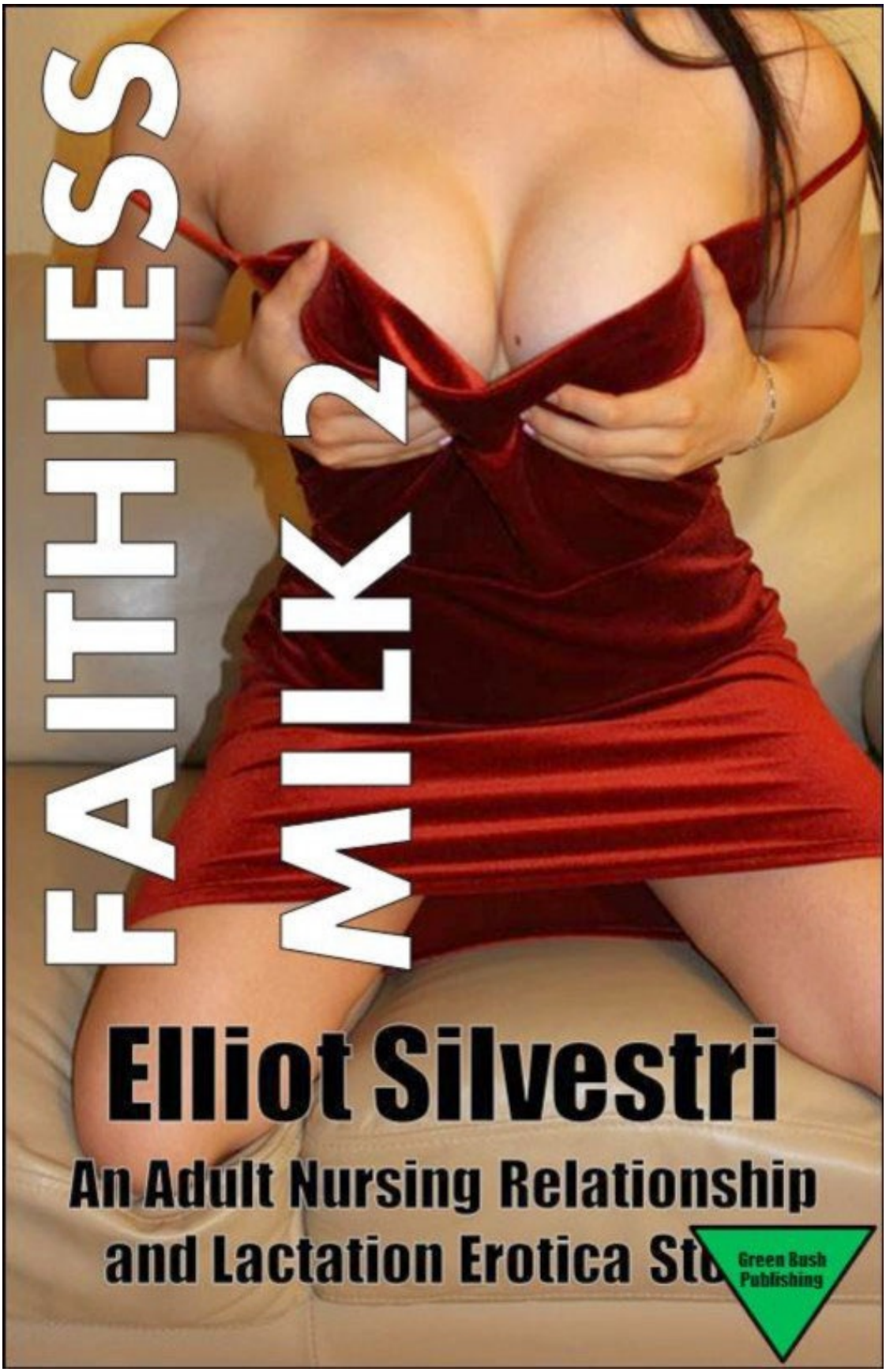
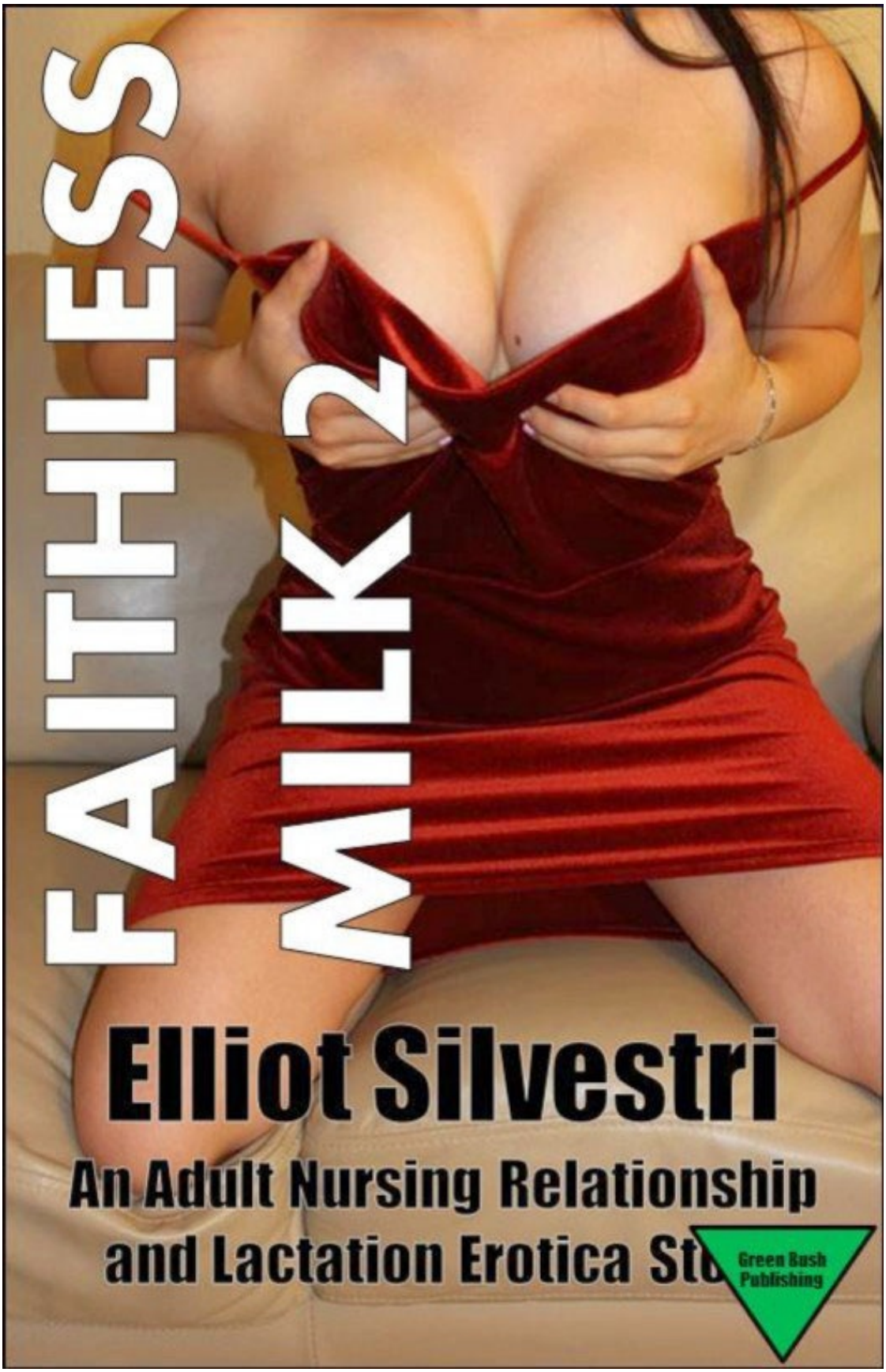

