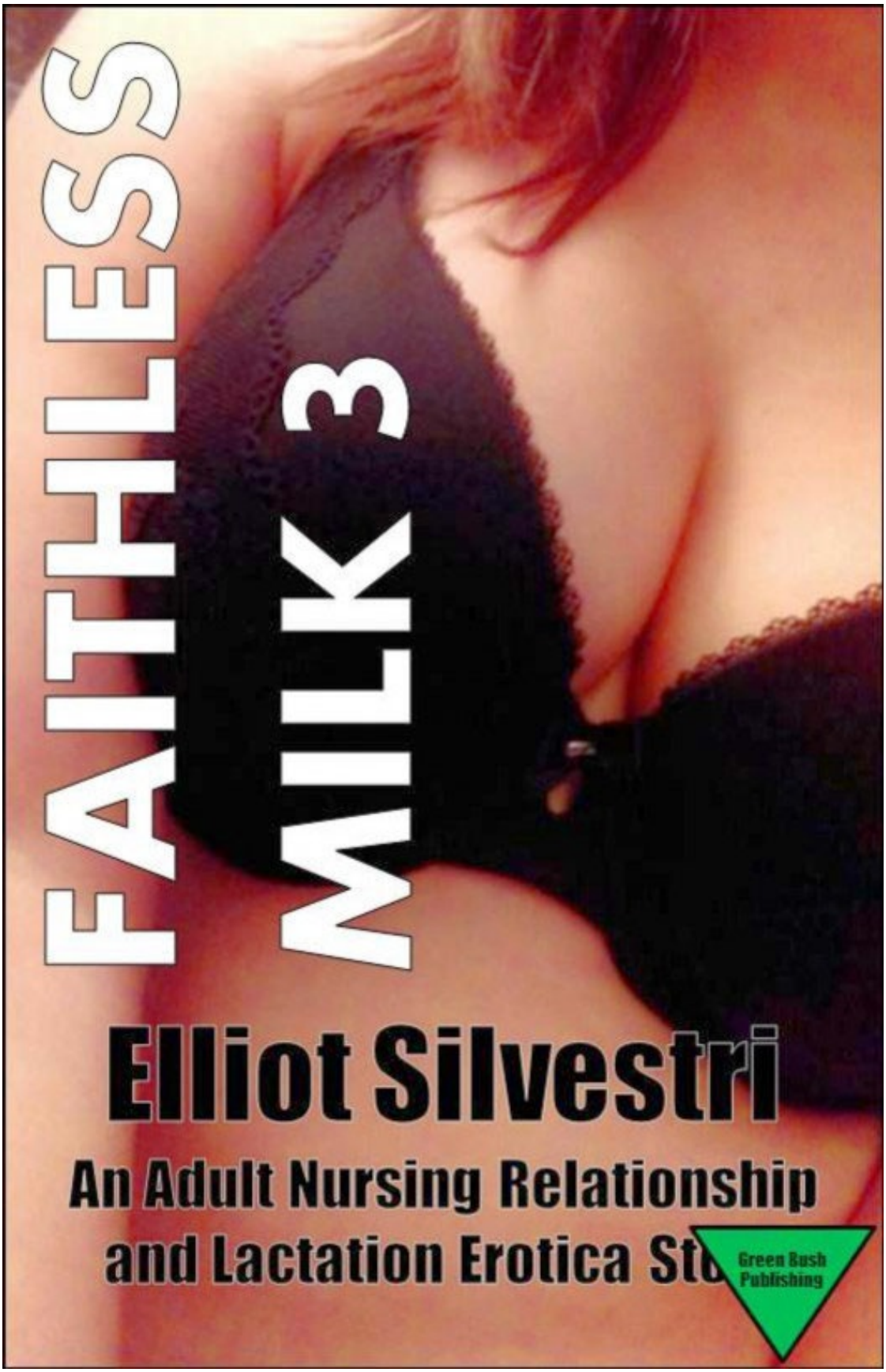
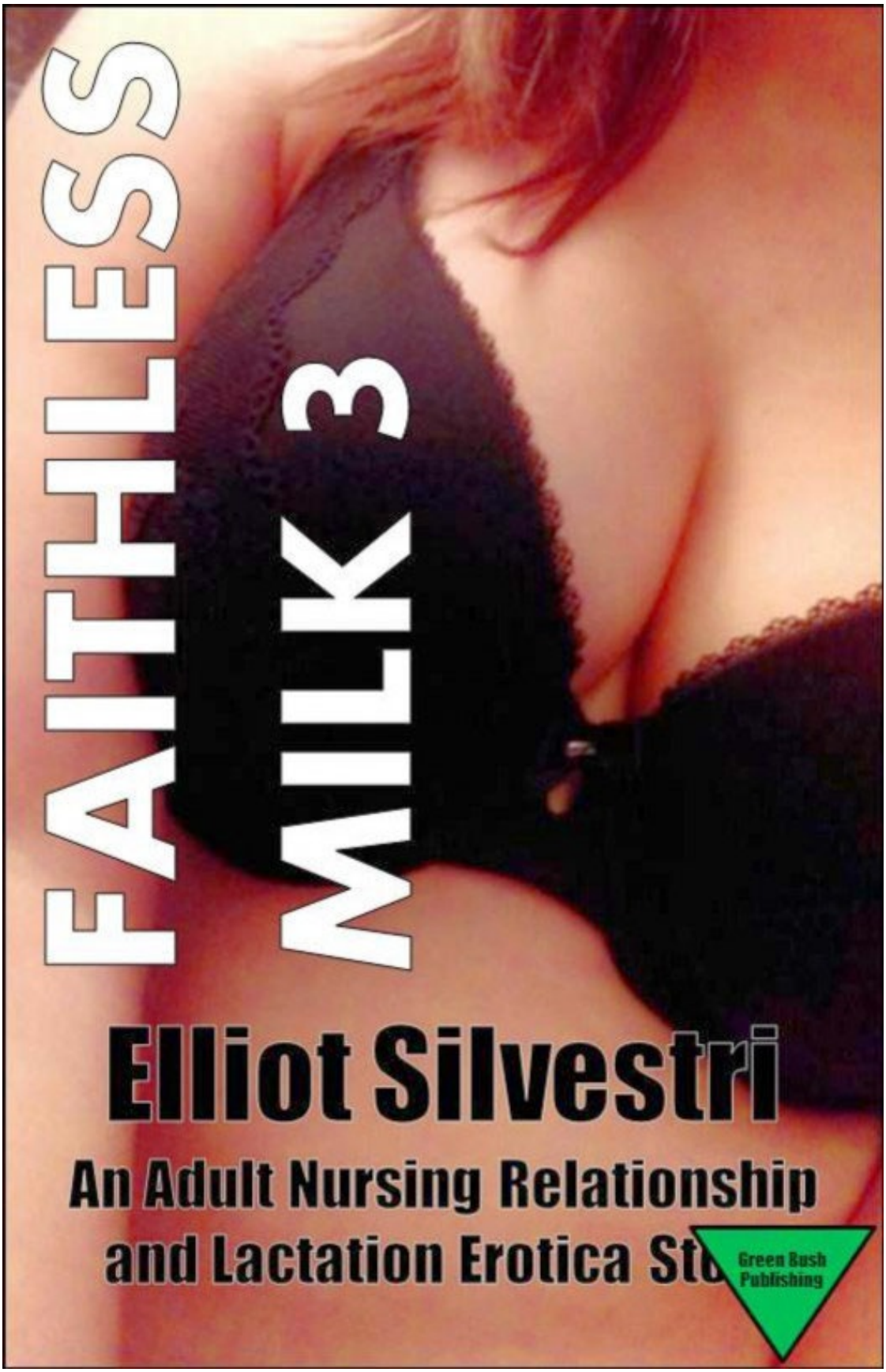

