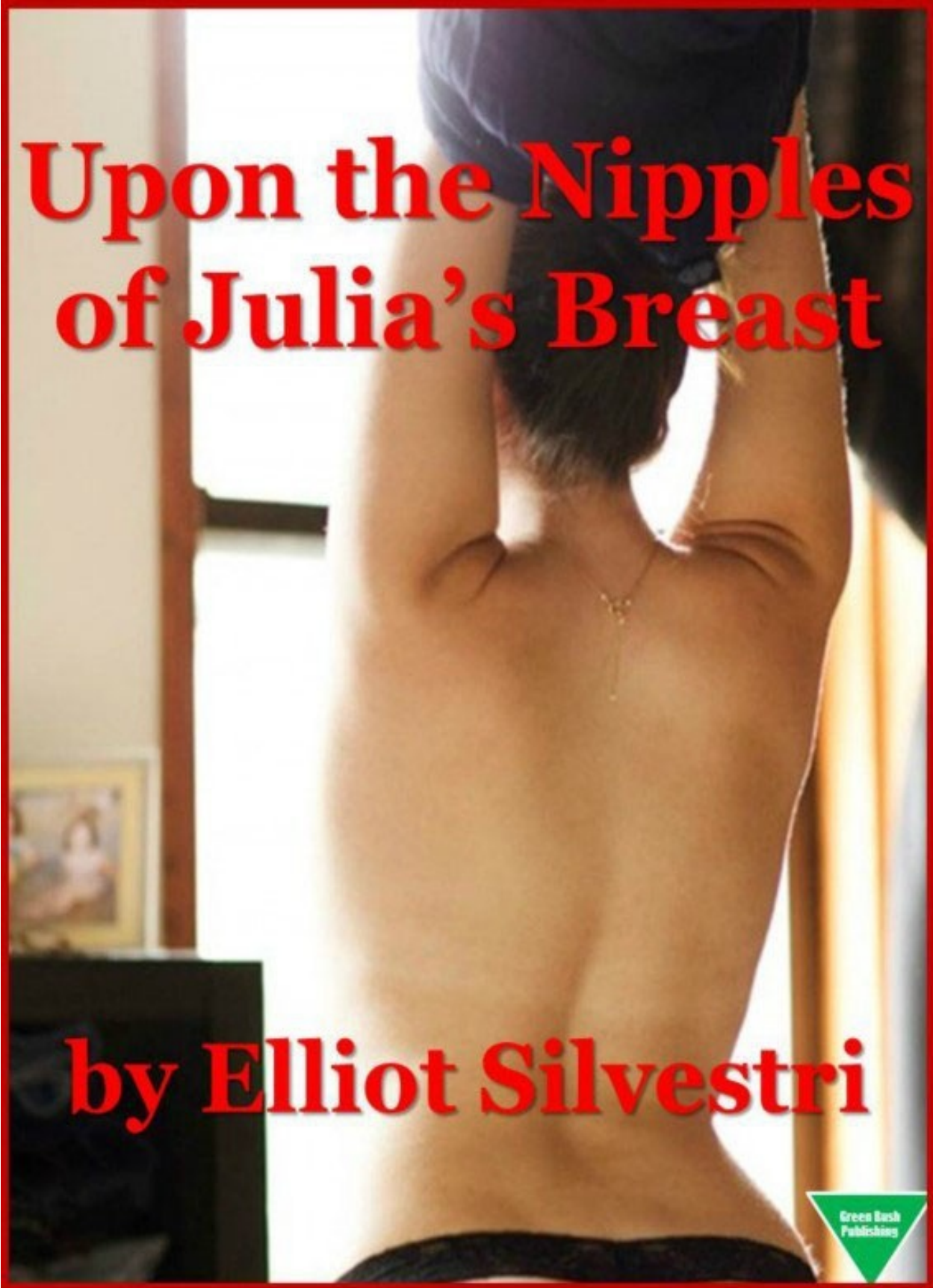
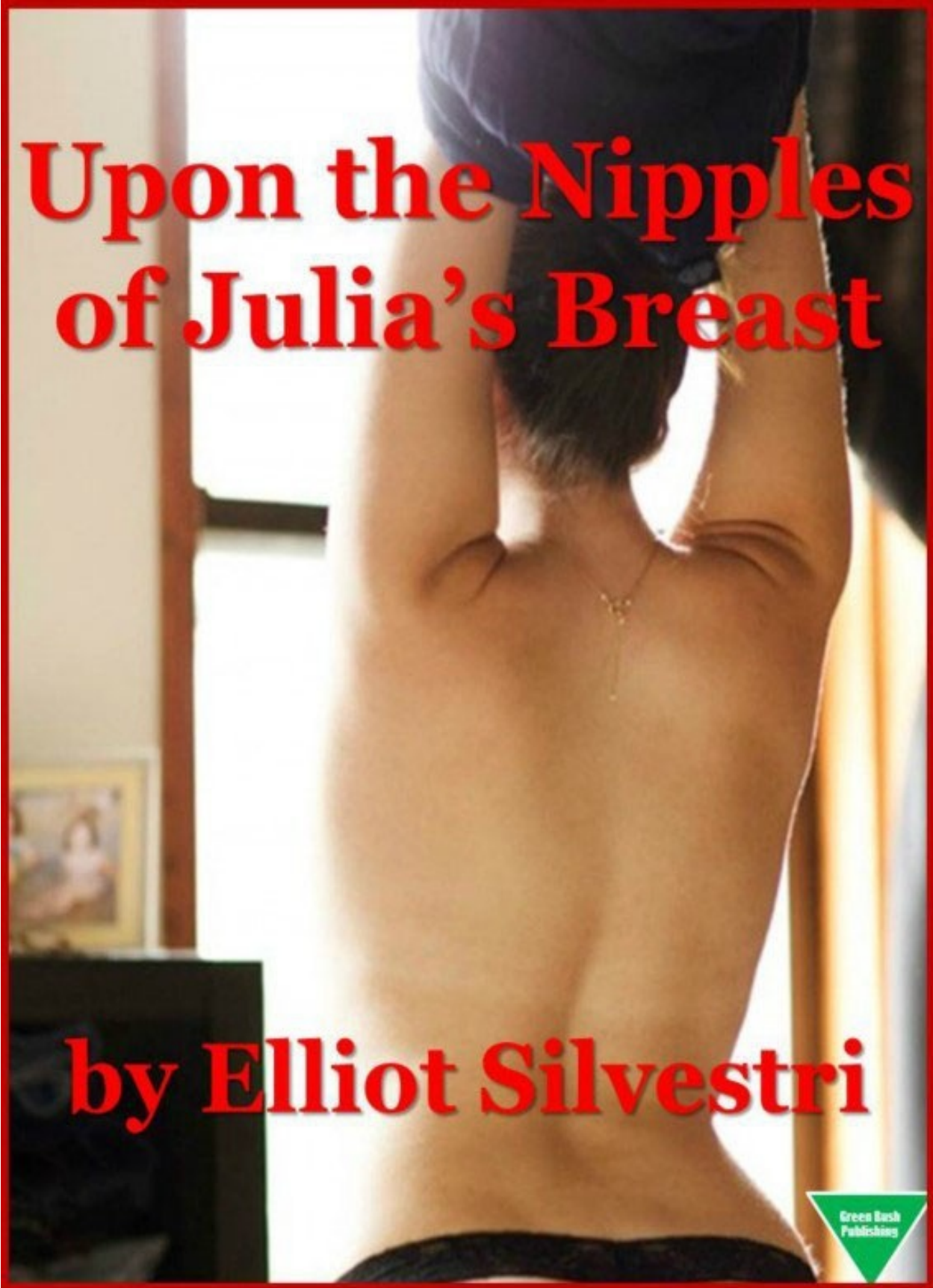




Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast

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Green Bash
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Smashwords Edition

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Have ye beheld (with much delight)
A red rose peeping through a white?
Or else a cherry, double grac'd
Within a lily centre plac'd?
Or shows half-drown'd in cream?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through
A pure smooth pearl and orient too?
So like this, nay all the rest,
Is each neat niplet of her breast.

