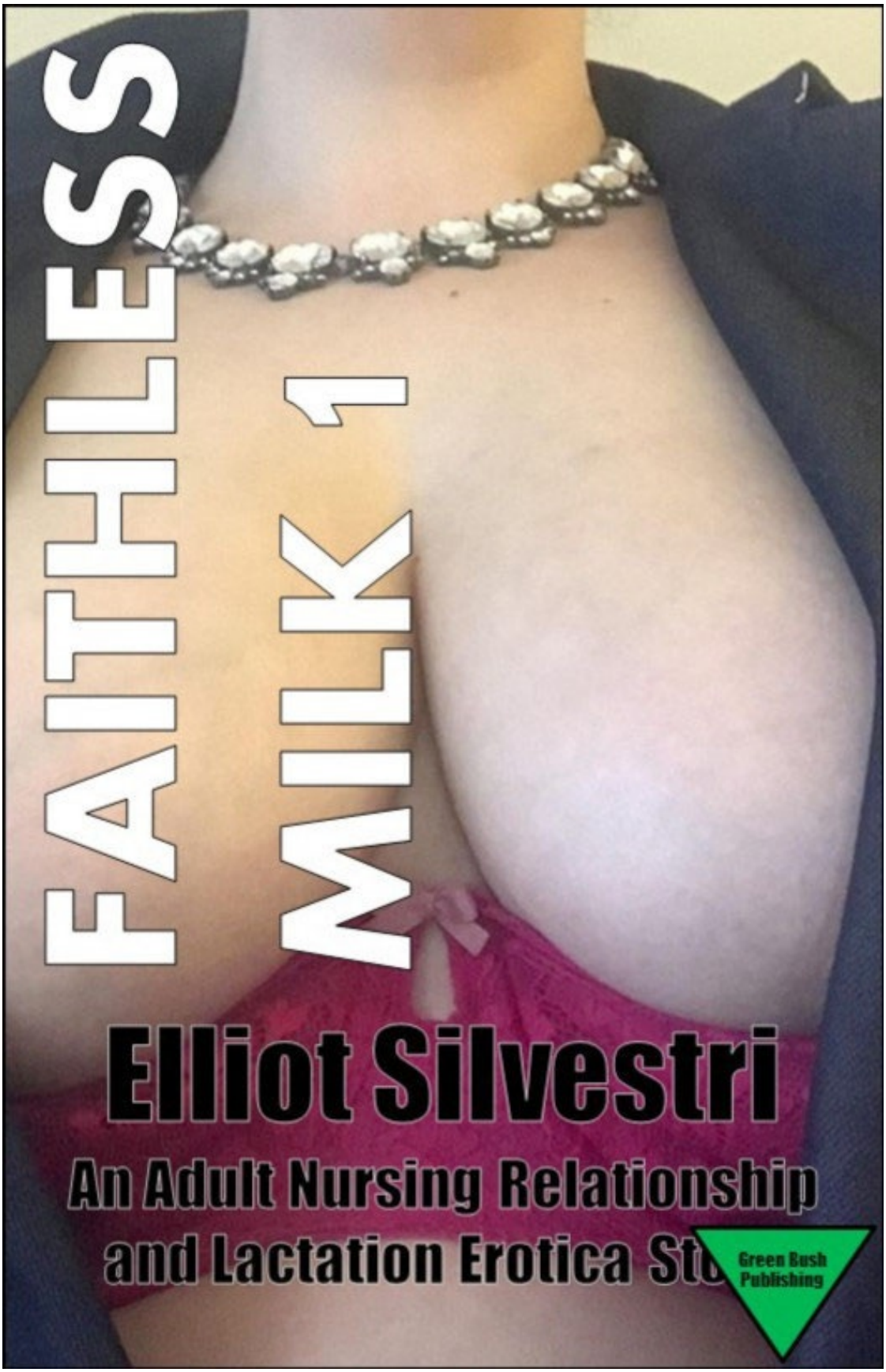
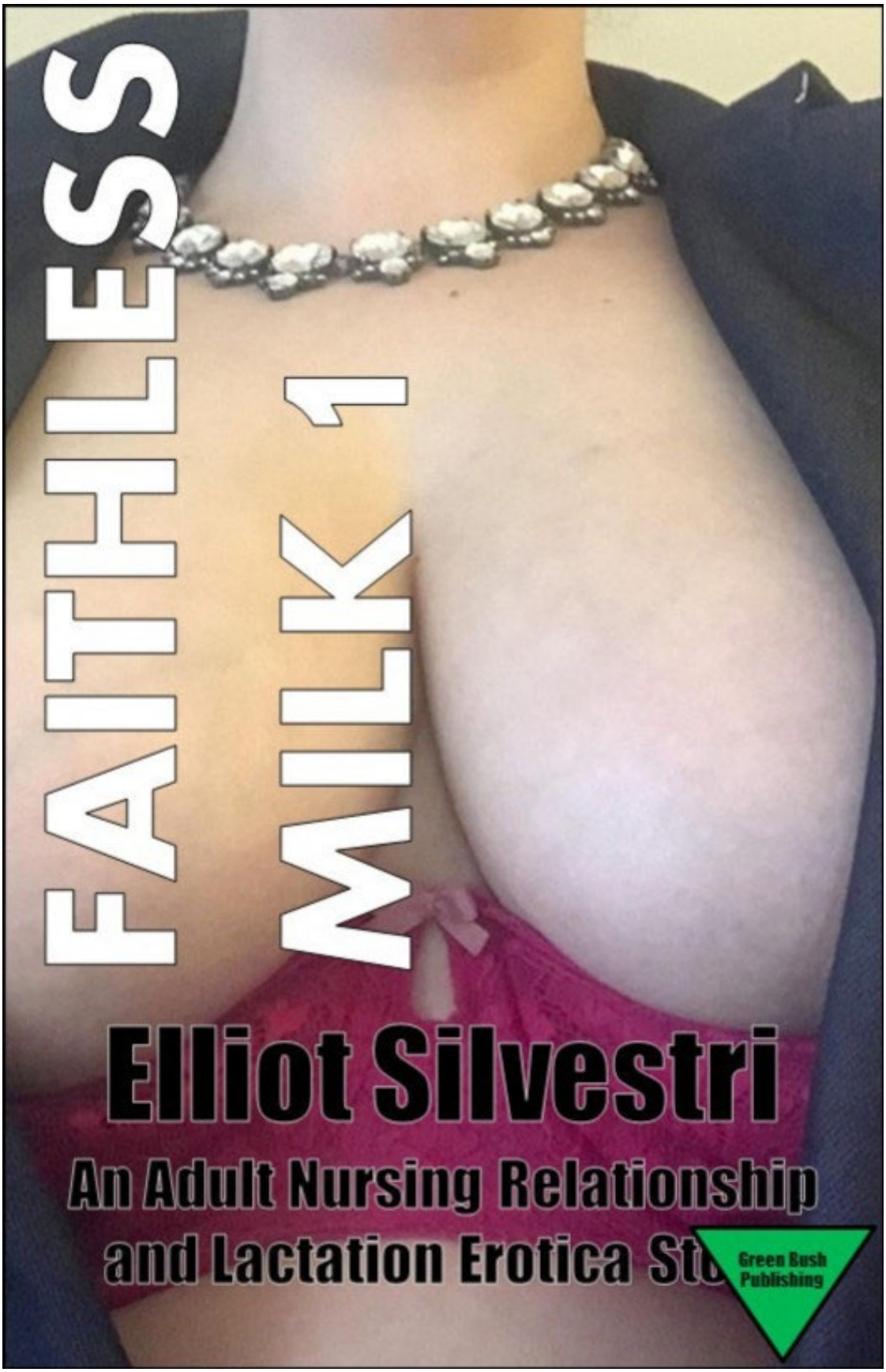

