



True Cow Girl

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush
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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

The Milk Thief

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

In junior high school calling a girl a cow was one of the biggest non-profane insults regularly used. I was lucky enough to be within traditional weight and height boundaries so that insult was never used against me. It's ironic that later in life, after having two kids, becoming and being called a cow became an odd mark of pride for me.

Like so many other things it starts off innocently enough. I had two kids and breastfed both of them. My husband was fascinated with this whole process, not just the fact my boobs went from a respectable C cup to an overflowing D. Every man is excited by that event. But Michael not only liked this, but liked to watch my babies nurse, and didn't mind that I had to wear nursing bras and stuff them with leak-proof pads. I wasn't surprised that he didn't mind getting a little breast milk on him from time to time when I leaked in bed. But when we had sex for the first time after giving birth, he latched on to my tit and wouldn't let go until he had drunk half his fill.

I liked being on top, it gave me a sense of control. I wasn't big on lying back and letting a man slam his cock into me; I always wanted to be an active participant during sex. So there I was, kneeling above my husband, working his cock back and forth in my cunt, when he sat up and kissed my neck, which I liked, then worked his way down to my breasts, which I also liked, then I realized he was sucking on my left nipple, which I normally liked, but he wasn't sucking to give me pleasure, but to drink my milk.

"Stop that," I said, pulling my tit from his mouth. "That's for the baby."

He didn't say anything and went right to my other tit. He made a noise I interpreted to mean he thought my milk was delicious.

"There won't be enough for the baby," I complained, pulling my other nipple out of his greedy mouth, crossing my arms in front of my breasts and leaning back out of easy range.

"Sure there will be," Michael argued. "Haven't you always told me that your

breasts will make as much milk as he needs?”

“That’s with just him drinking!” I hissed at him.

“What about women who have twins?”

I opened my mouth to answer, but nothing came out.

“That’s what I thought,” he said, pulling me back to him. His lips clamped on my left tit again and he started sucking my milk. It was...nice. His latch and suck was much stronger than my son’s. I could feel the milk being literally sucked, pulled from my body. When one of my children nursed, I knew my milk was being taken, but I couldn’t feel it like I could with Michael. It caused a shiver to run up my back and I squeezed his cock with my vag muscles. It felt good. I couldn’t help myself, my body responded on its own, my hips pumping back and forth, trying to make his cock spill its seed in me again. I clutched his head to my breast and ran my fingers through my husband’s curly hair.

The orgasm I had was strange, both good and strange. It didn’t just originate from my clit and cunt, but from my breasts as well.

He was right—a fact I resented—my baby, only six months old, didn’t suffer at all. And Michael nursing from me simply increased my overall milk supply. I could feel my breasts getting bigger. I hated it when he was right, but I certainly enjoyed it when we lay down in bed together and he took my full breast in his mouth and slowly drained me. It was a little slice of heaven connecting to the two of us.

It was so easy to fall into a pattern of behavior that you don’t even think about how you’re acting and how your behavior is completely different from the rest of the world. At first it seemed strange that Michael liked to suckle from me, but then it became the most normal thing in the world and I started looking forward to lying down in bed and having him latch on to me. I’d drift off to sleep running my fingers through his hair. Sometimes we’d fuck first, then nurse and sleep. Other times he’d suckle first, then we’d fuck, then sleep. Most often it was just suckling and then sleep. They were all good.

“What is this?!” I demanded when I opened the small jewelry case.

“It’s a necklace,” Michael patiently explained to me.

“I can see that.” I picked it up from the case and carefully examined the odd little piece. It was a choker necklace in silver and black. The black band intended to go around the neck was slippery-smooth, I wasn’t sure at first if it was silk or satin, but it was much thicker than usual for those materials. The heavy clasp was ornamental silver, as was the sliding charm, which was a tiny and cute square bell. When I turned over the material I noticed my name, Beth, carefully and ornamentally stitched into the thick silk. I fingered it while thinking.

Michael noticed my actions and spoke up. “I had it specially made for you. The chain is thick because it needed a certain stiffness and strength to take the ornamental stitching. Try it on.”

He took it from my hands, slipped behind me, and before I knew it the necklace was encircling my throat. I had to admit that he had done an excellent job with the sizing, not too tight or loose, he must have somehow gotten my neck measurement without me knowing. It was pretty, austere and bold in its own fashion. I adjusted the band so that my name appeared just below the pulse of my jugular, the charm centered above the notch of my collar bones. I admired myself in the bedroom mirror while Michael unbuttoned my shirt and started disrobing me. He kissed the side of my neck. “You look beautiful.”

When my bra came off exposing my full breasts to view, it suddenly came to me what I looked like. “I’m a cow!” I cried out as Michael squeezed my tits forcing a slow drip of milk.

“Uh-huh,” Michael agreed with me, not at all upset with what he had done.

I would have physically pushed him away if he didn’t already have one hand down my pants. I was a slave to my body; his fingers were rubbing my clit, making my panties wet. The other hand was wrapped around a breast, massaging the milk slowly out of it. “That’s mean,” I complained. It was more of a sigh than an actual complaint.

“You’re a beautiful cow,” he whispered in my ear, and then pulled his hand out of my panties to turn me around. His mouth latched onto my free breast and he started suckling. It felt wonderful. I looked down at his face as he drank from me. My heart warmed at the sight and I pushed my pants down off my hips.

“Girls don’t like to be called cows,” I told him.

“You do,” he replied while pulling off my breast and turning me around. I was wet and willing and ready so when he pushed me down on my hands and knees, I didn’t resist. So what if he wanted to call me a cow in private? Who else was to know? “Ready to be bred by your bull?” he asked, nudging his cock against my wet sex.

“Fuck me,” I sighed, dropping my shoulders to the bed and keeping my ass in the air. Michael slipped into me and started thrusting with great enthusiasm. I moved my hands under my chest and played with my teats. My milk was slowly seeping out, wetting the sheets of the bed. My body faintly shook with each of Michael’s thrusts and each time I could hear the tinkle of the bell around my neck. I was a cow.

I squeezed around his cock with my vag muscles, trying to pull his seed from his cock. It didn’t take long. Obviously this was a fantasy he had been planning for some time.

When he splashed his hot seed inside my vag, I could feel it heating up my cervix. That was all I needed; I moaned because it was too much to bear, my body shook and broke out all over in a fine sheen of sweat as I orgasmed. Michael kept thrusting into me, each thrust ending with another spurt of cum flooding me.

It might not have been traditional, but I did enjoy the orgasms.

Chapter Two

A few weeks later Michael brought up the subject of the necklace. “You don’t wear it when you go out in public, out to work,” he said to me.

Unconsciously my hand went to my neck and I touched the fine, thick silk that encircled my throat. It was true. I wore the necklace around the house because I wanted to please Michael, because I did enjoy how he treated me in bed when I wore it, because I enjoyed when he suckled me, but I felt uncomfortable wearing the unusual necklace where people might inquire about it. The necklace was an odd ornament for someone who didn’t decorate their desk in a bovine theme.

“It would be hard to explain to my co-workers,” I explained.

“Every time a bell rings,” he quoted, “an angel gets its wings.”

“Yeah, like they’ll believe that,” I said.

