# Elliot Silvestri



## Caged and Milked 4

Green Bush Publishing

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**Caged and Milked 4**

**An Erotic Novel of Lactation and Male Chastity**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Caged and Milked 4

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## Chapter 9

**The pregnancy went quickly. Kyleen's family wanted her to get married right away, but she demurred, saying she wanted to wait until after the baby. Dennis's family didn't take a strong stance on it either way.**

No one asked Brett his opinion because it didn't matter. He hadn't exactly moved into their apartment, but during her peak pregnancy horniness, Brett was fucking Kyleen almost every day. He would fuck Dennis at least twice a week.

It was borderline crazy.

**Oddly, Dennis found that he enjoyed being in his small metal cage. He liked the bright shiny bars that kept him from touching his own dick. The cage only had one lock but a special metal bar that went down through the device and threaded through his PA so there was no way for him to pull out.**

When Dennis and Kyleen went through the whirlwind process of actually buying a house to have it ready before the baby was born, Brett proved to be invaluable with his assistance. He helped move them. He helped fix things. He was the third in their unexpected triad.

After they were finally moved in, Kyleen was in bed, exhausted from the work. Her belly was showing now. Her tits had grown with the pregnancy. They weren't huge yet, but she joked about having to add a line to their budget for new bras.

Dennis gave her a kiss on the forehead. She moaned and rolled over. He exited the room to go to the living room where Brett was fiddling with Dennis's Box. "She's asleep," he reported.

"I didn't realize that pregnancy would make her sleep all the time."

"Yeah, who knew?" Dennis struggled to keep the sarcasm out of his voice.

Brett was either distracted, didn't pick up on the veiled sarcasm, or didn't care.

“Well, since she’s asleep, want to go to the other room and fuck?”

The house had three bedrooms. One was for Kyleen and Dennis. One had already been designated the nursery. The other one was officially a guest room, but Brett had been the only one to actually use it as a guest room.

“You know you’re really asking if I want to suck your cock and then have you fuck my ass.”

“Yeah. Like I said. Do you wanna fuck?” He put down his controller and put his hand on Dennis’s knee. “I know where your key is if you want out of your cage.”

Dennis didn’t know what he wanted. Yes, getting out of his cage would have been great. He could use an orgasm, but he had trained his body to cum when been buggered by Brett. It wasn’t as good as cumming from his cock alone, but it was better than nothing. There was also the trick of pressing one of Kyleen's vibrators against the steel cage and cumming that way, from a flaccid cock, but that too was unsatisfying.

He preferred to stay in chastity until Kyleen gave him permission to unlock and then fuck either her or Brett. Yes, he was in chastity, but it was because he wanted to be. He wasn’t trying constantly to escape the cage. It was a sacrifice he had made for Kyleen and he was happy to do it.

He lived for it.

“I don’t want you to unlock me,” said Dennis. He had a good idea of where Kyleen kept the key, but it was hers to do with as she wished. He was violating one of the terms of their relationship if he took it off.

“Great. I don’t mind fucking you.” Brett paused the game he was playing and slid over next to where Dennis was sitting. He boldly kissed Dennis.

Dennis liked the contrasting kissing styles of Brett and Kyleen. Brett was much more aggressive while Kyleen was soft and inviting. Fucking a man always meant fucking with all its violent and aggressive connotations. Sex and fucking with Kyleen was more loving.

Dennis loved that he had access to both and didn’t have to choose one over the other.

Brett's hands insistently helped him out of his clothes. In almost no time Dennis was nearly naked, his jeans caught around his ankles and his ManPanty still around his hips. These were a soft lavender color and nearly see-through. The small bulge of his steel cage was visible through the silk-like material.

Pulling back Brett stood up but left Dennis on the couch. He didn't start undressing. He just unzipped his jeans and pulled out his thick cock from his tight red underwear. Dennis would have liked to admire the man's natural bulge inside his clothing, but they were past that already.

Licking his lips, Dennis leaned forward and placed one hand on Brett's hip and the other on the base of his cock, right behind the balls. He guided the thick rod of flesh into his mouth and sucked the little smear of precum off the head.

Dennis liked to think that since he had been in chastity his cocksucking skills had dramatically improved. For the past few months he had only been practicing on Brett, but the younger man gave him plenty of compliments.

There wasn't any one thing that Brett loved more than another. Dennis varied his routines, finding what the other man responded to. This evening it seemed to be when Dennis squeezed his balls just hard enough for Brett to feel but not so hard that he was causing actual pain.

But close.

Dennis wasn't nearly as good at deep-throating as Kyleen. While he could get Brett's thick cock easily into his mouth, he had more trouble getting the length of it down his throat. Brett didn't seem to care, but Dennis felt like he was in a strange competition with his girlfriend over who could deliver the best blowjobs to their mutual boyfriend.

That was the word that Dennis stumbled over more than once. He had no trouble referring to Brett as Kyleen's boyfriend, usually because he was teasing her about it. Brett might have been a boyfriend, but he took a backseat to Dennis. He was the secondary; Dennis was the primary. Dennis was the father of the baby growing in Kyleen's belly.

But referring to Brett as Dennis's boyfriend was more difficult. It was true by almost any measure: they spent time together, they hung out and played video games together, they had sex together both with and without Kyleen. What was

Brett if he wasn’t Dennis’s boyfriend?

Dennis moved his hand back between the other man’s legs, gently rubbing his perineum and guiding his middle finger up towards Brett’s anus. Just before he reached his goal, Brett pushed him away.

“What?” Dennis spluttered, upset that his favorite suck toy had rudely been pulled from his mouth. Brett’s cock bounced up and down, still wet from Dennis’s saliva.

“I want to fuck you,” Brett said. “Where’s the lube and condoms?”

Dennis frowned. As if Brett didn’t know. “In the bedroom. Where Kyleen is sleeping.”

“We should really keep some in the guest room,” Brett commented. “Do you want to go get them or should I?”

There wasn’t much risk of waking Kyleen. Once she was out, she was out and it took a lot to wake her up. Dennis was confident he could retrieve the tools they needed. The lube was definitely necessary if he was thinking the same thing that Brett was, but the condoms weren’t really needed. He was certain that Brett was safe and was reasonably sure that Brett used them with his other partners. Still, it never hurt to be extra safe.

“I’ll get them,” Dennis sighed and disentangled his jeans from his ankles, leaving him in just his ManPanty.

As he moved to go back to the bedroom, Brett stopped him. “Take off your panties.”

Dennis paused. “Why?”

“I want to see your cute naked ass.”

It was supposed to be playful, but Dennis found it annoying. Still he stripped off his panties and tossed them at his lover, hitting Brett in the chest before walking confidently away. His small cock was still in the steel cage that defined half his personality, but he walked cock first because he was confident in himself.

“I’ll meet you in the guest room,” Brett called after him.

They could have fucked in the living room, but why not put a perfectly good bed to use?

Dennis walked into the bedroom he shared with Kyleen, but left the light off, allowing only the light from the hall to seep in. He moved to her dresser and carefully opened the top drawer.

She didn’t even stir as he grabbed the lube and condoms. He took the whole box because maybe they’d need more than one. Before closing the drawer, Dennis hesitated. He saw the ring and fob that held the key to his cage. He could take it and unlock himself or—better—have Brett unlock him so he could have a proper orgasm.

If he took the key and used it, he was certain that Brett would tell Kyleen. Since she had gotten pregnant Dennis had only been allowed out of his cage three times. Twice to fuck Kyleen and once to fuck Brett. She called it his special treat because their agreement had been he would only be let out of the cage when she was ovulating. She was no longer ovulating because she was pregnant and they still had yet to revise their agreement.

