

Nourish

by Erin Zulkoski

The mouth on my breasts is hungry, searching, needing. I feel the tongue swirl around my nipples, making them hard, and sending volts of electricity through my body, making my skin prickle, and my mind buzzing. Teeth gently latch on and tug at my erect nipples, and I gasp softly. The mouth begins sucking on my breasts, taking them into the mouth greedily. I place a hand on the back of the head before me, pushing the mouth closer, wanting it to take more of me. My pulse and breath quicken, and I close my eyes, savoring the feel of the mouth on my breasts. I have never been a mother, so I do not know what it is like to nourish another human with the milk from my breasts, but in a twisted way, I like to think this mouth is gaining the same sort of benefit.

