

Spilt Milk



Elliot Silvestri

A Lactation Erotica and
Cheating Spouses Story

Green Bush
Publishing

Spilt Milk



Elliot Silvestri

**A Lactation Erotica and
Cheating Spouses Story**

Green Bush
Publishing

Spilt Milk
A Lactation Erotica and Cheating Spouses Story

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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

Spilt Milk

Copyright © 2019 Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work 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.

A Green Bush Publishing Book

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.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Also from Green Bush Publishing

By Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Andrews St. Crossing

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

Cornered

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

Experimental

Faithless Milk

For A Slave

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

Heather's Story

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

I Love Your Wife

In The Knight's Bedroom

The Invisible College of Magic

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

The Keyholder

The King's Right

Lactation Control

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

MILF 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

A Milky Education

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

The Palace

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

Petranella's Lactation Control

Preg Party

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rhette is Red

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Sharing Her with Him

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

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

Using Naomi

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Adult Experience

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity

By Grace Vilmont

Alien Eggs

Alien Milk Fiend

Built

The Centaur and the Goddess

Centaur's Conquest

Demonbred

The Exo Breeder

Felicia on Film

Feymina

Forward Cowgirl

Her and Me and Him

His Acquiescence

In The Harem

A Lady's Slave

Laying with the Sea God

The Minotaur Breeders

Mother's Milk

My Wife, My Slave

Porcelain Milk

Proper Service

Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

About the Author

Preview

Chapter One

She wasn't incredibly beautiful, but she was attractive enough to catch my attention.

I didn't hate having to go to these conferences every six months because it meant I had a chance to hook up with women who were away from home and were open to having a casual encounter.

I was pretty sure that's why our industry and my company was so interested in holding these conferences. It was all about the sex.

At least it was to me.

Melanie was maybe mid-thirties, was maybe a few pounds over her ideal weight but seemed to carry a lot of that weight in her tits. I don't need a perfect body or huge tits, but it helps. We locked eyes during some workshop session that was perfectly forgettable. I tried to make it so that I got to sit at the same table as her during dinner. No luck.

The after conference bar at the hotel was where it all mattered anyway.

We sought each other out at the bar and I quickly sucked down my drink for the liquid courage. I noticed half of hers was gone and I hoped that was enough to lower her inhibitions.

"I'm Melanie."

"Doug."

I normally tried to get them to talk first, that way I know what she was actually interested in. Melanie wasn't the least bit shy about her interest and desire.

"I saw you eyeing me during the conference," she said conspiratorially.

"You caught me," I admitted. "Guilty. Please don't hold that against me."

“You were eye fucking me,” she said bluntly.

I liked that but I hadn’t been expecting that.

“Nothing to say?” she asked as she swirled her drink and then downed most of the remainder.

“Ah...my father would have said I was undressing you with my eyes.”

Melanie laughed at me. “I’m sure your father is too old for me and I’m sure your eyes are no good for undressing me.”

“I’m not so sure about that...”

“Are your hands any good for undressing me?” she asked.

That was all it took. We went to her room and I quickly proved my hands were much better at undressing her than my eyes were.

She kicked off her shoes and we kissed like we were high school students trying to figure out how this whole sex thing worked. After a few seconds, I remembered how the whole sex thing worked. I slipped my arms around her waist, then lowered them to the top curve of her ass. Melanie didn’t mind that at all. But I wasn’t rushing things. I slid my hands up her back, felt the bump of her substantial bra strap, and moved them up further, finding the tongue to the zipper of her dress.

I hesitated for just a second before pulling. It seemed rude and presumptuous of me to think she wanted to get naked with me...and then I realized that was literally the whole reason she had invited me to her hotel room. I pulled it down a few inches. She didn’t complain. She shoved her tongue deeper into my throat.

I pulled the zipper all the way down and she shrugged out of her dress, letting it fall to the floor, already forgotten and not worthy of her attention. Since I had backed up a step to get her out of her dress, I was given the opportunity to see my temporary paramour in her underthings.

It was a sight of beauty. Her body was all curves. Her tits were more than generous. Yeah, maybe she had a curve to her belly, but it was a completely kissable belly that rounded down to a pair of white panties. Her bra was white as

well. With her lightly tanned skin she had the appearance of a innocent woman caught in the middle of dressing, or maybe undressing. It didn't matter.

When I started to move back to her she kept me at arm's length and went down to her knees.

"I love sucking cock," she said as she fumbled with my belt and pants for a moment.

I was already hard so the need for a blowjob was entirely for pleasure not for getting me hard.

"Really?" I was surprised.

She yanked my underwear down to my thighs and her dark green eyes lit up when my cock sprang into view. Her hand curled around my length and she smiled while wetting her lips. "How could you not want to suck this beautiful thing?" she rhetorically asked me as her lips encircled my cock head and she moaned in the back of her throat. I knew she had to be tasting my slippery precum but there were no complaints from Melanie

If nothing else I wanted to consider myself a perfect gentleman during the initial sexual encounter with a new lover. If she loved sucking cock who was I to say no?

I knew her question was rhetorical but I had to answer because I'm stupid that way. "I've never wanted to suck my own cock," I told her, watching as she drew my length into her mouth and probably her throat as well. Her eyes opened and she saw me watching her. Her eyes sparkled with amusement.

She backed off. "I meant what woman wouldn't want to suck your cock," she said before licking the underside from the edge of my balls up to the tip. By this point I was probably as wet as her pussy but I had no empirical evidence to support that.

Yet.

"I can give you a list of women who refused," I said while wishing I would shut up for just a minute. She didn't want to talk; she wanted to suck and then fuck. Presumably. It wasn't like we had a firm plan. All we really had was lust and

hormones which are great fuel for sex but terrible elements for starting a relationship.

This time Melanie shook her head and suppressed a laugh. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk because you’re going to make me laugh and I want to get laid, not go to a comedy show.”

“Right,” I agreed as I unbuttoned my shirt and quickly tossed it aside. “Sex. I can do that.”

“I hope so,” she said, running her hand up my chest, feeling my muscles, while once again consuming my cock. I’m not against blowjobs, but I much prefer straight up sex, but I wasn’t going to start talking again and make myself look like a fool. Instead, I just let Melanie amuse herself with sucking me. If she made me cum in her mouth, so be it. There were worse things. I could then go down on her—there’s nothing like exploring a new pussy with tongue and lips and fingers—and we could go from there.

Some women preferred oral to straight sex. I got that. No risk of pregnancy. Some women consider it less intimate—just ask my high school girlfriend. She did it with just about any guy who asked.

The room was silent for a few minutes while Melanie amused herself sucking my manhood and I concentrated on not cumming too fast even though I was rock hard and ready to be done already.

Melanie did this weird spiral thing down my cock that probably looked better in porn than in felt in person before going all the way down to my balls and sucking on them again. I was glad I had shaved them that morning. Smooth, soft balls are a turn on to any woman once she’s felt them in that state. I kept my pubes trimmed to a reasonable length; no woman likes to choke on a mouthful of pubes.

“Want to cum in my mouth?” she asked me.

“Sure.”

The smile she gave me was positively lascivious. “Want to cum in my pussy?”

“Sure.”

“Before I couldn’t get you to shut up and now you’re a man of few words.”

“I’d love to cum in your pussy, but I haven’t even gotten your panties off yet.”

Without a word Melanie stood up while at the same time she removed her panties. It was a neat trick that I didn’t understand how she accomplished. That didn’t matter.

We moved to the bed while I noted that her light tan was earned. She had tan lines that boasted a body that spent a lot of time seeing the sun in summer hidden only by a bikini. Her ass was lily white and that did nothing to make me get any softer.

Moment of high school flashed back again as we stumbled about and fell on the bed in a tangle of limbs that took us a minute to straighten out. In the process I realized two things. First, my cock somehow easily found its way to the entrance of her pussy, partly because I wanted that to happen and partly because she eagerly opened up her legs to let me in. Second, she still had her bra on, containing her massive tits. I didn’t have any easy way to remove it either; the strap was pinned underneath her, but the bra gave her some nice cleavage.