If he took the key and offered it to Brett, the other man might not tell Kyleen and she’d let him out again before the one month mark. It was a risk. He was willing to take it but…

He liked having his cock caged. It made him different from the vast majority of men. It was a privilege he could give his girlfriend—having complete ownership over a man’s cock—that no other man could give her. It made her special.

It made him special to her.

He left the key behind and took only the lube and condoms with him.

In the guest room Brett was lounging on the bed, idly stroking his cock, waiting for Dennis.

“What took you so long?”

“Had to be quiet,” Dennis lied and tossed the condoms to the other man. “How

do you want to do this?”

He opened the lube and squirted some into his hand. Lubrication was key and he applied plenty of it to and up into, his ass.

“Hands and knees, baby,” said Brett as he put a dab on his cockhead before rolling the condom down over his thick cock. He then added more lube to his latex-covered length. Lube was key.

“We haven’t done that in a while,” Dennis commented as he grabbed a pillow and put it under his body. He assumed the position that Brett wanted: his ass slightly higher than his head and shoulders. It was a submissive position, but in his heart Dennis was a submissive in the bedroom. It defined another part of his personality.

“I didn’t tell you about the guy I fucked the other night,” said Brett as he got into position behind Dennis, his cock in hand.

“Who was this?”

“Eddie. I practically had to pin him down to get him to hold still.” Brett pressed his cock between Dennis’s buttocks searching for his back entrance.

Dennis looked over his shoulder at his partner. “That sounds like you raped him.”

Brett paused. “Sorry. Should have given you the full story. He was a wrestler back in high school.”

“Like you?”

“Yeah, like me. We decided to—” and he grunted as he found Dennis anus and pushed in. Dennis closed his eyes briefly as he was penetrated. It was always a mix of pleasure and the feeling of what-the-fuck-am-I-doing?! when Brett fucked him. Once that initial feeling was gone, it was easier for Dennis to relax and enjoy being used.

“We decided to wrestle to see who was stronger and better,” Brett continued his story as he eased his cock in and out a little, getting Dennis to loosen up and finding the rhythm that would work for them.

“Who was it? No, it was you, wasn’t it?”

Even though Dennis couldn’t see the grin on Brett’s face, he grinned in triumph, remembering how it was to fuck Eddie and mixing the memory with fucking Dennis. He liked having his own submissive plaything he could fuck any time he wanted.

“Of course it was me,” Brett bragged. “Eddie loved taking it up the ass, just like you.”

Dennis grunted as Brett curled his body around the older man. Brett reached around his hip and grabbed Dennis’s steel-encased cock. There wasn’t any real way for Brett to stimulate Dennis’s small cock, but just gripping it was enough to let Dennis know that Brett was in charge.

“Careful,” Dennis cautioned.

Brett all but ignored him. “I love having your little cock like this. You look good in steel.”

“Thanks.”

Brett started fucking faster now. Dennis felt his body responding. While he couldn’t get hard while wearing the cage, it still felt good. A few times when Kyleen had been feeling particularly cruel she would press one of her vibrators against the hard steel and let him be stimulated that way. It always felt good. She could make him cum that way. She could make him cum even harder if she put a dildo up his ass and used a vibrator on the cage at the same time.

It wasn’t a real orgasm. It was a soft orgasm. It was really just being milked like an animal, draining his balls because it was bad to let too much seminal fluid build up.

That’s what was happening now. Brett’s big cock filled him pleasantly. His hot hand on Dennis’s caged cock was that extra psychological stimulation that Dennis needed.

He knew he was going to cum and it was going to hurt.

He had to cum before Brett finished otherwise, he’d be left hanging with blue

balls. He wasn’t going to let that happen. He needed to cum.

Brett drove him downward. The pillow under his body cushioned Brett’s hand as he continued to fuck Dennis’s ass and hold his cock. The pillow forced up Dennis’s hips at just the right angle to let Brett go deeply into his ass. It felt better than he wanted to admit but Dennis was beyond talking. Not right now. Not with Brett’s big cock up his ass. He let his mind focus on Brett’s cock in his ass, hitting all the right spots, pressing up against his prostate, making it work in a way that was a semi-secret to the men who knew the best way to cum was with something up their ass.

Dennis felt used and he loved it. He focused his emotions on his submission and how he was used.

Before Brett could finish Dennis found himself at the critical point. He couldn’t help it when his ass clamped down on Brett’s cock. A second later his soft but working cock started pumping out cum all over Brett’s hand. It made a mess but there was nothing to be done about that. Dennis made a near-inhuman noise as his climax peaked and he started coming down.

“Slut!” Brett spat at him. “You like it up the ass, don’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” It was all that Dennis could moan out.

“Fag! Sissy boy! Tiny cock! What do you like better: sucking cock or taking it up the ass?”

Dennis didn’t bother to respond. Brett didn’t want an answer. He just wanted to use Dennis and then cum.

A second later he did. Dennis could feel Brett’s body shake and felt the other man’s orgasm pump cum into his ass. Dennis was grateful for the condom Brett was wearing. He had never had cum shot into his ass; it seemed exciting but he wasn’t certain he actually wanted to try it.

Brett continued to cum, but then eventually pulled out, leaving Dennis with a feeling of loss and abandonment as his body pulled away. It only lasted a second before Brett rolled Dennis’s body, freeing his hand.

Brett’s hand was covered in Dennis’s wet and sticking leavings from his weak,

soft orgasm.

“You came,” Brett accused him.

“Yeah…”

Shoving his hand into Dennis’s face Brett said, “Clean up your mess.”

Dennis could have shoved it away, but it wasn’t in his submissive nature to do so. He did exactly as Brett wanted. He licked up his own cum from Brett’s muscular hand and thick fingers.

“Such a good boy,” Brett whispered when Dennis was done. He kissed the other man and Dennis kissed back willingly, happily. Brett tasted cum on Dennis’s lips and tongue. It made Dennis wonder if that was Brett’s intention from the start.

“I’m glad you came,” Brett said when they broke the kiss.

“It wasn’t much of an orgasm,” Dennis said, trying not to make it sound like he was whining.

“Would you rather have me unlock you—”

“Yes!” Dennis said before Brett could finish.

“—and then Kyleen find out. She’d be so pissed.”

“How would she find out?”

“I’d tell her.”

“That’s an awful dick move.”

Brett grabbed Dennis’s cock, still in the cage. “Well, you have a small dick, so I suppose it’s all okay,” he commented.

Dennis wasn’t ashamed of his small cock. At least that’s what he told himself. Every time he actually got to use it he always made Kyleen or Brett cum. It wasn’t the size, he told himself, it was the skill with which it was used.

Still, he was jealous of Brett’s bigger equipment.

“Don’t say that,” he started to complain, but Brett cut him off by wiping his hand on Dennis’s flat, hard abs. There was still cum sticking to Dennis’s cage.

“Ugh. Gross. Go clean up in the bathroom.”

He could have complained that Brett was treating him like an inferior, but he didn’t. Having dried cum sticking to his cage was gross. He got up and went to the bathroom.

As quick, cold shower later left his cage clean and his cock smaller than ever.

Rejoining Brett on the guest room bed he laid down next to the other man. He didn’t want to go back to the bed Kyleen was in right away. That seemed rude, even if Brett was being rude to him.

“It’s been a while since Kyleen’s released me.”

“Yeah...with the move and all?”

“Uh-huh.”

“You know, the baby’s probably mine,” said Brett.

Dennis was confident that Brett didn’t know about Kyleen’s diaphragm. He was certain that the baby was his, Kyleen had told him so. They had gone through the timing and who had sex with her when.

It was possible that Brett was the father, but unlikely.

Or maybe that’s that Kyleen was telling him just to keep him in line.

Dennis knew how to fight back. He was older. He had a better job. He had bought the house with Kyleen. He was in the driver’s seat. “She’s going to put me on the birth certificate as the father.”

