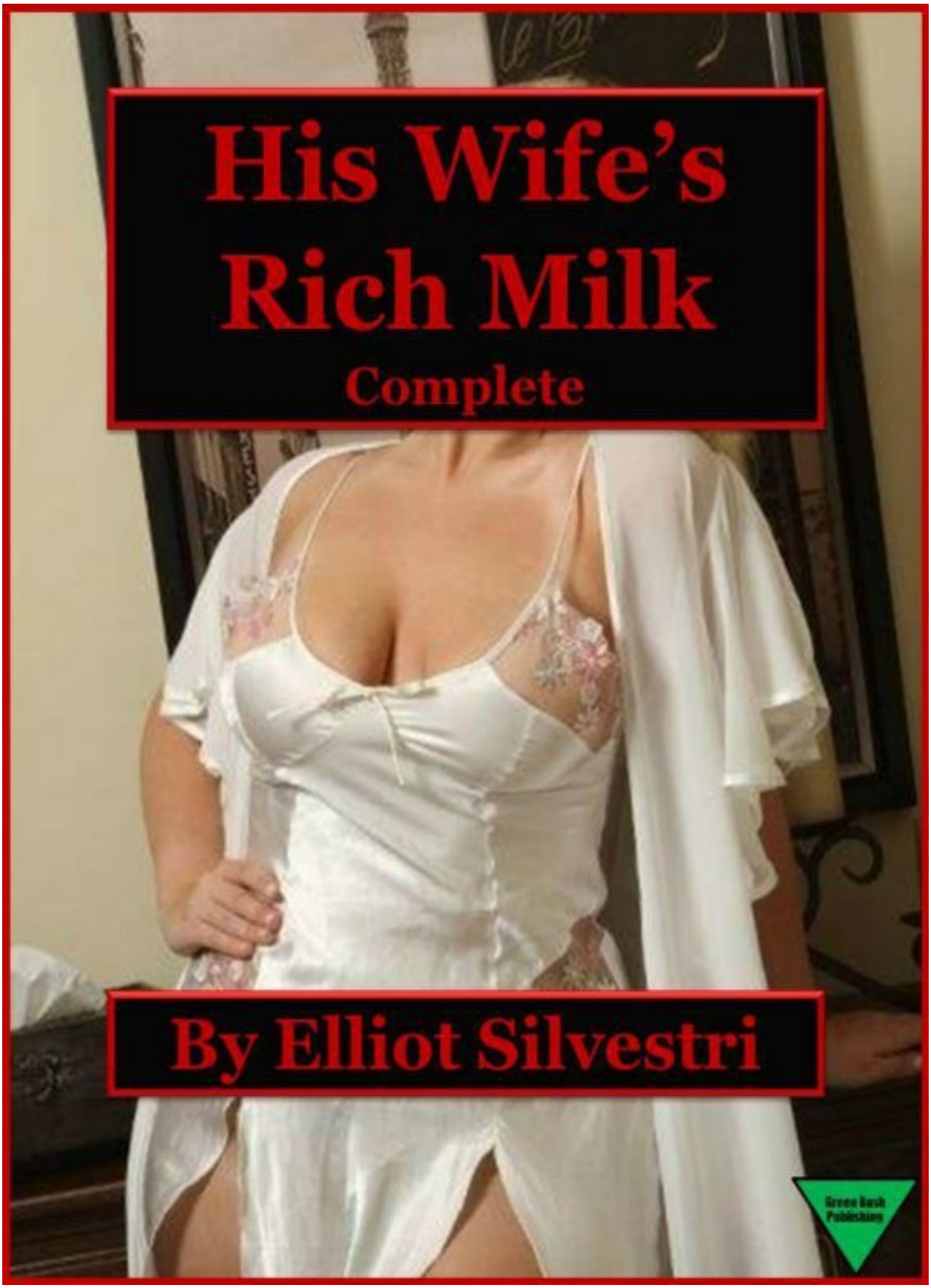
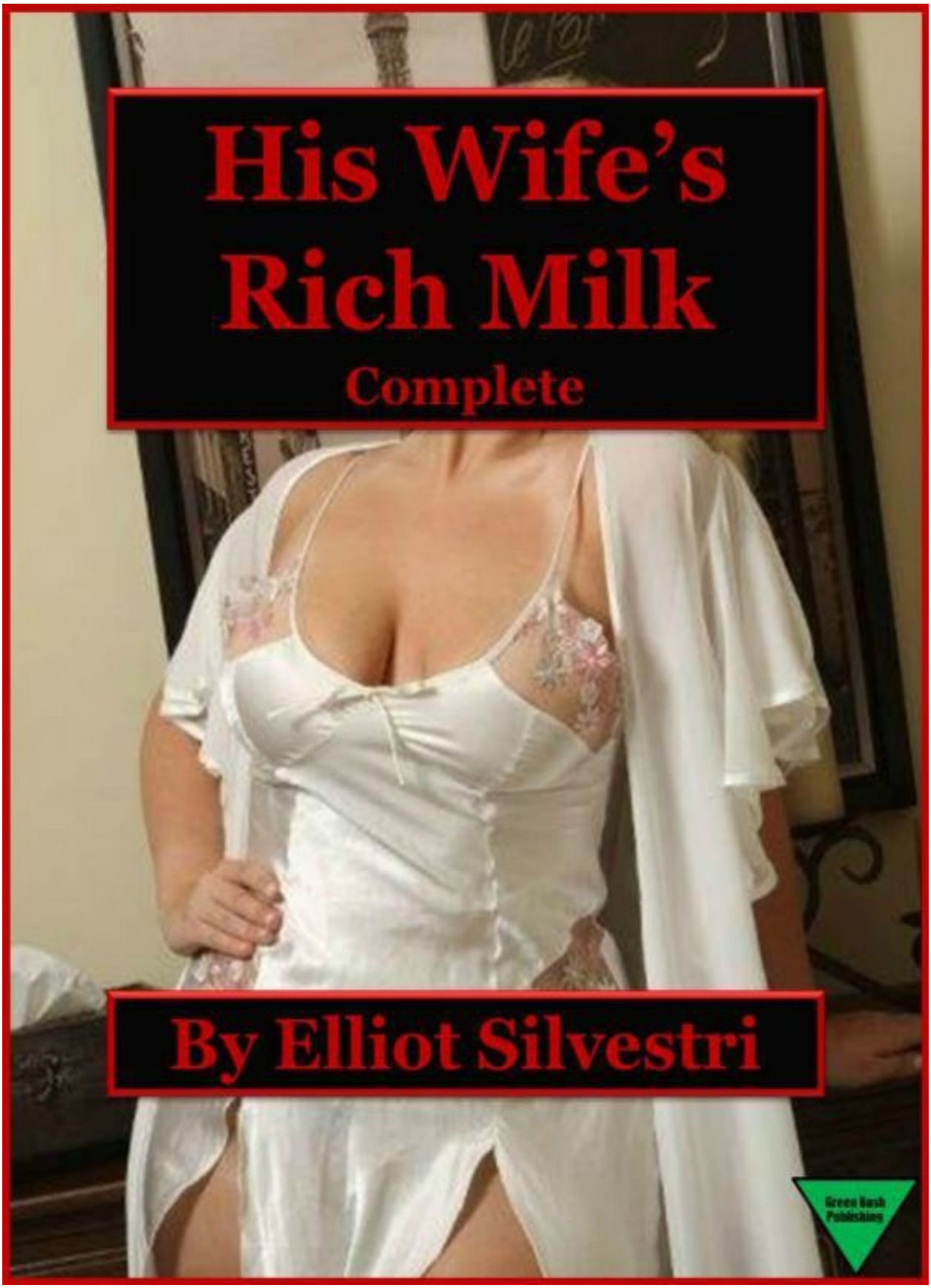

His Wife's
Rich Milk
Complete
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Rush
Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Yet I do fear thy nature;

It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness.

—William Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act One, Scene V

Part One

Chapter One

“You need to lose about twenty pounds,” the doctor with hair just starting to turn gray at the temples said.

Evan sighed. “Yeah. I know.”

The middle-aged man in the lab coat looked over his glasses at his old friend. “If you know that, Evan, why aren’t you doing it?” Evan and Henry had been friends for years having met in college and always staying in touch as their lives waxed and waned.

“Um, I have an addiction problem?” Evan offered.

“Addiction to what?” Henry asked as he ran his hand through his black hair that had started graying right on time giving him the distinguished doctor look he had sought for the past fifteen years.

“Alcohol? Drugs? Cigarettes? Gambling?” Evan offered. At each suggestion Henry shook his head not believing his friend.

“This is where going to your friend—who is a doctor—for medical care is not such a great idea,” Henry told him. “I know all your vices and none of those belong to you.”

Yeah, but I can’t tell you the truth, Evan thought. “Ice cream and sugary treats?” he asked.

“Now we’re close to the truth of the matter,” Henry said. “Cut down on the sweets and bring up your level of exercise.”

“That’s your professional medical advice?” Evan asked.

Henry made some notes in Evan’s file. “That’s it. Other than that you’re as healthy as a horse…a fat horse, but a healthy one that doesn’t need to have a bullet behind the ear just yet. All you need to do is cut out the sugary treat.”

Not going to happen, Evan thought.

Sondra's tits were amazing: high, round, soft, topped with a perfectly sized dusky pink areola and thumb-sized nipple. There was nothing wrong with them. Except to her they were too big and constantly got in the way. Critical model agency talent scouts would have stated her breasts were too big for her frame and suggested she pursue a career in the pornographic arts as a vacuous actress if it were not for the fact she already had a career within the bureaucracy of New York State's government as was perfectly happy with her job and earnings. Her job was where she had met her husband…and he was the source of all the problems with her boobs.

After two kids and fifteen years of marriage she should have been happy with her body in that she could pass for a woman half her age. But breastfeeding three children took its toll and there was no end in sight. That's how she thought of it. At her first pregnancy she was excited to breastfeed her baby and that went mostly well. Her second child with Evan also went fine, even though their second kid decided that breastfeeding was the perfect way to get all her nutrition until after her first birthday. It was when Evan first tasted her breast milk after child number two finally gave up the habit that she resigned herself to settle into a long, wet slog of breastfeeding her husband.

"What did Doctor Hank say?"

After putting his coat in the hall closet, Evan collapsed on the couch next to his wife. "He said I'm fat."

Sondra snorted. "I could have told you that."

"He said I need more exercise too."

She nodded. "You'll have to increase your swimming from two days a week to three." She didn't have much sympathy for him at the moment.

"Yeah, I kind of knew that already. But that's not the worst part."

"Oh."

“He said I have to cut down on my intake of sweets. Too much candy…and ice cream.”

Sondra’s back stiffened and she finally looked over at him. Ice cream was their code word when the kids were around. Their children were in the family room playing a game and were actually getting along well with one another and not fighting for once. “No more ice cream?” she asked

“We…I…will have to cut back. He didn’t say flat out that I couldn’t have any more.”

That caused her to breathe a sigh of relief. “Oh…okay. That’s good.”

Evan grinned at her. “Did I make you panic?”

“Well, not exactly.” Sondra shifted her position and put down her book. Dinner was cooking in the oven and they’d have to get the table set soon, but they still had another minute to talk. “But I’ve gotten used to…this.” She gestured to her large chest.

“So have I,” Evan agreed. “But we both know that milk is incredibly high in sugar and fat and that’s why I’ve put on so much weight.”

Sondra nodded. “And that’s why I haven’t. You’ll have to cut down.”

“I don’t want to cut down,” he complained. “And you don’t want me to either.”

To that Sondra had no response. It was the truth. When they first started playing the breastfeeding game, it was a game. Their baby had given up breastfeeding and Sondra’s milk supply was drying up. One night they were having sex and Evan spent a little more time than usual playing with Sondra’s breaths, sucking on her nipples, and got a taste of her milk.

“It’s sweeter than I thought it would be,” he said, smacking his lips as a little bit of the milk dribbled out of her nipples. He laughed a bit. “I should have tasted it earlier. Much earlier.”

“See what you missed out on?’ she teased him. All during her breastfeeding

Sondra had teased and taunted him that he needed to taste her milk because he needed to know what she was going through for the benefit of their children. He had resisted and she hadn't pushed the issue. Now it seemed that he liked it more than he ever thought he would.

"I regret that I'll only have this a little while," he confessed to her as he lowered his mouth to her nipple and sucked it deep into his mouth. She sighed with pleasure at the rough treatment. Sondra had actually enjoyed breastfeeding. It wasn't at all painful to her and she felt she bonded with her babies that much more and better than other mothers who didn't directly nurse their babies. She had hidden from Evan how much she actually enjoyed the feeding. And now—now—with his lips and mouth and tongue on her tit, she was finally reveling in the sensations an adult mouth could cause to her body.

"More," she moaned as he suckled her.

He sucked harder and pushed his hand between her thighs. She opened up her legs and grabbed his hand, putting it at just the right angle so that when his fingers went into her tight pussy she had to gasp out loud at the pleasure.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked releasing her tit from his mouth, alarmed at the sound she made.

"No. More. Suck me harder. Play with my pussy."

And he did. Her milk flowed, her pussy moistened. There wasn't much milk, but it was enough to satisfy his curiosity and his nursing combined with him masturbating her cunt was enough to get her off twice before his cock got anywhere near her pussy.

"Ready to be fucked?" he asked her, running the head of his cock along with slit of her cunt.

"No," she said. "I want to be on top." It wasn't a usual request for her, but Evan was happy to go along with her wished. He rolled to his back and she got on top, straddling his hips and fitting his cock into her warm hole. "Oohhh, that's good," she sighed as she settled down on his body, his cock filling her up. Sondra leaned forward, dragging her sensitive breasts over his chest, back and forth as she rocked her body with his manhood firmly lodged in her pussy. It wasn't enough. She leaned forward and offered one nipple to his mouth.

Evan eagerly opened up and sucked on her breast as she continued to ride him. Just a few sucks made her cum again. And she came twice more before Evan reached his own orgasm.

“Is it okay to be doing this?” he asked her when they were done.

“It’s very okay,” she assured him.

As it turned out Sondra either had a hidden sensitivity in her nipples she hadn’t realized before, or it was a sensitivity that had developed over the course of her pregnancies. Her tits were a directly line to her orgasms. At times she didn’t want any real foreplay, she just wanted her tits sucked a few minutes and she was wet and ready to go.

Evan delighted in this new development in his wife. Her dwindling milk supply was quickly revived by his morning and nighttime suckling. Her libido went from an extremely low once a month after pregnancy to sometimes twice a day.

It was a bit strange, but Evan quickly made peace with the strange fact he was drinking milk from his wife and enjoying it. True, the milk was designed to nurture babies, but any human could easily drink it and he indulged in his newfound fetish.

And what a fetish it was…

Chapter Two

The main locker rooms at the gym were closed when Evan went on Thursday morning. This was actually a good thing because the renovations were sorely needed. He had to use the family changing room. No big deal; he often used that room with his kids when they all went swimming together. Upon entering the pool, he asked the lifeguard about it.

She grinned down at him from her elevated chair. "You don't swim on Thursdays, do you?"

He shook his head. "Nope. I'm on a new fitness plan."

"We clean on Thursday morning, Mr. Jacobs," she explained.

"Oh, thanks...uh, Rebecca," he said after looking at the name embroidered on her loosely zipped sweatshirt.

She laughed at his obvious need of a reminder of her name. He hoped she didn't think he was staring at her chest; there wasn't much to stare at. "Have a good swim, Mr. Jacobs."

"Evan," he said. "Call me Evan."

He only swam for half an hour. It was all he could take on a Thursday morning before work. He didn't want to be exhausted. Evan failed to take note of Rebecca following him into the family changing to room.

"Is your shift over?" he asked when he heard her feet behind him and finally saw her.

"Sorry of," she said. "I'm on a quick break."

"Short workday?"

"Sorry of," she replied cagily and then turned around and locked the door to the changing room after making sure they were alone. "Hope you don't mind, but we

need a bit of privacy for this."

"For what?" He asked and felt stupid for asking the question when she let her sweatshirt drop to the floor. He stated at her a moment before she worked up the courage to reach up and yank down the straps to her lifeguard suit, exposing her breasts. “Oh,” was Evan’s response to her action.

“Do you want to?” she asked.

Rebecca was a perfectly lovely woman and competent lifeguard. Evan didn’t know all that much about her other than she had worked at the gym for the entire time he had been a member, she was in fantastic shape probably because she worked at a gym, had short brown hair, and a small crop of freckles dusted her nose and upper cheeks. When she pulled her suit halfway down her body he learned two other things about her. Her breasts were very small—much, much smaller than his wife’s. Not that he had a problem with small breasts. He was just accustomed to much larger ones—specifically Sondra’s since he hadn’t been with another woman in too many years to count. He also learned that she had to be younger than he was because her nipples were pierced.

“Do I want to what?” he asked stupidly. He knew what she was asking; he just couldn’t believe she was asking it of him.

“This,” she said taking steps forward and pressing her mouth to his. He kissed her back automatically. It seemed rude not to. Rebecca’s tongue was a muscular as her thighs and body; it forced its way into his mouth and he had to fight just to keep her from shoving it all the way down his throat. She pressed her body to his. He felt the roll of her swimsuit around her waist pressing into his rounded stomach. His cock stiffened inside his swim trunks. It wasn’t the first time he was grateful he opted for a larger, more modest piece of swimming attire instead of an athlete’s Speedo.

And he felt her breasts press into his chest. He felt the hard nubs not of her nipples, but the bits of jewelry that adorned her nipples pressing against his skin. His mind recovered from the shock and he pushed her away a bit.

“I’m not sure I should do this,” he said. His voice was unsteady and shaky.

“I won’t tell anyone if you don’t,” she said, her voice low and husky. He wasn’t sure if she was trying to sound seductive or if she was so turned on her voice had

changed tenor. When he pushed her back she took the opportunity to pull her swimsuit entirely off and Evan saw another difference between Rebecca and his wife. Rebecca shaved her pubic hair. She was entirely naked between her legs.

“You shave,” he managed to say as he stared at her pussy.

She nodded. “Yes. Of course. It’s a lot easier to deal with no hair down there when I’m in and out of the water all day.” She licked her lips and let him examine her body at arm’s length. If that’s what he needed then she was happy to oblige him.

“You’ve got pierced nipples,” he pointed out unnecessarily.

Once again Rebecca had to nod and agree with him. “Yeah. You like them?”

Evan was undecided. Her tits were so small they were strange to look at in comparison to his wife’s. But these little beauties were also decorated with little metal balls on either side on each nipple. He knew there was a metal bar going through the nipples, he simply couldn’t see them. “Um…I guess so.”

“Why don’t you take a closer look?” she asked and reached for his head. He allowed her to draw his face down to her chest where he could inspect her more closely. The position was slightly awkward for him. She wasn’t tall enough for him to just bend a little at the waist to see her tits, but she wasn’t short enough for him to have to kneel down for the task either.

It was fascinating to see the piece of hard metal going into her soft, sensitive flesh on one side of her nipple and come out the other. It should have been unnatural to his eyes, but Evan knew it was a stylish statement among lots of younger women. He had checked out Rebecca’s small bust many times in the past but he never had the slightest indication that she had her nipple’s pierced. Was it something she had done recently? Did she take them out when she was on duty? No, that couldn’t be; she was just on duty a minute earlier.

As he looked closely at her tits, Rebecca kept her hand on the back of his head. He hardly noticed as she pulled him closer and closer. When he was just an inch away, he finally realized what she was doing and at that point he was too late. Automatically his mouth opened up and he took her small nipple with its piercing into his mouth and suckled in exactly the same way he always did with Sondra.

Rebecca hissed slightly at his enthusiastic appreciation of her body, but then relented and let him do as he pleased. Evan was so used to the sensation of soft flesh in his mouth—and plenty of it—combined with almost immediate wetness of milk squirting from Sondra's breast that it was a shocking collision to experience Rebecca's tit. She was just as soft as his wife, but there was much less of her flesh. There was no milk, much to his disappointment. Beyond that, there was the collision of soft nipple with hard metal.

He wasn't used to it, but Rebecca seemed to appreciate what he was doing to her. "Ooh," she moaned. "That's nice."

Her hands moved down from the back of his neck to his shoulders and then his chest and finally headed toward his waist.

Evan pulled back from her again.

"What's the matter?" she asked and tried not to sound exasperated.

"I…I shouldn't do this. I'm too fat." It was a flimsy excuse if there ever was one. Except for his cock she had already seen almost all of his body. She knew exactly what his body was like.

"I like older men who are burly," she told him as she dug her fingers into his waistband. "Do you want to fuck or not?"

Evan hesitated. He should have told her he was married. But she knew he was married. He should have protested that he didn't fool around on his wife. He should never have let himself get into this position.

Her hand went into his trunks and fished out his hard cock. He didn't stop her. She fell to her knees and took as much of his length into her mouth as was possible. He marveled at his skill as she pushed down his trunks. There was no reason to resist now.

His skin was still wet from the pool and scented lightly with chlorine, but that didn't matter. Now his cock was wet with her saliva and she abruptly released him, but pulled his body against hers as she leaned back on the wall. What followed was a small fight of lips and tongues and hands and thighs all searching for the right position, the right angle.

Finally everything came together. She tilted her hips and he pushed forward. His saliva-slicked cock slipped into her tight pussy. He hadn't gone down on her. He had barely kissed her lips and sucked on her nipples, but she was practically dripping with desire for him. There was no resistance as he pushed all the way forward until their pubic bones met.

Once that happened he pressed hard into her and started fucking like it was his first time. Her leg came up and—showing she was incredibly limber as well as built of lean muscle—wrapped it halfway around his waist, keeping him in place.

Evan grunted as he bucked up and down, the thrusting coming from his knees as much as his hips. Rebecca gasped and made small, high-pitched mewling sounds as they fucked. Evan wasn't thinking—he was reacting. Rebecca had wanted this and even she was surprised by the enthusiasm that Evan displayed as they rutted like animals. He knew he should have asked her a hundred important questions before putting his dick in her cunt, but that was too late now. Their hands roamed each other's bodies. Their genitals came together in a most delightful fashion. Evan was certain the lifeguard had cum at least twice while pinned up against the wall. It was amazing they didn't fall to the ground, but his weight held them in place and the footing was surprisingly good with the rubberized flooring the gym used.

She wondered how long he was going to be able to go on fucking her and whether she would have to tell him to stop so she could get back to her chair before her break was over. And then he came. Heavy spurts of semen shot into her pussy and they both grunted and sighed with relief. It was nothing more than stupid fucking and animal lust but Evan was fascinated by this woman whom he barely knew who had taken enough of a liking to him to actually risk her job and seduce him in the gym's changing room.

"That was good," she told him as he pulled out of her pussy.

"Yeah," he replied with his voice quivering. "We shouldn't have done this."

"No, we should have. You were wonderful. You're a great lay."

That statement caught him off guard. "Really?"

"It was exactly what I needed right now." The showers were only a few steps

away and she moved over to run some water over her body, cleaning herself so she could go back to work. “Thank you,” she said as the hot water sluiced down her body.

“You’re welcome,” he said and chuckled a bit. “I should be the one thanking you.”

“Why? Your wife not any good in bed?”

He shook his head and stepped into the showers next to her, turning on the tap to wash off the pool water. “No. She’s great. I should just thank you. It seems the polite thing to do after getting an excellent fuck from a beautiful woman.”

She laughed. It was deep and throaty and honest. “I’m glad to hear that. Keep coming here every Thursday morning and I’ll guarantee that you’ll get another excellent fuck out of me.

Chapter Three

“Your breasts hurt, don’t they?” Evan asked Sondra as they hurried to get dressed in the morning. In the interest of Evan’s weight loss regimen they had opted for him to stop feeding from her in the mornings, keeping only their evening time of nursing and sex.

He could tell, however, that her breasts were swollen in the morning and she wanted some relief.

“A little,” she admitted. Barely. “If it gets bad I’ll just use my breast pump at work.” She had the type of job where it was easy to slip off to the bathroom to pump and dump her milk if necessary.

“That never works as well as you want it to,” he told her. The breast pump she had was an older model—she had used it many times during her initial breastfeeding days—but it still checked out, it worked just fine, but no breast pump could equal the effectiveness of a human mouth.

“I know, but you can’t afford to put on any more weight.”

Evan sat down on the bed’s foot. “I know, but I miss it. I’m willing to get huge and fat if it means I get to nurse from you the rest of my life.”

That made his wife laugh. “We’ll have to find a different kink for you then, dear,” Sondra told him as she carefully pulled on her bra and turned her back to him. “Hook this for me,” she told him. “It’s the least you can do. It’s a pain in the ass to try and reach around to hook it.” She could have hooked it around her body, turned the contraption around and brought the straps up over her breasts, but that was unnecessarily complicated when she had an able assistant in the room with her. Besides, Evan loved to do anything for her as long as it involved her tits.

Although she tried to endure it all day, Sondra found it impossible to ignore the pain in her breasts. She got some respite from the pressure and ache by pumping her breasts, extracting the milk, but that only lasted an hour before the aching

was back with a vengeance.

There was only one thing to do. After locking up her computer Sondra announced to her cube neighbor, “I’m going downstairs for a break,” and walked out of the office. No one said a word to her. As long as she got her work done in a timely fashion, no one ever complained. Instead of taking the elevator down five floors to the street and going for a walk, Sondra instead went down two floors and marched into Dr. Henry’s office.

“Is Hank available?” she asked the receptionist. While she wasn’t exactly friendly with her husband’s best friend’s employee, she and Sondra recognized each other.

“Let me check,” she said.

In two minutes Henry was greeting her in the waiting room.

“Sondra, what are you doing here? You never stop in to see me!” He gave a light kiss on the cheek.

She glanced at the receptionist who was busy on the phone. “Can we go back to your office to talk for a minute?”

Once they had a bit of privacy Henry took on an expression of actually concern. “Is there a problem, Sondra?”

“Yeah, Hank, there is.”

He sighed. “Don’t call me Hank. I hate that.”

She ignored him. “My breasts hurt,” she said.

“Have you been to your ob-gyn yet?” he asked. “I’m more of a general practitioner, but I can take a look.” He waggled his gray eyebrows at her suggestively.

“I haven’t been to see her yet. Haven’t had the chance. It started this morning and I know what the problem is.”

“You do?” he asked skeptically. Henry was a bit puzzled and wasn’t sure what

Sondra was asking for yet.

“Yeah, I do.” She started slowly unbuttoning her shirt. Henry didn’t stop her. “They’re engorged and swollen and I’m in pain.” Upon opening her blouse Sondra displayed her very large breasts. Henry couldn’t help but look. He was disappointed she was wearing a completely unsexy industrial strength bra designed for comfort and support, and not to inflame a man’s desires. Still, an impressive amount of cleavage was his to examine.

“Where are you in your cycle,” he asked her, trying to keep a veneer of professionalism to her visit.

Sondra shook her head. “That’s not the problem. They’re engorged, Hank. You know what that means. They’re full of milk.”

He nodded. “Right. And that’s the source of the pain, of course. I wasn’t aware you were still breast feeding your daughter.”

“I’m not. Haven’t been for a few years.”

That answer caught him flat-footed. “Oh. Then…”

“You’re advice to Evan is what’s causing my pain. He’s the one that’s been breastfeeding from me.”

She liked the fact that she had stunned him a bit. She liked having that power over him. “I see. Um. Well, that’s not unheard of among some couples…”

“Yeah, but then you come along and tell him to lose weight. Evan decides that he’s getting too much fat from my breast milk so he cuts back and I’m the one who’s suffering.”

“Oh. Well. I see. But you can hardly blame me,” Henry said going into damage control mode. “I told him to lose weight. I didn’t tell him how exactly other than to cut back on sweets and such and get more exercise.”

“Breast milk is sweet,” Sondra pointed out to him.

“Point taken. But it was Evan’s decision on how to go about making these changes in his life. I assume he’s getting more exercise as well as not, um,

drinking your milk?”

She nodded. “More swimming at the gym. But this still brings us back to my little problem. My tits hurt.”

“Have you tried pumping them and some ibuprofen?”

“Do you think I’m stupid?” she asked. “Of course I have. It didn’t help.” While it had helped a little bit she wasn’t going to admit that to him right then and there.

“So what do you need me to do?” Henry asked as he took a step back from Sondra. As enticing as her breasts were, he saw an angry gleam in her eye that he wanted to avoid.

Sondra dropped her hands down and allowed her shirt to slide off her arms. She then turned around and displayed her back to him. “Take off my bra.”

“Okay,” he said nervously, not liking where this was going. “Remember, I’m your husband’s best friend.”

“And you gave him some bad advice. Do it, please.” She said please but it was an order he had to follow.

Instead of the customary two or four hooks like most bras, this one had six running over Sondra’s spine. With nervous fingers Henry forced some slack into the material and then slipped the six hooks from their eyelets, releasing Sondra from the bit of industrial-strength lingerie.

She heaved a sigh of relief and turned around to face Henry, showing him her swollen breasts and sore nipples. To his eyes they were gorgeous. They were incredibly large for her thin frame but didn’t hang down low, they managed to stay high on her chest as if she were ten years younger than her true age. It was possible to see her blue veins under her thin, ivory skin. There were a series of veins running toward her dark nipples. He wanted to reach to cup and caress her tits, but he restrained himself.

“You could have taken off your bra yourself,” he pointed out to her.

“True, but I can’t take the pain away myself,” she told him. “Suck.”

“Suck?” he asked. He knew it wasn’t slang.

“You know the best way to remove breast milk is with a vacuum provided by the human mouth. Suckling. Do it. I need relief right here, right now and you are the man to do it.”

“But...what about Evan?”

“He’s an hour away at his job. You’re right here in front of me. I’ll explain everything to him later.” She reached up and cupped his jaw with the palm of her hand, slowly pulling his face down to her chest. “Please help me out.” She wasn’t begging. She was ordering.