I could work with that.

Feeling the wetness of her pussy I wanted to plunge forward, but high school once again intruded into my mind.

“Shit. Should I get a condom?” It was a stupid question to ask. The proper thing to do was to put on a condom without being asked. That was only good sexual etiquette in the twenty first century.

“I’m safe. Are you?”

I hoped she was talking about disease because I wasn’t firing blanks. The big snip was nowhere in my immediate future.

“Yes.”

“Then put it in me and make me cum. Then you can cum in me.”

It was what the lady wanted. I pushed in, parting her lips. She groaned in

appreciation of being filled up. “Fuck yes,” she moaned. “I needed that.”

“I haven’t made you cum you,” I said carefully, not moving while I got used to her hot pussy.

“It’s been too long since I’ve had a new cock in me,” she explained.

I nodded in understanding and started fucking her.

What can be said about plain heterosexual penis in vagina sex? Not much. Either it’s good and nothing more needs to be said or it’s terrible and everyone wants it to be over as quickly as possible so it doesn’t have to be mentioned ever again.

Between Melanie and me, the sex was good.

It was very good.

I lasted longer than I thought I would be able to which made me proud and was more than enough time get Melanie off.

Or maybe she was faking.

I don’t think she was faking because her pussy got incredibly hot as she came and she gasped in a completely unnatural way that was completely unsexy which made it sexy because it proved to me she wasn’t faking.

Her legs wrapped around mine and she held me tightly with her arms, not letting me roll off and run away after I finished.

I didn’t want to roll off and run away after I finished. I wanted more. I wanted to get her bra off and see her huge tits.

Yeah, I wanted more and I was willing to do what ever it took to get it.

“Thank you,” she politely said to me as eh limbs loosened allowing me to collapse next to her in the bed. On the bed. We hadn’t even had time to pull back the cover and expose the sheets. I hoped the hotel maids were smart enough to figure out the bedspread needed to be washed.

“For what?” I asked.

“For making me cum and being a more than halfway decent fuck.”

“Thank you...I suppose. That’s not the best compliment I’ve ever received when it comes to sex however,” I pointed out.

“Oh?” she asked archly. “What was the best compliment you ever received... when it comes to sex.” She rolled onto her side and propped her head on her hand, her arm bent at the elbow.

“Umm...that would have to be Kelly, a girl I briefly dated in college.”

“And what did she say?”

“If I can remember the quote correctly I think it went: ‘Oh fucking god. Your cock...it’s like its attached to a god. It’s enough to make me change religions.’” I cleared my throat. “Something like that.”

“What religion was she.”

“Uh...Catholic I think.”

Melanie scoffed. “Catholics are always eager to change religions. I used to be Catholic and then I decided I’d rather worship at the temple of the cock.”

“That’s a religion I could...well I don’t have any problem with it.” I grinned at her.

“Want to worship at the temple of Venus?” she asked me grabbing my hand and putting it between her legs. She was still hot and sticky. Some of that sticky, slipperiness was my cum. I didn’t complain, but I wasn’t sure I wanted to go down on her at that moment.

Yes, maybe I did have a hang-up about eating my own cum.

“I’d rather worship at the double temples on the mount,” I said running my fingers over her still-covered tits.

“I can arrange that,” she said sitting up and yanking her bra over her head.

Her tits bounced out and I wasn’t disappointed.

They were huge and heavy, falling against her chest and perfectly displaying the wonders of physics. I was no mathematician or physicist, but I did know the golden ratio. Melanie's tits perfectly fit the golden ratio of breast size to body type, and breast size to areola diameter to nipple size and length. They were a marvel of evolution. For those logically minded, they were enough to instill a belief in God. For the religious folks, they were enough to renounce God and swear at the altar of evolution.

"Wow." Sometimes understating something perfectly encapsulates it.

Melanie smiled. "Thank you. But they aren't just for you to star at."

There were times when I wasn't a complete idiot and knew when a woman was coming on to me. This was one of those times.

I reached up and gently caressed her breasts with both hands. They were marvelous to the touch. She all but purred as I touched her. Firm but not hard and pleasing for touching and squeezing.

"Harder," she encouraged me. "I like a firm touch."

I pushed her back down to the bed and rolled on top of her. There's a difference between firm and overly rough. Apparently I had just the right balance because she smiled and closed her eyes while arching up her back just a bit to offer them to me again, an entirely unnecessary gesture, but I appreciated it.

Lowering my mouth to her right breast, I took her other nipple between my thumb and forefinger, squeezing just enough to give her a thrill of pleasure and to let her know that—for the moment at least—she was mine. Sucking in her right nipple, I found it to be sweet and already erect, almost a hard nubbin under my tongue. Maybe this was something she expected or maybe it was something new and she quickly loved it. Either way, I didn't care because it was working perfectly for me.

"Suck on me," she encouraged in a half-whispered voice. "I love that."

I was already sucking, but I decided to focus on that. I moved my mouth back and forth between her tits. I must have literally been salivating for her breasts because they were incredibly wet and incredibly sweet. Usually my partner's breasts tasted like nothing or were slightly salty from sweat, but Melanie's were

sweet. It was a pleasure to suck and lick her tits. When I moved my free hand down between her legs, she happily opened them for me, letting me slip a finger up inside her pussy. I didn't play with her clit, not directly, but kept my finger there as a reminder that something bigger and better was coming.

When I did press my thumb onto her clit she lifted up her hips and sighed. "You like my milk?" she asked softly.

I had never gotten that question before. "What?" I spluttered.

"Do you like my milk?" she enunciated carefully.

"Your milk?" I had sex brain apparently. I wasn't understanding everything she was saying.

"Yeah, my milk."

I stared dumbly at her.

"I'm lactating," she explained. The moment was ruined. We had been working up to another mutually beneficial fuck session and now we were headed to a discussion I was completely unprepared for.

"Lactating?"

"Making milk," she explained like I was a two-year-old.

"I know what it means," I said petulantly...just like a two-year-old.

"Do you like it then?"

"I didn't realize you were lactating."

"I am."

"Is that why you taste so sweet?"

Melanie smiled and took her breast in hand. She squeezed and rolled it a bit, harder than I would have dared without direct instruction, and she created a little milk fountain that erupted from her nipple. There were several streams of thin white liquid—milk, obviously—that rose almost a foot above her chest before

falling back onto her skin. Letting go of her breast she wiped up some of the milk with her fingertips and brought it to her lips. Tasting herself, she smiled. “Yes, very sweet. That’s what brings all the boys to me.”

My cock couldn’t decide if it was excited or disturbed by this unexpected turn of events. I wanted to get hard but I didn’t know if that was the right reaction in this case.

Melanie helped me along. “I’m all wet,” she said, indicating the space between her breasts that was covered with droplets of milk. “Why don’t you clean me up?”

I knew she didn’t mean with a washcloth from the hotel bathroom. Gamely, I lowered my head back down to her chest, stuck out my tongue and lapped up the milk. It was sweeter than I remembered, even if I had only just tasted it a minute earlier. She curled her fingers around the back of my head and moved me around to where she wanted. I followed her lead and eventually she brought me back to her nipple.

Taking it into my mouth I latched on and began nursing. With her other hand she encouraged me to fuck her pussy with the finger that was already embedded inside her canal.

It was weird and kinky and strange and mind-blowing.

I loved every second of it.

Even while I was sucking from her tits, I tried not to think about exactly what I was doing. In the moment it was crazy and sexy and kinky, but taking a step back it was crazy and weird and borderline immoral. That’s probably what made it so hot.

Her milk was surprisingly tasty, even after I knew exactly what it was. After the fact I realized that I had been tasting and drinking it, but somehow in the moment hadn’t known exactly what I was doing.

Fuck, I sounded like a stupid teenager.

All the sounds and indicators I was getting from Melanie told me I was doing exactly what I should be doing. She writhed passionately beneath my mouth and

fingers, even letting her hand wander over to my cock, checking it for size and heft, before beginning a leisurely handjob to revive me. I knew she wasn't trying to get me off; she was just trying to keep me on edge so we could fuck again.