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**Faithless Milk 3**

**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 3

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# Chapter Ten

Rob watched as Marc continued to pound away at Angie's pussy. His cum remained on Angie's chest, even as she absently rubbed it into her skin. Marc wasn't the least put off by his lover's gesture. If anything, it was a turn on to the other man to see his lover covered in her husband's cum.

"That's so fucking hot," Lisa breathed from her place on the floor. She released Rob's cock and turned to her friend, leaning over Angie's body to kiss the other woman. It wasn't a friendly kiss between casual acquaintances, it was the kiss shared by lovers. "I wanted him to fuck me," she confided in Angie, but loud enough for everyone to hear.

Angie said nothing, but simply drew her legs up so that Marc could more deeply thrust his short, stubby cock into her wide-open pussy. Rob didn't know what to think. He stood there with his pants half down and his cock slowly drooping as the other three continued on almost without him. He felt half-blocked from their intimacy.

Without asking for permission Lisa helped Angie struggle out of her bra, freeing her tits. They bounced around as Marc continued to fuck her. Turning around, Lisa looked at Rob. "Aren't you going to suck on them?" she asked.

"What?"

Lisa rolled her eyes. It was like the gesture of a teenager. "Angie said you loved to drink her milk. I wanted to see you do it. Aren't you going to do it?" The other woman didn't wait for an answer and turned back to Rob to help him get out of his clothes. He automatically followed her lead. He didn't know what else to do.

It occurred to him as the last of his clothes fell to the floor, that Lisa was the only one wearing anything at all; she was down to just her panties. Once Rob was naked, Lisa turned away from him and lowered her mouth to Angie's left breast. Turning her head, she looked at Rob and before she started sucking, she said, "Aren't you going to join me?"

That was all she said and Rob felt his cock getting hard again. He could smell Angie's milk. He was certain that he could see little white beads forming on her nipples as they rocked back and forth with Marc's thrusts. Moving quickly around the foot of the bed he got on the bed and lowered his mouth to Angie's

right breast. It would have been completely normal for him to nurse from her if not for the presence of Lisa and Marc, but he wasn't going to let that deter him. He wasn't going to let them steal her away from him.

The first taste of Angie's milk was always the sweetest. The pure honey that flooded his mouth was divine. Without meaning to he let out a little groan as he settled to the task at hand.

"So fucking sweet," Lisa said. "I could get to like this." And then she put her mouth back to Angie's nipple.

The woman in the middle of all the action—both breasts being nursed rom and being fucked by Marc—couldn't say anything. It was almost too much attention. Her breathing came fast and ragged. There was no way to prevent the inevitable from happening. When she came, the noise she made was barely human, but was obvious to everyone that it was the sound of pure ecstasy.

"Fucking made to be fucked," Marc muttered.

Rob turned his head but Lisa grabbed his cheek and turned it back to her. The kiss she gave him was unexpected and it was right in front of his wife. It was almost cheating, except that his wife was getting fucked right then and there by another man. Marc's thick cock was buried in her pussy. Kissing another woman in front of his wife was hardly a crime under the circumstances.

"Hmm," Lisa said, obviously disappointed.

"What?" he asked.

"I was hoping your kiss would be extra sweet from her milk."

He half smiled. "Sorry." Before he could say anything else he was pushed out of the way by Angie's knee as Marc nearly folded her in half as he increased his thrusts to nearly jackhammer speed.

"Gonna fuckin' cum!" he grunted and then it was obvious he was cumming, filling Angie's pussy with his thick, white spunk.

It wasn't enough to give Angie another orgasm, but it was a pleasant way to temporarily end things. She curled her arms and legs around Marc, embracing

him and holding him tightly to her body, forcing Rob and Lisa out of the way. “I needed that,” she gasped. “I needed that.”

Lisa sat back, grinning, admiring the way her friend and her husband unselfconsciously relaxed in the afterglow of orgasm. Rob didn’t know what to think. He was still turned on. While his cock wasn’t hard, he could feel the stirrings happening. If he had been a normal person—someone able to accept all the rules of society without question—he knew he would have been incredibly upset to have just witnessed his wife fuck another man, let alone participate with that other man’s wife. Then again, he had the secret kink of inducing his wife to lactate for him and that was fucked up on so many levels that he didn’t dare unpack his feelings.

“It’s better than porn and better than a private sex show,” Lisa said to him.

Rob’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

Lisa grinned and adopted the attitude of an instructor lecturing a student on an obvious concept. “Porn you just watch on a screen so you’re separated from reality that way. A private sex show is better, but you’re still watching actors just go through the motions. Having your spouse fuck someone else in front of you… well there you have an emotional and visceral connection to the participants. It makes it more immediate and more unnerving. It’s disruptive and exciting.”

Marc groaned and rolled off Angie. “My wife, the community college philosophy instructor, ladies and gentlemen.”

She lightly smacked her husband. “As if you don’t like it,” she replied.

“What I’d really like is to see Rob fuck you.”

Lisa sniffed. “I bet you would, but I’d like to see Rob suck on his wife’s tits.” She gently nudged Angie’s breasts with her hand, making them jiggle a bit, but they were hard and full. “Care to share?” she asked Angie.

“You want to watch me nurse Rob?” she asked, confused.

“Sure. Why not?” Clearly Lisa was more adventurous than Rob had initially guessed.

“It’s weird.”

“Sure it is,” Lisa agreed. “That’s what makes it fun.”

“There’s not much to see,” said Angie. “You’ll just see him sucking on my breasts.”

“No, it’s weird,” interjected Marc. “I mean I understand it, but I still think it’s weird.”

“But you’ll still fuck me?” Angie asked archly.

“Sure,” he laughed.

Rob had been silent during this friendly interchange between the friends and lovers. He felt like an outsider. He was welcome, but he was still outside their little circle. Angie turned to her husband, still giggling a bit, and asked him, “Why don’t you show them how you feed on me?”

“There’s not much to see,” he said softly.