“Upon the Nipples of Julia’s Breast” by Robert Herrick

Julia was born cursed with perfect breasts. That is to say when she started developing breast when she was young they came in perfectly. By the time she was old enough to understand how much influence her appearance held over most men and some women she was only starting to understand the perfection of her breasts. Like too many teenaged girls she spent far too much time staring at herself in her bedroom mirror wondering what she would be like if her appearance was just a little different.

A week after her eighteenth birthday Julia gave herself a present; she allowed her high school boyfriend the privilege of stripping her of her virginity. It was a present he had asked for two months earlier when he had turned eighteen but she had put him off with the oft-repeated phrase, “I’m not that sort of girl.”

The odd thing was she was that sort of girl. Julia had all sorts of dirty, kinky thoughts running through her head. The only reason she put off sex for the first time was her need to feel that doing it with Harrison was the right thing to do.

Or, more directly put, fucking Harry was sure to get out to everyone in their social circle. Did she want the reputation as the girl who gave it away to Harry? Then again, she didn't want to go to college a virgin either, so it wasn't like she had much choice. There were other guys, sure, who would have happily fucked her, but she wasn't sure she wanted any of them either.

Besides, Harry's hand had been down her pants more than once before. He'd even given her a couple of orgasms, truth be told, but she had always insisted she keep on her panties, as if that meant anything. In essence she was a virgin only in the most technical sense.

Julia had lured him up to her bedroom, not that doing so was a difficult task. In no time at all they were rolling around on her bed and she was quickly down to her yellow panties. Harry was just as eager to get naked as Julia was and so his shirt was off, his socks and shoes were kicked into the corner, his jeans were unzipped. Julia could feel the hardness of his cock as she straddled his hips. There was something oh-so-very-nice about his hard penis pressing into her even if it was separated by several layers of clothing.

The light of the afternoon sun was streaming into her bedroom through the wide double windows that faced west. Julia had rolled on top of her boyfriend, letting him admire her body. She was still a bit shy about it, though he had seen her topless a few times before, and was trying to rid herself of such childish behavior. Everyone had a body, she reasoned, why shouldn't her boyfriend be allowed to see hers?

"God you've got great tits," Harry proclaimed as he looked up at her from the soft surface of the bed. His sandy brown hair mixed comically with the pink and yellow comforter she had used since she was twelve.

Wincing a bit at his over-enthusiastic evaluation of her breasts, Julia brushed his hands away and covered her small breasts with her palms. She could feel her hard nipples against her hands and wondered if hiding herself this way was far too childish. "You don't think they're too small?"

"They're perfect," he assured her as he pushed her hands aside so he could admire her pert breasts. "There's no reason to hide them. I've seen them before."

"I know," she replied as she let him admire her body. "But you don't have to stare."

“That’s what they’re there for,” he told her.

Julia looked down at her boyfriend and saw that he was mesmerized by her nudity. She shouldn’t have been surprised by his reaction, but to see it in action was alarming. Julia wasn’t doing anything other than letting him look at her breasts and he was nearly hypnotized by them. Harry should have been more intrigued by the sensation of her pussy riding over his hard cock, but she was certain that was not the case. He was only interested in her breasts.

“I don’t really even need a bra,” she said.

“Mmm-hmm,” he vaguely agreed. “You should go to school without a bra.”

The idea frightened and intrigued her. “This isn’t the 70s,” she told him. “It’s right in the school dress code that you have to wear ‘appropriate underclothing that is not exposed.’” Julia half shook her head remembering the first day of high school where half the day was taken up by the school code of conduct review.

“You should still do it,” he insisted.

“I don’t think so.” At that moment all Julia wanted to do was look in a mirror and examine her breasts again. She knew that she already would fail the overly glorified pencil test. It was the sort of thing that started in the girls’ rumor mill in sixth grade. If you can’t hold a pencil under your breast then you don’t need a bra. Somewhat to her shame Julia had tried the pencil test several times in her life and had always failed it indicating she didn’t need a bra. That didn’t stop her from insisting she needed one and making her mother go buy her several. Over the years she had become accustomed to always wearing one. All girls did. Maybe she needed to wear just a camisole. That qualified as an undergarment and it would leave her breasts free the way nature intended.

Julia wanted a mirror to see her breasts covered up by just a camisole. That sounded like fun.

But then she shifted her weight and rubbed her clit across Harry’s hardness. That made her remember what she had lured her boyfriend to her bedroom for. Sex. Getting rid of her virginity. “Tell you what,” Julia said. “If you make me cum when we have sex and it doesn’t hurt, I’ll wear just a camisole to school tomorrow. No bra.”

“No pants either?” he asked a little too eagerly.

“Ha ha,” she commented dryly as she threw her leg over his body and jumped over to the dresser drawer where she had hidden away her stash from Aunt Jackie. The stash wasn’t much more than a box of condoms and a tube of lubricant. “For when you go to college,” AJ had told her. There wasn’t any restriction why she couldn’t get started early. “Take off your pants,” she instructed Harry as she opened the box and tore open one of the packets. “Do you know how to use one of these?” she asked him.

Harry stopped in the middle of pulling off his jeans. He was still on his back, his knees up to his chest to facilitate the removal of his pants. “Are you asking if I know theoretically how to use a condom or if I’ve actually ever used one before?”

Her eyes narrowed. “What answer do you think I want?”

“I’ve never used one before,” he said quickly, “but it’s not like they’re that hard to figure out.”

“Are you ready for this?” she asked as she walked back to the bed. By now Harry had his pants off and was still lying on his back. His cock was erect and pointing at a forty-five degree angle toward his head. At first Julia thought that was funny, but then realized that was probably the most realistic and useful angle for sex.

“Hell yes.”

“Do you want me to put it on or do you want to do it?” she asked as she extracted the condom from the packet. In the back of her mind she heard Aunt Jackie saying, “Always put it on for the guy because there are some sick fuckers out there who think it’s funny to try to get a girl pregnant. If you put it on then you know you’re safe. Mostly.”

“I have that option?” Harry asked. All the conversation was getting him nervous. He didn’t want to lose his erection.

“Not anymore,” Julia decided as she thought about her aunt’s advice. She took Harry’s erect cock in hand—she had held it before, mostly inside his pants—and wondered exactly what to do. Another piece of—unsolicited—advice from AJ

came to mind. “If he’s a little to soft, just give him a quick blowjob. If that doesn’t get him hard then you probably aren’t worth bedding.” She remembered being mortified by her aunt’s advice at the time. Now it seemed eminently practical.