He pulled me close and started stripping of my shirt and bra. “You’ll wear it tomorrow,” he ordered me. “Or I’ll lock it around your neck and you’ll never get it off.” His lips clamped on my tit and started sucking. He knew how to manipulate me.

“Okay,” I agreed. “I’ll wear it to work tomorrow.”

And, as promised, I did. For the longest time no one in my office said anything and I started wearing it to work on a regular basis. Of course I always wore it at home when Michael and I fucked. We had moved to have sex almost exclusively in the rear entry position. I enjoyed being fucked that way, even with the animalistic symbolism of that particular position.

It was at work that I was almost outed for the first time. I encountered Marie, who worked in a cube the next row over from me, in the break room while making coffee. “That’s an interesting necklace,” she said, pointing at my collar.

I froze and blushed, then tried to recover myself. “Thank you,” I stammered. “It

was a gift.”

“It’s cute,” she said innocently. “It almost looks like a cowbell.”

I laughed, probably a little to nervously. “Every time a bell rings,” I said for her, “an angel gets its wings.”

Luckily she laughed too.

“Michael calls me his angel,” I said, compounding the lie.

“Really!” Marie said. “My boyfriend calls me that too. That’s why I got my tattoo.”

I suppose I shouldn’t have been surprised, but Marie seemed so quiet, so demure, that a tattoo wasn’t at all her style. I certainly hadn’t seen one on any of her exposed skin at the office. I hoped I wasn’t about to find out something I was going to regret.

“Tattoo?” was all I could say. “Do you have an angel tattoo?” I asked immediately regretting the direction of the conversation.

She shook her head. “No, that would be too obvious. I have wings.” She smiled as if sharing a naughty secret.

“Where?” I blurted without thinking.

“On my back of course,” she replied, turning around and tugging down the neckline of her blouse to expose the top edge of some carefully inked feathers. Judging by the relative size of the few feathers I saw, the wings must cover her entire back.

“Wow,” I said, amazed in more ways than one. “That’s...impressive.”

“You should see me without my blouse on,” she said without a hint of humor or tease.

“Yeah, maybe,” I vaguely agreed.

“I’ll bring you pictures too,” she promised.

I shivered, unsure if I was excited or scared by that prospect.

It was Friday night and Michael was fucking me, as usual from behind, he was enjoying himself, spanking my ass, then leaning forward and squeezing my tits to make a little milk flow out. This he would wipe away, and knowing him, he'd suck my milk off his fingers. I was especially horny and had already gotten two orgasms when he abruptly pulled out.

"What are you doing?" I complained. "Don't stop!"

"I've got a present for you," he announced.

I froze, the last time I got a present from him I wound up with a cow bell around my neck. I couldn't imagine what he had for me now. My leeriness wasn't eased at all when he threw on his robe and disappeared out the door. I waited a few moments, still on my hands and knees, then said the hell with it and rolled over to my side. After a few minutes Michael reappeared in the doorway carrying a large wooden contraption he had put together in his workshop.

"You're not supposed to be lying down," he said. "You have to get up on your hands and knees for this to work."

I looked at him skeptically. "For what to work?" Actually, Michael is very handy and his small inventions and household repairs are very reliable. What worried me was his bringing a strange wooden contraption into our bedroom during sex.

He didn't hear me. "Actually, maybe we should try it on the floor first." Without looking at me he placed the machine on the floor, grabbed some cords and hoses and started hooking them up. Only when I recognized my old electric breast pump and saw it had been integrated as part of the toy he had created did it dawn on me what he had built.

"No way, you're not forcing me to use that!"

He glowered down at me. I wasn't sure if this was part of the game or if he was truly angry, but I started to move to his contraption. Michael carefully positioned me above the structure, moving me slightly then adjusting all of the lifts and clamps until everything was to his liking.

"There," he announced. "Perfect fit!"

It was little more than a scaffold-like structure designed to hold the suction funnels of my pump, these could be raised and lowered on the structure. The funnels he raised up to my large, full tits, positioning them right over the nipples so that they were ready to spew forth milk. He had arranged a neat and orderly system that arranged the collection bottles, hoses, cords that connected to the breast pump.

“You’re going to love this,” he whispered in my ear as he turned on the pump. I felt the familiar tug of the funnels around my breasts, it was a little harsh, then it let go, when nothing happened. A moment later the tug was back and I could feel my milk being sucked from my tits. It was familiar and nice. I had used the pump extensively when I had returned to work after giving birth, but hadn’t used it in a while. And of course I had never used it while completely naked (except for my necklace-collar) and on all fours.

“Comfortable?” Michael asked me.

“Uh-huh,” I responded dreamily. I had forgotten the strong suction of the pump not only drew out my milk, but stimulated my pussy as well. I was already wet from our early fucking and this only helped make me wetter. Michael had put me not on hands and knees, but let me rest on my forearms and knees, forcing my ass into the air and bringing my tits closer to the floor. I should have been ready for what came next.

“This is going to be great,” he announced as his hard cock slipped its way between my open sex lips and well up into my cunt where it belonged. It was wonderful. He fucked me from behind, adding a slap to my ass every now and then. I could hardly think except to concentrate on the cock in my cunt and the suction on my tits. When Michael carefully pressed on the brown rose of my asshole, I clamped down on his cock causing him to flood my cunt with his spunk.

He groaned and thrust a few more times before pulling back and removing his cock from within my body. I waved my ass at him, but didn’t move my chest away from the milking machine he had created for us.”Are you done yet?” he asked.

I looked down at the collection bottles and funnels. The suction pulled at me again and another squirt of milk went into the bottles.

“Not yet,” I said, wishing I could reach down between my legs and frig my clit, but that would break the suction and spoil the game. “Soon.”

I stayed in my position on the floor as Michael fell on the bed and watched the machine pull the milk from my tits. He smiled at me and I knelt there proudly, wondering what he would do with my milk.

“You’re a good cow,” he complimented me.

“You’re a good bull,” I said. “Are you trying to breed me?” We hadn’t really discussed birth control since our last child and he certainly hadn’t made any attempt to use a condom when fucking me, but the constant flow of milk from my tits had disrupted my cycle and fertility. I wonder if I was even capable of getting pregnant now.

“Maybe,” he smiled, watching the last of my milk dribble into the nearly full bottles. He rolled off the bed and turned off the pump. I pulled away from the funnels and examined my slightly reddened breasts. The cups always left unusual marks on them that faded in a few minutes.

“What are you going to do with the milk?” I asked him as he carefully screwed the caps on.

“Use it on my morning cereal, maybe as creamer for my coffee.”

And damn him if he didn’t drink that milk. He found that it was fine with cereal or straight, but mixed with coffee it wasn’t so good. It served him right to have a sour taste in his mouth.

It was good, the machine he built for me, my milking machine. Sometimes we would fuck while I used it, sometimes he would watch me be milked, then he’d fuck me, other times I just used it to relieve my over-full breasts. As with everything else, it was strange at first, then it seemed ordinary, commonplace and comforting.

Chapter Three

I looked at the picture a minute and only then did it occur to me that it was just a sterile, antiseptic tattoo parlor. Marie was posing away from the camera, but looking back over her shoulder letting the viewer know it was her. She was topless, of course, but instead of wearing pants she was only in a thong. The outlines of the angel wings on her back—which I assumed would be on her back alone—went from her shoulder blades all the way down over the arch of her back and the hump of her rear end and tapered off to points at the tops of her thighs.