Brett nodded in the darkness. “Makes sense. We’ll have to do a DNA test after the baby is born.”

He could have started an argument, but what was the point. He knew he was going to win. Eventually.

“Makes sense. You want to do all the daddy duties?”

Brett grabbed Dennis’s hand and put it on his soft cock. “No. But I want you to suck my cock again.”

Dennis found it was impossible to say no.

Chapter 10

Dennis watched as Kyleen bounced up and down happily. She was naked and her skin glistening, an effect of the sweat covering her body. Her tits shook each time she bottomed out. Dennis couldn't take his eyes off her tits. He was waiting, and waiting impatiently.

Brett was underneath Kyleen, the beneficiary of her increased libido. When she hit the second trimester, her sex drive went through the roof and since Dennis was locked away in his chastity cage, she was forced to use Brett's cock for her needs.

They had talked about her hooking up with a stranger or two to see to her increased needs, but they put the risk to the baby as too great, so Dennis was forced to resort to using his mouth and hands on her. When that, along with Brett's cock, wasn't enough, they resorted to sex toys.

Dennis had always heard about how tired women were during pregnancy. While Kyleen was sleeping more, she was also having a lot more sex. That seemed to be the reason, as far as Dennis could see, why she was always exhausted.

While Kyleen had always been a proponent of the cowgirl position ("I'm going to ride you like Seabiscuit.") it was one of the two positions she could now use due to her steadily swelling belly.

She wasn't fat. Not really. It was just the natural growth of her stomach as the pregnancy progressed. Dennis never would have imagined it, but seeing her naked with an obviously pregnant belly made his cock hard.

Or rather, it would have made his cock hard if he wasn't in a cage all the time.

She grinned happily at her boyfriend—and presumed father of her child—as she continued to fuck Brett. Dennis smiled back and leaned in for a kiss. He handled her tits and she slapped his hands away. She had other plans for her swollen breasts.

"His cock feels so good," she moaned to Dennis, but indicating Brett. The smaller man gripped Kyleen's hips, guiding her up and down on his cock. Dennis was used to his girlfriend cheating on him. He had seen Kyleen and Brett have sex more often than he had actually had sex with her himself.

“I bet it does,” Dennis agreed.

“Do you want him to fuck you with it?” she asked, half teasing, half serious.

Dennis never knew when she was just taunting him or making an actual offer.

“I’d rather fuck you with my cock,” he replied.

She laughed at him and shook her head. “You know that isn’t going to happen. Your month isn’t up yet.”

He only got out of his cage once a month. That was the agreement they were still living under still.

He could have begged and pleaded, but he was certain she would just leave him in chastity longer for that. Kyleen explained away her recent need for more sex as a need for a woman to have as much cum as possible fill up her pussy because it would make the baby grow strong.

Dennis was reasonably certain that his girlfriend was either shining him on or had gone around the bend to pure insanity.

“There’s no harm in asking,” Dennis said, trying a winning smile. Kyleen was almost to the point of orgasm. He could see it in her face and in her eyes.

“You’re right,” she said, but her eyes were unfocused. For a second he thought she was going to say something else, but then the moment took her. Her entire body quivered on top of Brett’s. Her moan became loud enough to alarm Dennis and then it looked like she was having an epileptic fit.

Dennis forced himself to relax. She was just cumming.

“I want to fuck you,” she said when the moment of crisis was past.

“Yes,” he said way too quickly and before he realized he was walking into a trap.

“Great!” She brightened up. “You know what I want to try. Brett, you’ll help.” With that she rolled off Brett and went to the dresser full of their sex toys.

Brett was left flat on his back with his thick, hard cock pointing upwards, still

wet with Kyleen’s amrita.

“What the fuck just happened?” Brett asked Dennis.

Dennis shrugged.

“Get your clothes off, Den,” Kyleen called to him as she found what she wanted in the dresser and started back across the room. “This is going to be fun. It’s supposed to make me cum too, but if it doesn’t, we have Brett to fill in.” She giggled at her little joke. “Fill in.”

Since he had been fully clothed while watching Brett fuck his girlfriend, it took Dennis a minute to get naked. If he had been a normal man into being cuckolded in front of his partner, he would have already been naked or would have at least had his cock out and stroking it.

Dennis wasn’t in a normal relationship.

By the time he was done, having taken off his clothes and the bright red ManPanty picked out by Kyleen that morning, he took note of what Kyleen had been up to.

“You’re not really going to use that on me, are you?” Dennis didn’t know if he should feel nervous or excited. She had acquired a new strapon dildo and harness. Or maybe it was a dildo she already had and he didn’t recognize. Kyleen was an adventurous woman and had plenty of sex toys already. Dennis had bought a lot of them for her, but he couldn’t remember if he had seen the bright pink dildo currently flopping around between her belly and her legs. The harness hid her pussy, but that wasn’t the focus of Dennis’s eyes.

“Of course I am,” she said coolly. “We’re not going to have that many more fun opportunities for stuff like this after the baby comes.” She paused and opened up the condom packet that was in her hand. She rolled it onto the semi-hard dildo with a practiced motion that made Dennis think she had already done this more than once. It also made him think that she had a lot more free time than he gave her credit for. “Get on your hands and knees,” she ordered him. “This one has a little base that’s supposed to rub my clit as I fuck you.”

Dennis didn’t know what else to do other than respect her wishes. He got on the bed next to Brett who sat up and slid over, getting up on his knees to better

watch. Brett was so helpful as to find a bottle of lube and hand it to Dennis.

Knowing the routine was almost upsetting. While he wanted his girlfriend to use him this way, it was also disturbing to know that they had settled into this life without too much thought.

“God you have a cute ass,” she said as she hefted herself up on the bed behind him. “Get down on your hands.”

Dennis did so while opening up his stance and exposing himself to her. It was a natural position for him now. He was still in the process of lubing his hole when he felt her hand caressing his perineum. “Do you know how hard it is not saying anything to my friends and cousins about how sexy it is that you have a steel ring around your balls just for me?”

“And a piercing through his cock,” Brett added.

“And a piercing through his cock,” Kyleen quickly agreed as she continued to caress the limited exposure of his genitals. He was glad that she didn’t have an affinity for cock and ball torture. He was completely vulnerable in this position and she could easily smack his balls incapacitating him. She didn’t. She caressed him lovingly. After all, it was his balls that had gotten her pregnant.

Or so he and she assumed.

She should all but worship them.

“Want me to lube you up?” Brett asked. He had grabbed the bottle and squirted some into his hand. He wasn’t talking to Dennis, but Kyleen.

“Sure,” she agreed. It wasn’t really necessary, but it seemed a nice ritualistic step. His hand moved up and down on her fake cock. She didn’t feel anything, but it made it seem like he was an essential part of the encounter.

The last thing Brett wanted was to be useless.

“Would you like me to use this on you, Brett?” asked Kyleen when he was done playing with the strapon. She hadn’t forgotten that he hadn’t cum yet after she had ridden him, but Brett’s orgasms weren’t her concern.

“Sure, if that’s what you want,” he said. “When you’re done with him.”

That was good enough for Kyleen. She happily moved in closer to Dennis and fitted the head between his buttocks. His anus was wet and slick with the lube. She knew that entering him was going to be easy.

Dennis relaxed as her cock forced its way into his ass. He was so used to getting fucked by Brett that this was an easy sex act to perform. It was the first time he had done it with Kyleen, but what did that matter. He loved her and was more than willing to go along with it.

“Nice,” Brett commented as she pushed in and out, going a little deeper each time.

“You know how to fuck.”

“Thank you,” Kyleen said primly. “Did you know my cock’s bigger than yours?” She grabbed Dennis’s hips and started a steady rhythm, one that pleased her. The base of the cock and the strapon accommodated a little nub that was designed for her clit and it was working perfectly.