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**Faithless Milk 1**

**An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Faithless Milk 1

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# Part One

# Angie

# Chapter One

Angie set the time on her phone, set it on the dresser, pulled up her nightshirt, and rolled to her side to face Rob. His eager grin made her roll her eyes. He didn't see that because he was completely fixated on her small breasts.

In actuality they weren't that small; they were average sized if anything, but she had lost weight over the past few years, not a lot, but enough, and they had shrunk from her peak weight and when she was breastfeeding their two children.

"Are you just going to stare or are you going to do this?" she asked him.

"Savoring the moment."

Angie sighed. "Savoring time is over. It's time to get to work."

Rob moved closed to his wife, kissed her cheek, and slid down her body until his face was level with her chest. She let out a little exhale that wasn't quite a sigh when he drew her small nipple into his mouth and started gently sucking, playing with the nipple, rolling it between his tongue and lips.

After a minute, Angie got frustrated with him. "I'm glad you're having fun, but you really need to actually suck on it if you want this to happen. Stop playing games."

He looked up at her in surprise. "Oh. Right. Sure. I can do that." He bent back down and pulled as much of her breast into his mouth as he could, sucking with enough force that she startled slightly at the pressure, but then quickly settled down because after the initial shock, what he was doing to her felt lovely.

While it wasn't the first thing that Angie would want to admit, she rather liked her tits played with and sucked on, either during sex or as foreplay. This wasn't supposed to be either, but she still found herself liking it. Getting her tits sucked on relaxed her and she was reminded of the time she had spent nursing her children when they were babies. It made her happy to nurse them. It now made her happy to nurse Rob…and it turned her on too.

"Do you want me to stop?" Rob asked. He had abruptly pulled back from her breast.

"What?" Angie had become so relaxed that his sudden question brought her out

of her near-meditative state.

“You were moaning. Was I hurting you?”

“Umm…no. It wasn’t hurting. It felt good.” She turned her body a little and pulled his head over to her other breast. Rob knew how to take a hint and he gave the second breast the exact same treatment as the first.

It wasn’t that Angie didn’t want to get aroused; it was that she hadn’t been expecting it. She wasn’t sure if she was ready to fuck her husband, but he was making it so that she didn’t want to resist it much longer. She wasn’t sure what his reaction would be if she suggested it, or even if she just grabbed his cock.

It was too much for her to resist, so she didn’t give it any thought. Her hand cupped his cock through his pajama bottoms and she felt he was hard, ready for sex, but the moment she touched him, he pulled away, both from her hand and her breasts.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, disappointed he had abruptly ended what they were doing.

“I’m not ready.”

She frowned at him. “Not ready for sex? I felt you, Rob. You were rock hard. Don’t tell me you weren’t ready. You’ll suck on me, but you won’t have sex with me.” To Angie’s ears, it was the stupidest argument she had ever heard, doubly so because it was with her husband over something so petty.

Well, maybe it wasn’t petty to him.

“I’m not ready yet, Angie. Can’t you give me that?”

“It’s been two fucking weeks.” She couldn’t remember the last time she had gone without sex for two weeks. Hell, she couldn’t remember a time when she hadn’t gone without sex for two days. Jilling off in the bathtub or the bedroom when Rob wasn’t around just wasn’t the same. “When is it going to be time?”

Rob looked away, which was difficult for him because he loved looking at his wife’s tits. He loved everything about her. What she did to him should have been enough to end everything, but he still loved her regardless. The most difficult

part was admitting what she did to him made him want her even more.

“Well?” she demanded of him.

“When I’m fucking ready,” he said with more anger than he actually felt.

Angie shrank back from him, slightly frightened at his vehemence.

“Sorry,” he apologized. “Can we just give this a week?” he asked. “I don’t think you know how much you actually hurt me.”

While she wanted to think that she did know exactly what she did to Rob, Angie knew it wasn’t the case. Sex for her was different than it was for Rob. While she loved him, for Angie, sex wasn’t intimately intertwined with love. For Rob, it was. And she did love him. While she had intended to be faithful when she married him, her nature gradually overcame her good intentions. Three years was pretty good, she reflected. Three years of complete fidelity. Actually just over four years if she counted from the last time she had sex with someone other than Rob. A year. Marriage. Three years of being married. Then it happened.

And it happened again and again. She knew exactly how many affairs she had had over fourteen years of marriage. Sadly, it wasn’t too many, not by her accounting.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized again. She had lost track of how many times she had apologized to him for her transgression. “Okay, let’s do this. Let me make it up to you.” She pulled her nightshirt up over her head, leaving her dressed only in her panties. Still on her side, she cupped one of her smallish breasts and offered it to him. “It felt really good when you were doing it to me. I could easily get to love this.”

Rob knew he was a slave to her. He loved everything about his wife—even her infidelities—and gave in. While he might have given in, he was proud of himself for extracting some concessions from her. While Angie was always willing to try out anything he suggested in bed, this was something new and different. It wasn’t a one-time game or experiment. It would last weeks, perhaps months.

They settled back onto the bed together. Rob’s arm went to her back and drew her close. His mouth found her nipple and he pulled it into his mouth. They both calmed down. Rob’s sucking on her tits Angie found oddly relaxing. And

arousing. She couldn’t deny that. And he couldn’t either. She felt his hard cock against her leg, but she controlled herself this time. But controlling herself didn’t mean fighting it. The more he nursed on her, the hotter she got and she was ready to do whatever he wanted. Maybe it made her tits sore, but it would be worth it.

“You’re moaning,” he said, abruptly ending his nursing session.