It must have taken hours and hours to have all the inking done on her back. And that was just the black outline. It was slowly being filled in. So far she had gotten halfway down. It was oddly beautiful and scary at the same time. Just looking at the photos sent a familiar shiver up and down my spine.

I pulled up the office messenger service on my computer and dashed a note off to Marie.

Got the pix. Very impressive.

It was a minute before she responded.

Thnx. It's a work in progress. 1st time ive shown someone at work.

That was weird. Marie had never shown the slightest inclination at friendship before.

How much time has it taken?

(pause) Over a year now.

No, I mean, how many hours have they worked on you.

Oh. Probably about 100.

“Wow,” I whispered to myself, then typed. Wow.

My boyfriend thinks it's beautiful.

It is, I agreed with her.

You should get one, she typed back.

A hot flash rushed over my body. I don't think so. No. Needles scare me.

She immediately typed back. It doesn't hurt.

Doesn't mean I won't be scared, I replied.

C'mon. My artist will give you a small one for free.

Really? I wasn't interested in getting a tattoo but I found the subject intriguing.

Sure. For all the business I've given him, 15 minutes under the needle is nothing.

I don't think so.

Guys find them sexy.

And so I found myself calling Michael telling him I'd be home late from work, I was going out for drinks with a few of the girls. Except "drinks" meant "tattoo" and "girls" was "Marie."

It was a very nice, very clean place. Not quite as sterile as a doctor's office or surgical room, but very clean, brightly lit and had none of the appearance of a traditional tattoo parlor I was expecting. Marie quickly got the artist to agree to do a small tattoo for me for free, then set me to look through the many, many books of art that I could choose from for my work.

As I breezed through the books looking for exactly what I wanted, Marie pulled off her shirt and bra, as casual as if she were stripping down in a locker room, then lay on a padded table in the back half of the parlor. The artist set to work, adding detail and color to more of her feathers. I barely spared her a glance as I looked for what I wanted. Most of the traditional artwork I wouldn't even consider, but once I found the section of cartoon animals, it was easy to pick out what I wanted.

The assistant artist, who Marie's friend directed to work on me free of charge, took the book from me and then asked the important question. "Where do you want this?" He was kind of cute, probably barely out of high school with a scraggly blond goatee and too many earrings, but still kind of cute. I would have seriously reconsidered and walked out if he was ugly, but he was cute so I didn't mind telling him.

"Right here, on my butt," I said pointing to my left cheek. He grinned at me and I blushed.

"Okay, take off your pants, hop up on the table and I'll get started."

I took the table next to Marie. Her head was tilted in my direction. Apparently the pain of tattooing didn't bother her in the least. Her eyes were slightly glassy and she was relaxed. "What'cha gettin'?" she asked dreamily.

"You'll see," I said nervously pulling down my work slacks and shivering slightly. The room wasn't cold; I was just scared. As I stood there in my shirt and panties, I realized I needed to make a decision. Since I wasn't wearing a thong I was either going to have to pull up my panties and give myself a wedgie or pull them down and let Mr. Junior Artist get a full moon, and who knows what else.

"Where you gettin' it?" she asked, grinning.

"Right here," I said, smacking my left ass cheek. She giggled slightly as I climbed upon the table and pulled down my undies.

"I'm Tim," the artist said as he reappeared with his tools and a stencil from the book. "You'd better show me exactly where you want this." I propped myself up on one elbow and positioned the stencil on my cheek with his help. He grinned at me as I blushed. "Don't be embarrassed," he said. "I've done tats right on the naughty bits. This is nothing. And since it's on your ass, it'll hardly hurt at all."

He lied. Or at least he gave me his opinion on how much a tattoo hurts a woman who never had one before as compared to how much it hurts a barely-post teenage boy who was half covered in ink already. It wasn't screamingly painful, more like someone was slowly and steadily scraping my skin over and over again. I wondered what it would have felt like if I had it done on a sensitive bit of skin.

Marie kept craning her head to try and catch a glimpse of my work, but her artist wasn't having it. Eventually hers was done before mine and he let her up from the table—after applying some Vaseline and a bandage over the fresh ink—and she immediately rushed over to see what I was having done.

“You’re kidding!” she exclaimed after looking at my ass.

I wasn't surprised at her reaction. I was a little surprised to see that she didn't even bother to cover up before inspecting my work. Her breasts were smaller than I expected. She showed no shyness in displaying them for me, the artists or the few other customers in the parlor. That wasn't at all surprising when I noticed that both nipples were pieced through with a bright steel rod that had little balls on each end holding it in place. Quiet Marie, I thought to myself, so reserved and focused on her job...spends her time adding to her huge back tattoo and getting her nipples pierced. What other surprises was she keeping from the office?

“A cow?” she asked, her eyes not having moved from my butt.

“Yes. I think they're cute.” It wasn't truly a lie, and Michael would appreciate it I was certain.

She shrugged. “It's just that most women get flowers, or butterflies, or birds, cute little animals and such for their first tattoo. You got a cow.”

“I like cows,” I said. It was then that she noticed I was staring at her chest. My eyes hadn't moved from the barbells going through her nipples. I was fascinated with the way the light sparkled off the balls.

“Apparently you like women's breasts too,” she commented with a light laugh.

I winced. Hopefully she thought it was because of the needle and not my embarrassment. Last thing I needed was to discover that Marie was a lesbian and thought I was coming on to her. “No, it's not that,” I said. “It's just that I've never seen pierced nipples before. Well, not up close and in person,” I amended.

“You like them?” she asked raising her hands to cup her small boobs. “Ian did them for me.”

“That's right, I did,” my tattoo artist, apparently named Ian, said.

“You want yours done?” she asked me.

“No!” It came out more emphatically than I intended.

She laughed. “It took me a while as well. Small steps.” She still didn’t make a move to cover herself. She must have been proud of her body. It was attractive enough; she was a small woman, barely above five foot two, but lithely built with curves in all the right places.

“I would have thought your tits were bigger,” I blurted trying to change the subject and doing a horrible job of it.

She laughed and gathered up her top and bra. She displayed the undergarment to me; it had copious padding that added to her small Bs bringing her up to an adequate C. “I wear the thick bras because they hide my piercings better, especially the rings. I like wearing rings better than studs and barbells, they’re prettier.”

I just nodded in agreement as she slipped on the bra and then her shirt. Marie didn’t seem to be suffering any of the pain that I was undergoing, but she was probably used to the tattooist’s needle—and who knows what else. After getting dressed she looked down at my naked ass again. I was starting to feel seriously underdressed in the small parlor.

“It looks good, cute and sexy,” she complimented me and Ian.

“Thanks,” I breathed. Ian said nothing. The pain was starting to increase from an annoying itch up to an eight-hour sunburn level. Then Marie did something completely shocking. She laid her hand on my ass right next to my tattoo. I froze, then looked over my shoulder at what she was doing.

I have naturally pale skin, not pasty white, just the kind of pale where the day after summer any tan I might have had is instantly gone. I was delighted to see that my tattoo stood out boldly from my skin, but alarmed to see that everywhere around it my skin had turned bright red, as if my ass had been exposed to the sun all day. This was where Marie had placed her hand. It wasn’t exactly sexual, but it wasn’t exactly completely innocent either.