Her only regret was not doing this earlier. She liked being in charge and no matter how much she rode her lovers’ cocks, she was still the one always being penetrated. This changed all that. She was supremely dominant and not a minute in she was determine to fuck Brett with it as well. Why should the boys have all the fun?

“No, I didn’t know that,” was Brett’s stiff response.

Dennis groaned at Kyleen went all the way in. “Oh fuck, that’s...that’s…”

“Just let it happen, baby,” said Kyleen. “I want you to cum in your little cage.”

“Okay, okay,” he panted.

“But don’t cum too soon. I’m not sure if I’m going to fuck Brett or if I’m going to have him fuck you.”

Dennis just nodded. His hand went to his cock and found the hard metal that defined his sexuality now. He didn’t want it off, but he wanted to cum. It wasn’t

going to be a pleasant orgasm, but his orgasms weren't about pleasure. They were simply a way for his lover to prove her dominance over him and for him to prove that he loved her.

The trick was not to cum too fast because this was all about Kyleen.

It was always about Kyleen.

Her huffing and puffing and moaning was getting to the point where he was worried about her. She was pregnant and simply didn't have the endurance that she had before.

There wasn't any need to worry. Kyleen threw her head back and cried out loudly, announcing her orgasm to the entire house—which was only the three of them—but the rest of the neighborhood could have heard her if they tried.

A moment after she started cumming, Dennis felt wet drops falling on his back. Right away he knew that her tits were spraying milk. They always sprayed when her orgasms were good and powerful. He was thrilled that he had pleased her in that way.

"Shit!" Brett exclaimed. "It's like a fucking fountain."

Dennis was able to twist his head around enough to see Brett lower his mouth onto one nipple and suck eagerly on the spray. The milk continued to shoot forth from her free nipple, continuing to soak Dennis's back and the bed sheets. Kyleen had mostly stopped thrusting into his ass other than an occasional thrust as her orgasm gave her a little unexpected shiver.

He was content having her cock up his ass. It felt incredible. He was stretched in a way that he had never gotten with Brett.

"Do you want some milk, honey?" asked Kyleen.

"Always,"

"Did you cum yet?"

"No. Not yet." He started to move to get her cock out of his ass. In the moment he was more eager to suck on her tits and enjoy her milk than to cum by getting

pegged by her.

But Kyleen was too quick. She grabbed him by the hips and desperately held him in place.

“I’m not done with you. I want to make you cum first.”

“I want your milk,” he said, but unconsciously he pushed back onto her dildo. While he wanted her milk, he knew he was going to have to content himself for the moment by getting fucked by her.

“You’ll get it,” she promised. “You just need to cum for me first. Can you do that?”

Dennis nodded his head and focused himself. She started fucking him again. He could feel the milk continue to spray all over. The streams were wildly varied now because of the motion of her body. It wasn’t easy for him to cum from being pegged. Normally she’d let him out of the cage and either stroke him off or let him jerk off, but that wasn’t going to happen today. He was certain of that.

He was starting to hate his life and that he was constantly trapped by his cage. He didn’t transfer that hate to his girlfriend—he loved Kyleen—but he was getting frustrated with himself. Why did he have this accursed kink and why did he keep allowing himself to go along with it?

And then he came. It happened suddenly when he was lost in his thoughts and then he was cumming. His cock was as hard as it could get inside the cage, that is to say almost completely soft except for enough swelling to fill up the space of the cage. His body forced out his ejaculate, but it more seeped out than shot out. There was no real relief from being made to cum in this way, but psychologically it felt like he had accomplished something.

When Kyleen realized what was happening, she reached around his body and shook his caged cock like a man would shake it after he finished pissing. Some cum was clinging stickily to the bars of the cage and the head of his penis.

“There, isn’t that better?” she asked him.

“Yeah, yeah it is,” he agreed too readily. That was a problem of post-orgasm clarity: he said what he thought Kyleen wanted to hear. Plus, it was a lot better.

He felt more focused and calmer.

“My tits are still full,” she said to him.

Dennis moved forward and felt her cock slide out of his ass. It was a relief and an annoyance because as soon as it was gone, he wanted it back in.

Turning around Dennis saw that Brett was still kneeling next to Kyleen, happily sucking away at her milk-filled breast. Her other breast was still leaking milk, but at a greatly diminished capacity.

Kyleen touched the top half of her breast. She barely pressed into the soft flesh, but that was enough to cause the steady dripping to suddenly erupt into an out of control fountain that sprayed milk across Dennis’s face and chest before landing on the bed.

They’d have to change the sheets.

“I’m still full,” she repeated. “You need to get to work.”

While he would have thought that she didn’t need to tell him twice, apparently she did need to tell him twice. Dennis crawled over to Kyleen, grabbed her breast between his hands, and latched on.

The milk flooded his mouth. He barely had to suck. It was flowing so fast that he had to rapidly swallow so as not to waste a drop. He felt greedy because of the rate at which he was nursing, but it wasn’t hurting Kyleen. From the sounds she was making it sounded like it would be easy to get her to climax just from the nursing.

He tried not to think about Brett’s face, just a few inches away from his own, nursing from Kyleen’s other breast. It was fine to fuck Brett and be fucked by Brett and to watch Brett fuck Kyleen, but his jealousy started to rise when he saw Brett nursing from her.

Dennis had gotten it into his head that Kyleen’s milk was supposed to be just for him.

He knew it was wrong, but that didn’t change his feelings.

They nursed together in silence, milk-brothers by dint of reality rather than want.

They listened together to the changes in Kyleen's breathing and moaning. It was subtle at first, but Dennis was well-familiar with his girlfriend to know what was coming and that what was going to happen was inevitable as the sun rising every morning.

When she came, she clutched both of their heads to her body and let her body shake with an orgasm. If not for their arms around her waist, she would have fallen over.

"Thank you," Kyleen told Dennis and gave him a little kiss on the forehead. It wasn't patronizing; it was loving. "But you know what?"

Dennis shook his head. Her nipple had slid out of his mouth but he continued to press the side of his face against her breast.

Brett had fully backed away. He was no longer kneeling next to her, but was on his own in the middle of the bed.

Kyleen couldn't help but notice that his cock was standing up from his lap. He was as fully erect as he had ever been.

"You haven't gotten to cum yet, have you, Brett?"

The younger, smaller man shook his head. There was a grin on his lips and he knew that she was going to offer him a unique opportunity. For a woman she was surprisingly kinky, at least from Brett's perspective. Then again, she liked to have her tits sucked so she could lactate, so there probably wasn't much of a problem for her to be open to new ideas.

"I want to watch you fuck Dennis."

Whatever Kyleen wanted, Kyleen got, especially if it involved Brett being able to fuck Dennis. Or Kyleen. Hell, if she asked him to jack off in the corner, he would have done that happily.

"Do you need any more lube, dude?" Brett asked as he grabbed a condom and rolled it on before adding more lube to his now-protected cock.

“Sure.” More lube was always a good idea.

Always.

He took the bottle from Brett and started applying it to his ass. He had gone down on all fours, but that wasn’t good enough for Kyleen.

“On your back, Den,” Kyleen said eagerly as she took the bottle from him and applied more lube to her fake cock. He didn’t notice that detail and neither did Brett who was eagerly moving on top of his most frequent lover.

It only took them a few seconds to follow her orders. They were always following her orders because they wanted so very much to please her and win her favor. She watched happily as Brett pushed his cock up and into Dennis’s ass.

Dennis was holding his steel-encased cock in one hand as he held up his legs with the other. There was no way for him to masturbate and the way he had recently cum meant that getting even a partial erection was going to be impossible, but he wanted to make it seem like he had some control over his sexuality.

He didn’t, but he still had his pride.