After putting down the condom she used her other hand on his cock, stroking him a few times to Harry’s appreciative moan, and then lowered her mouth onto his flesh. When Harry realized what was happening he jerked his head up and watched as Julia sucked on him for a minute. When he was good and hard Julia let his cock slip from her mouth. “Just to get you warmed up,” she explained.

“You don’t have to stop.”

Julia just grinned and picked up the condom, and then rolled it down his length. AJ had said to put a bit of lube inside the condom before putting it on, but she judged there was enough of her saliva on him to keep things wet for Harry. She knew that she had a 50/50 chance of getting the condom on the wrong way, but luck was with her and rolling it along Harry’s cock actually gave her a proud sense of accomplishment. She stopped when the latex met the little next of hair that grew around the base of Harry’s cock. Getting the rolling ring twisted into his short and curlies sounded painful. “Are you ready?” she asked.

“Hell yeah,” he agreed. His cock was slowly pulsing beneath the condom. Was it from the latex or from her presence? Julia didn’t give that thought much time before pulling down her yellow panties revealing to Harry her carefully trimmed and edged pubic hair. She had been told by other girls just to shave it all off because it was so much more convenient, but that seemed a bit slutty. Instead she had cut back the length a bit and made sure none of her hair stuck out of the edges of her smallest panties. That was enough.

When Harry reached for her, she pulled back. “No, I’m on top. I want to do this my way.”

Harry didn’t argue. A girl was about to have sex with him and he saw no reason to piss her off. He had insinuated that he had had sex before, it being with a girlfriend from a different school district where he used to live with his mother before moving to the same district as Julia where his father resided. It was a lie, a small one because he never said flat out that he had sex with the nameless girl, but had heavily implied it. Harry didn’t want to seem unsophisticated and,

worse, a virgin with his current girlfriend.

Once more Julia straddled Harry's hips. Using her hands she lined up his cock to the entrance of her pussy, then slowly lowered herself onto him. It wouldn't fit. "Shit," she cursed. "It won't go in." She knew it was supposed to go in, that's what cocks and pussies were for. Her fingers certainly fit inside her pussy, she had masturbated plenty of times and knew she could do it. Was she too tense?

"Lube?" Harry suggested.

"Great idea," she agreed and bounded off his body once more to retrieve the lubricant from her drawer. Julia decided to be liberal about this. Her pussy was already wet, but some slippery stuff couldn't hurt. She smeared a long line of the lube on her fingers and then pressed the cold substance into her cunt. Another line of the clear gel was squirted onto her fingers and this she smeared all over Harry's latex covered cock, focusing on the head. "That should do it," she said.

At this point it was less about the sex and more about getting rid of her technical-virginity. When she straddled his hips and cock again Julia decided to let it happen. The sensation of his cock pressing into her body was unique and new. It took her no time at all to decide she liked it.

"Oh fuck," she moaned.

"What's the matter?" an alarmed Harry asked. He was almost too spellbound by Julia's tits to notice her exclamation.

"It feels so good," she told him.

"Yeah," he agreed.

They were both inexperienced and because of that Julia was glad she was on top. It might have been easier for her to just lie there and let Harry fuck her to his heart's content, but then she wouldn't have been in control of her own destiny. And what she didn't know was how controlled by her breasts Harry was.

Harry and Julia broke up at the end of summer break before they went away to college. Julia knew this was coming. While she loved—in a certain manner of

emotion—Harry, she wasn't deeply in love with him and knew she wasn't going to be spending the rest of her life with him. It was the right thing to do. However, that didn't make it any less easy to do. It wasn't an ugly breakup, but they were both devastated afterwards.

Once college started Julia put Harry out of her mind. She had a lot more to focus on beyond a high school boyfriend who, honestly, hadn't been that great in bed and was actually self-centered too much of the time. She lost herself in her studies, which was good because that's what college was for. She was a month to her classes and had settled into her dorm and found a small circle of friends. Choosing the wise course of not actively searching out a boyfriend to replace Harry she had remained adamantly single while much of her dorm's population had sought out any male companionship at all.

Though she wasn't desperate for money one afternoon she found herself studying the campus job board. It was just a bulletin board in the student union that had flyers and advertisements for part-time jobs on campus and near to campus. Most paid minimum wage or didn't appeal to her at all. Who really wanted to work in the dining halls for crappy pay. She went back to her dorm, disappointed, and brooded in front of the lounge television, neither watching it nor studying the textbook laid out in front of her.

Her brooding was interrupted by Lorianne an overly bubbly girl from Long Island who, breaking all stereotypes about girls from the island, was chubby, just slightly overweight, and didn't have a ridiculous hairstyle. Julia had taken some of Lorianne's advice earlier in the year, it was practical and backed with a bit of experience; Lori was a sophomore.

"What's up, bean?" Lori called everyone bean. It was annoying.

"On-campus jobs suck."

Lori snorted in agreement. "No shit. You shouldn't bother getting one."

"Thanks for the great advice."

"I'm here to help." Lori broke open a bag of potato chips and started flipping the television through the limited number of channels carried by the campus cable service.

Something clicked in Julia's brain. "Wait a second. You have a job. I know. You've said so."

"True," Lori agreed as she started straight ahead at the television.

"Do you like it?"

Lori shrugged. "It's fine."

"Does it pay well?"

"Better than the dining halls. Did that for a month. Sucks."

"What do you do?"

"You don't want to know," Lori said.

Julia's interest immediately picked up. She wondered what Lori was hiding and maybe her dorm-mate was hiding something. "Maybe I do. Is it illegal?"

Lori glanced her way and licked a bit of salt and flavoring off her fingers. "Nope. Why? You want to become a campus pot dealer? Because I know a guy..."

"No, no, just tell me what you do."

"Like I said, you don't want to know."

Julia got up from her chair and walked in front of Lori, blocking her view of the television. "Tell me."

She sighed. "Fine. I'm a model for the art department."

Julia's brow furrowed. "Why are you hiding that? Do they pay really well or something?"

"Nude model," Lori amended.

Julia's mouth made an "o" shape but no words came out.

Lori gazed at her a second and nodded. "That's what I thought."

A few thoughts flashed through Julia's head. The first was apparently the art department didn't demand that their models have flawless bodies. The second was how many other people knew about Lori's job. The third was how much did it pay. She asked the last question first.

"Twice minimum wage."

"Wow. I'm not sure if that's really good or really bad. I mean, you have to get naked and all."

Lori shrugged once again. "You get used to it. I don't have any body issues so it was easy for me. Plus the art students aren't leering at you. They're studying anatomy. They want all body types and sizes for variety."

"Huh." The next question left Julia's lips before she gave it any thought. "Are they hiring?"

Lori reached out and gently pushed Julia out of the way of her line of sight to the television. "They're always looking for new models. You have to be able to hold still for long periods. You have to be able to take off your clothes and pose in any position they tell you. If you're a problem the art professors get pissed at you and you get banned from every campus job." She shrugged again. It was an annoying habit. "Or so I've heard."

"How do I get hired?"

Lori glanced at her. "You sure?"

Julia nodded emphatically.

"You're kind of skinny."

"What's wrong with that?"

One more shrug. "They like people with a little, um, meat on their bones as one prof put it to me. More to draw and study. More curves. You're all lines."

"Meaning they won't hire me?"