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**Faithless Milk 2**

**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 2

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# Rob

# Six

Rob could smell everything on her. Her natural scent. The milk in her tits. The lotion she used. Her pussy when she was aroused. And definitely the smell of her lovers when she came home after getting fucked.

He had always had his suspicions about his wife. She was incredibly attractive and for some reason he couldn't fathom, she decided to marry him, but she always attracted attention from other men. And she encouraged it. And he did nothing to stop it. But he loved her and as far as he could tell, she loved him as well, but in her own way.

Inhaling deeply through his nose, Rob took in all the information he could from his wife. Her milk was sweet and tasty, as always. There was little she could hide from him with their bodies pressed tightly together, his arms wrapped around her, and her breast in his mouth as he nursed greedily from her pink nipple. All of the scents were there: her pleasant body aroma, a combination of sweat, milk, lotion, and what he could only call her essence. That was always there and always had been.

But there was more. There was the musky scent of her arousal which wasn't unusual. Rob's nursing always caused a bit of sexual excitement in Angie. He was used to it and he could feel the heat of her pussy, even through her white and red striped underwear. If he let his mind wander he was certain he could feel the moisture seeping through the thin cotton as well.

Those scents combined would have been fine. Rob would have enjoyed that. But he could smell that she recently had sex. Very recently. Within hours. Another man's smell clung to her. And there was more. The aroma of cunt was strong on her. At first he wanted to believe her smell had changed from sex with another man, but he couldn't lie to himself. He knew the truth.

She was definitely having sex not just with her lover, but another woman as well.

He had confirmed her affair with the mad—Marc was his name—but the woman was a new wrinkle. Rob should have been upset at all of this and he gave that impression to his wife. Secretly—to his horror and shame—he found the idea of Angie cheating on him to be the most sexually thrilling thing to happen to him. He wanted her to keep cheating—hopefully with different partners—but he couldn't let her know that so he didn't have normal sex with her. He knew that if he didn't she would seek out sex elsewhere.

But at the same time he needed to demand something else of her. That's where his long-term obsession with lactation came into place. He hadn't been able to ask her for that before. When he found her in bed with Marc, the request came very easily.

And at the same time he couldn't articulate his desire to encourage her to keep cheating on him. In fact, he made it seem like he wanted her to stop because that was the proper way of it. It was fine. It worked out. She kept cheating on him anyway.

While he knew his sex drive was lower than hers, somehow her cheating increased his libido. But instead of funneling that libido into his wife's pussy or ass or mouth, he instead found himself jerking off on an almost daily basis.

Rob knew the situation he had created was fucked up, but he couldn't figure out a way to make it stop. And he didn't want to.

All the thoughts running through his head were wiped away when his wife ran her fingers through his hair. He liked when she did that while he nursed from her. It was probably an unconscious gesture, but that didn't make it any less loving. "Are you getting enough milk, honey?" she asked him.

He nodded his head a little, shaking her breasts. She had gotten better at hiding her infidelities, which was both exciting and annoying. Her breasts were always full when he laid down with her. They had stopped sucking away her milk. Either she had forced them to stop or they had lost interest in his specialized kink. Gone were the occasional bruises and bite marks that marred her skin from vigorous sex and over-eager lovers. But she still hadn't learned to take a shower before coming back to him. Or maybe she knew and just wanted to taunt him with the smell of her lovers. Or maybe she did shower and the powerful scent of her lovers was just too much for a simple shower to overpower.

Letting her nipple fall from his mouth he said, "You've got lots today." He pressed on the underside of her breast, making the milk spray out in a little fountain which he caught in his open mouth. It was little more than a party trick and not very satisfying to either of them, but he still liked to try it every once in a while.

"I made sure to make enough for you today," she smiled down at him. She pressed her thigh between his legs, feeling his hard cock. They were lying on the

bed together, half undressed, getting ready for bed before the mood struck Rob and he pushed her down onto the mattress to nurse before pulling on any pajamas. Normally he nursed from her just before they went to sleep. “Want to fuck when you’re done?” she offered eagerly.

Her constant requests to get him to fuck her again—plain, simple cock in pussy sex—confused him. She was getting plenty of sex from Marc—and presumably her other lovers—so why would she want it from him as well? He had decided to experiment with his wife in other ways she wasn’t accustomed to. And neither was he.

What he didn’t know was that while Angie had fucked Marc and Lisa earlier that day, she had made sure they didn’t suck away any of her milk. She had to keep her affair with them as secret as possible from Rob. He knew she was cheating on him, but she was polite enough to be discrete about it.

“No,” he said, taking a breath between suckling. “Not yet.”

She grunted in annoyance. “If not now, then when?”

Rob was irritated by her question. She was getting all the sex she needed from her lover. What did it matter if he fucked her or not? “When I’m ready for you again,” he said, speaking into her wet, milky breast, but at the same time he thrusted his hand between her legs and found her wet.

She inhaled sharply when his hand found her pussy, but she didn’t push him away. She welcomed his fingers into her body. “I’m ready,” she told him unnecessarily. “I’m ready for you to fuck me.” Rolling her hips, she rubbed her clit on his fingers.

His only response was to grunt into her breast and suckle some more. It felt good and she didn’t complain. There was no reason to complain at the moment. His fingers in her pussy and against her clit felt good. Maybe Angie should have been a bit embarrassed at how much she needed to have sex, but she was enjoying this phase of her lift and there was no reason to stop it.

As his fingers moved faster within her, the milk in her tits flowed faster and easier. Maybe it wasn’t real sex, but it was good sex. Angie’s panting and noises confirmed that. Rob would have been happy to fuck her—but she had already been fucked once that day and he had his pride.

Maybe too much pride.

Angie's noises became elevated vocalizations and then nearly a shriek which she stifled with a pillow as she came. The long, drawn out groan that followed the orgasm was the signal that she was done.

"I just want your cock," she breathed quietly. Rob said nothing and just listened to her breathing. After a minute it slowed, became steady, and then she settled into her pattern of light snoring.