Angie eased her eyes open and resisted the temptation to look at the clock. She was certain it had been hours, though realistically it couldn’t have been more than thirty minutes. “Was I?” she asked. “I’m sorry. I didn’t realize.”

“Just wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I’m fine,” she said lazily as she dragged her hand down her body and eased her fingers into her panties. Rob watched her but said nothing. Her little patch of pubic hair was trimmed but long enough to feel plush rather than stubbly. But she didn’t stop there. She slipped her fingers down her slit, feeling her wetness and the swelling of her labia. It was too late; she couldn’t stop herself. If Rob wasn’t going to fuck her, she’d have to do it herself.

With her eyes barely open and focused on Rob, she asked him, “Do you mind if I jill off?”

Rob didn’t say anything, but as she pushed her panties down off her hips and halfway down her thighs, he slowly nodded. While he kept watching, she made her fingers go faster and keep as busy as possible. Her head flopped back and the sound of wet flesh being abused filled the air. Angie liked to masturbate to an audience. She had done it before in front of Rob, and in front of her other lovers, but this time was different.

Slowing down, because she didn’t just want to cum and be done, Angie forced her eyes open and looked at Rob. “Get your cock out,” she encouraged him. “Let me watch you.”

It was incredibly easy for her to seduce her husband. Rob did as she asked, pushing down his pajamas and underwear to show his already erect cock. His hand went up and down his length, slowly moving himself toward orgasm.

That visual was all the Angie needed. She brought her knees up and anxiously

rubbed at herself as hard and fast as she could. If she did it just right there would be a quick, painful spike of pleasure followed by a long denouement of relief. It worked perfectly and she let out a little yelp as she peaked followed by the long groan of release.

The gorgeous ride down the mountain was interrupted by a wet splash on her thigh. Opening her eyes Angie saw that Rob had finished just after she was done and had shot his load to land on her leg. The thick white globs of semen slowly started sliding down her skin, but before they could get far, Angie caught Rob's little present with her fingers, wiping it off and bringing her fingers to her mouth. He watched in fascination as she sucked her fingers, tasting his cum. He wished he could get hard again right away just so he could see her eat his cum again.

Purely to make him a little more upset Angie started moving her fingers again. What she really wanted was the vibrator in her dresser drawer, but fingers would do. He kept watching as she picked up from the downward slope of her orgasm and forced herself back up. It didn't take very long, not for the second round. Her fingers were slick with her juices and it was difficult to get real friction on her clit, but somehow she persevered and made herself cum again.

"Okay," she panted, "maybe this won't be so bad after all."

# Chapter Two

Angie knew she should have felt bad about cheating on her husband, but she didn't.

The sex with him was fine. It was usually great. But she needed variety, not just one man. Certainly Rob was willing to try almost anything in bed, anything she suggested—which was rare—and anything his heart desired that he brought with him. While she wasn't nearly as inventive as Rob in the bedroom, she enjoyed everything that he did for her.

The other problem was that his libido, though active and inventive, wasn't nearly as strong as hers. Sex once or twice a week was good enough for Rob. Sex once every day was barely enough for Angie.

Looking back, she thought that maybe she wanted to get caught in her affair with Marc. She barely made any effort to hide it. If she just wanted to have a man on the side to fuck every once in a while because she was mad at her husband or needed a little variety to take away the boredom of the bedroom, that would have been fine and she could have fucked him in hotel rooms. But she didn't. Since he was married, his place was out. And since she was married, her place was out at well.

Until it wasn't. She told Marc she wanted him to fuck her in the marriage bed because it was dirty and nasty and exciting. Everything went fine the first time. She even planned ahead and changed the sheets, exactly as planned. Everything went exactly as planned the second time as well, because she knew she wanted to get caught by Rob and the look on his face when he saw her naked in bed with Marc was priceless. She didn't want to humiliate him, but she needed to wake him up to her needs.

The good thing was that she and Marc weren't actually fucking at the time that Rob walked in. That might have been a little too much even for her, the girl who fucked three guys in one night during college because they were roommates and handsome and horny.

After the fight with Rob and the reconciliation, she started to wonder if something was wrong with her. Sex, even adventurous sex, was all well and good, but she was using it to destroy her life and her self-esteem. That couldn't be good by any measure.

Angie had been hoping that her insincere confession about her cheating would bring Rob around and get him to demand more sex from her, that it would energize his sex drive, that they would have better sex for it. (Or maybe it would drive them apart and that would be that.)

When he confessed his desire to make her lactate again, she was dumbfounded. Literally dumbfounded and she went along with his suggestion.

Back when they were raising babies and she was actively breastfeeding, Rob wasn't put off by the changes in her body and how she was constantly lactating for two kids born just sixteen months apart. She knew he had gotten a mouthful of milk on more than one occasion when the kids were babies, but he didn't freak out about it, nor did he say anything about it being arousing either.

Once the agreement was made, Angie did some snooping on Rob's laptop and found the usual variety of porn she had been expecting—mostly focused on women with large breasts producing milk, some of it real, some of it obviously faked, and some of it artfully faked—she also found a lot of information he had looked up that focused on how to get a woman to lactate.

She knew that she should have been disturbed by the situation and what Rob was suggesting, but instead she was intrigued and excited by it. After all the guys she had slept with, this was the first time anyone had asked her to do this. Angie was always looking for a new exciting adventure with her body in her sexuality.

Without telling her husband, Angie went ahead and ordered one of the many supplements sold on lactation information websites. They were supposed to be for women who were adopting a baby and wanted to breastfeed. The obvious implication from all the sites was that these supplements were used by other than adoptive mothers.

That didn't matter to Angie. She wasn't one for always following the rules.

That was how she wound up back in a hotel room naked, on her hands and knees, with Marc's cock plowing in to her. The little noises coming out of her mouth while he fucked her were little squeaks, precursors of the climax she needed. Marc was a short, but powerfully built man, who liked to grab her by the waist and hold her in place, while he slammed his cock in and out of her. The

impacts were shaking her body and causing the charm on her necklace to swing back and forth, lightly hitting her on under the chin and between the breasts. But she barely noticed the light collisions between metal and flesh; Marc's cock felt too good as he manhandled her and fucked her pussy. Angie gripped the bed sheets and looked down at her hands. The flash of the rings on her third finger, left hand, caught her attention. She grinned down at the circles of metal and pieces of fancy stones. If only Rob knew. He'd be upset because she promised she'd stop fucking other men, but she loved fucking other men. It wasn't that she didn't feel guilty. It was that she loved the guilt. It made the orgasms better.

Marc was almost done. He actually lifted her up by the hips and moved her body back and forth on his cock right before he came. His orgasm was a rush of heat inside her pussy and that was enough to get her over the edge. The flood of release was wonderful. It was just what she needed.