“Then show them what you can,” she said. Her hands were under her breasts, pushing them up a bit, making them look a bit bigger than they already were. Marc and Lisa were watching intently; his hand was absently moving up and down her thigh.

“Can I do what you don’t like?” Rob asked.

Angie wet her lips with her tongue. “Sure. Just remember I don’t get any thrill out of it.”

Twisting his lips, Rob said nothing but reached out and grabbed both of Angie’s breasts. She didn’t complain. Everyone watched as he massaged the globes of flesh for a minute and then squeezed them forcefully. It wasn’t exactly painful for Angie, but it wasn’t the sort of relief she wanted either. He squeezed several times before he got the result he wanted: a minor eruption of milk from her nipples. The twin fountains shot up a foot into the air before dropping back down and spattering across Angie’s chest and the bed sheets.

“That’s hot,” Lisa declared.

“You think?” Marc asked.

“Did you like it?” Lisa asked.

Angie shrugged, making her tits bounce. “It feels weird to do that. I prefer to be nursed.”

In response, Rob squeezed her breasts again causing another fountain of milk to fly into the air and fall back onto her body.

“Stop it,” said Lisa. “You’re wasting it.”

“Does it matter?” asked Rob.

“I thought you liked drinking it.”

“I do,” he admitted, “but I like seeing her make milk as well. And seeing her tits get bigger. And she’s put on a little weight from having to eat more to make the milk, so that’s kind of sexy as well.”

“Ohmigod!” Lisa burst out. “You’re in love with her.”

Marc and Angie laughed at the declaration.

Rob’s face soured, but he was vaguely amused. “Of course I love her. She’s my wife.”

Angie snorted. Lisa leaned in and asked, “But do you love her more now that she’s lactating or do you love her the same amount? And not all husbands love their wives.”

“That’s for sure!” interjected Marc. Angie ignored him.

Rob bristled. “I’ve always loved her! That’s why it hurt when I found—” He cut himself off. “Never mind.”

It took the other couple a moment to realize what Rob had been about to say. They glanced at each other uneasily while Angie grimaced.

“Okay, shouldn’t have brought it up. Sorry,” Lisa apologized.

“Are you just going to squeeze my tits and shoot milk all over me or are you going to actually do something about it?” Angie demanded, trying to change the direction of the conversation.

“Yeah!” Lisa agreed. “I want to see you nurse on her. And I want to help too.” She lowered her head to Angie’s body and licked up a few of the milk drops. Seeing little other options out of it, Rob rolled his shoulder and bent down to suck Angie’s nipple into his mouth. It only took one suck for her milk to let down after having been primed by his massaging and squeezing. The flood of sweetness into his mouth reminded him of the better parts of being married and having his wife lactate for him.

There was silence in the room for a minute as both Lisa and Rob nursed on Angie, and then Marc asked, “What’s it like?”

“Feels really good,” Angie said dreamily.

“I was talking to my wife,” he said.

Lisa lifted her head. “Very sweet. I like it probably more than I should. You should try some.”

Marc shook his head. “That’s fine. I already tasted it once. I’m good.”

“But it sooo sweet,” Lisa cooed. She sucked fiercely on Angie’s breast, drawing up as much milk as she could, even as Angie moaned slightly at the unexpected frisson of pain, and then sat up to kiss her husband. Marc didn’t pull away, even though he knew that Lisa’s mouth was full of Angie’s milk. He had to admit that after she kissed him and passed some of the milk, that it was an incredibly sweet kiss.

“Look at his cock,” Lisa whispered to Marc after they ended their kiss. She tilted her head to the side, indicating Rob. “He’s getting hard again.”

The way Rob was sprawled on the bed it was easy to see his rising cock. Lisa wanted to reach out and grab it, but she maintained some dignity.

“Do you want to fuck him?” Marc asked.

“God yes.”

“Go ahead and fuck him,” he encouraged his wife.

“Like you were going to stop me,” she said coyly and gave him another kiss. His hand traveled down from her shoulder to slip inside her panties. He found her pussy was so wet her panties were clinging to her clean-shaven labia. “Keep going,” she encouraged him as his finger probed between her lips.

“I thought you wanted to fuck Rob.”

“I do. Doesn’t mean you can’t get me off too.” Her hands went around his neck and she clung to him, working her hips in time with the movements of his hand.

Marc was vaguely amused at the eagerness of his wife’s need to be fucked, though he had recently cum and she had not. It would only be polite to let her get off next.

Turning his head, Marc spoke to Rob. “Do you want to fuck my wife?” he asked.

It took Rob a moment to realize that Marc was speaking to him and exactly what he was asking. “You want me to fuck Lisa?” he asked, confused.

“Yeah. That’s half the reason we’re here.”

Angie piped up. “Go ahead and fuck her,” she encouraged her husband. “You deserve it.”

Rob didn’t know what to think. He said the only thing that came to mind. “She’s still wearing her underwear.” It was a weak reason not to have sex with anyone.

In response, Marc pushed his wife onto her back and yanked the panties off her, practically tearing them in the process. “Now she doesn’t,” he said with a grin. “Go ahead and fuck her.”

Rob found his eyes going directly to Lisa’s pussy. It was completely bare, not a hair in sight, unlike his wife. It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen such a thing before, but to see it in person was something new.

Lisa settled back and opened her legs further. “Like what you see?” she asked, unashamed at her wanton display.

“He sure does,” said Angie, stroking her husband’s hard cock. She nudged her husband. “Go ahead and fuck her. It doesn’t mean anything.”

Rob wasn’t thinking clearly, but he fell to the peer pressure that was being applied to him. It was easy to give in because he wanted to do it; his sex drive wouldn’t allow him to pass up the opportunity of sex with a new woman.

Lisa welcomed him to her body. He was surprised at the kiss. He was surprised at the warmth of the body and the smoothness of her skin. He was surprised at how casually Angie and Marc took his actions. But then again, they had encouraged him to fuck Lisa. Lisa, who was not his wife, who was now holding his cock and guiding it into her pussy.

As he entered her, Rob couldn’t remember the last time he had fucked another woman. There had been plenty before Angie—he just couldn’t remember them at the moment—but there hadn’t been any after. Until now. Her pussy was hotter than Angie’s, which seemed strange. And though he easily went into her, somehow Lisa’s pussy didn’t fit him exactly the way he expected. It was nice, but it wasn’t Angie. He wanted Angie’s pussy.

“Fuck her,” Angie encouraged him breathlessly. He glanced over at his wife who was watching him with shining eyes. She was clearly more excited to see him fucking another woman than he was to be actually fucking someone else. How in the hell did he wind up with the lactation fetish when everyone else seemed to have a group sex and cheating fetish? It didn’t seem right. “What are you waiting for?”

Rob just let his body take over and stopped thinking. Sex was sex and letting go was the easiest route.

“Do you want some help?” Angie asked him.