"I didn't say that. I just said they like a variety of body types. If you want to try

go to the art department office and get an application there. Get ready to take off your clothes in the interview.”

“Interview?”

“Lasts about ten minutes. You take off your clothes and hold a pose for ten minutes.”

Julia went to the art department the next day and did exactly that. She was called the next day for her interview, which was with a TA not a professor. The TA looked to be in her mid-twenties. Just as Lorianne predicted the TA simply pulled out Julia’s complete application, glanced at it, and said, “Take off your clothes. I’ll position you in pose that you have to hold without moving for ten minutes.”

Taking a deep breath Julia did as instructed, glad she knew in advance what was expected of her and had dressed appropriately, or so she thought, for the event. The interview actually took place in a small studio where drawing tables were arranged in a circle around a dais where Julia was expected to pose.

She was naked in less than a minute and tried to affect the attitude of someone who was routinely naked in front of complete strangers. “How do you want me to pose?” The TA glanced once at her after checking some more papers on the desk in the studio’s corner, then looked up again to stare.

“Okay, good.” She tried to keep her voice even but Julia detected a waver in it. Had she done something wrong? “Let me help you out.”

The TA came over and instructed her on how to hold her limbs and perch on the edge of a short stool in the middle of the dais. “Hold that pose for ten minutes.”

There was a clock and time near the desk. The TA started it and then immediately went to the drawing table right in front of Julia. “Mind if I sketch you?” she asked. After a moment’s pause she quickly added, “Professor Reidt likes to see the models before they’re approved.”

“Sure,” Julia agreed. It seemed only reasonable.

The TA immediately set to work with charcoal pencils and a large sheet of rough sketch paper. Julia kept her gaze in the middle distance, studying the various

sketches that decorated the walls in the studio. The ten minutes were up incredibly quickly, announced by a small buzz from the timer on the desk.

“Excellent,” the TA announced. “Can you start tomorrow?”

Julia wanted to see what the TA had drawn but didn’t dare ask. “Sure. I can do that.” They quickly ran through the schedule for the day and matched Julia’s class schedule to the need for models. She would make some quick cash for almost no effort at all and do it between classes as well.

It didn’t bother her at all they had the entire discussion while she was naked and the TA tried not to stare at her body. Julia didn’t notice the TA’s quick glances at first but then she was certain the older woman was trying to check out her exposed bits. Julia wasn’t sure if she should be proud or embarrassed by that.

Right before she left Julia found her courage and asked, “Can I see how you drew me?”

The TA hesitated. “Sure. But just a word of warning. Don’t ask the other students to see their work. They might want to show you, but never ask. It ticks them off.”

“Right,” Julia agreed.

The sketch was quickly done and not perfect, but then Julia didn’t consider herself to be perfect. Her hands and feet weren’t really defined and her face was nothing more than an anonymous mask. The sketch focused on Julia’s breasts. They were perfect.

“Wow. You’re really good. I have trouble with stick figures,” Julia complimented the TA as she handed back the sketch and started dressing.

“Thanks.”

It wasn’t until she was out of the studio and walking down the hill to her dorm did Julia realize she had been hired by the TA without Professor Reidt’s approval.

When she stepped out from behind the changing screen, which Julia considered a bit odd because the students were going to see her naked so why did she need privacy when she was actually taking off her clothes, she was barely noticed by the class. Another student was on the dais, already posing. His name was, much to Julia's amusement, Art. Short for Arthur, he had told her at the beginning of the class. She had just nodded. He was on the other end of the body spectrum and needed to lose about seventy-five pounds of fat to be within the American Medical Association's guidelines for body weight.

"We have a new model today. Her name is Julia. Please show her some appreciation," Professor Reidt said when the timer buzzed and Art stepped down from the dais. There was a murmur of thank-yous around the room that quickly died out at Julia stepped up to the posing stool. "Please stand as if you were running," Professor Reidt said. Only then did he look up from one of the student's drawings of Art and inspected Julia for the first time. He, like many of the other students, froze in place to just look at her.

It made Julia uncomfortable but she tried not to let it show. After a long, uncomfortable minute the students remembered themselves and she could hear the scratching of their pencils on the paper as they started recording the position of her body. Julia spent most of her first few minutes staring at the wall and tried to affect an attitude that she had done this hundreds of times before. She didn't know if she was successful or not, but it made her feel better to have that attitude.

After the first few minutes of being uncomfortable in the front of the class Julia started to settle in. It wasn't such a big deal to be naked in front of a roomful of people. They were art students and she was just a model, a body, to them. Yes, they looked at her, but they were just looking at her poses, they weren't leering at her. All of them had easy access to the internet and if they wanted porn or nude women or nude men, those were easy enough to find. But then her eyes fell on Professor Reidt and Julia realized that he was leering at her.

He was doing an excellent job of hiding it. Somehow he had worked up a routine where he would go from student to student, study their work, give them a few words of advice or praise or correction, and then perhaps point at Julia, indicating something to let the student do a correction or make an adjustment. It was when the student set back to work did Julia realize that Professor Reidt was spending far too much time looking at her. Far too much time for an art professor

who had certainly seen more than his fair share of nude women up close.

It gave her a shiver down her back.

Periodically he would call out for her to change her pose, which she expected. Sometimes he would instruct her to modify her pose. It was then that she felt like he was purposely positioning her to expose her ass, her sex, and her tits in a way that was sexually suggestive and inviting.

Or it all might have been in her mind.

At the end of her hour she wasn't sure if she was thrill to be done or disappointed she had to put her clothes back on. Most of the students quickly fled the studio, heading to their next class or meeting friends for lunch. Julia was delayed because she had to put her clothes back on. It was as she emerged from behind the dressing screen that Professor Reidt cornered her. Perhaps that wasn't the correct way to think of it, but she did feel a bit trapped by his presence even though he was doing nothing more than talking to an employee after her first day of work.

"You did excellent," he complimented her. "We'll be glad to have you back on a regular basis."

"Thank you," Julia replied. She was a bit uncomfortable receiving a compliment for just standing around, but a compliment was a compliment. "Should I just check in with the office for the regular schedule?"

"That's fine. Would you like some additional work?" he offered. "We're always looking for good models."

She laughed a bit at the suggestion. "How do you know if I'm any good or not? I've only done this once so far."

He grinned. "I can tell. So...would you like to pose for some advanced classes? You have an excellent body and know how to hold it."

Another compliment she didn't know how to react to. "Umm. Thanks. I guess it comes from too much time swimming in the pool."

"Do you want to pose for me again?" Professor Reidt said directly.

The pit of Julia's stomach sank to her knees and, strangely, her pussy got wet at the notion. "Yes," she replied with a quavering voice.

His smile was warm and made her shiver. "I'll set it up through the department secretary."

Three days later Julia found herself in a much smaller studio. There were only six other people in the room including Professor Reidt. The students were older, Julia could tell that. She figured that it was a graduate or upper level class for advanced students. They made her hold positions for longer periods than her first class. It wasn't bad at all. Julia was a bit surprised how comfortable she found herself being naked in front of other people.

It was hard to admit but she actually sort of liked the way they gazed at her and admired her body.

She knew it was mostly in her head, of course. They were art students simply using her as a prop to study. She could be a bowl of fruit or one of the college's famous sunsets that students often admired from the rotunda. It didn't matter to her.