"God you know how to fuck me good," she complimented Marc as he flopped down on the bed next to her. She stretched out and reached blindly for his cock, desiring to feel it still hot and wet and hard. When her fingers found his cock, she briefly recoiled, but then gripped him again. She had forgotten about the condom he had been wearing but that wasn't why she pulled away. Marc wasn't short just by vertical standards; he was short in the cock department as well. The good news was that he was nice and thick. Different from Rob. She had never told Rob how perfectly he fit her. All her other lovers never quite measured up to him. They were all too thick, too thin, too long, too short. Rob was perfect. She just needed his cock more.

"My wife wants to meet you," Marc said to the ceiling.

"What?" Angie rolled over and sat up, she thought about clutching the sheets to her chest, to cover herself up, but that was a stupid gesture.

"I told you she knows about us."

"Yeah, yeah. I knew that…well, I thought you were lying, but whatever." Angie pulled in a deep breath and tried to get her heart to stop pounding. She didn't know why she was panicking. There was no reason to panic.

"I told you she and I have an open marriage."

"I didn't believe you."

“I’m not a liar.”

Angie bit back her smart comment. He was implying that she was a liar. And she was. Rob knew some, but not all. “Why does she want to meet me?”

Marc rolled his shoulders. “She says she’s curious. I’ve only ever fucked the same woman for a week at most. You and I have been together for how long now? Six months? It’s practically a relationship.”

Angie ignored that. “What does she want? Coffee in the afternoon. Dinner and drinks at your place?”

“Lisa was thinking dinner out.”

“I suppose I could do that, but that means one less date with you.”

“She wants you to bring Rob along.”

Angie didn’t say anything but only slowly stood up from the bed and walked toward the pile of clothes that Marc had made when he had stripped her. “No. Not him. I’ll meet her, with you, but not Rob.”

When Rob settled next to her on their bed that night, she was positive her tits were bigger. They were definitely a bit sore, but at first she had just chalked that up to where she was in her cycle. Maybe they were getting full. It had been a while since she had lactated and when she had, she had just given birth a few days before and her body had been preparing her tits for months. This was different. This was more fun.

She ran her fingers through his hair and moaned lightly. “I’m starting to like this more than I thought I would.”

Rob released her nipple from his mouth but didn’t pull away from her. He spoke directly into her breast. “I knew you would.”

“Did you?” she asked and pushed on the side of his head, encouraging him to switch sides. He did as she asked. “How could you know that?”

“Because you like the kinky shit,” he said before he went back to nursing.

She couldn’t contradict him. It was true. She had loved everything he had ever suggested in bed. He had happily gone along with everything she had suggested. She was starting to regret not telling him about her need to fuck other men. How would her life have gone if she had trusted him back then?

“Because I like the kinky shit,” she agreed with him.

“I can’t wait until your milk comes in,” he told her before settling in and sucking on her nipple.

“What then?”

“I’m going to drink it. You’re going to keep making it. It’s going to be so sweet. And you’re going to love it.” He didn’t want to carry on a conversation with his wife just then. He wanted to nurse on her tits, nothing more.

“What are you going to make me do?” she asked.

“Everything,” he mumbled into her breast. “Everything.”

She wanted him to do everything to her. Everything.

# Chapter Three

It only took a few weeks for her milk to come it. Her breasts swelled but didn't become huge like they had when she was breastfeeding. Her bras were filled out to the max now and certain ones didn't fit exactly correctly, however a few were now perfect. Angie had become accustomed to having modest cleavage with her very average tits, but now she felt a confidence that hadn't been there before. She wasn't huge. She was just…full.

And she liked it.

The first time he tasted her milk, Rob was thrilled. It was warm and sweet but there was not nearly enough of it. He wanted more and she wanted more to give him. Angie followed the advice on all the induction websites she had taken to browsing. Hydrate. Pump or be nursed on a regular schedule. Relax when nursing. Some sites advised regular sex and combining sex with nursing. Those were the sites that were for kinksters. Angie had her doubts about that advice, but she didn't get to try it out because Rob had been refusing to fuck her while they were trying to induce. It was annoying, but Angie wasn't left out in the cold. She had Marc to fuck when she wanted.

Once it was established that she had milk and was making more—which she showed off for Rob by palpating her breasts and squeezing out a few drops of milk—she asked him to fuck her.

"As a celebration," she explained.

He pulled away from her. "I'm not ready yet," he said sullenly.

"Geez, Rob, it's been a month already. When are you going to be ready?"

He didn't answer her question directly. "Have you been—?"

"Fucking other men?" she asked quickly, not letting him finish his question. "Fucking Marc? No." It was a lie, but she had lied so many time to Rob she had gotten very good at it.

"Then—?"

"I've been using my vibrator and masturbating," she explained very quickly. "You know I can't go without sex of some sort. Sex with myself is better than

nothing."

"I get to decide," he said.

"Great. Decide then." She cupped her breasts with her hands. "I'm lactating. It's what you wanted. Is this it? If this is it then I'm not going to be happy. I need some fucking sex, Rob. And so do you."

The look on his face told her that he wasn't convinced.

"Let me take charge for a minute," she said as she slid down the bed, getting her tits away from his face. He was in his shorts, ready to go to sleep after nursing from his wife, so it was simple for her to ease them down and release his cock. He wasn't hard yet, but all it took was a few seconds of her manipulating him before he was where she wanted him to be.

"I know you want me," she told him and then licked along the underside of his cock before wrapping her lips around the head long enough to taste the salty precum he was oozing. Giving him head wasn't exactly what Angie had been hoping for, but it was a good start. And he didn't say no.

It was probably just her wishful thinking, but his cock fit in her mouth just as well as it fit into her pussy. The belief was probably misplaced, but Angie was certain it was another sign that she and Rob were made for each other.

Getting him hard was one thing, but getting him to cum and enjoy being with her again, that was another thing entirely. Angie was resourceful. She knew what it would take.

Over the years Angie had carefully developed her fellatio techniques. Massage the balls, keep a good hold on his sack, stroke the taint, keep sucking but not too hard, keep her teeth covered with her lips, always give stimulation with the hands, and make sure to use plenty of saliva to keep things nice and wet. She enjoyed giving Rob—and her lovers—head. It was a fun warm up to actual sex or a special treat to those who had mild taste in kinks. It had been too long since she tasted a man's cum. She was eager for it.

But before that could happen, she wanted to rope Rob in. She needed to let him know she was completely on board with his unusual kink. Angie had been kneeling next to him, essentially at a right angle to his body, but now she

straddled his legs and hovered over him. Her nightshirt had been tossed aside the moment he had started nursing.

“Want a treat?” she asked him.