He turned his head away from Lisa’s face that was partially contorted into a mask of pleasure though he didn’t understand why she was reacting so strongly to his lame attempt at sex. “Help?” he asked his wife.

Angie got up on her knees and moved close to the copulating pair. “Help like this,” she said, her hands holding up her breasts, offering them to Rob. She got close enough so that he automatically turned his head and latched on to her nipple. When he had nursed from her before he hadn’t taken that much. The

moment he started sucking, his mouth was flooded with her sweetness. Almost like an automatic response, he started fucking Lisa harder and faster. That was exactly what both Lisa and Angie wanted.

“Good, very good,” whispered Angie. “Keep going. It’s what she wants.”

Even as he sucked her the breast she offered, the other breast started dripping. Noticing this, she smiled and squeezed, spraying the milk on both Lisa and Rob. He was surprised by his wife’s actions but that didn’t stop him from fucking Lisa who seemed delighted at being soaked with Angie’s milk. Seeing Lisa’s reaction and inhaling the smell of Angie’s milk was all that he needed to go over the edge.

It felt like a betrayal to cum inside Lisa. She was thrilled when he came because his last few hard thrusts made her cum as well, that and the knowledge that another man cumming inside her excited her husband who was watching them. Angie couldn’t have been betrayed because he was doing it right there in front of her and with her encouragement. Rob didn’t know what to think. Luckily his reptile brain didn’t need higher order reasoning the make his body do what it needed to do.

“That was beautiful,” Angie said as Rob rolled off Lisa. “I should have made you fuck another woman years ago.” She laughed at her ridiculous statement, even though it was the truth. She had been so wrapped up in cheating on her husband that she had completely ignored the possibility of what fun it could have been for them both to be enjoying sex with another couple.

Rob was taken aback by her statement. “Really? Why?”

She grinned and cuddled up to him. “Because this was incredibly fun,” she said offering him her breast. Rob was well-trained and automatically opened his mouth and started nursing from her. That was the least-strange part of the evening for him.

# Chapter Eleven

Rob woke up first the next morning. Lisa and Marc were gone, but their presence remained in the room. He was certain he could smell Lisa's perfume in the air and the strong scent of Marc's cum lingered on the sheets. More accurately it lingered on his wife, wafting up from between her legs. But that wasn't the smell that woke him. It was the familiar scent of his wife's milk. Overnight her tits had been working to replace the milk he and the others had drawn out of Angie. They were firm and full and without thinking Rob wiggled down to her breasts and drew one nipple into his mouth.

Angie made a small sound and turned her body so he could more easily nurse. She didn't wake up right away; this was the common way they liked to wake up. Him nursing from her eased Angie from sleep to consciousness and put her in the right mood for the day.

"Last night was wonderful," she said to him as he nursed. This wasn't foreplay to sex, it was just Rob nursing because his wife had milk and he desired it.

He paused at her statement. "It was?" He didn't wait for an answer and went right back to nursing. She didn't complain. She liked it when it nursed. It made her feel good.

"Fuck yes. I'm so sorry I cheated on you," she said, but left out the details of her cheating. "Maybe I'm less into cheating than I am having group sex."

Rob looked up at her, pausing in the nursing. "Is that what you want now?" He didn't switch breasts or continue. He just looked up at her expecting an answer.

"Um…I wouldn't say no," she said, hedging her answer. "But I think that the logistics of it are going to be terrible."

As he nursed, Rob thought about what his wife had just said. Trying to keep the sweetness of the milk from clouding his thoughts, he just nursed for a few minutes, draining one breast and then the other. It was all part of their morning ritual and she would have been alarmed or worried if he had varied his routine.

"Why do you think the logistics are going to be terrible?" he asked when he was finished. Even though his sexual needs should have been sated from the night before, he still reached between Angie's legs. Without giving it any thought, she parted her thighs and allowed his fingers to explore her pussy. It was wet to the

point of dampening the little patch of hair she maintained above her slit and around her labia.

“Getting four people, two couples, both with children, into the same room on a regular basis for sex?” she asked. “Even a professional appointment secretary wouldn’t be able to do that easily, if at all.”

Rob moved his fingers along her slit as she spoke and pushed two into her as she finished. She gasped slightly and let her eyes go wide, enjoying the sudden penetration of her pussy by her husband. Maybe they would have a quick fuck before they needed to get out of bed. The children were over at friends’ houses…

“What makes you think we’re going to do that again?” he asked her.

Already Angie’s eyes had gone unfocused and she reached for Rob, wanting his cock to be hard so he could penetrate her and fuck her like she deserved and desired. “Because I want to,” she said breathlessly. “Because I’ll keep lactating for you.”

“Just because you want something doesn’t mean you’ll get it,” he pointed out as he slowly withdrew his fingers from her pussy. When she realized what he was doing, she clamped her thighs tightly on his wrist, preventing him from withdrawing all the way.

“But I want it!” she stated emphatically.

“You just want to keep fucking other men,” Rob replied. “And women,” he added.

“Is that so wrong?” she asked.

“Yes! Doesn’t marriage mean anything to you?”

Angie shifted uncomfortably and released his hand from between her thighs. She had been hoping that maybe they’d fuck before getting out of bed and having to go get the kids, but now it looked like they were going to have an argument. She didn’t want to argue, but apparently they had vastly different opinions on what their marriage meant to each other.

“Yes,” she said carefully. “It means a lot to me.”

“You seem pretty fucking eager to fuck other people even though you’re married to me!” Rob snapped at her.

It took all her self-control to not flip out and scream at Rob. “Yeah. And you fucked another woman last night. You don’t see me getting upset over that.”

“You practically forced me to fuck her.”

“No one was shoving your dick into her cunt other than you! You’re the one who got your own dick hark. And as I remember you had a pretty fucking good time!” She pushed away from him and started to climb out of the bed.

Rob practically jumped out of the bed and grabbed his bathrobe, wrapping it around his body to hide his nudity from his wife. “I never would have done it if you hadn’t fucking insisted on it!”

“I fucking love you!” she screamed at him. “Yeah, I fucked other men. So what? I love you. Sex and love aren’t the same. I know you love me and I wouldn’t get fucking upset if you wanted to fuck another woman! Hell, I’d fucking encourage it! You need more sex in your life. You’re fucking obsessed with my tits and my milk. That’s not normal, Rob.”

He glared at her, went to his dresser, pulled on a shirt and pants, and headed for the door. “None of this is normal, Angie.”

When he walked out it was all she could do not to collapse on the floor and cry. Instead she walked carefully to the shower, turned it on, stepped underneath the flowing water, and then let herself cry. It was better that way. With the shower blasting her in the face she couldn’t tell her tears from the water.

Rob came back late in the afternoon. They ate dinner with the kids and pretended everything was fine.

It wasn’t fine.

They barely spoke to each other. The kids, being teenagers, didn’t notice.

Getting into bed that night, they both glared at each other before turning out the

lights and rolling away from the center of the bed, unwilling to face each other even while they slept.