Most of his pride melted away when Brett started fucking him. He groaned and Brett grinned and the smaller man with the bigger cock knew that it wasn’t going to take him all that long to cum, but he held back because he wanted to give Kyleen a nice show.

Kyleen appreciated his effort. While being on the receiving end of anal sex wasn’t for her, she wasn’t above enjoying it as a spectator sport.

She also wasn’t above being on the giving end of anal sex.

In fact, she loved it more than she would openly admit to anyone, even herself.

Once Brett was firmly into Dennis’s ass and was pumping away, Kyleen moved around behind Brett to admire his buttocks flexing and thrusting as he fucked Dennis.

“Hold on, stop,” she said, resting her hand on top of his ass. She loved the feeling of his hard muscles. While she worked out as much as Dennis, there was no way for her to build up the same amount of muscle as him and Brett. She could feel her muscles under her skin, but they were in no way comparable to the men’s.

“I fucking love your body,” she told him.

“Thank you. Why’d you make me stop?” He shifted positions, getting more comfortable with his cock up Dennis’s ass.

“Have you ever been in a three-way before with two other men?”

“Uh...no.”

“Well, you’re going to come damn close right now. Bend forward a little. Where’s the lube?” She grabbed the bottle and applied some to the cleft between Brett’s buttocks.

He wasn’t stupid. Right away he knew what she was up to.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Brett asked her. Dennis wasn’t sure what was happening other than he had Brett’s dick up his ass and wanted him to start fucking again. He knew he wasn’t going to cum, but he needed the sensation.

“When am I going to get another chance?” she asked. “My belly’s only going to get bigger and bigger.”

Her question was facetious. She could do this every night of the week if she was so inclined...at least for a few more months.

It might have looked fantastic in her mind, but actually having two cocks working together into two different asses was a matter of coordination that Kyleen hadn’t prepared herself for. When Brett was thrusting, it was easy for him to work in and out of Dennis, but then it was next to impossible for her to work on Brett’s ass at the same time. It probably felt fantastic for Brett to be buggered and to be buggering someone at the same time, but porn had lied to her.

Kyleen was shocked.

“This isn’t working,” she said after they tried and failed for a few minutes to find a rhythm that worked for them both. Either they both needed bigger and longer cocks—which would have been possible for Kyleen but not for Dennis—or they were going to have to find another way to make her little fantasy work.

“I know,” grunted Brett as he rested his weight on top of Dennis. He was still hard but he was worried about losing his erection if they fiddled around for too much longer.

“What do you want to do?” Dennis cut right to the heart of the matter. He was the one receiving the least amount of pleasure in this stack of bodies.

“Put your cock all the way in Den’s ass,” she instructed Brett. “Then hold still. I’m going to fuck you until I’m done.”

“When are you going to be done?” asked Brett.

“When you cum or when I cum. Hold still.”

She made good on her promise and started thrusting away at Brett’s ass. Dennis got only some minor benefit of her thrusts that were transmitted through Brett’s body, but the handsome young man took that in stride and kissed Dennis with the intention of making Kyleen jealous.

It didn’t make her jealous. It made her horny.

Once Kyleen had cum it was easy for her to cum again and again. So she did. Fucking Brett’s ass was a lot of work, but when she climaxed, it was more than worth it.

“Fuck! I’m fucking exhausted,” she panted. Her body was covered with sweat. Her tits were dribbling milk and she felt like she was the queen of the world. “Did you boys like that?”

Both Brett and Dennis claimed they did. Brett hadn’t cum, but he hadn’t gone soft either.

“Did you cum?” she asked Brett, running her hands down his back, feeling her milk on his skin, feeling his hard muscles.

“Not yet.”

“Well then you need to use Dennis’s ass. That’s what it’s there for.”

Brett locked eyes with the man under him. It was hard not to look at Dennis since Brett had his cock up his ass. “That okay with you, dude?”

“Yeah. Go for it.” Dennis hated saying the words and at the same time he loved it because he knew he was being used and his girlfriend wanted him that way.

Without giving it a second thought Brett got right to work. He was already close. Yes, he might have been using Dennis to cum, but Kyleen was using them both for her own amusement and to slake her lust.

Just as he was about to finish, Brett pulled out and removed the condom which took longer than necessary because his girth made getting a condom off difficult unless he was completely soft.

It only took two pumps of his hand before Brett came and unloaded all over Dennis. “Fuck I needed to do that,” Brett breathed.

Kyleen looked down on the man who was her boyfriend and was simultaneously turned on and ashamed of and for him.

“Go shower,” she said. The moment of intense eroticism was past. “I’m not cleaning that cum off you.”

Chapter 11

She knew it was wrong but she couldn’t help herself. She argued with herself back and forth, always going with the argument that no one would want to fuck a pregnant woman who was cheating on her boyfriend.

Just for the thrill of it, she made a new profile on the hookup app that she and Dennis had so much success with back when they were looking for random men to fuck her.

While Kyleen was more than comfortable with her sexuality and kink, she always underestimated how perverted and kinky others could be especially if it was a man who had a decent chance to fuck her.

The short bio was straight to the point. I’m six months pregnant and my boyfriend’s little dick isn’t doing it for me. The other guy I fuck isn’t enough. Are you?

After taking a couple of lewd photos of herself to accompany the bio she posted them and then furiously masturbated with her vibrator. The resulting orgasm flushed away all her lust for the moment. She knew she should have deleted the app and the new account. She didn’t; she was too lazy and too horny.

The next day her lust had returned. It always did. Out of curiosity and a need to slake her sexual desires in a new way, she opened the app.

There was no way to prepare herself for over twenty responses to her profile.

Once again curiosity and lust got the better of her. She opened each response and either laughed or got turned on by each one.

Her doctor had put her on light duties at work. Since it was the slow season and she had a huge amount of vacation time built up and her manager didn’t care when Kyleen showed up as long as her work got done, Kyleen suddenly found herself with plenty of time to herself.

It was tempting. Too tempting. She sent a message back to one of the men who had replied to her. She never expected an actual answer.

Robert had a wonderful cock. It wasn't as thick as Brett's, but it was longer. Naturally it went without saying that he was both longer and thicker than Dennis's. That was just the way of the world.

It was a meet up at the local Starbucks. She barely finished half of her coffee before inviting him back to the house she had recently purchased with the father of her unborn child.

Robert was thrilled and surprised. He couldn't believe his good luck.

"You know I'm pregnant, right?" she asked him as soon as they got their orders.

"That's why I messaged you." While maybe Robert wasn't perfect—he was older than she would have preferred, not as obviously muscular being more burly than defined, had thinning hair—but he had confidence and a look in his eye that said her veered more toward pervert than any of her other lovers.

"And my tits are lactating?"

"I should hope so if you're pregnant," he said smoothly.

She smiled at him and leaned forward, showing off her cleavage enhanced by her induced lactation and further enhanced by her pregnancy. "You know it's a common misconception that you have to get pregnant to lactate. Any woman can lactate with enough stimulation to the nipples."

"I'd love to stimulate your nipples," Robert said, hiding his smile behind a sip of his coffee.

Kyleen tried not to give away that he was making her wet between the legs. She leaned back and let her stomach bulge out. "Have you ever gotten a woman pregnant?"

"Not that I know of."

"But you like to fuck women who are pregnant."

He briefly looked away and then back at her. "I like to know that I'm with someone who is cheating on her partner or at least might be cheating on her partner."

“When we go back to my place we’ll be cheating on my boyfriend,” Kyleen told him.

“Would you be offended if I told you that I was getting hard right now?”

“Would you be offended if I told you I am fucking another guy in addition to my boyfriend?”

“That would only make me harder.”

Kyleen felt like she never shed her clothes faster than when she got Robert into the house. They were pulling at each other, kissing, throwing aside their shoes and clothing as quick as they could, moving back to the bedroom.