Every time the chime sounded on the timer there was a susurrant of complaint. Professor Reidt would usually extend the time with an additional "one minute warning" but it was impossible for her to hold the same position for much longer than fifteen minutes.

When the session was over Julia was exhausted, as if she had just spent two hours swimming in the pool. The students filed out and she slipped behind the screen to dress herself. Julia wasn't the least bit surprised when Professor Reidt confronted her as she headed for the door.

"Thank you so very much for posing for us today," he said politely. This time he wasn't blocking the way but Julia felt compelled to speak with him regardless.

"It was my pleasure," Julia said even though it had been much more physically demanding than she had anticipated.

"Would you like to see their work?" he asked her.

This surprised Julia because she figured the students would either take home their work or hand it in to him for grading and that would be a breach of some teacher-student trust. Still, she found herself saying, “Can I?” to him.

“Of course.”

Reidt opened up the large portfolio on his desk and started displaying the drawings to her. They all varied in style and skill, but together they had the same undeniable theme. Every piece he showed her focused on her breasts. She approached the subject diplomatically.

“Were they supposed to be doing torso studies?” she asked politely.

That made Reidt chuckle. “No. Why do you ask that?”

“They’ve all focused on my chest.”

Reidt smiled evenly. “I told them to simply follow their muse for today’s work. You apparently are their muse.”

“Really?” she asked skeptically.

His smile didn’t waver. “Well, that and you have a fantastic set of tits.” Julia didn’t know if she should have been offended at the crude evaluation of her body. She opened her mouth to speak but Reidt continued. “You can’t blame the artist for finding the subject’s beauty.”

“I’m not sure if I should be offended or complimented.”

“It’s a compliment.”

“It’s an odd way to compliment me.”

“Your breasts are absolutely magical,” he clarified for her. “I’ve been teaching body drawing for too long and while you have a very nice body you have, without doubt, the most beautiful breasts I’ve ever seen.” He regarded her over the tops of his wire-framed glasses. “I’m not one prone to make wild exaggerations either.”

“That’s the strangest come on I’ve ever heard,” Julia said calmly.

“It’s not a come-on,” Professor Reidt said. “But I would be honored if you’d deign to have sex with an old man.” He now smiled a genuine smile. “I’m glad you aren’t a student of mine, college code of conduct and all.”

Julia knew that she should just walk out of the studio right then and there. It wasn’t the sort of thing a professor should be saying to a student. Instead. Her hand went to the buttons on her blouse and she slowly opened it up. Reidt stood up from the stool in front of the large drawing table he used as a desk. At first she was certain he was going to grab her and ravish her body. Instead he all but ran to the door and locked it. By the time he returned to her next to his desk she had shed her blouse and was unhooking her bra. The moment it was free of her torso he was on her.

Reidt’s mouth went immediately to her left nipple. He sucked it into his mouth. His tongue rasped at the sensitive nipple. His teeth lightly nipped at her flesh. She all but melted into him. She knew it was wrong and that made it better. Julia expected his hands to pull off the rest of her clothes but he didn’t. Reidt seemed completely happy to suck on one of her nipples while pinching and rubbing the other one. He alternated where his mouth and hands were, but he never left her chest.

Julia wasn’t brave enough to try to undress Reidt. He was still a teacher and that was enough to intimidate her. But it wasn’t enough for her to want more. Her hands went to the button on her jeans. She unfastened the closure and unzipped them. She shimmied her body, shedding the jeans and her panties in the same motion. As her jeans bunched up at her ankles she kicked off her loose sneakers and was shortly naked once more. Somehow she felt more comfortable without any clothing.

Reidt paused long enough from his tit-play to glance down at her body. “So beautiful, so perfect,” he murmured before returning to the twin orbs that had entranced him.

As much as he was happy concentrating on her tits it wasn’t enough for Julia and with all his sucking and pinching he was working her up to the point where she needed more. Gathering up her courage she pushed him back and took the opportunity to perch her ass on the edge of the desk and opened up her legs. “Come on,” she encouraged him.

She was hoping he would tear off his clothes and ravish her. She half expected him to instead grab a handful of art supplies and draw her nearly obscene pose. But Reidt finally gave in to his animal instincts and unbuckled his pants while he moved between her legs. There was a moment of awkward fumbling as he pulled out his already erect cock and sought out the correct angle to her pussy. Once he slipped himself inside her they finally gave themselves completely over to pure rutting. There was no finely honed technique to his fucking. They simply slammed their bodies together until she came. Julia was delighted with her orgasm and pleased that he had held back for her to cum first. After he realized that she had cum Reidt pulled out of her pussy and finished in his hand, shooting his load over her tits and stomach.

“I didn’t have a condom,” he muttered as he breathed heavily from his exertion.

“That’s okay,” she said but was unsure if she meant that it was okay he had fucked her without one or if it was okay he had cum all over her or if she wasn’t worried about the consequences of fucking bareback, with a professor no less.

“Can I...?” he started to ask.

“Can you what?” she asked as she leaned back against the desk. Her limbs were shaky and she didn’t dare stand up yet.

This time Reidt did grab a large drawing pad and a pair of charcoal pencils from the desk. Nervously she leaned back a little further and allowed him to sketch her in her post-coital afterglow.

It didn’t take him very long. Oddly Julia was hoping to see her sex open and wanton, completely unladylike. However this drawing was much like all the others. It focused on her tits. The only difference was that it was obvious there was semen dripping down them.

“I think my tits are magic,” she told her roommate. Carrie was a nice enough girl who spent far too much time studying. Julia was fairly sure the girl was just shy and didn’t really need to read her books as much as she did.

“Uh-huh,” Carrie said without looking up.

Julia snapped her fingers. “Hey! I just told you I have magic tits and you say nothing.”

Carrie blinked and looked up from her giant-sized chemistry text. “I don’t believe in magic.”

“Neither do I but everyone who looks at my boobs suddenly becomes obsessed with them.”

Carrie snorted. It suited her personality. “Most men are easily flummoxed by bare female breasts.”

Julia wasn’t a big fan of Carrie’s superior attitude. “Yeah, well, everyone who sees my breasts suddenly can’t concentrate or think straight. So how do you explain that?” Julia asked this with an attitude that was significantly huffier than she intended.

Finally Carrie deigned to look at her roommate. “I just did. Men who get a view of a woman’s breasts...well, their minds suddenly turn to jelly.”

“Really?”

Carrie nodded and blinked once. “Yes. Really.”

In defiance Julia reached down to the hem of her blouse, lifted it up to just underneath her bra, hooked her fingers under the bottom edge of the bra, and yanked both articles of clothing up to her neck, exposing her tits to her roommate. Carrie was surprised enough to not look away. She stared without meaning to. After a very long and quiet minute Julia finally said. “What do you think of them?”

That was enough to break Carrie from her reverie. “Uh...they’re very nice.” She managed to look away and focused on her textbook open on the desk. “You didn’t have to do that, you know.”

Julia seated her shirt and bra back into place and adjusted both before replying. “Are you embarrassed?”

Carrie shrugged. “Why would I be embarrassed?”

“Your face turned bright red when I flashed you.”

“I’m not used to women flashing me in my room.”

“Sorry. Doing that was childish.”

“It’s okay.” Despite her serious attitude Carrie managed a smile. “They are very nice, though,” she added.