That still didn't stop them from, in the middle of the night, half walking up, and groping each other. Angie had her top off and Rob's mouth was searching for her breast. Neither knew exactly when the other came awake, but Angie was both thrilled and angry that Rob was nursing from her. The relief of her milk being drawn out was wonderful, but the fact that she was sharing an intimacy with him annoyed her.

It was the same with Rob. He needed to taste her milk because he was all but addicted to it, but he hated the fact that his body had betrayed his need to use his wife for relief of his kink.

Though neither of them wanted to admit they didn't want to be doing what they normally did as a matter of routine in their bedroom, they didn't want to stop either. Rob almost angrily sucked on Angie's tits, not just drawing out her milk, but compelling it to come out so forcefully that it almost hurt. She didn't complain. Her need to have sex was always stronger than his and the little bit of pain was mixed with pleasure, but she didn't want to let on that she was enjoying what he was doing. They lay next to each other, anger barely beneath the surface, him attached to her breasts while his cock slowly grew and her pussy inevitably became wet.

Neither could deny their automatic needs their bodies had, but they wouldn't admit it either.

They had to keep readjusting the orientation of their bodies because they wanted to reach for the other, but would remember at the last moment touching the other would mean giving in somehow and that was going to be avoided at all costs.

Still, he had to suck and she needed to give hm her breasts. Touching was inevitable.

"Get your fucking cock off my thigh," Angie eventually snapped at Rob when she felt the underside of his manhood pressing along the length of her leg, just above the knee. The little spot of moisture from the precum was a sticky annoyance on her skin.

"You were screaming for it last night," he shot back at her, releasing her breast

from his mouth. It was mostly empty but still dribbled out a bit of milk.

“Oh fuck you, I was not!” She shoved at him, trying to force him off the large bed. Rob pushed back, not hard enough to actually fight, but more than enough to establish he wasn’t going to give in to her. Seeing her ploy wasn’t working, she grabbed at his cock with the intention of either twisting his balls so he’d be temporarily disabled or smacking them for the same effect. He prevented this attack as well and instead of retreating, he pushed her over, making her face away from him, her face half buried in the pillows.

“Leave me alone!” she snapped at him struggling to turn around, but Rob twisted one of her arms around her back and pinned her to the mattress. That wasn’t enough to stop Angie and she flailed at him with her free hand, looking to slap him in the face or balls.

He caught her other hand as well and held them both against the small of her back. To do this he had to kneel between her legs which made his cock rest against the pleasant curve of her buttocks. Glancing down he saw that it was nearly wedged between the twin globes.

“Stop trying to hit me,” he said.

“Let me go and I will.”

“I don’t trust you.”

“You should!”

“Why?”

“You always have before!” she taunted him.

Rob snorted. “Yeah. And look what that got me. A cheating wife. Fuck you.” Almost sneering he reached between her legs to find her pussy. He wasn’t the least bit surprised to find that she was wet. “I knew it. You fucking like this, getting pinned down after having your tits sucked.”

“Fuck you. I don’t!”

Probing deeper, Rob pushed his fingers into his wife and she involuntarily

groaned. “Yeah, you fucking like it.”

“No…no I don’t,” she complained weakly.

Now both angered and amused, Rob shifted his position and rested most of his weight on top of her, but still held her hands behind her. “I think you do,” he said as he probed with his cock. Angie struggled a bit, trying to prevent what he was doing, but her body called out to his with physical need. Eventually she arched her back and facilitated his penetration of her pussy.

Her groan of pleasure was audible.

“I knew it,” he said.

Angie said nothing and just rocked her hips, encouraging her husband to fuck her harder.

The sex they had was much rougher and more violent than usual. Rob was thrusting so hard that he was shaking the bed and causing the headboard to bump rhythmically against the wall. The sound was assuredly carrying through the house but neither cared to stop. If the kids heard the noise…then they’d have to suffer the knowledge that their parents had an active sex life.

Without wanting to, Angie felt herself moving back and forth, arching her back as much as she could to accept the hard thrusts from her husband. The sound of theirs bodies coming together was alarmingly loud. Flesh slapping on flesh sounded more like a fight than passionate lovemaking. Rob went so far as to plant his hands on her shoulder blades, pinning her to the mattress, not allowing her to escape, even though she wanted to. The pressure of his hands and weight on her back crushed her breasts into the bed. She was glad they were empty.

His cock was hitting her in the right spot over and over. Under other circumstances she would have been happy at that, but after their argument she didn’t really want to cum because she didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of knowing that he knew how to fuck her perfectly.

But it wasn’t going the way she wanted. She came, screaming into the pillow her face was pressed into. Her pussy tightened up on his cock and there was a flood of heat which was more than enough to make him cum, filling her pussy which made her shake in pleasure even more.

Rob let out a groan and rolled off his wife.

“What the hell was that?” Angie complained.

“A good hard fuck,” he grunted.

“What makes you think I wanted it?” She let the anger drip from her words.

“You certainly didn’t say no to it.”

“It’s the middle of the fucking night and I woke up with your sucking on my tits.”

“Because you had shoved them in my face and I was doing what you wanted me to do.”

“How the fuck could you possibly know what I want you to do?”

“If you didn’t want me to suck them and fuck you, then you shouldn’t have shoved them in my face!”

The argument was circling around itself and both were too exhausted to continue the pointless debate.

“What time is it?”

After glancing at the clock that squatted on his nightstand, Rob reported, “Four thirty.”

“It’s not the middle of the night.”

“It’s close enough.”

“I’m going back to sleep.”

“Me too.”

# Chapter Twelve

“The sex was better than I wanted it to be,” Angie said to Lisa over the phone. It was half strange to speak to someone on the phone just to talk. From Lisa’s perspective talking on the phone was more of a business action than something done for amusement or personal reasons.

“Well, isn’t that good?”

“I didn’t want him to fuck me at all.”

“Are you saying—”

“No!” Angie said quickly. “We just argued and I didn’t want to have sex, but we did.”

“And it was good.”

“Yeah. But he originally got angry because I said the four of us should hook up again sometime.”

“He didn’t want to?”

“No.”

“Strange.”

“I know, right? Most men would jump at the chance to fuck another woman.”

“Maybe he got upset because he saw Marc fucking you. Is he the jealous type?”

“I think he is, at least a little.”

“Well, it can’t be because Marc has a bigger cock than him. I mean, it’s wider but Rob’s is much longer. It was nice to feel something deep in me for once that wasn’t a dildo.”

Angie grimaced. “I don’t think Rob worries much about penis size. I’ve told him too many times that he’s the perfect size for me. Which, in retrospect, probably wasn’t a great idea. But it was at the time.”

“Uh-huh,” said Lisa. Angie was certain her friend was judging her.

“What? Just say it. What are you thinking.”

“Now, don’t get angry because you asked me to tell you, but I think he’s legitimately in love with you. I said it when we were all together.”