"I want to ride you," she said, pulling her breast from my mouth. We separated with an audible slurping sound which was decidedly unsexy but she didn't seem to notice or mind. If she wasn't going to comment, neither was I.

"Sure," I agreed and we moved together to make it happen. It was fantastic how we managed to synch our movements like long-term lovers. There was no awkwardness in our motions, even when I was sucking on her tits. We coordinated everything like we had practiced it a hundred times before.

I rolled to my back and she threw her leg over my body to straddle me. We both held my cock steady—hard, but not the rock-hardness I had had before our first round—so that she could sit down on it. When I slipped easily into her, I was thrilled; her pussy was wet from my fingering while I was nursing from her. That and the load of cum I had shot into her earlier.

"Fuck that feels good," she sighed as I went all the way in and she settled down, getting all of me into her and just resting a moment. "It feels the best when it first goes in, right?" she asked me with a grin.

"And when you cum," I added.

"Nah, cumming is great, but the sensation of two bodies becoming one, that's the best," she said almost dismissively. I wasn't going to argue with her; there was no point to it.

Melanie started moving up and down, getting a feel for my cock and finding what worked best for her. I flicked my eyes from her face to watch her bobbling breasts. They were just as gorgeous now as they were when I had first seen them revealed. They didn't appear any smaller though I was convinced I must have swallowed a gallon of her milk. If anything, they looked bigger, swollen because of the attention I had showered on them.

As she rocked and moved and I watched her tits, the next big shock was that her nipples started dripping. The milk was coming out without any assistance from me. Or her. It was odd to watch the little drops form at the tips of her nipples and then fall free to splash down on my chest. At first Melanie didn't even notice. I

was too enthralled to say anything. I wanted to suck on her tits, to taste her milk again, but I didn't know what to do or say. I didn't want to spoil the moment.

Melanie was one of those women who liked extra stimulation. A cock in the pussy was all well and good, but a flick of the clit or a pinch of the nipple was what she really needed to fully get off. Her hand went to her breasts and she groped herself, pinching a nipple and moaning.

"Nice," I complimented her on the show she put on.

Her eyes snapped open and she looked down at her hanging tits. "Am I leaking?" she asked. "Shit. I'm leaking on you."

"It's okay," I assured it. "It's fine."

"Sorry," she apologized but it didn't sound sincere. It sounded like she thought letting her milk drip down on me was normal and necessary.

"I think I can solve this problem," I said and bent my head to take a nipple between my lips.

I sucked.

She moaned.

I tasted her sweetness again.

"More," she encouraged me.

I sucked harder, feeling the milk flow out of her tit and then I switched over to the other one.

"You're a natural," she told me.

I grunted but said nothing. Nursing was more important than talking.

Her hips rolled and she positioned her body perfect so it was easy for me to nurse from her. I was starting to enjoy her milk more than I thought would be possible.

It didn't occur to me then, though it should have, that she had done this before

with other men.

“I’m...gonna...cum,” she announced and before I could do anything else, she did. Her face screwed up into an intense expression, but I expected that. What I didn’t expect was the way her tits practically shot out milk as she came. It wasn’t like a firehose, but there were several strong streams that coated me with milk from my face to my chest.

It was much hotter than I thought it was going to be.

As she came Melanie didn’t stop rocking her hips atop me. She even kept going after she finished cumming. She was truly a marvel of the modern world.

“Aren’t you going to cum?” she asked me.

I wiped up some of the milk and offered my fingers to her. She eagerly parted her lips and licked her own milk from my fingers.

“You surprised me.”

“Good surprise or bad surprise?”

“Good,” I said and grabbed her hips. I was in charge now and slammed my cockup into her. I only lasted a few strokes, but that’s all we both wanted. I came in her and she shivered in delight.

I wish I could say more about our night together, but I did the terrible man thing and simply fell asleep after I came.

Chapter Two

I woke up when Melanie slipped out of bed to answer her phone which was buzzing on the dresser across the room.

“Hi hon,” she answered brightly. “Yeah. You woke me up. It’s early.”

There was a pause as I rubbed at my eyes and tried to remember where I was.

“Just the usual conference stuff. And you don’t have to call to make sure I’m up in time. I’m a big girl.”

I looked over at Melanie through bleary eyes and tried to make sense of the conversation just by listening to her half. She must have sensed I was looking at her; Melanie gave me a broad wink while she leaned against the dresser, fully naked, talking to someone who I didn’t know but she wasn’t letting on that I was there either.

“I’m not hung over,” she said with a laugh and tossed back her hair, getting it out of her face. In the morning light I noticed it was a lighter brown with golden highlights. The little triangle at the apex of her legs was a shade darker. In the clear light of the morning that was just barely pushing through the slitted blinds I saw that I was right about her body: a few pounds overweight, but attractive nevertheless. Nice full breasts. Clearly she was unashamed of her body. “I’m just tired because you woke me up.”

I stayed underneath the sheets. I didn’t know what she thought of me and I didn’t want to distract her from her conversation with a cock that was suffering from morningwood.

As she held her phone to one ear, with her other hand she cupped and gently massaged her breast. I couldn’t help but watch. There was a very long pause while she listened to whomever was on the other end of the line. It was clearly someone she was intimate with because I referred to very few people as “hon”.

“Yes, I’m using my pump,” she said, which made me furrow my brow in

confusion. We then locked eyes and she unnecessarily licked her lips while flicking her gaze toward my crotch. I then noticed my hard cock was tenting the sheet and I raised my knee to hide my erection. She pouted a bit before continuing the conversation. "I don't have any reliable refrigeration here so I'm not saving any of it." Pause. "Yeah. Pump and dump. Sorry, hon. That's the way of the world." Pause. "No. I won't be doing that." Her smile said the complete opposite of her words and she slowly sauntered back to the bed.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and slid her hand underneath the sheet. Clearly she was headed toward my cock.

I didn't stop her.

As she curled her fingers around my flesh, she continued her conversation. "It's going to be a busy day today, hon. I've got my presentation this afternoon and I'm hardly ready for it."

My blood slowly drained away from my brain and I helped the process by sweeping back the sheet. Her smile was for me, not whoever was at the other end of the conversation. I could hear the other person's voice coming through like the connection was a tin can on a string but I couldn't make out the words. That was fine. I wasn't interested in what he was saying. I was more interested in the way Melanie licked my cock from balls to head, circling around the corona. I shivered with delight but remained silent. It was easy to figure out this game.

"Uh-huh," she said when the voice went silent. "Okay, hon, I've got to get up, get showered, get dressed, and do this conference. I'll talk to you later. Okay. Love you. Bye."

Melanie cut the connection and tossed the phone aside before engulfing all of my cock with her mouth. The way she gave head was warm and wet and I should have just let her do it.

But I couldn't. I was that type of person.

"Who was that?" I asked.

Melanie looked up at me with her green eyes and managed to smile around my cock before removing it to answer me. "Just my husband."

I froze. “Your husband?” I started to go soft.

“Don’t worry. He’s three hundred miles away. You’re here. He’s not.” She went down and started sucking on me, making me get harder. I was conflicted, to say the least.

“Should we be doing this?” I asked.

With a disappointed sigh, Melanie once again removed my cock from her mouth. “Look, we can talk about this or we can fuck.”

“I didn’t know you were married,” I said. I was stupid.

“I didn’t tell you because it doesn’t matter.” There was a touch of anger in her voice and she got up from the bed and took a few steps away, headed toward the bathroom. “Look. I just wanted a fling. A nice fuck and suck. Do you want to talk and debate with me the morality of my choices or do you want another chance to fuck me.” She paused and ran her hands over her breasts. They looked bigger than they had the night before. “I’m pretty full. I make my milk at night, mostly. I was hoping you’d nurse from me this morning so I wouldn’t have to use my pump.”

We looked at each other for a second. My cock was still hard. She lightly gripped her breast and squeezed it just enough to make a few droplets of pure white milk appear on the tip of her nipple.

My cock twitched. She saw that.

“Want to suck me?” she asked as she approached the bed. Her hands were under her breasts, cupping them, offering them to me.