“You do have sensitive skin,” she commented. “The flesh is hot. Your ass is going to be sore tomorrow.” She didn’t remove her hand. I was torn between

telling her to get it off and telling her if she was going to leave it there to do something a little more exciting with it. I was acutely aware that her bare hand was barely inches away from my now moistening pussy.

“Done,” Ian announced, breaking the spell between us. Marie removed her hand, looking more than a little guilty. I started to pull up my panties but Ian stopped me. “I’ve got to put the bandage on first.”

The tattoo was barely two inches across but after slathering the Vaseline across my already sore bottom and then taping on the wide bandage, I felt like I was wearing a diaper instead of panties. Ian went over the aftercare instructions with me as Marie listened in. Not that she needed to know how to care for a tattoo. She’d been through this a hundred times before.

Once out of the parlor and walking back to my car, I began to quiz her again. “You do this all the time?”

“Yes. It’s going to take about twenty more hours to finish my feathers.”

“How many other tattoos do you have? I just saw your big one.”

She smiled as she reached her car. “You’ll have to wait to see those,” she said, then quickly kissed me on the lips, slipped into her car and drove off. I was left wondering what the hell that was all about, what she was hinting at, and if I’d be able to sit down long enough with my ass on fire to drive home.

Michael immediately knew something was up when I limped inside the house.

“Did you hurt yourself?” he asked, not overly concerned since I was moving, but slowly and jerkily.

“No.”

“Then what’s the matter?”

I sighed and looked at the kitchen chair. There was no way I was sitting on that hard wood surface. “Okay, let’s go into the bedroom and I’ll show you.”

I hobbled in front of him. I’m sure he was staring at my ass and could see the bandage hiding my tattoo. What was I thinking? I’m not the sort of person to

make sudden, rash decisions like getting a tattoo or picking up a stranger in a bar. I was going to be stuck with this tattoo forever. I had been careful with the placement so it would be hidden even when wearing a revealing swimsuit, and even in today's world lots of different people got tattoos for all reason. So why had I gotten a cow permanently placed on my ass?

Once in the bedroom, I dropped my slacks to the floor and laid belly down on the bed. I was certain Michael could see the bandage under my panties.

"What?" he asked.

He was clueless so I eased my panties over the hump of my ass to display the bandage to him.

"What is that?"

"Take it off and you'll see."

Apparently he was either too eager or too stupid to realize he shouldn't just rip it off, which he did causing me to scream out in pain, but he didn't even hear my shout.

"Holy shit!" he cried out. "That's fantastic."

I was surprised and looked over my shoulder at him. "It is?"

His eyes were shining in excitement. "Yeah. Sexy. And cute." He touched it with one finger and I squirmed away.

"Don't. It hurts. Can't you see the red?"

"Oh, sorry." He barely heard me; he was still staring at it. "I really want to fuck you now," he said while starting to undress.

"Don't," I warned him. "My ass hurts too much to have you slamming into me and I'm not laying on my back while you fuck me. You'll have to wait until it's healed."

I forced him to wait two days before I allowed him to fuck me again. He thought that was an unnaturally cruel and long time to go without sex, even though I

allowed him to nurse whenever he requested it. Michael seemed to forget that I liked sex too—I had become accustomed to getting fucked just about every day, sometimes twice—and the wait seemed interminable to me as well.

Still, he appreciated the tattoo—even though it was completely out of character for me. Michael said the decoration only added to my sexiness, that it gave him something else to look at and admire when he was fucking me. Plus it reminded the both of us the current lynchpin of our relationship.

Chapter Four

Marie was surprisingly cool and distant at work, which I appreciated because it would just be too odd for her to suddenly become my best friend just because we got tattooed together, I saw her tits, and she put her hand on my ass. I did take closer note of her, however. And I could tell that she always wore a padded bra to hide her nipple rings, though I didn't look too closely. I didn't want to be caught leering at another woman's breasts at work.

I discovered Marie was fun. She liked to send me emails and notes through the day. She had a wicked sense of humor and a sharp wit that she kept otherwise completely hidden from our co-workers. I began to trust her more and more—why not? She had seen my bare ass and had talked me into a tattoo. But I didn't yet trust her enough to tell her the secret that Michael and I shared.

Between Michael's nursing and my regular sessions with the milking machine he had created, my breasts felt full almost all the time. I purchased a small hand pump to take to work. In the middle of the day during my lunch I would slip off to one of the private lockable offices and pump to relieve some of the pressure. It was almost too much to bear during the day. If I didn't get a chance to pump I would often wind up letting down my milk the moment I saw Michael at night. He took this to be a sign of love, even though I always told him it was simply a physiological reaction. It didn't mean anything like love. But you try telling that to a man sucking milk from your tits.

Michael started taking pictures of my ass and my tattoo, sometimes when I was lying on the bed, sometimes when I was on the milking machine. It started off with him saying he just wanted a few pictures of my tattoo. I knew it wouldn't end there; but I didn't try to stop him. Maybe I liked the extra attention he gave me because of my tattoo. And pictures were harmless enough.

He was admiring my ass and tattoo while I was hooked up to the machine one night when he started on his next conquest with my body. "You need something on the other cheek to help balance it out," he said, tracing my cow tat with his fingers.

“It’s not on my ass cheek,” I said. “It’s on my hip.” I knew this wouldn’t hold true with him.

In response he brought his hand down sharply on my tattoo, slapping the flesh off my ass. “That’s your hip?” he asked.

I giggled as the milker sucked another squirt of liquid from me. “No.”

“Then we’re going to put something over here to balance you off,” he said drawing an invisible circle on my right cheek.

“I’m not getting another tattoo.”

“No, not a tattoo...” he said thoughtfully.

“You’re thinking too much,” I told him over my shoulder.

He just grinned back at me.

My breasts hurt, I typed to Marie a few days later.

That time of the month?

No, I replied. Not now, I think I’m skipping this month.

Skipping? She asked.

Sometimes I skip a month.

Pregnant? She asked me.

I shouldn’t have been message chatting with her at all right then because I was trying to concentrate on a claim. Which partly explains my next comment to her. No. I think Michael’s been over-milking me.

I didn’t notice the long pause between this and her next message. I wasn’t paying close attention. The claim was overly long and complicated. I hated detailed insurance regulations.

Over-milking? Her message came to me. What? I don't even...

The moment I looked at the message I knew I was busted. My face flushed red and my stomach hardened and sank through the floor. I was certain she could feel the heat from my face even if she couldn't see me. I still lactate, I typed back to her while looking for a way out.

Oh.

I decided to go for a full confession. And Michael likes to nurse from me.

That's...different, she replied.

Yeah. I typed. What else to say? Michael likes to, you know, drink my milk. My legs were shaking and I could feel my breathing stop. What was she going to think or say?

I knew there was something kinky about you. She would have included some stupid smiley icon if our work messenger allowed it. That's kinda hot. Kinky hot.

Don't tell anyone! Ever!

Who would I tell?

That was true. Marie hardly ever spoke to anyone at work; and if I was keeping her secret then she could certainly keep mine. Okay, just don't tell anyone. It's kind of embarrassing.

Tell me about it; it sounds hot.

So I told her. Everything. Including the way he likes to nurse from me. The way I have to wear my bell, the way he likes to fuck me, the reason why I got my tattoo, the way he likes to watch me on the milking machine.