Henry went along with her request. He was only a human, and only a man. He couldn’t resist the sexual request of a beautiful woman who was topless in his office. Pressing his lips to her big nipple he sucked it in and was immediately reward with a squirt of milk that filled his mouth.

The sweetness surprised him. Henry knew that it was supposed to be sweet, but it was much more so than he expected, sweeter than fruit juice or sugar water. There was no reason to resist and he sucked again. The milk flooded his mouth this time and Sondra sighed as he started to alleviate her pain. She pulled him tight to her breast and encouraged him to continue.

It was such a simple process and yet it excited him. Henry had played with, licked, sucked, bitten, teased, pinched, and twisted any number of women’s nipples in his life but this was different. This was the first time milk had ever come out of those nipples. He switched back and forth between her breasts, listening to Sondra groan and sigh with relief—and pleasure—at his suckling. The milk was incredible, the more he drank from her the more he wanted. He finally settled on her left breast, and sucked hard.

She hissed sharply at the bit of pain, but the milk sprayed out. “I need to sit down,” she told him as her legs shook.

Henry was happy to oblige. He pulled her around his desk and sat in the chair pulling her down onto his lap. She straddled his legs and pushed her tit back into his mouth. Now he could feel her hot pussy against his body. He could feel her warmth through her slacks and presumably her panties. He could sense the wetness contained inside her clothing. Henry’s hands went up her back and

forced her close to him. He was nearly smothered by her big tits but that didn't matter at the moment. His cock lay trapped inside his own pants and Sondra made matters worse by sliding her hips back and forth, making his cock strain under the pressure.

"Do you want to?" she asked.

"Want to what?"

She didn't answer him, but pressed his mouth back to her breast, then moved her hips back. Reaching down Sondra unfastened his pants, dived in, and pulled out his cock. Since it was already rigid it immediately stood up and was ready for use. The hardest part was forcing herself back from Henry's mouth, breaking the latch he had on her tit. Once she managed that, it was simplicity itself to pull down her slacks and panties.

Henry had no remorse, no guilt at all as she straddled him again and slipped his cock deep into her pussy. He groaned with appreciation as her warmth encased his manhood. She brought her right tit up to his mouth and let him suckle as she moved her hips, working his cock within her body.

They kept the sounds of their lovemaking to a minimum so as not to alert the patients and staff in his office. The coupling of their bodies didn't last very long in any case. Henry had precious little control when fucking a woman with huge tits full of milk. When he came inside her his hot spunk was enough to push her over the edge to paradise.

As they cleaned up and straightened their clothes—Sondra putting all of hers back on—she said to him, "We'll have to do this again. Evan can't be drinking all my milk now, can he?"

Chapter Four

He knew he shouldn't have continued to carry on his relationship—such as it was—with Rebecca, but Evan couldn't help himself. He was used to having sex with Sondra twice a day, once in the morning and once in the evening. When Dr. Henry cut that back to just once a day because of Evan's weight gain, he found himself getting sexually frustrated. Swimming in the pool wasn't enough because Rebecca was usually there and that just lead to the two of them fucking in the changing room. If that wasn't available they did it in one of the locker rooms—they could usually count on either the men's or the women's to be temporarily empty and Rebecca would close and lock it, hanging a "Closed for Cleaning" sign on the door while they fucked. Once they had even done it in the small space the lifeguards used as an office, but that was too much for Evan. They had to find a new location for their trysts. They wound up finding Rebecca's small house.

"You only live two miles from the gym?" he asked her as she let him into her house. It was early in the morning, almost too early but Sondra didn't question him when he said he was going to the gym to work out. It was close enough to the truth.

"It's convenient," she admitted as she closed the door behind her. She was wearing a purple silk robe that hid most of her body. Once the door was closed she turned around and dropped the robe to the floor and stood before him naked.

Although he was used to seeing Rebecca naked at this point, it was a shock to see her body exposed to him so easily, so blatantly, so wantonly. And then there was the change she must have done just for him this morning. She was wearing a pair of rings in her nipples that Evan had never seen before. They were large, not extraordinarily large, but large enough to be obvious under anything but heavy clothing. Normally Rebecca wore simple studs through her nipples. He had previously asked why she just didn't take out her jewelry when working and wearing a swimsuit. She told him he didn't want to risk her holes to closing up because getting them repierced and going through the healing time was a pain in the ass.

“Those are new,” Evan said as he gazed at her naked body. He was staring at her tits, but his eyes did briefly flick down to her pussy. She was as smooth as ever between her legs. Shaving her pubes was a daily regime with Rebeca.

“You like them?” she asked gesturing to her chest.

Evan’s mouth was dry. He was nervous about being in her house. He was nervous about being with her—what is Sondra found out. He was afraid this was all some sort of setup. Why would a woman with such a body like Rebecca’s want to fuck him. “Yes,” he managed to choke out. He was still fully dressed and she was naked. His cock was hard in his pants and she hadn’t even touched him yet. “Why don’t you wear them all the time?” he asked full-well knowing the answer.

“They’re too big, too obvious.” The rings were silver, maybe sterling silver, maybe surgical steel. It didn’t matter to Evan. The bead that dangled from each ring was bright blue. “These are my pretty rings,” she told him. “I only wear them when I know I’m going to get laid.”

“Did you put them in for me this morning?” he asked. The conversation was ridiculous. He came here to have sex and they only had a limited amount of time. Why was he delaying?

She shook her head. “No. Last night.”

“You waited all night for me?” he asked. It had taken them some planning to arrange this particular encounter.

This time she shook her head. “Not exactly. Katie was horny last night.”

“Katie?”

“My girlfriend.” Evan gave her a blank stare. He had thought that Rebecca was single. That she lived alone. That she fucked middle-aged men she met at the gym as some sort of sexual charity. “The woman I live with,” she added.

“I…I didn’t know you were…with someone.”

For just a brief moment they both considered how little they really knew about the other person. Not that it mattered. Their relationship was built on and center

on sex; they had precious little else in common.

“I thought you knew,” she said with a shrug. “It doesn’t matter. I knew you were married.” She gestured at his left hand where he wore his wedding band. “It’s not like Katie and I are exclusive. We’ve talked about it, but we haven’t come to an agreement yet. What about you and Sondra. You two have an open marriage?”

Evan and Sondra had never discussed anything like that in their marriage. He lied. “Yeah, something like that.”

“I get it,” Rebecca said. “Not my business. Come on, let’s get down to business.”

She brushed by him and hurried to the bedroom. He missed her hands wiping at her face; his eyes were focused on her taut ass as she walked in front of him.

He took of most of his clothes by the time he got to the bedroom. It was obvious to his eyes now that two people shared it. Two dressers. Too many clothes scattered about. The bed was rumpled—and still warm he discovered when she pulled him down on top of her naked body. Was the warmth from Rebecca’s body as she lounged in bed waiting for him or was it from the shared heat of Rebecca and Katie.

Those thought he pushed from his head as Rebecca pushed his face down to her pussy. She had complimented him before on his cunnilingus skills—but that was before he knew that she had a girlfriend. Was nearly as good as her Sapphic lover. Suddenly Evan felt in adequate as he wormed his tongue into her slick pussy and searched out her clit with a finger.

She inhaled sharply when he rubbed her little nubbin just the right way. “Of fuck,” she cursed under her breath. “Your cock, I need your cock, not your fingers, not your tongue.”

Evan was quick to comply. He pulled off his underwear. His cock was already hard, her legs were spread, and her pussy was wet and open. It was simplicity itself to sink his manhood into her. He grunted with satisfaction as he filled her up.

They gasped and groaned together for a minute as the joining of their bodies pleased them both. He kissed her lips, letting her taste her pussy. She didn’t

mind. He had done the same thing before with her—but now he wondered if she loved the taste of pussy as much as he did.

“I didn’t know you were a lesbian,” he blurted stupidly as they fucked.

“I’m not,” she informed him. “I’m bi. I just have a lesbian girlfriend.”

“Right. Shit. Sorry.”

She shook her head. “No. It’s okay. Sort of. I don’t want to discuss it now.”

He nodded in agreement and kissed the side of her neck, nibbling slightly at her earlobe. He found it a little bit odd that she wore rings and studs in her nipples but not any another jewelry. Not earrings. No bracelets. No necklaces. Was it a lesbian thing? he found himself wondering now. He had previously asked her if she had ever considered getting her labia or other part of her pussy pierced. She had just laughed at him.

After a minute of nibbling Rebecca started talking again, much to Evan’s surprise. “It’s a sore spot between us,” she told him. “I’m bi. She knew that when we got together. I like cock. Real cock attached to a man. I mean, I love it when she fucks me with her strapon, but I need the real thing every once in a while.” She grabbed Evan’s face between her hands and looked him straight in the eye. “Are you okay with being my real cock I fuck every once in a while.”

“Uh-huh,” he grunted. He was concentrating on not cumming at the moment. She was familiar with that look.

“Slam it into me,” she demanded. “Make me cum.”

Rebecca liked it rough when she was with him, Evan had discovered. Or was it that she liked it rough when she fucked a man and not a woman? It didn’t matter. He started fucking her harder and faster. Her breathing rapidly changed as she reached her peak and her body shook a little with a small squeal from her lips when she came.

“Cum in me, cum in me,” she chanted to him.

Since he was already on the edge that was a simple request for Evan to fulfil. He let himself go and slammed into her—hard—one more time. His cock throbbed

and his balls tightened up to his body as he came. Rebecca reached an arm around him and felt his cock as it pulsed depositing a load of semen into her pussy.

They didn't have much time to rest, not if Evan wanted to shower and get to work on time. After he held her body a minute he rolled off her with the necessary excuse and got up from the bed.

"Maybe we should be using something a little more reliable than luck," she told him when she joined him in the shower.

"Luck? Using what?"

"Birth control," she said warily.

He shook his head. "It's a little late now, but the only thing we'd need would be condoms if one of us has a disease. I had a vasectomy a few years ago. I'm safe for you."

"Oh," she said hiding the disappointment in her voice. "That's good."

He got out of the shower first and dressed as Rebecca finished. When she walked back into the bedroom she didn't even have a towel wrapped around her body. That didn't bother Evan; he liked looking at her nude body. What did surprise him is when she sat down on the edge of the bed and proceeded to remove the rings from her nipples.

"What are you doing?" he asked, fascinated at the process.

"I can't wear these big rings to work, I already told you that," she said. When the rings were out she put the on top of the low dresser and opened a small jewelry box, pulling out a pair of studs with screw-on balls attached to each end. Evan continued to watch as she first removed one of the balls, carefully inserted the studs through her nipples, and then screwed the ball back into place.

She looked up at him when she was done. "You like to watch, don't you?"

Evan nodded. "Yes."

"You should have stayed in the shower with me," said Rebecca. "You could have

watched me shave my legs and pussy."

"I'm sorry I missed it." He was already dressed and shortly had to leave. She started to walk him out, still naked, when a photograph on the cover of an album resting on the living room coffee table caught his eye. "Who's the beauty?" he asked. It was a full body picture of a dancer, obviously posed but supposedly in the middle of a routine, with a striking face and lean, lithe body. She was dressed in little more than tight workout clothes that hid nothing.

"That's Maeve, my girlfriend," explained Rebecca.

He couldn't help himself. Evan stepped across the living room and picked up the album to look through the pictures. Her body was near-perfection. There were no close ups of her face and while she wasn't a classic beauty, she did have high cheekbones and slightly angled eyes that gave her a distinctive look easily enhanced with a touch of makeup. "She was a dancer?" he asked as he thumbed through the pages.

Rebecca's shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot. "Still is. She works with the company that performs down at the Empire State Plaza."

"Full time dancer. Nice. Her body…" he trailed off as he continued to leer at the pictures.

"No. Part time. And a part time gym teacher. And she's done modeling in the past." Despite herself, Rebecca couldn't help but brag about her girlfriend a little.

"I can see that," said Evan as he got toward the end of the album. These pictures were the sort a model would use in a portfolio, but focusing on her body. Then he flipped to the last few pages and found a completely nude display of Maeve on one page and a series of pictures that could at best be called erotic and at worst be called pornographic. "Very nice," murmured Evan as he looked at Maeve wrapped around another woman. Both seemed in the throes of passion as evidenced by erect nipples and wet pussies. "Did she do porn as well?" he asked. He meant it as half a joke, but it came out poorly.

The corners of Rebecca's mouth turned down. "No. She needed money and did some nude modeling."

“Looks like a little more than that.” Evan grinned at her.

Rebecca shrugged. “Erotic nude modeling.”

“Is that you in the picture with her?” The other model’s face and body were partially obscured by Maeve’s form.

“No.” Rebecca saw the gleam in Evan’s eyes and looked down at his crotch. It was obvious he was hard again. “You get off on lesbians, don’t you?”

Evan nodded. “It’s true. I have the same weakness as many men. Two beautiful women making love…there’s nothing hotter than that.”

Despite herself, Rebecca found it irresistible to tease her lover. “Would you like to see me make love with your wife?” she asked. “Would that turn you on or would it make you jealous?”

After he left Rebecca’s house and hurried to work, he wondered if she had intentionally left the album out for him to find.

Chapter Five

Sondra groaned as she dragged her breasts down the length of Henry's chest, feeling the wiry hairs rubbing against her nipples was part annoyance and part stimulant. She was riding his body, his cock firmly lodged in her pussy. They were in her bed in the middle of the day. They were both supposed to be eating lunch. The closest Sondra had come to any nutrition was when she had sucked Henry's cock and tasted a bit of his precum. She was going to have to rush back to the office after they finished and eat something on the way. Henry at least had gotten to drink her milk. That's why they were fucking.

She had promised herself that she would stop having sex with Henry. It wasn't right. While she didn't exactly feel guilt over fucking her husband's best friend, she hadn't come out and told Evan what she was doing with her excess milk either. He assumed she was pumping at work or alone in the morning and that was good enough for him.

And after the first inappropriate time with Henry she had told him that he could only suck her tits to release her milk. That's all.

That promise lasted five minutes. Then her hand was reaching down his pants and his was going up her skirt. While they didn't fuck every time he nursed from her breasts, it was rare that she didn't get off at least once. More than once she had left him in a state of arousal where she was certain he had gone to the bathroom the moment she left and jerked off. That was fine with her…as long as she got to cum when she wanted.

Meeting in his office on a regular basis wasn't realistic. They had agreed to meet at her house for a quick feeding to relieve the pressure on her breasts. It was never stated aloud, but it was simply assumed they would have sex. Sondra wanted to have sex with Henry, it wasn't so much a desire for him, but a chance for variety outside her marriage and a little reward for relieving the pressure in her breasts.

She knew she should confess to Evan exactly what was going on, but not just yet. She wanted Henry to do it for her and he wasn't quite ready for that. Yet.

She needed to put him through a routine of nursing first followed by a few cycles of fucking and denial.

That's what she told herself at least.

She dragged her tits back up his chest and reveled in the sensation. When she reached the top Henry ducked his head and caught one of her big nipples in his mouth and sucked. She was almost dry by now. He had fed for a long time before their clothes came off and they fell into bed. A little gasp escaped her lips as he sucked hard. It hurt, but it was a good pain. He was rewarded with a little squirt of milk. That's what he was after.

It had been strange to Henry, at first, to actually suckle milk from his new lover. It was a fetish he had heard of before, of course, but had never had any real experience with it. After a few tries is became obvious to him why Evan had fallen into the practice with his wife. It was beguiling and enervating. He couldn't admit it to Sondra, of course, but the possibility that she might stop having him nurse made him depressed and nervous.

There wasn't much milk, but they were quickly approaching the climax of the love making. "Faster," Sondra requested as her curvy hips moved up and down, her pussy sliding on his cock.

Unexpectedly Henry slapped her firm ass. It stung and she cried out in surprise and pain. The pain wasn't terrible, it was more the shock that brought the cry to her lips. "Hold still then," Henry said. The slap had made her stop moving so all he had to do was grab both her hips and thrust upward with all his might over and over again while she squatted on top of him. That was exactly what she needed. The fucking wasn't at all romantic or gentle; it was pure and unadulterated lust.

She loved the way he was fucking her but would never confess that to Henry. When he exploded inside of her pussy she shook with the wave of pleasure it caused. She could feel each and every pulse of cum that he pumped into her. His orgasm lasted a long time and she pressed a breast to his mouth while he came. Henry bit down on the nipple. Hard. She didn't feel any pain. It was all pleasure.

After then rested a minute Sondra rolled her body off Henry and went to the bathroom. There she sat on the toilet, let most of his cum drain out of her body, and then removed the diaphragm he had gotten for her. She had refused to let

him cum inside her without some protection. Neither of them wanted to use condoms—especially because Sondra liked the feeling of hot cum in her pussy—and most other means would have aroused Evan's suspicions. She couldn't go on the Pill because Evan would find out and she didn't want to mess up her cycle or her milk production just for some extra fucks. It was lucky that Henry was a doctor. Getting a diaphragm was relatively simple.

When she came out of the bathroom Henry was already dressed and in the process of adjusting his tie in the same mirror that Evan used every morning for the same purpose. Sondra couldn't help herself. She went over to him while still naked and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "You need to tell him," she said as she found her panties and started pulling them on.

"Shouldn't this be your responsibility?" he asked. "Isn't it customary for the wife to tell her husband she's fucking his friend?"

"Ah, no, there's no customary in that. That's the same sexist attitude men take when they pull out the customary responsibility bullshit for women being in charge of the birth control."

"I believe I took care of that little problem for you," he pointed out as he turned back from the mirror to watch her getting dressed. She struggled with her big bra until he indicated for her to turn around and then fastened it for her. As he did so he looked down at her ass now covered up by a pair of green and pink striped panties. "You should wear thongs," he said. "Show off your ass a bit."

"It's too big," she said. "And don't change the subject."

"It's not too big and I'm giving you a compliment." He reached down and yanked the bottom edges of her panties into her ass crack. "Oh, wait a minute. Not a good idea."

"See, I told you so."

"No, no," Henry reassured her. "Your ass looks great. It's just that…you can see my handprint where I smacked you." He rearranged her panties back to their natural position.

"Thank you," she sighed and found her skirt after glancing at the clock. She was going to be late and didn't care a whit about it. An idea occurred to her. "If I

wear a thong for you, will you tell Evan what we're doing?"

"Only if you wear it to work and I get to see you in it and take it off you before I fuck you. And you have to wear it when I tell him that I've been fucking you for the past three months."

"I could agree to that," she said catching him completely by surprise. "But would you really want to wreck my marriage over a pair of panties?"

He slowly shook his head and slipped his hands around her tits. "No, but maybe over your ass and tits..."

Evan released her breast from his mouth and commented, "You don't have as much milk tonight as you normally do."

Sondra was lying on her side next to Evan in their bed allowing him to nurse as was their custom at the end of the night. It relaxed her. It filled his belly. And it excited them both to the point where they had to have sex. However, tonight wasn't going like it normally did. Evan was right. Rebecca's breasts weren't as full as they usually were—that was because Henry had completely drained her earlier in the day. She was also nearly exhausted from him fucking her and her lust level was exceedingly low since she had been satisfied by Henry's cock in the middle of the day.

To put it succinctly she wasn't in the mood but she knew she had a duty to her husband. He had been so loyal to her while she was cheating on him with Henry, it wouldn't be right to refuse him sex while he had been doing such a good job losing weight. She could see the change in his body. He was already slimmer, his belly was half gone, and his muscles felt stronger. If only nursing him had brought her the same excitement it used to.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess I was a little too aggressive with the breast pump today at work," she lied.

"How much did you get?" he asked. He was always fascinated by her breasts and the milk they produced.

"A full bottle for each," she said, continuing with her fib. "I have a confession to

make," she said nervously.

"Oh? What?"

"I masturbated when I was done." She was ashamed at her story telling, but once she started she couldn't stop herself.

"In your office?"

"Yeah, in the bathroom. The door locks so it's private. Just one person at a time."

"That's dirty," he told her.

"I know," she agreed. "But I really needed to get off when I was done pumping. I got me really hot."

He nodded and continued to play with her breasts and nipples a minute. She didn't mind. Anything to keep her thoughts off her indiscretion with Henry.

"Have you ever thought about getting your nipples pierced?" he abruptly asked her.

"What?"

"You know, getting your nipples pierced. A little decoration." Her grinned at her and pinched both her nipples with his fingers just hard enough for her to feel it but not hard enough to cause any real pain. She had tough nipples, she could take it.

"Um. No! What brings this up?" She was caught off guard by the strange question.

Evan shrugged. "Nothing special. I was just thinking that your milk can't last forever and we should do something nice to them when we're done with nursing."

Her eyes narrowed and a small grin played at her lips. "You've been looking at porn, haven't you? Have you been seeing a lot of women with rings in their nips?"

His face flushed red but Evan kept up with the conversation. “Maybe. Maybe not. Does the idea sound…I don’t know, hot to you?”

She shook her head. “No. It sounds painful and silly. And a bit slutty. I’m not the type of person who gets her nipples pierced. I’m married. I’m a mother. I’m too old for that sort of shit.”

He pinched her nipples harder and she inhaled deeply. “It can’t be any more painful than this,” he said to her. “Do you like this pain?”

It took Sondra a moment to answer. She was lost in the sensations running through her nipples. “Yeah,” she managed with a shaky voice. “I like it.”

“Maybe you’d like a bit of metal through these as well, I bet you would, wouldn’t you?” His voice was demanding, insistent.

Despite herself, Sondra found she was nodding. “Yeah. I’d like that.” Her pussy was getting wet. It was strange to realize that the idea and the pain was making her excited. She wanted to fuck her husband now, regardless of the fact she had fucked her lover earlier in the day. Evan let go of her nipples and she hissed in pain as the blood rushed back into them. “If my milk ever dries up, maybe then,” she half promised.

Evan wasn’t listening. He was already rolling on top of her pushing her panties down her legs and penetrating her cunt with his hard dick.

End Part One

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)

And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.

And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,

Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,

Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair -

Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

—T.S. Elliot, Macavity, the Mystery Cat

Part Two

Chapter Six

It was almost too much for Evan to keep up with his wife and Rebecca. He was having sex with Rebecca twice a week, sometimes at her place, sometimes at the gym, plus fucking Sondra nearly every night because she needed to be nursed and when he nursed from her, it always made her horny and then they had sex regardless of how they intended to end the night. Between the two women and caring for his children and working his job, he barely had time to think and breathe. On the plus side, he was enjoying every minute he spent with the two women in his life. Also on the plus side he had lost ten pounds due to his busy life and many trips to the gym for exercise and sex.

Sondra was in a similar situation. She had to feed Evan every night and Hank nearly every day. Due to circumstances and other considerations, she didn't fuck Dr. Henry every time he nursed from her, but it was often enough that she started getting concerned that her pussy was going to wear out from overuse. He assured her it was not.

Henry, though a skilled physician and concerned care-giver, wasn't a terribly deep thinker. He wasn't at all concerned with the guilt his girlfriend was going through over her husband. To his credit he was always considerate with his incredible luck of finding a horny woman who indulged him in his new-found fetish for breast milk, but nothing else worried him.

It was Rebecca who broke the impasse. She didn't make any sudden demands of Evan, but simply gave him a bit of a fantasy. "I'd love to fuck you wife," she told him as he sucked on her pierced nipples. He liked the contrast of hard metal with soft flesh as he played with her body. Rebecca's body was completely different from his wife's, which was good because otherwise he would never have been able to distinguish between the two of them while in bed. She loved it when he sucked on her. He hadn't admitted to her yet that he was nursing milk from Sondra every night. Rebecca didn't need to know that. It might have been a terrible cliché, but as a small busted woman she had very small, very sensitive nipples.

When she made her little confession, Evan nearly choked on her nipple rings.

“What?”

“I’d love to fuck your wife,” she repeated. They were in her bed for a quick fuck before going to the gym where he would swim and she would lifeguard. It was the perfect domestic crime—one they had repeated for months now.

“Um…you would?”

She nodded earnestly and moved his hand down to her pussy. As usual she was already naked when he showed up at her door and he was down to his shorts by the time he fell in bed with her. Automatically he stuck his middle finger into her, testing her wetness and playing with her clitoris. And, as always, she was wet and ready for him. She opened her mouth to answer him, but only a groan came out. His thumb had found her clit and was rubbing it as two fingers stroked the inside of her pussy. She concentrated, thinking about what chores had to be done during her lifeguarding shift, and managed to say, “Yeah, I’ve had plenty of women with hard, lean bodies. I want to try your wife’s: soft and supple.”

He stopped playing with her pussy. She found that distracting. “Are you calling my wife fat?”

“What? No. It’s just that…I’ve had sex with a lot of dancers and the like and they always seem to have hard, firm bodies…kind of like men. I want to have sex with a soft-bodied woman for once.”

All Evan could do was stare at his lover for a minute. “You always surprise me.”

“I try to be innovative,” she told him and then grabbed his wrist to get his hand moving again. “Go home and tell her you have a girlfriend who wants to fuck the both of you at the same time. She’ll like that.”

“I doubt it,” Evan said but he kept moving his hand and watched her. Her eyes became unfocused and her breathing suddenly rapidly increased. This was typical of Rebecca. It might take her a little while to warm up, but when she got turned on it was incredibly easy to make her cum with judicious application of the thumb to her clit and rubbing behind her pubic bone. “But I’m pretty sure you’re going to cum,” he teased her.

She nodded. “Uh-huh. Promise me,” she started to beg. He thought he was promising to make her cum. Her body jerked and he kept working at her pussy

until her hips thrusted upward and the orgasm took over her body.

“Thank you, thank you,” she said when she was done. “I can’t wait to fuck Sondra.”

Evan said nothing. He was too surprised to realize he had just promised to introduce his girlfriend to his wife.

In bed with his wife that night Evan wondered if it was possible to get carpal tunnel syndrome from masturbating too many women too often. His mouth was on her left breast as he nursed milk from her big red nipple as his right hand worked on her pussy. Sondra was much the same as Rebecca in that it was incredibly easy to make her cum when his thumb was on her clit and at least one finger was working on her g-spot hidden behind the pubic bone. He wasn’t sure if it was necessary to be sucking on her nipple at the same time or not. She didn’t question him when he started this new move with her—maybe because she enjoyed it so much.

Watching her cum was much like watching Rebecca cum. It excited him and pleased him. Worse, it lowered his inhibitions. She clenched her jaw, breathed heavily through her teeth, and abruptly squeezed her thighs together trapping his hand in her pussy as she came. It was beautiful.

“I love you,” he told her with a kiss when her body relaxed after the initial wave of pleasure coursed through her body.

“Thank you,” she told him. “And I love you as well. I think I love you more when you make me cum like that.”

“Can I fuck you now?” he asked eagerly. His cock was hard and poking against her thigh.

“I’ve been waiting for it,” she said and opened up her legs, inviting him to her pussy. Evan moved quickly, positioning his cockhead at her entrance and sinking it into her body.

“Ooh,” she moaned. “That feels so good. I always miss it when you’re cock isn’t inside me.”

“You had me inside you last night,” he told her as he started moving his hips back and forth.

“It’s never enough,” she told him.

“You’re right,” he agreed. “It’s never enough. I want more and more and more with you.”

“How do you want that?”

“I want to kiss you and fuck you and nurse you,” he said as the moment started to get away from him.

“You have that already. Tell me more.” She sighed. Sometimes it was a wonderful thing just to hear him talk when he fucked her. Too often his mouth was full of her tit when they fucked.

“I want to see you with another woman,” he blurted as his lust quickly started climbing.

She laughed at him. “Of course you do, like any man.” But lust had overtaken her mind as well. “Tell me more.”

“I want another woman in bed with us,” he said spinning his tale. “I want to fuck the both of you at once. I want her to go down on you. I want you to go down on her. I want her to nurse from your tits.”

“That would turn you on?” she asked, teasing him, encouraging him.

“Fuck yeah,” he grunted. “I need another woman in bed with us. You need another woman in bed with us.”

“And won’t you be jealous when she makes me cum better than you do?” Sondra teased.

That was his breaking point. Evan came. His balls tightened up against his body and he pumped a heavy load of semen deep into her cunt.

After collapsing against her body they held each other for a long minute. “That’s quite the fantasy you have for yourself,” Sondra said to him. “And me,

apparently."

"I can make it happen," Evan said. His tongue was too loose he knew and he risked losing everything now.

"Oh, you can, can you? How will you do that?"

"I can do it," he clarified for her. "Do you want me to?"

Sondra looked down at Hank's face as he closed his eye and nursed from her breast. She had simply opened up her shirt and pulled down her bra to let him nurse. They were in his office. Today they had no extra time and would have to make do with a quick nursing and maybe, if she was lucky, a fingering just as quick that would give her an unsatisfying orgasm.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

"Mm-hmm," he mumbled into her tit. It wasn't the answer she was looking for. He though she was looking for some bawdy talk as a warm up to intercourse. She was actually looking for a definition to their relationship.

"No," she said insistently. "Do you like this? Sneaking away, fucking me, drinking my milk." Sondra grabbed his face between her hands and pulled him away from her tit. His lips were latched on to her soft flesh and came away with a loud slurp.

"Hell yeah I like your milk and I like fucking you." Hank was honest, as always. He wasn't a complex man.

"Really?" she asked. "You like sneaking around on your staff, my husband—your best friend, and not telling the world about the woman you're fucking?"

He licked his lips, pausing for an answer and tasting the last of her sweet milk, and said, "I'm not in the habit of telling the world about the women I bed, but I suppose it's a little dishonest to be having sex with you without Evan's knowledge."

"We should break it off," she told him.

Henry shook his head. “Nope. And what is it with inconstant women? First you come to me demanding I nurse from you. Next think I know we’re fucking—and it’s great. Now, you want to break it off because of a little guilt—after blaming me for your tits hurting because I told Evan he needed to lose a little weight.”