“Yes,” I managed to croak out.

“I thought so,” she said as she got back on the bed and straddled my body. She was too high up for me to fuck her, but that wasn’t this was about, not yet. Melanie leaned forward and offered me a breast. I latched on right away and started sucking.

Her milk was so sweet.

It wasn't supposed to be sexual, but it was. Her tits hung pendulously in my face and I held one while I sucked on the other. Her milk flowed easily. When I sucked it went into my mouth, down my throat to lodge happily in my belly; as I nursed on one breast, the other hung free and dripped steadily onto my chest. I wasn't worried about the mess or the waste. I was too far gone in a haze of lust to care. Everything because Melanie's tits; they were my world.

Amazingly I remained firm while I sucked the life-milk from her. I wanted to fuck her, but that was secondary. I would have been happy just to suckle from her tits for the rest of my life.

That wasn't to be, of course. Melanie wasn't exactly sitting on me, but her legs were on either side of my body and after a few minutes of intimate nursing it became exceedingly obvious to me that her pussy was being stimulated as much as her tits. That is, she was leaving a rather large wet spot on my abdomen, sort of a love-blot, if you will.

I didn't mind.

"It's not going to be enough," she told me as she forced my lips from her tit.

"What's not?" I spluttered.

"You aren't going to be able to make me cum just from nursing."

I blinked at her. "Is that even possible?"

Her smile was so eager that it made me nervous. "Oh yeah," she said as she searched blindly with her hand, groping my cock at first before getting a good grip on me and moving her hips back to meet it.

She was a fervent lover so I wasn't surprised at what she was doing, but the rejoining of our bodies was a delight I had already forgotten. Melanie pushed down on me and I thrust up into her and my mouth sought out her breast again. We moved together like experienced lovers; it was just natural for us. I sucked on her tits and she moaned in appreciation.

I focused on her milk. I forgot about her husband. The world shrank to where there was nothing else but her tits and milk, her pussy and my cock.

It was a pleasure seeing her cum. Out of all the women I had ever been with, she was the easiest to make cum. I wanted that to be because I was such a good lover, but I knew it was because her tits were somehow magical and a cheat code to her libido.

“More,” she begged as I slowed my upward thrusts. “More. Make me cum again.”

I nodded and switched breasts. Holding the wet one between thumb and forefinger, pinching ever so slightly while I nursed as hard as I dared and continued to thrust up into her. It was a lot of work but it was going to be so worth it.

Sucking and fucking was an incredible experience. I highly recommend it. I liked the circular nature of me putting my seed in her while she was putting her milk in me.

Once Melanie realized that I had cum she laid her body down on mine, pulling her breast from my mouth, and let out a long, luxurious groan like she was taking off her shoes after a long day of walking.

“That’s the way sex is supposed to be,” she murmured in my ear.

“I agree.”

“What time is it?” she asked, abruptly changing the subject.

I squinted at the tiny clock next to the bed. “Seven thirty-four.”

“I’ve gotta be at the morning breakfast in an hour. I’ve got my presentation this afternoon. Meet me back here after the last workshop session?”

“Are you trying to make this one-night stand into a two-day affair?” I asked. Sometimes I didn’t know when to just say yes.

“No. I’m looking for a guy who’ll happily drink my milk so I don’t have to use my pump or go out and seduce another guy. Yes or no?” she asked as she rolled off me and rolled off the bed.

“Yes.”

Sometimes I did know when to say yes.

Chapter Three

Our hookup that evening wasn't at all what I expected. That morning she had gone to the shower while I had tossed on my clothes, ran back to my room, showered and got ready before I had to be at my morning session. I only caught a few glimpses of her throughout the day; we didn't work the same track at our jobs.

When I knocked at her door, she let me in, a smile on her lips. Ushering me quickly inside she said, "I've got a certain reputation to maintain. I can't be seen inviting strange men into my hotel room."

I was about to put up some phony complaint about not wanting to be a secret lover, but before I could she opened up the top of her dress, exposing her bra. I hesitated with my words because—and I'm not ashamed to admit this—the sight of a woman's cleavage and sexy bra was more than enough to render me mute.

She then did the most amazing thing that, in retrospect, wasn't that amazing and was more mundane than I wanted to admit to myself, but it still made me rock hard in the space of three heartbeats.

Melanie loosed a hook at the top of one of her bra cups and folded the material down, fully exposing her breast to me. She now had the top of her dress open, bra on display, and one bra cup open to offer me her nipple. I noticed a round, white pad caught in the fold of the bra's material as she lowered it. I looked inquisitively at it and she tossed it aside with a dismissive shrug.

"Breast pad. I was afraid I might leak a little today. I'm really full and you need to start sucking because my tits are practically bursting."

She went to the bed and curled up against the pile of pillows she had already arranged. The way she posed in her partial nudity made her look like a Greek goddess in a Renaissance painting. It did nothing to diminish my erection. I knew why I was there so I joined her on the bed, found the most comfortable position next to her, and opened my mouth to accept her nipple.

There was no romance, no kissing, no seduction. She knew she already had me under her power and she was completely correct. I didn't care. The moment her hot milk filled my mouth I was in heaven.

While it was hot and sexy to be nursing at the breast of my one-night (soon to be two-night) stand, it was also borderline uncomfortable. What I was doing was wrong by two accounts. First, she was married. Second, I was suckling her milk, something for babies.

Both of these violations of societal norms made doing it all that much hotter.

She knew I had a raging hard-on in my pants and I was positive I could smell her damp pussy. We were both getting turned on while I was nursing so I knew where we were going to wind up. I wanted to and I didn't want to at the same time. Internal conflict was a problem for me.

"Do you like that?" she asked, stroking my cheek.

I didn't want to give up her breast, so I just nodded my head and looked up at her while continuing to suck.

"Good, but you need to switch sides," she said. "I can feel I'm empty on that side and I need to balance out."

I let go and moved back a bit, she dropped open the other side of her bra, but before she could guide my mouth to the fresh breast, I moved in quickly to her face and stole a kiss.

She kissed me back without hesitation even though I knew I had her milk on my lips and surely she could taste it.

"Enough," she said, breaking the kiss. "You need to nurse now." She pushed my head down and I obeyed. I happily obeyed.

Was this how it was between a mother and child? I didn't want to think about that too deeply.

Somehow the time seemed to pass impossibly fast. Her breasts weren't an endless source of milk. Eventually I could tell that she had run out and I was just sucking on her nipple like I would with any other woman, only less so.

“Let’s fuck,” she said abruptly, pushing me away again, asserting her control of the situation.

“Sure,” I agreed. My cock had remained hard the entire time. I hadn’t been that hard and desperate for sex since I was a teenager. I wasn’t exactly in pain, but a little relief was in order. I stripped down while she struggled out of her dress and bra. She flopped back on the bed to push down her panties but I was on her like a flash and yanked them down for her.

I shouldn’t have been thirsty or starving, but I was. I pushed my face between her legs, took in her strong scent, and licked her wet and swollen labia.

“I don’t need that,” she said softly.

“I want to do it.”

Melanie was polite enough to allow me a couple of minutes of cunnilingus. Either I was terrible at it or she didn’t care for it, or maybe my mouth and jaw had gone numb from nurse from her tits, either way it seemed like a futile exercise. Eventually I got the hint and moved up her body to plunge my cock into her.

She resisted just a bit. “Let me roll over.”

“Why?”

“I don’t get to do doggy very often,” she said, a note of annoyance in her voice.

I didn’t care. She was calling the shots and if she wanted doggy, then I was happy to be the supplier.

She assumed the position in an almost aggressive manner, her ass way high up and her head down, almost like she was submissive. I hadn’t gotten that vibe from her at all, but what the hell did I know? Her knee stance was wide and her pussy naturally opened up for me. When I moved in close her hand was already there, set to guide me in. I didn’t need much guidance. Her pussy eagerly goggled me up.

I ran my hands up from the generous curve of her buttocks, along her spine, to grasp her shoulders. I then pinned her down, holding her in place, which was

entirely unnecessary, but I wanted to do it anyway.