He built you a milking machine?

Yeah. It's weird, but kinda feels nice when I'm in the mood for it, especially when I'm too full and he's not around to drain me.

Kinky. Can I try it?

I'd never thought about sharing my milker with anyone else. It seemed a little bit like asking to share someone else's vibrator. It's perfectly okay to use one, but you just don't share it with a casual acquaintance, even a friend, unless you are physically intimate with that person.

Um. Yeah. Maybe. It's really just a breast pump hooked up to a frame.

And so a week later, when Michael was out with friends and I had put the kids to bed for the night, I was dragging the milker out from under my bed to show Marie.

"Oh, it's simpler than I thought it would be," she commented. I looked down at the familiar piece of machinery.

"Yeah, sometimes simple is better," I commented, feeling a little like I was showing her my secret stash of porn or sex toys—probably because this was a sex toy.

Without saying anything else, she pulled off her shirt and was in the middle of unhooking her bright white padded bra before I could gather my thoughts and speak again. "What are you doing?" I asked her, completely shocked.

"Trying it out," she said as she manipulated the small balls that held her barbell nipple piercings in place. "You said I could."

Not really I thought to myself, but in the presence of her naked breasts I found myself unable to protest. "Oh."

She looked down at the machine. "How does it work?" she asked, obviously eager to try it out.

"You get down on all fours—knees and elbows, forearms really—put your breasts in the funnels, turn on the pump and off you go."

She got down like she was supposed to—her skinny ass pointed into the air—but no matter how she tried to drop her chest down, her tiny tits wouldn't reach the cups. I had to get down on the floor with her to adjust the height controls on the suction funnels. It was a challenge making the adjustments trying not to touch her breasts, but somehow I managed to do it with a minimum of skin to skin contact. I don't think she noticed.

“Turn it on,” she said once she was happy with the placement. She looked up at me as I was about to flick the switch. Her eyes were shining with eagerness, completely in contrast to my reaction when Michael first showed me the milker. My heart nearly melted when I saw her in that position, submissive and eager; it made her beautiful and sexy and I suddenly wished I had taken advantage of her—at least a little bit—while I was helping her into the milker.

I flipped the switch and her eyes widened suddenly as the suction kicked in, grabbing her virgin breasts and pulling them. I knew from experience it wasn't exactly painful, but the first time using the machine can be a little shocking. Through the translucent plastic I could see her pink nipples elongate, then spring back as the machine let go. “Oh,” she moaned, surprised at the ferocity of the milker. “That's...nice. Harsh, but nice.”

The machine fell into a steady rhythm, sucking her nipples and giving her pleasure. I didn't realize how focused on her breasts Marie was, she was obviously building toward an orgasm. I wondered how much her nipple rings stimulated her and if that was why she had them done.

I laid down on the bed and watched her. “Do you like it?” I asked her.

“Mm-hmm,” she sighed. “It's nice. It's good. No wonder you let Michael do this for you.” She glanced down at the collection bottles hanging beneath her. “No milk yet.”

I laughed at her. “It would take you weeks, months even, of stimulation to start you lactating.”

She half-closed her eyes and moaned. “I could get used to that. I wonder if my boyfriend would like me to do this for him.” She wiggled her ass a bit, showing off her excitement. I had never seen another girl orgasm in front of me (porn films don't count) and I wanted to see it happen now. I laid on my side and slipped my hand between my thighs, not stimulating my pussy just yet, but leaving it close enough so I could feel the warmth I was generating.

“You're gonna cum,” I said softly to her.

“How do you know?” she asked, wiggling her hips trying to stimulate herself some more.

“I can tell. Let it happen,” I ordered her.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed, nodding her head. A few beads of sweat broke out on her brow and moments later she cried out in pain, pulled away from the suction cups and slipped to the floor, tears slid down her cheeks. “Oh, that was wonderful,” she whispered to me. “No wonder you love your husband.”

It wasn’t exactly why I love him, but seeing her getting off, made me want to masturbate as well. “Do you mind if I get off?” I asked her.

“Go ahead,” her voice was husky and distant. I doubt she even understood what I asked her. It didn’t matter. I opened my pants, slipped my hand inside my panties, found my wet and slippery clit, and in a minute I was moaning and shivering with desire. Another minute later a wave broke in my body and I had my own orgasm.

We lay their together, quietly, for a few minutes. It was Marie who broke the silence. “Can I watch you use the milker?” she asked.

“Uh,” I stammered. What did it matter now? I wasn’t exactly sure how far one could go and still be considered a straight girl, I was pretty sure I had already crossed the line to bi-curious. “Sure, why not?” I got up from the bed, unbuttoned my blouse, pulled off my nursing bra, kicked off my pants because at the end of the day I insist on being pant-less, and knelt next to the machine.

Marie moved over to make room for me. I adjusted the funnels back to my height, positioned my large breasts into the cups and hit the switch. When the suction first pulled at my nipples did I realize I was wearing only my silky black panties, which were partially soaked with my juices and starting to slip into the crack of my ass. I realized all of this and it made me feel sexy so I was happy to show off in front of Marie.

“Wow!” she exclaimed as the first squirt of milk issued from my nipples and the thin white liquid flowed down into the collection bottles. “That’s so cool. And sexy.”

I smiled at her as she watched more and more of my milk dribble into the bottles.

“Do you like how it feels when it’s pulled from your tits?”

“It doesn’t hurt, sometimes it feels really nice.” She moved around behind me and put her hand on my left ass cheek, pushing up the material of my panties. “What are you doing?” I asked her.

“I want to see your tattoo,” she said. By now it was as if I was wearing a thong, but it felt good and sexy to show off in front of her.

I had barely started filling the bottles when Marie suddenly shut off the pump. “I want to taste it,” she said. “I can’t wait for the bottles to be filled.”

“Okay,” I agreed. What did it matter to me? I pulled my boobs off the suction funnels and started unscrewing one of the bottles, when I felt a mouth on my left tit. I looked down at Marie’s face. Her eyes were closed and ecstasy was on her face as her mouth was attached to my breast, sucking the milk directly from me.

I was scared, but it felt good. I told myself I was just nourishing another human being. There was nothing wrong with what we were doing, I had to remind myself. My free breast was dripping slowly so I grabbed a cloth I kept next to the milker and soaked up the excess milk. I wasn’t sure if I was in love with Marie, but I loved what she was doing to me.

“Let’s lie down on the bed,” I told her softly. She broke her latch on my nipple and nodded her head. We crawled up on the mattress, I laid on my side and she took up my breast again, slowly, steady pulling my milk from my tit. I watched as her jaws worked, keeping the suction going as I stroked her hair and just enjoyed the sensations, relaxing with my friend.

Eventually she drained my first breast so we shifted positions and she settled into my other breast. It was stimulating and relaxing as well. We didn’t feel the need to have sex, but Marie wiggled her hand between my legs and cupped my pussy through the silk of my panties. It was nice, so very nice that it took no effort at all for the two of us to fall asleep in each other’s arms.

We were woken by Michael, who flipped on the bedroom light and announced, “Lesbians are hot.”

“I’m not a lesbian,” I complained sleepily, squinting my eyes against the light. My protest was weak; it’s hard to claim pure heterosexuality when you’re sharing a bed with a half-nude woman while wearing only a pair of panties. And wet panties at that.