She was proud to show off her huge tits and bulging belly. They didn’t repel Robert. They hadn’t repelled Brett or Dennis either. Some men will fuck a woman regardless of the circumstances.

Kyleen was grateful for that.

“Wow, you have really good muscle tone,” Robert commented as he ran his hands down her back and firmly grabbed her ass. There was flesh and fat there, too, but he could feel the muscles as well.

“Thanks. Lots of time working out.”

She was naked but for the thong she had put on in anticipation of her encounter with Robert. Maybe it looked extra slutty when she was pregnant, but she didn’t care. She was a slut. A pregnant slut. A pregnant lactating slut. A pregnant lactating cheating slut.

Going down on his knees in front of her, he kissed her bulging belly and hooked his thumbs into her thong before pulling it all the way off her hips. The material briefly clung to her pussy lips because they were wet from her arousal. She needed to hold onto Robert’s shoulder in order to get the scrap of material off her legs and step out of it without falling.

He was down to his jeans which were open. She could see the bulge of his cock

beneath his underwear but she wasn’t in a position to reach down and grab it.

On the other hand, Robert had a flexible neck and was able to get low enough to lick around the bottom curve of her belly and reach the top edge of her pubic hair. There he was forced to stop because his neck couldn’t bend back far enough and her belly was forcing him to lean back too far.

“Did you want to eat my pussy?”

“Fucking yes!”

“I want to sit on your face.”

They were in the bedroom so she simply stepped back and indicated the bed where he needed to lay down.

Some women might consider the bed they slept in with their boyfriend or lover to be a sacred space. Not Kyleen. It was the place she fucked; it didn’t matter all that much to her who she was fucking.

Robert got into position and she climbed on top of him. She faced his feet and lowered her pussy to his eager lips. She hated not being able to easily see over her growing belly, but Robert guided her down where she needed to be.

When his arms curled around her thighs, holding her in place, she was grateful for the time she had spent in the gym doing squats. It was great for her ass and her thighs. Maybe she hadn’t done them for this position, but whatever worked out.

In addition to being an excellent kisser and skilled seducer, Robert showed a great aptitude for eating pussy. It made her wonder how many women he had had his tongue inside.

That thought was quickly forgotten when he wiggled his tongue against her clit and pushed a finger into her anus.

“Fuck yes,” she breathed and reached down his body. His cock was bulging, tempting her, and she gave into temptation. Her hand dug under his underwear. It was bliss to curl her fingers around the hard shaft and use her other hand to push down his pants to further reveal his cock and balls.

She desired to lean all the way forward and take his cock into her mouth. While she wasn't a fan of 69, she was willing to make an exception in the moment. However, her belly and the fact that he was almost a foot taller than her made it an impossible move to accomplish.

Kyleen was forced to be satisfied in sitting on Robert's face while he ate her out. Her small consolation was getting to hold his cock. She could feel his heartbeat pulsing through his cock. As much as she wanted to believe the pulse was entirely because of her, she knew that him just being alive was enough to cause a pulse.

And then he sucked on her clit. She loved that. She shivered and it took all of her will not to grind her pussy down on his face. While it might be fun to grind her pussy on a cock, a face was an entirely different matter.

It was almost painful for her to lift up her body from his face. Briefly Robert's arms held her thighs, not allowing her to escape.

"You need to fuck me," she begged, "I need your cock." It surprised her how much she was panting, how much she needed his organ inside of her. She never got this way with Brett or Dennis.

What was the matter with her?

Instead of insisting that he pull his jeans off all the way and mounting him, she instead got into the traditional doggy-style position and opened up her legs to facilitate his entry. While Kyleen didn't have any moral objection to fucking doggy—it was how she usually pegged Dennis—it wasn't the position she normally desired.

Arching her back she tried to make herself even more presentable as Robert quickly removed his jeans and underwear.

"Condom?" he asked. There were condoms in the drawer. If he was smart he would have some in his pocket.

Kyleen vehemently shook her head. "No condom. I'm not going to get more pregnant."

"That's what I wanted to hear. Good girl." Robert took his cock in hand and

pressed in close to her. He moved his cock up and down, looking for her entrance. It wasn't hard to find. She was soaking and her lips had curled outward in an unconscious desire to be penetrated. At times Kyleen hated the desires her body had...and then there were moments like this where she loved the way her body needed and desired sex.

"Nice and wet and hot," commented Robert as he pushed all the way into her.

If she had been a different type of woman Kyleen would have been ashamed of her desire. But his words made her proud of herself.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Fuck me hard. Make it hurt!"

Her words were unnecessary. Robert was already fucking her as hard and fast as he could. The sound of impact of his cock into her pussy was like an overflowing well. The sounds of his hips against her ass was less of a slap and more of a punch. The violence of the moment should have had her screaming in pain, instead she was crying out for more abuse.

Never had she considered choking to be an erotic act, or one she would have dared try, but if not for the baby growing in her belly, Kyleen would have begged Robert to choke her just to make the pain and pleasure more intense and more dangerous.

There was no need for him to touch her pussy. Normally Kyleen liked to play with herself a bit to help her orgasm, but Robert's strong cock was all she needed to cum this afternoon.

Some women got embarrassed when they came after rough sex. Not Kyleen. She gloried in it. Knowing that once she started cumming, she couldn't stop, she called out for him to continue his good work.

"Fuck me. Fuck my pussy. Cum in me. Use me. I'm a slut." She was gasping these words out as a mantra or an incantation to summon her next orgasm. Robert continued to slam his cock into her, taking his own pleasure in the perverted mentality that women were meant to be impregnated and used by men.

The second orgasm was just as breathtaking as the first. Kyleen started gasping for breath. Her gasps were so ragged that Robert actually paused in fucking her,

alarmed that something might be wrong.

“Should I stop?” he asked her.

Kyleen hung her head, unable to speak. She noted that her tits were leaking milk and wondered if she should tell Robert. He would undoubtedly want to suck the milk from them. That’s why he lusted after pregnant women, wasn’t it?

After a couple of more ragged breaths where she was able to get her hyperventilation under control, she shook her head. “No. Just needed to cum.”

“You came hard,” he commented as he started thrusting into her again.

“I always cum hard,” she said, half lying and half bragging.

“You squirted,” he said. “I like chicks who squirt.”

She was wetter than usual between her legs. Her amrita was dripping down the insides of her thighs, almost in time with the now steady flow from her tits.

“We need to change positions,” she said.

“Getting tired?” He paused with his cock buried all the way into her pussy.

“Yeah,” she lied easily. “I need to be on top. My belly.”

They changed, moving like they had been together for years and knew the ins and outs of each others bodies. Once again she lowered herself down on him, but this time on his cock.

Once they were settled he noticed the milk coming out of her tits. Reaching up, he grabbed one breast and gave it a firm squeeze causing the milk to spray all over him and the bed.

“Nice,” he complimented her.

“You like that?”

“I want to suck on those tits.”

“Make me cum one more time.”

He did the best he could. It was more than enough. She came again. She wanted to feel his cock cum inside her exposed pussy. To help things along she grabbed both her tits in her hands as she bounced on his cock and sprayed down his face and body with the milk.

He laughed and lapped at the milk, trying to catch it in his mouth.

That’s how Dennis found them when he walked into the bedroom.

## To Be Continued

Preview

## Shelly’s Supply: Milk Girls 2

Rommi didn’t start crying until she arrived home. Up to that point she had been ecstatically happy, sailing along on an orgasm high. She had just had her first threesome with Shelly and Gray. It had been wonderful.

Sex with Shelly was always good, but it had been for far too long since she had been properly penetrated with a cock. She had missed that. She didn’t feel like it was cheating on Chad because they hadn’t been having sex in almost a year. Of course it wasn’t cheating when she had sex with Shelly, because Chad wasn’t a woman.