Melanie happily went along with my aggressive move and allowed me to fuck her hard, her entire body shaking with my every impact. Flesh slapped on flesh. It wasn't passionate lovemaking, it was violent fucking. We both wanted it. If there was pain on her part, she didn't complain. I didn't fuck her to please her; I fucked her to please myself.

When I came, it hurt. I felt the orgasm run up through my balls, along the base of my cock, and out into her and up into my body. It felt good, but there was a shivering pain as well.

I didn't tell her about it.

I hoped she had cum as well. We didn't discuss it. When I was done, I just laid down next to her, draped my hand over her torso, and fell to sleep.

Chapter Four

The next morning I was the one to wake up first. I had to pee and I had morningwood, but instead of taking care of either of those issues, the first thing I did was snuggle up to Melanie and roll her to her side, exposing her breasts.

They were large and full. I had no shame in nuzzling up to them, popping a nipple into my mouth, and sucking out the milk.

She moaned a little at my attention, but didn't complain any further. Either she drifted back to sleep or was happy to let me nurse from her.

My erection wouldn't go away. I boldly checked between her legs—and in her twilight sleep she parted her thighs enough to give me access to her pussy—and she was ripe and moist.

Maybe I had a new-found need for her breast milk, but I was also human. I had a long-established need for sex.

Even when I was certain that her breasts were empty, I kept sucking. Eventually she spoke up. “You going to keep pumping at a dry well or would you like a good-bye fuck?”

I knew the time was coming, but I didn't want to face it. The conference was over and we were going to go back to our respective lives. Climbing up her body, I pressed my cock in between her legs, found her opening, and sank it all the way in. It was like we were lovers, but lovers who had known each other too long. I feared that maybe I'd lose my erection before I could finish.

“Do me a favor?” she asked.

“What?”

“Hand me my phone. I want to take a couple of pictures to remember you by.”

Who was I to argue with a woman who wanted a few fond memories? It was probably more effort than it was worth, but I went through a cheap photoshoot

with her. Mostly it was pictures of my cock in her pussy and my cock between her tits. She took a few shots of me sucking on her nipples, though she was out of milk. This disappointed her.

“I wanted to get at least one of me shooting my milk on you,” she sulked.

“Maybe next time?” I asked hopefully.

Melanie gave me a kiss. “Sweetie, there isn’t going to be a next time.”

She was right, of course. This was supposed to be just a conference fling. Everyone did it all the time. It was the primary reason to hold business conferences. Sex and maybe learn something about the industry.

After I went back to my room, showered, dressed, and got on the road home, I was briefly regretful that my employer had spent so much money on a hotel room I barely used.

Halfway home my phone buzzed with a message. I did the stupid thing and glanced at the screen. Not recognizing the phone number, I opened the message and was treated to several of the pictures that Melanie had taken earlier that morning.

It was enough to nearly make me drive off the road.

After recovering from skirting the shoulder and realizing my heart was pounding more from the near-accident than her pictures, I pulled over at a rest area to more closely examine the pix. They were medium hot because they were amateur and I knew what to expect from them. The hottest part was seeing her phone number and the invitation at the bottom. Call me sometime.

It all made me wonder when she had the opportunity to steal my phone.

I didn’t call her at all. It was just flirting and fun. I didn’t know where she lived and I was done playing games with women who lived on the other side of the country. Still, I used her pictures to jerk off a few times to the memories of what

we had done while I continued my fruitless search for a girlfriend. My search would have gone better if my primary interest had been looking for a romantic partner rather than a sexual one, but those are the regrets of foolish youth.

It only took Melanie a week to text me. I was honestly surprised. I never expected to hear from her again. That's how conference hook ups were supposed to go. Sex. More sex. Brief, insincere moments of "we'll have to do this again soon". Then... nothing. Maybe next year the failed romance would be rekindled in the hotel room but that was it.

Did you know we only live 120 apart?

It wasn't a very romantic overture, but when combined with our history, it was all but signaling that she was very deeply, very hopelessly, very foolishly in lust with me.

How'd you find that out?

They publish everyone's name and city in the conference papers.

I could have made the effort to look that up, but I didn't because I figured we were over and done with. I'll happily admit that I gave way too much thought to tasting her milk again. Finding a woman who was lactating and willing to let me drink her milk was an exceedingly long shot and I wasn't certain how to go about doing it without sounding like a creep, but it was something I kept at the back of my mind for the future.

I probably should have thought about checking that. I didn't know where she was going with this texting, but I should have.

I want to fuck you again. Melanie had never been shy about her needs or what she wanted from me.

That sounds great, but what about your husband?

Maybe she just wanted to sext and I was okay with that, but I wasn't putting a lot of hope into a future for us.

He's fine with it. We have an open marriage. He's even willing to share my milk with you.

I stared at her words for far too long. My cock was hard and as a result I wasn't able to think clearly.

You're kidding. That's all I could think of to send back to her. Like I said, my brain wasn't fully functional.

No. Have you ever been in a MFM before?

Her answer didn't help my brain function.

No. I thought that maybe sticking with one word answers would be best.

That's okay. You aren't homophobic, are you?

I wasn't, but I didn't know where she was going with her question.

I did get to find out, however.

It took some time for us to work out a meetup. As much as I wanted to fuck Melanie and taste her milk again, there were the realities of life I had to deal with.

The worse part was that she would constantly send me pictures of her tits and pussy just to distract me. She couldn't make me lust after her anymore; I was at the top of the charts already for that.

The worse pictures were the before and after she would send me of her tits. Before milking and after milking. I hated it because I could see the difference and I was afraid to ask how the milk had been removed. Her husband was the most likely answer. Another lover was a possibility as well; I wouldn't put that behind her. I hoped she wasn't using a pump. That seemed a tragedy for such a beautiful woman whose tits were full of milk.

Melanie was the first person to send me an unsolicited dick pic. I wasn't sure if I was offended or not.

What do you think? She asked me.

Whose is it? I was fairly certain it wasn't mine. I was familiar with my own anatomy and this was definitely another man's.

My husband's. I love sucking on it. Does that excite or upset you?

I had to answer her truthfully. Both.

You'll do well when we get you into our bed.

I shivered in fear. Or maybe anticipation. I couldn't tell the difference any longer.

The back and forth between us was excruciating. It was half exquisite torture and half fruitless anticipation. I was half convinced that what she was telling me was pure bullshit and she was just keeping me on edge just to tease me. And maybe because it got her off; I couldn't say for sure.

The weirdest part was when her husband texted me.

Dude. This is Adrian. Melanie's husband. Can't wait to meet you next weekend. She's told me all about you. Is that too weird?

I stared at his message for a long time trying to process it. Was it Melanie taking the next step in her teasing? Had she given her husband my phone number just to text me? Was he trying to say he was ready to see me with his wife or was he just winding me up? Maybe the two of them got off on leading guys on and then fucking like horny rabbits for days.

I had no idea what I was doing.

I was staring at the message, phone in hand, when another text alert buzzed. It was from Melanie.

Expect a text from my husband soon. He wants to talk to you first before he watches you fuck me.

If she was playing a long-term con, she had at least done her homework. Their messages were coming from different phone numbers.

I texted Adrian back. I've never done this before. Are you sure this is what you want?

His reply was almost immediate. Dude, we've done this a lot before. She's really hung up on you and needs to fuck you at least one more time before she can get you out of her system.

It was too good to be true. It had to be too good to be true. Even though the illusion was perfect I was certain that I was being played for a fool.

I made my plans to drive the two hours to their place. I also made plans on getting a hotel room to cry away my sorrows when it all blew up in my face.

Adrian was a few years older than Melanie, with black hair that was going to silver at the temples. Distinguished was the term. His handshake was firm without being overly aggressive or bone-crushing. Apparently he had no need to play petty games.

I was nervous and watched my every word and gesture and even tried to police my thoughts. I wasn't sure what was going to happen even though Melanie had told me exactly what was going to happen. I was so insecure.

Melanie made an honest-to-goodness homemade meal. Nothing too heavy, she said, because we didn't want to be weighed down and sleepy for the evening's entertainment. It was almost like going over to a friend's house for a dinner party.

