

As Desired Preview

“Ahhnnn!!! AHHHNNN!!! YES!! OH GOD YES!!!! YES!!!!!”

I was doing everything in my power to keep myself grounded in reality and my load from blowing.

“AHH!! AAHHHH!!! MMMMGH!!! HARDER!!! GOD I WANT YOU DEEPER!!!”

Amber’s screams were like a siren driven mad with lust. Often just listening to them was enough to push me over the edge, regardless of if I was inside of her or with my mouth between her thighs.

“DAN!!!! OH DAN!!!! FUCK!!!!!! MMMNGH!!!!!”

This was one of my good days. One of those days where my cock feels like it could take on several women at once and still have plenty left over. They didn’t happen often, but both Amber and I loved when they did.

I had her prone bone: our favorite. She was on the petite side, so when she lay underneath me like with her legs spread and everything bared to the world, I could really wrap my arms around her body and explore however I saw fit. It was empowering, in a way. A little intoxicating to have her pinned and at my mercy, given how she usually was in the bedroom.

“MMNNGH!!!! DAN!!!!” Her voice was high and desperate. The heat of her pussy was like a furnace wrapped around my dick. *“Y-You... You can do whatever you want to me!!! MMMMGH DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!!”*

I love when she gets like this. Totally powerless and slave to her own pleasure. There was literally nothing I could do to her trembling body at this moment that she would refuse. A strange sense of pride always welled in me when I turned her into this begging puddle.

Leaning forward, I applied my whole weight to her back. Her red hair smelled like chocolate and raspberries as my face buried itself in her locks.

“MILK ME PLEASE MILK ME!!!! HOW MUCH FULLER ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GET?!” She whimpered, arching her lower back to angle her crotch perfectly. *“Nnnngh are you trying to make me burst??”*

This part wasn’t a joke or a roleplay. A college girl of many kinks, Amber’s most prized possessions were her breasts. To the average person, she appeared to have been blessed with large-for-her-frame F-cups by puberty’s magic hand. But she had a secret: a love of lactation.

It was a gift of knowledge you were blessed with if you managed to get to second base with her, something I was proud to have accomplished on only our second date. Straddling my hips in a tight concert tee, she had proudly removed the garment to reveal a lacey bra packed with vein-mapped ivory breasts.

“I have a secret...” she whispered through ruby-red lips. *“Do you like milk...?”*

I was too busy staring at her unbelievable chest to do anything but nod. I had never seen such perfect tits.

“Good news then...”

She slid the bra off her slender body in a smooth motion. Her breasts barely dropped, actually looking happy to be free as they rose outward and puffed in freedom. They looked bloated. Engorged. I didn’t know how they could be so big *and* perky.

Amber chewed on her lip and brought her arms together to cradle her treasures. *“I have a lactation fetish...”*