Rob got out of bed and went to the bathroom, leaving his sleeping wife behind. After briefly considering a cold shower, he instead drank some water and then splashed some cold water on his face. His cock was uncomfortably hard in his pants so he pulled them down and looked at his erection. As much as his wife had annoyed him and caused him grief and suffering, he still loved her and he had become obsessed with her milk. It was a terrible kink to endure, but it was a burden he had willingly created.

With a sigh he grabbed his cock and started jerking off. He didn't do it out of any real need for pleasure. It was only because he needed a physical release and a way of calming himself down so he could go to sleep. Rob didn't need to whip up any elaborate fantasy in his head; it was already there. Closing his eyes, he thought about his wife's tits, how perfectly his cock fit into her pussy, and how he was just denying himself from her because he was a fucking idiot.

It didn't take long. One, two, three. He clenched his jaw and ejaculated with a quick grunt. Immediately afterward he inhaled deeply and felt the tension leaving his body. After cleaning up he tucked himself back into his underwear and left the bathroom.

Slipping back into bed next to his wife was easy. She was still topless but at some point she must have wiggled all the way out of her panties. Sensing he had returned, Angie drew her body closer to his. Her breasts pressed into her back and he wanted to turn around and suckle on them some more, but he restrained himself. He knew his limits. Angie's arm draped over his chest, only vaguely holding him next to her. If he had the courage, he would have turned to face her and said it was time for them to start having normal sex again.

But he didn't have the courage.

And he had just blown his load in the bathroom.

He didn’t have the energy.

# Chapter Seven

Rob woke up with Angie's boobs in his face. All in all, it was a pleasant way to wake up. But she wasn't doing it to tease or annoy him, she wasn't even doing it as foreplay to sex. She was shoving her tits in his face because they were full of milk and she wanted some relief from the pressure. During the night while she slept was when she made most of her milk and so she woke up full every morning.

Doing what just came natural, Rob parted his lips, accepted one of her swollen nipples into his mouth, and started greedily sucking. As always, her milk was warm and sweet. It was a wonderful way to wake up. He barely even notice when she subtly shifted her position which ended with her cupping his cock through his pajama bottoms. Naturally, since he had just woken up, he was sporting morningwood. Under any other circumstances it would have been a welcome prelude to early morning sex, but Rob was hard not because of the not-so-subtle gesture of his wife but because he needed to pee.

But that wasn't enough to stop him from sucking on his wife's tits, nor was it enough for him to stop her from gently massaging his cock. He let her. It was easier that way. She stayed interested in him as he nursed on her because it felt good. Agreeing to lactate for him had been an easy choice; it got her out of trouble for cheating on Rob and it developed into a pleasurable daily task for them both.

"I want your cock in me," she murmured in his ear. She had never felt closer to any man than Rob, not just because his cock fit into her so perfectly, but because he was the one who wanted to nurse from her tits. Marc and Lisa were fine with fucking a woman who was lactating, but only Rob seemed to have a real interest in it.

Rob made a non-committal grunt into her breasts. She stopped rubbing his cock separated by the material of his nightclothes, and dipped her hand inside the waistband, pushing down his underwear, and gripping his cock. As she stroked him he didn't let up from nursing on her tits. He became more anxious and sucked harder the faster she pumped her fist up and down on him. Even his cock seemed to fit perfectly in her hand; her fingers wrapped around it without any effort. Her fingers weren't too short, like they were with Marc's, or too long, like they had been with a few too many one-time lovers. It was perfect.

“Do you want to cum?” she asked him. Angie knew she was pushing him hard, but that was the only way, she reasoned, that she was going to get his cock back into her pussy the way she wanted.

“Uh-huh,” Rob muttered. “But you need to suck me first. I want you to taste my juices.”

Angie was already excited by what they were doing. Her pussy was on fire with longing for his cock. She could feel her natural lubrication started to seep out. Once Rob pulled away from her tits, he pushed down on her shoulders and they quickly got their bodies properly aligned, this time with her face in his crotch.

He was already hard so fellatio wasn’t necessary as a prelude to sex. It was just a little bonus that Angie wanted. And despite her cheating, Angie wanted to keep her husband happy. She did lover him, after all.

The precum that covered the head of his cock was slippery and salty at the same time. Angie didn’t immediately swallow it, but instead rolled her tongue all over the glans, making it wetter and tasting the unique flavor of what Rob offered. It wasn’t even necessary to get him wet so he’d fit into her pussy easier. She was so wet he could slide in friction-free. This was just fun and games and she wanted to keep him happy.

“Take it all,” he encouraged her.

While Angie liked giving head and had practiced it more than she would admit to anyone including herself, she had learned long ago the trick to a good blowjob was not to gag while sucking. Going too deep was worse than not sucking it at all. Keeping a fist around the base of his shaft, she relaxed her mouth and throat and accepted as much of his member as she could while sucking. Angie had to close her eyes to concentrate on it. Giving a man this pleasure was the first way that Angie had learned to have sex. She had given more blowjobs on couches, in cars, in movie theaters, and even in the band room in high school than she had given in bedrooms.

Judging by the sounds that Rob was making, she knew he was happy.

And then he pulled her hand away from the bottom of his cock and using the other hand on the back of her head, he pushed his cock as deeply as possible into her throat.

Angie had done deep throating before. She didn't love it, but it wasn't terrible. Controlling her gag reflex was one of her points of pride. Usually she did it only by special request of a lover—and occasionally Rob—and when she was prepared for it. Having to do it by surprise was not what she wanted, ever.

"You like that?" he asked her in the dim morning light in their bedroom. "It feels fucking fantastic in your throat."

Because his cock was down her throat it was impossible for Angie to reply. She looked up at him with pleading eyes, but Rob's were already shut. Taking both hands on the sides of her heads he fucked her face for two, three, four, and then five thrusts before he grunted and pulled back a bit.

Her mouth was flooded by his spunk. The flavor was strong and salty mixed with that strong chemical aroma that wasn't pleasant but she had become accustomed to. Knowing that spitting out his cum or letting it drip down his cock would only piss off Rob, Angie did what she had to do an swallowed his load. The moment she did the first spurt was replaced with a second and she swallowed again. She had to swallow five times to get rid of all his cum, but Rob seemed satisfied, even is she wasn't.

"That was fucking great, hon," he told her and pushed her face away to roll out of bed. Kicking off his underwear, he headed to the bathroom. "I need a shower."

Angie just nodded, disappointed, and took a sip of water from the bottle she kept on her nightstand, not because she was dehydrated, but to get rid of the taste of her husband's cum. Knowing there wasn't much time, her hand snuck into the bottom of the nightstand and she fished out her vibrator. It was purple and almost exactly the same size and shape as Rob's cock. It had taken her more hours on the internet to find one that matched Rob's dimensions than she wanted to admit. The moment the shower turned on in the bathroom, she turned on the vibrator and got down to business.