A very awkward and uncomfortable dinner party.

After Melanie cleared away the dinner dishes she said, "This is the time where my mother would offer after dinner drinks."

I glanced at my glass of wine, only half finished. The last thing I needed was to have a fuzzy head for what was to come in case I needed to make a quick scramble out of their house.

"None for me, I'm fine," I said with a nervous laugh.

Both Melanie and Adrian laughed along with me, though the argument could be made that they were laughing at me.

Melanie's dress was one of those that tied at the top behind her neck. She smoothly flicked her hair aside and undid the knot. I couldn't help but stare as she lowered her top and showed that she wasn't wearing a bra. It must have been one of those dresses that had a built-in bra. I stared at her tits remembering every little contour of them.

Adrian nudged me. "Still good, huh?" he asked me.

"Y-y-yeah," I stammered.

"Well, go on," he prompted me. "I hadn't sucked on them since this morning."

"They've full," Melanie assured me, picking her large breasts up a bit, felt the weight, and pressed them together, displaying an impressive bit of cleavage.

I was glad I was sitting down at the table because my pants were straining to contain my erection.

"Here?" I managed to croak out.

"At the dinner table?" she asked me archly with a sly glance at her husband. "If you just want an after-dinner drink, sure. Or we could go to the bedroom and see what happens there."

We went to the bedroom. Melanie led the way. I held her hand. Adrian followed behind us.

Melanie lured me onto her bed and quickly pushed my head down to her tits. I was helpless to resist. Being that close I remembered the scent of her body and the scent of her milk. I only managed one nervous glance at Adrian before I popped one of her nipples into my mouth and set to nursing.

After just the second suck she flooded my mouth with her sweet milk.

I moaned in the back of my throat, grasped her breast with both hands, and sucked again.

In the background I could hear Adrian chuckle. “Like a man starving,” he commented.

“Can you blame him?” Melanie replied as she stroked the side of my head and ran her fingers through my hair.

“Not at all.”

I settled in and nursed in all earnest. She was full and her milk flowed easily and steadily. After I had taken a few minutes to feast, I let go of her breast with one hand and cupped the other, holding it in reserve. She must have been on the edge of desire because her nipple steadily dripped milk while I held it.

She moved around a bit which I found annoying until I opened up my eyes to see Adrian was undressing his wife, working around me so I wouldn’t have to stop nursing. In almost no time she was naked.

I took a risk and slid my hand down her body. When my fingers reached to top edge of her sparse pubic hair, I paused and she put her hand on top of my and pushed it down between her legs.

I wasn’t disappointed. Her pussy was as warm and wet as I remembered. It was divine. She happily opened her legs to let me finger her.

“Keep that up,” she panted, “and you’ll have to fuck me.”

“Keep it up,” Adrian encouraged me. “I want to see you fuck her.”

Trying to keep the thought that he was Melanie’s husband from my mind, I started to undress myself.

“I can help you with that, dude,” he said. I was torn. Women had undressed me before, but never a man. I didn’t want to stop nursing from Melanie because I didn’t know when it would happen again, if ever.

As it turned out Adrian was both helpful and respectful. I could feel the couple exchange an approving glance when my underwear came off and my raging hard-on came into view.

“Hon,” she whispered to me. “I need to have your cock in me. Can you feed and

fuck me at the same time?”

I broke the latch I had on her tit. “Uh-huh. Yeah.”

We moved into position, me on my back and her straddling my hips. She was an expert in cowgirl I knew. More an expert that I ever would have guessed. As she lowered her pussy onto me, we both sighed in memory of what we had before and how good it felt to be rejoined. With a pillow under my head it was easy for her to hang her tits in my face. Feasting on her milk was the best part of sex with Melanie. I could have sex with lots of women, but Melanie was the only one who had ever fucked me while she was lactating.

I only had one mouth and her free breast would drip steadily on me. I didn't mind. It was part of the glory.

“Do you mind if Adrian joins us?” she asked.

I shook my head no. We had already agreed to this. I figured he would want to nurse at her breast next to me or maybe get his dick sucked by her, asserting some dominance over me. I was willing to submit to that.

I was wrong.

“You ready for this, baby?” Adrian asked her. He was kneeling behind her and was naked. When had he had the time to get undressed.

“I've been waiting for it for weeks.”

At first I thought her was going to fuck her in the ass. Not my kink, but it was their show.

I was wrong.

I felt his dick against mine. I figured that was normal.

“Pull out, just keep the head inside me,” Melanie said.

I did exactly as she asked, figuring they were the experts in anal sex. I never would have guessed that Melanie was into dual penetration, but you never know about someone just by looking at them.

I was only half right. Melanie was into dual penetration.

“Hold steady,” she told me as Adrian got into position. I still felt his cock against mine and then they moved together, her lowering onto my cock while he pushed up into her.

Pushed up into her pussy.

She had his cock and mine inside her pussy at the same time.

I was in shock.

I loved it.

“So...fucking...full,” she moaned as Adrian moved slowly in and out of her. He must have lubed up his cock because it was slippery and there was little resistance.

I did the only thing I could do just then. I continued to suck on her tits.

“Cumming,” Melanie moaned loudly. “Cumming!”

That was the last time I ever so Melanie or her husband. It wasn't so much a romance missed but a happily passed opportunity to engage in some really kinky sex that wasn't for me.

It was okay.

I eventually found a woman with tits to rival Melanie.

But that's another story.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri would live a sad existence if not for his cats...his dog...his house...and his loving family. Geez, that sounds really pathetic and needy. Okay, then...Elliot Silvestri has a great life but still needs to escape from reality every once in a while by writing erotica and indulging in some dark fantasies. He lives in upstate New York and has no fear of small mammals. Feel free to contact him:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: [at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com](http://elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com)

Twitter: [@GreenBushPub](https://twitter.com/GreenBushPub)

Preview

St. Andrew's Crossing

Donnella rested her head back on the small padded support and gently stretched and pulled her arms against the restraints around her wrists. She had been nervous at first, but this was exactly as she had envisioned it and once her body was taken care of her mind and emotions started to settle down.

Maybe she was being a little self-centered, but being the mother to two children barely in school was exhausting. Her husband's job kept him busy all day during the week and he wasn't good for much on the weekends, especially those weekends when he had to work. Once her youngest had started Kindergarten Donnella had started looking for something else to do with her time because being a fulltime housewife and mother just wasn't going to cut it for her. Other women in her neighborhood and other mothers at the elementary school threw themselves into charity work or got jobs to fulfill themselves, but that wouldn't have satisfied Donnella.

It had been a bit unnerving going to a stranger's house, stripping down to her bra and underwear and allowing herself to be restrained, but that was part of the thrill. She wasn't going to allow herself to slowly grow to hate her life and become an alcoholic like her mother. She needed something else to make her complete.

Glancing down at her body, she felt a little self-conscious. Her body wasn't perfect; the stretch marks of motherhood had mostly faded and while she didn't have her old fit and trim body back yet, she was still working on it. What had been taut before was now soft and curvy but some men liked that and her husband wasn't complaining. She felt a little silly wearing black heels with her black lacy panties and matching bra, but that was part of the fun, part of the costume. What was entirely new to her were the thick leather cuffs she had

placed around her wrists and ankles. She had put them on herself at Kurt's insistence. There had to be some psychological reason why because he had watched her struggle at first with trying to figure them out, but hadn't offered to help. Eventually everything was in place and he led her across the room and up against the cross.

It wasn't like a crucifix like in church that she avoided going to at all costs, but found herself attending when her parents and siblings insisted. It was inclined back a few degrees so when her back pressed against the thick timbers she wasn't standing upright but neither was she fully reclined either. The X the cross made wasn't vertical, like in a church, but was diagonal so her arms were lifted up halfway between vertical and horizontal. Her legs were spread in a completely unladylike pose. Her legs and arms perfectly followed the contours of the X; she was exposed, vulnerable and helpless. This was exactly how she wanted to be.