“Well,” she said smartly. “What would you suggest to deal with my guilt as you put it?”

His grin was smug. “Tell him about us. Tell him I drove you to me because he couldn’t drink your milk the way you like it.”

Her expression soured. “I’m not going to do that.”

He smirked at her. “Then do nothing. Or find someone else to nurse from you where you feel less guilty—and slutty.”

Sondra’s expression froze. Abruptly she stood up from the edge of his desk, tucked her tits back into her bra and started to button up her blouse. “Maybe I will,” she said crisply and walked out of his office.

After she all but slammed the door behind her he said to the empty air in front of him, “Was it something I said?”

After Sondra had begged off answering Evan’s question with a shake of her head and remembering how to play coy from her days in college, it was a day later and they were getting into bed. She pulled down the top to her nightgown exposing her breasts and smiled at her husband. “Ready?” she asked.

“Yes,” he answered quickly and eagerly, jumping on the bed and quickly latching onto her breast. It was full, fuller than he was used to because she hadn’t allowed Henry to drain her milk before she had walked out in a huff. Her milk let down immediately and flowed into Evan’s mouth where he greedily swallowed it and came back for more and more. She sighed with contentment and let him worship her body.

Evan reveled in the softness of her body. Although full her tits were as supple as ever. They were slightly swollen from the amount of her milk but he didn’t notice that. All he noticed was the way her milk squirted in a little fountain when

he unexpectedly pulled off. The small amount of spray soaked her breast and he licked it off, then immediately went back to sucking on her red, wet nipple. She liked it when he played with her tits like this. It showed her that it wasn't just about making her a source of food for him, it showed her that he loved her and her body, and he loved making her feel good about herself with the way her body produced milk for him.

"Were you serious about last night?" she asked him as he sucked on her nipple. His eyes were closed but he opened up at her question and looked quizzically at her.

"About another woman?" he asked hesitantly, his words slightly muffled by the swell of her boob as he spoke half in to her nipple

"Yeah," she grinned. "About that. You said you know someone?"

"Sort of," he admitted. "I said I could make it happen." He was nervous now. Evan hadn't expected his wife to say yes to a threesome. It was one thing for her to give in to his desire to nurse from her, that was normal kinky in his way of thinking because milk was a normal part of a woman's experience. Inviting a third person into their sex life, however, was something else entirely. Three people fucking together wasn't normal—it was a kink that was supposed to be for porn films and perverts.

"I'd like to try it," she admitted with more bravery than she felt.

Now Evan was on the defensive. It might have been his idea, but he needed to know why his wife was saying yes so easily to a strange sexual request. "Why are you agreeing to this?"

She shrugged. The motion made her tits bob up and down, momentarily distracting Evan. "I don't know. Curiosity. Maybe because you asked. If it's something you want to try and I can help with and it makes you happy…why not?"

Despite himself—despite his logical brain telling him to be cautious, Evan couldn't help himself. "Would you…?"

"Would I what?" Sondra asked.

“Go down on her. Eat her pussy.”

A silence fell between them.

“Do you want me to do that?”

“Yes.”

“I’d eat her out then,” Sondra said. “I’d make her cum. Is that what you want me to do?”

“Yes.” Evan’s voice shook and his cock was hard against her leg. “Could I fuck her while she went down on you?” he asked. His cock was twitching now. She could feel it. Sondra reached down and wrapped her hand around him. When she slowly started jerking him off his body shuddered and she was certain he was going to cum on her rather than in her. She stopped stroking and simply held him, her grip firm around the base of his cock.

She nodded at him. His eyes were unfocused and he only existed in his fantasy and in the palm of her hand. “I’d do that. But I get to be in charge.”

Evan moaned, “Yes.”

“Fuck me,” she said. “I need your cock.”

That was all he needed to climb on top of her and sink his cock into her cunt. They had barely begun having sex but he was already hard—that wasn’t notable—but her pussy was soaked as if he had been eating her out for an hour or had emptied and entire bottle of lube into her. That surprised him. It was energizing to see how excited she was, that the thought of another woman in bed with them was as much a turn on to her as it was to him.

“Faster, faster,” she encouraged him. “Slam it into me. Harder!”

It was all Evan could do to keep up with her demands. There was no technique to his lovemaking tonight, it was all primal lust and immediate gratification. He focused himself, holding back, by thinking about the pile of paperwork waiting on his desk at the office. Sondra came first and the enthusiasm of her orgasm scared him. She let out a small shrieking cry of relief—it would have been loud enough to wake their children if they weren’t on the opposite side of the house

and behind two closed doors—and her body shook as if under and epileptic fit. She was barely through her orgasm when he lost control, emptying his balls deep into her pussy. As each spurt left his body he thrust his hips hard against her, trying to make her cum again.

When they were finally done, Evan collapsed against his wife, completely drained. “Fuck that was good,” he mumbled into her neck.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “But you still need to nurse,” she reminded him. “My breasts are so full.”

Almost by instinct Evan moved down her body to take up her nipple in his mouth and suckle from her. It helped her relax and come down from the extraordinary high she had just experienced. Normally nursing excited Evan, but this time it just helped put him to sleep. He fell asleep with her breast in his mouth.

The next morning they sat across each other at the breakfast table. The kids had already left on the bus for school and they had fifteen minutes together. It was a ritual they only had twice a week.

“Do you have someone in mind?” Sondra asked as she took a bite of her blueberry bagel.

Evan blinked at her. “Someone in mind for what?” he asked stupid.

Sondra resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “Someone in mind to get in bed with us. I want approval over whoever it is you decide on. No sluts from your office—or mine. I couldn’t bear going to work knowing what some of those women look like naked.”

“No, no one from work,” he said. “You’re still serious about this?” He marveled at his wife. It was a foreign idea to them, but somehow she was suddenly on board with the new suggestion, a threesome.

She nodded with apparent eagerness. “I gave it some more thought last night—you fell right asleep and you snored horribly—and thought why the fuck not. I don’t want my life to be missed opportunities. I had a chance to go to bed with a

girl in college and I said no. I don’t want more regret like that to loom over my head.”

“Wait. What girl in college?” They had gone to different schools and had met shortly after they graduated, but this was a story Evan had never heard before.

“Danielle Morrison. You don’t know her. She was the biggest slut on campus. Well, maybe the biggest slut in my dorm sophomore year. Night before Christmas break most of the dorm is empty and she comes back from some party drunk. We were suitemates. I heard her banging around in the living room trying to get her door open and went out to see what was going on. I helped her into her room and she pulled me into her bed. Nothing happened—just a few kisses—but it could have. I wouldn’t have been the first girl in her bed.” She smiled and sighed dreamily. “God, she was beautiful. I wonder what happened to her.”

Evan’s reaction was a blank stare. “Wow. I have sudden and new-found respect for you.”

“It isn’t the type of story you just tell everyone,” Sondra added.

“Right,” he agreed. “So you really want to go through with this?”

“Yes,” she said smugly, happy in the knowledge she still had secrets—many secrets—from her husband and happy that she could still surprise him. “So who is she?” Sondra asked. “You must have someone in mind of you wouldn’t have asked me in the first place. I know how your mind works. And don’t tell me it’s my cousin because that’s not going to happen.”

He grinned at her. Sondra’s cousin was commonly known as the most beautiful member of her family—and Evan agreed up to a point. But he had flatly stated on more than one occasion that Paula had an artificial beauty. It took her an hour to put on makeup every morning and she looked fake and plastic to Evan’s eyes. Sure, she might be beautiful on paper, but in reality she was not out of the ordinary. “Would you be upset if it’s someone you know?”

“It depends on the someone,” she said, “and not if I already know her or not.”

With a deep breath he managed to force the name out between his lips. “Rebecca.”

Sondra's eyes narrowed. "Who. Not Rebecca Clines from down the street. She's older than your mother."

"Hell no!" he was offended at the suggestion. "Rebecca the lifeguard at the gym. Great body, short brown hair?"

"The one that looks a little butch?" Sondra asked.

"I suppose so."

"That makes sense. Not a lesbian but someone open to the idea of a threesome, she'd have to be bi…" Sondra trailed off.

"Does this make you bi?" he asked with a small leer.

Everything clicked into place for Sondra. The early mornings. Evan's exhaustion. His suggestion for a threesome. "Oh my god. You've been fucking her all this time."

Evan realized he was caught and froze hoping that pretending to be a statue would protect him. "Um…" was all he managed to say.

"Is she any good?" Sondra asked sharply.

Evan had to answer honestly. Lying now seemed to be a terrible idea. "She's… good," he admitted.

"Does she know about your need to nurse, that I'm lactating?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Is she kinky? Is she bi?" Evan couldn't get a read on his wife. Was she angry or intrigued? Was she gathering information to divorce him or to enhance their sex life?

"I don't know if she's kinky. She's bi. She told me."

"Is she married?"

"No. She's living with someone." Evan didn't go into detail.

“Do you know I’ve been fucking Hank?” Sondra asked..

“What?”

Evan’s reaction was complete confusion. Was his wife putting him on or was she being serious?

“I’ve been fucking him ever since he told you to lose weight. My tits hurt. I went to his office for some pain relievers and instead made him nurse. He likes it. I liked it. We started having sex. I told him it was his fault for making you cut back on nursing me.”

“Oh,” was Evan’s stunned reaction.

“He’s a good fuck but also selfish. I already knew that.” She paused in her questions and statements. “How does this make you feel?” Sondra asked.

Evan said, “I don’t know.” He looked down at his lap and saw his cock hard beneath his pants. He glanced at the clock. No matter what happened now he was going to be late for work. “I’m turned on,” he admitted.

Sondra glanced at the clock as well and grinned. Her panties were sticking to her from the moisture flowing from her cunt. She stood up and yanked her skirt up over her hips, bent over the table and pulled down her panties. “Make it quick,” she said.

In less than a minute Evan had opened up his pants, pulled out his erect cock, and sunk it into Sondra’s proffered orifice. The fuck was quick and primal. Sondra came first with a shuddering groan quickly followed by Evan who found it difficult to stand when he was done bathing her pussy with his spunk.

“Maybe this will work,” he told her.

Chapter Seven

It had been years since Sondra had been in a hotel room. As always, walking into the empty, anonymous space felt a little odd until she had set down her bag and pulled out a few items from home.

“When will she get here?” Sondra asked. She managed to keep her voice steady even though she was shaking on the inside. Her stomach was a twisted knot of anxiety. She didn’t know if she actually wanted to do this or was just going along with it because her husband wanted it. Or if she was doing it to piss off Hank. Most likely it was a combination of all of those factors. She wanted to call home and check on her children being babysat for the night by her mother, but they had only left the house an hour earlier. It was just her nerves, she reasoned.

Evan glanced at his watch. “In about ten minutes.” He was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet, eager to get the evening’s entertainment underway. If he had any misgivings about what they were to do he wasn’t showing it at all. “Nervous?” he asked.

“Yes. Of course. Why wouldn’t I be when I’m about to have sex with a woman I’ve never met?” she snapped at him.

“You’ve met her,” Evan pointed out. “You’ve spoken several times at the pool.”

She rolled her shoulders trying to reduce the tension. “Not since we agreed to this little game,” she pointed out.

He read the expression on her face and he quickly became crestfallen. “Do you want to back out?” he asked her.

She wanted to, but she lied to him. “No, I’m willing to give it a chance.”

He started to reply, but there was a polite knock at the door. “Room service or Rebecca?” he asked his wife. She shrugged. He went to the door and peered through the peephole before opening it.

Rebecca walked through with a smile plastered on her face. Sondra was sure if the lifeguard had been meeting Evan alone he would have been met with a kiss. As it was, all Evan got was a polite hello. Sondra's hostess instincts kicked in and she walked across the room to greet Rebecca with a polite handshake. "Rebecca," she heard herself saying, "so nice to meet you again."

The younger woman nervously ran her hand through her short brown hair and smile back, glancing once at Evan who stood with a goofy grin on his face. "Yeah, we've met a few times at the pool. Your kids are so cute."

What then followed, much to Evan's disappointment, was a discussion of the Jacobs' children, their swimming lessons and skill levels, along with how quickly kids grew up.

"How long have you worked at the gym being a lifeguard?" Sondra asked. She was comfortable asking questions about someone's job rather than inquiring about her preferences in bed and if she liked her clit rubbed up and down or in circles.

"About five years now," Rebecca said and glanced at Evan who hadn't said a word since the two women started talking. "I've been keeping an eye on your husband," she said slyly.

"And apparently a lot more," Sondra said but her tone was too sharp. Rebecca took a nervous half-step back. Sondra instantly apologized. "Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to sound like that. I've never done this before," she said trying to explain.

"Never had sex before?" Rebecca teased, trying to keep the evening moving along.

"Never had a threesome before," Sondra said.

Rebecca said, "Oh, I have. This will be my third. A third triple as it were."

"Wow," Sondra exclaimed. "I'm impressed."

"But we haven't even made it to the bed yet," Rebecca said, eyeing the king sized mattress in the middle of the room.

“Right,” Sondra said. “I’m a little nervous. I’ve never done this before.”

Rebecca smiled, abruptly leaned in and gave Sondra a little kiss on the cheek, before saying, “Don’t worry. I’m not here to steal your husband. I just want to have sex with him.” She giggled, sounding a little like a schoolgirl, and added, “Again.”

“How do we do this?” Evan asked, eager to get things moving along. He looked at Rebecca. “You’re the expert.”

She glanced at Sondra’s big boob, trying not to be obvious about her gaze, and said, “Well, if Sondra’s nervous, then probably the best thing is for you two to start and I’ll join in when the time is right.”

“I’ve never had sex in front of anyone before either,” Sondra said and immediately regretted it because she sounded like an inexperienced fool.

“First time for everything, honey,” said Evan.

“That’s okay,” Rebecca said. “I don’t get off on watching people have sex. I get off on having sex with them.”

Evan didn’t let Sondra say anything else and simply grabbed her and kissed her fiercely, pushing her backward toward the bed. They fell upon it together, a tangle of limbs, and the started pulling each other’s clothes off. Rebecca faded into the background but watched the married couple carefully.

They were kissing passionately. Evan’s shirt was off and he was working on her blouse. When he tugged it over her head, her large breasts came into view, half obscured by a lacy black bra that barely contained the soft flesh. Despite herself, Rebecca sucked in her breath at the beautiful sight. She wanted to join the couple immediately, but restrained herself. Evan knew what he was doing. He reached around his wife’s back and unhooked the quadruple closure. The piece of lingerie fell from her shoulders to the bed, exposing her tits.

Now Rebecca couldn’t help herself. She had dressed casually in jeans and plain shirt with a light jacket over that. The jacket had been hung up when she walked into the room. She had already kicked off her shoes and had been in the process of removing her shirt when suddenly Sondra was topless. Rebecca tossed her shirt to the floor and joined them on the bed.

“You have beautiful breasts,” she said to Sondra and kissed the other woman. Evan was in the middle of pushing off his pants when his girlfriend had jumped on his wife. He stopped mid-stripping and watched as they kissed.

Sondra didn’t know how to respond at first when she was kissed. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Evan watching with his goofy, lust-infected grin and she relaxed. If nothing else, she could put on a nice show for him, and early birthday present. But Rebecca’s kiss was soft and insistent and she lost herself in the kiss. Rebecca’s tongue probed and her lips sucked on Sondra’s and the married woman realized that kissing another woman wasn’t bad at all. In some ways, it was better than kissing a man: there was no scratchy stubble to deal with.

“I love your breasts,” Rebecca said as she gently massaged one with her hand while kissing her way down Sondra’s neck and collar bone. Evan said nothing. Sondra was too far gone in the moment to do anything at all other than rest her fingers on Rebecca’s shoulders, feeling the soft fabric of the other woman’s athletic bra. That made sense. She was a lifeguard and she didn’t need much support for her small tits.

Rebecca’s mouth had reached Sondra’s breast and she lightly licked, then sucked on the fat red nipple. Sondra sighed. Evan’s mouth worked but not a sound came out of his mouth. Rebecca eagerly sucked and played with Sondra’s nipple for a minute, then realized there was an incredibly sweet flavor in her mouth. At first she dismissed it as a latent sensory confusion because she was caught up in the moment of sex with a new partner. Then she realized there was more in her mouth than just nipple and saliva.

She swallowed and let go of Sondra’s breast.

“What was that?” she asked with a small cough.

“What was what?” Sondra asked, upset and confused that her new lover had suddenly stopped in the middle of nursing. Then she realized what had happened. She burst out with a bit of laughter. “Oh shit. You didn’t tell her?” she asked, looking at Evan.

“I…uh…never got about to it,” he admitted.

“Got around to what?” Rebecca asked, a bit worried but the couple was mostly

amused. Evan looked a bit embarrassed.

“I’m lactating,” Sondra told her. “Evan gets off on it and he never told you?!” She grabbed a pillow from the bed and swatted her husband with it. “Please go back to it,” she begged Rebecca. “It felt so good. It’s just breast milk. It’s harmless. And good for you.”

Rebecca eye the other woman’s full breasts dubiously. “I don’t know…are you sure?”

“She’s sure,” Evan said as he moved next to his wife. He was now naked. His cock semi-erect. “Try it again. Her flavor is so sweet and it gets her so excited when her milk lets down.” He lowered his mouth over the breast Rebecca had been massaging but not sucking. A few small beads of milk had formed on the nipple before he sucked on it. Sondra sighed in contentment as he drew out the milk.

Sondra smiled at Rebecca. “Try it,” she pleaded. “I’ve never had both breasts nursed at the same time before.”

Shyly—this was a new experience that Rebecca hadn’t been expecting to try this night—she lowered her mouth to Sondra’s breast and gently sucked. She was immediately rewarded with a gentle squirt of warm liquid in her mouth. It was thin and sweet. She swallowed. In went nicely into her tummy. It was a pleasant, Rebecca realized, and continued to nurse on the other woman.

The sensations running from her nipples to the rest of her body made Sondra moan and writhe about with excitement. She wanted to put her hand down between her legs, but she was still wearing her skirt and leggings—besides which, Rebecca and Evan blocked her reach. All she could do was place her hands on the backs of their heads and encourage them to suck harder. And then it happened. She came without anything or anyone touching her pussy.

Evan was well familiar with the sounds of Sondra’s orgasms and he was surprised at how easy it was to make her cum from nursing. Rebecca wasn’t alarmed, but she stopped sucking when Sondra’s orgasm was over. “Wow,” she said to the older woman.

“I came,” Sondra said with a touch of guilt in her voice.

“I could tell.”

“Thank you,” she told Rebecca.

“How come I don’t get thanked?” asked Evan.

“Because you’ve made me cum before,” she told him curtly.

“It was a team effort!” he protested.

She ignored him and leaned her head down to kiss Rebecca who had rested her cheek on the other woman’s mostly full breast. “Thank you,” she said again.

“You’re welcome,” Rebecca said happily. “Want me to keep going?”

“You want to nurse some more?” Sondra, a little puzzled, asked.

Rebecca shook her head and reached for Sondra’s skirt. There was no protest as she tugged down the zipper. Evan watched eagerly as his wife assisted Rebecca in pulling off her skirt and removing her leggings, leaving her in just a pair of black silk panties. “Ready?” Rebecca asked.

Evan wanted to answer for his wife, but held his tongue. Sondra’s stomach was a knot of nervous anticipation, but she was enjoying herself. There was nothing to do but turn herself over to the moment. She lifted up her hips and Rebecca pulled down the panties. She was so wet the fine silk clung to her labia for a moment before releasing, allowing Rebecca to slide them off Sondra’s legs.

Being naked made her feel much more relaxed, even though Rebecca was still mostly clothe. Her husband was naked—and erect—so that helped. Without waiting for permission Rebecca got between Sondra’s legs and kissed the inside of her thigh. She looked at Sondra’s wet cunt and smiled. “You have a beautiful pussy,” she said and lowered her face to Sondra’s sex.

Evan watched. Sondra glanced at her husband, took in his wide grin and open eyes, and then reached out to grab ahold of his cock. She was going to start stroking him, but Rebecca’s clever little tongue found her clit and a pair of fingers slipped up into her pussy which made it impossible for her to concentrate on anything other than what was between her legs. She clutched the sheets with one hand and Evan’s cock with the other. Rebecca knew exactly how to eat out

another woman and in the back of her head Sondra wondered why she hadn't done this earlier in her life. Not going to bed Danielle was the biggest mistake in her sex life.

The first orgasm—actually her second of the night—was a little one, but it primed Sondra's body for the next series. Evan watched in awe as Rebecca made his wife cum again and again over the next five minutes. Sondra gasped and groaned. Her body flopped about. Evan kissed her several times on the lips, forehead, and cheek, but she barely seemed to notice.

The ordeal—the wonderful, exuberant ordeal—was finally over when Sondra was able to have one last powerful orgasm, much stronger than the small ones she had been having. It was strong enough to make her come back to her senses and push Rebecca's face away from her pussy. "Stop, stop," she insisted. "I need to rest."

Rebecca grinned up at her new lover with eyes glinting, full of lust. "Did you like that?" The lower half of her face was covered in Sondra's juices.

Sondra nodded. "Yeah. You're better than Evan at eating pussy."

"Hey!" her husband objected. The two women laughed.

"Can it be my turn now?" Sondra asked.

Evan said, "I think you already had your turn."

Sondra shook her head. "Nope. I meant it's my turn to please Rebecca." She let go of Evan's cock and sat up. "If you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Evan said. His cock twitched as his wife looked expectantly at Rebecca.

"I was talking to her," Sondra said, not taking her eyes off her new lover.

"Sure," said Rebecca and got to her knees. She reached under her small breasts, got her fingers under the tight material of her athletic bra, and pulled the contraption over her body, releasing her small tits.

"Holy shit," Sondra exclaimed. Rebecca was wearing the silver rings with the

blue captive beads. They had been impossible to detect under her heavyweight bra.

Rebecca looked askance at Evan. “I guess your husband didn’t tell you about my nipple piercings,” she said to Sondra.

Sondra shook her head. “No. I think he’s been keeping a lot of secrets from me.” The two women laughed at Evan, but he wasn’t upset by the treatment. “Can I kiss them? Suck them?” she asked.

“Please!” Rebecca said and crawled atop Sondra, pushing her back onto the mattress and pillows. She brought one of her nipples to Sondra’s mouth. The older woman opened up and drew the little nipple and its ring into her mouth. She spent a minute experimenting, moving her mouth back and forth between the two dangling breasts and their jewelry, feeling the contrast of flesh and metal.

“No milk,” Sondra commented when she was done.

“Uh-huh,” Rebecca said absently, wishing Sondra would continue with her play. “Yeah, I guess if I was lactating, mine would be bigger.

“But I didn’t come here tonight for your breasts—or milk,” Sondra said as she pushed the younger, fit woman to the side, rolling her onto the sheets and kissing her.

“I know.”

“Can I…explore?” Sondra asked, suddenly shy.

“Yes. Please.”

With one last glance at Evan, and a warning finger telling him not to join in or interfere, Sondra slowly kissed her way down Rebecca’s body, pausing briefly to stick her tongue in her belly button. When she reached Rebecca’s waist she eagerly unzipped her jeans and started pushing them down. They weren’t extremely tight, but Rebecca had to lift up her hips to get them loose. After all the effort, Sondra didn’t want to repeat the process so she just pulled down Rebecca’s panties in the same motion.

And she abruptly found herself next not a naked woman. A naked woman who had shaved off all her pubic hair. Sondra wasn't completely surprised by this development; it was just another detail Evan had not mentioned to her. While she sported a nice, neat triangle of black curls above her pussy, Sondra had previously experimented with more extreme pubic hairstyles. Being completely shaved in the summer was nice and cool, but since it was early spring it was too soon for that particular change just yet.

"You shaved," she commented, lightly touching the swell of Rebecca's labia. She hadn't yet opened her legs to offer Sondra a view of her pussy.

"I'm a lifeguard," Rebecca said. "Life is easier this way."

"Uh-huh," Sondra said absently. She pushed on Rebecca's thigh and the brunette took the hint, opening up her legs to reveal her already wet and swollen pussy. She was completely smooth and her inner labia stuck out just a little bit, making her look like a pouting girl. Sondra was beyond asking questions. While she didn't find the sight of a woman's sex to be all that stimulating, in this situation with what had already happened and what she wanted to happen combined with her desire to please Evan and—oddly—the warm, musky smell emanating from Rebecca's pussy, she was enamored of the other woman's pussy.

She pushed her face forward and kissed Rebecca's clit. It was prominent at the top of her slit. After wiggling her tongue against the little bead of pleasure, she slid down the length of Rebecca's slit and buried her tongue deep in her pussy.

Her flavor was musky and sour, not all that different from Sondra's own pussy. It was strange to be putting her mouth in another woman's pussy, but it wasn't at all unpleasant. At first she had told herself she was doing it for Evan's enjoyment; he liked watching lesbian porn. Then she had told herself she was doing it for Rebecca's enjoyment, in order to please her new friend and to reciprocate for the powerful orgasms Rebecca had given her. But in the end she was doing it because it pleased her to do so. It was wonderful to make another person have an orgasm and it was easy to make Rebecca cum. And making Rebecca cum was easy. Sondra had her tongue on Rebecca's clit and a finger up her pussy when suddenly her pussy clamped down and her body slightly shook.

"Just a little one," Rebecca breathed. "Don't stop."

Sondra didn't and a minute later Rebecca had another, stronger orgasm. She

came with a strong, shrill cry of triumph and pleasure.

A pleased laugh escaped Sondra's lips. "I made a girl cum," she announced happily.

Rebecca grabbed her lover's face and kissed her, tasting her own pussy on the other woman. "Thank you. I didn't have quite that reaction when I did the same thing, but thank you."

The women hugged and kissed before being interrupted by Evan. "Um…that was great, but is it my turn yet?" His cock was hard, large and red because he had been stroking it while the girls made love, yet he hadn't wanted to cum himself. He wanted them to make him cum.

They looked over at him and giggled. "Maybe we're done," Sondra said. She marveled at how easily she had slipped into the role of bisexual woman who teased her husband. It was fun so there was no reason not to.

"Stop teasing him," Rebecca said to her new friend. "Would you like to fuck him or can he fuck me while you watch?"

While she hadn't considered exactly what they would do together, the thought of watching her husband make love with another woman was exciting, intriguing, and naughty. It also gave her a pang of jealousy. She liked that.

"I want to watch the two of you together," Sondra said. She licked her lips and nodded at Rebecca. Her stomach was still in a knot. She half wanted this kinky fantasy to come true, but in her heart she also had a pang on jealousy that told her it was a terrible idea. Since she had already spoken the words and she knew that Rebecca and Evan had already fucked what difference did it make? Besides, she had just had sex with Rebecca right in front of Evan and he hadn't minded a bit.

Evan looked nervously at Rebecca for a moment, then she reached out to him and he moved over to her. They kissed and rolled over on the bed together. Sondra watched them intently, but moved to the opposite edge of the bed. She wanted them to pretend she wasn't there. She wanted to spy on them and catch them in the act.

They were familiar lovers so it was easy for Evan to get on top of Rebecca as

she opened up her legs. They kissed again and Rebecca reached down for Evan's cock, finding just the right angle so it slipped into her pussy. She breathed in with a shuddering sigh as her eyelids fluttered. And just like that, before Sondra's eyes, they were fucking.

Sondra watched as Evan's as rose and fell as he thrusted his cock into his girlfriend. Although she couldn't actually see his cock or Rebecca's pussy, she knew exactly what was happening. It was the most exciting thing in the world to Sondra's eyes—at the same time it was also the most mundane. One part of her mind was telling her she should be screaming with jealousy and rage—the other part told her what she was witnessing was the most erotic moment of her life. A third part told her she should confess her relationship about Hank, but she ignored that part.

On a certain level two people having sex was terribly commonplace. It happened all the time throughout the world. It could be viewed at any time on the internet. Sondra had done it hundreds, if not thousands, of times in her life. So watching her husband's body move against the woman he had been fucking for the past few months was nothing special. But it still gave her an incredible thrill in her belly—and lower. Sondra pushed her hand between her legs and felt her wet, swollen pussy. Finding her clit was easy and she slowly jilled off as she watched her husband make love to another woman.

That's what did it for Sondra, that her husband wasn't just having sex with Rebecca—if it was a simple physical action and reaction that would have been fine. It was that he was making love to her. He was using his cock in her pussy and they were both loving it. As was Sondra. Her mind was awhirl with confliction feelings and passions. That was what got her off. To her surprise, she came first.

She must have been loud because Rebecca and Evan stopped mid-fuck and stared at her. Sondra actually blushed and said, "Sorry. Didn't mean to be so loud."

"It's okay," Rebecca replied and reached across the bed for Sondra's hand. Evan resuming fucking his girlfriend in front of his wife as they held hands. That was enough to get him off in a few more thrusts. Sondra was unsure if Rebecca ever got off with Evan's cock. She didn't really care either.

“That was awesome,” Rebecca said to Evan and gave him another kiss. “Thank you too, honey,” she added to Sondra with a squeeze of her hand and turning her head. “Thanks for lending him to me.”

Sondra nodded once and then burst into tears. Rebecca must have pushed Evan away because she was embracing and kissing Sondra a moment later, comforting her like a mother comforting a child. “Shh, shh, what’s the matter, honey?”

Sniffles prevented Sondra from answering immediately. Eventually she got herself under control and managed to say, “I don’t know. I’m jealous. I shouldn’t have let Evan fuck you. I’m stupid for doing this. I’ve fucked everything up.”

“Shh, shh, don’t say that,” Rebecca told her. “You haven’t fucked anything up.”

She continued to snivel a bit and then added, “He’s going to leave me for you.” The comment ended with a wail of agony.

Evan was quick for a response to that comment. “I’m not going to leave you for her.”

“He’s not going to leave you for me,” Rebecca clarified. “I don’t want him?”