“Really?” Julia was a bit surprised at that comment. “Do you have a lot of experience to compare them to?”

Carrie flushed red again and focused on her book. “Enough,” she replied evenly. Then she made an offer that actually surprised Julia. “Would you like to see mine?”

Despite having roomed together for all of their first semester as froshes Julia couldn’t recall ever having seen Carrie nude. Of course the reverse was true of her. Here they were in second semester suddenly studying comparative anatomy. “Sure,” she answered. Why not? What was the harm.

Turning in her chair Carrie did the exact same thing as Julia had a minute earlier, she lifted up her shirt and bra to expose her breasts. In Julia’s opinion they were...okay. Carrie had a much larger chest than Julia, which was no surprise, but her nipples and areola’s were much larger as well, almost too large. From the short amount of time she actually had to inspect the other woman’s breasts they weren’t exactly proportional and didn’t seem to hang correctly on her chest. They weren’t terrible, but they weren’t the near-perfection that Julia sported on her chest.

“Very nice,” she told her roommate.

Tugging down her shirt Carrie said, “You’re just saying that to be polite. They aren’t nearly as nice as yours.”

“How would you know?” Julia teased. “You’re a girl. Only boys fall under my tits magic spell.”

Carrie disagreed with a slow shake of her head. “I think they’re beautiful.”

“You’re just saying that because you’re my roommate.”

Another shake of her head. “No. I’m saying that because I’m bi. I’ve seen plenty of girls’ tits.”

Julia tried to say “Oh,” but even though no sound issued from her mouth her lips made a perfect circle.

“Don’t worry. I’m not coming on to you,” Carrie quickly added. “I’m dating Joanna right now. I’m a one-person kind of girl.”

“I see,” Julia said robotically.

“Does it bother you that I’m bi?”

Finally coming to her senses Julia said, “No. I just never thought, you know, that I’d be living with...shit, there’s no easy way to put this.”

Carrie chuckled. “Yeah, don’t worry about it. You aren’t my type.”

“I’m not?”

“I like boys, mostly. But I like sleeping with really strong, dominant girls. You aren’t a really strong, dominant girl.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Are you okay with me being bi?”

Julia managed a modicum of decorum in the moment. “Of course. Are you okay with my magic tits?”

Now Carrie laughed at her. “Sure.” She paused. “I think you might be right, though. You aren’t my type and when you flashed me I was totally mesmerized by your boobs.”

“Great. So what do I do about it?”

“Use them to get your way with men. And women if you want to try that out.”

“Uh...maybe later. I was wondering how I tone down their power.”

Carrie shrugged. “Get fat and ugly and never show them to anyone?” she suggested.

“I don’t think that’s going to work for me.”

“Make them less attractive?” she offered.

“How?”

“I don’t know. Get nipple piercings? I think those are ugly. I don’t like the feeling of metal and flesh in my mouth at the same time.”

Julia wondered how much experience Carrie had with other women. And she wondered if her idea had any merit.

Over the next few years of college Julia came back to Carrie’s idea again and again. She was now convinced of the magical properties of her tits. It was all too easy to seduce men, both students and faculty, just by showing them her breasts. She kept her job with the art department and slept with a variety of professors and TAs while working as a model. It was easy to date whomever she wanted. It was as if any guy would ask her out if she showed them just a hint of cleavage. After a series of lousy boyfriends who were too easy swayed by the power of her breasts Julia, on advice from Carrie and a few shots of vodka from the community bottle they stored in their off-campus apartment, Julia went to one of the student bars and picked up a likely prospect. Her name was Diana and she was an incredibly pretty sophomore who long brown hair and was majoring in accounting.

“I don’t normally do this,” Diana said between kisses on Julia’s bed. The apartment she shared with Carrie and two other girls was just two blocks from Main Street and all the student bars.

“Neither do I,” Julia said as she pushed the sophomore to the bed and earnestly began making love to her.

Playing around with another woman wasn't all that different from bedding a man. There was a lot of kissing, there was a lot of attention showered on Julia's breasts, which she expected, and there was the initial awkwardness of taking off each other's clothes. Beyond that there were a lot of differences as well: Diana was softer than any man she had ever fucked, her skin was incredibly smooth, she wasn't nearly as aggressive as most men, and while their bodies didn't fit perfectly together they did seem to find the right curves to compliment each other. And of course there was the lack of a penis. That was okay. Diana's fingers knew how to find Julia's clit and brought her off several times with ease. Though she was initially a bit leery of it, once Julia nestled down between Diana's legs she found that eating pussy was perfectly pleasant and she wished more of the guys she had been with had been more interested in her cunt than her tits.

She was proud that she made Diana cum. “I've never cum from being eaten out before,” Diana told her afterwards.

“I'm a woman of many talents.”

They fell asleep together in Julia's bed. Both were too drunk to do much more than fuck once and then sleep. In the morning Diana slipped away before Julia could wake up which prevented a lot of awkwardness. In truth, when Diana slipped out of bed she woke up Julia who then feigned sleep. She had decided that, before falling asleep, she was definitely not bi or lesbian. Having sex with a woman was a nice distraction but she was unabashedly straight.

Julia wasn't the least bit surprised that Carrie seduced Diana into her bed a few weeks later. It made things a little stilted for apartment for the few weeks they were together. Julia wasn't surprised it happened, Carrie was by then an avowed slut and would bed any girl vaguely interested in fucking women.

It was after college that Julia truly started to get annoyed with her tits. She was able to land a job that involved many meetings with clients from other companies. Without doubt too often these clients would spend most of the meeting staring at Julia's small chest. It actually pissed off a woman in Julia's

company. Lisette was proud of her impressive rack and often wore plunging necklines to show off her cleavage. She was used to attention that Julia was now stealing away from her.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Lisette angrily confronted her in the women’s room in the afternoon when they had had a particularly successful meeting with a new client. The middle-aged manager of the laundry company hadn’t moved his eyes from Julia’s chest the entire time.

“What do you mean?” Julia asked warily. She had barely been with the company for six months compared to Lisette’s eight-year tenure. The older woman was more confident than Julia and was still beautiful even if a young woman had suddenly—and temporarily—overshadowed her.

“Look, I’ve gotten a lot of clients through hard work, follow through, graciousness, and—let’s face it—my tits. You’ve got none of that—especially tits—and here you are stealing away my clients.” Lisette’s face had gone red with anger. She was literally seething and was blocking the door, preventing Julia’s escape.

“I can’t explain it,” Julia said. She knew the explanation: her magic breasts. At work she only wore blouses that were shapeless and buttoned up to her neck. When possible she wore heavy sweater that hid any hint of womanliness. It was a very conservative company she worked for; the only way Lisette managed to get away with her alluring dress was because of her success in landing new clients.

“Sleeping with them behind my back?”

It was a crazy accusation. Was Lisette sleeping with her clients? “No!”

“Promising them sex? Sexting them? Sending them dirty pictures of—” Lisette looked Julia up and down very pointedly—“someone else and telling them it’s you?”

For just half a second Julia hesitated as she remembered her time as a nude model for the art department back in college. Lisette would never believe that... as if sexiness was just big tits and mounds of curly blond hair. “What the fuck? No.”