Kurt had clipped her wrist and ankle restraints to the bolts set into the ends of the wood. She had to stretch out a bit, but that was fine. There weren't any elaborate locks which was good because actually being locked against the heavy crossed timbers frightened her. Seeing that she could possibly escape given enough time and determination settled her down. When he stepped away from her after restraining her legs, he smiled at her.

He was a handsome man, tall and lean with an almost feral smile. He had sharp, angular features under his blond hair. Obviously Kurt had a strong Teutonic heritage which contrasted with her olive skin and dark brown hair; all her ancestors harkened from the Italian peninsula. He was wearing black pants, black boots, and a tight black t-shirt. Donnella wouldn't have minded seeing him without the shirt or pants, but she was focused on herself at the moment.

"Comfortable?" he asked her.

She laughed nervously. "Sort of. I'm not in pain." She pulled on her restraints and loved how she could barely move her arms. "I've never done this before."

"So you said in your emails." Donnella had found Kurt online, of course. That's how all modern romances and sexual relationships formed. It had taken some emailing back and forth to work out all the details, but she eventually wound up in his house waiting for him to perform his magic "I'm not going to gag you. If

you feel the need to scream, go ahead. The house is well-insulated. The neighbors won't hear. If you want to stop, use the safe word."

"Eclipse," she told him.

He grinned with half his mouth. "Just practicing or do you want to stop."

She almost violently shook her head and felt her ponytail rub against the headrest. "Just practicing."

"Since you've never done this before, today we're going to find out your limits."

Donnella nodded in understanding. "Yes, sir."

He all but smirked at her. "I'm not big on the whole formal master and submissive protocol. You can call me Kurt or sir or whatever pleases you. This is for you, not for me."

While Donnella was certain that Kurt got some pleasure out of doing this, she understood what he meant. "That sounds perfect."

He stepped close to her. He was tall enough that she wanted to shrink back, but that was impossible because she was restrained. His hand went to her face and then down her neck until he was trailing two fingers between her breasts. He stopped when his fingers reached the small bit of fabric between the cups. "This isn't a front closure," he commented.

"No. I didn't have one." She frowned, nervous she had given the wrong answer.

He stepped back and opened a drawer in the row cabinets against the far wall. Her heart thudded for a minute in her chest, but then saw he only had a pair of paramedic scissors in his hand. These he ran up her belly, starting at her navel, until he reached the material of her bra. The metal was cold on her skin and she shivered. "Don't," she begged, but he ignored her and quickly cut through the fabric. The stretchy material of the bra snapped back once it had been cut, exposing her breasts.

Donnella's face briefly flushed red with embarrassment but she covered it up with anger. "Why'd you do that? You ruined my bra!"

Kurt was dispassionate in his response. "I told you to wear a front closing bra. Once you're on the cross, it's impossible to get a bra off you without cutting it." He glanced down at her tits. "For a mother, you have very nice tits."

Again she blushed with embarrassment. "Thanks." She couldn't remember the last time someone new, someone other than her husband or a doctor, had seen her bare breasts. She'd been married too long.

When Kurt placed his hands on her tits, she gasped at his forwardness, but this was what she was here for. "Nice. Full and firm and a little heavy." He pushed back the remains of the bra to better inspect her. If there was one feature to her body that Donnella wasn't ashamed about, it was her breasts. Maybe they were a little small, but they were perky and topped with light tan nipples. They had changed with her pregnancies and breast feeding, but they were largely back to normal, except she now had the inescapable feeling that she needed to wear a bra all the time when before she wasn't ashamed of going out in public braless.

Kurt tweaked her nipples and she felt a little thrill that ran through her body. "Well play with these a bit," he said and went back to the row of cabinets where he searched for a minute. "It's been a while since I used these, but you look like the sort of woman who would enjoy them." What Kurt had in his hands were two small glass cups maybe twice as large as a shot glass that had nozzles on the bottom closed end, some rubber tubing, and a hand pump. She watched in fascination as he attached the pump to one end of the tube and the other end to the nozzle on one cup.

"Is this like a breast pump?" she asked as he placed the glass cup over her right nipple.

"Something like that," he commented as he squeezed the pump once which pulled her small nipple forward into the cup. Her eyes goggled at how much her flesh was distended. It didn't exactly hurt, but she could feel the force of the suction working against her soft tissue.

"Holy shit," she gasped. "That's amazing." For some reason this abuse of her body pleased her.

"Does it hurt?" Kurt asked.

"Let's see if I can fix that." He squeezed the pump two more times. Her nipple

and areola was only drawn forward slightly more, but the pressure increased and Donnella could feel it. She was right on the edge of pain. “Better?” he asked.

She wasn’t sure what he meant by “better” so she just nodded. “Uh-huh.”

The cup and pump was specially designed for this sort of thing. Kurt detached the hose from the nozzle, leaving the glass cup in place clinging to her breast. He then attached the hose to the second cup, fitted it over her nipple, and squeezed the pump once.

This time Donnella was ready for the treatment and looked forward to it. The way her flesh, tip of her nipple to the base of her areola, was suddenly pulled forward filling up the space in the cup, it turned her on. She let out a low moan. It felt good. It felt even better when Kurt squeezed the pump twice more and she felt her body trembling ever so slightly in pleasure.

He detached the hose and stepped away. “Perhaps a commemorative photograph for your memories?” he asked.

Donnella made a non-committal sound and continued to stare at her tits. It was odd seeing the small glasses hanging off the tits, but it also felt oddly invigorating. She shimmied her shoulders slightly, moving her breasts to see them move with the weight. “I’m leaking,” she announced.

“Is the seal not holding?” asked Kurt, looking up from his phone where he was saving the photos he had taken.

“No. My milk is leaking out.”

Kurt crossed the room to look at her cupped tits. Both nipples were slowly dripping cloudy white fluid. The weight of the glass cups pulled her tits forward and down enough so the milk pooled at the bottom, near the nozzle seal.

“Are you still breast feeding your kid?” he asked.

“No. I stopped three years ago. I mean, my husband plays with my boobs when we have sex, but I didn’t think I was still making milk.” Donnella continued to stare at her breasts, fascinated by them. “I didn’t think that was enough stimulation to keep them making milk.”

“Huh. Maybe you’re a bit of an outlier in the way your tits work,” Kurt commented.

“I don’t know,” she replied and shrugged her shoulders as much as her restraints allowed. Her shoulders didn’t move all that much, but her tits shook fetchingly.

“Time to take these off,” said Kurt. “I don’t want to bruise you for your first time.” He grasped the glass and manipulated the nozzle. The pressure released and Donnella felt a little thrill of sensation returning to her breast. Kurt considered the small amount of liquid in the glass; it couldn’t have been more than a few tablespoons. “Have you ever tasted your own breast milk?” he asked her.

It was a strange question to be asking, but Donnella answered it honestly. “Sort of. I mean, when I was feeding my kids, it tends to get everywhere, so yeah, but not directly or anything like that.”

“What’s it like?”

Donnella didn’t know how to answer that. “Okay. Sort of sweet, I guess.”

“Tell me what it tastes like today,” he said as he lifted the glass to her lips.

The suggestion came from nowhere and Donnella didn’t know what to do. She wanted to protest, but the glass was against her lips and he was tilting it upwards. The milk touched her lips and she automatically opened them, letting the few drops slide into her mouth.

It wasn’t that difficult to swallow and Kurt watched her closely. “Well?” he prompted her.

Donnella closed her eyes and thought for a moment. “Sweet. Thin. I mean, babies love it, right?”

Kurt didn’t have any reaction to her answer and just released the pressure on the other glass. This time he didn’t offer it to Donnella but instead tasted it himself. He swirled the liquid in his mouth and swallowed. “You’re right. It is sweet.” He put the cups and pump aside to pull out a new tool from the drawers. “Let’s get back to business. This is just a simple flogger.” He displayed it for her. Attached to the short wooden handle were a score of foot long pliable leather straps the

width of her little finger. “You ever use one of these before?”

Just looking at the device made Donnella’s eyes go wide. “No,” she answered, slowly shaking her head.