“What?” Now Sondra was confused. Her emotions were a turmoil of muddy water and three people naked on a bed wasn’t helping matters. Nor was the fact she was still turned on by both of them.

“He’s not my type,” Rebecca qualified.

“Oh?” She hadn’t meant it exactly as a question, but it came out that way.

Rebecca laughed. “Yeah. He’s missing two things I’m looking for in a long term partner.”

“What’s that?” Sondra asked, genuinely curious now.

“Yeah, what’s that exactly?” Evan chimed in, a little bit offended.

Rebecca glanced nervously between the two of them. “Well, he doesn’t have tits and he doesn’t have swimmers.”

The married couple exchanged a glance of incomprehension. “What?” Sondra asked.

Rebecca pulled back a bit and leaned against the bed’s headboard. “I like women slightly better than I like men—at least emotionally. I like cock too, but that, I think, is a mostly physical thing. Long term? I bet I’m going to get married to a woman. But…and here’s the problem…I want to have kids too and apparently Evan got a vasectomy before I could get to him.”

Sondra briefly wondered if Rebecca was insinuating that she wanted to get rid of Evan and keep Sondra for herself. But that made no sense; they had really just met and become intimate. Then Sondra remembered that Rebecca was living with another woman. Her girlfriend? Fiancée? Lesbian life partner? So what she really needed was a man—or a sperm donor, really—who could satisfy her need for children. Perhaps she wanted something more than that because Rebecca had said a couple of times that she liked cock and was probably unwilling to give that up even if she did marry a woman. She was one of those rare unicorns—a truly bisexual woman.

Even though she had just had sex with Rebecca, Sondra didn’t really consider herself bisexual. It was fun and exciting and kinky to have sex her—and she would probably do it again given a decent chance—but she didn’t have any actual emotional desire for a woman to share her life with. Evan was enough in that respect.

“Oh,” Sondra said as she processed these thoughts. “You want to marry a woman but you need a man to impregnate you.”

Rebecca’s face soured slightly. “Thanks for summing up my life so simply.”

“Oh, sorry. I was just thinking about a possible solution to your problem. Though I have to say I’m a little upset you seduced my husband with the hope of him knocking you up.”

That caused Rebecca to shake her head violently. “No, no. The first time we had sex I was just in it for the cock. Then I found out he couldn’t have any more kids but I still continued to have sex with him.”

“Um, I’m here, you know,” Evan protested. “I’m a part of this too…”

With a wave of her hand Sondra dismissed him and said, “Um, that isn’t making you sound any better.”

“Well…I liked him. He was a good lay. You’re a lucky woman.” She pressed her luck. “What was the possible solution you were speaking of?”

Sondra smiled and leaned back into the bed’s pile of pillows, opened up her legs to display her pussy to her lovers. “Make me cum a few more times and maybe I’ll tell you about it.”

Rebecca and Evan exchanged a knowing smile and moved toward the older woman.

Chapter Eight

When Evan led Henry into the kitchen he expected to see Sondra there or in the living room. Oddly, she didn't seem to be present at all. "Where's Sondra?" he asked his old friend. "I thought the three of us were having dinner like old times."

"She'll be here shortly," Evan said. Henry looked around. The kitchen was empty, not in use. No food was cooking.

"Are you ordering in?" he asked. "I don't think Chinese take-out goes well with Bully Hill wine."

"Yeah, we'll get to that in a second," Evan said and leaned back against the kitchen counter. He fixed a serious look on his face. "I know you've been fucking Sondra," he said.

Henry went into immediate denial and an innocence act. "What? Where are you getting an idea like that?"

Evan was unmoved. "She told me. And showed me your emails and texts."

His face whitened. "Oh." He looked at the two exits to the kitchen. One lead through the living room and out the front door. The other was a direct exit to the garage. The garage exit was closer. He started edging that way.

Observing his every move, Evan said, "Don't worry. I'm not going to flip out on you."

"You're not?" Henry said.

"I'm not that type of person. You should know that."

"Yeah, well, I've dealt with jealous husbands—angry jealous husbands—in the past."

"You probably shouldn't put your dick where it doesn't belong."

“Probably.”

“I was cheating on Sondra with another woman,” Evan said to put his friend at ease. “Fair is fair…but you still need to make up for what you did to us.”

Henry was confused. “I do?”

Evan’s mouth twisted angrily. “Of course you do. You fucked my wife without telling me.” Henry started to protest, but Evan put up a warning hand. “Yeah, yeah. I know the circumstances and all and how it was my fault because I'm not supposed to be drinking Sondra’s milk all the time because you think it’s what’s making me gain weight. So what.”

With a straight face Henry asked, “Would you have said yes if I’d asked to have sex with her?”

A sigh escaped Evan’s lips. “Don’t ask stupid questions, Henry. Come on upstairs, I’ve got something to show you and then you can me this up to me.”

“How am I going to do that, exactly?”

“You’ll see.”

They went up the stairs and Evan paused for just a moment at the closed door to his bedroom. Henry didn’t know what to think. He was certain if Evan was going to kill him, he would have been taken out to the garage or the backyard. Still…one never knew.

There were vague noised coming from the other side of the door. Evan didn’t knock, but just listened for a few seconds before he pushed it open.

Inside on the bed were two women. It took Henry only a moment to recognize Sondra, the other one he didn’t know at all. It might have been easier to make an identification if they weren’t both naked and the other woman wasn’t nursing from Sondra’s breast. Evan was talking but Henry was so stunned at what he saw none of the words registered. They took no note of the two men.

“Sondra you know,” Evan was saying. “Rebecca you could describe as our girlfriend. She likes Sondra’s milk almost as much and you and me.”

“Right,” Henry said vaguely. “What was it you wanted from me?”

As he spoke Sondra opened up her eyes and smiled at him. Rebecca glanced his way but her expression was hidden by Sondra’s large tit plus her mouth was busily sucking at Sondra’s nipple. He also now saw that the women weren’t truly naked. They both wore panties, but nothing else.

“You need to make up for your little transgression with Sondra,” Evan told him.

“How do I do that?” The incongruous situation didn’t register in his mind.

“We need you to fuck Rebecca,” Evan told him.

“Okay,” he immediately agreed.

“You don’t get to fuck Sondra,” Evan added.

“Fine.” He had already started pulling off his shirt.

“Hey, Hank,” Sondra said as she saw her friend was joining them on the bed. “You going to have sex with Rebecca?”

“Yeah.” He unzipped his pants and pulled them off as he continued to watch the women. Sondra was gently stroking Rebecca’s back as she nursed. Rebecca had her free hand resting on top of Sondra’s pubic mound, over her panties.

“You don’t even want a formal introduction?” Sondra asked him. Evan half faded into the background as he slowly took off his clothes as well.

“That’s not necessary,” Hank said as he regained some of his mental faculties. While he was easily seduced into almost any sexual game or situation, he still was a fairly intelligent man. “I can see she’s the type of woman up for just about anything with a man.”

“Or a woman,” Sondra said as she pulled her breast from Rebecca’s mouth who didn’t relinquish the flesh without a loud slurping sound. Sondra sat up and reached for Rebecca’s hips, pulling down her pink and green striped panties, exposing her shaved pussy to Henry. “She’s very open minded.”

“I can tell,” he said as he got on the bed. He was naked and his cock was already

hard. It wasn't that difficult to entice Henry into a round of sex with a woman. Or two women, he was hoping in the back of his mind. He had seen plenty of shaved cunts in his life both as a doctor and as a lover of women so that didn't surprise him. Seeing the rings through her nipples was only a delight. It showed him that she was the type of woman down for almost anything. They might be tiny tits, he thought, but that was no reason not to admire her body and allow her the pleasure of his cock. He did wonder where the Jacobs had met this willing woman, but that was information that could be learned later, at a better time.

He wanted to push her into the bed and fuck her traditional missionary style. That was the best way to fuck a woman for the first time. But apparently Rebecca wasn't that sort of woman. She got on her hands and knees, pointing her ass at him, and lowered her chest to the bed while she arched her back and spread her legs. It was an enticing vista, her wet and open cunt framed by muscular thighs and firm buttocks. Rebecca was obviously a woman who spent a lot of time in the gym.

She looked over her should at him with a wicked grin and quickly licked her lips. "Ready when you are, big guy," she said after a quick glance at his erect cock. Henry got behind her on the bed with his cock in hand and shoved it hard into her pussy. She gasped at the rough treatment but then sighed with contentment. Sometimes rough was nice. Sometimes rough was the best way to do it.

Henry wasn't wasting any time. He started fucking her hard and fast. "You like fucking women you don't know?" she asked him over her shoulder.

"Yeah," he said, barely acknowledging her. He grabbed her hips and held her in place. That was okay with Rebecca because Sondra had pulled off her star and moon patterned panties to slide under her friend and present her pussy to Rebecca. The lifeguard lowered her face and started eating out her friend. Henry grinned. He liked seeing women play with each other.

Sondra rested her head back and enjoyed what Rebecca was doing for her. She loved the feel of Rebecca's talented tongue working its way around her pussy. It hadn't taken Sondra long at all to decide that a woman was much better at eating pussy than a man. While the size of her female sample was small, only one, compared to her male sample, more than twenty in her lifetime, Rebecca was the best of all of them.

Henry huffed along happily, fucking Rebecca's tight pussy and enjoying the sensation of her trim ass and thighs against his body. He knew she was easily ten years younger than he was and that made the experience all the better. The fact that she shaved her cunt and her nipples were pierced made her, in his mind at least, a bit slutty and open to almost any sexual suggestion. He wished she would go so far as to put a ring through her clit—that would enshrine her in the temple of sluts.

That thought was what pushed him over the edge. His orgasm was abrupt and powerful. His balls contracted almost painfully and he shot several loads of spunk into Rebecca's waiting pussy. She grunted upon receiving his gift, but it was obvious to him and the Jacobs that he hadn't made her cum.

"Oh fuck that was good," he said, trying to save a little face for the short fuck and his lack of talent with a younger, attractive woman. "You're incredibly wet and tight."

Pulling her face from Sondra's cunt, Rebecca laughed—at the situation or at him, Henry couldn't tell—and caught Evan's eye. "I'm ready for you now." She looked meaningfully over her shoulder at Henry and he took the hint, pulling his wet and now semi-flaccid cock from her pussy. Evan was right there on the bed waiting for his turn.

There was nothing for Henry to do other than collapse on the bed next to Sondra. She said nothing to him but was so kind as to hold his hand as Evan entered Rebecca.

"Wow," Evan commented as he slipped almost too easily inside his girlfriend. "You're really wet."

She laughed again and before lowering her mouth back to Sondra's pussy, she said, "Of course I am. He just came in me."

Evan grunted in acknowledgment and set to fucking Rebecca. He kept it slow and steady, not to prolong the pleasure, but most to show off in front of Henry. He wanted to last longer than his friend and he wanted to make Rebecca cum as well. The second part would be easier. She was already primed and ready to climax, it was just a matter of time and technique.

He grabbed her hips and held her steady, glancing once at his wife and Henry

holding hands, then closed his eyes and focused on the moment. Rebecca was slick with Henry's spunk—that was okay with Evan. He wasn't so sure if he liked his wife holding hands with Henry, but they could address that later on.

It was Sondra who actually came first because of Rebecca's busy tongue and lips. Listening to her cum—her heavy breathing, her moans of pleasure, her little squeal as her climax shook her body—quickly brought Evan to the edge—but not quite. He paused for a moment, moved his hand from Rebecca's hip to the crest of her rump, spanning it with his fingers and pressing in thumb just barely into her anus. Alarmed at this sudden invasion of her ass, Rebecca tightened up reflexively giving Evan a little more friction. He pumped her a little more and came hard—though not nearly as hard as Henry—forcing several heavy spurts of cum into her pussy.

After that he was exhausted and it was easy for him to pull out.

Rebecca made a little noise of disappointment.

"What's the matter, honey?" Sondra asked her.

She hadn't been licking Sondra's pussy for the past minute while Evan had finished in her. "I didn't cum yet," she all but whined. She had been so close to the edge that she had relaxed a little too much, reveling in the two cocks that had been busily fucking her, that she had calmed herself right out of an orgasm.

"I can help you with that," Sondra said magnanimously. "Fingers or mouth or both?" she waggled her long fingers in Rebecca's face, teasing her.

Rebecca shook her head. "No. Cock. I want cock." She was panting and clearly on the edge. Almost anything would push her over to climax, but she was begging for cock regardless. Sondra was a bit miffed but considered going to her dresser and pulling out one of her vibrators when Henry spoke up.

"I can help you with that," he said feeling proud of himself. While the others had been preoccupied with their own pleasures, Henry had been stroking his cock back to life as he observed his own live personal sex show right in front of his eyes. While Evan was nothing special to look at, Rebecca was an athletic beauty and watching her get fucked had re-ignited the fire of lust in his loins.

Looking over at him and seeing his almost hard cock was nearly enough for

Rebecca. “Okay,” she said. “You can have a second go, but first…” She leaned over and took his cock into her mouth. Immediately she tasted the combination of her pussy and his semen. It was an earthy, human taste not found anywhere else and certainly wouldn’t be classified as delicious in any other context. The warmth of her mouth and the rasping sensation of her tongue along the sensitive underside was enough to bring Henry to full attention.

Pulling out of her mouth—as difficult as that was for him—Henry said, “I don’t want to waste it down your throat,” he said as he got to his knees to get around behind her. She didn’t give him that chance and instead rolled from between Sondra’s legs and onto her back, opening up her thighs and inviting him in like so many women had done to so many men in the history of humanity.

“Fuck me this way,” she said and brought her feet up off the bed, pointing her knees at the ceiling and waited for him.

Henry was quick to accommodate her, getting on top of her body and between her legs in the traditional missionary position. Her cunt was already wet and open so it was no problem at all slipping his cock into her.

“So glad to have you back, Dr. Henry,” she said to him once he was settled in.

“Glad to be here,” he replied as he started moving his hips back and forth. The strangeness of the situation had worn off a little bit and his brain was back functioning nearly at normal levels. A thought occurred to him. “I don’t think we were ever formally introduced.”

“I’m Rebecca,” she said with a knowing grin. “But I think you already knew that.”

His cock went deep into her pussy and he ground his pubic bone against her clit. She moaned appreciatively. “I did. But I didn’t ever give you my name. How do you know I’m a doctor?”

“Evan told me,” she sighed. “I’ve never fucked a doctor before.”

“My actual name is John. Everyone calls me Henry.”

“Except me,” interrupted Sondra. “I call him Hank.”

“They told you all about me, didn’t they?” Henry asked as he ground his cock harder and deeper into her cunt. She appeared to love the way he fucked her.

“Uh-huh,” she agreed. “We tricked you into fucking me.”

“Wasn’t a hard trick. You could have just asked.”

Evan interrupted their conversation. “But then how would I get you agree to stop fucking my wife?” he asked.

The other man glanced over at the Jacobs. They were curled up together and Evan’s head rested on her chest. “You could have asked.”

With a nod, Evan agreed. “True, but now I’m giving you a reward for not fucking my wife.”

“I’m a reward?” Rebecca asked. Her words descended into a groan as Henry started fucking her harder.

“You certainly are, my dear,” Sondra said and brought Evan’s mouth back to her nipple. He had been nursing from her as they watched the other couple fuck. A bit of milk was dribbling out of the nipple he hadn’t been sucking on. There was still plenty inside her boobs but the group had gotten distracted while fucking Rebecca. Evan preferred to nurse from his wife first before sex, but he was adaptable.

“I’m not sure I like being used as a reward,” she moaned and squeezed her eyes shut. Her moan quickly developed into a cry of triumph as she climaxed. “Oh… that was good.”

“And I’m not done yet,” Henry said as she laid into her some more.

Once she came, it was easier for Rebecca to cum again. Henry’s hard cock in her pussy felt wonderful and she luxuriated in the sensation. Her pussy wasn’t just full of his flesh; it was also full of his—and Evan’s—spunk. She could feel it squishing around inside as he moved his cock in and out of her body. It felt dirty and naughty and kinky and the though made her have a little orgasm.

“So quick?” Henry asked as he looked at her scrunched up face from the climax.

“Uh-huh.”

Sondra filled in the details for him. “Rebecca is classically multi-orgasmic. Once she starts cumming, it’s hard to stop her from cumming.” Reaching out she grabbed her friend’s hand and gave it a squeeze, reinforcing their connection.

“Really?” Henry marveled and stopped all motion. Rebecca pounded on the bed in frustration at the sudden loss of friction.

“Fuck yes really!” she burst out at him. “Fuck me!”

“Use your hand to make yourself cum first,” Henry ordered. He stayed stock-still with his cock buried in her pussy and waited.

Because she was so frustrated with what he was doing to her, Rebecca immediately lowered her hand to her pussy, found her clit, and frigged it the best she could around his cock. It was difficult but not impossible. Since she was already on the roller coaster of orgasms, it was easy to crest the next high and cum once more.

“You’re beautiful when you cum,” Henry told her as he held his body up above hers. The orgasm had been good but not fantastic. She liked to cum from cock not from her fingers.

“Fuck me,” she ordered.

He obeyed and brought her off twice more before he was unable to resist the call of Venus once more and pumped his seed into her pussy, collapsing on her body.

Evan smiled as the two near-strangers rested together, their limbs entwined in a sweaty embrace. “A drink and a show,” he told his wife as he continued to drain milk from her heavy breasts.

“You promised to save me some,” Rebecca said as she pushed Henry’s body off hers and crawled across the bed to the couple. She took Sondra’s free breast in her mouth and sucked hard, was rewarded with a warm squirt of milk, and snuggled up against her girlfriend for a liquid feast.

“You three planned all this?” Henry asked from his side of the bed. He wasn’t upset, just a little surprised.

“Of course we did,” Evan said. “And part of the reward which is Rebecca is that you can’t fuck my wife anymore,” he said firmly.

“Really?” Henry was a bit surprised and disappointed. “Is that the full case of it?”

“Mostly,” Sondra said. “My pussy is off limits to you from now on. But what you do with Rebecca is between her and you.”

“I guess I’ll have to make do with Rebecca’s,” he said.

Rebecca smiled silently into Sondra’s breast and closed her eyes.

If you're lonely, I will call -

If you're poorly, I will send poetry

I love you

I am the milkman of human kindness

I will leave an extra pint

—Billy Bragg, “The Milkman of Human Kindness”

Part Three

Chapter Nine

Henry wasn't exactly surprised to see Sondra walk into his office a few days later. He was confused a bit, but not surprised. "Sondra…so nice to see you again so soon. How can I help you?"

She obviously knew how to manipulate his receptionist and get back into the private space of his medical offices. Henry tried to remember that for future reference; Sondra was more dangerous and aggressive than he had ever anticipated.

"Isn't it obvious?" Her suit jacket was already open. She dropped it to the chair and quickly popped open all the buttons to her blouse, displaying her ample cleavage barely contained by a translucent pink bra. "I need a little relief. I'm in pain again. Evan barely had time to nurse this morning and he can't nurse tonight. Plus I won't be able to see Rebecca tonight either." She slipped two fingers under the shoulder strap to her bra, just above where the strap met the cup, and slightly nudged it aside. There wasn't any additional skin or nipple shown, but the action alone was enough to make Henry's cock twitch inside his pants. He was already hard. He had gotten hard the moment she walked through the door. "Care for a taste?" She ran her fingers down the outside of her bra, over the material, hovering and circling for just a moment around her nipple which was hard and clearly on display for him to admire.

"Um…I thought we agreed not to do that," he said nervously. Was this a test? Was Evan up to something? "At least, Evan decreed that."

"Um…no, he didn't," she contradicted him.

"Excuse me?"

Sondra sighed. Hank was taking all the fun out of her game…and she wanted him to nurse. Her tits were starting to hurt they were so full of milk. "What exactly did he say when you came over to our place? While you were fucking Rebecca, what did he say to you?"

“He said I couldn’t fuck you anymore.”

She nodded her head in agreement. “And I added that my pussy was off limits to you. He—and I—never said anything about my milk.” She pushed down one bra strap exposing her right nipple. Her breast was round and full and Henry knew from past experience that it was ready to be nursed. She cupped her tit in one hand and slowly squeezed it with a rolling motion of her fingers forcing a few drops of milk to bead on the nipple, join together and quickly roll down the slope of the flesh to suddenly disappear between her fingers. “I think you want a taste, don’t you.”

“Yeah,” Henry hazily agreed.

“And think of his words,” she reminded him as Henry stumbled around his desk to kneel in front of her, seated in his patient chair, waiting for him. “He said you couldn’t fuck me.” Henry’s lips went to her nipple and gently sucked. Her milk let down and started filling his mouth. “I clarified for him…you can’t fuck my pussy.” She paused and reveled in the sensation of her milk flowing, of his lips on her tit, on the moisture pooling in her panties. “But that doesn’t mean my mouth is off limits. And I can use my hand on you,” she added.

Henry’s hand went up and into the bra’s left cup. The nipple was leaking milk and he lightly pinched it to stop the flow. She sucked in her breath at the twinge of pain.

“And don’t forget about my ass,” she whispered. “You can still fuck my ass. That’s not off limits.”

Henry took a brief break in his nursing. “I’ve never fucked your ass,” he blurted out quickly and went back to her milk. It was flowing steadily now, he hardly had to suck at all. The think liquid filled his mouth and he swallowed on a regular beat. It was like he had crossed the desert to find and oasis that only slowly released life-giving water.

“Well, there’s a first time for everything, isn’t there?” She shivered as he nursed from her. It felt wonderful. It had so easily let down and the sensation of his sucking combined with the milk being pulled from her body was glorious. Unbidden, her hand went down to his crotch to cup his cock and balls through his pants. He was already hard. Sondra had expected that but she was still pleased. With just the one hand she lazily unbelted, unbuttoned, and unzipped

his pants so she could slip her hand inside and feel the hard flesh inside his boxers. “Maybe I’ll just give you a handjob instead,” she suggested.

A violent shake of his head put an end to that notion. The odd shaking was transferred to her tit making her soft flesh bounce all around.

“Okay,” she relented. “Finish all my milk and make me cum with your mouth and maybe I’ll give you a special treat.”

That was all the encouragement that Henry needed. He doubled his suckling, getting as much milk with each gulp as possible. It quickly filled and warmed his stomach. It almost no time at all he had drained her first breast and went to work on the second.

Just the fact that she knew she was playing outside of Evan’s rules was enough to get Sondra’s pussy wet. She could feel her panties starting to absorb her cunt’s moisture. That thought, combined with Henry’s eager mouth and attitude, was rapidly pushing her toward orgasm. If he made her cum before he got her panties off she resolved to keep him frustrated. He needed that little tease. And it was going to be excessively easy for her to cum. Ever since she hit her thirties, had a couple of kids, and subjected her body to near-constant breastfeeding at the insistence of her husband, she had found it incredibly easy to orgasm. Looking back at her life in her twenties, she didn’t know what was wrong with her, but the only way she could cum when she was so much younger was with judicious application of a powerful vibrator. Now it seemed just the right thoughts could make her climax.

As Henry feasted on her tit, she kept up a slow and steady stroking of his cock. It was still half-hidden, buried in his pants, but that was enough to keep him on edge. With her other hand she went up her own skirt and ran her finger outside her panties, feeling her moist slit through the thin cotton. “Oooh,” she moaned.

“You like that, huh?” Henry asked. He was certain she was entranced by the way he sucked her milk. That wasn’t it at all. She loved the way her finger felt against her hidden and covered clit.

She rubbed herself again and felt more moisture leak out of her panties. Her breast was nearly empty now, she could tell. Knowing she was so close to the edge and knowing he was so desperate to cum, Sondra made a hard decision.

She snaked her finger under the elastic of her panties and found her swollen and sensitive clit. It only took a few eager rubs and then she was clenching her teeth, cumming, trying to keep quiet and not disturb the rest of the medical office. Her strokes of Henry's cock stopped and she just held him, gripping him firmly, almost painfully as she came.

"I came," she announced and pulled her finger from her panties. Letting go of his cock she smoothed down her skirt and said, "Thank you very much. I appreciated it." And with the she pulled the cups of her bra back into place, hiding her nipples from Henry. "Where's my shirt?' she asked, looking around, teasing him.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You can't just leave."

She looked at him blandly. "You had your milk. I came. What else is there?"

The frustration on his face was exquisite. "I want to cum too!" he all but shouted, and pushed his hands into his pants, completely exposing his cock to her. It was rigid, the head nearly purple and he was on edge as well. It was likely he had been holding back, waiting on her pleasure, and that amused and heartened Sondra.

"Go ahead and cum then," she told him as she found her blouse on the floor and started pulling it on.

"I want you to make me cum!" he complained.

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I made myself cum and I fed you. I'm the one getting the worse bargain here. You'll wind up with milk and an orgasm. I just get an orgasm."

"I helped," he protested.

She shrugged again. The motion made her tits bounce fetchingly. "Not really. It was my finger and my clit. Why don't you make yourself cum?" she suggested. "I'll watch."

He looked at her blankly. "What?"

"Jerk off for me," she clarified. "Use your hand and make yourself cum. I'll

watch. If you're quick about it, I'll let you cum on my tits." The bottom button of her blouse was already in hand and she threatened to cover up the rest of her flesh.

As she had guessed, Henry wasn't about to turn down any offer she was about to make. He stood up in front of her and she remained seated. His pants fell to his ankles and he started rubbing his cock with an urgent need. Sondra wasn't going to allow him much time for this little activity and it turned out his didn't need much at all. In less than thirty seconds his cock was spurting thick white ropes of spunk that shot across the space between them to land on her upper chest and the cleavage between her tits. It ran down into the small hollow and started soaking her bra before she grabbed a few tissues off his desk…but then she stopped.

"Seems a shame to waste it," she said, and scooped up a bit of the semen with one finger and brought it to her mouth. It was slightly sour and spicy, heavy on her tongue. Sondra made a show of swallowing his leavings and then mopped up the rest with the tissues. "Tasty," she commented to his astonished and red face.

Quickly buttoning up her shirt she pulled on her jacket and said to him, "I'll try to make sure that Evan doesn't find out about this. Can I trust you to keep your mouth shut?" To reinforce that idea she used her fingers to close his hanging jaw and carefully exited Henry's office.

Chapter Ten

“How did you get this number?” Rebecca asked when she heard Henry’s voice.

“I have my ways,” he said trying out the persona of a mysterious ladykiller.

“Uh-huh,” said Rebecca. “Meaning that you just asked Sondra and Evan for it.”

Henry was miffed. “Something like that.” He paused and gave his next words some thought. He was used to dealing with women who were willing to get into bed with him, but—oddly—he found himself attracted to Rebecca in a way that he knew wasn’t healthy. “So…would you like to get together sometime for a little…physical activity.”

She actually laughed at him and Henry found himself turning red with embarrassment. He was glad that they weren’t using Skype where she could see his reaction. “Sure,” she managed to force out between slowly ebbing giggles.

He was put off by her reaction and answer. “Why the laughter?” he asked bluntly.

“I knew why you were calling and what you were going to ask. Why not just ask me to have sex?”

“I like to think I’m a little smoother than that,” he said trying to protect his masculinity.

“When and where?” she asked. “I’m open to just about anything.”

His house was nice Rebecca thought as he admitted her to his place. It was obviously decorated by a gay man being paid too much money by a single, straight man and it was also obviously maintained by at least one maid visiting once a week or more, but it was nice. He knew a little bit about what women liked when being brought home. It was good he wasn’t the marrying type, because she never would have dated him for long and certain never would have

married him.

“What do you want to do tonight?” she asked him after he gave her a brief tour of the downstairs.

“I’d like to fuck. Any objections?”

She smiled at his confidence. “None at all.”

“Good. I like being in charge. Do you like taking orders?”

She licked her lips in anticipation. “Maybe. I’ve never played the role of a submissive before.”

He shook his head. “I’m not looking for a submissive. I’m looking for a woman who can follow orders. Do you want to play that game?”

“Sure. Tell me what to do.” Rebecca didn’t see where he was going, but if it meant she got laid tonight, she was happy to play his game.

“Take off your clothes.”

“Strip for you?” she asked. “Do you want a striptease?”

He shook his head again. “No. Just take off your clothes. Do you like rough sex?” he asked as she pulled her shirt over her head. When that was done she kicked off her sneakers and started unzipping her jeans.

“Sometimes.” She kicked aside her jeans and flung off her socks. Underneath her clothes she was wearing an athletic bra and matching panties. They were supposed to utilitarian, but somehow she made them sexy.

“Keep going,” he encouraged her.

Rebecca grinned. There was no hesitation as she pulled the bra over her head and then yanked her underwear down her legs. Stepping out of the small black garment she posed, one leg slightly in front of the other, pointed on her toes, just barely hiding her cunt. “See anything that you like?” she asked.

“How long have you shaved your pussy?” he asked. She was wearing her small

studs through her nipples but he didn’t comment on those at all.

“Ever since I became a lifeguard.”

“When was that?”

“When I turned eighteen.”

“How many men have you had sex with?” he asked.

This wasn’t exactly what she was expecting to happen, but she went with it. “I don’t know.”

“Give me your best guess.”

Rebecca thought a moment. “Probably around a dozen.”

“How many women?”

“Six.”

“You knew that answer right away.”

“I liked having sex with them better.”

“I thought you liked cock and pussy.”

“I do. But my heart desired pussy. It’s my pussy that wants cock every now and then.”

“But you’ve had sex with more men than women.”

“I tend to sleep with the women more than once.”

“Should I feel honored I’ve had you twice?”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Have you ever masturbated in front of another person?” he asked.

That struck her as an odd question, but she answered it. “A few times. But only

with women."

"Jill off for me," he said.

"Right here, right now?"

"Yes."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I need to lay down to do it."

"Have you ever had sex standing up, or against a wall, or bent over a table?"