The smooth silicone phallus slipped between her nether lips and up into her pussy. It was lightly curved just like Rob's cock and the vibrations emanated from inside and flowed all through her body. Wasting no time, Angie started pumping the wonderfully shaped and designed device into her pussy like she was trying to hammer home a point of argument like a teacher pounding on a desk to emphasize their thesis. Already as keyed up as she was, the orgasm she

was chasing was easily caught and she rolled to her side, thighs gripping the vibrator, holding it inside for a moment longer to enhance the thrill of the ride down the mountain. She had her teeth clenched and face half buried in the pillow to muffle her sounds of pleasure, though she was certain that Rob couldn't hear her over the shower on full force.

Feeling like a schoolgirl not wanting to get caught masturbating, she reluctantly pulled her second-favorite sex toy from her pussy and dropped it back into the drawer just as Rob turned off the water.

It would have to be enough for the moment.

Emerging from the bathroom Rob was wearing a towel around his waist and his hair was still wet. "Are you getting up?" he asked his wife. She cracked her eyes open and looked at him, feigning having drifted back to sleep.

"In a minute."

He nodded and casually removed the towel to drape it over his shoulders while walking to the closet. As he moved he looked greedily at his now flaccid cock. It was the perfect size, even when not hard. It didn't hang obscenely nor was it shriveled up like a caricature of a man. She had to remember not to lick her lips. "I should be home at the usual time."

"Okay," she agreed and got unsteadily out of bed and headed toward the shower, but she paused at the doorway. "When will we…?" she started to ask.

"When I'm ready," he all but snapped at her.

Lisa was sprawled on her bed, legs spread wide with Angie's face buried in her pussy. Though she had always considered herself sexually adventurous Angie hadn't ever had any bisexual or lesbian leanings. It wasn't just something that had interested her. And then Marc got her in bed with him and his wife. And then as she started lactating she had a more and greater need for sex that Rob wasn't providing her. Since Marc wasn't always available—like now—and she didn't want to go hunting up another lover, Lisa would have to do.

Luckily Lisa was an open-minded and willing lover. She was open to both men

and women, alone or in groups. Or so she claimed. Angie had only ever been with her alone and with Marc. Lisa claimed to have been to a few orgies both with Marc and without him.

Lisa was exactly the type of woman that strict parents—Angie's parents—had warned her about when she was in high school.

Lisa was exactly the type of woman that Angie wished she had met when she was younger.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!" Lisa cried out. Her thighs gripped the sides of Angie's head and started trembling. The other woman kept her pussy shaved of all hair, which Angie found she enjoyed when going down on her. Strangely it hadn't been the act, the view, the taste, or the smell that had given her trepidation about cunnilingus. It had been getting hairs in her mouth. But because Lisa was smooth, it was easy to do.

And she didn't know why some people complained about how difficult it was to make a woman cum. Lisa—and herself—came quite easily when their lovers knew what the hell they were doing.

When Lisa came there was a mild spurt of her juices which Angie greedily swallowed. It wasn't anything like a man's spunk, but it was just another human response to sex. When Lisa was done cumming she started laughing and propped her head up on a pillow to look down at Angie between her legs. Angie looked up at her shyly and licked the other woman's still swollen labia under half-lowered eyelids.

"You eat pussy better than my husband."

"Thank you," Angie said politely and kissed the top of Lisa's mound.

"Want me to return the favor?" Lisa asked as she gently pushed Angie from between her legs and started moving her around. Angie followed her lead, but sighed.

"Sure. I'd rather get fucked by Marc's cock, but anything for a little release."

Lisa paused. "Rob still not fucking you?"

“No!”

“I have a temporary solution to that problem.”

She rolled out of the bed and went to her closet where she pulled out a small plastic tote full of sex toys and began rummaging through it. She and Marc had an active bedroom life that on occasion needed some additional help. “I’ve been using my vibrator,” Angie said, trying to dissuade her friend. “It helps, but I like a real cock too. I wish Marc was here.”

Lifting her head up from the contents of the tote, Lisa said, “Well, he might be watching us.”

Chuckling, Angie said, “Is he really spying on us through the window? We’re on the second floor.”

“Found it,” Lisa muttered and stood up. “Of course not. He’s probably watching through the security camera.”

“What?!”Angie sat bolt upright and clutched a sheet to her chest. It was a stupid gesture. Marc had seen her naked plenty of times. He’d fucked her.

Grinning, Lisa pointed to the small camera sitting on the shelf where Lisa and Marc had a television mounted along with some other AV equipment. “A little voyeurism is fun.”

“Is he watching right now?” Angie squinted at the little blue light under the camera.

“No way to tell. I can call him and ask.” She was looking down at the toy in her hands. It looked like a medium sized blue vibrator or dildo that had some straps attached. “Do you want him to watch?” She looked up at Angie with a wicked grin on her face. Angie got the distinct impression that perhaps Marc and Lisa had played this game before.

“Um. No. Can you turn it off?”

Lisa shrugged. “Sure.” She unplugged the power cord to the small camera and turned it face down on the shelf. “Better?”

“Yes.” Angie still looked around nervously while Lisa continued to fiddle with her toy. She wondered if there were other hidden cameras and if they had been recording, but she didn’t want to upset Lisa by asking about it. “What are you doing?”

The other woman looked up at her and said, “Just getting my strapon adjusted so I can properly fuck you.”

It only then occurred to Angie to take a look at what Lisa had been doing. While she had been in a mild panic about the camera, Lisa had put the straps around her hips, waist, and thighs. They formed a network that neatly held the blue vibrator in place over her crotch. It jutted upward at a mild angle. Angie knew what she was looking at, but it still seemed odd to see someone actually wearing a strapon. It wasn’t really sexy, it was more utilitarian.

“Oh,” said Angie. “That doesn’t look…comfortable.” She didn’t know what else to say.

“No, it’s very comfortable,” Lisa said. She lightly held the light blue phallus with the fingers of her left hand. “There’s a little base that goes up inside my pussy. Helps keep it in place.”

There were a million questions that Angie wanted to ask, chief among them being who Lisa had used the strapon with before. Another woman? Another couple? Marc? Was Marc into pegging? Did she walk around with it on for her own amusement.

“It’s not exactly a real cock, is it?” she said lamely.

Lisa smiled at her and approached the bed. “Not exactly. But it’s the best we can do given the circumstances. Now, how do you want me to fuck you?” she asked. “Missionary? Doggy? Cowgirl?”

It was easy to imagine that the two of them could imitate any position normally used by a man and a woman. Angie ran through the possibilities in her head and realized she didn’t want to be in control and she didn’t want to have to look Lisa in the eye while they were trying this. “Doggy,” she said having quickly made the decision. “It’s my favorite.”

That was a lie, but Angie was an accomplished liar. She didn’t have a favorite

position, but rather ran through a variety of different ones that worked best with each of her lovers.

“Great. Turn over and get on your hands and knees.”

Doing as Lisa said, Angie actually got down on her elbows, pushing her ass up into the air and spreading her thighs wide enough for easy access from any lover. Kneeling behind her, Lisa caressed her pussy, feeling Angie’s wet, swollen lips.