Rommi knew her logic was twisted and flawed, but she had to justify herself somehow.

It was the twisted and flawed logic that started making her cry because she knew she was lying to herself and by extension she was lying to Chad, if not outright then by omission.

Her tears brought her down from her happy high to a depressive low that practically crushed her.

It was only when Grace woke up in the back where she was in her baby seat did Rommi get ahold of herself. Rommi’s sobbing had woken her daughter. She quickly got ahold of herself and realized that Chad wasn’t home yet. That was good. She still had time.

Everything with a baby was more difficult and took longer. Rommi knew she had time but she still rushed. Grace wasn’t hungry, she just wanted to play. That was solved by putting her in the playpen with an armful of toys. Rommi then went to the shower, leaving the bathroom door open to listen for signs of problems, and quickly washed of any scent or left behind traces of contact with either Shelly or, more importantly, Gray. She spent a lot of time with the water directed at her pussy, washing away any evidence of his having cum inside her.

She had never immediately showered afterwards when she had sex with Shelly. Doing so now made everything seem more tawdry, more dirty, more wrong.

It didn’t stop her from showering. It didn’t stop her from resolving to keep her secret from Chad.

When she was drying off she noticed in the mirror that her breasts seemed almost deflated. They had always felt empty after her dates with Shelly, which only made sense because Grace had drastically decreased her active nursing from her, but this time it was obvious they were empty. That too made sense because she had both Shelly and Gray nursing from her, drawing out her milk at twice the normal rate. It had given her huge orgasms, but it had also completely dried her up. She knew the milk would return, and the more demand that was put upon her body the more she would make.

She was looking forward to feeding both Gray and Shelly. She wanted to please them both.

Just that thought gave her shivers and she quickly dressed in preparation for Chad's return from work. He was always staying late now, which was good because they needed the money, but it was annoying as hell because it meant that Rommi had way more than her fair portion of the child rearing.

It was late when Chad got home. She had already fed Grace and put her to sleep. She had made dinner for herself and watched TV until Chad walked in.

He had that look on his face. That look he had had for far too long. "I want to talk with you," he said almost before he was in the door.

Just the way he said it made her stomach fall through the floor. When she had that experience with Shelly and Gray, it was exciting, like riding a roller coaster. This time it was the complete opposite, like the dread when someone is delivering bad news.

"What…what do you want to talk about?" Rommi just stayed on the couch, unwilling to move. He stood in the doorway to the kitchen, unwilling to come all the way in.

He didn't ease into it "I know you've been wondering why we haven't had sex since…since Grace was born. And I've been…working late. But it's not just because of either of those things." He hesitated and took a deep breath. "It's me. I've been…I've been with someone else."

Rommi didn't know what to say. She should have expected such a confession from him, but it was still a shock to hear it. A long uncomfortable pause. "And he's a man."

It would have been the perfect time for Rommi to confess her transgression, but she didn't.

She couldn't.

She knew she should have, but she couldn't.

Instead she said, "You've been fucking a man instead of me."

It wasn't a question; it was a statement of resignation.

"I don't really want to go into detail," he said, avoiding the issue.

"How long have you known that you're gay?" she asked him.

"I'm not gay!" he snapped at her, his long-seething anger coming to the forefront. "I'm bi!"

Rommi wasn't sure if her husband was lying to her or to himself. Or both.

"Okay, how long have you known that you're bi?"

Chad looked away from her. He suddenly found the wood grain patterns in the doorjamb more interesting than the conversation they were having. "I don't know. All my life. I thought that maybe it would go away when you and I got married."

"That's fucking great," said Rommi, somehow not feeling like she was a hypocrite.

"I'm sorry, but I thought that you should know."

"Yeah…thanks."

"And I'm sorry."

"You already said that."

"Well what the hell else am I supposed to say?"

"I don't know. Maybe a promise you won't stick your dick in someone else?"

He looked down at the floor. “I can’t promise that.”

Rommi now felt like a hypocrite for not confessing because she fully intended to cheat on him again. It made no sense. Nothing did.

The next morning Rommi woke up to an empty bed. Chad had spent the night on the couch. She didn’t complain. He left early. She texted back and forth with Shelly, telling her everything about what Chad had confessed to her.

She was relieved when Shelly told her to come over as soon as she could. Even though Shelly worked half days, they were flexible. That worked out well when the two women wanted to make their little affair more physical. Rommi was taking advantage of her friend now and she knew it. Rommi felt like a horrible human being, but she couldn’t control herself. It made her wonder what was wrong with her.

The moment that Shelly let her into the house, she put down Grace and embraced her friend. That only lasted a second before giving Shelly a kiss on the side of her neck, and then the cheek, and then finally on her mouth.

It was Shelly who broke the kiss. “What are you doing?”

Rommi smiled. “Kissing you. Let’s have sex. My tits are bursting with milk.” That was an exaggeration, but she could feel their fullness.

“I thought you wanted to talk about Chad.”

“I want to fuck.” She started pulling at Shelly’s top, wanting to reveal her breasts. She was just as eager to nurse from Shelly’s breasts as she was to offer her own milk.

“Not now,” Shelly said, a hint of anger in her voice. “The kids. We need to walk. I need the exercise and you need to talk and unburden yourself.”

It wasn’t what Rommi wanted, but Shelly wasn’t going to be persuaded to do otherwise. Grace was starting to get fussy and sleepy, ready for a nap and Marshall was already in his stroller.

They walked the neighborhood like they normally did. Instead of a conversation, Shelly grilled her on everything that Chad had said and what he intended. By the time she was done Rommi was exhausted, but not from the walk.

But when Rommi thought she was done, she was wrong.

Shelly had one more question. “What did he say when you told him about us. Well, me. And Gray.”

Rommi didn’t answer right away. She didn’t want to answer at all.

“Well?” Shelly was impatient.

“I didn’t tell him,” Rommi admitted softly.

“What! Why not! It’s one thing to have an affair, but it’s another thing to pass up the perfect opportunity to say something. It would have kept you both on the same footing. Now…you’ve made things more difficult on yourself.”

“I know.”

“Why not just tell him. It’s not too late. Say you were shocked by his confession of him being bi and knowing all his life and you didn’t know what to say.” Shelly let out a little laugh. “It’s funny that the both of you are bi and didn’t know. Fucking hell. What type of families did you both grow up in where you couldn’t be honest with one another? Or yourselves?”

“I don’t know. Good Catholic guild, but he’s Episcopalian. Though...we really haven’t been to church since we got married. Other than Christmas and with our families when we visit.”

“Tell him, it’ll be easier once you do.”

Rommi nodded and looked down at her sleeping daughter. Marshall was asleep as well. They were nearing Shelly’s house; that was good. “I can do that,” she said aloud and tried to mean it. “Is your husband okay with you being bi?”

Shelly laughed. “I’m not bi so he’s fine with it.”

“He saw you have sex with me.”

“Yeah, but I’m not bi. I know we had sex,” she looked around the street. As always the middle-class neighborhood was completely empty in the middle of the day. Not even any delivery trucks. “I know we had sex, but I’m not bi. I know we’re going to have sex again. Call me heteroflexible or whatever. I don’t care if I never have sex with a woman again. I’m not going to fall in love with any woman, including you. Can you say the same?”

Rommi was silent, counting the steps back to Shelly’s house. It was just there in the distance. Her tits were aching with the fullness of milk. She was sweaty from their fast walk through the neighborhood. She couldn’t say the same about her sexuality. She knew she wanted to fuck other women in her life. She knew that she had fallen in love—or some sort of love, at least—with Shelly, but she’d never admit it to Shelly. She couldn’t do that. Not now.