Rebecca didn't like where his questions were going. "Yes."

"Then you can do is standing in the middle of my living room."

It was definitely odd standing naked in the middle of Henry's living room while he was seated on the couch watching her. She glanced at his pants and noted his obvious erection. Her hand went to her pussy. After slipping to fingers just inside her slit she realized she was more than just a little bit wet. Maybe she was liking this more than she thought. "I'm not sure," she said as she wiggled her middle finger up inside herself.

"If you don't make yourself cum first, I won't fuck you."

For most women that wouldn't have been much of a threat, but Rebecca wanted to please Henry. And more than that she wanted him to fuck her with his cock. She needed cock right now…and she needed his seed as well. "Okay," she agreed and closed her eyes. She liked to lie down when she masturbated, but she could do this for him. She liked showing off for her lovers. It was easy to close her eyes, think of what he would do to her, and rub her clit enough to make herself cum.

It only took a few minutes and the orgasm she had wasn't very satisfying, but it was enough to please Henry. "Very good," he complimented her. That made her happy. "Not lick your fingers, taste yourself." She did as he ordered. "Now come

over here, get on your knees, and suck my cock."

"I'd rather you fuck me with it," she said as she slowly walked over to him. He opened up his pants and pulled out his cock. It was large and handsome. She wanted it in her body but she was prepared to do whatever was necessary to get it there.

Dropping to her knees Rebecca opened her mouth and accepted his cock into her throat. He was large but not unduly so. It was easy enough to suck on him, taste his salty precum, and wrap her lips around the head while she swirled her tongue over the sensitive glans. He grunted and jerked under her treatment. Without any warning, he pulled back, leaving her mouth empty.

"You don't like oral?" she asked, teasing.

"I do," he said. "The problem is that you're too good at it. You're going to make me waste it in your mouth."

"So sorry. Everyone I sleep with says I'm the best at sucking cock…or eating pussy. It depends on the person."

Henry stood up and quickly pulled off his clothes. "Turn around. Get your ass in the air, hands on the floor."

And just like that he knelt down behind her and slipped his cock into her cunt. They fucked for a few minutes. He actually made her cum twice, both of them very pleasant, before he unloaded his balls inside her. After a brief rest they went to his bed where she sucked his cock a little more to make it hard again, got on top of him, and rode him until they both came once more.

That was enough to satisfy her for the time being.

Chapter Eleven

Katie wrapped her arms around Rebecca's waist and kissed the side of her neck. She liked that Rebecca kept her hair short. Although she knew it was mostly a practical decision for a woman in and out of the water all day, it also make access to her girlfriend's neck that much easier. Katie's former girlfriends had all had long hair—maybe they were trying to hide their lesbianism, maybe they just liked long hair—but she liked it short on other women. It might make them look a bit butch, but that was okay too. Because of her job as a dancer it was almost expected that she have long hair that was kept in a bun most of the time, it made her look very femme. She didn't mind looking femme, but she didn't play that role.

"Mmm," Rebecca moaned as Katie kissed her neck. She was half-asleep in bed waiting for her girlfriend to get home. All too often Katie had to work late at night. "That feels good."

"You want more?" Katie asked and kissed her neck again. She then proceeded to nibble on Rebecca's earlobe while she slid her hand down from her waist to the waistband of her panties. When she nudged her fingers just inside the elastic, Rebecca came fully awake and froze. She wasn't sure what to do but Katie immediately felt the change in her partner's body language. She was a dancer after all.

"What's the matter?" she asked as she continued to nibble on Rebecca's earlobe. Rebecca was wearing a loose camisole and her boring panties to bed. Her normal sleeping garments. Katie found whatever Rebecca wore to bed sexy. "Don't you want to make love?"

After a hard night's work dancing at the center Katie usually came home horny. Tonight was no different. "Um…I'm uh, not ready for you," was the best the Rebecca could come up with as she woke up and tried to think of a reason she couldn't have sex with her girlfriend.

"I'll make you ready," Katie insisted and pushed her hand the rest of the way down into Rebecca's panties. Her fingers slid over the barely noticeable stubble

of her shaved pubic hair—Rebecca normally shaved in the mornings so her stubble was a common evening situation for Katie—and down into her slit. Rebecca stiffened, not knowing what to do while Katie's fingers went up and into her pussy. She nearly purred upon feeling her girlfriend's moist state. "What are you saying?" she half-laughed in her ear. "You're wet and ready. I know what you like, girl."

Rebecca didn't know what to do. She had come home from Henry's exhausted and had just pulled off her clothes and fallen into bed. In the back of her mind she knew that Katie would be coming home soon, and coming home horny because she always came home horny, but she didn't bother to do anything about Henry's cum in her cunt and panties.

"You want to make love?" Rebecca asked, turning her body halfway around to try to face her girlfriend. It was hard to focus with Katie's fingers in her pussy.

"You know I do," she said keeping her fingers busy. "I always do." She paused and fingered Rebecca a bit more. "You're kind of sticky tonight."

"Maybe I'm dehydrated," she replied and rolled all the way over, forcing Katie's fingers out. "I want to go down on you," she said and started kissing her way down Katie's lithe body. They were both athletes and had lean bodies, yet somehow Katie managed to keep a more womanly figure with wider hips and a fuller bust. She had said on many occasions if she had smaller tits, she'd get better dancing jobs, but she wasn't crazy enough to get breast reduction surgery.

Her belly ring was in. Rebecca liked that. It was Katie's one concession to modern femininity. The gold hoop sported a tiny jewel that she licked as she moved down to the narrow landing strip of curly black hair that adorned Katie's pussy. Delving lower she found her girlfriend's clit and slipped a pair of fingers up inside the dancer's pussy. Although Katie was constantly saying that no one could make her cum better than Rebecca, she had her doubts. It was so easy to make Katie cum. The dancer missed her calling as a sex worker. She could have pleased any number of men who needed a confidence boost in pleasuring their wives.

Katie's first orgasm happened after less than a minute of tongue work on her clit. It wasn't Earth-shattering, but just enough to get her primed for the next step—a step that would hopefully get her to forget about Rebecca's pussy for the night.

She knelt between Katie's splayed thighs and continued to rub her clit with her left thumb while working her forefinger and middle finger, palm up, inside Katie's pussy, reaching and curling upward, looking for her elusive g-spot. Except her g-spot wasn't all that elusive. In Rebecca's opinion, it was huge and impossible to miss. After just a few eager minutes of anxious and near-violent back and forth sawing with her fingers while manipulating Katie's clit at the same time, Katie came with a screaming cry of triumph. The orgasm was also accompanied by a small spray of fluid from Katie's cunt.

The fact she was living with a squirter amused Rebecca. She had made her girlfriend squirt the first time they went to bed.

"Fucking hell you're good," Katie complimented her when she was done cumming. "It's my turn now." She pulled Rebecca down to her for an urgent kiss.

"Let me clean up first," Rebecca said.

"Uh-uh. I like you dirty. Get your clothes off." Katie's eyes glimmered with anticipation as Rebecca at first hesitated and then pulled off her camisole exposing her tits. Katie took them in, looking at the big rings with the blue jewels. "You knew you were going to get fucked tonight, didn't you?" she asked.

Rebecca grinned and gave an answer that wasn't a complete lie. "Yes." She was actually being fucked twice. Once by Henry and now by Katie. That was okay. She'd had sex with more than one person on the same day before.

As she pulled off her panties she tried to make the wiping motion the partially cleaned her bare lips seem casual. It would have to be enough. Katie pulled her back down to the bed and immediately went down on her. Katie was a traditional lesbian who thought that eating pussy was a near-religious sacrament. When she didn't complain about Rebecca's flavor and quickly settled in to make her girlfriend cum, only then did Rebecca relax and allow herself to have another climax.

"That was easy," Katie said when her girlfriend was done.

Rebecca shrugged. "What can I say? Make you cum got me all worked up."

They held each other in bed a few minutes. This is what Rebecca liked the most,

holding the woman she loved as she started falling asleep. But she forgot to disengage her mouth as her brain remained active. “I love you.”

“I love you too, sweetie.”

“When are we going to get married?” the question slipped out. They had talked about marriage before, but had never come to a decision. Katie was leery of marriage—mostly because her family hadn’t accepted her sexuality yet (other than a few cousins and her younger brother). She was estranged from the rest of her family. Rebecca’s family was more liberal minded to the point where she was getting tired of every cousin and aunt telling her it was fine she was into women, as long as there was a marriage and babies soon.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Katie said flatly.

“Well I do,” Rebecca insisted…and then regretted it. She didn’t want to start a fight either.

“Fine, we can get married when one of us gets pregnant. I’ll make an honest woman of you, how’s that?” Katie was in a snit and Rebecca didn’t want to fight, especially if that meant giving up the secret she had been keeping from Katie for the past few months.

“That’s fine.”

Katie rolled over and went to sleep. Rebecca hated the fact her girlfriend could so easily drift off to dreamland while she laid on her back staring at the ceiling. While Katie knew that Rebecca loved cock—they had worked out a couple of agreements where Rebecca could go home with a guy with Katie’s permission when she felt the need for male companionship, plus they owned a Feeldoe Katie loved using on Rebecca—she laid there wondering how she was going to tell Katie that they would be married by the end of the year…if her plans with Henry went as she intended.

Chapter Twelve

“Oh! What are you doing here?” Rebecca was surprised to find Sondra at her door this early in the morning. She had been expecting Evan. They still had a standing appointment once a week for a pleasant round of sex even though—officially—they weren’t supposed to be fucking unless it was with Sondra. Even though she knew that Evan couldn’t get her pregnant she still desired his body on a regular basis. It was pure recreational sex without all the annoyances that Henry brought.

Sondra grinned at her. “I came to get laid, if that’s okay with you.”

“Um…” Her mind raced. She had thought she was being discrete with Evan, but obviously Sondra knew about them. “I guess,” she said warily.

Her hesitance made Sondra equally wary. “Is there a problem? Is your girlfriend home?”

Rebecca shook her head. “No, no. I was uh…just trying to figure out if I’ve caused some stupid problem or not.”

“Because you’re fucking Evan behind my back,” Sondra prompted.

“Um…yeah, that,” she said and opened the door wider to admit Sondra. “You knew about that?” she asked as Sondra stepped inside. The older woman nodded and looked around the house’s small living room. “Did you catch Evan in a lie?”

Sondra shook her head now. “No. He’s too smart for that, but he also has a very guilty conscious too. He confessed. But I had already guessed.”

“You had?”

Sondra finished her quick assessment of the living room and slipped off her light jacket. “Yes, I had. He wasn’t asking for sex from me nearly as much as he used too and he was talking about you too much. It wasn’t hard to figure it out.” She sighed and looked down at her body, a view that was partially obscured by her

large breasts. “If I were a man I’d rather fuck you instead of having to make do with this body,” she said. “Wouldn’t you?”

She was in an unfortunate position. Rebecca didn’t want to upset either Evan or Sondra. She liked having sex with him and she loved having sex with the both of them on the few occasions they managed to get together at the same time. Walking a fine line between a married couple was a difficult prospect at best, but Rebecca found herself answering honestly. “If I were a man, I wouldn’t limit myself to one woman.” She half-snorted and half-sighed. “Hell, as a woman I don’t limit myself to one woman or one man.”

Sondra turned and faced Rebecca directly. “Do you know where Evan is?” she asked. Rebecca shook her head. “He had to attend a conference down in the city. Last minute thing and I could tell he planned to come over here and get laid this morning.”

“He could have called or texted me,” Rebecca complained.

“I told him not to,” Sondra said. “I told him I’d go in his place. I think that idea turned him on. We had sex last night and all he could talk about while we did it was you and me getting naked together.”

“But we’ve had sex before,” Rebecca said. She pulled her thin bathrobe tighter around her body. Underneath she wore nothing; she had been waiting for Evan and his cock but she wasn’t some wanton whore who answered the door in the nude.

“Yeah, but only with Evan there…or Evan and Hank.” She had started unbuttoning her shirt but when she mentioned Henry’s name Rebecca’s face soured. “What, bad memories?”

“Um…I liked having sex with Henry but he can be…”

“An asshole,” Sondra finished for her as she finished unbuttoning her shirt. “I know…but his cock…”

“I know,” Rebecca agreed. She had been watching the other woman undress and now unconsciously licked her lips in anticipation of what was about to happen. “Oh my god, have you had sex with him when Evan wasn’t there? How many three-ways and group sex have you two had?”

Sondra's face brightened with embarrassment. She had inadvertently reveled her little secret to Evan's girlfriend. "Maybe a few times," she confessed. "Don't tell Evan," she hurriedly added.

"I won't," Rebecca promised. She looked at Sondra's massive cleavage that was barely being contained by her brassier and a thought occurred to her. "Oh…you actually came over here to have sex?" She was so used to women getting undressed around her—especially Katie—that she hadn't given Sondra's actions a second thought.

"Um…sort of…yeah, I did. But not just sex."

"What then? Sparkling conversation."

Sondra's face was still red. "Evan left early this morning. Very early. I'm, uh, having a bit of a sore breast problem."

"You want me to nurse from you," Rebecca said. The pit of her stomach dropped and she realized she'd be having sex in a few minutes with Evan's wife. That excited and worried her. It would be their first time together—alone and without Evan, the little show they had put on for Henry a month back didn't really count. She hadn't cheated on Katie with a woman ever—it had always been with a man. And this would be full-out lesbian cheating, no way around it. To her horror Rebecca knew that she was going to go through with it and not tell Katie. It was the ultimate betrayal of their relationship, but she was too enamored of Sondra's milk and body to say no.

"Yes. Please."

"You only had to ask," she said as she crossed the room to the older woman. She let her robe's belt fall open, exposing her nude body, giving Sondra a quick teasing look before they met and embraced, their arms going around each other's bodies, their lips met and they kissed passionately, deeply. Rebecca felt Sondra's big tits press against her small one and felt a pang of jealousy. Then she came to her senses and realized having huge breasts had downsides as well.

She broke off the kiss. "Come to my bed," she said to Sondra and grabbed her hand, leading her through the small house. When the entered the bedroom Rebecca whirled around and kissed Sondra again. As they kissed she moved her hands up Sondra's back and practiced her lingerie removal skills and unhooked

her powerful bra.

“You’re good at that,” Sondra complimented her as the bra fell away. Rebecca shed her robe and pulled the other, heavier, woman to the bed that was rumpled by a night of sleeping by two bodies. Sondra said nothing about Rebecca’s girlfriend, it seemed rude.

When her lips met Sondra’s nipple the older woman sighed and started working her way out of the skirt she still wore. Rebecca latched on and nursed eagerly. Sondra’s milk let down easily. She was used to various people nursing from her now, not just Evan. Knowing that her milk was the object of lust of at least three people made her feel wanted and sexy and more than a little bit kinky. She had never expected her sex life to be this active or satisfying after two children and marriage. “Oh god that feels good,” she told Rebecca as the eager lifeguard drank her milk.

Rebecca made a little sound of contentment as she continued to suckle and help Sondra remove her clothes. As much as Sondra complained about having large tits and a body that was heavier than she liked, Rebecca loved feeling the other woman’s skin on her own. She loved the lushness and softness of Sondra’s flesh. She loved the way Sondra’s thighs opened up so easily when she pushed her hand down over the other woman’s belly, over her little triangle of hair, and up into her slit.

“Don’t make me cum too fast,” Sondra breathed. “I want this to last.”

“Mm-hmm,” Rebecca agreed as she mumbled into Sondra’s big breast. The two women cuddles together on the bed, Sondra’s arms around Rebecca’s torso, while Rebecca held one of Sondra’s breasts as she nursed and had her other hand between Sondra’s legs, lightly stroking her clit and pussy.

Sondra’s sweet milk continued to flow steady as Rebecca switched back and forth between her friend’s tits. This was something that she did differently from the men who nursed from her. Rebecca liked to suck a few times from the left breast, and then a few times from the right. It caused a slow, languorous buildup of lust in Sondra. It was wonderful.

“You’re going to make me cum just from sucking on my tits,” she told Rebecca.

“I’m that good, huh?” she asked as she licked a dribble of milk that had slid

down the bottom edge of Sondra's right tit.

"I think it's because you're a woman," Sondra said. "I've never been with a woman alone before."

"Think you're going to turn lesbian on Evan?" Rebecca teased, She was done nursing now and slowly busied her fingers in Sondra's cunt.

"No…but I think I might be open to being a little more bi." She pulled up Rebecca's chin and kissed her, tasting her own milk in Rebecca's mouth.

"I love Katie," she told Sondra when they broke their kiss.

"Okay…" Sondra was confused by the statement.

"I want to marry her. I might be bi, but I'm not going to leave her for anyone."

Sondra said, "I'm sorry, did I make you nervous. I was just enjoying the moment."

Rebecca waved her hand. "Sorry. Having weird feelings. I think we both need to cum. What do you say?"

"Yes. Please!" She rolled from her back to her side and opened up her legs. "You first. I love the way you go down on me."

Rebecca was a bit miffed at Sondra's assumption that she would automatically go down on her just because she was there and because she asked. She did it of course, but she was a bit miffed about it…until she settled in between Sondra's legs and started licking her pussy.

This was her ultimate weakness, the taste of another woman, the way her pussy felt in her mouth and on her tongue. She liked the way they writhed and breathed when she was going down on them. It was so much better than sucking a guy's dick. She didn't mind sucking cock, but it was dull, just something that filled her mouth, there was no mystery like there was with a woman's clit and labia and her folds and her depths.

While she was lost in thought she kept licking and sucking at Sondra's pussy and before she knew it the other woman was cumming, clamping her legs around

Rebecca’s thighs as her pussy spasmed under her tongue.

“You are fucking fantastic,” Sondra exclaimed when she managed to regain a bit of self-control, but not all of it. Lust had inflamed her mind and she rolled the pair of the over and quickly worked her way down to Rebecca’s quim.

“Thank you,” Rebecca asked. She normally getting get manhandled like that and she hadn’t expected it from Sondra, but the woman’s normally gentle demeanor and soft flesh was powered by lust.

“I have something to confess,” Sondra said as she looked at Rebecca’s bald pussy.

“What?” she wasn’t ready for some other bit of new or information that would take her unawares.

“Your pussy is the first one I’ve ever played with.”

“Oh.” That was acceptable. Rebecca could deal with that.

“I like it,” Sondra added. “I wasn’t sure that I would, but I like making men cum and making a woman cum is, well, almost beautiful. Ever see Clerks?”

“That black and white movie about two guys in a convenience store?”

“Yeah, buts that’s only the setting. There’s a lot more plot.” Rebecca started wishing that Sondra would stop talking and start eating her pussy. She wanted to cum. “One of the lines is ‘Making a guy cum is easy. Making a girl cum is an art form.’” She lowered her head a bit and licked the length of Rebecca’s slit. Her labia opened up exposing her wetness and her inner lips. Rebecca shivered a bit and wished Sondra would find her clit.

“More,” she moaned putting some emphasis in her voice to compel Sondra to get busy.

“I like making you cum,” Sondra said. “I want to make other girls cum. God, maybe I’m as bi as you are,” she sighed and then dove in.

Sondra wasn’t a professional pussy eater like Katie, but she took to the task well enough. Rebecca didn’t compare her lovers all that much—she had been lucky

and never had gone to be with a woman who wasn't at least decent and enthusiastic between the sheets—but Sondra was a natural and learned quickly.

Her first orgasm was mild. It was likely that Sondra didn't think of it as anything other than a shiver. The second one was much stronger. That one caused Sondra to look up from between Rebecca's legs with questioning eyes. Rebecca looked down at her and told her, "Keep going. Do it more."

Sondra responded by wrapping her arms around Rebecca's muscular thighs and burying her face into the shaved-smooth pussy. Her tongue found Rebecca's little button and she roughed it with an anxious back and forth. That brought out her third and final orgasm where her hips arched up off the bed and Sondra had trouble staying with her body. It was a beautiful moment and Rebecca thanked Sondra for it.

She watched as Sondra put her clothes back on. Before hooking her bra she carefully measured and weighed her breasts with both hands.

"What are you doing?" Rebecca asked.

"Making sure you got enough milk out," she said. "If you didn't take enough I'll be in pain later today. But you did a good job," she leaned down and kissed Rebecca where she was still lying on the bed. "One more confession," she said.

"Do I want to hear this?" Rebecca sighed.

"Are you the same size as your girlfriend?"

"That's a question. And her name is Katie. And yeah, we're about the same size, she's a little taller. Why?"

"Being a lesbian, living with another woman, does that double your wardrobe?"

Rebecca laughed. "No. Sometimes we borrow or trade certain items, but we have our own clothes."

Sondra's lips twisted into a little moue of disappointment. "That's sad, a little. I was thinking it would be sexy to be able to exchange bras and panties with a girlfriend, a woman I was sleeping with." She looked at Rebecca's naked body. "But I'm a few sizes too big for you. There's no way I could wear any of your

stuff.”

Rebecca hopped off the bed and kissed Sondra. “I’ve worn Katie’s panties before,” she confessed. “When I’ve been behind on laundry. She doesn’t like it, but I think it turns her on a little, seeing me wearing her intimates. It made me feel like she was holding me all day, like she was in control of me.” She kissed Sondra lightly on the lips again. “I’ll find something for us to share,” she promised.

Sondra started pulling off her clothes. She pushed Rebecca back into bed. It didn’t bother her that she was nearly an hour late to work.

Chapter Thirteen

Sondra watched with some jealousy as her husband fucked Rebecca right in front of her in the oh-so-traditional missionary position. It was a weird way to think, but she liked feeling that pang of jealousy as she watched them make love. It hurt, but it was a good hurt. And when they were done, she could have her choice of either one—or both—of them to have sex with.

It was the jealousy that got to her. She hated and loved the emotion at the same time—which perfectly mirrored the way she loved and hated watching the two people she cared for most in the world have sex with each other. There was no way that she could deny either one of them the privilege of having sex—especially while she was watching—but in the back of her mind she also knew it was wrong. Dirty wrong—and that made it feel good.

Sondra rubbed one hand between her legs, her palm nearly abrading her clit, while the other hand pinched her nipple. Again, there was pain, this time physical and not emotional, but it was good pain. They type of pain she enjoyed. Her breasts were empty. Her two lovers had already feasted on her tits, draining them both of all her milk, and then kissing her afterwards so she could taste the sweetness of her milk on their lips. While they had been nursing from her breasts they had taken turns playing with her pussy, one bringing her to the edge of orgasm and then stopped to allow the other to push her over the edge and into sweet oblivion. When her milk gave out, her turn was done. Evan and Rebecca started having sex and the agreement was there would be no arguments about who had sex with whom.

Of course Sondra couldn't complain because she was the one sneaking around on Evan and having sex with Rebecca when she needed some one-on-one time with another woman.

There was also the problem of her having sex with Hank when she needed a little milk drained. If Evan found out she was fucking Hank behind his back—even if it was just oral sex—he wouldn't be pleased or relieved that it was "just oral".

So Sondra stayed quiet and made herself cum as the other two rapidly approached their own climaxes. She wanted to time it perfectly so they all came together even though the other two weren't taking any notice of her. Evan came first. She could tell from the expressions on his face; she had seen those same expressions on his face while it was above hers while they fucked. His gasps and non-rhythmic hip thrusts told her exactly what he was doing. Apparently a flood of hot cum from his cock to inside Rebecca's cunt was enough to make her cum as well. Rebecca screeched a little as she came and wrapped her legs around Evan's waist, letting him penetrate her as deeply as possible. One more little rub and Sondra's orgasm arrived. It wasn't the rubbing that finished her off; it was the flood of jealousy that pushed her over the edge.

There was barely time for the three of them to rush into the bathroom and take quick showers. It was morning and the kids had been sent off to school, Evan and Sondra had re-arranged their schedules a little to spend some time in bed with Rebecca. The lifeguard was the only one who didn't have to hurry; she had the morning off. Sondra was the last one in the shower and when she came back into the bedroom, Rebecca and Evan weren't finished dressing which surprised her. Rebecca had on a pair of panties but Evan had gotten as far as his pants and had even put on his shirt, which was unbuttoned. They were laughing which made Sondra a bit nervous.

"What's so funny?" she asked as she tossed her wet towel on the bed and went to her dresser.

"Wait. Stop." Rebecca stepped in front of her, blocking the way. She was holding something in her hand.

"What?" Sondra asked. She was a little exasperated. She should have been relaxed, but occasionally watching the other two have sex irritated her and she needed to hurry to get to work at a reasonable hour.

"I have a present for you," she said and held up her hand allowing a pair of pink silk panties adorned with a two tiny bows and tiny flowers imprinted into the material to dangle from her fingers. "I hope they're the right size."

Sondra was a little bit surprised at the gift but managed to smile, say thank you, and took them from Rebecca.

"Put them on, put them on," Evan encouraged her, a goofy grin on his face. He

was practically bouncing up and down like a little boy in his enthusiasm.

Taking a quick glance at the tag Sondra noted they were her customary size and started stepping in to them. “Isn’t is more common to present lingerie at the beginning of a date instead of at the end of one?’ she asked them. They were surprisingly well-fitted and looked good on her. Rebecca had chosen a style that was flattering for Sondra’s slightly larger size. They weren’t thongs—thank God—because she couldn’t imagine working a whole day at her office wearing a thong.

“Do they fit?” Rebecca asked, circling around her friend to check out her ass. “Ooh, they do. Very pretty.” She completed her circuit of Sondra and slipped her arm around Sondra’s waist forcing them both to face Evan as he buttoned up his shirt. “What do you think?” she asked him.

“Twins,” was his comment. He paused in the middle of a button and contemplating taking his clothes back off to try and fuck his wife and girlfriend one more time this morning.

Sondra rolled her eyes. “Oh please. We don’t look anything alike,” she said. “I’ve got bigger tits and a bigger ass and she’s ten years younger.”

“He wasn’t talking about us,” Rebecca said quietly. She lowered her eyes and looked down at Sondra’s hips. “He was talking about our panties.”

Only now did Sondra take a good close look at what Rebecca was wearing. She was sporting the exact same style and color of panties that Sondra was wearing. Obviously the girl had bought them together. “Oh.” Sondra flushed with embarrassment. “I get it. Sorry I’m so thick this morning.”

“No worries,” Rebecca said and kissed her friend on the lips. Their breasts met and touched. Sondra could feel the hard metal rings that Rebecca sported press against her breasts. For a brief moment she considered slipping her hand inside Rebecca’s panties and the hell with the consequences of being late to work. “We’ll be panty sister today,” Rebecca said.

Sondra couldn’t help but laugh. “Okay, that sounds good.” The three of them continued dressing together. “This is what you meant when you said you’d find something for us to wear, isn’t it?” she asked.

Rebecca nodded as she fixed her athletic bra into place. She motioned for Sondra to turn around so she could help her girlfriend hook her powerful bra that somehow seemed to barely contain the older woman's big tits. "Yes. You should have seen the saleswoman's expression when I found the pair that I wanted and asked for a pair in your size. She asked whatever for and I told her, 'For my girlfriend.'" Rebecca laughed and Sondra joined in.

"I'm sure it's not the first time a lingerie clerk had to deal with someone playing a game like that," Evan commented.

After nodding Rebecca said, "Maybe, but it was still fun." She kissed her married boyfriend. "Anyway, I want to go back there and do it again."

"You have a wicked streak."

Rebecca grinned. "I know." As she kissed Sondra goodbye the other woman held her hands a minute and detained her.

"Thanks for coming over and thanks for the panties," she said. They felt good inside her slacks and she felt a little naughty knowing her girlfriend was wearing a matching set. "We should have an all girls night sometime," she said in front of Evan. He listened in but said nothing.

"Just you and me?" asked Rebecca.

"Yeah…and maybe Katie too. Does Katie like to play in groups?" Sondra didn't know why she was asking the question. She wasn't that into women. She wanted to tease her husband, sure. She wanted to please Rebecca, certainly. But did she really want to have sex with two women and no men?

"Um…not really." Rebecca was uncomfortable at the question. Katie didn't know about her relationship with Sondra—she suspected that Rebecca was carrying on with an anonymous man right now but she didn't know—or want to know—the details. Which was fine because that was part of their arrangement.

"Oh." Sondra sounded genuinely sad. "Maybe we can work something out?"

"Maybe," Rebecca hedged. "I've gotta go."

"What was that all about?" Evan asked. He came up behind his wife and kissed

the side of her neck while cupping her heavy breasts.

Sondra shrugged. “I don’t know,” she answered honestly. “Maybe I’m playing a game I shouldn’t.”

“Well, if it involves you having sex with two women, I’ll your biggest fan in that game.”

She sighed but smiled. “As long as you get to watch?” she asked.

“As long as I get to watch.”

Sondra was torn between telling Hank to hurry the fuck up and telling him to take it easy and slow. It didn’t help that her position on his bed had her facing the clock radio he kept on his nightstand. She was on her hands and knees. Her tits weren’t really sore—though Henry had spent the last half hour nursing from them with an uncontrolled enthusiasm which left her nipples and little bit tender and her breasts completely emptied of milk—but the way she was on her knees and elbows brought her nipples into contact with the bed’s sheets. Henry proved he was an irascible ladykiller and had satin sheets on his bed. It felt so fucking good to rub her nipples on the sheets that she almost could ignore the slight throb of pain from them.

What she couldn’t ignore was Henry playing with her asshole, putting more and more lube inside her.

“Hurry up,” she said, trying to make it sound like she couldn’t wait for his cock to be inside her. She glanced once more at the clock and then her eye caught her clothes that were tossed onto the floor, her pink panties on top of the pile. Her present from Rebecca just this morning. Was it wrong to have sex with three different people on the same day? She was about to find out.

Finally Hank moved forward and rested one hand on her hip while using the other to hold his cock. “Just relax,” he told her. “I’ve done this many times before even if you haven’t.”