“Bi then,” he amended. “Still hot.”

“We’re not lesbians,” Marie spoke up. She sounded more awake than I was, maybe she hadn’t been sleeping, but she certainly wasn’t shy about letting my husband see her naked tits. “We didn’t have sex.”

He held up his hands in protest. “I’m not judging. Though I wouldn’t mind watching...”

“That’s okay,” I said rolling off the bed and grabbing my bathrobe to cover up. Yeah, Michael had seen me naked hundreds of times before, but somehow in front of Marie, it felt wrong...or at least dirty. “I think we’re done for the night.” Those few words were enough to completely crush Michael’s spirits. Too bad, I say. I invited Marie over for me, not him.

Marie, on the other hand, wasn’t the least bit shy about showing off her body. She nonchalantly and languidly rolled off the bed, and instead of looking for her shirt or bra, she found her nipple rings that she’d placed on the dresser and casually started to re-insert them. Michael goggled at this uninhibited display of sexuality.

“You sure you two ladies don’t want to have a little ménage a trois?” he asked anxiously.

“Maybe some other time,” Marie said after slipping on her shirt and patting him lightly on the side of his face. He was too stunned to have any reaction. “I’ll see you tomorrow at work, sweetie,” she said to me, moved in quickly, kissed me in a way that I could only describe as intimate, and swept out the door.

Michael was on me in an instant, pulling off my robe and opening his pants to display a rampant cock. “What are you doing?” I asked him, pretending to be uninterested in what he was doing.

“Fucking you,” he grunted, pushing the head between my wet pussy lips.

“Oh,” I sighed as he started thrusting in earnest. “Did Marie excite you so?”

“Yes!” he cried out. “I’m going to watch the two of you fuck,” he told me. I’m sure he thought it might have been pure fantasy, since I had always demurred whenever he suggested a threesome before, but with Marie, it was much more

likely to happen.

Not that I was going to encourage him.

Chapter Five

That was hot last night, Marie messaged to me the next day.

Yeah, it was, I agreed. I always tried to keep my office texts very neutral. I was certain they were constantly monitored by the company, but Marie didn't seem to care.

I was so full of your milk that I couldn't even eat breakfast this morning.

This made my face turn red. Now I was positive that we were being spied on. Not here, not now, I replied to her.

We've got to do it again, she sent me. My boyfriend wants to sample you as well. Would that be okay?

This left me wondering how I get myself into these situations. Uh, maybe. Not right away. I'd like to get with you again first. I didn't want to be the village cow, where everyone with a passing fancy of a lactation fetish came to me for a feeding. This was something I did for my husband. And apparently for the woman I was trying to seduce.

That sounds great! I could hear her enthusiasm through the messenger. Tonight?

No, not tonight. I have a headache. Ha! My jokes always came off flat on messenger.

We negotiated back and forth through the day. I was alternately hot and bothered by the idea of what we were planning, and then nervous and scared that we'd be caught—by whom I don't know—and even that made it more exciting to me. Who would have known my breasts were such a source of excitement to others?

And don't forget to have Michael there, she sent me right at the end of the day before she walked out the door.

Michael? I hadn't known he'd be part of this too. Not that it mattered; if she wanted him there, I was more than willing to share.

I insisted on having an evening snack for Marie when she came over; we were meeting too late for dinner, but as a good hostess I couldn't just expect Marie to hop into bed with us without at least offering something to eat or drink. She was arriving late enough that the kids were already in bed asleep.

"It's completely unnecessary," he pointed out to me. "You're the snack. Or drinks, at least."

"Ha ha," I commented, laying out a platter of crackers and cheese. "I'm more than that."

"I'll say," he whispered in my ear, wrapping his arms around me from behind and cupping my breasts. I tried to push him away, I was very full and didn't want to start leaking, but his hands on my tits felt so very good. If the doorbell didn't ring just then I probably would have hiked up my skirt and pulled off my panties, but as it was we were interrupted by Marie's appearance.

I invited her in, offered her cheese and crackers—she took a few just to be polite—but she didn't let us chat idly, Marie went right to the heart of the matter.

"I'm glad Michael's going to be with us tonight," she said. "It'll be nice to have a partner for this."

"A partner?" I asked confused and glanced at my husband. Michael looked away, either embarrassed or guilty, maybe both. "What's going on?" I asked both of them.

Michael still couldn't meet my gaze, but Marie was calm and cool as always. She smiled and raised her chin a tiny bit. Her long black hair fell away from her face. "I've been...talking with Michael. We have something special for you tonight."

I've always been a little slow when confronted with strange, unexpected situations and this was no exception. I finally figured out that she must have been talking to each other behind my back. Before I could do or say anything to protest, Michael suddenly found his voice.

"Take off your shirt," he ordered me.

I blinked at him, it was a blunt approach, but my hand almost automatically went

to the buttons on my blouse. Only when Marie spoke did I hesitate.

“Might as well take off the rest of your clothes as well,” she said. “It’s not like you’re going to need them.”

And again I didn’t know what to say. Marie took the initiative and started unbuttoning her own shirt while Michael looked on, a boy happily caught between two candy stores.

“Why don’t we go to the bedroom first,” I suggested.

Marie eagerly led the way, her shirt unbuttoned, exposing her padded bra but little else. As she ascended the staircase I followed her, watching her tight ass as it swung back and forth in front of my eyes.

Once in the bedroom, she dropped her bright red shirt from her shoulders, keeping her back to me. Her inked wings were only partly hidden by her tight black pants and the thin bra strap that cut across her back just under her shoulder blades. “Undo me,” she asked, pulling her hair aside and looking over her shoulder at me. My hands were fairly trembling when I reached for her black bra and tried to slip free the hooks. After a few attempts I finally managed to work it and the strap came free. She turned around, smiling proudly, and presented me with her bare tits sporting a pair of bright gold rings. I stood there mute, excited but not knowing what to do.

“Let me help you,” she said, reaching for my shirt and starting to undo the buttons. I noticed Michael sitting on the corner of the bed, happily watching the two of us. Before I knew it my blouse was on the floor, Marie had moved in close to me, slipping her arms around me to unhook my bra. She kissed me lightly on the neck as she pulled the bra away, exposing my milk-full tits. “Ready?” she asked Michael.

He nodded and she led me to the bed. Before I could mount the mattress, Michael fell to his knees in front of me, unzipped my skirt and pulled it off, leaving me in just my panties. Or rather my thong; I only owned two thongs, and since this was a special occasion, I decided to go with it to show off my tattoo.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Marie ordered me.

“On the bed?” I asked, confused. Usually I only did that with the milker.

When she said yes, I simply followed orders. Marie laid next to me on one side, Michael on the other. It was obvious what they were planning on doing. My boobs were hanging down, full and ready to be emptied. They worked their heads under my chest, while Marie and I giggled, until their mouths found my nipples and they started suckling.

It was heavenly.

I could feel my milk flowing into their mouths, each one nursing at their own pace. Michael tended to suck harder and take bigger gulps, he was eager to drain me. Marie took her time, enjoying both the experience and time with me; she was gentle compared to him, but just as insistent.

They made me hold that position for a good fifteen minutes while the suckled me. It started off being novel and sensual and more than a bit erotic, but toward the end my arms were getting tired. I wasn't used to being stuck in the same position for so long. "You two had better finish up," I told them. "I'm getting too tired and I don't care how much you like this. I can't go all night."