“Yeah. I know. And of course he loves me. We’re married and all that.”

“No. Loves you loves you. He’s probably a little obsessed with you. Maybe a bit too much. The thought of having the share you with other people is driving him nuts.” She paused. “Huh.”

“Huh what? And you’re making him sound like a deranged stalker.”

“He might be that guy that girls wish for back in high school. The perfect guy who loves them and wants them and doesn’t look at anyone else.”

Angie rolled her eyes at the ceiling. “Shit. I wanted that guy when I was in high school. And then I grew up, but I still wanted that guy…and every other guy as well.”

“Tastes change.”

“That doesn’t help me.”

“Sorry, but I’m not the one who married the guy who was desperately in love with me.”

Angie frowned at her phone. “Are you saying that Marc doesn’t love you? Why get married and have kids then?”

“Oh, he loves me, just not as fiercely as Rob loves you. I mean, he was dating another woman when we met. And he cheated on her with me. And I knew it.” She closed her eyes, remembering back to that time. “And I think I liked doing that, because it was wrong. We were sort of meant for each other, though we aren’t as deeply in love as we probably should be.”

“Ugh,” Angie groaned. “Having a man completely obsessed and in love with you isn’t the thrill that it sounds like.”

“It’s sort of sweet.”

“It’s not.”

“Do you want me to fuck Rob again?” Lisa suddenly offered. “I will you know.”

“I know. You’re a slut.”

Lisa laughed. “I know! But so are you. And I have to tell you that Rob has a great cock.”

“I know.” Angie snorted. “And you’re still a slut.”

“You’ve said before how Rob fills you perfectly…”

“Yeah?”

“I think he has the perfect cock. I mean, it felt perfect to me when he was inside me.”

“Are you saying he has a magic cock that adapts to ever woman he fucks?”

“No…but maybe. I don’t know. I’ve slept with more than a few men—”

“Do tell,” Angie interjected dryly.

“—and his cock is definitely the best I’ve had. Or maybe I’ve gotten bored with Marc’s because he’s so short and thick. I don’t know.”

“Well it’s nice to know that you’re willing to fuck my husband again.”

“What are friends for?”

“Now I just have to convince him to fuck you again.”

“I’ll do whatever it takes. You can even fuck my husband if you want.”

“Very generous.”

“I’ll even fuck you.”

“Again, very generous.”

“I’ll even suck the milk right out of you.”

That gave Angie pause. “You would?”

Lisa shivered at her little confession. “I’m sure I’m not as obsesses with your tits and milk as Rob is, but I’d do it. Why not play with a little kinky fuckery, right?”

“I’ve been reading about it. Men obsessed with their partner’s lactation.”

“Uh-huh. And?”

“It’s supposed to increase the bond between husband and wife or man and woman or whatever.”

“Hmm. And now you’re going to tell me that’s the last thing you need, right?”

“Exactly.”

“But he insisted you start lactating for him because you were cheating on him, right?”

“Right.”

“I don’t see an easy way out of this.”

“Neither do I.”

They both stayed silent a moment.

Angie spoke first. “Do you know what I used to do when I was dating a guy and I thought he was getting too close and we were becoming too intimate?”

“You mean like…I don’t know…falling in love and perhaps planning a life together?” Lisa asked sarcastically. “Yeah. I know what you mean. It’s supposed to be the natural progress of emotions and a relationship.”

“I know. I know. But do you know what I did?”

“No. But I’m guessing you panicked and dumped the guy.”

“No,” Angie sighed. “Worse. I’d go out and fuck another guy. Any guy. It didn’t

matter who. I made some terrible choices in who I fucked. And I'd do whatever it took to get caught. And if I didn't get caught because the second guy I was fucking was being careful…then I'd confess my cheating to my boyfriend of the moment and tell him it was over."

"That's…that's awful."

"I know. I was an awful person. Maybe I still am. With Rob…I fell in love. I didn't want to cheat. But I still did. And I didn't tell him."

Lisa was silent before she gave her decision. "I think maybe you love him more than you realize."

"I know," Angie agreed. Another pause built between them. "So can I come over and fuck you and Marc?"

"Sure."

The food truck corral wasn't a great place to meet people, but it was a good place to people watch. Even better, it was outside of the plant on a warm spring day and the food on the trucks was better than what was offered in the tiny cafeteria. Most of the plant workers were men, but the warm weather had brought out the women and Rob found himself staring at the ones who were bold enough or confident enough to wear low-cut blouses or dresses that showed off their cleavage.

He did this while seated at one of the picnic tables next to the truck corral. Rob wasn't stupid. He word dark sunglasses and didn't move his head while he stared at the women who caught his eye.

None of them were nearly as attractive or had the perfect bustline like his wife.

But still, he could look.

When he stared at the younger women, especially the ones with big tits, he wondered if they were recent mothers and if they were currently lactating. He was certain Maureen, the young attractive admin in the IT department was lactating. He could smell the milk on her body.

There was, of course, no way for him to approach her and ask the question without, at best, seeming like a creep or, at worse, getting called into HR for sexual harassment.

He supposed it was a good thing that he loved his wife. Even if they were fighting. Her tits were perfect. Her milk was sweet. Her pussy was always a flawless sheath for his cock. He should have been happy.

But his wife cheated on him.

And she didn't want to stop.

And she had roped him into cheating on her as well.

But was it really cheating if she said it was okay.

Rob was confused. He and his wife had never discussed this sort of aspect of their relationship.

And his wife was apparently bisexual.

This would have thrilled most men, but it confused Rob.

And yet Angie also was apparently happy to let him watch and participate while she had sex with another woman.

Everything should have been exactly as he wanted it.

But he loved his wife too much.

Or maybe he was too much of an obsessive, creepy, and kinky man to operate within the normal confines of society.

"Hey, Rob. How are you today?"

Lindsey sat down opposite Rob. He was grateful for the dark sunglasses. She wasn't showing much cleavage, just a hint, but somehow that was worse. The top button of her blouse was undone and it would have been so easy—too easy—to reach out and open up a few more.

"Hey Linds." He didn't want to engage in a conversation with her. He didn't

have an interest in other women. He didn't want to be tempted.

"You seem…out of sorts." She was looking directly at him. He looked away and wished she'd go away. Her tits weren't huge, but they were big enough to be more than noticeable. She sat with them resting on her folded arms that were on the table. This made them more prominent and Rob cursed his kink. He also noted the wedding band on her finger. Did that make her safer or more dangerous.

"Yeah. Not having a good day."

"Why's that?"

"You don't want to know."

"Sure I do, otherwise I wouldn't have asked."

"Just an argument with my wife. No big deal. Typical marriage stuff."

"Ah. Well, if things get bad enough you can always divorce her and find a much younger woman." Rob gaped at her and she laughed. "I was kidding. Sorry. I have a terribly dark sense of humor."

"Yeah…"

"I'm sure things will work out between you two."