A nod confirmed his words, but Sondra was already relaxed and ready as was possible. She had masturbated while Hank had nursed from her, cumming once.

She had played with his clit while he rolled on a condom, greased up his armored cock, and then lubed up her ass as well. Evan had never expressed an interest in anal sex even though Sondra had said she was willing to experiment if he wanted. Hank—a man she didn't love or really even like—was about to take her anal virginity.

His finger went in first, testing her. She felt the pressure and allowed him to do as he wished. Then his cock was pushing into her ass, her sphincter protested at first, but Sondra overrode her instincts and allow her ass to be violated by his cock. "Ooh," she gasped.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Hank asked as he slowly moved back and forth inside her ass.

It wasn't exactly good, but it was unique, she had to admit. To deal with the slight pain Sondra pushed her hand down between her legs, found her clit, and rubbed herself once more. That was better.

"Wait until you have your first anal orgasm," Hank said. "Most women think those are the best. Better than vaginal. Better than clitoral…but most women don't cum that way the first time. Sadly enough."

He was chatty for a man involved in the most intimate act between a man and a woman. Then again, he knew what he was doing. Sondra couldn't even find her voice.

"I should tell you to stop jilling off," he said. "Just enjoy your ass and not your pussy."

There was no way she was going to stop rubbing her clit. It was too much stimuli now to stop anything. She wanted to cum from the way he was fucking her, but it was too new, too foreign to her body for her to accept an orgasm that way. While being buggered for the first time wasn't painful, she didn't want it to last longer than necessary. She wanted to cum, she needed to cum, and she focused on what felt good…but that wasn't enough. Instead, she started to focus on what felt wrong: the fact she used her breasts to entice her husband into a strange fetish, her cheating on Evan—with both Rebecca and Hank, her new desire to have sex with women, her desire to explore the fantasies that scared her, and most off all her ass being violated.

That made her cum.

She cried out and yowled as her orgasm took control of her body. Her anus clamped down on Hank's cock. That pleased him. He started fucking her harder. Doing it rough it was he liked and he came too. For just half a moment she wished he wasn't wearing a condom—she wanted to feel his complete violation of her body. But then she came back to her senses and was glad all evidence of this sordid little encounter would soon be gone.

As he thrusted into her two, then three more times, he grunted in appreciation and collapsed on top of her forcing her body to the bed. His cock slipped from her ass and she was grateful the intruding presence in her ass was gone—and then she was sad that she was empty. Her emotions were jumbled.

"You're a good fuck," Hank said as he rolled off her and headed for the bathroom.

Sondra laid face down on the bed and tried not to think of anything. She knew that if she let her mind wander it would only upset her even worse. Her breasts were crushed down into the mattress by her own weight. Her ass was sore, but it was the good sort of soreness like she experienced after a good workout or swim. It would go away soon enough.

After hearing the toilet flush Sondra headed to the bathroom, brushing by Henry as he stepped out of the small room. She didn't use the toilet; she went right to the shower, turned it on, got in, pulled down the flexible showerhead handle and directed the spray up her cunt and ass.

The warm water felt good as it washed away her sins.

Rebecca was on her hands and knees, Henry behind her, fucking her hard. He liked that position. He liked any position that made him feel superior, that made him feel in control. She liked to be fucked by a man—not all the time, just when she needed a break from tits and pussy—which was becoming shockingly regular now. Henry wasn't complicated. He just wanted to fuck as many women as possible in as many different ways as possible. She knew she was complicated—she wanted cock and pussy and breast milk and hardness and softness and anything else that covered the realm of human sexuality. Anything and

everything, especially if it encompassed kink or fetish. She didn't know what was wrong with her mind.

Henry took a moment to pause in his thrusts to ask her. "Do you want it in the ass?" His hand was on her right buttock. He moved it slowly over the taut skin, feeling the strong muscle underneath, to place his thumb on her anus and press in ever so gently in an attempt to tease her, to show her the pleasure her ass could give her.

"No."

It wasn't that she was adverse to having something up her ass—in her lifetime Rebecca had had two cocks, many fingers, one butt plug, and a string of anal beads put where no one could see—but it wasn't something that Rebecca wanted right at the moment. She wanted to be fucked and she wanted to get home to see her girlfriend.

"No," she repeated. "Just fuck my pussy and cum in me already."

Henry grunted and took away his thumb. Then he leaned down on her body, pressing his stomach to her ass and his chest to her back, letting her take his weight. She was strong; she was able to do that easily. As he did so he moved his hands to her tits where he played with her nipple rings for a minute, then he moved one hand lower, heading for her pussy and clit, but he stopped at her tummy and rested his large hand there a minute.

"I think you're putting on weight," he teased.

There was a slight swell to her belly; that was true. But Rebecca was offended with his tone and the insinuation she was getting fat and lazy.

"Shut up and fuck me," she barked at him.

He shrugged and slid his hand the rest of the way down to her slit, found her little pleasure nub and rubbed it.

That was just what she needed. Rebecca came with heavy gasps and the urgent need for Henry to finish. He liked to hear her cum and she put a bit of theatrics into it, putting on a good show. He wasn't complicated—he was easy and he came in her. His seed felt heavy and stick and hot and so good she wanted to

cum again.

She didn't. When he was done he pulled out and stared at her exposed ass and pussy a moment. "Damn you have a pretty pussy—and a great ass as well. But your pussy looked good red and wet like that."

Rebecca rolled to her side and got up off the bed. She glanced at his bedside clock and saw she had plenty of time. "I think we're done," she told him.

He shrugged. "Sure. I came. You came. We're all happy."

She shook her head and went to the bathroom for a quick shower. "No. We're done. I don't think I want to fuck you any more."

She closed the door behind her and turned on the water. Behind the door she heard him say, "Why? Because I wanted to fuck you in the ass? Because I said you were getting fat?"

Rebecca didn't answer him.

When Sondra came over to Rebecca's house, the lifeguard wasn't sure if she even wanted to let the older woman in. Seeing the anxious look on her friend's face was enough for Rebecca to open the door.

"I'm really full," Sondra said impatiently. She practically ripped off her shirt and bra to expose both her large breasts. "I'm sort of regretting letting Evan stop nursing from me so often. You've more than made up for it—and Hank as well. But mostly you." She hurried to the couch where they generally began their nursing sessions. Sometimes they'd make love on the couch when her breasts were drained; sometimes they retired to the comfort of the bed. When Sondra headed straight to the bed Rebecca knew it was sex on her mind and most likely Evan had already partially or completely emptied her breasts already that morning.

"Mostly me?" Rebecca asked as she joined her girlfriend on the couch. As much as she tried to deny it, Sondra's large breasts were an incredibly sexy draw. She couldn't resist Sondra's bare breasts. It took her a moment to arrange a pillow on Sondra's lap and position her head just right to properly feed on her milk.

“Mm-hmm,” Sondra moaned as Rebecca’s lips made contact with her delicate nipple. “You’ve been drinking more milk than him lately, or so it seems. Have you been putting on weight?” Sondra asked with a giggle. “That’s why Evan had to cut back. He was getting fat from my milk.”

Rebecca’s nursing slowed and then stopped. Sondra’s eyes snapped open in response to the lack of stimulus she had become so accustomed to.

“What’s the matter, honey?”

A little twist to her lips let Sondra know that Rebecca was truly upset. “Henry asked me if I was getting fat too.”

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. I wasn’t even thinking. You aren’t fat, honey. You’re perfect. I’m still trying to lose fifteen pounds from my last kid.” She sighed and cupped her free breast with her right hand. “And I’m sure at least five of those pounds are in my tits because Evan wants me to keep lactating.”

“I am getting fat.”

Sondra contradicted her. “No, you’re not.”

Rebecca pulled back as far as possible from Sondra’s breast. “Yes. I am.”

Her response was getting Sondra frustrated. “Just nurse,” she told Rebecca, pulling the other woman’s face back to her breast. Rebecca obeyed and Sondra relaxed as her milk let down and flowed into Rebecca’s mouth.

As much as she was momentarily conflicted about what Sondra’s milk might be doing to her weight, Rebecca couldn’t help herself and eagerly drank everything that Sondra offered. Just the act of sucking and consuming the other woman’s milk was enough to get her in the mood. Sondra wasn’t exactly panting with passion, but when Rebecca was done feeding she looked up at her friend and asked, “Want to go to the bedroom. I’m horny.” She grinned playfully.

Sondra shook her head slowly, sadly. “Um…not really.”

“Why not?”

She sighed. “I got my period yesterday.”

“Oh, that’s okay then.” It was obvious that Rebecca was disappointed. It took Sondra a minute to realize what was going on.

“Oh, shit. I’m being so stupid today. Sure, we can go to bed, but you probably don’t want to get too up close and personal with my pussy today.”

“That’s fine. You get used to other women’s cycles when you live with one. Luckily Katie and I have synched up pretty well.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, one of the upsides of living with a lesbian, I suppose.”

Sondra started pulling at Rebecca’s casual clothes. She was still topless, having retained her pants during nursing, but was happy to help the younger woman out of her clothes. She loved looking at Rebecca’s nearly flawless and toned body. The thought of getting into bed with Rebecca and Katie with their perfect bodies made her start to get horny and wet. She pushed those thoughts aside for the moment.

“One of the upsides of being a lactating woman is that your periods are incredibly light and short,” Sondra offered to her friend as she wriggled out of her tight panties. As always, her pussy was shaved smooth. Sondra had to focus on not licking her lips like a wanton whore at Rebecca’s nudity.

“That’s something good, I suppose,” Rebecca said as she knelt above her friend. “How do you want to do this?”

“How do you want me to make you cum?”

Rebecca was feeling aggressive. “Can I sit on your face?” she asked.

Sondra laughed. “Do lesbians actually do that?”

“I do.”

“Sure, let’s give it a go.”

She had played at this position a few times with Evan, sitting on his face. Sondra didn’t find the position all that interesting or comfortable, but with Rebecca’s

lithe body she was willing to give it a go. As Rebecca's pussy lowered to her face, Sondra thought it was a pretty picture, her pink pussy, glistening and wet and open, coming down for a kiss. Tonguing and licking her clit and slit was always enjoyable. Rebecca sighed and moaned in her usual fashion letting Sondra know exactly how much pleasure was being taken in the moment.

When Rebecca came after a surprisingly short time of Sondra eating her pussy, a small gush of liquid was expelled from her pussy soaking Sondra's face. For just a fleeting moment Sondra wasn't sure if she should be upset or humiliated, but then realized the reaction was an autonomous one. Rebecca had little control over the way her orgasm was expressed. In fact, it should be looked at as a compliment, how wet she had made her lover and how much Rebecca had appreciated her efforts.

She looked up at Rebecca with a warm smile, her face still covered in Rebecca's juices, and noticed that the younger woman—while still out of breath and recovering from her orgasm—had a tiny little swell to her belly. At first she thought that maybe it was the strange angle or a large breakfast or maybe just the was the lifeguard was holding her body. But Sondra was no fool. She knew exactly what was going on.

After a few more moments Rebecca swung her leg over Sondra's body and said, "Thank you. I really needed that."

"You're welcome." Sondra wondered what the protocol was for wiping her face clean and then stopped worrying about it and just ran her hand over her cheeks and lips. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I think that Henry was right about you gaining a little weight."

"I know," Rebecca said with a little too much sadness in her voice.

"I think I know why you've gained the weight too," Sondra added. "And it's not from my milk, is that right?"

Rebecca nodded and wiped away the tear that had started to seep out of the corner of her eye.

"Are you scared, Reb?"

"Uh-huh…" It wasn't really a wail, but Rebecca's voice was on the verge of

breaking.

“Are you pregnant, Reb?”

“Yeah…” Now she burst into tears. Sondra was there to comfort and hold her as she cried and shook with fear. The uncontrolled burst of emotions didn’t last all that long, but it was long enough for Rebecca’s pent up anxiety to dissipate.

“All done?” Sondra asked when the sobs were over.

“Yeah, sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’ve gone through it as well. Not exactly in the same way as you, but I’ve been pregnant twice, don’t you know.”

“I know.”

“You scared?”

“A little.”

Sondra nodded. “That’s normal. You’ll get over it.”

“I wanted to be pregnant,” Rebecca blurted. “I planned this.”

“Well, I suppose that’s better than it being an accident.” She paused a moment, then asked the question she was certain she already knew the answer to. “I’m pretty sure the laws of biology haven’t changed so I know I’m not the father and neither is Katie.”

Rebecca shook her head.

“And Evan hasn’t had his vasectomy reversed that I know of. Is Henry the father?”

Rebecca nodded.

“Ouch. And you planned this?”

Rebecca nodded again.

“It didn’t occur to you to use a sperm bank or a complete stranger?” The question came out much harsher than Sondra intended. Tears started welling up in Rebecca’s eyes again. “Okay, sorry, that was a terrible question to ask.”

“He was the only guy I could find that was…I don’t know…acceptable to be the father of my baby,” Rebecca said so quickly the words almost blurred together. “Evan would have been my first choice but…”

Sondra held up a warning hand. “Let’s not go there. But does Henry know?”

“Not yet.”

“Let’s hold off on telling him right away.”

Rebecca nodded.

“Does Katie know?”

“Not yet.”

Sondra nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, we’re going to have to change that first.”

“I know.”

“Have you and Katie discussed this already?” Sondra said hopefully.

The answer was not what she wanted to hear. “Sort of. I’ve always said I wanted kids but Katie wasn’t so sure. I knew I’d be the one carrying the baby, but I think she’s not a hundred percent on board with me yet.”

“She’s going to have to be.”

“I know.” Rebecca took a deep breath and kissed her friend, her lover, on the lips lightly, eagerly. It was a hard question she needed to ask of Sondra. “Will you be there with me when I tell her?”

How could she let her friend down? Sondra controlled her emotions and said, “Yes.”

“Thank you, thank you.”

Sondra kissed her lover once more. “One thing, though.”

“What?”

She tugged on Rebecca’s nipple rings. The younger woman didn’t even wince. She liked the little thrills that tugging caused. “You’re going to need to get rid of these.”

“What?”

“You can’t have your baby breastfeeding around a nipple ring, can you?”

Chapter Fourteen

Rebecca was breathing heavily to the point of nearly passing out. She gripped Sondra's hand to the point where the older woman wanted to push her away it was so painful. Katie watched them with a slightly angry, slightly disapproving look on her face.

"Go ahead and tell her," Sondra encouraged Rebecca while trying not to fall down from the pain shooting through her hand and up to her arm.

After a shuddering breath Rebecca opened up her mouth to speak, but Katie started first. She held up a hand and said, "Is this how you're dumping me? Leaving me? You bring your new girlfriend over to our house and just end it?"

"What? No!" Rebecca blurted. "That's not what this is about at all."

Katie folded her arms across her chest. Her small chest, Sondra noted. The two other women were physically similar, they were both in incredible shape, sported short hair, and had small breasts with slender hips. Upon seeing her partner, Sondra wasn't surprised that Rebecca had been so eager to go to be with her since Sondra's body was so much different from Katie's. Variety was the greatest spice in any sexual adventure. "Then what is it about?" Katie asked pointedly looking at Rebecca gripping Sondra's hand.

After picking up on that very obvious clue Rebecca immediately dropped Sondra's hand and found her courage. She simply had to face the life she had chosen. "Sondra's just a friend," she said. It was half a life. She was a friend who Rebecca had been physically intimate with, but Rebecca had no intention of leaving the woman she loved. But neither did she want Katie to know what she had been doing with other people either. Not right now. Feeling like a little girl caught after being disobedient her eyes dropped to the floor and she managed to force out of her mouth, "I'm pregnant."

The pause before Katie spoke again was an eternity that stretched into countless infinities. "What?"

“I’m pregnant,” Rebecca repeated. Once it was said the first time, the repetition was easier.

Katie flicked aside the second iteration with a flick of her hand. “I heard you the first time. How did this happen?” The question was directed at Sondra.

Sondra cleared her throat and said, “I didn’t have anything to do with that.”

That answer caused Katie to roll her eyes. “I can figure that out. You’re obviously a woman. And who are you exactly?”

“I’m a friend of Rebecca,” she said again. “We met at the gym.”

Katie’s eyes flicked back to Rebecca. “I thought we agree that you could sleep with other men only.”

Rebecca opened her mouth to protest, but Sondra stepped in. “Okay, fine, you caught us. We’ve had sex. Big deal. You’re completely missing the point. Your girlfriend just told you she’s pregnant and you had no reaction whatsoever. What’s wrong with you?!”

Katie said nothing. And then she burst into tears. Rebecca immediately went to the person she loved most in the world and held her. They both cried. Sondra stood there awkwardly waiting for the moment to pass. It took a long time. She was glad she didn’t have anywhere to go right away.

“Marry me?” Katie asked her girlfriend.

“What?” Rebecca sobbed.

“Marry me,” Katie said. “We’ve always said when we had a baby we’d get married, right? Was that the agreement?”

Rebecca nodded and sobbed happily. “Yes. I just didn’t expect it this way.” She half-laughed and half cried. “You don’t even have a ring for me. I don’t have one for you either.” The two cried a bit more and then kissed. “Yes.”

“What? Yes?” Katie was confused.

“I’m saying yes to your proposal. I want to get married.”

Katie laughed. “Right. I forgot. Oh! Wait! I forgot!” She disengaged herself from Rebecca’s embrace and ran back to their bedroom.

“What’s going on?” Sondra asked. Rebecca only shrugged.

A few seconds later Katie was back. In her hand she carried a small ring. “I’m sorry it’s probably the wrong size, but I’m the one who wound up with it because my brother only wants the newest and best for his girlfriend-now-wife.” She held the gold ring up for Rebecca to inspect.

It was very old and made of traditional white gold, slightly tarnished with age. The diamond wasn’t huge and was mounted into the metal itself, not held up with tines to show it off. Everything about it spoke of age, a style long past, and not wealth but an engagement ring purchased with whatever little money was on hand at the time.

“It was my great-grandmother’s. I barely knew her. She died when I was five and I never got all the stories about her, some are pretty wild according to family legend. Her husband died like ten years after they got married and she was… um…considered the slutty woman of the town.”

Rebecca gasped in amusement. “You’re giving me the engagement ring of a slutty woman?”

Katie grinned. “It’s kind of fitting, isn’t it?”

Sondra could barely keep up with the shifts in their relationship. The amazing part occurred when Rebecca tried to slip it on her finger. It actually went on without difficulty. “Holy shit,” Rebecca breathed. “It fits.”

A tsk-tsk came from Katie. “Such language for a refined young lady. By all accounts Grandma Janey was a force to be reckoned with. Who knew you two had the same size fingers.”

“I’d better leave you two,” Sondra said when she realized everything was going to turn out for the best. She gathered her jacked at made to leave.

“No, wait,” Katie said. “I still haven’t found out who the father of our baby is.” She fixed Sondra with an intense stare. “Is the father your husband?”

“What?” Sondra exclaimed. “No. No. Not him. How did you know I was married?”

Katie pointed to Sondra’s left hand, third finger. “Most married women wear a wedding band and engagement ring. Just like you do. So who is the father?” The question wasn’t directed at either woman, but it was obvious that Katie expected an answer.

“Um…my husband got a vasectomy years ago,” Sondra said which didn’t really answer the question but ended the silence.

“His name is Hank,” Rebecca said. “He’s just a guy no one important.”

Katie now focused her glare on her girlfriend-now-fiancée. “Who was he? Where did you meet him? Doesn’t he want to know he’s going to be a father or are we going to hide his own child from him?”

Rebecca looked at Sondra. “The man Katie grew up with thinking was her father, wasn’t,” she explained.

“My mother was in the middle of a divorce when I was born,” Katie added. “But that sort of thing can fuck up your head when you discover it at age nine.”

After rubbing her forehead Katie relented. “I suppose we can tell him.”

Katie nodded. “Good. But who was he. Not some random guy you picked up at a bar?”

“No. He’s…”

Sondra stepped in again. “He’s my boyfriend.”

“Boyfriend?” Katie was surprised.

“Well…sort of boyfriend. Just a guy I’ve had sex with in the past. I loaned him…sort of…to Rebecca.”

Now Katie goggled at Sondra. “First I thought you were stealing my girlfriend away from me, now I find out you cheat on your husband and loan out the guy to impregnate bisexual women.”

“You make it sound tawdry. And I don’t cheat on my husband. He knows about Hank.” That was only a half-truth at best but Katie didn’t need to know that.

“I’m starting to like you more and more,” Katie said.

“I’m full of secrets.”

“I like a mysterious woman,” said Katie. “I suppose I should thank you. You’ve indirectly given me a wife-to-be and a baby on the way. Holy shit. A baby on the way. That’s a scary thought.”

“I’ve got two kids,” Sondra said. “I know how it can mess up your mind.”

“Thank you again,” Katie said and took two steps away from Rebecca to embrace Sondra. She followed the embrace with a kiss on Sondra’s lips. It only seemed natural. What wasn’t entirely natural was when Katie didn’t stop kissing her and slipped her tongue into Sondra’s mouth.

The older woman responded automatically. She knew she was a slave to her sexual drive and kissing Katie back was perfectly natural even if it was done right in front of Rebecca. Katie reveled in Sondra’s body. She was soft and ample where Rebecca was hard and angular. It was easy to see why her girlfriend was attracted to Sondra.

“Wow,” Sondra breathed when the kiss finally ended.

“You’ve been sleeping with my girlfriend, haven’t you?” Katie asked. “You don’t have to lie. I’m not upset by it. I just want to know the truth.”

“It didn’t start out as sex,” Sondra said trying to explain why she was sleeping with Katie’s girlfriend.

“I’m sure,” Katie half-agreed. “It always does.”

“No. Really! It’s a long story, but I needed a little bit of relief for my breasts. I’m lactating and my husband has to cut down on his milk intake because my milk is making him fat so I used Rebecca—I made her nurse from me—because she was sleeping with Evan.” When the words left her mouth Sondra gasped and slapped her hand over her lips but it was too late. “I didn’t mean to say that.”

Katie found herself glaring at Rebecca. “You were sleeping with her husband as well?”

Rebecca’s eyes went to the floor again. “Yes. But I wanted to stop when I found out he had a vasectomy.”

“But you didn’t stop.”

“He was a good lay.”

“And you need cock every once a in a while.”

“Yes.”

Katie hadn’t let go of Sondra’s hands yet. “You know what I need every once in a while? Pussy. New pussy. I like women. I’ve never been with a man.” She glanced one more time at her fiancée. “Right now the new pussy I want is Sondra’s. Do you mind?” she asked Rebecca.

Rebecca only shook her head. Katie started pulling Sondra back to the bedroom. “You’re bi, aren’t you?” she asked Sondra.

“Sure,” Sondra said.

“Want to have sex?”

“Um…yes?”

“Reb and I need to share everything. At least, I think we should share everything. Except men. I don’t fuck men.”

As they slowly retreated into the bedroom, Rebecca watched in amazement. Did her fiancée just seduce her girlfriend? She couldn’t believe it. After standing in the middle of the living room for a minute, it occurred to her that she hadn’t been barred from the bedroom.

Upon arriving in the bedroom she found Katie already had Sondra’s shirt and bra off. Or had Sondra eagerly taken off her top because of Katie? It was impossible to say. Katie had one hand down Sondra’s pants which were unbuttoned and unzipped but still on. They were kissing and Rebecca had a sudden pang of

jealousy…along with an urge to jump in bed with them.

She didn't. She waited and watched.

Sondra wasn't a shrinking violent. She kissed back eagerly and pulled at Katie's clothes. The dancer helped her in undressing. In the process her hair bun came loose and her long brown hair fell around her face to her shoulders.

"Suck my tits," Sondra told her new lover.

Katie hesitated. "Umm…are you sure?"

Sondra grinned because she liked teasing all of her lovers. "Yes. Are you worried about the milk? You'll love it. Everyone I have sex with does. Why do you think they keep trying to get into my pussy? You'll love it too. You'll need to get used to it anyway?"

"Why is that?"

"Katie's going to be lactating soon enough. Do you love her tits?" Sondra glanced over at Rebecca who was still watching silently. Katie didn't look at her fiancée; she lowered her head and started sucking on one of Sondra's nipples. Sondra moaned. Sondra sighed and held Katie's head in place as the lesbian tried another woman's breast milk for the same time.

It was a hard thing to do, but Katie had resolved never to deny herself a new experience with a lover. The milk was thin and watery, but also sweet and heavy on her tongue. It wasn't something she had ever expected to taste, but life was often full of little unexpected surprises.

Sondra locked eyes with Rebecca. The lifeguard had unconsciously cupped a breast with one hand and was rubbing her pussy through her pants with the other. Sondra kept watching. Katie's hand was busy between Sondra's legs, her fingers slippery with Sondra's juices, her clit was between two fingers, squeezing and releasing in a steady rhythm.

"Do you like men or women better?" Katie asked abruptly, letting go of her breast.

"Men," Sondra answered honestly. "But I love being with women too." She

glanced shyly at Rebecca. “Right now I’d love to be with two women.”

Katie smiled and asked, “Do you want her to go down on you?”

“No…I want the two of you to nurse from me…then I want you to go down on me.”

Katie looked over at Rebecca and nodded. In a moment both of Sondra’s breasts were being drained of their precious milk. Sondra writhed and moaned in pleasure. It was almost too much. While Katie kept up playing with her pussy, Rebecca pushed her pants the rest of the way off. Somehow in the process Rebecca had gotten naked as well. Sondra found herself between two naked and lithe women and was in heaven.

Before she knew it Katie was down between her legs licking her pussy and flicking her clit with her tongue.

“She’s good, isn’t she?” Rebecca asked.

“Uh-huh,” Sondra answered. It was hard to talk with a tongue in her pussy and Rebecca’s fingers pinching her left nipple.

“Do you want her to fuck you?”

Sondra’s answer was little more than a moan. Katie took that as a yes. She got up from the bed and Sondra groaned in complaint, but she was distracted by Rebecca’s kiss and how she pinched both her nipples. It wasn’t painful but it should have been.

“Ready for me?” Katie asked from the side of the bed.

Opening her eyes Sondra looked at the woman who wanted to fuck her. It wasn’t a lesbian’s exaggeration. She stood at the bedside proudly, her body taut and all but perfect. Her tummy was flat, her hair was long, her breasts were high and pointed forward proudly, and—incongruously—a blue cock stuck out from between her legs.

Sondra tried to answer but no words came out of her mouth.

“Ever been fucked by a Feeldoe before?”

A shake of her head told Katie no.

“Rebecca says it’s a lot like getting fucked by a man. I wouldn’t know. Tell me what you think.” Sondra wondered if Katie was playing the role of the man as she got back on the bed and assumed the superior position on top of Sondra. She then fitted the head of the Feeldoe to the entrance of Sondra’s pussy. It took a tiny bit of maneuvering but they soon had their bodies aligned and Katie pushed the Feeldoe home.

It was much like being fucked by a man who had a fake cock, Sondra realized after a minute. She had used plenty of vibrators and dildos on herself and had Evan use them on her—it wasn’t that different. A soft, thin man with slightly wide hips and long hair. A man who knew how to make love to a woman. Then Katie reached down to the Feeldoe and depressed a hidden button. The fake cock came to life as a vibrator and Sondra’s eyes rolled up into her head.

“Ooh.”

Sondra was breathing heavily to the point of nearly passing out. She gripped Rebecca’s hand to the point where the young woman wanted to drop their grasp because it was so painful. Katie watched them with a thrilled and pleased expression on her face and continued to fuck Sondra until they both came.

End Part Three

Image of hellish Horror, Ignorance,

Born in the Bosom of the black Abyss,

And fed with Furies Milk for Sustenance

Of his weak Infancy, begot amiss

By yawning Sloth on his own Mother Night;

So he his Sons both Sire and Brother hight

—Edmund Spenser, The Tears of the Muses

Part Four

Chapter Fifteen

Sondra clutched her husband's head and held him in an unbreakable grasp as he nursed at her tit. She was on the edge and he needed to stay right where he was. His hand wasn't anywhere near her pussy but his lips seemed like they were connected directly to her clit. The day had been exhausting and they had collapsed together into bed and she had automatically pulled up her nightshirt to expose her breasts. Evan had burrowed down and taken the closest available nipple into his mouth. Their nursing always relaxed her and helped her go to sleep.

And it did. She was relaxed. She was enjoying what Evan was doing to her body. She was just on the edge of drifting off and the crossover occurred. The gentle, relaxation sensations turning into stimulating ones making her pussy moist and forcing her libido higher. Although she felt herself getting hornier and wanting to fuck, she kept quiet, saying nothing to Evan and making no noises that she was turned on and thereby indicating to him that she wanted him to fuck her. She didn't want to be fucked. She wanted to cum.

As much as she wanted to remain silent, Sondra wasn't the type of woman who was quiet in bed. In the final rush to her climax her breathing abruptly increased and moans escaped her lips. Evan didn't stop nursing. He knew what was expected of him. His sucks became stronger and their pace increased as well. As her warm milk filled his mouth and he swallowed, she started sobbing until it happened. Her body shook and she rubbed her thighs together wanting some direct stimulation for her pussy even though that wasn't necessary. The plain cotton panties she wore clung to her nether lips because her pussy was producing nearly as much liquid as her tits.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," Sondra cried out. She wasn't very articulate during orgasm.

"You little horny slut, you came just from your nipple," Evan said.

"I know," she gasped as she came down from her high.

“We must not be having enough sex if you came that easily.”

She shook her head. “No. I’ve been having plenty lately. Maybe that’s the problem.”

His eyes narrowed. “You’ve been having plenty?” he asked her.

Sondra lowered her eyes and smiled guiltily. “With Rebecca. I’ve been going over to her place a couple of times a week.”

“To get your tits drained?”

“Uh-huh. And then we usually have sex afterwards.” She reached down and felt for his cock. It wasn’t surprising that he was nearly rock hard after hearing her words.

