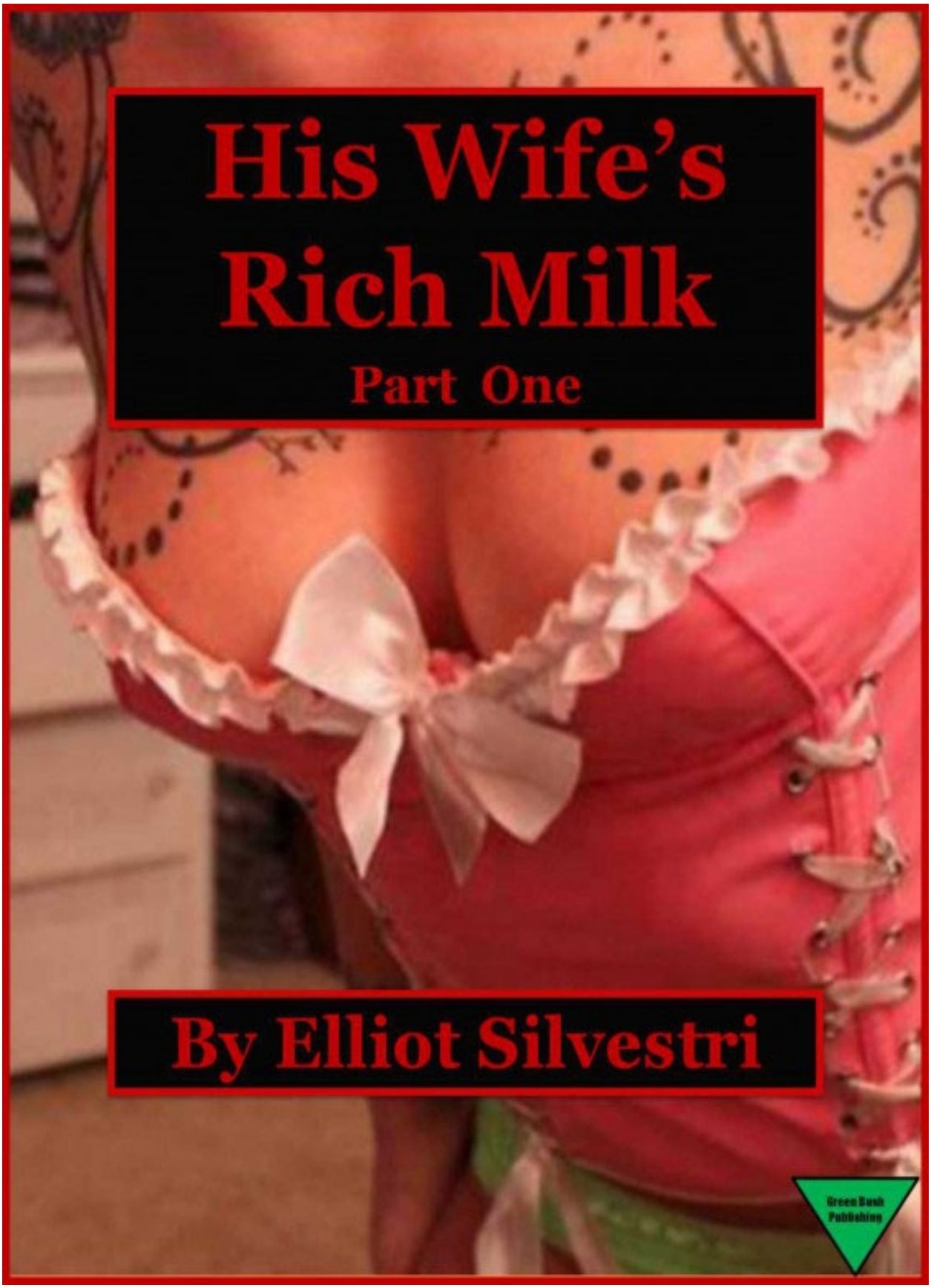
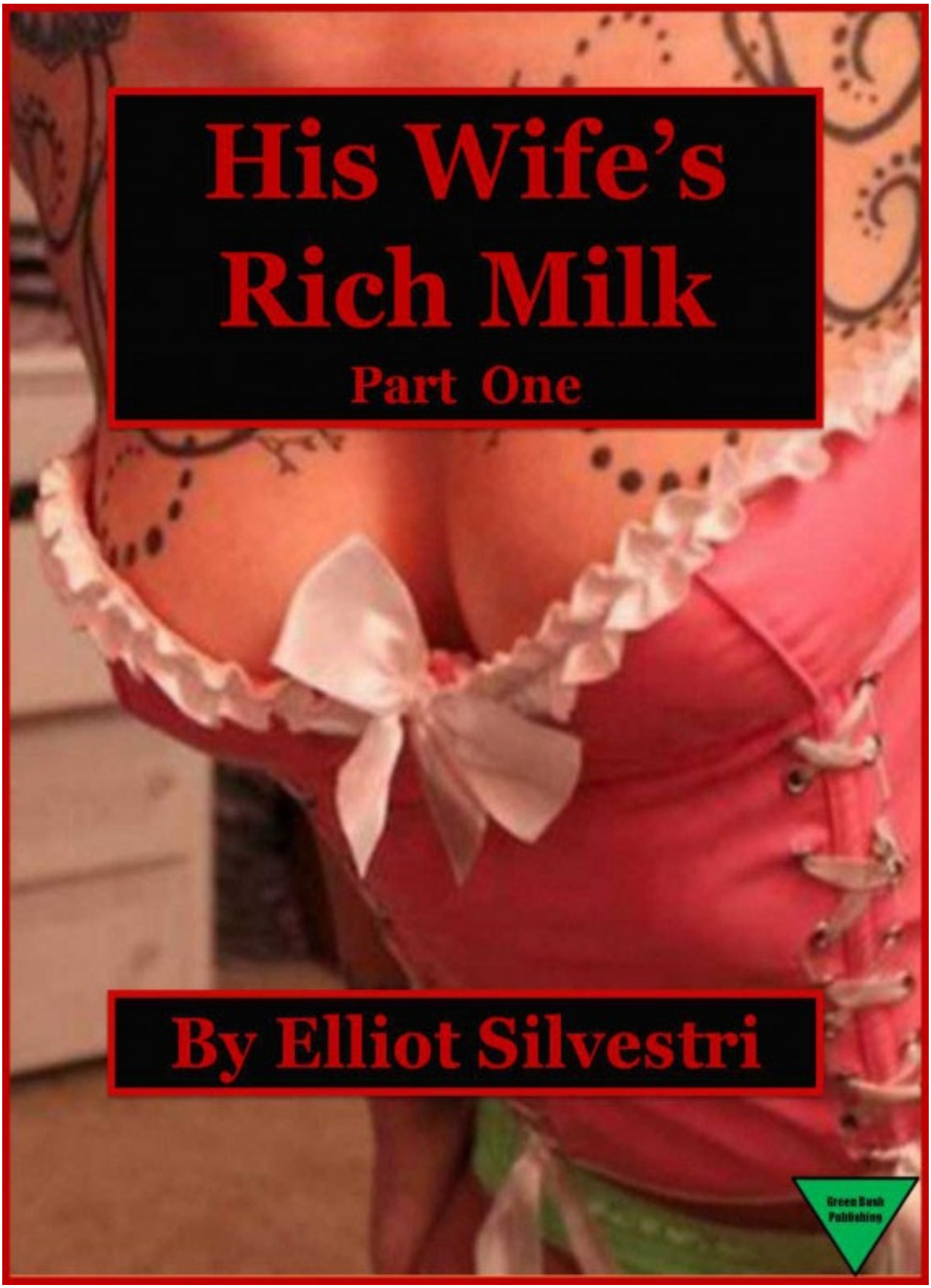

His Wife's
Rich Milk
Part One
By Elliot Silvestri
Green Bush
Publishing


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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

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, 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

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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