Reluctantly Michael let go of my tit, gently kissed the side of my breast and rolled off to the side. Marie, however, didn't heed my request and kept on draining me, though by this time I could feel there was nothing left to feed her. "Let go," I prompted, tugging my breast away slightly. She grinned around my nipple and refused to let go, keeping a strong latch on me. I pulled back a little harder, just to the point of pain, but she still refused to let go. Michael laughed at my predicament.

"This isn't funny," I told him.

"Then just pull away," he said.

"It'll hurt!" I complained; secretly I was sort of enjoying the slight torture she was putting me through.

"I think that's what she wants," he said.

I let Marie nurse a moment longer, then pulled back in earnest. She resisted, looping an arm around my waist to keep me close. In retaliation, I put one hand on the side of her face and forced her away from me. It was a struggle, but I was bigger and eventually prevailed, though at great cost. It felt like she was ripping

my tit off when I finally broke the suction.

She immediately pouted. “I wasn’t done,” she all but whined.

“You’re done,” I told her, gently holding my breast. “See, there’s nothing left.” I squeezed to extract any remaining milk. There was none, of course, not even enough to form a pearly drop on the tip of my nipple.

“I’m still thirsty,” she said playfully. I knew she was lying, but played along anyway.

“Then why don’t you give Michael a blowjob and drink his spunk,” I suggested.

Marie immediately brightened. “That sounds great! I love man-cum.” She turned to him. “Take off your pants,” she ordered.

He looked at me, helpless and confused. His eyes were wide with shock and excitement. I could see the outline of his cock under the denim of his jeans. “Should I?” he mouthed to me.

My chest was tight and I could feel a gush of wetness in my panties. Whatever else I wanted or knew about our relationship, I was eager to see Michael receive a blowjob from Marie. It certainly wasn’t cheating, not if he was doing it right in front of me. Was it?

“Yes,” I whispered to the two of them.

Marie didn’t need to be told twice. She moved over to his side of the bed, unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down. Together they pushed off his pants and she, without a hint of hesitation or shyness, reached into his underwear, pulled out his already stiff cock, and put it in her mouth.

I was never a bit watcher of porn. It always seemed a bit artificial and contrived to me. The complete opposite is true of a live sex show. Marie didn’t cheat to the camera or perform actions that might look interesting on screen, but added nothing to Michael’s pleasure. She simply took his cock into her mouth, sucked long and hard trying to make him cum. One hand she wrapped around his balls, the other held firm the base of his long prick; I laid on my side, my hand inside my thong, just barely playing with my clit as Michael received what was certainly an expert blowjob. I almost wished I was a man just so that Marie

could give one to me.

So talented was my friend that she could even take all of Michael's length into her mouth and down her throat without gagging. While he wasn't ridiculously endowed like a freak from an adult film, I myself couldn't get more than half of Michael's cock into my mouth, so I was duly impressed. Because she was a much better cocksucker than I was, I was disappointed for Michael when she suddenly backed off, freeing his wet cock from her mouth and said. "I don't want to swallow his cum," she announced. "I want to see him fuck you."

She didn't have to suggest that to me twice. Although Michael was eager to get off in her mouth, I was worked up enough that I wanted a cock inside of me. I yanked off my thong—I was happy to be rid of it—laid back on the bed and spread my legs. I could smell the scent of my eager pussy waiting to be satisfied. Apparently my perfume was enough to pull Michael away from Marie's mouth—along with a slight push of encouragement from her. He fell on me and slipped easily into my cunt. I immediately tilted my hips to accept his hard, eager thrusts and wrapped my legs around his waist, crossing my ankles so he couldn't escape—not that he wanted to.

"Oh, fuck her hard," Marie whispered from her spot on the bed. I was barely aware she was still in the room; when you've debauched yourself this much, it hardly matters if another person watches you and your husband fuck. It was just another thrill I was marking off some unknown checklist of kinks, erotic acts and fantasies I never knew I had.

Michael was already worked up by his oral treat from Marie, and I had been playing with myself that entire time as well, so it didn't take him long to grunt twice—like he always did—then shoot his cum inside my pussy. I locked up my limbs and let him slam into me harder and harder until he was done. Not that I minded in the least, each time his pubic bone hit the top of my pussy, he squished my clit and that was all I needed to cum myself. Once we were both done, he rolled off me and sighed in relief.

"That was wonderful." It wasn't Michael complimenting me; it was Marie applauding us both.

"Thanks," Michael said, happy to accept her compliment.

I snorted. He was too eager to be the center of any lauds.

“May I?” Marie asked. She made some gesture, I barely saw what she did since I was still coming down from my orgasm high and my eyes were half closed, so I went along with it.

“Sure. Why not?”

A moment later I felt fingers probing in my cunt. At first I thought it was Michael, seeking to bring me off again, but then I realized something was amiss. It didn’t feel like Michael’s fingers. I opened my eyes to witness Marie probing my cunt while Michael happily watched her. She didn’t notice me watching her at first, not that I pushed her away or tried to stop her. Plunging her fingers deeply into me, she scooped up Michael’s sticky white leavings and brought them to her mouth. My eyes went wide in surprise; while I’d certainly swallowed my share of cum over the years, I’d never seen it eaten like that before.

“Delicious,” she told me. “I was lying before. I did want to taste his cum, but I wanted to see him fuck you too.”

I shrugged. What did it matter? Everything felt so good and wonderful, did it really matter if she wanted to eat my husband’s spunk from my cunt?

“I’ve got a request,” Michael spoke up. “I want to fuck Marie.”

This announcement caused me to giggle. “Do you think I’ll say no?” I asked him.

“Maybe,” he hedged.

I was certain that something had gone on behind my back when the two were talking, planning this evening. I decided to surprise him. “Go ahead,” I offered. “I doubt you can get it up for her.”

It’s not that I didn’t want Michael to have a good time, it’s that I was feeling a twinge of jealousy to see how eager he was to fuck her. I wanted to be the center of attention; it was one thing for Michael to get a blowjob from her before he laid me, it was another entirely to see him fuck her. I had to hand it to him, though, just the idea was enough to make his cock stir, and then when she reached for him, he had a rampant erection in no time.

Marie smiled triumphantly, quickly stripped off her pants and oh-so-tiny panties to display her denuded pussy, then got on her hands and knees to present him with her skinny ass. She looked over her shoulder at us. “Well?” she asked, wiggling her hips to entice him forward.

He didn’t need the encouragement. His cock was in his hand ready to guide himself into her sex, when he suddenly stopped himself. My heart skipped a beat; I wasn’t sure if I wanted him to change his mind, or just go forward so I could see what he looked like when he was fucking another woman. “Do I need a condom?” he asked.

That’s Michael, ever practical.

“No,” she said, “I’m safe; I won’t get pregnant.”

He hesitated just a little bit again. Was she lying? Did she want to get pregnant? Uncertain what to do, he looked at me and I nodded my head giving him my permission. I needed to see him fuck her. What woman wouldn’t want her man to prove his masculinity by fucking someone else while his partner looked on?

He plunged his hard cock into her sloppy-wet cunt with a grunt. She replied with a slightly surprised yelp, then settled into a steady moaning and groaning as he pistoned his hips back and forth, slapping his pelvis into her taut ass.