“That’s hot.”

“I thought you might like that. Now empty my other breast and I’ll tell you more.”

“More?” he asked eagerly.

She pointed to her full breast and he fell upon it, anxious to hear what she had to say.

Since Sondra didn’t see any need to tell Evan about her sessions with Hank, she left that detail out for the moment. “She’s a wonderful lover, by the way. And I know you’ve been banging her regularly too.”

Evan looked up at her with innocent eyes.

“Oh, don’t play that game with me. She told me everything. I don’t mind. We can share her. Poor girl is going to be exhausted, though, between fucking the two of us and fucking with the both of us at the same time, and sleeping with her girlfriend.”

Evan continued his sucking and motioned for her to continue. Sondra felt a twinge between her legs, right behind her clit, and wondered if she could cum again from her second breast and leave Evan high and dry. No pussy for him

tonight.

“Rebecca’s been a bit of a slut. She’s been fucking Hank pretty regularly.”

A snort into her breast told Sondra exactly what Evan thought of that.

“Don’t be like that. He’s a good lay once you get beyond his self-centeredness. And he has a wonderful cock. I can’t stay away from it.”

Her breast spilled from his mouth along with a few dribbles of her white milk. “What did you say?”

Fuck! Sondra froze. “Okay, you caught me.” She cursed in her head and the sensation of an impending orgasm floated away. “We haven’t really stopped meeting.”

Evan’s eyes went wide with comprehension. “Still?!” It was half exclamation, half accusing question.

“Yes. I needed relief. And after seeing you fuck Rebecca, I thought I was entitled.” Her hand was in his pants now, wrapped around his cock. It was still hard. She gave it a few thoughtful strokes. “He might be a jerk, but he’s a good fuck. Would you like to see him fuck me?”

Evan went back to nursing from her, avoiding the question. She didn’t push the issue—not for the moment. But the thought of Evan watching while Hank fucked her, while he made her cum and spilled his seed inside her pussy—that caused her lust to quickly rise back to where it was.

“I think we’ve all been busy,” she continued. “Rebecca’s been fucking Hank too.”

“Lucky stiff,” Evan mumbled into her flesh.

“Maybe not. Guess who is getting married?”

“Not Henry.”

“That’s correct. Rebecca and Katie.”

“Good for them.”

“Because Rebecca’s pregnant.”

For the second time that night her tit slipped from his mouth in surprise. “What?”

“Guess who the father is.”

“Not me,” he said, relieved that he had had a vasectomy years ago.

“That’s correct. Hank is.”

“Does he know?”

“Not yet. Maybe not ever. Rebecca and Katie only told me this last week.” She grinned triumphantly. “I helped them celebrate.”

The meaning dawned on Evan. “You got to fuck Katie too?”

Her laugh made her sound a little bit like a schoolgirl. “Well, it would probably be more accurate to say Katie fucked me. But yeah, the three of us had sex.”

“Wow.”

“Wow indeed.” She pulled his mouth back to her breast.

He suckled some more and then asked, “Are they going to tell him?”

She shrugged after pulling him back to her tit. “Maybe. Maybe he’ll figure it out after the wedding. But Rebecca has sworn off him now. Says he called her fat. She also told me you would have been her first choice for the father if you hadn’t already been fixed.”

“I wasn’t broken,” he mumbled.

“We’re invited to the wedding.”

“Lesbian wedding?”

“Don’t get too excited,” she told him as she stroked his cock harder. She was

going to make him cum in his pants rather than letter him fuck her pussy. Maybe she'd let him watch while she masturbated in front of him. "There won't be any sex during the wedding."

"But afterwards…?"

"Maybe I'll fuck the brides while you watch," she whispered in his ear.

His orgasm made a sticky mess in his sleep pants and all over her hand. She didn't stop stroking the entire time, making him yelp with each spurt of cum because he was so over-stimulated. She liked that. She liked having control over Evan that way.

The next morning after the kids had left for school and Evan had already nursed, already taken all of the milk Sondra had in her breasts, they were lounging on the bed. She still had her tits out and Evan was gently running his fingers over her smooth skin. It was taut. He loved the border between the pale skin of her breast and the red tinted areola. If he did it just right he could run his finger around this circle and cause her nipple to contract, stiffen, and become erect. Sometimes he teased her by lightly blowing on her exposed nipples, helping the process along. Sondra shivered each time he did this. If he did it just right the tiny muscles in her nipple would contract hard enough to force out a tiny drop of her milk. Generally that only worked when she was full, but that didn't stop him from trying this morning.

"You weren't kidding about anything you said last night, were you?" he asked her.

"No."

"When was the last time you had sex with Henry?" he asked keeping his voice neutral.

There was a hesitation before she answered. "What kind of sex?"

"Isn't it rude to answer a question with a question?" he almost snapped at her. She often said the same thing to him.

“I’m just trying to answer the question correctly,” she protested. He still didn’t stop circling her areola with his finger. She shivered again. He knew her weaknesses as well as she knew his.

“Any kind of sex,” he said. “No. Wait. Tell me the last time for each type of sex.”

“Okay, let me think,” she said biding for time. “Um…last time he nursed was last Thursday. I gave him oral that day as well. Before that…He went down on me a few weeks ago.” She sighed and then finally added. “We had anal two Fridays ago.”

Evan’s finger stopped. “What?”

“Do I need to repeat all of that?”

“No. You said you had anal with him?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

She shrugged. “It was okay. It wasn’t great.”

“Why did you do that with him?”

“He asked…and I promised that my pussy was only for you.”

“That’s a little bit of a quibble over our agreement.”

“Quibble or not, all that was said was that my pussy is off limits to Hank. We never said or agreed to anything about my mouth or ass.”

He snorted.

“And if you remember a few years ago I offered you to fuck my ass and you said no.” She stopped his finger. “Do you want to fuck my ass?”

“Not particularly.”

“Then why are you complaining?”

“Because…I’m jealous. Because I don’t like Henry nursing from you.”

“But Rebecca’s okay?”

He grinned. “Sure. Lesbian action is fine. Even better if Katie joins in. They can give you things I can’t. Henry has a cock and so do I. I can give you whatever he has.”

“Except variety,” she said. “And the thrill of knowing that I’m fucking someone other than my husband. I like that.” She paused. “Would you like me to fuck the both of you at the same time?”

Chapter Sixteen

Evan was bored. He wasn't especially excited to people watch while his wife was in the jewelry store picking out a wedding band for Rebecca. Still…sitting on a bench in a relatively quiet mall wasn't the worst thing in the world. It could be worse.

It got worse when Katie sat down next to him. He noticed her right away. She hadn't spoken two words to him the entire time after meeting him just an hour ago. The quartet had left the Jacobs' house to go shopping. Evan knew he wasn't in for a good time. Still, he had to be friendly to the future wife of his wife's lover. "Hello," he said keeping his voice neutral but pleasant.

"This is uncomfortable," Katie said looking straight forward and observing the people passing by. They were on the corner of a side entrance to the mall. People were hurrying in and out. Evan felt like he was in a spy movie meeting a stranger on a bench in a public place and not looking at the stranger while they talked.

"It sure is." Evan had left the jewelry store shortly after the four had walked in. It was too small and the clerk didn't seem to know what to make of three women and one man looking for an engagement ring and wedding band.

They watched the people pass by a minute then Evan spoke again. "Shouldn't you be in there picking out your rings?"

He sensed more than saw Katie shake her head. "No. I'll be happy with whatever Rebecca picks out. I'm not a jewelry person."

A quick glance at her hands and face confirmed this. Katie didn't wear any rings, bracelets, earrings, or necklaces. "Huh. I hadn't noticed."

"You barely looked at me when we met," she replied.

"Umm…that's true."

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why didn’t you look at me?” she asked.

Evan swallowed. “I was nervous. I wasn’t sure how you’d react to knowing I had sex with Rebecca.” He stared straight ahead at the wall.

Katie’s gaze was focused on the same spot in the middle of nowhere. “I’ve never met one of her male lovers before. I was curious,” she said.

“You knew she had sex with men? Other men?”

“Fuck. Don’t be stupid. I know she’s bi. When we moved in together we agreed she could have sex with men as long as I didn’t know about it. I just don’t like men.” She paused and corrected herself. “I just don’t like sex with men. Men in general I’m okay with.”

“Are you okay with me?” Evan asked.

Before Katie could answer an incredibly tall woman with flowing blonde hair wearing a skirt that was too short and heels that were too tall for practical shopping filled their field of vision. They both stared at her as she walked by and disappeared into the crowed. It was Katie who noticed that Evan was staring. She spoke first. “She was beautiful. Wow.”

“Yeah,” Evan agreed.

“But that outfit…is she a prostitute or does she just like to flaunt it?”

Evan glanced at Katie dressed incredibly casually in loose yoga pants and a sweatshirt. He was wearing jeans and a button down shirt and felt positively elegant next to her. “I think she just likes to flaunt it.”

“I wouldn’t mind her walking by again so I could see her flaunt it some more.”

Evan laughed at Katie’s statement.

She grinned at him but didn’t catch his eye. “Did you forget I’m a lesbian?”

He shook his head. “No. I didn’t. I just wasn’t expecting a comment like that from any woman.”

Katie scanned the slow moving crowd and spotted a redhead girl who couldn’t have been more than nineteen. She sported big tits and an oversized varsity letter jacket. “What about the redhead?” Katie asked. “I love her tits.”

Evan snorted. “She’s a little young for me. And for you for that matter.”

“The younger the better,” Katie said.

A young mother pushing a stroller accompanied by a little girl no older than four walked by.

“MILF,” Evan said under his breath.

“I’d do her too.” Katie added.

They both looked at each other at the same time. Seeing each other’s eyes they couldn’t help but laugh. No more words were exchanged. They scanned the crowd looking for another likely candidate. It took a minute but Evan finally spotted an older woman—a much older woman who was easily a grandmother. She had silver hair but walked with a youthful energy. “I bet she was a tiger in bed back in the day,” he said.

“Former hippy,” Katie said watching the woman walk. “I can tell. Probably munched a few carpets in her time.”

“I hope so,” Evan added.

They continued to pass the time commenting on the fuckability along with speculating on the sexual history and peccadilloes of the most attractive female passerbys.

“Are you okay with Rebecca getting pregnant?” Evan asked her directly.

Katie sighed. “Sort of. I’m getting used to the idea. I guess I’ve always wanted to get married and have a family. I just wasn’t expecting it to happen so quickly. What I’m not getting used to is the changes in her body.”

“Really?”

“She’s got a little tummy now. I know it’s only going to get bigger and that’s freaking me out. I like her thin and fit.”

“Pregnancy does that to a woman.”

“Yeah. I know. I’m dealing with it. The upsetting part is she’s already taken out her nipple rings.”

“No!” His protest came out much louder than Evan intended. A few people turned to stare but moved on when they realized it was just a stray outburst.

He cleared his throat. “I mean. Wow. That’s a little premature.”

Once again Katie sighed. “She says were breasts are sore and the rings were making it worse. It’s upsetting. I loved her rings.”

“So did I,” Evan commiserated.

Katie glanced at him. “I’m not sure how I feel about you talking about your past history of sex with Reb.”

“Sorry. I won’t mention it again.”

There was a pause and then Katie said, “She can put them back after the baby comes.”

To that Evan said, “Maybe not right away if she’s going to breastfeed.”

Katie smacked herself in the forehead. “Shit. I forgot about that. Fuck. And your wife is still breastfeeding.” She paused. “But that’s only you.”

“You like her rings that much?”

“I’m the one who insisted she get them and keep them.”

“So that’s how it’s like in your relationship,” said Evan thoughtfully.

“Don’t even try to figure out the mind of a lesbian,” Katie warned him.

“I won’t.” He paused and then said. “Did you like Sondra’s milk?”

There was another pause before Katie answered. “Yeah.”

“Well…shortly you’ll have your own steady supply.”

When he said that, Katie laughed hard to the point of bringing tears to her eyes. “I think I could actually like you, Evan,” Katie said after a while.

“Oh really?”

“Yeah…as long as I don’t have to watch you have sex with my fiancée.”

A moment later Rebecca and Sondra rounded the corner. Rebecca rushed up to her girlfriend and displayed the engagement ring and wedding band she had chosen. Katie kissed her wife-to-be and glanced sidelong, almost shyly, at Evan.

Later that afternoon the four were back at Rebecca and Katie’s house, returning them after the shopping expedition. They were in bed together. Katie gave Evan the same sidelong glance but this time she was busy nursing on Sondra’s breast, drinking the older woman’s milk as Sondra moaned in appreciation. Sondra hadn’t taken off her panties yet. That didn’t matter because Katie’s hand was down in them, playing with her pussy, pinching her clit.

Rebecca and Evan missed Katie’s jealous glance because Katie’s face was buried in a pillow as Evan fucked her from behind. There was definitely a noticeably bulge to Rebecca’s tummy but that was okay with Evan. As they fucked Katie realized it wasn’t so bad watching her girlfriend being fucked by a man. It was something she couldn’t exactly offer Rebecca and it wasn’t like Rebecca was going to leave her for something as ordinary as a cock.

Katie reached over and grasped one of Rebecca’s hanging tits. Katie looked over at her to say, “I love you.”

After carefully evaluating Rebecca’s tits, Katie wasn’t sure if they were swelling yet or not.

“No, not that way,” Rebecca complained. They were in Evan’s bed and he was getting on top of her with his cock in hand, about to enter her pussy. She was wet and ready to be fucked, and had been eager for Evan to fuck her a minute earlier when his face was buried between her thighs, but now his body was pressing onto hers making her stomach hurt terribly.

“Not what way?” He wanted to hurry—he was home from the office for lunch and she shortly had to go to her job at the gym.

“I can’t have you on top of me any more.” She pushed at him and he rolled off her body.

“Why not--?” he started to ask and then he remembered and looked at the small swell of her belly. “Oh, that’s right. You’re pregnant.”

“Ha ha, thank you for remembering.” She was barely four months into her pregnancy—having made it past the first tough trimester and had now settled into the pleasant second trimester. Rebecca was in tune with her body and could feel the various hormones coursing through her system now. As a secondary effect of not just making her baby grow the hormones were making her horny as well. She liked that. At the moment she would have been happy to be fucked twenty four hours a day. It was why she made love with Katie every morning, slipped away in the middle of the day to bed either Evan or Sondra, and then demanded more sex from Katie at night. Sometimes they invited over one of the Jacobs for some extra fun. Katie was exhausted from the routine—Rebecca was not.

The downside to the hormone rush was that she could definitely feel and see the effect of the pregnancy on her body. Her tummy was starting to distend and her once tiny tits were swelling. They were almost too big for the few traditional bras she owned and they were so sensitive to everything they touched. That part she liked. Her small breasts spilling out of her lingerie were not so much of an upside.

“So…do you want to get on top then?” Evan asked. It wasn’t a position they had ever tried before. It wasn’t a position that Rebecca had much experience with either. She hesitated and immediately hated herself for hesitating. She was a woman of the world, dammit. A bisexual woman who happily bedded men and women and wasn’t above experimentation of any sort so why was she hesitating

now?

“Yes, yes I do,” she said with a confidence she didn’t feel.

“Okay.” Evan rolled to his back and his erect cock pointed to the ceiling. He put his hand on her hip and encouraged her to get on top of his body. This she did with some trepidation, not used to climbing on a man and straddling his cock. As he pregnancy had progressed she had become much more careful with how she moved her body. She knew her baby was safe inside her, but there was that nagging feeling in the back of her mind that she now needed to be extra careful and not put any risk at all to her unborn child.

Strangely she didn’t mind having sex still. In fact, she liked having it more now that she was pregnant, but that was the hormones talking.

Rebecca carefully fitted Evan’s cock into her slit and slowly lowered her body onto his, resting her weight on his hips and thighs. “Nice,” he said as she sank all the way down on him.

“Um,” was her only thought. Her clit wasn’t being touched at all and she felt odd sitting on top of him. His cock was seated nicely in her pussy and filled her up, but the perspective was odd.

“You need to move up and down,” he told her as she waited for something to happen.

“Oh. Right. How do I do that?”

She was on her knees, half-squatting above Evan’s body. “Well, either you lift your entire body with your thighs, kind of like doing a squat-thrust in elementary gym class, or you stay on your knees like you are and bounce up and down. Either way, you’re going to be doing a lot of thigh work.”

Nodding, Rebecca leaned forward a bit, letting her torso hover over Evan’s, and started rocking back and forth, sliding his cock in and out of her cunt. It was a new sensation for her, not entirely new of course, but new enough. She delighted in what she was doing and increased her pace, letting her legs do all the work. After a minute she started to really feel it in her thighs and just as much in her tits. They were bouncing around like out of control beach balls at a SPAC concert.

“Ow. Fuck. My boobs are too sensitive for this.” That shocking realization made her wonder if a pregnant body wasn’t any good for sex at all.

“Here, let me help,” Evan said and reached up to hold her tits. That prevented them from moving much at all.

“Much better,” she said and continued her campaign of new sexual discoveries. Rebecca found that she liked being on top of a man; it gave her better control. Evan wasn’t helpless and could move his body and—more importantly—thrust up into her pussy so everyone was wining.

And then she got distracted by her tits. Evan was at first just holding them, and then he was massaging them, and then he started pinching the nipples. Every bit of his attention she liked because it was turning her on, but it was also somewhat distracting because it took her attention away from her pussy. Plus, since her nipple rings were out now—possibly forever—getting her nipples played with this way was new and distracting. She was used to cumming from stimulation on her clit and she wasn’t getting much of that in this position.

“I need you to play with my clit,” she told him as she kept her hips busily going up and down along his shaft.

“Play with it yourself,” he said with an evil grin. “I’m busy with your tits.”

It wasn’t like he was hurting her—well, maybe the pinching of her nipples was a bit much but it wasn’t exactly painful. And it was all helping her get to her orgasm. Rebecca was a bit peeved at his response, but then decided to make the most of it. Everything was new and it wasn’t like she hadn’t masturbated in front of other lovers before. Balancing herself on one hand and moving the other down to her slit, she found her clit and almost immediately her eyes rolled up into her head. She was hot and wet and it was almost impossible for her to hold onto her clit and rub it just the ways she liked. Evan’s cock was in the way. She wanted it out, but she also wanted to be filled at the same time.

The stress of the decision of what to do didn’t last long. Her nimble fingers flicked and rubbed her clit perfectly and she felt everything give way, as if her whole lower half had dropped away from the rest of her body and she was cumming and cumming and cumming. As she started descending from the ecstatic high of her orgasm, she realized she was incredibly wet, wetter than normal. For just a moment she thought that maybe Evan had cum during her

climax, but that wasn't the case. He was still rock hard and he was thrusting his hips up into her.

The realization she had just squirted for the first time in her life was revelatory—but she didn't tell Evan what had happened. He continued to squeeze her tits and thrust up into her. His face was scrunched up, his eyes were closed, and he was close to cumming. She watched as he struggled to get over that final barrier and join her in the land of elation.

It didn't take long. Men weren't complicated. They just wanted some place warm and moist and tight to put their dicks. That made them happy. Rebecca liked making some men very happy—and she liked making a lot of women happy in that same way.

When his eyes finally opened back up Evan saw his lover staring down at him. "What?" he asked nervously at her strange expression.

"You look funny when you cum," she told him.

"Thanks," he said. "I think."

"My thighs hurt," she complained but didn't move off him. "I'm not used to fucking like this."

"Then get off of me and relax a bit," he told her.

Since Rebecca was being so careful with how she moved her body it took them a minute to uncouple allowing Evan to roll her to her side and let his cock slip from her pussy. A little spurt of his cum shot out from between her legs, landing on her inner thigh, and she laughed. "Well, it's not like I needed any more to get me pregnant."

"It's not like any of my cum was ever going to get you pregnant," Evan said.

"I wished you'd told me that from the start. That way I wouldn't have wasted so much time fucking you."

"Uh-huh," he vaguely agreed with her. Evan was in the middle of inspecting her nipples, squeezing and pinching them. She liked it and allowed it to continue. "So why are you fucking me now?"

“Just for the fun of it.”

“I see. I guess you really are bi, can’t decide between a man and a woman.”

That caused Rebecca to shake her head. “No. I’m bi, but I’ve decided. I like women better.”

“Oh?” He paused from inspecting her tits to glance up at her face to see if she was teasing him. “Should I be flattered that I still get to have sex with you?”

“Yes you should,” she told him, “but not for the reason you think. You’re a good lay, but not great enough to put me off women for the rest of my life.” She paused as he pinched her left nipple a bit harder at those words. “I still love having sex with men and women, but while my pussy loves both, my heart is definitely more aligned to women.”

“Huh,” Evan commented

“I can see that really upset and interested you,” Rebecca said as she looked at him inspecting her breasts.

“No, not that—though that’s really interesting—but the more interesting thing here are your tits.”

“Thanks. You really know how to give a woman a compliment,” she teased.

He shook his head. “I think you’re lactating.”

That truly startled Rebecca. “What?!”

“See,” Evan pointed out as he massaged her left breast a bit and rolled his fingers forward slightly, ending up with pinching her nipple. It felt good, but the end result was that a tiny, almost imperceptible bead of liquid formed on the tip of her nipple. Evan leaned over and licked the spot of moisture away from her sensitive pink flesh. The taste on his tongue was familiar if weak and slightly different from his usual source of milk. “Yeah, that’s breast milk all right.” He grinned happily at her.

“What? But it can’t be. I’m barely pregnant.”

“Pregnancy is a binary state. Either you are or you aren’t. And you are. And by my past history with this sort of thing, I can tell you that it’s just your breasts getting ready to produce milk. This is just your pre-milk. Your colostrum.”

“Oh.” She was still shocked at what he had revealed to her.

“It’s not really that surprising,” he added. “The amount of milk you’ve been drinking from Sondra, it’s probably primed the pump and your body was ready to make milk. A little extra nipple stimulation, a few more hormones, and there you are.” He smiled at her and nuzzled her breasts. “That’s what I like about women’s bodies. They’re so adaptable and so beautiful. And of course their tits make milk which is wonderful in and of itself.”

“Right,” she agreed. “So many changes,” she whispered mostly to herself. “I’m not sure I’m ready.”

“You’ll be ready when the time comes,” Evan said philosophically and kissed her breast, then brought her nipple into his mouth and sucked a little bit. There wasn’t really any flavor to the tiny bit of moisture he drew from her small breasts, but since she didn’t stop him, he nursed some more. Every bit of stimulation would bring encourage the production of more milk.

“It’s a shame you had to take out your rings, though,” he told her between sucks. “I wonder if it would happen to your milk with the rings in.”

Katie was annoyed that her fiancée was taking so much damn time to get ready for bed. They had already fooled around earlier—almost the moment that Katie had walked in the door. Rebecca was always horny nowadays. Maybe she had lost a little bit of her athletic figure with the slight bump of her stomach, but Katie wasn’t purely interested in Rebecca’s body. Besides, what was inside Reb’s body was more than worth it.

“C’mon, hon,” she called from the bed. She was starting to get frustrated. “I have an early morning tomorrow. I need my beauty sleep.” They would actually be sleeping tonight, Katie told herself. She was wearing her oldest, most boring sleep shirt and plain white cotton panties. She didn’t want Rebecca to get distracted and want to have sex when she got into bed.

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” Rebecca called from the bathroom.

Katie giggled to herself. “That’s what you were screaming earlier,” she said softly to no one.

Finally Rebecca sauntered into the bedroom. She was wearing only a pair of purple silk panties. Nothing else. Katie recognized the panties. They were the style that let Rebecca’s firm ass cheeks hang out the bottom just a little bit. She had given them to Reb last year for Valentine’s Day. Rebecca wore them as her subtle signal that she wanted to have sex.

Then Katie realized that her fiancée wasn’t naked except for the panties. Her nipple rings with the blue jewels were back in, adorning her pink nipples, dangling and swaying with her every movement, her every breath. She was gorgeous but the ever-practical Katie could only think of one thing.

“You shouldn’t be wearing your rings,” she pointed out. “It’s bad for the baby.”

Rebecca sighed. “Oh, Katie. The baby’s not here yet. My boobs are fine with the rings. Don’t you like them?”

Despite herself Katie’s eyes hadn’t moved from the lifeguard’s breasts. “Yes.”

“Don’t you like my panties?” she teased.

“You know I do…but we already had sex tonight.”

“I know. But I like putting these on for you.” Rebecca walked a careful line to her girlfriend’s bed, making her small breasts bounce just a little as her hips swayed back and forth.

“I’m not in the mood,” Katie said. It was a half-lie.

“I don’t want to have sex,” Rebecca said as she got in bed. “I want you to play with my tits.”

“Why?”

Rebecca didn’t say immediately but simply drew Katie’s head down to her breasts. “I want you to suck on my nipples.”

Katie responded, taking the pink nipple, fat with lust and impaled on a silver metal circle into her mouth and sucking. Rebecca sighed and pressed her body against the other woman. “Yes,” she moaned.

Rebecca continued to suck the nipple and pushed her hand down to Rebecca’s pussy, stroking outside the slick panties first, and then slipping her hand inside to stroke the woman’s hairless cunt. “Oh.”

It took a few minutes, but finally her tiny bit of milk let down and Rebecca relaxed. Then Katie tensed up as she tasted a sweetness that she had begun associating with Sondra’s full breasts. Katie was no fool; she pulled back and said, “You’re lactating.”

For something they both knew that was coming, though maybe not so early, Rebecca was extremely nervous about revealing this development to her girlfriend. She couldn’t even smile. “Yeah. I know. Evan figured it out yesterday.” She winced when she said those words. Katie didn’t mind that she fucked Evan on occasion, but she didn’t especially like to be reminded of it.

“Oh. I see.” Rebecca couldn’t read Katie’s emotions.

“Do you like it?” Rebecca asked.

“I like that it’s part of you.”

“Is it better with the rings in?” she asked a litter more eagerly.

Katie lowered her head and shook it slowly. “I haven’t tasted your milk without them in,” she said. “But I like your rings and I love you. I don’t see how I can even think of not loving your milk.”

Her answer made Rebecca relax a bit. “I’m not making much yet, but you can have some more.” She lifted up her small but slightly swollen breast to Katie’s mouth. Her fiancée took the hint and opened up to suck the nipple in once more. Rebecca’s milk flowed. And she leaned her head back on the pillow. It felt so good to have her breasts nursed. It was easy to see why Sondra had kept it up for so long with Evan. Would it always feel this good? Would it feel this good while her baby was nursing? Did it matter?

She ran her fingers through Katie’s long hair. “Drink up now, baby,” she

whispered. “Pretty soon it’ll all be going to our baby.”

Her words made Katie laugh which quickly devolved into a coughing fit. When she managed to recover she said to Rebecca, “You know that you just called me ‘baby’ and referred to that creature in your belly as ‘baby’?”

“Oh shit, did I?” Rebecca was mortified. “I think I have to stop that.”

“Good idea. Call me ‘hon’ or ‘Katie’ from now on.”

“How about ‘mommy’?” Rebecca could never stop herself from pushing an issue.

“How about not?”

Rebecca pulled Katie’s lips back down to her breast. She needed to be nursed. It was a physical desire now. “Like it or not, we’re both going to be mommies soon enough.”

Katie managed to pull her head up from her fiancée’s breast long enough to say, “I’d rather be called wife first.”

“Just another few weeks, honey.”

Chapter Seventeen

It was a slightly off-kilter wedding to say the least. While it was quickly put together there wasn't anything wrong with it exactly, but Evan had never been to a lesbian wedding before. And he had never been to a wedding where the bride—or one of the brides in this case—was visibly pregnant. Most of those in attendance were friends of the brides. It was somewhat difficult to explain his presence along with Sondra's so he simply went with "old friends". No one questioned him.

While there was a sizeable contingent of family members from Rebecca's side, it took Evan a long time to encounter anyone who claimed to be related to Katie. The man he finally did run into explained his presence with a wan smile.

"Yeah…most of the members of our family are pretty conservative. Most of them would disown me if they knew I was here." Daniel seemed like a nice guy and Evan liked him. There was a slight Tennessee twang to his voice

"I didn't know Katie was from Tennessee," Evan said as the two men stood side-by-side at the bar. "She doesn't have an accent at all."

"She's disowned most of the family anyway," Daniel told him. "Ditching the accent was probably made it a lot easier to live up here in New York."

"Probably. So…what's your story? I'm not getting a gay-vibe off you so why are you the one open-minded member of your family—outside of Katie?"

"Besides the fact I'm a reasonable human being?" he asked with a grin. "I went to college and fell in love with a girl who wasn't white."

"Oh." Evan suddenly felt like an idiot.

Daniel didn't seem to mind. "Yeah. Rural Tennessee in the twenty-first century isn't much different from rural Tennessee in the nineteenth century."

"Ouch."

“Yeah. Truth hurts.” Daniel shook his head. “And when I found out that Katie was gay…a lesbian, well, she had stood by my side when I brought Miyu home so…I just acted like a human being and not a redneck.”

“Harsh words.”

“I’m still bitter,” Daniel said. “Though I had a few more family members at my wedding than Katie got. Apparently in my family marrying a Japanese woman is slightly more acceptable than being a lesbian.”

Evan desperately wanted to change the subject but couldn’t think of a way to do it smoothly. “Where is your wife?” he asked instead.

“Over there.” Evan pointed to a group of women standing in a circle talking. “She’s the Asian one.”

Miyu was easy to pick out as she was the only Asian in the group. She wore a fancy green dress and had black hair that cascaded down her back nearly to her waist. Evan didn’t recognize any of the other women in the group except his own wife.

“She’s incredible,” he said. “And what luck. That’s my wife in the purple dress.”

Daniel let out a low whistle. “Damn. She’s a looker.”

“Thanks,” Evan said with a bit of undeserved pride. “I think she’s just slightly above average, but when you factor in her tits, she’s a ten.”