Lisette's eyes narrowed. "I'll figure out what it is. When I do...well, things will go back to the way they were. Keep it up, little miss, and you'll be out of a job." She whirled around and quickly exited the bathroom. Julia exhaled heavily. She hadn't realized she had been holding her breath.

That evening found her walking down Lark Street. She knew exactly what she was looking for and just hoped she didn't need an appointment. The tattoo and piercing parlor wasn't busy, but it was the middle of the week and early still. Its posted hours stated the parlor only opened at noon and stayed open until after midnight.

"Do I need an appointment for a piercing?" she asked the girl at the front desk. She looked to be exactly the same age as Julia. They could have passed for twins except for the fact that the other girl had blue and yellow hair, tattoos on both arms (and who knew where else on her body), three earrings in each ear, a nose ring, and a stud through her upper lip.

"What kind of piercing, honey?" For someone with a scary appearance she was very personable.

"Nipples. Both."

"Sure. I can do you right now." She smiled. Julia went weak in the knees. It wasn't from sexual attraction. She was scared out of her mind to get this done, but she didn't see any other solution. The girl lifted up the gate cut into the middle of the counter and invited Julia into the back. "Do you know what kind of jewelry you want?"

Julia didn't. She let Ilu guide her through the selection process. All too soon she was in the chair and Ilu asked her, "Have you ever been pierced before?"

"No."

"Scared?"

"Yes."

Ilu laughed. "Don't be. There isn't that much pain. Are you doing this for your boyfriend or yourself?"

That struck Julia as an odd question. “Myself. I’m trying to make my boobs uglier.”

Ilu gave her a strange look. “Why?”

“They get too much attention.”

The piercer eyed Julia’s small chest, still hidden underneath her blouse.

“Really?” Ilu was doubtful.

“They’re magic,” Julia explained. This statement caused Ilu to burst out in laughter.

“Now I think you’re crazy.”

“Why?” Julia said innocently. “They are. Whenever I take off my shirt people can’t seem to focus on anything but my tits.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Why don’t I take off my top and show you then?” Julia said a little exasperated with Ilu’s doubt. She tried to remember that she had just met the woman and there was no reason for her to believe Julia’s breasts had any magical powers.

“I was just about to ask you to do that,” Ilu said as she pulled on a pair of latex gloves. “Then we can get to work.”

Nonchalantly Julia removed first her button up blouse and, laying that aside, reached behind her back to unhook her bra. Ilu waited patiently, a Sharpie marker in one hand to mark the spots where she would do the piercing. Julia was a bit discomfited that she was wearing a plain white bra. It seemed she should have been wearing something fancier but it didn’t matter. After unhooking the bra she slid it off her shoulders and tossed it on top of her blouse, then settled back into the high-backed chair.

Ilu was silent for much longer than necessary for anyone to study the structure of a woman’s breasts to best determine how the nipples should be pierced.

“When are you going to start?” Julia asked her piercer.

That was enough to wake up Ilu. “What? Oh, shit, I’m sorry. I must have drifted off there for a moment.”

“More like a minute,” Julia said flatly.

Ilu had the good sense to blush. “Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you do have gorgeous breasts. You weren’t just bragging.”

Julia looked down at her small breasts topped with the light brown nipples. They were nearly perfect. “Thank you.”

“And you think they’re magic.”

“Magical enough.”

“Okay, I’m going to mark your nipples now to show me where I’m going to put the needle through,” Ilu said. “Do you want vertical, horizontal, or diagonal?”

Julia opened her mouth to answer, but didn’t have a ready one. “I don’t know. Which one is least popular? Which one will take away their magic?”

Ilu shook her head. “I don’t know if nipple piercings have that ability. Most popular is horizontal. Diagonal is second, it’s for women looking for something unusual. Vertical is the rarest. I don’t see it much except with women getting second piercings or those who are into more unusual body mods.”

“Vertical it is then.”

With a nod Ilu leaned forward to study Julia’s breasts a little better. It wasn’t a chore. “You know, most women get their nipples done as a beautification process, like getting your ears pierced.”

“I’m not looking for that.”

She reached out and gently pinched Julia’s left nipple, made two small dots with her marker, then let go. After a moment’s evaluation, she nodded approval and proceeded to the next nipple. “You might not get what you’re looking for then.”

“Can I wear nipple shields with them?”

Ilu glanced up at her customer after marking two more dots. “Sure. After you’re healed the piercings will be fine for shields. We sell a variety of them here. You can order off the internet too, just be sure you get surgical steel ones, nothing with nickel in it.” She put down the marker and asked, “Why shields?”

“I think if I hide my nipples then my breasts won’t be such a distraction.”

A shrug was Ilu’s initial commentary on that. “I don’t know. The good news is that you have small areolas so you won’t have to buy the larger shields to hide them.”

“How long to heal?”

“Most women about four to six weeks. How do you do with pain?” Ilu asked as she pulled out the clamp, needle, and jewelry that Julia had selected. The rings were small, but suited her. Normally Ilu suggested rods with vertical piercings, but with Julia she didn’t think it mattered. She swabbed both nipples with antiseptic, let them dry a moment, then swabbed again.

“I’m fine with it,” Julia said confidently.

“Ever used nipple clamps during sex?” Ilu asked. “Ever have a boyfriend pinch them really hard because you wanted to see what it felt like?”

“No,” she admitted. “But I’m not afraid of needles.”

“Good.” Ilu placed the clamp over Julia’s left nipple and carefully closed it, pinching the soft flesh. Julia whined a little and sucked in her breath. “Too much?” Ilu casually asked.

Julia was almost shaking. It was half with fear, half with pain. She didn’t want to admit it, but even though there was truly pain from the clamp, it also felt strangely good. “No. It’s fine.”

“Okay, I’m going to put the needle through on three. Are you ready? Last chance to back out.”

“Go ahead.”

“Okay. Count with me. Ready?” Ilu paused. “One.”

Julia opened her mouth to say one with Ilu but the piercer took the opportunity to shove the needle through the open hooked ends of the clamps. Julia squeaked in surprise. “Sorry,” Ilu apologized. “Old piercer’s trick. I always use it on new clients.” Julia nodded in shock. “I don’t want you to flinch at the last moment and fuck up the hole.”

“Right.”

“Okay, let me work now.” Ilu’s fingers deftly finished up the process. The clamps were removed, the plastic end of the needle was snipped off, the jewelry was placed and eased through the open end of the needle, and a minute later Ilu was using special pliers to clamp the captive bead inside the metal ring that was through the most sensitive and beautiful portion of Julia’s anatomy.

“It’s beautiful,” Julia gasped when she saw the ring.

“I told you it wouldn’t work.” Which, strictly speaking, wasn’t true, but was close to what Ilu had implied.

“Do the other one,” Julia said quickly. There was a burning in her nipple, like it was on fire. It wasn’t bad. She rather enjoyed it.

Ilu repeated the process with Julia’s second nipple and she found herself staring down at her breasts, enamored of them, seeing them for the first time through someone else’s eyes. She suddenly understood why it was so easy for her tits to entrance others just because she bared them. Ilu stared along with her.

“I can see why you think your breasts are magic,” Ilu said. “If I was a lesbian I’d totally be ravishing you right now.”

“Really?” Julia asked, pleased with herself despite her annoyance with her tits. “Are you maybe just a little bit bi?”

Ilu hesitated and then slowly shook her head. “Sadly, no. I’m not. But, wow, you are tempting I have to say. Very tempting.”