“I can’t,” she admitted. “I love Chad.” Even as she said it, Rommi wasn’t sure if it was true or not, but she had to say it. She felt some sort of affection for her husband, but was it love? “But I want to have sex with women.” The house wasn’t so far away now. The real trick was to get the babies inside, nurse and have sex, and hopefully shower before the little ones woke up. “I might even fall in love with a woman.” She gave Shelly a quick look askance. Shelly was focused on the house up ahead as well. It was hard to tell with her big sunglasses on. There was a faint sheen of sweat on her body and forehead. That made her only look more sexy in Rommi’s eyes. And she couldn’t keep her eyes off Shelly’s softly bouncing breasts as well.

Her mouth watered at the idea of sucking her friend’s milk from her breasts.

What was wrong with her? Rommi had fallen down into some weird, kinky place in the world where she didn’t want to be and couldn’t escape from.

They got the babies into the cribs without a problem. Rommi was relieved. She needed to have sex as an outlet for her confused emotions.

“Want to shower first?” Shelly offered.

Rommi shook her head. “No. I want to…I want to make love to you. I want to taste your sweat.” She licked her lips and tried to make her expression sultry like a vixen.

Shelly chuckled softly. “I’ve never heard that before.”

“And I want to taste your milk and drink all of it,” she added.

“Well, that I can help you with,” said Shelly as she pulled her shirt up over her body. The athletic bra she was wearing was new. It had a zipper in the front and Rommi eagerly lowered it, freeing her friend’s milky tits. It was too much to resist and she pushed Shelly up against the hallway wall, ducked her head and latched on to a soft brown nipple.

Shelly groaned and her milk started flowing.

It was easy to let Rommi do it. They both wanted the sex and the attention and the pleasure that came from offering their breasts and milk to their lovers.

Shelly spared a glance downward. Rommi’s eyes were closed and she was intensely focused on sucking Shelly’s easily flowing milk. Her free breast wasn’t just dripping; it was lightly spraying onto the side of Rommi’s head and shoulder, getting her hair and shirt wet. Rommi didn’t appear to care.

Putting her hand to her leaking nipple, Shelly tried to staunch the flow, but it was pointless. It wouldn’t stop, not when Rommi was feeding on her. Not when she was this aroused by the other woman’s presence and sexual needs. She brought her fingers up to her mouth and tasted her own milk. It was sweet and rich as always.

Inside her panties she could feel herself getting damp. She wanted to fuck, preferably with a cock, but she would make do with Rommi’s mouth and fingers.

Still pressed up against the wall, Shelly awkwardly stripped out of her athletic bra. It was easier to get on and off with the zipper in front, but that didn’t take into account being pressed against a wall while being nursed and Rommi wasn’t releasing her latch on Shelly’s nipple. As her lover continued to suckle, Shelly hooked her thumbs into her waistband and pulled down her athletic pants and cotton panties to mid-thigh. She was now naked essentially from her knees up and her jiggling and shimmying finally distracted Rommi away from her human dairy feast.

“You’re making this difficult,” she complained as she switched breasts, licking away the milk that had dribbled down on Shelly’s stomach and the underslope of her flesh.

“Let’s go to the bed,” Shelly encouraged her. “It’s easier there.”

Rommi gave one long, hard pull on her breast, drawing out the milk so quickly it was almost painful. “Are you calling me easy?” she asked breathlessly after she swallowed.

“No easier than me.” She pushed away her lover and bent over to leave her leggings on the floor along with her panties. Only then did she draw Rommi back toward the master bedroom.

Somehow Rommi managed to strip off all her clothes quickly and efficiently before they arrived at the bed, leaving a trail of scattered clothing behind her. It was the first time that Shelly had gotten a good look at Rommi’s ass while it was naked and in motion. She was a lithe, fit woman and her buttocks were taut. There was no spare flesh or fat. It was a thing of beauty to watch in the few short steps it took them to get to the bed.

Rommi turned and pulled her to the bed. Shelly landed on top and immediately squirmed down to find a nipple with her mouth. They were both sweaty from the brisk walk and as her tongue touched Rommi’s skin, she could taste the saltiness the sweat had left behind. This was almost immediately washed away by the sweet milk that Rommi produced to Shelly’s eager sucking.

Too quickly she felt Rommi’s hand between her legs, exploring her pussy that was wet and swollen from the little attention she had given it.

“No,” she sighed around Rommi’s small breast. “Not that. Not yet.” She went back to nursing, sucking all the milk that Rommi had to offer. Rommi didn’t move her hand away but just continued to cup Shelly’s pussy. Her fingers remained calm with just her middle finger resting between Shelly’s swollen lips.

She allowed Shelly to nurse from her. She wanted Shelly to nurse from her. She was jealous of Shelly because Shelly had her husband to nurse from her along with Rommi and Rommi only had Shelly. Chad would never nurse from her tits. Rommi knew that she could ask Shelly to have Gray join them again, but that wasn’t something that could go on indefinitely.

And then Rommi felt Shelly’s fingers searching out her pussy. She spread her legs and let Shelly have her body. Too often that’s what being a woman meant, letting others use your body for their pleasure or survival…only this time

Rommi didn’t mind at all.

The sensation of milk being sucked out along with Shelly’s fingers diddling her pussy and clit was more than enough to push aside all other thoughts. She was rapidly headed toward and orgasm and she happily welcomed it. Sex was the only pleasure in her life now; there was no emotional pleasure at all.

When she came she scissored her legs tightly around Shelly’s hand, pinning it in place as her body shook with pleasure. Rommi didn’t want it to stop because the orgasm ending meant she would have to face her life.

“Are you done?” Shelly asked when Rommi’s body stopped quivering. Watching her cum was beautiful but the way she clamped her thighs around Shelly’s hand was actually painful.

“Yes. That was good. I needed that.”

Shelly carefully examined her wet fingers. She was reasonably certain that her fingers hadn’t been broken, but she would bet even money that there was a minor sprain in her wrist or at least one finger. “You almost broke my hand,” she exaggerated.

“Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’ll live.” She smiled at her friend and glanced down at her chest. Her breasts were still dripping steadily. “I think I have a way for you to make up for it.”

Their interlude didn’t last very long. Shelly rolled to her back while Rommi moved next to her. Rommi’s mouth went to Shelly’s breast and suckled happily. This time when Rommi went for her pussy, Shelly was more than happy to open her legs and allow herself to be masturbated. She had just gotten to the edge of the moment of crisis when the baby monitor kicked on and they heard the unmistakable sounds of children crying.

“Fuck fuck fuck!” Shelly hissed under her breath.

Rommi raised her mouth from Shelly’s breast. “Do you want me to keep going?” she asked even while continuing to move her fingers rapidly in and out of Shelly’s pussy.

“Yes….fuck! No. I can’t cum listening to a baby cry.”

In anger she pushed her lover away and sat up. As always there was a robe on the back of the door. A second later she was headed down the hallway looking to save her son from whatever was making him cry. Rommi followed a few seconds later, pulling on her clothes.

By the time they sorted out the children and calmed them down it was time for Rommi to leave. They left Shelly unsatisfied and frustrated. She couldn’t wait for Gray to get home. It took some time but eventually she got Marshall settled down. Slipping off to the bedroom she gave herself the gift of a few minutes of private pleasure.

It wasn’t often that Shelly had used her vibrator in the past few months, having been largely satisfied by Gray’s attentions along with Rommi’s. Shelly was a satisfied woman. The battery was still charged and all she had to do was kick off her leggings and press the delightful device to her pussy. She barely needed to insert it. Less than a minute later she was cumming.

The orgasm didn’t satisfy but it took the edge off. She’d have to wait for Gray to arrive home to fully drain her breasts and fuck her.

She wanted a cock and a vibrator just wasn’t the same.

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