“It doesn’t hurt,” he said. “It’s really more of a stimulant than anything.” He lashed out with the toy snapping the leather thongs across her belly. It felt like a light slap to Donnella but even so she gasped a bit at the sudden flare of pain. “See?” he asked.

“It hurt,” she protested, but knew this was exactly what she had signed up for.

“No, it didn’t, trust me on that,” Kurt replied as he began swinging the flogger with expert efficiency and accuracy.

Each little strike didn’t hurt Donnella, but the cumulative impact started to affect her. She glanced down at her belly and saw her skin starting to turn bright pink like a sunburn. Kurt varied where he hit her, starting with her belly he moved to her ribcage up to under her breasts and her sides where she was exposed. He occasionally dipped down to her thighs as well. There was just the littlest thrill of pain before he unexpectedly laid the flogger’s falls across her tits, first the left one and then the right.

She shrieked in pain.

He stopped working her body.

“Did it truly hurt that much?” he asked her dispassionately.

Donnella took a moment to compose herself. “Well, no, it was just the shock of you doing it.” She looked at her tits and saw they had already acquired a beautiful pink tint. “My boobs weren’t made to be slapped.”

“Of course they were,” Kurt contradicted her and to emphasize his point he abused both her tits, slapping them both repeatedly with a steady beat, alternating between left and right. Without realizing it, Donnella started shrieking with each slap, trying to twist her body out of the way but she was too well restrained. It felt like her tits—her nipples especially—were on fire.

But she didn’t tell him to stop.

It hurt like hell, but she couldn't deny that her pussy was starting to get incredibly wet and she wanted it to stop—but at the same time she wanted it to go on forever.

Abruptly he stopped but before Donnella could catch her breath, he caught one nipple between his thumb and forefinger. He squeezed it tightly, tight enough to make her legs trembled and to stop her from shrieking.

“Are you enjoying this?” he asked her upon releasing the nipple. His voice was calm and soft.

“No,” she moaned and then corrected herself. “Yes.”

“Mmm-hmm,” he murmured as he transferred the flogger to his left hand. There was nothing she could do when he slipped the fingers to his right hand down into her panties to feel her pussy. A blush of shame blossomed across her face as his fingers explored her sex—and she knew she was incredibly wet. This was the first time someone new had explored her pussy since she got married to Jeremy. “You are enjoying this,” he said, pulling his fingers out of her sex and displaying the wetness to her.

“Yes,” she agreed.

“Open,” he said, holding his hand in front of her face.

There was a moment's hesitation before she did as he asked. She had tasted her pussy before, on her husband's fingers and cock, but this was something different. Kurt wasn't trying to turn her on or had lost his manners because he had gotten worked up. He was making her taste herself because he could force her to do anything he wanted.

“Good girl,” he complimented her. “Keep sucking; get my fingers good and wet.”

She didn't know why that was necessary. Her pussy was already wet, but she did as ordered.

After Kurt withdrew his fingers he absently wiped them on her sore tummy. It was still pink and it hurt, but Donnella didn't complain. He looked down at her panties and clucked his tongue. “There's no getting these off easily. I'll have to

cut them.”

Grabbing the scissors he had used to destroy her bra, Kurt snipped two spots on her panties, the thin strip of material between the waistband and the leg hole. Just like that she was instantly naked. Kurt tossed aside the ruined panties and shook his head slowly. “You need to shave,” he said staring at her hair-covered pussy.

“I don’t have a lot of time to groom,” she said, trying to explain away her almost unruly patch of pubic hair. It wasn’t out of control, but she kept hers thicker and longer than most women with an active sex life. Then again, Donnella didn’t have that much of an active sex life.

“Find the time,” he told her. “Clean it up. Shave it. Take some pride in your cunt.”

The last word chilled her. Donnella wasn’t much for dirty talk and even calling her sex a pussy sometimes made her uncomfortable. It was all about breaking down her inhibitions and dull suburban lifestyle. “What about my husband?” she asked him.

Kurt all but rolled his eyes at her. “I’m sure he’ll love his sexy and horny new wife. Do it before the next time I see you.”

Those words made her heart sing. This was supposed to be a trial visit. Kurt didn’t welcome everyone who inquired of his services. He had told her from the outset he only worked with a select group of clients that he enjoyed working with. Apparently she had made the cut. Or maybe she had offered him enough money.

“Yes sir,” she replied.

He put his hand back between her legs and rasped his fingers over her clit. She took in a deep, shuddering breath as his fingers curled up and into her. “I’m going to make you cum,” he said.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed, unable to form true words. She was already halfway there. Immediately Kurt set to work, rubbing her clit and filling her pussy with two, then three fingers. She felt loose and wet and like she had never been properly fucked before—but she wasn’t being fucked, she was being fingered,

but that didn't matter because she came to a quick, hard climax that had her all but screaming with pleasure as her orgasm took control of her body and she shook as much as the restraints allowed. She wanted to grab and hold onto something, anything, but that was impossible as she was held tightly to the corners of the saltire. And then without any true warning, she came all over Kurt's hand.

He took his fingers from her pussy and presented them to her mouth. Immediately she opened and sucked on them, savoring the taste of her pussy.

"You cum easily," he told her.

Donnella had never thought that to be the truth. Cumming had been a skill she had learned after being married a few years. Maybe her husband was lousy in bed. Maybe her body didn't work like other women's. Maybe she just needed to be restrained to a heavy wooden saltire and be abused a bit before she was ready to orgasm. None of that mattered at the moment. "Thank you," she accepted the compliment when she had sucked all the flavor from his fingers.

"Can you easily cum more than once?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Let's see then." He shoved his fingers back into her pussy and she gasped in pleasure. He rubbed her roughly while carefully watching her expression. She loved the way he was rough with her. "Tell me when you're going to cum," he ordered. "Don't you dare cum without telling me first!"

She nodded and panted heavily, working her hips in counterpoint to his fingers. There was nothing more than Donnella wanted at that moment than to cum. She knew her body well enough to do what he wanted.

The moment rapidly approached. "I'm gonna cum," she rasped out.

It was the worst thing she could have said.

Kurt pulled his fingers away and denied her the orgasm. She wailed in frustration.

"No, no, no," she complained as she twisted her hips and desperately tried to get

some friction between her legs to finish off her orgasm. It was an impossible goal.

“You need to be trained to cum from pain,” he told her.

“What?”

She didn’t even see the flogger in his hand, but she certainly felt it when the falls smacked her between the legs on her wet and open and exposed pussy. Donnella grunted at the spike of pain. Her entire body turned hot. And then Kurt used the flogger again on her pussy. She tried to scream in pain, but it came out as a long groan of pain that morphed into pleasure and she realized she was cumming.

“You’ve already learned that trick,” Kurt said as he grabbed her ponytail and pulled her head back to look into her eyes. “An orgasm from pain is so much better than one from gentleness, don’t you think?”

Donnella wasn’t sure she could think, so she just nodded in agreement, pulling her hair against his strong grip. “Oh god yes.”

He let her suffer on the cross for a few more minutes, not giving her any pleasure or pain, but eventually he let her down. Donnella had to kneel on the floor for a minute before she could climb back to her feet. She felt a bit ridiculous wearing just her high heels, but she was certain she’d get over it.

“Did you bring a change of clothes?” he finally asked her.

It seemed to Donnella that was a question he should have asked before they started their session. “Yes.”

“Good. Please get dressed. I have a few minutes before you need to leave. I don’t want to rush you.”

The oversized handbag that Donnella had brought with her contained everything she needed...except a bra and underwear. She had expected to just put those back on, but they were ruined. Kurt gave her a modicum of privacy as he cleaned up and put away his equipment. She just pulled on her leggings, t-shirt, and large sweatshirt. She wasn’t really going out in public sans lingerie, she was just dashing to her car, driving home, and dashing to her house.

“Next time,” Kurt told her as he escorted her to the door, “bring an extra pair of panties and bra. Or wear more appropriate lingerie.”

She nodded and walked to her car, a changed woman.

[*Click here to continue reading Andrew's St. Crossing on Smashwords.*](#)