That comment caused Daniel to burst out laughing. “I was trying to be polite, but yeah, she has a big rack.”

“That’s why I married her.” The men both laughed.

“I suppose the only way she’d be more perfect is if she was into group sex and going down on women,” Daniel commented.

Evan’s antenna went up. “As chance has it…”

Miyu was barely five feet tall and had tiny tits to match which was slightly odd because she was otherwise plump. Normally women with a few extra pounds tended to carry it in their hips, ass, and tits. Not so for Ming's tits. They were small projections from her chest that had no real use for a bra. That was okay. Evan didn't mind. And she wasn't the least bit shy about crawling between Sondra's legs and eating her pussy. When Daniel encouraged Evan to fuck his wife, Evan thought it was only polite to undress and introduce his cock to the Asian woman's tight pussy. Miyu didn't mind the little invasion. Nor did she—or Evan—mind when Daniel put his cock into Sondra's mouth. Sondra kept one eye on her husband as the two couples shared the large hotel bed.

After the wedding reception had wound down and they had said their goodbyes to the new happy couple, Evan and Daniel led their wives upstairs to the hotel room that the out of town couple had rented for the occasion.

Sondra was slightly tipsy from too much wine, but that was okay because that made her horny as well. "Why are we here?" she asked Evan as Daniel slotted the key card into the door.

"It turns out Miyu is into women as well. So Daniel and I decided we'd like to watch while you two lesbianize each other. It seemed the only right way to celebrate the wedding."

Affecting an offended air Sondra said, "What makes you think I'll go to bed with a woman I barely know?"

Evan laughed at her. "Because you are into beautiful women with great bodies and you want to please me."

They glanced over at the other couple who were kissing and embracing. Daniel was tugging at the zipper to Ming's tight dress.

"What if I'm not into her?" Miyu asked. It wasn't readily apparent if the question was for Evan or Daniel.

"Then we'll swap wives and have a good time anyway," Daniel answered for her as he got the zipper loosened and pulled it all the way down. Miyu stepped out of the dress giving everyone a show. She was wearing matching green lingerie underneath the silk dress and Evan was eager to fuck her if Sondra wasn't willing. Next to her near nudity Evan felt suddenly overdressed in his plain suit

and tie. In the long run it wouldn't matter because his clothes would come off soon enough.

"Luckily for you, sweetie, I do like her and it's been too long since I've been with a woman."

Evan was almost disappointed by the answer because he wanted to fuck Miyu right there and then. Instead he was helping his wife remove her purple dress and unhook the powerful corset she wore beneath it.

"Finally I can breathe," Sondra sighed as the stiff material came loose. Evan tossed it aside just in time to see the two women embrace and kiss, Sondra's big tits getting smashed between their bodies. It took only a few more moments for the two women to get on the bed. Miyu was eager, pulling off Sondra's silk purple panties and pushing the bigger woman onto her back. Sondra was happy to open her legs to the other woman and let her eat her pussy. It was Daniel who stood beside his wife, as she was feasting on Sondra's pussy, and removed her bra and panties. The married couple worked well together. Miyu didn't stop at all while Daniel stripped her. Evan watched, fascinated.

Sondra pinched her nipples while moaning and groaning appropriately as Miyu worked at her pussy. Evan wished that Daniel had left some item of clothing on his wife, but naked was fine as well.

"Go ahead and fuck her," Daniel told him in a very soft voice.

"What?"

"I've seen you staring at her ass and pussy," Daniel grinned lasciviously. "I know you want to fuck her. I want to fuck your wife. Go ahead. I like watching her get fucked."

What could Evan do? He quickly divested himself of his clothing, stroked his cock a few times to make it harder, and got behind Ming's upraised ass. She wiggled her hips as he introduced his cock between her legs. Although she was plump, her honey-hued skin was taut with just the slightly hint of a ripple as she displayed herself in front of him. There was only the briefest of pauses in her cunnilingus as Evan sank his cock all the way into her tight pussy.

"Yes," she moaned and then went right back to the task of pleasing Sondra.

He was so distracted in fucking Miyu that he missed Daniel stripping and putting his cock near Sondra's face. Evan's wife was always polite in these situations. Since Daniel's cock was erect and handsome, it was easy for her to open up her mouth and swallow his manhood. Evan didn't mind at all. He looked away, but only because he didn't want to cum too soon and spoil the moment for everyone. More than anything he wanted to please Ming, make her cum. He knew nothing about her or her preferences beyond being a bit bi, so there was nothing he could do to tailor his actions to make her cum. He went with what he had found worked best in the past: slow, steady strokes that gradually built up speed, hopefully leading to an orgasm.

"Don't go too fast," Daniel said. "I don't want to waste it in your mouth."

There was the additional problem of him not wanting to knock either Miyu or his wife around too much. Fucking a woman who was performing oral sex on someone else at the same time was an art form. Too vigorous and she wouldn't be able to properly pleasure her other partner. Too soft and slow and she would take no pleasure from his cock. Apparently he found that perfect sweet spot because Miyu paused in eating Sondra's pussy—annoying her because she was slowly reaching her climax—to breathe and moan heavily as she came.

Daniel caught Evan's attention as he continued to fuck the other man's wife. "You getting close?" Daniel asked.

"Uh-huh," Evan replied. He didn't want to be distracted at the moment. Daniel wasn't interested in cumming in Sondra's mouth. He was just getting his cock sucked to pass the time until one of the women's pussies was available.

"You can cum in her," Daniel said. "She's safe."

Miyu made a noise that might have been something along the lines of "yeah," as she kept her face buried in Sondra's quim.

"Not all over her ass?" Evan asked. That was what he had been planning from the start.

Daniel shook his head vigorously. "No. Cum in her." It was almost an order. Evan wasn't worried about getting the other woman pregnant, so he decided to go along with it. A few more thrusts and he felt himself tipping over the edge. His balls contracted up to his body and heavy spurts of thick cum shot out of his

cock and into her cunt. The entire time he was cumming she didn't pause the least in eating Sondra's pussy which turned out to be a good thing because reinvigorated by Evan's orgasm, Miyu found new strength to finally get Sondra off. His wife's thighs clamped around Ming's head as she came. The moment after her orgasm passed she pulled Daniel's cock from her mouth and immediately apologized to her new friend.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Sometimes I do that when I cum. Especially when it's a really good orgasm. Thanks, by the way. You really know what you're doing."

Miyu grinned up at her new friend. "You're welcome." Her face was smeared with Sondra's pussy juice and she had an elated expression on her face. Turing her attention to Daniel she told her husband, "I'm full of cum, baby. You know what I want."

"Excuse me," Daniel said to Sondra as he walked around the bed to his wife's upturned ass. Evan pulled out and stepped aside. He expected Daniel to put his cock in her and continue to fuck the curvy woman. Instead Daniel got down on his knees on the floor and buried his face between Ming's thighs, licked her wet and used pussy. Evan could hear the sucking noises as the man cleaned Evan's cum from his wife's pussy.

This was an interesting development. No wonder Daniel hadn't wanted to cum in Sondra's mouth, Evan reflected. Evan knew that if he had just cum in another woman, he wouldn't have wanted to eat some other man's cum from his wife's pussy. But on the libidinous high that precedes orgasm, it was easy to give into that particular kink.

Miyu had left off eating Sondra's pussy, though she hadn't moved from between the other woman's legs. Evan lay down next to his wife and took her nipple into his mouth, sucking gently, slowly drawing out her milk as he watched Daniel clean Ming's pussy.

It wasn't long before either he has sucked all of Evan's cum from her cunt or he was too excited to resist the opportunity. Daniel stood up, his large erection projecting out from his body, and sank it into Ming's now well-used pussy.

"Hard," Miyu commanded. "Fast."

He did as she ordered. Their bodies slapped together with vigorous enthusiasm.

It was less than a minute later when Daniel came, filling his wife up once again. He shoved her down on the bed as he came. When it was over their bodies twisted together and she eagerly kissed him, tasting her pussy and the men's combined cum on his tongue and lips.

"Wow," Sondra commented as she watched the passionate couple next to her. "That was amazing." Miyu and Daniel continued kissing, knowing that they were being watched by Sondra, showing off a bit for her benefit. The wife even went so far as to make a little show of licking her husband's face to remove the last of her pussy juice and the men's cum.

After they settled down a bit Miyu noticed Evan nursing hungrily on Sondra's big breast. "He likes to mouth your nipples?" she asked.

Sondra laughed a bit at the question because for some reason it made her a little uncomfortable. After all, she had just met these people, even they had already been sexually intimate. "He likes more than that," she heard herself saying.

Daniel's brow furrowed and then he saw a few drops of Sondra's milk slipping down the curve of her breast and eventually into the bed sheet. "Are you… umm…producing milk?" he asked.

"Lactating," his wife said, supplying him with the unfamiliar word.

"Yes," Sondra said looking him right in the eye. Evan remained silent. He was happily consuming the sweetness her right breast was offering up at the moment. If everything went well perhaps Sondra would have the opportunity to feed their two new friends.

"Oh, wow. Do you have a baby at home?" Miyu asked.

Sondra shook her head. "No. Well, yes, if you consider a seven year old to be a baby."

Daniel's eyes went wide. "You've been lactating for seven years?"

"It's more like ten. We have a ten year old as well."

The man from Tennessee was suitably impressed. "That's pretty kinky. Does that get you off, Evan?"

Evan didn’t want to break his latch on the breast, but luckily Sondra answered for him. She simply grabbed his cock and showed that it was nearly fully erect. “He really gets off on it.”

“For ten years?” Daniel marveled.

Sondra shook her head. “No. I’ve been lactating for nearly ten years. Evan’s only been nursing from me for about six.”

“That’s pretty kinky,” he commented.

Sondra laughed which nearly dislodged Evan from his latch. “This from the man who just ate Evan’s cum out of his wife’s pussy.” For emphasis Evan moved his hand down to Sondra’s pussy and gently stroke her outer labia. She automatically opened up her legs.

“Yeah, but that’s normal kinky,” Daniel said fishing for a reasonable excuse for his judgment.

“What’s normal?” Miyu asked. “I thought it was the weirdest fucking thing when you first asked me to do it.”

Sondra asked, “When was that?”

“Ten years ago. We got bored with our sex life and started swinging. If I had known what a kinky fucker her was I never would have married him.” She kissed her husband showing she didn’t mean a word of what she said.

“Can I try,” Daniel asked abruptly. He had been carefully studying what Evan was doing and the sudden desire to taste Sondra’s milk was overwhelming.

“Try what?” Sondra teased.

“Your milk.”

Before anything else could be said Miyu reached out and wiped a few drops of milk from the little trail that had formed from her nipple down to the bed. Everyone watched as Miyu brought her fingers to her tongue and licked them clean. “Very sweet,” she declared.

“That’s how you know it’s rich with nutrients and goodness,” Sondra said and then sighed. Evan had wiggled a finger up into her cunt and she was getting horny again. Although Miyu had given her a nice orgasm, she still needed to be properly fucked.

“Can I?” Daniel asked again. He was not directing the question to his wife. It was simply assumed that Sondra would go along with the suggestion. She was simply a supplier who needed nearly constant relief from the heaviness of her milk production.

With a roll of her eyes Miyu said, “Fine, Dan. But remember you owe me for this.”

The couple disentangled themselves and Daniel sidled up to Sondra. After checking to see what Evan was doing exactly, he drew Sondra’s fat nipple into his mouth and started sucking.

It was a completely normal and instinctive action. Suck and release and swallow. Suck and release and swallow. After only a minute Sondra started groaning in frustration.

In surprise to her reaction Daniel stopped nursing and asked. “Am I hurting you?” He hoped not. The milk was sweet and thick on his tongue. He wanted more.

“No,” she sighed. “I just need a little bit of cock.

Evan finally released the breast he had been nursing from. “When you’re empty,” he promised. “You need to be patient.” He went back to nursing.

Miyu giggled. “I’m glad I already got my cookies,” she said. “Do you two swing? Do you want Dan to fuck you?” she asked Sondra.

“Uh-huh,” Sondra replied. It wasn’t definitive, but her intent was obvious.

Miyu asked, “Are you on birth control?”

Sondra’s head flopped back and forth. “No,” Evan answered for her. “I had a vasectomy a few years ago.”

Miyu frowned. “I have an IUD,” she said. “Dan won’t be able to cum in you,” she said with some disappointment.”

The noise that Sondra made was one of obvious disappointment.

“Unless you want to risk it,” Evan suggested. His breast was empty and he wanted to fuck his wife. He wanted to see his wife fucked by Daniel.

“Dangerous,” Miyu said.

A bit of clarity came to Sondra’s mind. “It’s my safe time of the month. Do it.”

That was all Daniel needed. While he liked the taste of Sondra’s milk he was more interested in her pussy. In a second he was on top of her body, Evan pulled back to watch. Daniel needed no help; Sondra’s cunt was slicker than an ice covered road. His cock easily slipped into her.

“I love watching him fuck other women,” Miyu said to Evan. “I’m pretty weird and kinky too.”

“I like kinky,” Evan said as their spouses rutted between them. Ming’s eyes were half-glazed with lust. She reached down between the fucking couple’s tangled legs and grabbed her husband’s balls.

“Cum in her,” she whispered in his ear. “She needs your spunk.”

They hadn’t fucked for long at all and Ming’s words were all that Daniel needed to cum in his lover. The both groaned and cried in relief and sadness it hadn’t lasted longer. Evan nudged Daniel aside. He graciously climbed off of Sondra and was immediately replaced with Evan. His cock was also hard and just as easily slipped into his wife. It might have been easier than Daniels’ passage because Sondra had been lubricated by her lust and Dan’s spunk.

“Are you going to eat his cum again?” Miyu asked her husband. “I’m sure that Sondra wants to be clean after getting fucked.”

There was a frightened, resigned look on Daniel’s face and he nodded yes to his wife’s question.

“Do you want me to make him cum?” she asked Sondra.

“Can you?” It wasn’t a request, it was an inquiry about Ming’s abilities.

In response Miyu grabbed Evan’s balls just like she had with her husbands. She squeezed and twisted the way he liked and often needed. Evan felt a twinge of pain and then realized he had to cum. A moment later his second orgasm of the night was filling his wife’s pussy.

After he rolled off Sondra’s body Daniel hesitated. It was Miyu who enforced his promise. She pushed his head down to Sondra’s pussy and he set about licking and cleaning her. Sondra giggled at the introduction of his inquisitive tongue to her now super-sensitive pussy.

“Does he really like eating his own cum?” She closed her eyes and let the strange man continue to clean her pussy and eat her husband’s—and his—cum.

Miyu nodded. “And other men’s as well. He’s a kinky fucker, I’ll grant you that. Don’t be worried about me making him do it. Sometimes he needs a little kick in the balls to get him moving, but he always winds up loving it. Don’t you, honey?”

From between Sondra’s legs, his face buried in her labia up to his nose, he nodded affirmation. Intrigued at what her husband had just played with, Miyu lowered her mouth to Sondra’s breast and tasted her milk straight from the source. It was warm and sweet and soft.

“I could get used to this,” she said after a few squirts of the milk into her mouth.

“I wouldn’t mind it either,” Sondra said.

Evan just watched the wonderful tableau in front of him. What more could he want in life? “You might not want to drink too much,” he said to the Japanese woman.

Miyu pulled off her breast. “Why?”

Evan grinned. “The last woman who feasted regularly on Sondra’s milk wound up pregnant.”

Miyu’s eyes went wide. “Really?”

He nodded and Sondra placed her hand gently on the back on Miyu's head, bringing her back to the still partially filled breast. "Yes. I didn't get her pregnant, but I'm just warning you."

"Who was it," she mumbled into Sondra's breast.

"Rebecca," he told them.

The other couple started giggling at the revelation.

"This is an odd way to celebrate Katie and Rebecca's wedding," Sondra said

"I'm sure they won't mind," Evan mumbled to her breast.

Two floors up in the hotel Katie was helping Rebecca out of her wedding dress. It was pretty and lacy and feminine and Rebecca felt a little ridiculous in it especially since she was very obviously pregnant. Once the fasteners were all undone Rebecca declared, "Finally," and stepped out of her gown to reveal the wedding lingerie that her now-wife had helped her with earlier that day. "Is it disappointing to see me like this now because you get to see me every day naked?"

Katie shook her head and started taking off her own white wedding costume. She had chosen a much more practical pantsuit that was supposedly all the rage among the upper crust lesbians getting married in the city. After too many years of dancing in elaborate costumes Katie relished simplicity. Fancy dresses were never anything she ever wanted in her life. "Not at all. I just want to make love to my wife. My pregnant wife. My bisexual pregnant wife with lactating tits and such a dirty sexual history that I get horny just thinking about it."

Rebecca kissed her. "You're just saying that to get me horny."

"True." She was already down to her practical bra and panties. Her mother would have been proud of her sudden about-face on proper undergarments—if her mother had still been talking to her.

"I've got a secret. I'm already horny."

Katie grinned and kissed her new wife. “That’s no secret. You’re always horny.”

“True.” She shook her head. “This is not how I pictured my wedding night when I was a little girl.”

“Oh?”

“No. I didn’t think I’d be five months pregnant and marrying a woman.”

“Who did you think you’d be marrying?” Katie didn’t expect Rebecca to answer the question. When she was a little girl she knew she liked other girls that way and never expected to get married. Ever.

“Prince Charming. And we’d have a dozen kittens because babies were yucky and I didn’t know anything about sex.”

Katie dipped her hands into her wife’s bustier and pulled out her small, but growing, breasts. Just at Katie’s touch they started giving up their milk. “I think you’ve learned a lot about sex since then,” she said as she lowered her mouth to lick away the leaking milk.

Chapter Eighteen

Rebecca pushed her body through the water, keeping an eye on the lane divider as she carefully stroked her way along the pool's length. It came as no surprise to her that there was an increase in difficultly in swimming with a bulge in her tummy the size of a small watermelon. She almost longed for the days when her body was sleek and smooth. Almost. She couldn't wait for her baby to arrive in a few short weeks. And on the upside because of her huge tummy Katie was the one who had to get down between her legs to shave her pussy. That always led to a fun time, though Katie was having some difficulty in getting her face at the right angle because of Rebecca's bulging tummy. That was okay because after Katie got her off with her mouth, she then moved up her body and gently nursed her heavy tits.

When their baby arrived the little girl wouldn't have any trouble at all nursing because Katie and Sondra and Evan had done everything they could to make sure her milk supply was fully in operation. She wasn't sure the increase in bra size was a bonus or not. Katie didn't complain so she put it in the bonus column.

Two more strokes and two more breaths and she reached the end of the pool. From there it was a semi-awkward slog through the water and ducking underneath two more lane dividers before she reached the stairs out of the pool. Months earlier she would have just levered her body out of the water and jumped on the pool's edge. That wasn't possible now with her huge tummy.

Just as she reached the top of the stairs she saw him waiting there for her. Rebecca hesitated and then decided there was no use in avoiding the issue. She grabbed her towel and marched up to him, said nothing, and headed for the locker room.

"Rebecca! Wait!" Henry hurried to catch up to her. Even with a huge belly and walking on water-slick tiles she made good time to leave him behind. She wanted her swimsuit off. It was a terrible fitting maternity suit that was cut generously in the stomach for the baby bulge, but it also had too much space everywhere else.

She sighed, stopped, and turned around. “I didn’t know you were a member of the gym,” she said.

“I’m not,” he admitted. “I snuck in.”

“I should call the front desk and have you tossed out.” He was wearing street clothes. She was tempted to push him into the pool and be done with the confrontation.

“Don’t do that.” He glanced down at her belly. “Why didn’t you tell me you were pregnant?”

“What business is it of yours?” she asked.

“Is it mine?” he asked bluntly.

“What makes you think it would be yours?”

“Because judging by your size it looks like you got pregnant around the same time you and I stopped fucking.”

“There are lots of sperm banks that can provide the same service you offered me. And plenty of other men as well.”

“Is it mine?” he repeated.

“If my little girl is yours,” Rebecca said testily, “what of it? Do you want visitation rights? Do you want to pay for child support for the next eighteen years. Do you actually want to be a father?”

The question caught him off guard. He opened his mouth to answer, but no words came out.

“Don’t worry,” Rebecca said. “She’s not yours.”

“Oh.” Henry wasn’t sure if he was relieved or upset at the news.

“Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to change. I’m all wet.”

“Right,” he said and watched her head toward the life guards’ office and changing room. After a minute of watching the one guard on duty keeping an

eye on the swimming doing their laps, he carefully timed his entrance into the "Employees Only" door and found Rebecca in the middle of the changing room completely naked and dripping wet with pool water.

"Fuck!" she exclaimed when she realized she was being interrupted in a private moment. "Get the fuck out of here!"

"Sorry," Henry said. "I heard you say you were wet and I thought you were coming on to me."

He carefully looked over her changed body. Her tummy was huge. Her breasts had swelled but her skin was still perfect. There weren't any rings in her nipples —that was disappointing but understandable. He could just see her naked pussy barely exposed under her big stomach. She was still shaving it bare. That was an admirable trait and showed quite a bit of dexterity on her part as well.

"I wasn't coming on to you," she assured him and then went so far as to hold up her left hands, displaying an engagement ring and wedding band. "Besides, I'm married now."

"To your old girlfriend? I'm sure I've got something that she doesn't have." Henry grinned at her and took a few confident steps forward. He reached for the collar of his shirt, intent on stripping himself.

"She's got a wonderful strapon that's bigger than you'll ever be," Rebecca told him. "I'm not really interested in men. You should know that."

"Try it one more time," he said. "I'm sure you'll find something you like. Are you still fucking Evan?"

While she was, that was hardly the point. She had tried to gracefully escape this situation, but obviously she'd have to do something more drastic.

"What business is that of yours?" she asked. "I thought he was your best friend? Doesn't he give you all the details to his sex life?"

"Not all, no. But I'm sure tomorrow you'll want to tell him how good I was today." He grinned at her with his cock over-confident half-smile. He certainly was charming, and his slightly graying hair gave him the look of a mature older man who wanted to play with the young kids still. But underneath it all, he was a

self-centered ass.

Rebecca's smile was thin and only bore the outer markings of sincerity. "Maybe I will. Would you like a blowjob?"

In response he pulled off his shirt and said, "We can start with that and then I want to fuck you. I've never fucked a pregnant girl before. That I know of."

"Okay, sounds good." She got down on her knees in front of him, water still dripping off her body as he lowered his zipper and pulled out his cock. Planning ahead, Rebecca unfastened his jeans and pulled them and his boxers halfway down his thighs. There wasn't really a need for a preliminary blowjob but that didn't matter to Henry. Nor to Rebecca. She grasped his cock at the base with one hand and circled his balls with the other. He was already semi-erect and responded quickly to her light kiss on the side of his shaft. If nothing else, Rebecca had to admit that for a single guy Henry was very assiduous in his crotch grooming. He had dark hair on the base of his cock, but it was trimmed and his balls were shaved smooth. That made things easier for her.

"You like that?" she asked after the kiss.

"Uh-huh."

"Good." She made as if she were going to engulf his cock head in her mouth, and instead backed off and savagely twisted his balls in one direction, using his rigid cock as a lever. For half an instant there was no reaction from Henry. Then he fell to his knees with Rebecca easing him down, never breaking her grip on him, and stopped with a squeak. "Do you like that?" she asked him.

Hank shook his head no.

"I think you do. Look how hard you are." His cock was still hard. She kept her grip on his twisted balls and stroked his cock a few times making it harder still.

"Do you like that?"

Again he shook his head.

"How about I make you cum and then maybe you'll like it?"

Once more Henry shook his head.

She continued to stroke him as she squeezed his balls harder. “Look. You’re getting harder. I bet you’re close to cumming. Are you?”

He shook his head but they could both tell that was a lie.

Rebecca rubbed him harder and faster. His cock began to twitch and right when he was on the edge she let go with both hands preventing his orgasm. He grunted in frustration. Then she slapped his balls as hard as she dared. It was hard enough to make her palm sting.

He yelped and tried to keep from throwing up.

“Get your fucking clothes back on and never, ever talk to me again.” She stood up—awkwardly because of her pregnant stomach—and waddled to the back of the lifeguard’s office where there was a small changing room that locked. She shot the bolt home in the lock and carefully sat down. After taking her time to dry off and dress, she eased the door open.

Henry was gone.

Being on her hands and knees was actually a pretty comfortable position for Rebecca. It allowed her belly to hang free and she wasn’t crushed by the weight of the baby. Her tits weren’t swaying with every thrust from Evan, whose cock was buried deep in her pussy. They were restrained by her wife and Sondra, both of whom were half underneath her, nursing on her full tits.

Though she would never admit it to Katie, she liked being fucked by his cock better than she liked Katie using her strapon. Sure, Katie’s faux-cock was bigger and the person that was attached to it was actually her spouse, there was something just so satisfying about having a real man’s cock inside her pussy. The way it changed size as he got more or less excited the longer they fucked. The way it got hard and twitched in her cunt as he got ready to cum. And when he came…that was the best of all, filling her up with hot cum. If she was already on the edge that always pushed her over to her next orgasm.

But she loved Katie more than anything else in the world. Katie could give her

everything she needed or wanted…except sperm. And that was in ready supply just about everywhere.

The two women beneath her finished up their breasts. Rebecca could tell her tits were nearly empty. When she was double nursed somehow her milk flowed faster. Maybe it was her imagination, but she was certain that was the case. They laughed a bit and Sondra stole a kiss from Katie as they moved from under Rebecca's body. "You two almost done yet?" Katie asked her wife.

"Almost there," grunted Evan. His eyes were clamped tightly shut and his fingers were digging into the muscles of Rebecca's firm rear end. She was ready for him to cum.

"Does he need his balls tickled?" Sondra asked. When there wasn't a response from either of the two in the midst of adulterous copulation she reached between Evan's thighs and found his sack drawn up tight to his body. That was a sure sign. She grabbed his balls and pulled them downward, gently but firmly.

"Ahh!" Evan cried out. It wasn't really pain, but it was close enough. It was also good enough to push him to his peak. The orgasm he had was satisfying and sticky. The hot cum he produced in affection for Rebecca's pussy caused her to gasp and cum as well.

"Finally," Katie muttered good naturedly. She rolled onto her back and put her hand to her pussy, idly fingering her vag. She had already cum several times under Reb and Sondra's good tongues. She was always tempted to find out what it was like to be eat out by a man—and even more, the ultimate sin—what it was like to have a man's cock in her pussy. But she wasn't going to do that tonight, not now in front of her wife. She wanted to remain pure for Rebecca.

For her part, Sondra was proud of her husband. He had lost the weight Henry had recommended—partly because she had found other people willing to drain her milk-heavy breasts, partly because Evan was exercising more, and partly because Evan was getting exercised more by Rebecca. She wondered what was going to happen to his weight when Reb became unavailable after her baby's birth.

After Evan pulled out of Rebecca, the pregnant woman carefully rolled to her side of the bed and looked at her three lovers. Evan was clearly exhausted and just collapsed to the mattress. He barely watched as his wife and Katie snuggled

up to each other. Sondra gently played with Katie's boobs.

"I love your boobs," Sondra said softly as she nuzzled them. Katie made a non-committal noise and there was a pregnant silence for a few minutes as they all recovered from their individual and group exertions and orgasms.

"We're going to miss you two," Evan finally said to Katie and Rebecca.

"What do you mean?" asked an alarmed Rebecca. "We're friends. Are you moving across the country or something?"

The opposite-sex couple laughed together and Sondra said, "In a few weeks you two will have a new baby. You'll be lucky to get an hours sleep at a time. You'll be exhausted from breastfeeding—much, much more than you are now, trust me, I know. A good day is when you get a shower and have coordinating clothes on. Sex…that'll be some random groping in bed and maybe an orgasm if you're lucky. Don't worry. That'll all pass after six months or so. Maybe. After a year sanity will return. We'll look for you on the other end of the telescope."

"You make parenting sound so exciting," Rebecca commented dryly.

"It has its upsides," Evan said.

"Such as?"

"You get a child out of the deal." He thought a moment longer. "And, if you are very, very lucky, you get a wife who will happily breastfeed you for the rest of your life."

Sondra spoke up. "Whoever said anything about the rest of your life? Or my life?"

They all shared a laugh and then Katie spoke up. "I suppose I have a little surprise for my loving wife," she announced.

"The last thing I need right now is a surprise," Rebecca said. "Do you want me to go into labor right here and now?"

Katie ignored the snideness of Rebecca's comment. "Actually, Sondra's been helping me with it. She's an expert in the field."

“I wouldn’t say expert,” Sondra interjected.

“But she loaned me her old breast pump and with the help of some questionable pills from the internet—”

“They worked, didn’t they?” Sondra groused.

“—I’ll be helping you out on breastfeeding duty.” She reached up to her small breast as massaged it a bit. Rebecca was too tired from the sex and her pregnancy to do anything other than watch. It took a bit of effort, but Katie finally managed to force out a few drops of precious milk. Sondra swooped in and licked them away.

“Just like honey,” she said.

Rebecca felt herself tearing up. “You did that for me?”

“And our baby,” Katie answered.

It felt a bit wrong, but Evan was incredibly tempted to ask Katie if he could nurse from her. Truth be told, he was addicted to breast milk and it seemed in ready supply all around him. Sondra. Rebecca. And now Katie.

Katie saw him staring. “You want some, don’t you?”

The other women’s eyes were on him as Evan nodded yes. Katie inclined her head toward him. “Come on over and have a taste. We’ve shared just about everything else, haven’t we?”

“I think it was Sondra’s milk that did it to you,” Evan said as he moved next to his lover’s wife. “Apparently her milk acts as an aphrodisiac, a fertility treatment, and a lactation inducement.”

“Just don’t get fat from the riches around you,” Sondra said as he latched on and tasted Katie’s essence.

The End

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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