“Maybe I could interest you in learning something new?” Julia couldn’t believe the words coming out of her mouth. She hadn’t ever actively pursued another

woman. Not even in college.

“Maybe,” Ilu, to her own surprise, heard herself say. “But right now, tonight, and then next few days, you aren’t going to want anyone touching your tits.”

The next day Julia wore a moderately low cut blouse to work. Instead of a bra, she just wore a camisole with the logic her breasts were small enough not to need a bra. She did take some of Ilu’s aftercare advice and placed Band-Aids over her new nipple rings so they wouldn’t rub against the fabric and get irritated. Upon walking in the office Lisette shot her a dirty look. Julia quickly checked the amount of cleavage she was showing. It was none. Lisette, of course, was showing a space that could only be labeled the Great Valley. Not five minutes after she made it to her desk she was called into yet another meeting with Hanson and Associates. It was the client her company had been trying to land for the last six months. What followed was a meeting that burned up the entire morning and accomplished nothing.

What Julia did realize halfway through the interminable stretch of time is that Lisette’s eyes never strayed from her chest. But, more importantly, neither did the gaze of Mr. Eirik Hanson. It was as if his eyes were locked on Julia’s well-hidden nipples. When she gave him a warm, and inappropriate, smile he nervously looked away. Though he shared the name of the business he obviously wasn’t the owner. Too young...or was he, Julia pondered.

After the meeting ended without an real consensus Julia headed for the stairs to run out for a quick lunch. Most of her fellow employees and the visitors from Hanson and Associates grouped around the elevator doors. Julia couldn’t wait and couldn’t be bothered with the elevator. Besides, three flights down was good exercise.

She head the stairwell door slam open and then shut when she was halfway to the ground but didn’t give it any thought. Ten seconds later the young Mr. Eirik Hanson called out for her to stop.

At first she was nervous and too many warnings about strange men confronting young women in stairwells made her want to run. Instead, she stood her ground. Much to his credit Eirik managed to look her in the eye at this meeting and kept his gaze away from her chest.

“I’m glad that meeting’s over,” he began.

“Me too,” she warily agreed.

“Look, I don’t want to waste your time or mine and it’ll be too soon before everyone notices I’m gone.”

“Okay...”

“Would it be inappropriate for me to ask you out on a date?” he blurted to her.

She nodded. “Yes, it would be inappropriate. I barely know you and we’re trying to get our companies to sign a contract. And my bitchy co-worker would be glad to report me to HR to get me fired.”

“Huh,” he said. “You’re the first person to actually call her a bitch. That’s the very first thought I had about her.”

Julia smiled thinly. “All that being said, it would be inappropriate. So my response is yes. Where are you taking me and when?”

Dinner was in a small neighborhood bistro that specialized in Old World Italian food. Julia ate lightly and drank only one glass of wine. After the waiter dropped of the check for Eirik she asked him, “Are we going back to your place or mine?”

“What?” he spluttered.

Her smile was thin and knowing. “If you wanted to cut a deal, you would have invited at least one person from your office and insisted that I bring along at least one from mine. Dinner meetings can be great, but not with a new hire from my company as the only representative.”

“How about I insist you be the primary contact on our contract and Lisette be cut out entirely.”

“That would be great, but it doesn’t answer my question: your place or mine? I didn’t go out with you to cut a deal. I’m here for the sex.”

Eirik’s place was very nice. Julia had been close to right. He was the nephew of

Hanson and Associates' founder, but it was still primarily a family-owned business. Because he wasn't really an owner he wasn't rich. Yet. Or so he told Julia.

"Very nice place anyway. I'm still practically living in a student slum."

"It's very bad form to sleep with a client," he told her. When they had arrived at his place he suddenly became very nervous, very stiff.

"I don't care," Julia said as she began unbuttoning her dress. It wasn't exactly form fitting, but it was close enough. She had been hiding her chest with a neckline that literally went to her neck. Eirik watched as she slowly opened each button. Now it wasn't just his manners that were stiff, but his cock as well.

"If we have sex," he said, "are you going to get the contract to close with us?"

"I was going to do that anyway," she said. "As long as I can cut Lisette out of the deal."

"I'll agree to that." He shook his head and watched as the buttons slowly continued to open down to Julia's waist. She was wearing a simple black bra underneath but the way the dress hung on her, she was barely showing any additional skin during her unveiling. "Is she just a bitch or a lesbian or what?"

Julia shook her head. "Not a lesbian. All the lesbians I've met are actually very nice and polite. I think she's a repressed straight girl who's never been with a man who knows what he's doing." She paused. "Or a woman for that matter."

A smile pulled at the corners of Eirik's mouth. "Have you?"

Raising her chin a bit Julia said, "Yes. To both." She shrugged her shoulders and let the blue dress slip from her body and puddle around her feet. Eirik nearly gasped. Julia knew she had a body that most men admired, but she was fairly certain he was staring at the odd bumps hidden by her bra. "your turn," she told him.

"What?"

"Strip."

“Oh, right. “Eirik quickly scrambled out of his clothes and was down to his underwear in just a few seconds. They were tented out nicely so Julia could see just how big his cock was without actually seeing it.

“All of it,” she ordered.

Eirik was actually proud to pull off his boxers and show off his cock. It was nicely sized, large without being huge, angling up just right from a small nest of light brown hair. Julia could easily see it filling her pussy.

“I’m going to take off my bra now and I want you to stare at my tits for a minute. After that I want you to tell me exactly what you think of them.”

“What?” Eirik was puzzled by her request.

“Do you not understand or do you not want to do what I asked?”

He shook his head. “No, no. I’ll do it.”

She nodded, reached behind her back, and unhooked her bra. A moment later her breasts, and the rings through her nipples, were exposed. Eirik licked his lips and forced himself not to move toward Julia. His lust was easily given away by the way his cock twitched and a bead of precum formed at the tip. She waited, as did he.

When Julia judged the right amount of time had passed she asked him, “What do you think?”

“Of your breasts?”

“Of course.”

He nodded. “They’re wonderful. Very pretty. I’ve never been with someone who had pierced nipples before.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you’re going to have to be careful with them. I only got them pierced a

week ago.”

He seemed a bit taken aback by that information. “I would have guessed you had them done back in college.”

“I’m full of surprises.” She paused. “When I took off my bra you didn’t find yourself...I don’t know...mesmerized by my tits? Did you experience any loss of time or self-awareness?”

Eirik looked down at his cock. It was faintly throbbing with desire. “Other than really wanting to fuck you, no. I mean, I think a good chunk of my blood supply has gone to my cock so maybe I’m a little blood-deprived in the brain, but I’m okay. Why? Do your boobs have magical powers?” he joked.

She smiled at him. It was a warm, honest smile. “Maybe,” she teased. “Would you like to start with a blowjob?” she asked as she got on her knees in front of him.

“That would be fantastic,” he agreed.

Julia opened her lips and licked off the little dribble of precum that had wetted his cock head. That done she engulfed his length in her mouth and started sucking. Eirik let his head fall back and enjoyed the moment.

As she sucked and worked on Eirik’s cock in the back of her mind Julia was thinking that maybe her tits weren’t magic. Maybe she had just met the right guy.

Or maybe the spell was broken by a pair of silver rings pricking through her nipples.

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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