Rob grimaced and tried to turn it into a smile. "Yeah. Sure."

"I'd give you some advice, but I'm not the sort of person who does that. I don't want to get blamed for any bad outcomes."

That was enough to make Rob almost smile. "Thanks. I appreciate that—" He cut himself short and shoved his hand into his pants pocket in automatic response to his phone buzzing. He pulled it out and his eyes went wide at the picture attached to the text message. Clearly he needed to change the settings on what showed on the lock screen.

"Problem on the production floor?" Lindsey asked. She recognized the company issued phone he was using.

“Ah…no. Text from my wife.”

Lindsey gave a nod. “Is she apologizing or are things worse?”

Rob glanced up from the phone. “Yeah. Apologizing.” He shoved the phone back into his pocket and stood up. “Sorry. I’ve gotta go.”

Lindsey just nodded and started eating her lunch. She took her time and then went back to her cubical in the IT office. Most of the plant employees who were issued company phones used them as personal phones as well. It was one of the perks of the job. What they were all told and what they all forgot was that the company had complete access to the contents of the phone. Most of the time that wasn’t a problem and the company couldn’t access banking apps or break through password protected information, but company emails and messages were easy to access.

If everyone in IT or anyone in HR knew what a snoop Lindsey was, they never would have given her access to the company’s phone information. As it was, she had complete access; it was part of her job. When she was bored, she went browsing through private text messages. Most of the time, it was bland, work related stuff, but she had a suspicion about Rob.

She was right.

“Huh,” Lindsey said as she viewed the picture. It was two women, both fairly attractive. She presumed that one was Rob’s wife and the other was…her girlfriend? Both were naked, or at least topless. The picture was a selfie and showed them from the waist up. The dark-haired one was sucking on the brunette’s tit. The dark-haired woman’s face was visible in profile and her eye was closed. Maybe she was unaware the other woman was taking the picture, though that seemed unlikely. The one taking the picture—the one having her tits sucked on—was clearly enjoying it judging by the big smile on her face. Only the lower half of her face was visible, but clearly there was no shame here on either of their parts.

A short message accompanied the picture. Wish you were here.

“Well, either he’s going to his lawyer to start the divorce, or he’s going to join them.”

There was always a lag in the system, so she couldn't see what, if anything, Rob had sent to his wife. Yet.

"Who's getting divorced?" asked Nate as he wandered by her cube.

"Rob Dietrich. His wife sent him a rather…explicit picture of her and another woman." She turned the monitor to show her co-worker.

"Nice," he said. "But how do you know it's his wife?"

Lindsey shrugged. "Beyond the fact that she's listed in his phone as his wife? Nothing. I'm just guessing. Or maybe he just has a thing for lesbian porn."

"I always knew you were a lesbian, Linds," Nate joked, leaning in to tap her keyboard and make the next series of messages appear.

She poked him in the ribs. "You know full-well I'm a bi girl. I don't want to limit my date choices on a Friday night. And you also know that I save the juiciest gay pics just for you."

"Oh ho!" he declared as the next series of messages popped up on her screen. "Trouble in paradise for Rob."

They read the messages together.

*Wish you were here.*

—What the fuck are you doing with Lisa?

*Isn't it obvious?*

—This is my work phone. Don't send stuff like this to me!

"He's pretty fucking uptight," Nate observed. "Does he think people are going to read his private messages to his wife?"

"He's older," Lindsey said. "Very worried about that sort of stuff."

*She wants to fuck you again.*

"Nice," commented Nate.

—This isn’t the time to have this discussion.

*If you don’t fuck her, I will.*

“Looks like they’re already fucking,” Lindsey observed.

“I hope so,” added Nate.

—I’m at work. I can’t leave.

*Then I’ll keep her warmed up for you.*

That was the last of the message exchange.

Nate turned to Lindsey. “Doesn’t it bother you to spy on the private conversations of employees?”

“Hell no,” she said boldly. “If they wanted to have private conversations, they’d get their own damn phones and keep them private.” She grinned at him. “Don’t tell me you don’t get off on reading these texts.”

“Nah,” he said dismissively. “I just scan through the messages of the lesbians. They send the filthiest pussy pics I’ve ever seen.” He laughed and walked away.

Frowning, Lindsey scrolled backward through the many messages between Rob and his wife. Officially what she was doing was breaking the rules, but no one would know. Or if they did know, they were like Nate and didn’t care.

It took her a few minutes, but she discovered Rob’s secret. He wasn’t working very hard to hide it. “You kinky fucker,” she said aloud.

Most of the messages back and forth between Rob and his wife were dull and boring. Household stuff. Reminders to pick up something at the store. School meetings. But interspersed with them was plenty of sexting.

*My tits are aching. You didn’t drain them this morning.*

*I think I need to get breast pads so I don’t leak through my shirt.*

—Your milk was extra sweet this morning.

—God I love your tits.

“No wonder you were staring at my tits,” she said softly, her lips pursed. “And those shades weren’t working as well as you thought. I could see your eyes tracking every pretty girl who passed by.” She surreptitiously slipped a hand inside her blouse to caress her nipple through her bra. “Did you make your wife’s tits grow?”

Rob came home to find his wife in bed wearing a silky blue nightgown that plunged far too low to be practical for anything other than seduction. The lace that formed the cups to contain her tits clearly showed her erect nipples through the thin material.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” she said when he walked into the bedroom.

“We can’t keep doing this, Ang.”

“Having sex? Nursing?”

“You know what I mean.”

She ignored his comment. “I’m not wearing any panties and my tits are full. I need to be nursed.”

“Did you have to send me those messages and that picture of you and Lisa?”

“It’s harmless,” she said, sprawling on the bed, parting her thighs, sliding one hand up the inside of one.

“Did you have sex with her today?”

Angie cocked her head to the side. “Yes. And most men would be thrilled to know their wife was bi.”

“And you screw around with men too!”

“Just Marc. And if you want to stay married to me, that’s how it’s going to have to be.” She smiled at him. “And you need to nurse me,” she all but begged him.

“Lisa drank some of my milk today but not enough. I’m bursting.” She slid one thin strap down her shoulder to expose her breast to him.

Rob found his eyes staring at his wife’s puckered nipple. It was a sight he had seen hundreds, thousands of times before, but it still caused an automatic response in him. His cock hardened and he knew he was going to suck and then fuck her. He was as trapped by his kink as she was.

Slowly he crawled onto the bed with her. “Why do you do this to me?”

“Because you did this to me,” she said, offering him her breast. He latched onto her nipple right away and began nursing. The sweetness filled his mouth and he pressed his body to hers. As he nursed, Angie helped him remove his clothes until he was down to his underwear, his hard cock pressing against her thigh. She kept on her silky nightgown and led his hand between her legs to prove to him that she wasn’t wearing any panties, as promised.