“Uh-huh, uh-huh,” she groaned, trying to encourage him.

“Make her cum,” Michael said, looking at me.

“What?” I was confused. He was the one fucking her, not me.

“Put your hand between her legs, find her clit, and get her off,” he ordered me. Now it was my turn to hesitate. Was this something they had planned? Was he seeing how far he could get me to go? Or was it that he wanted to include me in the most intimate act two—or three—people could have.

What did it matter? Marie’s fingers had already been in my cunt. I knelt down next to their coupled bodies, slipped my hand underneath Marie’s body, slid my fingers down along her tummy until I encountered her sloppy pussy. It wasn’t hard to find her clit, it was hot and bulging out. She felt familiar and strange at the same time, as if I were touching myself, masturbating, but through an odd

veil. It was obvious she liked having her clit roughly rubbed. Just a couple of strokes made her cry out in pleasure.

“No,” she half-whispered. “Too much.”

I found my sadistic streak. Michael held her firm and I rubbed for all I was worth. This brought her off again and I laughed at her helplessness. It sounds crueler than it was for Marie’s orgasms were hot and fierce. A minute later Michael, overexcited by two women performing all manner of sexual acts on each other, came hard inside Marie’s cunt. He grunted several times, once with each thrust as he deposited more and more of his semen deep within her.

When I saw the bliss on Marie’s face when Michael came inside her, my heart melted. She looked so cute and happy, there was no way I could be jealous or upset with her because it was just so beautiful.

Michael was all but spent after that and though we tried to encourage him, he slowly drifted off to sleep. Marie and I cuddled up together, soft skin on soft flesh. I couldn’t resist slipping my hand between her thighs and feeling Michael’s spunk slowly leak out of her.

“That was nice,” I said to her as I slipped my middle finger up inside her shaved pussy.

She sighed slightly as I fingered her, then ducked down her head to latch onto my nipple. I didn’t expect her to express any milk from me, but I was pleasantly surprised when I felt a bit of milk start to flow and looking down at my exposed breast, a few pearly beads of milk appeared on my nipple. I wiped the excess milk away and licked my finger clean as Marie continued to nurse. After a few minutes she pulled away unexpectedly and looked up at me with a mischievous grin. She scooted up to my face and kissed me; I could taste a bit of my milk on her lips. I was delighted when she didn’t immediately break the kiss, but slipped her tongue inside my mouth. She fed me back my milk; it was sweet and delicious, especially after she had warmed it for me.

“Tasty?” she asked.

I didn’t answer her and just kissed her back. We fell asleep while gently kissing each other. I never would have thought I would be sharing a bed with my husband and a female lover, but it seemed so right.

Chapter Six

In the morning she was gone, which was a good thing; you try explaining to your three year old why Mommy's special friend spent the night sleeping in her bed with Daddy. She did, however, leave me a present, of a sort.

"What's that," Michael asked when I finally managed to roll out of bed and stagger to the shower. I'm not a morning person.

"What's what?" I mumbled.

"On your ass," he pointed out and helpfully dropped a hand mirror down so I could catch the image that had been drawn on my skin.

I tried focusing on the drawing, but I couldn't get my eyes to focus and catch my balance at the same time. "What is it?" I asked him.

He laughed and shook his head. "Well, I guess she wanted you to keep it on a while. It looks like it was drawn in permanent Sharpie."

Do you like the tattoo I gave you? she texted me the moment I sat down at my desk.

NO! I immediately fired back.

I could almost hear her giggle in the next comment. It looked cute on your ass. You should think about getting it permanently done.

Put my husband's initials on my ass, like he owns me?

Yeah, why not, it would be like a brand. You are a cow, aren't you?

What she had drawn on my butt was a stylized version of my husband's initials, set up to look like an old style western ranch brand. I never saw myself as the type of person who got tattoos done, but then again I never expected to hop into bed with my husband and another woman or to be nursing both of them for their and my sexual satisfaction. And besides, Michael said I needed something on the

other side of my rump to balance out my cow tattoo.

Yes, I hesitantly agreed. Maybe I should get his initials branded on my butt.

Which is how I wound up back at Marie's tattoo parlor once again, my skirt on the floor and my bare butt exposed to the discriminating eye of Ian the tattoo artist. Marie was nowhere to be seen—at least by me. A few days previous she had finished the final few feathers on her angel wing back tattoo and upon entering the parlor had immediately stripped down to her tiny g-string so she could prance around the place showing off the final finished work to any and all who would look. Personally I was pretty sure she just wanted to be all but naked and show off her body to friends and near-strangers.

I was face down on the green leather table trying to relax, telling myself it would be a nice little surprise for Michael to admire when I got home. It seemed to me that Ian was being slow, the prep time was taking too long after he had transferred the design to my right cheek. I mean how long does it take to get a tattoo gun ready? He had already run a razor over what I was certain was an already hairless ass and then chilled me with a series of alcohol wipes. I could feel the room getting hotter while I waited, which was nice since I was half naked and I figured he must have turned on the heat.

"Ready?" Ian finally asked me.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled; I was in a half-doze from the room's warmth and my general laziness.

"You'll feel a sharp stinging," he warned.

Right, I thought, it didn't hurt that much last time.

Then a white hot burning hit my ass and I screamed and jumped up. I was certain Ian had set my ass on fire or had taken a knife and plunged it as deeply as he could into my flesh. "Calm down," Ian said, trying to relax me, but I was in too much pain to hear him.

Moments later Marie appeared in the small room. "What's going on?" she was still near-naked. Her nipples were adorned with charms dangling from her piercings. She wore only her panties and shoes. Just the sight of her was enough to calm me down.

“He tried to kill me!” I accused him, pointing a finger at Ian.

He looked genuinely puzzled. “I was just doing the brand,” he innocently insisted to her.

Marie looked down at his tools, clamped her hands over her mouth, and tried not to laugh.

“What?” I demanded.

She got control of herself and managed to get out, “No, she didn’t want a brand! She wanted her tattoo to look like a brand.”

And so went the great brand tattoo confusion debacle. One of the many services the parlor offered besides piercings, tattoo and other assorted body modifications was branding. Ian had placed a white hot piece of wire on my skin to create a physical burn which would turn into a scar. I wanted a tattoo of a brand, not an actual brand.

“What do you want to do?” Ian asked me.

I twisted around, looked at the raised red line on my butt, gave it some thought and said, “I’m a cow. Might as well finish it.”

I laid back down on the table. “It’s going to hurt, isn’t it?” I asked her.

“Yup,” she agreed.

“They don’t give anything for the pain here, do they?”

“Nope.”

“Help me out then.” I opened my shirt, pulled down my bra to expose my nipples. “Suckle on me.”

To her great credit Marie didn’t hesitate; she didn’t care what Ian thought. Her suckling let my milk down and when Ian pressed the next hot wire to my skin, somehow the pain seemed so much less. Marie nursed on me through the entire process; something I can never fully thank her for.

It felt like my ass was on fire when he was done. I could barely drive home. The entire way I kept asking myself why I thought it was a good idea.

Somehow, when I got home, showed Michael what had happened, opened my shirt for him and lay down in bed together, it all seemed worth it. I was a cow; I had my brand to prove it. Best of all, I wasn't the least bit ashamed by it.

About the Author

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

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