“Oh shit, you’re really wet,” she exclaimed. “I was certain I was going to have to get out some lube.”

Biting her lip, Angie tried not to giggle. She didn’t want to sound like an inexperienced virginal school girl. “I’ve never had a problem with that.”

“Okay, hold still. I sometimes have trouble getting this in. It’s not like it’s actually part of me.” Angie could feel Lisa probing with the head of the dildo. She reached back between her legs and helped her friend guide the toy in. There was little difficulty. Sometimes Angie was sure that her body was built for sex and had no other purpose in life. It wasn’t a bad purpose.

“Fuck. You really want this, don’t you,” Lisa said as she slowly pulled back and penetrated her friend deeper and deeper with each stroke.

“Fuck yes,” Angie moaned. Lisa’s fake cock wasn’t as good as Rob’s—nothing was—and it wasn’t as thick as Marc’s, but she knew it was there and it was what she needed right then and there.

As Lisa started thrusting her hips, Angie could occasionally feel the straps against her skin. But that was fine. She liked how Lisa took control of the situation and once a good rhythm was established, Lisa held onto her hips, directing her.

“Hold on a second,” Lisa muttered.

The pause annoyed Angie because she was quickly approaching a very nice orgasm. She felt Lisa’s hand between their bodies, and suddenly there was a pleasant buzzing and pulsing in her pussy. The sensation quickly spread through her body.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned.

“It’s just a little vibrator,” Lisa said, grabbing onto her hips and resuming their rhythm.

Getting fucked by a woman with a fake cock wasn’t exactly like getting fucked by a man with a biological cock, but it was pleasant enough as sex went. The angle was a little weird and the lack of hair on Lisa’s body was a definite difference between her and Marc or Rob—along with the face that Lisa wasn’t nearly as muscular as either man—but it was better than not getting fucked at all. However, the vibrator made up for a lot of what was normally missing.

If nothing else, it was a new, fun experience and it didn’t take much for Angie to begin gasping and then it was as if her body got away from her. The orgasm that took control of her made her shriek with delight. The orgasm slowly faded away and she was let out a long, satisfied groan. Once it was over she realized that Lisa’s vibrating cock was still inside her, but Lisa slipped it out and clicked the button to turn it off. A silence filled the bedroom before either of them dared speak.

“Did you cum?” Angie asked shyly.

Lisa collapsed next to her. The harness and phallus were still on her hips. “Oh yeah. You couldn’t see it, of course, and you were so loud you covered up any noises I was making.”

Angie giggled. “Sorry. You didn’t say I had to be quiet.”

“You didn’t have to be.” Lisa stroke her hair and gave her a kiss.

“It’s hard to tell with a woman most of the time. I mean, with a man, if he cums, he ejaculates and you know he’s done.”

“Yeah, but I can cum and cum again,” said Lisa.

“Me too. It makes you wonder why lesbianism isn’t more popular.”

They both laughed at that.

“You should really invite Rob over to be with us, with me and Marc and you,”

Lisa said abruptly.

After looking at her friend, her friend who had just fucked her and whose husband regularly fucked her as well, Angie said, “I don’t think that would be a good idea.”

“Why not? You should really stop lying to him about fucking around on him.”

Angie winced. “Yeah. I know. But…it’s complicated.”

“Only because you’re making it complicated.”

Angie rolled to her side and displayed her boobs to Lisa. “You know he caught me fucking Marc. I agreed to stop and to make it up for him, I’d let him make me lactate again.”

“Yeah, that’s kind of twisted.”

Angie ignored her. “And I was supposed to stop fucking Marc. And I probably shouldn’t be fucking you either. He doesn’t know about you.”

“I bet he’d be pretty turned on if he knew you were fucking a woman. Most men are into bisexual women. They love watching us fuck.”

Although she nodded, Angie said, “I can’t. I’ve been lying to him for too long. I can’t just confess everything now. He’ll hate me.”

“When do you plan on stopping fucking us?” Lisa asked sharply. “And when you stop fucking us, are you going to find someone else to fuck? You need to get your life in order, Ang.”

Angie didn’t say anything. She knew Lisa was right, but she couldn’t stop herself from cheating on her husband.

# Chapter Eight

“I got you a present,” said Rob as he walked into the bedroom. It was late at night, but Angie was still awake, waiting for him to come home. The kids were asleep so they had some time together without having to worry about being interrupted.

“A present?” she asked with a touch of nervousness in her voice. With Rob that could be anything, and based on her latest behavior, she deserved whatever she got. While she hadn’t been sleeping, she had been close to the edge of slumber, only half-watching what was happening on the television screen.

He held up a manila envelope and shook out what looked like a five-by-seven card that had a small chain attached to it. At first she thought it was some cheap bit of jewelry that didn’t deserve an actual jewelry box, but when he flipped over the card and displayed it to her, Angie was even more puzzled. She didn’t understand what she was looking at.

“What is it?” she asked.

Rob chuckled at her. “You suddenly can’t read?”

Angie had been focusing on the strange clasps and the rather thick chain rather than the cardstock. Once she flicked her eyes upward, they widened in surprise. “Nipple clamps?” she gasped. “Where did you get that?”

“Does it matter?” he asked as he started to detach the clamps from the cardstock. The two clamps were held together by a short silver chain. It looked silver, at least, but Angie figured it had to be some type of steel, or maybe cheap nickel.

“Well, no…but you don’t expect me to wear them, do you?”

He didn’t answer her directly. “Take off your nightshirt,” he told her.

“You can’t be serious,” she said.

“I am.” He had removed the clamps and chain from the card and now dangled them from his fingers. “You aren’t going to say no, are you? It’s been all day since I’ve seen you. Your tits must be full.”

As it was, Angie was uncomfortable with the fullness of her breasts. Though she

wasn’t making a huge amount of milk, it was enough to keep them full and hard. She always looked forward to when Rob came home and nursed from her. It was a lovely feeling…and now he wanted to make her suffer more before he gave her any relief. That was, if he gave her any relief at all.

“How the fuck are you going to nurse from me if I’m wearing those…those things?!”

“You can wear one at a time,” he said. “They’re sold in pairs. Get your shirt off.”

He was implying he’d nurse and the more she thought about it, the more dangerous and more fun it seemed. Silently she pulled the nightshirt over her head and pulled her shoulders back, pushing out her tits with pride.

Rob’s smile was thin. She wasn’t sure if he was happy she gave in or if he was happy that he was going to inflict pain on her. He fiddled with one of the clamps for a moment. There was a little screw that apparently adjusted the tension, and then placed it on her nipple, pulling it forward enough so that the pink, swollen bit of flesh protruded through the rubber-coated jaws. When he tightened the screw the pressure suddenly increased and Angie gasped in surprise and pain.