“Uh-huh,” Rob said agreeably, lulled in happiness by her mouth.

Her hands went to her tits, cupping them, offering them to Rob, but keeping them tantalizingly out of reach, and then she squeezed, not hard, but firmly. She knew her body. That was good enough to cause a small spray of milk to burst forth from her tits and land on his hard cock. Rob felt the warm milk hitting him even as it began to cool. One spray wasn’t enough for Angie. She wanted to be sure. She squeezed again and again. Rob wasn’t exactly covered in her milk, but it was close enough. Only then did she lower her mouth back down to his cock, to lick and suck it. The taste of the sweet milk coated her tongue. She could see while Rob liked it so much. It was tasty. But her current focus wasn’t her milk, it was his cock.

The surprise of her milk spray was what he needed. His cock was hard and throbbing in her mouth. She squeezed and sucked and was rewarded with a flood of his salty cum in her mouth. She audibly swallowed with each pulse of his ejaculation. By the time he was done cumming, his body was trembling but he was satisfied.

“A treat,” she told him, resting down next to him.

Rob was panting. “What did you think of the taste?”

“You weren’t as salty as you normally are.”

He shook his head back and forth. “No. About the taste of you milk.”

She laughed at him. “You’re obsessed.”

“Isn’t that what a fetish or kink is all about? Being obsessed with it.”

“I suppose.”

After a moment of silence, he asked her again. “You didn’t answer me. What did you think of the taste? “

“Geez, you are obsessed.” Angie heaved a sigh. “Fine. It was fine. Sweet. I couldn’t really tell between your cock and your cum.”

Her answer caused him to frown. “You should really try it sometime,” he suggested.

Angie just rolled her eyes, but in the dim lighting of the bedroom, he couldn’t see her mild mocking of him. “Maybe I will,” she said quietly, putting him off temporarily.

# Chapter Four

Lisa turned out to be very pleasant and nice. Angie was certain that Rob was in his glory, going out on a date with two women, his wife and his girlfriend. Naturally no one in the restaurant knew what the situation was between the three, but that was probably a thrill to Rob as well.

After the initial pleasantries and getting to know you conversation, Lisa started peppering Angie with questions. “How long have you two been dating?”

Angie looked around nervously.

“Don’t worry. No one can hear us and I’m sure no one cares.” She followed Angie’s gaze to the table next to them were two couples engaged in an animated and lively discussion. “No one knows which of us is married and which isn’t,” she added conspiratorially, her voice a stage whisper.

To avoid attracting more attention to them, Angie answered. “I guess about six months.”

Lisa turned on Marc, her husband. “You said four,” she playfully accused him. “Are you turning into a liar?”

He chuckled. “Time flies when you’re having fun.”

Turning back to Angie, Lisa asked, “How long has your marriage been open?”

That was a hard question for Angie to answer, mostly because their marriage wasn’t supposed to be open. She was cheating on Rob and he would have been pissed if he knew the truth. “Uh…a couple of years now.”

“We’ve been open pretty much from the start,” she said, patting Marc’s hand. “We both knew we would never be able to remain faithful.”

“It’s good to know yourself,” Angie said, noncommittally.

“Do you have any special kinks?”

“Uh…no, not really. Unless you count sleeping around.” It was a strange question for her to ask, thought Angie.

“Do you know what Rob’s kink is?”

“Hey!” her husband protested.

Angie smiled and played along. “No. What?”

Lisa smiled conspiratorially. “Having sex with two women at once.”

That didn’t seem particularly kinky to Angie. “And how often does he get the chance at that?” Angie asked.

Lisa leaned in, giving Angie a glance at her cleavage but whether that was intentional or not she couldn’t tell, and said, “As often as I want him to.”

Their house was very nice except for the small, formal dining room which was completely torn apart. The sheetrock was torn off down to the studs and the floor was nothing more than bare plywood. “We’re in the middle of renovating,” Lisa explained.

“I see,” said Angie. “Is Marc very handy?”

“Both with renovations and in the bedroom,” Lisa said with an overly broad wink.

Angie played along. She had one too many glasses of wine during dinner which was how she wound up back at their house. Well, it was one of the reasons. “Well, I’ve seen how handy he is in the bedroom. Does that mean I get to see him in the dining room tonight? Can he fix up my house?”

“Not tonight,” Lisa said, pulling along her new friend. “You’ll have to limit yourself to his bedroom skills. Even if those aren’t as good.”

“Hey, I’m right here,” said Marc protested.

“We’re giving you a chance to change my mind,” said Lisa as she unexpectedly leaned in and kissed Angie on the lips. For just a second Angie froze up, but then accepted the kiss. It wasn’t a slobbery French kiss; it was a friendly, teasing one. But that didn’t stop her from enjoying it.

Angie broke the kiss. “Okay, wow. I’m a little drunk.” She glanced at Marc who was watching them intently. “Are we really going to do this?”

“If you want,” said Lisa.

“I want you to,” Marc chimed in.

“Do you want me to?” Angie asked, feeling the wine again.

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

It was only mildly surprising that both halves of the couple wanted her there. Although she had slept around with a lot of men, she had never done anything with a woman or a couple. This was going to be an exciting first for her.

Lisa took her by the hand and drew her along through the house and up to the bedroom. Once there, she turned to Angie and said, “Marc likes me to watch.”

“And to help,” Marc added from where he was in the doorway.

“Do you mind if I get you ready?” Lisa asked.

Angie didn’t know how to answer the question—or what to expect—so she just nodded.

Lisa knew exactly what she was doing and her nimble fingers quickly unbuttoned Angie’s blouse. “Nice,” she murmured. “Small, but nice.”

Her words slightly offended Angie because her tits had definitely grown and filled out. She showed them off with her new bra that was practically see-through. When Lisa drew her close, she expected another kiss, which she didn’t receive and was instead spun around so that Lisa could unhook her bra, baring her breasts to Marc who had removed his shirt and pants. His bulge in his underwear was obvious. She stared at Marc and grinned as Angie’s hands went around her waist and unzipped her skirt, dropping it to the floor, leaving Angie in only her panties while Marc casually removed his underwear, revealing his thick, erect cock.

Angie just stared at it.

“If you don’t get down on your knees and suck it,” Lisa whispered in her ear. “I’m going to. You don’t want that, do you?”

Silently Angie moved forward and did as she was instructed. She had sucked Marc’s cock plenty of times before, but this was the first time she had done it under the watchful eye of his wife. What she found was trying to forget that Lisa was there was actually disappointing. Showing off in front of someone else was exciting, especially since that someone else was Marc’s wife.