It was almost an act of a household chore. Her tits were full of milk and needed to be drained. Rob was the man to do the job. It wasn’t thankless, but it was a necessary duty. When her tits were empty of milk, he pulled off his underwear, climbed on top of his wife and, with his hard cock, started fucking her.

She was just as complicit. Her cheating ways had gotten her into her difficulty… even if she had liked that difficulty…and she was keeping it going. Yes, it felt good when her tits were nursed on and she loved how it made them fuller and more perfectly shaped, but she could have stopped it at any point. All she had to do was give up fucking Marc…and Lisa…and another other person other than Rob.

Still…the sex was good.

# Chapter Thirteen

This time they were over at Marc and Lisa's house. It was a nice place, but Rob couldn't focus on the details of interior decorating or kitchen renovations. This time it was supposed to be dinner first followed by…followed by entertainment. At least that's what Lisa and Marc had promised. Rob knew what entertainment meant. It was sex. Sex for all four of them.

Rob knew he should have been eager, but he wasn't.

He could hear the women laughing in the kitchen. In the living room there was an uncomfortable silence between Marc and Rob. He stared at the drink in front of him. Rob wasn't much of a drinker. Maybe if he downed the alcohol, he'd be able to loosen up a little. Maybe it would just make him angry.

"Hey man, we don't have to do this if you don't want to," Marc said.

Rob stared at the television, wishing it was on. It would have been better if it was on. Then he wouldn't have to think or speak.

Seeing that Rob wasn't going to say anything, Marc spoke again. "I can break it off with Angie, if you want. I can see it's making you miserable."

Rob looked at him. "You can tell that?"

Marc smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. The sadness he projected was palpable. "Everyone can see that. You're obviously in love with her. Hell, every time Lisa and I…every time there's a discussion, it's you she wants to talk about. She probably loves you more that she wants to admit. But she's…she's a woman barely in control of herself. She wants sex more than even she realizes."

"Oh, you know that do you?" Rob asked sharply.

Marc shrugged his shoulders and replied. "Yes, I do. And I'll tell Angie no more. No more sex with me. No more sex with Lisa, because it's killing you. But you have to know that Angie will just find someone else to fuck. Maybe it'll be someone who is great and treats her with respect, maybe it'll be some asshole."

Rob looked at the other man who regularly fucked his wife. "You're making a shitty argument."

“The world is often a shitty place.”

Lisa’s tits were smaller than Angie’s but that didn’t make them any less fun to play with. As many anonymous commentators on the internet had observed: All bewbs are gr8.

What was definitely different about Lisa was that her pussy got much hotter than Angie’s. All women are different, Rob knew, but this difference struck him more than anything else. Maybe it was because she removed every hair from between her legs, maybe it was because her sex drive was even stronger than Angie’s, maybe it was just that way because it was that way.

He was sucking on her right breast, with his fingers crammed up her pussy, while across Lisa’s body, Angie was eagerly sucking on Lisa’s left breast.

“Oh fuck, keep going,” the dark-haired woman said, happy at being the center of attention.

Rob couldn’t believe that he had let his wife—and Marc and Lisa—talk him into this again. The only reason he had gone along with it was because of a promise. He remembered the promise that Angie had made when he had caught her cheating. He had gotten what he wanted out of the promise—but she had broken her side of it.

Promises…they weren’t always what they said they were.

“Do you want him to fuck you?” Angie asked, releasing Lisa’s nipple from her mouth.

“Oh god yes,” she moaned.

Angie looked across Lisa’s body at her husband. “Yes,” she said. “She wants your cock. Any woman would be happy to have you fuck her.”

Though Lisa was naked and Angie was down to her bra and panties, Rob had only removed his shirt. He didn’t want to think about what Marc was doing. He could feel the other man’s eyes on them, from his position across the room. Without doubt Marc had his thick cock out and was jerking to the scene on his

bed.

Rob said nothing. His cock was hard, not because he was sucking on his wife's tits and was tasting her milk, but because Lisa was attractive and willing to fuck him. It was stupid, but he didn't want that to be the case. He only wanted to get hard for his wife.

It's what he wanted, but he knew it wasn't the case.

He could get hard for any woman, especially any woman with a nice set of tits. He hated admitting that to himself, but it was true.

Yes, they had talked him into this situation. But he had willingly gone along with it. All Lisa and Angie had to do was promise him Lisa's tits. He already had Angie's tits—she had willingly given them to him. Now they promised him Lisa's—and more importantly they promised him that Lisa would happily make milk for him.

Or so she and Angie said.

It wasn't easy.

It was never easy.

And he had fallen for the promise.

"Go ahead and fuck her," Marc encouraged him from across the room.

They moved around, repositioned bodies. He wanted Lisa on her hands and knees. It was easier to fuck her from behind. His cock slipped easily into her pussy; she was wet and hot and practically panting for a good, hard fucking. Even though his cock slipped easily into her, it was Angie who helped guide him in.

When he reached around her body to hold Lisa's tits, Angie slapped his hand away.

"What?"

"Don't maul her," Angie told him. "Besides, they're mine now."

As Rob started fucking Lisa, Angie rolled to her back and started to wiggle under her friend's body. Rob watched as his wife slowly disappeared under the other woman's body. He couldn't see everything, but he could see enough. He could see more than enough.

Lisa lowered her head to Angie's high mounds and got a nipple into her mouth. It had been hours since Rob had feasted on his wife's tits and tasted her milk, so jealousy loomed up immediately. But he could hear Angie's mouth busily sucking away at Lisa's hanging tits.

It would take a while, but he was certain that they could get Lisa lactating. It wouldn't be that hard.

"Fuck her good," Marc called from across the room. "When you're done with her, it's gonna be my turn." The sound of him rubbing his cock combined with the noises that the women were making as they sucked on each other.

Rob just nodded and hoped his wife's tits weren't empty when Lisa was done with her.

Lindsey grinned as she scrolled through Rob's messages. She couldn't believe her incredible good luck. The dark-haired woman was back. This time alone. This time presenting her tits in every angle imaginable. They didn't look any bigger than from the first picture Lindsey had seen of the sexy woman, but she was promising Rob anything and everything, if anything and everything comprised of boobs and boobs and milk.

*I can feel my milk coming in.*

*Angie really knows how to suck on my tits.*

*I made Marc suck on my tits last night. For you.*

It was late enough that the rest of the IT staff had gone home for the night. Still, Lindsey glanced nervously around, peering over the edge of her cubical, before shoving her hand down her pants and fingering her slit.

"Fuck, Rob," she cursed her absent coworker. "You're getting a lesbian wet

because of your wife’s milky tits.”

# End

# About the Author

Elliot Silvestri is the pseudonym of an anthropomorphic intelligent plant-based alien intelligence from Rigel IV. It has assumed the identity of a human living in upstate New York while studying human sexuality for a comprehensive report of its masters in preparation of an invasion. The alien has discovered that Earth cats are quite nice. Feel free to contact him:

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