It didn’t actually hurt that much. That was the surprising part. Angie was certain that her nipples had been pinched much harder during sex. There was a certain comfort to the pressure and she could feel pressure building. It was sort of sexy and sort of stressful, almost like learning to walk the correct way in high heels.

“Lay back,” Rob said, pushing on her shoulders. As she moved, she felt the weight of the chain and the unused clamp pulling down on her clamped nipple. It was almost nice. There was a thrill building within her body because of it. One she was laying down, Rob was on top of her, attaching his mouth to her breast and sucking happily away.

“Oh yes,” she sighed happily. The feeling of her milk flowing out of her right breast but being blocked on her left was strange. Rob had suckled from her before while pinching one nipple, but this was much stronger. There was real pain involved. “Keep going,” she encouraged him.

Rob sucked and swallowed as fast as he could. The sweetness of her milk was his addiction. Maybe it was all in his mind, but what she made for him was better than any other food he could imagine. It wasn’t a real physical addiction,

he knew, but it felt like one.

“Slow down,” she murmured to him, running her fingers through his hair, but he didn’t. He kept going. Rob was all but pinning her down with his weight, one hand holding her arm to the mattress and the other on her side, holding the loose chain of the clamps against her side.

It felt wonderful how he was draining her because of the sexual charge it gave it. Maybe she shouldn’t have allowed lactation to become a sexual act between them, but that was long past and her tits were the most sexual organ in her body, more than her pussy or her brain.

Without Angie realizing it, her breathing had become fast and shallow. Rob pulled back from her nipple, leaving it wet and swollen to the point of redness. “Are you going to cum?” he asked her.

Angie’s eyes snapped open. “Fuck. Not now. Why’d you stop?”

“You went dry,” he told her flatly. Reaching for the clamp on her left nipple he asked, “Are you ready?”

Looking down at her breast, Angie saw that her clamped nipple had gone dark red, almost purple, from the restricted flow of blood to the precious little piece of flesh. It throbbed dully, but she wasn’t in pain. “Oh fuck, it’s going to hurt, isn’t it?” she asked.

Rob smiled. There was a predatory look on his face. “Probably. Are you ready?”

Her breathing was still fast and shallow. “No.” It was the best thing she could have said, but the clamp couldn’t remain no her nipple for the rest of her life.

Grabbing the clamp, Rob steadied it and spun the small screw to release the pressure. The jaws opened and Angie felt the blood rushing back into the nipple and she gasped and whined at the stream of pain. “It hurts, it hurts, it hurts,” she whined.

“Mm-hmm,” Rob agreed. Angie had grabbed her breast, holding it to help with the pain. She barely noticed that Rob was lining up the other clamp with her right nipple. She felt the tug on her breast, him drawing out her nipple to fit it between the jaws of the clamp.

“No no no,” she insisted. “What are you doing?”

“Clamping your nipple,” he said coolly. “What do you think I’m doing?”

She knew she should have said no, but she didn’t. Angie just watched while he made sure the jaws were firmly set before he let go. The pain was gentle at first and Angie was certain she could deal with it. There was the now-familiar weight and tug of the chain on her nipple when Rob pushed aside her hand to get at her left nipple.

“What are you doing?” she repeated.

This time Rob didn’t answer. He just lowered his mouth to her nipple and started sucking. She thought the pain would be too much. It wasn’t. There was a certain soreness, but his firm sucking was actually a pleasant change from the fiery pain. Almost immediately she felt her milk letting down and flowing through her swollen nipple. It felt good and she felt the unmistakable wonder that she was heading toward orgasm. It hurt, but the cure was great pleasure. It was almost too much and Angie started pushing her hand down to her pussy, but Rob grabbed her wrist and kept it away.

“No…” she whined.

But he kept holding her down and sucking on her nipple. It was a struggle. She wanted to cum but she couldn’t. There was more than enough sensation, but she had already cum too many times with Lisa earlier in the day and she couldn’t. Rob held her down, not letting her masturbate, while he nursed her dry.

“I want to cum,” she whined to him when he lifted up his head. “I want you to fuck me.”

Rob considered her request. “I’ll fuck you, but only if you wear the nipple clamps,” he told her.

Angie’s eye went wide. At first she was excited by his agreement, but then she realized she’d have to wear the clamps while he fucked her. That sounded both painful and thrilling, but she wasn’t sure she could do it.

“I…I don’t think that I can,” she said, her voice shaking. “It’ll hurt too much.” Without wanting it to happen, a tear slid out the side of her eye. In the dim light

of the bedroom, she was reasonably certain that Rob didn't see it, but she didn't dare try to wipe it away lest he realized how hard he was pushing her.

"I won't make them too tight," he promised her. "Just enough to keep them on. Just enough so that you feel them when I'm fucking you." He reached across her body and tugged gently on the clamp that still remained on her nipple. That jolted Angie. She had half-forgotten it was on. Already it seemed like a part of her. "You're already wearing one. Why not the other?"

Angie just lay on the bed, breathing. She wanted to say no. She wanted him to make any other request, but she remained silent.

Stupidly she did nothing while he adjusted the screw on the free clamp and then fitted it over her nipple. When he started it was soft and relaxed, but the moment the cool metal touched her flesh again, it became hard which made it very simple for him to slip the clamp into place and she found her flesh trapped. Both nipples were under the harsh pressure of the clamps and she didn't know what to do with herself.

Rob pushed on her hip. "Roll over. I want you on all fours so I can fuck you from behind. I want you to feel the weight of the clamps pulling on your tits.

It was an obscene request, but she went along with it. Angie moved carefully, not wanting the clamps to pull too harshly on her nipple. Only when she got on her hands and knees did she remember that she was still wearing her satin purple panties. That was enough to let another tear slide out of her eyes. Getting the panties off would be too much movement, too much pain.

But Rob was there and he knew what needed to be done. He pulled the panties over her ass, exposing her buttocks and pussy. When they got down to her knees, it was easy to lift one and then the other so that she was fully naked. Maybe it would have been easiest on her if she had gone down on her elbows—like she had with Lisa—so that her tits could rest against mattress, but Rob wanted her on hands and knees. She knew he wanted her to feel the tug and the weight of the clamps.

Angie waited patiently as Rob rolled off the bed and undressed. He didn't hurry or dawdle, but just took his time, letting her watch him. By the time he removed his underwear, she saw that his cock was fully erect and ready. She could even see a bead of precum forming on the tip. Unconsciously she licked her lips in

anticipation, but she knew that she wasn't going to be sucking his cock.

Remaining silent, Rob knelt behind her on the bed and reached between her legs. His fingers probed carefully at her pussy. It was hot and swollen in anticipation. The best part was that she was incredibly wet.

"You really want my cock, huh?" he asked her, pushing a finger inside her. He was just probing, but it was a welcome intrusion and her pussy closed eagerly on his finger.

"Uh-huh," she panted. Just the idea of having his cock back inside her was almost enough to get her off. Almost. It was a good thing that Lisa had fucked her earlier in the day; if she hadn't, Angie knew that she would cum as soon as Rob pushed his cock inside of her. Her desire was too great. "Please," she begged as she moved her hips around, trying to get more friction from his finger.