While she was vaguely aware of Lisa moving around and near them, Angie lost track of the other woman until she knelt down next to her. Angie was about to offer Lisa her husband’s cock as a show of solidarity, but then she felt Lisa’s hand on her back. That quickly slid down her skin, over the curve of her buttock still covered by silky panties, and down between her legs. It wasn’t exactly an unexpected gesture, but given that it was Angie’s first time with such a situation, she noticeably jumped. Lisa ignored that.

“You’re very hot and wet,” Lisa commented, reporting on what she found between Angie’s legs. Her pussy was producing a steady flow of moisture accompanied by the heat of desire. “Are you ready to fuck my husband now?”

Carefully removing Marc’s short, thick cock from her mouth, Angie only nodded while firmly grasping her lover’s manhood.

As if they had pre-arranged it—or perhaps because they had done the exact same thing before—Marc moved back and hopped on to the bed while Lisa helped Angie to her feet and encouraged her to follow Marc.

“You on top,” Lisa told her. “I like watching that way better.”

Angie nodded in agreement and started struggling out of her panties. She fumbled for a second before Lisa came to her rescue and helped her slide them off. As Angie started to climb on top of Marc, Lisa was right there again, this time with a condom in her hand. Where and when she had gotten it, Angie couldn’t say; it was riveting to watch her roll it on her husband’s cock while Angie patiently waited.

When Angie went to grasp Marc’s cock and guide it into her pussy, Lisa was

already there, holding him. It would have been easier to do it herself, but having her lover's wife actively participate was a new wrinkle to Angie's sexual behavior. She was reasonably certain that the married couple had done this before and more than once.

As usual, Angie audibly groaned at Marc penetrated her, his thickness filling her up and stretching her pussy.

"I've been married to him for years and I've fucked him more than any other woman," said Lisa, "but I'm the exact same way. I still haven't gotten used to the way he stretches me.

"Uh-huh," Angie acknowledged the other woman, even as her hips started moving automatically, wanting the friction that was necessary for good sex.

Lisa kissed her cheek, and then bent down to kiss Marc lightly on the lips. "I'll be watching," she said, teasing a little. Turning her head, Angie saw that the other woman was still fully dressed, but as she stepped back from the bed, Lisa removed her outer clothes, dropping them on the floor, but retained her panties and camisole that barely contained her tits.

Circling around the bed, Lisa went to the far corner and propped herself up on the headboard with a pile of pillow and slipped her hand down into her panties. The sound her active fingers made was easily heard over the sighs and grunts made by Marc and Angie.

Having seen her lover many times over the months, Angie knew exactly what he looked like during sex. Curiosity made her turn her head to watch Lisa.

The other woman's eyes were closed as she masturbated. Angie was curious as to whether she would get herself off or if she was just warming herself up. Riding on Marc's cock, it was hard to focus on anything else other than her lover's thick member inside her pussy.

Feeling Angie staring at her, Lisa's eyes snapped open. She grinned at Angie's unfocused look. "His cock feels good, huh? What's your husband's cock like? Big? Small? Long? Short?"

A little thrill ran through Angie's body as she remembered she was cheating on her husband. It was wrong to cheat, but she loved to do it.

“He fits me perfectly,” Angie managed to say while briefly pausing in her motions, sitting on Marc’s cock, letting it fit her.

During her pause, letting Marc stretch and fill her, Angie heard Lisa’s fingers resume their busy activity in her panties. Her eyes focused on Lisa again.

“You like watching too?” Lisa asked.

“Watching?”

Lisa said nothing but lifted up her legs to kick off her panties, leaving her wearing just her beige bra. When she parted her legs, Angie saw the other woman either shaved her pussy completely or had it waxed. Lisa didn’t have a single hair on her body below her neck which was in high contrast to her hirsute Italian husband who had a furry pelt over his body. Her fingers delved between her legs and she started thrusting them in and out with abandon.

“Cum with me, Angie,” Lisa said. “Fuck his cock and cum with me.” With her free hand she reached out and gripped Angie’s wrist which was resting on Marc’s shoulder as she hunched over him. Marc didn’t seem to mind them touching.

“Go ahead and cum with her,” Marc said grabbing Angie’s hips to fuck her harder.

Angie started making her noises and knew the inevitable was going to happen. When she came, the volume of her orgasm started Lisa who was much quieter though hardly silent. The little groans that Angie made as her body shook from the shock to her system was enough for Lisa to reach out and caress her new friend, first on the arm and shoulder and then down to her breast. It wasn’t like being groped at all. Angie enjoyed it.

“You get really sweaty during sex,” Lisa commented.

Looking down at her body, Angie saw that Lisa was wrong. “Not sweat,” she said. “Milk.”

“You’re still making milk?” Lisa was amazed and only when she said it did Angie realized what she had revealed. “Your kids are how old?”

Angie didn’t answer. She didn’t have to. Lisa carefully squeezed her breast forcing out a little stream of milk to that sprayed onto Marc’s body.

“Oh that’s fucking hot,” Lisa said as she wiped up some of the milk with her finger and tasted it. “Nope, it’s fucking sweet,” she changed her mind with a grin. “Can I try some?”

The fact that her lover’s wife was asking to nurse from her took Angie by surprise. In no way was that a normal thing, not for anyone, but here she was with Marc’s thick cock lodged in her pussy and Lisa gazing at her longingly like she hadn’t had a drink in a month. “I don’t know…” Angie said trying to find a way to escape.

“Let’s shift positions,” Marc suggested. “I’ll fuck her from behind. You can suck on her tits.”

With that, Angie realized she had no say in the matter at all. A minute later she was on her hands and knees, Marc was re-entering her, and Lisa as lying down with her head underneath Angie’s body, seeking out her nipple to sip her milk.

“This is weird,” Angie declared.

“This is fucking hot,” Lisa contradicted her right before finding Angie’s nipple and sucking happily.

Even if she wanted to protest, she couldn’t. Angie found that getting fucked by Marc and sucked by Angie was a lot more enjoyable than anything she had done with her husband. Plus it was too much sensation to concentrate on something as mundane as talking.

Grabbing hold of her hips with his big hands, Marc held Angie in position while he slammed his cock into her again and again as hard as he could. Between that and Lisa sucking on her breast, it was too much for Angie. The slow buildup to the shriek that announced her orgasm frightened even her, though Lisa didn’t seem disturbed by the noise and Marc was used to it. The groan she let out after her climax had passed stuttered a bit when Marc pulled his slowly shrinking cock out of her.

“Did you come, baby?” Lisa asked her husband, abandoning Angie’s tits for the moment.

“Uh-huh.” It was obvious he had. The end of the condom was filled with a huge amount of semen making Angie wonder what it would feel like if he had left that load inside of her pussy. He staggered toward the bathroom to clean up while Angie stretched out, face down, on the bed with Lisa next to her.

