith told him. The other women’s four porcelain phalluses were laid out on the studio table.

“I can see that,” Schaffer commented as he looked over her entire collection of fake cocks. Next to his realistically painted on were the four that Judith’s students had painted. They were all done in a fanciful manner, using all manner of color and design. He couldn’t help having a bit of pride in realizing that his was the largest of the collection. “But you painted mine, so that’s hardly surprising.”

“I wasn’t talking about the paint job,” she said with a smile and then started setting out the chest plates that had captured the women’s breasts. “What do you think of these?”

They were as different as the disembodied penises on the table. All were of different sizes and shapes; all of different designs in their paint jobs. All but one. He recognized it at once, but unlike the fantastic designs of the other pieces, it was completely different from them all. It wasn’t even painted realistically. It was just pure white. It was shockingly plain...except for the holes where the nipples should have been. He could see the slightly raised ridge of the areola, but the nipples were strangely removed.

“Why didn’t take the nipples off yours?” he asked.

“You really have to ask?” Judith said as she opened up her shirt revealing she wasn’t wearing a bra today. Schaffer watched, semi-confused, as she held the chest plate up to her body and started aligning the holes with her own nipples. And then she paused. And then she laughed. “Of come on, that wouldn’t make any sense at all,” she told him.

“Of course,” he agreed, his face an unmoving mask like the ceramic creations in front of him. “But why...”

“Oh, Schaffer, sometimes you are just so stuck in your ways.” She put the chest plate down on the table and closed her shirt. “Every time you come for your lesson, you want to nurse from me, which I can appreciate because I need a steady nursing to keep my milk flowing, but even so, you’d think you want a little variety in life.”

“This was your idea,” was his only response.

“I’m creating a fake nurser,” she told him and proceeded to pull out some tubes and rubber nipples of the sort babies would use to drink from a bottle. She hadn’t fully adapted it yet but the intent was clear. It would create a sterile, cold, hard milk producing machine that was nothing like actually getting breast milk from a living, breathing woman.

“Why?” he asked after viewing her work.

“Why not?” she replied. “That’s half the reason for art. To see what can be created.”

“But who would actually drink from that?” he asked.

“Alex DeLarge, for one.”

“Who?”

“Never mind. I suppose spiking the milk with a bit of vellocet would be out the question as well.”

He slowly shook his head at her. “Sometimes I really don’t understand artists,” he told her.

“That’s why you’re a financial advisor and I’m an artist and the only time we really enjoy each other’s time and company is when we’re fucking or your nursing, right?”

“I suppose.”

Shaking her head again she said, “It’s going to be a piece I’m entering into a show. ‘The Commodification of Woman.’ Wait until you see it on the wall dripping milk. I’m not sure what I’m going to use, obviously not real breast milk and cow’s milk doesn’t seem a very good option. It’ll spoil too quickly. Maybe formula, or just colored water. I haven’t decided.”

Her talk of art tired him. Beyond their old relationship from high school and both their needs for sexual contact, he wasn’t sure why he continued his relationship with Judith. He had to change the subject. “I fucked Jane,” he

blurted out.

“Who?”

The blonde from your class where I modeled.”

“Oh! Jane Parsley. She’s nice.” Judith grinned. “She and Pete are swingers, or so I’ve been told. Was it just you and her or...” she let the question trail off.

“Just her and me.”

“Too bad, I think a three-way would be good for you.”

He was upset. This wasn’t the reaction he had expected from her. He wanted to anger her. “You’re not mad?”

“Why would I be?”

“Because...I cheated on you?” It came out as a question, which he hadn’t intended.

“What cheating. She’s not lactating, is she?”

“No.”

“Then how are you cheating?” Judith looked one last time at the artwork on her studio table. “I’m feeling pretty full,” she told him and opened up her shirt again. Her breasts were huge and swollen. Already a few drops had formed on the nipples and Schaffer licked his lips. “Nurse,” she encouraged him. “And then we’ll have sex, okay?”

“Is that what you really want?” he asked. He was still confused.

“Yes. Maybe, afterwards, maybe then we can talk about what you can do with Jane. Do you want to fuck her again?”

“Yes.”

Judith pulled him forward and pressed her breast to his mouth. He opened up and started sucking.

“I’m sure you’ll enjoy the two of us.”

About the Author

Grace Vilmont likes the more bizarre aspects of human—and nonhuman—sexuality. Much to her own surprise she is married and living in suburbia pretending to live a normal life while the best parts of her life only exist in her mind.

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Harem

Centaur's Slave

Centaur's Wife

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

A Cow's Tale

A Cuck In Hand

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

The Devil of Dunwich

The Devil's Kiss

The Devil's Mark

The Devil's Wife

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

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His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

The Keyholder

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

The Milk Lovers

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

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Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

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Sugarman's Milk

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Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

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Tania's Transformation

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

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