That was enough for Rob to withdraw the wet digit. Suddenly it was it front of her lips and she knew what he wanted. She sucked it in, tasting herself on his finger. The moment she did, his cock went up into her pussy.

"Yes yes yes," she said as he invaded her cunt. His finger went away and he grasped her shoulders.

His cock was exactly as she remembered. It filled her exactly and perfectly. The curve matched her pussy and it throbbed pleasantly. Automatically she started moving her entire body, getting it to go in and out of her pussy, but Rob stilled her and just let their bodies rest together a minute, joined as one.

"Keep going," she urged him. Maybe she was addicted to his cock. Maybe it did just fit her and only her perfectly. Marc's cock was nice—it wasn't like she wasn't getting any sex—but her husband's was the one for her. Being tortured by her tits was one thing, but to have his cock actually inside her and not moving the way she wanted—the way she needed—it was worse torture.

"You want that, don't you?" he asked.

"Fuck yes," she said desperately. "I need it."

The slap to her ass wasn't exactly unexpected, and she wasn't one for mild sexual torture for no good reason, but she didn't complain about it either.

“Harder,” she said.

Instead. Rob bent forward and planted his hands on either side of hers and gave her two weak thrusts.

“Yes,” she moaned.

Holding himself up on one hand, he snaked the other under her body and found the dangling weight of the nipple clamp chain. The tug on it as he grasped it sent a shockwave through her body. When he pulled down on the chain, bringing it all the way to the mattress, she was automatically followed it.

“No!” he snapped at her.

“What?”

“Lock your elbows. Stay upright.”

“Why?” Angie whimpered even as she obeyed.

“Because I want you to. Because you deserve the pain.” He shifted his weight and used his hand that had been holding him parallel to the mattress to make sure her tits were being stretched out.

She didn’t know where he got that logic, but she did the best she could in obeying. It hurt incredibly. With Rob pinning the chain to the mattress, her breasts and nipples were stretched out painfully to the point where she could no longer feel his cock buried in her pussy.

“Do you like that?” he asked her.

“No,” she sobbed. Angie didn’t mean for the word to come out as a sob, but in the stress of the type of sex that Rob wanted right then, it was all she could do.

He made a satisfied sound and started rocking his hips back and forth, fucking her again. There wasn’t much she could do about it, and her body wanted his cock more than she realized. Rob fucking her took the edge off the pain in her tits and actually started to make it feel incredibly good. It was wrong, but she wasn’t complaining. She knew she should have, but there was no point to it. They were both getting what they wanted.

“You like this?” he asked while her fucked her. The sound of his body slapping into her filled the room. “You like being fucked like this, you slut?”

“Yesss,” she hissed out. The pain was receding. It was still there in the background, but it wasn’t going away, not anytime soon. She cursed herself even as she realized that was a good thing.

“I bet you do. You. Fucking. Slut.” He punctuated each of the words with a hard thrust into her pussy. She gasped with each impact. And then he came.

The sudden explosion of his cum inside her pussy was a welcome return to a semblance of normalcy in their sex life, though really this could hardly be called normal in any marriage. Even so, it was more than enough to make her cum. Her body literally shook as she first squealed in pleasure that slowly faded away into a moan.

Her arms weren’t up to holding her body in place any more. That was fine. Rob let her slowly collapse down to the bed where her body pressed into her sore tits. The mild pressure felt good to her abused flesh. As she went down, his soft cock slowly slipped free of her body. That was fine as well. She was sated for the moment.

Rob lay down on his side next to her. “Roll over.”

“Too tired.” Her voice was muffled by her arms and the pillow.

“I need to take the clamps off.”

She could feel the hard metal clamps and chain pressing into her skin and flesh. It was uncomfortable but not painful. She was certain her nipples had already gone numb from being under the clamps for so long.

“It’s gonna hurt to take them off,” she complained.

“Yes. But you can’t leave them on forever,” he pointed out. Rob pushed on her shoulder and side and she slowly acquiesced into being rolled over by him. The chain didn’t get caught in the sheets or her arm, but the weight as it moved pulled uncomfortably on her nipples.

Reaching out for the vicious little metal clamps, Rob asked, “Are you ready?”

“No.”

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he said as his fingers found the screws to release the pressure. Angie found that she couldn’t look, but her hands moved to push his away. It was a wasted effort; he barely noticed her efforts to protect herself.

The screws were simultaneously turned and the pressure was gone. For a flash of a second Angie felt some relief, and then the blood started circulating and it was like her nipples were on fire. She let out of sharp whimper of pain and grabbed her tits with both hands, rolling away from Rob to suffer alone.

“That fucking hurt!” she all but shouted at him.

“You liked wearing them while we fucked,” he pointed out.

“Not the fucking point,” she snapped.

“Jesus. It’s just a little fucking pain. Don’t be such a baby.” There was cruelty in his voice, but that didn’t bother Angie. What truly hurt her was his amusement.

“Next time how about we make you wear the fucking things?” She knew she wasn’t going to do that to him. Maybe it hurt to wear the nipple clamps, but it made the sex better as well. She knew she was going to try them again.

“To hurt me?” he asked her.

“Yes!”

“You’ve already fucking hurt me,” he said.

“How?” she asked him. The fire in her nipples was slowly fading so she was distracted.

“By fucking that guy. What’s his name? Marc?”

She glanced his way. “We already settled that,” she said weakly.

“We had...but you’re still fucking him!”

Angie opened her mouth to deny it, but then said nothing.

“Are you going to deny it?” he asked her.

“No,” she said softly.

“Then why are you still fucking him?” he asked. “Is he better in bed than me? Does he have a huge cock you can’t give up? Are you in love with him? What is it, Ang? Huh? Tell me!”

“I don’t know,” she answered. “I just…I just need to fuck other men I guess.” There was silence between them. “How did you know?”

“It’s completely fucking obvious. You smell like him. I can see the bruises on your body. The way you act. Once I started looking for it, I could see that you spend half your free time trying to hook up. I mean, Jesus Fuck! At least put a passcode on your phone so I don’t see all the messages you send each other.”

More silence.

“I’m sorry.”

“Like I believe that.”

“It’s true,” she insisted, lifting her hand from her breast to wipe away tears that were forming. “Okay, yeah, I’ve cheated on you, Rob. But I love you. I just need sex from more than one person.”

“You sound like a slut.”

“Maybe I am,” she said and swallowed. “Yeah. I am. Let me make it up to you.”

He laughed ruefully and flopped onto his back to stare at the ceiling. “How? You going to lactate for me again, Angie? You’re already doing that. You going to promise it’ll never happen again? You already made that promise.”

“How about I get Lisa to fuck you?” she asked. It was a crazy scheme, but it was all Angie had and she knew she could make it work.

Rob turned his head to look at her. “Who the fuck is Lisa?”