“This was wild,” Lisa said as she lightly caressed Angie’s shoulder and back. “We should do it again sometime.”

“Do you do this a lot?” Angie mumbled into the pillow.

“Not as much as we’d like,” Lisa answered with a chuckle. “Though the next time might be more exciting with your husband. What does he think of your tits still making milk?”

She was glad to answer that question. It gave her time to dodge the implication that Rob knew what his wife was up to. “He likes it,” she answered honestly. After all, he was the one who had induced her to lactate again.

“That’s good,” Lisa said. “You should invite him next time.”

“He doesn’t know I’m here,” Angie confessed, deciding on honesty over deception. It was a hard change in her life because of the thrill she got from cheating and lying.

“Oh. Wow. I thought Marc said your husband knew you were playing with him.”

“It’s complicated.”

Marc laughed as he walked back in from the bathroom. “No it’s not. Her husband walked in on us.” He grinned. “So he knows.” He flopped on the bed next to Angie, trapping her between him and his wife.

Angie’s face turned red with embarrassment. “He doesn’t know I’m here right now. He doesn’t know the details.”

“Because he doesn’t want to know or because you don’t want to tell him?” asked Lisa.

That question Angie couldn’t answer because she didn’t know the truth.

# Chapter Five

The good thing about Rob working his unusual shift schedule at the plant was she had time to sneak out on him. Being married to a chemical engineer had several definite upsides. The kids had spent the evening with the neighbors and she was back hours before Rob was scheduled to be home. She was actually asleep in bed when he woke her up by slipping into bed next to her and pulling up her nightshirt to expose her breasts. Angie was happy to comply. Anything to keep him happy so she could keep cheating on him.

“Did I wake you up?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you mind?” he asked before lowering his mouth to her breast. She wasn’t sure if he was asking if she minded him waking her up or if he was asking permission to nurse from her. It didn’t matter. He didn’t pause for her answer. It felt good when he started sucking and she happily curled up against his warm body.

It didn’t last long because it didn’t take long for Rob to drain her breasts. That disturbed him. “You’re drying up,” he said. “You barely have any milk tonight.” Their schedules didn’t always mesh exactly, but he tried to nurse from her at least twice a day.

“Sorry,” she mumbled. Although he had woken her, she wasn’t fully awake. “I need to drink more water.”

Frowning, Rob poked at her breast. It was soft, as always. When she was flush with milk, they were much firmer. He knew his wife’s body intimately so he was familiar with how it should be reacting to his nursing. “We agreed you’d do this for me,” he said, a touch of anger simmering in his voice. “You aren’t keeping up with your part of the bargain.”

“I can’t control everything about my tits,” she said angrily. Angie knew the right thing to do was to admit her infidelity and let Rob in to the secret part of her life, but that was too much for her at the moment. She was still processing what she had done with Marc and Lisa. Besides, deep in her heart, she loved cheating on him. She loved her husband, but he wasn’t enough for her.

“You could try harder,” he insisted, though it was a ridiculous argument to make.

Fully awake now, Angie countered with, “You’re just frustrated. Why don’t you fuck me and relieve some of that tension that’s obviously bothering you.” She could feel his hard cock against her leg. And even though she had just been fucked by Marc, she would have been happy to have Rob’s cock back inside her body.

“I’m not ready to fuck you again. Not yet.”

“But you’ll suck my milk?”

“I…I can’t explain it,” he said.

“Maybe I need to be fucked,” she said with more vehemence than she intended.

“You could get yourself off,” he said. “You have your hand and your vibrator.” That was another argument they had had on and off. Rob saw the vibrator as a threat to his sexuality and she just wanted it for a change of pace. It wasn’t an argument for the moment.

“If I wanted to do that, I’d have done it earlier. Fuck. Why don’t just fuck me in the ass and be done with it,” she complained. “You don’t want to fuck me the normal way.”

He snorted. “I bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you.”

It had been years since Angie had tried anal sex. The last time was shortly after she and Rob married when she hooked up with a coworker. He was paranoid about possibly getting Angie pregnant so she had agreed to try it with him. It wasn’t bad, but not especially her thing. Now, after having gone too many months without normal sex from Rob, she was willing to try anything.

“Yeah,” she said smartly. “I would. There’s lube in the dresser drawer. Let’s do it.”

Angry sex was better than no sex, so by extension, angry anal sex was much better than no sex. She rolled out of the bed and marched to the drawer, pulling out the tube of lubricant she had purchased for when they wanted things extra slippery when sex had been better between them. Rob watched with sharp eyes. He was fascinated when his wife laid on her back, practically threw her legs over her head and smeared a good dose of lube on her unused entrance.

“Well?” she asked expectantly.

“Just like that?” he asked her.

“Your dick is hard, isn’t it?” She could see the bulge in his underwear. “Do it or shut up.”

It seemed like to Angie that there should have been a feeling of more romance and risk to doing it, instead of the anger and aggression she was feeling. Still, Rob knelt between her legs with his cock in his hand, preparing to fuck her in the most unnatural of ways.

“Isn’t it the usual thing to do it while kneeling?” he asked her.

Even though her body was practically pretzeled and her pelvis tilted unnaturally, it occurred to him to ask such a question. “This is the way I want to do it,” she told him. “It feels right and comfortable to do it this way.” In fact, when Will had fucked her ass they had gotten into the traditional woman on all fours position. She wanted to do something different with Rob. She didn’t want him in complete control, like Will had been with her.

Reaching down to his cock, she took him in hand, wrapping her hand around his familiar length and width, to guide it to her entrance. Rob hovered over her, half resisting and half helping get into position. It didn’t occur to him that she seemed to know exactly what she was doing.

“Are we doing this right?” he asked.

“Uh-huh,” she answered. His question distracted her which was annoying because she needed to relax to let him in. Once everything was properly aligned, it just seemed to happen. His cock pressed through her sphincter and slowly she admitted him as he moved back and forth by fractions of inches until he was deeper and deeper in her.

All the while Angie was thinking that it should hurt, but it didn’t. It felt rather strange, but pleasant at the same time. Her hand went from his cock to her pussy and she rubbed her clit as he slowly fucked her.

“Is this what you like, slut?” he whispered to her. “You like getting fucked this way?”

“Uh-huh,” she breathed back. It wasn’t much of an answer, but it was the truth. Angie liked getting fucked any way she could. While this wasn’t anything new, technically, it was different and that was good enough for her.

As Angie’s breathing increased in speed, she could hear herself started to get worked up again. It was almost too much. Why did getting fucked in the ass feel so good when it should have hurt. It was wrong on every level…and when she had that thought, that’s was made Angie really start to enjoy it.

“Yeah…” she moaned at her husband, looking him in the eye. “Fuck me. Fuck my ass. Ram your cock into me.” The words sounded stupid coming out of her mouth, but still, out they came.

If Rob had any particular objection to anal sex, he wasn’t letting on. It might have been a new experience for him, but he caught on quickly and while he his libido didn’t match his wife’s he was still a good lover when they did fuck.

“I’m going to cum,” he abruptly told her.

Normally when they had been having nice, normal sex, Angie could always tell when Rob was about to blow his load. His cock got extremely rigid and she could feel him pulsing inside her pussy, but getting fucked this way was different. “Don’t cum in my ass!” she pleaded.

“What?” Rob was genuinely confused.

“Pull out and cum all over me!”

Managing to prop himself up with one arm while he pulled his hips back and let his cock spring free of her ass, Rob grabbed himself with his free hand and stroked himself. His cock was just slippery enough, greased up with the lube Angie had dumped all over her backside, to get the right amount of speed and friction to cause his cock to erupt onto his wife.

There were four heavy shots of cum. He felt them all as he ejaculated on Angie’s belly, with a little reaching up to her breast and the remaining dripping down on her hand and unused pussy. He made a little grunt of pain each time another spurt of semen came out of his cock.

It was quite a sight and Angie frigged herself all the fast for it. Not much effort

was needed. A few seconds after Rob came, she finished herself off with her fingers slick from her pussy, the lube, and Rob's cum.

"Okay," she panted. "We need to try that again. Soon."

Rob said nothing. He was disappointed he had given in and fucked his wife—though it wasn't real sex—and he was thrilled to have performed such a perverted act on his wife as well.

From that point onward, things started to go back to normal, but a twisted sort of normal for the couple. Rob continued to nurse on Angie as often as he could. Her tits started making more milk and eventually fell into a steady state of production she could live with. It wasn't nearly as much as she was making when the kids were babies, but she also didn't have to deal with constantly feeding an infant or have the difficulties of leaking breasts that swollen and turned hard because of over-production.

But Rob still refused to fuck Angie normally. She lusted for plain vanilla penis in vagina sex, preferably in the missionary position because that was easiest and was boring and dull, like she wanted things to be, if just for a little while. He had taken to fucking her in the ass and while Angie had grown to love that perverted act, it wasn't the sense of normalcy she was looking for. Having Rob's cock up her ass on a regular basis made things a bit sore, but she reasoned that it was worth it.

She wound up giving Rob a lot more head than she had previously. Sometimes she swallowed his load and sometimes she let him cum all over her. It didn't matter much to Angie. It seemed that while the frequency of their sex didn't change, Rob's need for the unusual had increased. One night, after draining all the milk from her tits, he was still fired up, and she hadn't yet cum. Instead of climbing on top of her and fucking her like a husband should have with his wife, he instead straddled her body with his legs.

"What are you doing?"

"Hold your tits around my cock," he told her. "I want to fuck your tits."

Angie didn't mind him seeing her roll her eyes that time. "Whatever," she said

and went along reluctantly. It was no thrill for her to watch Rob fuck the space between her breasts while she smushed them around his hard cock. She could tuck down her chin and lick the head when he thrusted forward far enough, but that did nothing for her. It was different, she had to admit, but it was definitely a male fantasy. If nothing else, Rob had shown good judgment in nursing from her first, making sure her tits were soft, before attempting the silly act.

It made him cum and he shot a modest load of spunk on her neck, but it wasn't the dream act that either of them had been anticipating.

Initially Angie had thought that the hardest part of the change in their sex lives would be keeping it from their young teenaged kids.

No, the hardest part was keeping her affair secret from her husband and kids.

The risk and the thrill of sex with Marc—and with Lisa—was too much for Angie to resist, so she gave in to temptation and continued her illicit affair with the nonmonogamous couple. They were amused at her deception of her husband, but they went along because the sex was always good.

"God they're gorgeous," Lisa said as Angie swiftly removed her shirt and bra.

It was early afternoon. She had a few hours before the kids would be home from school. Rob was working, of course. Angie was lucky enough that she only worked part time because they liked the extra money. Rob made more than enough for both of them. Marc and Lisa had flexible schedules that allowed them to sneak off when they wanted.

Angie looked down at her tits and frowned. They were a little bigger than they had been a few months ago. Right at the moment they were a little swollen because it had been since early in the morning almost eight hours since Rob had feasted upon her before going to work. But even so, her boobs weren't huge. She was nothing more than a very full B cup, maybe a C cup when she was very full or the cut of the bra was small. "They're okay," she said with a shrug, making her tits bounce some more.

"No, she's right, they're gorgeous," said Marc as he finished taking off his pants. As always he was the first one naked. He was always the first one naked because he was always eager to fuck his wife and his girlfriend. "I'm a man. I know."

Lisa swatted her husband with her dress that she just removed. Angie rather liked the casual way they undressed in front of each other before sex. There was no need to strip one another. That took too long and wasn't half as sexy as it should have been. It was better just to get naked and get down to business. "Thanks, hon. I appreciate it."

While Lisa was a little bigger overall in the chest department, and while there was nothing wrong with their size or proportions or shape or anything about her tits, somehow it appeared to both the casual viewer and to intimate lovers that Angie's tits held and indefinable quality that made they perfect or nearly so.

"Hey!" Marc protested grabbing Lisa's dress as she swatted him with it a second time. He pulled it away from her, pulled her to him, and yanked off her bra. Instead of lovingly caressing her tits, he instead manhandled them, squeezing and groping. "Yours are great too. But you said hers were gorgeous."

She ignored his attempt to distract her. "Yeah, yeah. But you can stop mauling my chest. You can do that anytime. We only have Angie here for a few hours." The married couple looked over at their guest who had just pulled down her jeans and was sitting on the edge of their bed wearing only a pair of red and white striped cotton bikini cut panties. Somehow the plainness of the tiny bit of clothing made it that much more sexy.

"I really shouldn't be cheating on my husband," she told them as they slowly approached her, Lisa still wearing her panties, but Marc naked with his thick cock slowly growing to point at the ceiling.

"You say that all the time," said Marc as he pushed her down on the bed and kissed her.

Lisa crawled on the bed next to them to slide her fingers into Angie's panties. "And you still keep coming back for more."

"Uh-huh," Angie agreed as Lisa's finger slipped down into her slit. She groped around and eventually found Marc's hard cock. She didn't need to move her hand much to cover the length of it, but that was fine. She knew it would be in her pussy soon enough. Lisa was expediting the process, slipping off her panties.

The married couple showered their attention on Angie, and she loved it. They knew to avoid her tits; however, regardless of how much they admired them. The

milk inside was for Rob and he couldn’t know about the affair that Angie was carrying on.

At least that’s what they all thought.

# End Part One

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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