“Marc’s wife.”

“How the fuck can you make an offer like that?”

Angie worked her jaws and no sound came out. Then she cleared her throat and said, “She sort of made the offer already. To me.”

# Chapter Nine

Rob stiffly shook Marc's hand. It wasn't the first time they had met—that was when he had walked in on Marc and Angie fucking—but it was the first time under better circumstances. It was strange how they both pretended that Angie hadn't been fucking Marc for the past year. It was stranger that they were both pretending like they didn't know what was going to happen shortly.

"Thanks for inviting us over," Marc said.

"Where are your kids?" Lisa asked Angie.

"Got them to spend the night with friends," Angie replied. "One of the small advantages of having young teenagers. They want to leave the house as much as possible."

"Very generous of you," Marc said to Rob who didn't understand exactly how he had gotten himself into this situation.

"What's generous of me?"

"Sharing your wife."

"Am I?" Rob asked.

Lisa tried not to laugh. "You've been sharing her," she pointed out.

Rob tried not to get angry. He was fairly certain they weren't mocking him, but it hurt to know that Marc had been fucking his wife—apparently with his own wife's permission and approval—and they had been keeping it a secret from him.

"And we'd like to thank you for it," Lisa added. "It's very generous of you."

"Generous?" asked Rob.

"For sharing her with us," Lisa said happily.

Rob looked to his wife and saw her face turn bright red. She wasn't the sort of person who got easily embarrassed. Everything fell into place. Angie wasn't just fucking Marc; apparently she was fucking Lisa as well.

If Lisa had misread the situation or if she didn't care about what she was saying and the half-hidden secrets she was revealing, she didn't let on. She pressed forward. "She's been a welcome addition to our bedroom. I sort of half wish you weren't into the whole breast milk thing because that means I don't get to play with her tits as much as I'd like. She's saving them all for you."

Rob smiled politely and pulled his wife in close. They were in the large kitchen and dining room area of their house. It was easy for him to give Angie a kiss on the cheek and whisper in her ear, "You saved your tits for me, but not your pussy?"

Pretending that nothing was amiss, Angie turned to the other couple and said, "I wasn't saving them just for Rob." This was followed by a light laugh. "But we didn't invite you over for drinks and conversation," she continued as she pulled away from her husband and approached Lisa. Giving the other woman a peck on the cheek, she grabbed Lisa's hands and started to draw her out of the kitchen. "The bedroom is upstairs. We've got a king-sized mattress that needs to be put to the test. And I know that Rob wants to see what I've been doing in my spare time." She gave the men an overly broad wink and slipped out of the room, pulling Lisa along with her.

"C'mon," said Marc, following the women.

Rob went along. It wasn't like he had any choice.

By the time he got to the bedroom, Lisa and Angie were already down to their bras and panties. They were standing next to the foot of the bed, making out like horny teenagers, either blissfully unaware of the men in the room or pretending that they weren't being carefully watched.

Watching them, Rob didn't know what to think. Intellectually he knew that his wife had been fucking Marc, and he had only figured out minutes earlier that she was apparently also fucking Lisa, but it was strange to see. His cock knew exactly what to think, however. It was uncomfortably hard inside his pants.

"Fucking hot," Marc said approvingly. The other man was a few inches shorter than Rob, but was easily much more muscular. "Do you want to just watch 'em and let 'em do their thing, or do you want to fuck them?"

It took Rob a moment to realize that Marc was talking to him. "Uh. Either way.

What do you want to do?”

Marc laughed. “This is your rodeo, man. You get to pick. It’s your night.”

Rob honestly didn’t know what to think or what to pick. His anger seethed under the surface and he wasn’t sure that mixing meaningless sex with that anger was a good idea.

As it was, he didn’t have a choice.

Lisa broke off the kiss with Angie. Somehow during their clinch Angie had managed to release Lisa’s bra. Her tits were impressive. Differently sized and shaped from Angie’s with darker nipples. Rob found himself quickly fascinated. “I’m sure Rob doesn’t want to fuck his wife in front of us, hon. Why don’t I help him out?” She moved away from Angie and went to her knees in front of Rob.

When she reached for his belt, he knew he should have backed away, but he didn’t. Lisa knew exactly what she was doing and as much as possible without actually helping, Rob helped her open up his pants and get his cock out.

“Already hard,” she said. “You’re very eager.” And with those words she put her mouth onto his cock, sucking away the bit of precum that had already drooled out.

His heart was thumping in his chest and he looked over at his wife while another woman fellated him. Rob was certain that Angie was going to either be screaming at him in anger or crying because he had betrayed her.

But she hardly noticed him at all. Marc had gone to her, picked her up, and placed her on the bed while he climbed on top of her. They were in the process of getting her panties off when Lisa pulled back and spoke to him.

“Go ahead and watch them. It’s fun,” she said. “Tell me when you want to fuck. Or you can cum in my mouth if you want.” She went back to giving him the blowjob he never knew he wanted but was so desperate to have.

Lisa was very attractive. Even more so with her cheeks hollowed as she sucked on him while bobbing her head back and forth. He didn’t know what to think. It was one thing to accept a blowjob from a near-stranger, but it was something else entirely to do it while his wife was about to fuck another man.

He glanced back over at Angie. Her panties were gone although her bra remained, keeping her tits under control. Marc was naked and kneeling between Angie's spread legs. The other man's cock, Rob was relieved to realize, while it wasn't tiny, didn't have half the length of Rob's though it was much, much thicker. He wasn't certain Angie would be able to take it, but she didn't seem the least bit worried about it.

Lisa saw him watching and took his cock out of her mouth again. It wasn't much of a blowjob. "Want to cum in my mouth while he fucks her?" she graciously offered.

When he spoke the words to his answer, they surprised even him. "I want to blow my load over her tits," he said.

It was a ridiculous request and both Lisa and Angie should have said no. Instead Lisa just nodded her head. "Okay, tell me when you're gonna cum." Before she started sucking again she led him by the cock over to the edge of the bed where Marc was already fucking Angie. Apparently she had no trouble getting the other man's thick cock into her pussy. The familiar sounds of Angie in the middle of sex filled his ears. She wasn't completely gone yet; she was aware of her surroundings enough to reach out and curl her hand around Rob's thigh.

"Oh fuck," Rob burst out. "It's gonna happen."

Lisa reacted smoothly, pulling back and aiming his cock at Angie's chest. Angie kept pumping Rob's cock until it all became too much and three thick ropes of cum burst forth and splattered onto Angie's chest. She wasn't anywhere near ready to cum, but seemed delighted to have the benefit of her husband's cum all over her cleavage and bra. The material wasn't ruined, but he left it in an awful state.

Angie turned her head to Rob; a big grin was plastered over her face. "Did you like cumming all over me?" she asked him. "Want to watch me cum now?"

Rob just nodded his head. "Uh-huh."

# End Part Two

# 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.

Contact us for a free ebook from Green Bush Publishing.

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